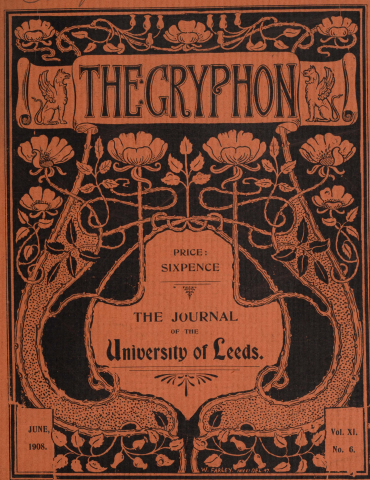


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*"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings to the mouse when she hath any sick feathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the carcase which wee have ever loved them to the pretentious which was ought to spare."—LUN.*

Vol. XI.

JUNE, 1908.

No. 6.



THE arrangements for the visit of their Majesties the King and Queen are now well in hand, and the University and civic authorities are having a very busy time. We are glad to know that the students are not being overlooked, but that everyone who cares to make application will be provided with a position from which to welcome the visitors. It is, indeed, a splendid idea to have the students gathered together at the place where the King enters University ground, and we know that full advantage will be taken of the privilege of welcoming His Majesty thus offered them. The importance of the event to the University can hardly be over-estimated. One of the beneficial results will be that of inducing wealthy Yorkshiremen

to give us their financial support, and we are glad to say that this result has already appeared in some measure, and that the sum of £100,000 which was stipulated by the Government as a necessary minimum for the foundation of the University has now been subscribed, some thousands having been forthcoming during the last few weeks. However, so overcrowded are many of our departments that immediate expansion has soon become a necessity, and the minimum above mentioned is now quite insufficient for our needs. This being so, the Chancellor recently issued an appeal for £30,000, and the public are responding with a heartiness that does credit to the County. The financial prospects of the University are brighter, we think, now, than they have ever been, and this is undoubtedly due to the decision of the King to visit us, which has drawn attention to the University and its needs in a way nothing else could have done.

\* \* \*

The sudden influx of wealth the University funds have experienced during the past few weeks has altered the whole question of Union Rooms for men students, and we hardly think that the authorities

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will proceed with the very unsatisfactory "misc edifice" scheme now that they are undoubtedly in a position to provide us with more adequate accommodation. As we have pointed out before, the question is one of vital importance. The corporate life of the University is growing, and the question is as to whether the growth is to be fostered by the provision of something of the nature of a Club House—or crushed, as it must be, if the retrogressive scheme now proposed is proceeded with. We contend that this question is infinitely more important to the future of the University than is the question of providing a new building wherein to teach this or that subject; we may teach every subject under the sun, in palatial buildings, and still remain a Technical School in all but name. The authorities tell us again and again that if the only benefit we get from a University education is a Degree, our time has been wasted; they continually emphasise the great importance of the social side of University life; and we believe they appreciate the fact that a Union House is now really necessary if the development of our corporate life is to proceed. And indeed we sincerely trust that, now that they are in a much improved financial position, the authorities will throw over the unhappy scheme they had tentatively decided upon, and provide us with Common Rooms worthy of the University of Leeds.

\* \* \*

The Half-Holiday question has not yet been considered by the Senate, owing to pressure of other business. We do hope, however, that they will not forget the Petition, signed by some five hundred students, which was presented to them in March last; but that they will embrace the first opportunity of giving the matter due consideration, in which they will keep in view the fact that we are almost unique in having no mid-week half holiday.

\* \* \*

The conduct of the Union Election this year was very satisfactory, and by common consent no canvassing, and no departmental campaigns were carried on. However, even with these two abuses stamped out, the results of the elections were not what we had hoped to see. The best men in each department were in many instances not nominated, and the average elector only exercised six of his thirteen votes. From this it is apparent that the system is very defective, and certainly not the best that could be devised. In our opinion the scheme suggested in the last issue of the *Gryphon*—that of making each department into a

constituency, represented by one or two members—would be far more rational, and would lead to the election of more representative and more capable committees. But we are not casting reflections on the capability or zeal of the newly elected body, for indeed we believe that most of the members will exercise their office conscientiously, and that they will endeavour to prove to their constituents that their confidence has not been misplaced. Perhaps they may even initiate the reform of the system of electing the Union Committee!

\* \* \*

It is to be hoped that this year the Entertainments Committee will arrange an official 'farewell' smoker sometime before the end of term. Every year about one-third of our community leave the University, and never within our remembrance has there been any sort of farewell function to remain a living memory in the minds of those who pass from us. Even at school we had our Prize Days; but here the graduate departs unwept, unhonoured, and unseen. A 'farewell' smoker, organised by the Union authorities, would be certain to be successful, and it would fill a gap which has long existed in our social programme.

\* \* \*

And now we ourselves say farewell to our public, and lay down our editorial pen for the last time. It has been a pleasant task, that of editing this magazine, and we are indeed sorry that it is completed. Not the least gratifying feature of the work has been the kindly appreciation with which our efforts have been rewarded, and the material appreciation which has produced so many 'sold out' proclamations on the notice board. Some years ago the Editor of this journal suggested that it was a one-man affair, and that he could get no literary support from anyone. We are glad to say that we have experienced no such hardships, but have been able to draw around us a small number of willing and really able contributors; and it is they who have made our task so pleasant, and who have helped the *Gryphon* to such popularity as it may have attained. To these, as well as to our patient readers, we offer our sincerest thanks, and hope that they will support their University Journal with equal enthusiasm during a coming session. The *Gryphon* changes hands, but it is for better rather than for worse; and the knowledge that the strong policy that has this year distinguished it will be maintained does much to diminish the sadness of our leave-taking.

### The Royal Visit.

On July 7th the University is to be honoured by a visit of their Majesties the King and Queen. King Edward VII. is connected with the University officially as Visitor, and the announcement that he intends to exercise his function, and at the same time formally open the new University buildings, has been received with much rejoicing in the City, and in the University itself.

It will not be the first time that we have been favoured by a visit by Royalty, however. In October, 1894, the Duke and Duchess of York formally opened the College Hall and the present Medical School buildings. And again, the present King and Queen, when Prince and Princess of Wales, came to open the College buildings in July, 1888. But it is right to say that we have never before been honoured by the presence of the reigning Sovereigns.

Of course the city benefits through the University, and the people of Leeds should be only grateful for the institution in their midst which brings them the favour of a Royal visit. Their Majesties will arrive at the Great Northern Railway Station, and drive by way of East Parade to the Town Hall, where luncheon will be taken. As only fifty guests are to sit down with the King, only the very élite of the district will have this honour, though many other people will be able to find material consolation in the Lord Mayor's overflow luncheon (so to speak) in the Crypt.

From the Town Hall the King will proceed by way of South Parade into Cookridge Street, and up Woodhouse Lane until the top of De Grey Terrace is reached, when the visitors will turn sharp to the left, and into University territory, proceeding past the gables of the end houses in De Grey Terrace and De Grey Road. Just opposite the Fuel Department, the King and Queen will leave their carriage and enter the new Electrical Engineering block, where one or two presentations will be made, and some of the dynamos, etc., "inspected." They will then pass out into the quadrangle between the Leather and Dyeing Departments, which will be covered by a huge awning, in the English climate necessitated by prospective rain (see the weather forecast in last month's *Gryphon*). In this quadrangle the speech-making will take place, the King will declare the buildings opened, will be welcomed by the University authorities, etc., etc. This portion of the function will only occupy a few minutes, and then their Majesties will pass into the Clothworkers' Court, and so into College Road, where their carriage will be waiting. The procession will then proceed down Woodhouse Lane and Cookridge Street into Boar Lane, Brigade, North Street, and via Chapeltown Road to the City boundary. There the civic authorities will take leave of His Majesty, who will proceed by road to Harewood, where he is to pass the night.

It is anticipated that thousands of people will be desirous of seeing the Royal visitors, and stands will no doubt be erected at all suitable places on the route by those having the right to do so. In the University territory itself stands are to be erected at as many places as possible for the accommodation of students,

past students, and certain other people connected with the University. It is intended to erect a huge stand near the Fuel Department, in front of the old "Mining" House, for the students, in order that they may be able to get first sight of their Majesties, and give them a true Yorkshire welcome. Thus every student, past and present, we are glad to say, will have a good opportunity of taking part in the proceedings.

The authorities have issued a notice asking us to co-operate with them in welcoming their Majesties, and we are sure that students will appreciate such recognition, and readily respond to the request.

Of course the Leather quadrangle will be the scene of the great function itself. The whole floor is to be carpeted, and around the raised dais upon which the King and Queen and one or two others will stand a limited number of seats will be occupied by privileged spectators, who will consist of members of the staff and certain members of the University Court, together with some other people intimately connected with the University. The whole of the buildings will be suitably decorated for the occasion, and if the weather is fine the scene should be magnificent.

A number of stewards will be required to conduct visitors to their various positions, and Mr. W. H. Perkins, chief steward, will be glad to hear of any volunteers for the work.

With regard to other students' arrangements, it is expected that the Entertainments Committee will organise some function which will be worthy of the occasion, and a torchlight procession has been mentioned in this connection.

### The Elder Brother.

We are glad to hear that the Literary and Historical Society has decided to hold a dramatic performance, on an ambitious scale, towards the end of November next, and that the Play selected is *The Elder Brother* of Fletcher.

We rather think that this marks a new departure in the dramatic enterprise of Universities. Greek Tragedy and Greek Comedy are happily familiar in these surroundings. We ourselves, but a short time back, staged a most creditable performance of *The Clouds*, and it is rumoured that *The Frogs* are to follow before long. French Plays, again, have always been popular, at least in our schools; at this moment, *Les Femmes Savantes* is announced, with an unparalleled flourish of trumpets, for the Fourth of June at Eton. Shakespeare, finally, has often been attempted both at Universities and Schools, though the knowledge that they compete with professional rivals has not unreasonably damped the ardour of our youthful actors in this particular ambition. But, so far as we know, the Elizabethan Drama, with the exception of Shakespeare, is as yet virgin soil in our Universities. It is virtually untrodden even by professional actors. It is with the more pleasure that we welcome the proposed incursion of our University into this unexplored region. We rejoice, to change the metaphor, that we should be the first who ever burst into this silent sea.

It is indeed something of a reproach that, as a nation, we should have shown ourselves so indifferent to the wealth of dramatic genius which, after all, is one of the glories of our literature. Shakespeare, of course, has eclipsed all the others—and justly. But, though *Eclipse* is first, it does not follow that all the rest are nowhere. On the contrary, there are several of his fellow dramatists who both in comedy and tragedy have left works which, in any other country, would be reckoned as masterpieces. And of these, in his own and the two following generations, there is none who stood higher than Fletcher. Dryden tells us that when the theatres were re-opened after the long silence of the Puritan triumph, the Plays of Fletcher were popular more than those of any other Elizabethan; that two of them were habitually performed to every one of Shakespeare's.

The greatest triumphs of Fletcher were won in romantic comedy, the kind of comedy which may fairly be said to descend lineally from such Plays as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Twelfth Night*. Commonly, no doubt, there is less of grace, fancy and ardent imagination in Fletcher than in his great forerunner. On the other hand, he is a far more faithful mirror of the life of his time, and echoes the tone of the street, the drawing-room and the camp with a truth which Shakespeare seems deliberately to have sacrificed to other ends. To this rule *The Elder Brother* is something of an exception. For, while the courtly gallantry of the days of Henry IV. and Louis XIII.—the scene, as often with Fletcher, is laid in France—is caught with extraordinary vividness, there is a poetry and imaginative charm to which Fletcher rose in no other of his comedies. In many ways, it is the finest of his lighter pieces, and for that reason it would seem peculiarly well adapted for revival in our own day. We congratulate the Literary Society on its bold ambition, and wish it all possible success in its arduous enterprise.

### To the Gentle Reader.

If you are a mere reader of these pages, you are probably a very modest person indeed. The increasingly high standard of the matter presented to you is probably making you abandon completely the idea of presenting any efforts of your own for the Editor's consideration. But please reflect that this very Editor and roughly speaking one-third of his contributors must be making their last contributions to this issue. This being the case, there is the necessity and opportunity for such writers as yourself to make the long vacation the occasion for acquiring the skill necessary to uphold the traditions which are now well established. Being more or less in the swim, I can assure you that your modesty is mistaken, and that experience, in view of the instruction I am about to give, is quite unnecessary. Prepare yourself then by removing from your old note books and examination books all sheets which are not already covered on both sides. No uniformity in size or cleanliness can be demanded by the Editor

of such a publication as the *Gryphon*.<sup>\*</sup> You will then be ready, not to write, but to choose your pseudonym, a most important preliminary. The method by which you will conceal your identity will, of course, depend on your identity. If you are a science man—a chemist, for instance—there is no difficulty. A large selection of beautiful words is at your disposal. You may become "Acetate," for instance, or "Calalyst," or even "Styx" (to avoid being too commonplace do not choose any word ending in -yl). If, however, you are no scientist, you must be careful to choose a non-de-plume as meaningless and as slightly suggestive as possible. Further instructions to students other than science students, have been deleted as unnecessary, since such persons seem unable to contribute anything at all to the *Gryphon*. [See notice board statistics].

If you have carefully read and re-read these remarks up to this point, you will have learnt the art of being longwinded, so that it is now possible for me to become as material in my advice as my subject permits. Let us now consider your subject—that of your masterly article for next term's first *Gryphon*. You may select any obscure and unimportant event or series of events, person or group of persons, and may make any vague and cryptic remarks about them which occur to you. Perhaps I should have said *wast*, and not *way*, for it is a fatal mistake to give any information which may be of value or interest to the general uninitiated reader of your work. This absence of "stodginess" will give you the reputation of being clever, and a series of ingenious references selected from the list given below will make you famous as a topical wit.

List of References (in order of popularity).

Six, at least, to be chosen.

- (1) Don't block the way.
- (2) Knock and walk in.
- (3) The atmosphere of the main Chemical Laboratory.
- (4) The hats of various well-known persons.
- (5) Saffragettes.
- (6) Monotony in the Rectory.
- (7) The Men's Common Room as—
  - (a) A untidy bearpit now;
  - (b) A metallic shrine in the future.
- (8) The way to the Gymnasium.

These allusions must be present, whatever your subject, and no other phrase of our communal existence must be referred to directly. All else must, as I have said before, be vague. The ideal way of inducing this vagueness is, I gather, to pretend to record a dream, or a gaze into glowing embers, recounting your ideas and memories in an allegorical manner, not forgetting in your last lines to lay aside your pipe and go to bed. (By the way, do you smoke? If not, you will either have to learn or become a hardened liar.) When this has been tried several times and your skill begins to fail, you may still be vague by discovering an ancient manuscript and deciphering it, or by pretending to write for the *Gryphon* or any other

<sup>\*</sup> This piece of advice, if followed, is likely to lead to some disappointment.—Ed.

publication in A.D. 5,000. The main point is not to be really topical and not to deal with current events of any importance.

Having founded your prose style mainly on the model of this article, you may put the weathercock on your pinnacle of fame by producing some verse, whose humour will be more evanescent than that of your prose. By this time the Editor will probably have gained the 1851 Exhibition Scholarship, and the thought of his impending translation will be a sufficient anæsthetic to enable him to live through your final efforts. After that you will be wise to turn your attention to reading for your degree, or to earning your living by other means than your pen.

### Cameos in Literature.

#### L. Heine.

"In the heart of a nation's wrongs lies an image of the nation's future."

(ROMANTIC SCHOOL.)

THERE is a question often asked that is entirely contrary to the broad comprehending spirit of modern times that should influence our most casual studies and pursuits, and it is the question of the Philistine, who points to the poets, musicians, artists of the world, and asks inquisitively, 'Which is the greater man?'

Rather, the question should be, what particular corner of truth has this man revealed, or helped to reveal, what 'mood of the spirit'—as Arnold has it—is expressed in this man, or in that man, which, without him might never have been expressed; for what sort of progress or defence of existing right are we indebted to him, why; so to speak, is he indispensable? Here lies the interest for any, the most occasional student of literature or life. For the personality of every man is unique—so we believe. Each man has different and peculiar powers of perception or expression, and no single man, however great or popular he may be, however complex his personality, can fully express the spirit of his art and work. Each and all are needed.

Heine is difficult to enunciate; his influence is wide and subtle, but before everything else he was a poet in heart and mind and soul. That is to say, he had an elemental nature, that knew Truth by instinct, so that before him all the follies and affections and conventions (both in thought and deed) of Europe and of his age, stood bare as before a god who knew all nations and all times. Hence Matthew Arnold's famous enunciation of him.

- \* The spirit of the world
- \* Echoing the absurdity of men,
- \* Their vanities and lusts,—in a sardonic smile
- \* For one short moment waver o'er his lips.
- \* That smile our fate, he in our hearts
- \* The courage great sparkled, now 'tis passed away."

Heine was a sardonic smile, but he was also, both ideally and in reality, a great deal more. He says himself, 'Lay on my coffin a sword (rather than a poet's wreath) for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity.' And this Heine was; this was the positive, effective side of him. His mission was to break abuses, to point out ideals, and to help the German people and all other peoples, to realise themselves. He wrote once, after describing Luther

and Lessing—the two great German emancipators that he most loved and admired—'In the troubles of the present we look back at their consoling figures and they answer with a look full of bright promise. The third man will come who will perfect what Luther began and what Lessing carried on—the third 'Liberator.' If there was a tragedy in Heine's life, it was that he might have been that 'Third Liberator,' but that with all his fire and insight and fine scorn of the vacant and insensational—his success was but a half success. Nevertheless, in spite of his failures and faults—due to the want of moral balance proportional to his trials and sufferings and passionate temperament—yet he wrote as neither Lessing nor Goethe wrote, in a way that calls an answer from the heart of every man that reads.

Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, in the last year of the eighteenth century, that is, in the middle of those stirring times when, after the French Revolution, there was a general smash up of the old scheme of things, of century-long institutions used and abused, and a scattering of historical social dogmas.

In the *Reisebilder* there is an exquisite account of Heine's native town and of the changes of the time that occurred there when he was still a small boy. Düsseldorf had been the chief town of a German state, ruled over by a Prince Elector. 'In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches they are now; the crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their nightcaps over it and slept peacefully, and their people slumbered peacefully at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning, they said, "Good morning, Father!" and he replied "Good morning, dear children." But there came a sudden change over all this. One morning when we awoke in Düsseldorf and would say "Good morning, Father!" the father had travelled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. . . . The Prince Elector had abdicated.' Napoleon's troops occupied the Rhine-land—they were on their way to Russia. But according to Heine, the good people of Düsseldorf were captivated by the French, and offered homage at the Town Hall to the Arch-Duke Joachim.

In the *Reisebilder* there are many enchanting passages of Heinrich's childhood and youth. One of these passages, in the part called 'Don Quixote,' is of great interest because it bears upon his life and character. He gives his childish recollection when, as a very small boy, he sat on a stone bench in the avenue of sighs in Düsseldorf, near a waterfall, reading the thrilling deeds of the valiant knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha. He had to read every word aloud, and he and the flowers and the nightingales and the waterfall took everything in *verer interest*, and grieved over the sad misfortunes of the Don—'because we were children and knew nothing of the irony God has interwoven into the world, and which the great poet has imitated in his little world.' Is not this interesting to think about—this picture of the child Heine, in the light of his future life and character, in the light of Arnold's sardonic smile?

At the age of about seventeen, Heine went to Hamburg to help his uncle and to try whether he

could endure the merchant's stool. As may be imagined, he could not, and the only thing of importance he did there was to fall in love with his cousin, Amalie; and even this seemed scarcely to be taken in earnest. They lived and laughed together for a year and made sport of the good people of Hamburg. He wrote lyrics for her that were to become the love-songs of the German nation; and, of course, she loved him as he loved her. Why should they plight their troth? They were two lovers under an April sun, when the summer came they would wed.

He went to Bonn and Göttingen and studied law, and fought duels, and wrote other love lyrics—probably not all inscribed to the same name. But when news came to him at Göttingen that Amalie had married, he recognised within himself the depths of his passion for her.

This youthful tragedy coloured his whole life. The spirit of Amalie under many different names wanders like a spirit of unrest through all his poems.

Heine wrote little directly about it, but he says of his friend Weissenfels, the poet, later in his life, 'I soon discovered that we were both of us suffering from the same malady, we were trying to sing to death a hopeless passion of youth. We go on singing, but it will not die.'

Heine travelled much, and wrote of all he saw and of everyone he met—there is nowhere such beautiful, reckless, fantastic, extraordinary writing as in his *Hetzreise* or *Nordreise*. Let those students who love their George Borrow and their Stevenson, turn also to the translation of the *Reisebilder* and read Heine's tour over the Hertz mountains, his description of the Blochberg, of the town of Goslar, where at an inn a strange and interesting man told him at dinner of his travels all over the world, but who was returning to his native German town, 'because he had a family vault there.' Let him read the description of the Berchen, and the Brochen-haus where he was obliged to share a room with a sad youth 'who looked like an emetic powder in a long brown dressing-gown,' and from where he saw the sun rising over mountain peaks; nor omit the account of the inn supper the night before. When the *Reisebilder*, which was his first prose work, was published, he at once became famous; never had been seen the like of it before. The second volume soon followed; but both were too scandalously unconventional, and they contained scornful allusions to the German aristocracy—the thousand and one little princes and little barons, all with their little retinues and little brainless traditions; so that the Censor of the German Press was not long in laying his finger upon it and clipping it. Nor were his writings ever free from molestation; and indeed one edict was passed forbidding not only all his writings of the past but also everything he should write in the future—with the result that he was more eagerly read than ever.

Heine's heart was always with his country, dreaming of its liberty, although at times disappointment and impatience must have brought him near despair.

He visited London, expecting great things from the 'Land of freedom.' But he was disappointed; he was oppressed by the 'Philistinism,' the lack of ideas of the average English mind, as he was fascinated and attracted by the French genius for receiving and

applying them. He eventually settled in Paris, which he called the New Jerusalem. I quote his famous saying about Liberty:—

'The Englishman loves liberty like his loved wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother. And yet after all no one can tell how things may turn out. The grumpy Englishman in an ill-temper with his wife, is capable of one day putting a rope round her neck and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconsistent Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother; he will always keep for her a room by the chimney corner, where she can tell her fairy stories to the listening children.' In this last passage is limitably shown the weakness and strength as also Heine's sorrow and admiration, of his native land.

Paris of that day might also have been called 'Olympus'; for gods of all the arts were gathered there: Musset and Gautier, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Balzac and George Sand, Machelet the Historian, Chopin, Berlioz and Franz Liszt. Heine was welcomed among them; the man whose personality is the charm and brilliance of all his writings, could hardly have failed to fascinate with his presence—Gautier said of him, 'On out dit un Apollon germanique.'

The two last acts of the drama of Heine's life lasted each about ten years from the time that he settled in Paris, and they are as follows:—

When he sat at the Olympic board joining freely in the social life of Paris, attending *soirées littéraires*, and discussing with Madame Sand the 'Revue de Deux Mondes'; or *soirées musicales* where the Berceuse need be played by none but Chopin himself, or where (quoting from *Florentine Nights*) 'Franz Liszt allowed himself to be drawn to the piano, pushed his hair over his genial brows and waged one of his most brilliant battles'; or the theatre and the new drama of Hugo, or perhaps the opera and its attendant guileties. And finally compare with this, the last act, his life on his 'mattress grave,' when paralysed in body, lying in a gloomy sick room, he still preserved his highest intellectual powers, and amid the 'smell of warm napkins,' sang his lyrics of Roses, and Death, of Nightingales, and Sorrow, or listened to the reading aloud of a friend who sat by his bed, or dictated his wonderful Essays and Critiques.

In his *Confession*, written two years before his death, he draws a picture of himself in the form of a legend. 'In the year 1280 there were whistled and sung throughout all Germany certain songs which, for sweetness and tenderness surpassed any previously known in German lands. Young and old were quite bewitched by these ballads that might be heard the live-long day.' But these songs so the chronicle goes on to say, were composed by a young priest, 'who was afflicted with leprosy, and lived a solitary totem life, secluded from all the world, and while all Germany shouting and jubilation sang and whistled his songs, he, a wretched outcast in the desolation of his misery sat sorrowful and alone.'

Heine's poems I can well believe can be least

appreciated in English, they are too delicate and transparent to bear translating. They are as certain beautiful water flowers that shrink and are changed when lifted from their proper element, and which, although they may be laid out upon paper and have each little filament arranged with a pointed instrument—yet may never be reproduced in their original simplicity and beauty.

Many have tried their hand at translating them, but it is interesting that one of the best renderings of the famous *Levett* is in Scotch dialect. I give the first verse—the translator is Alexander Macmillan—

‘ I canna tell what has come ower me  
‘ That I am sic eerie and wae  
‘ An auld wauld tale comes before me  
‘ It haunts me by night and by day.’

But what an Englishman reads with delight are translations of the slight words of fiction, such as *Florentine Night*. They are in the same mysterious atmosphere, and are written with the same brilliance as De Quincey's *Tales and Fancies*. But they are more imaginative, more human and more *palpable*—if one may use that word in its true meaning: the meaning of Heine's Du sublime au ridicule—Madame—il n'y a qu'un pas; the meaning that is in the works of our own Thomas Hood and Dickens.

But Heine's great works, his effective works, are all for the moulding of thought, religious, literary and philosophic of his fatherland, nor did he abate his passionate criticisms during the affliction of his last years; rather they increased in sympathy, in reality and insight, but the laughter was louder, the cry of pain more keen.

It is so easy to see and write down the cynicism, the disproportionate smile in Heine, but looking at his life, with his initiation into the trials and mysteries of human suffering during his last years—it is scarcely to be wondered at; even if his sense of man's 'eternal absurdity' had not been *fundamentally necessary* for the preserving of his genius. For Heine knew and felt the human heart as few others have done, and with the deepest sympathies must also go influences the most powerful—for a mortal mind—to allay it or make it forget.

He had no great creative powers to absorb him and soften him as Shakespeare or Dickens, he would sit on no 'beautifully objective' throne of Art, like Goethe, there was not for him the inveterate romance of Schiller, or Arnold's stoicism, or self-centred melancholy. He saw through no warmly coloured glasses, but with the keen searching eyes of a philosopher, and suffered in a poet's heart. To him the future 'Ideal' lessened no whit the intrinsic formlessness or pain or misery, of the existing actual; it is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that hysterical laughter often broke from his overburdened soul. So that the extent of his mockery seems in a measure to show the extent of his terrible sympathy. Not only does Heine see into the heart of every man—every petty journeyman on the road of progress, but he goes to him and walks with him a little distance along the road; he points him out unnoticed flowers, or may be finds him a comforting forbidden fruit; but also it seems that he would relieve him of all his wearying doubts, would take from him all the burden and bitterness and folly of his load and carry it for him upon his own shoulders.

P.H.E.B.

## The King in the City.

It is expected that the Wellington Station will be covered with a huge dust-sheet on the occasion of the King's Visit.

\* \* \*

The President of the Leeds Arts Club, it is anticipated, will be asked to occupy a seat in the Royal carriage, in order that he may be able to point out to the King what is beautiful and what is not.

\* \* \*

Immediately after the function, the Victoria Hall, on the advice of the members of the august body above mentioned, is to be razed to the ground. In its place a magnificent structure is to be erected which will be an exact replica of the artistic edifice now occupied by the Arts Club.

\* \* \*

A serious mistake has been made by the Highways Department of the City Council in connection with the Royal Visit. Before the route of the procession was definitely decided upon, a start was made at repairing the upper portion of College Road, and when the work is nearly finished it is discovered that their Majesties will go no higher than the 'Clothworkers' Court. As the road in question was last repaired so recently as 1890, one is tempted to ask how long such waste of public money will be tolerated.

\* \* \*

During the luncheon in the Town Hall the Leeds Chorus are to sing selections, motets, etc. It is believed that the suggestion was made by members of the Labour Party, who were desirous of making the King do penance for his visit to Russia.

\* \* \*

Only fifty people are to be allowed to take lunch with the King, and it is stated in explanation that on a previous occasion, when there were sixty guests, the supply of food ran short.

\* \* \*

The rumour that the Refectory were to cater for the Town Hall Luncheon has proved to be unfounded. It appears that they were discovered to have bought a new tomato—for tomato soup—some months before a new one, in the ordinary course, would have been necessary, and from this sprang the idea that they were to cater for some large function. We have it on good authority, however, that the reason for the premature purchase of the said tomato was that the old one accidentally dropped into the pan one day when they were making soup, owing to the breaking of the suspensory string.

\* \* \*

The traders of Briggate have had several meetings to decide upon what scheme of colour their decorations shall follow, and it is said that they have agreed that only red, yellow and blue, and various mixtures thereof, shall be permitted in their scheme.

\* \* \*

Never can it be said that Leeds people take their pleasures sadly. The Pudsey Prize, and other high-class Brass Bands, have been engaged to play in the parks on the evening of July 7th, whilst an illuminated electric car is to parade the streets every night for a week!

### Professor Clapham.

THE University is sensibly weaker by Professor Clapham's decision to return to King's College, Cambridge, and take up the work of Historical Tutor in his old College. No man, the proverb says, is necessary; and Professor Clapham presumably does not form the exception; certainly we look forward with confidence to Professor Maggeorge's tenure of the Chair of Economics and we know that he will confer real distinction upon the University of his adoption. But all the same, it is certain that for some time we shall find ourselves saying when some piece of work turns up in relation to the life of the University, "How excellently Clapham would have done it and how difficult it is to find anyone who will do it nearly as well."

The pages of the *Gryphon* are not the proper place for an account of Professor Clapham's work as an economist. Nor is the present time for such an estimate. We are not writing of a man whose academic career is closed. Excellent as his accomplished work is, it is sure to be less in quantity than what remains for him to do. When in the future we hear of him producing important works, illuminating the economic forces of history, or breaking down economic heresies, we shall recall with pride that he once fought in our ranks, and that his prowess in our company allows us to prophesy his future success.

He has been with us for six years, and as I think over his record during that time, what comes before me first is the public spirit he has shown, the way in which he has thrown himself into the life of our University. The contrast between the College and the University which he left, and the College which grew into the Leeds University is a very obvious one. He left a place where all breathed antiquity, poetry and the blending of knowledge with beauty. He found in Leeds grime and ugliness, a University whose boast it was that it ministered to the material wants of the strenuous city of Philistines in which it was placed, a University whose enemies might say that it did anything for the imagination and the higher wants of the spirit of man, it was by accident and almost shamefacedly. It is easy for a man under such circumstances to adopt a cynical and detached attitude to his new work; to rejoice in proclaiming that he is not of the world that fate has thrown him into. The record of our University shows how different Clapham's action has been. The minutes of the Senate and of the Faculty of Arts will show the future historian of the University how varied his activities have been, and how broad a mark he has left upon the life of the University. I will jot down almost at random the points which come to my mind. It was he who struggled with the question of the gowns and hoods of the University, and it was his influence chiefly (Mr. Greenwood, I may add, prompting vigorously in the background), which conducted us to the most logical system of academic robes possessed by any University, and in my opinion, one of the most becoming. Then he has laboured hard with the Library. Here, doubtless he has been favoured by fortune, for money has flowed in upon us at last, not continuously nor in

sufficient quantity, but enough to remove from the Library the barren and starved appearance which it wore six years ago. The catalogue has made its appearance and new shelves; the journal room has been entirely altered in character and arrangement. I shall always associate the running bookcases in the journal room specially with his name. If we turn to the student life of the University we must recall with special gratitude his services as Chairman of the Debating Society. It may be questioned whether, even now, the tone and conduct of the Debating Society is quite worthy of the name of a University; but it has vastly improved during the past five years; and a large part of this improvement is to be ascribed to the thought and tact which its President has brought to his office. Lastly, I would recall his services in connection with the Society for Social Study. The foundation of such a society was a hopeful omen, and it has been a centre for non-partisan thought on the great questions of the day. Professor Clapham's characteristics—his thoroughness, readiness and sobriety of judgment have made him an ideal occupant of the Chair in such a Society, and he has contributed to it addresses that will long be remembered.

And so we take a grateful farewell of him that he may return to a University where nightingales sing and grass grows green. Heartily we wish him well in that new life, which is for him the resumption of an old one, and we trust that he will retain as long and as kindly an interest in the University of Leeds as we shall of him.

A. J. G.

### The Student's Point of View.

ONE seems to hear to-day, as one thinks of Economics and the questions of our social and industrial life, the crash of machinery and the loud voices of unpractical enthusiasts. About these things are the heat of discussion and the indefiniteness of polemics. The consideration of them is the academic study nearest to the thrub and motion of life and affairs. The man who would deal with these has need of good equipment. He has to do with an everchanging condition of things where instances multiply every day, where his facts become old in a year. He must be humane but logical, sympathetic but undeniably decided. His work, scientific in its nature, concerns itself with problems where hunger and poverty and want enter in, where beaten ones and weary cry aloud. It is a tribute to Professor Clapham in many ways that he so well fulfils those demands.

The student who looks out upon this sea feels the need of a firm hand to guide his studies, enthusiasm to light up tables of figures, humanity to keep this science near to life, a sense of humour to relieve the tension when he sees some things as they are. Professor Clapham has all these. Of the man who occupies a Chair of Economics, much and many things are demanded. The Professor of History is too much an Arts man, the Professor of Physics too much of a scientist to fulfil these conditions; our Economics Professor seems to combine the two natures.

You arrive at his room breathless, after two flights of stairs, and are impressed by the man himself, his size, the firm jaw, the heavy head, almost a lawyer's mouth. He is a big man, but with no suggestion





PROFESSOR CLAPHAM.



of that clumsiness which is so common among big men. He manages his limbs and his deep voice with the control he has over his subject. When he speaks, beginning his lecture often as he walks across the floor pulling on his gown, you are further impressed. Some men you feel you ought to watch carefully even in their own subject; you are induced to rely entirely on Professor Clapham. I believe he could say even nothing importantly, and he can give important things their due weight; when he expresses an opinion you find yourself accepting it as a judgment.

He has those faculties of a well-balanced mind which enable him to see clearly and yet comprehensively. You never miss the point when he is speaking. "The point is," he remarks, and you realise that there lies plain to you the key to the question.

The extent of his knowledge, which is various and detailed, is wide. He must read tremendously, and all sorts of books that have bearing upon his subjects. "I am not specialist enough to speak of this," he tells you, but he gives you all you need to know of it. One could imagine that his colleagues regard him as constantly "wanting to know"—either that, or they are very communicative, for he has a delightful way of quoting them with regard to their own subjects. But he makes all his knowledge his own, and by the way he dispenses it, makes you feel that he has a faculty for acquiring it at first hand. Of those things which he finds cause to mention, he speaks intimately. He talks Botany and Chemistry, then takes you into History, and as he deals there with the causes of things, he shows the large grasp, the personal force, the moral tone, that makes nothing mean, but dealing with a mean thing makes you feel it is to be despised. His personality dignifies his work. He knows that many are poor and many very hungry, but though he pities, he realises that to let his view be dimmed by his sympathy will do no good. At first you might be tempted to think him too scientific. But he is very human. His eyes and something about his mouth pronounce him not a lawyer. He is cool, but it is because he knows that heat is not enthusiasm. How ready he is to help too few have had opportunity to know. His enthusiasm for every movement for uplifting and betterment has been of the quiet persistent sort, it has been the kind to give courage to those who felt afraid. He would have been more widely appreciated if the numbers of his students had been larger. His reputation would never suffer by his being known.

A man of authority, he received a severe shock when he was chairman of the Women's Suffrage Meeting. He seemed quite startled when his "Now, Gentlemen!" did not as usual take effect—but I think he has forgiven us, for he knows how we like to make a noise. He gives you the impression that he recognises other authority, for you realise that he gives allegiance to the highest things, and, like himself, it is unswerving. A man who is not a partizan and yet a strong man, a moderate man, and yet an interesting, an enthusiast, not a fanatic, thoroughly capable, a man whom you could trust anywhere, with the balance and ability to tackle most things. He would have made an ideal cabinet minister. The University has been honoured by his presence, he honours it further by his appointment to the important post to which he goes.

W.M.

## De Rebus Medicalibus.

WRITING TIME past—summer term half way through—and exams, drawing on apace. Who has time to read such frivolous literature as the *Gryphon*?

Before long the Royal Visit will be a thing of the past, and before the next *Gryphon* is issued some of our number will be qualified medical men. To those unfortunate beings whose fate sends them to an exam. in July we wish the best of luck, the most lenient of examiners, and the jolliest of holidays afterwards! But it is not a farewell to them, for medicals do not lose sight of one another as soon as College days are over, and we hope to see some of them still with us in the House.

Talking of the L.G.I., we have to note two changes in the Senior Resident Staff. Dr. Boyle has resigned the position of Resident Medical Officer, his place being now filled by Mr. Yeale, formerly Resident Ophthalmic Officer, while some new blood has been introduced by the appointment as Ophthalmic Resident of a West Indian, Mr. Harry.

A great improvement has recently been made in equipment by the introduction into the Theatre of a steam steriliser for instruments instead of the old electric fan.

A rather good tale is told of some workmen who are at present engaged in making some alterations in the Infirmary. These men set to work and bored a hole through a certain concrete floor. The hole being drilled, it was desired to make quite certain of the whereabouts of the operation; accordingly a probe was passed, in the shape of a long iron rod. When a few feet of metal had disappeared, one of the men went downstairs to find where it was showing, and not being able to 'spot it' came up for assistance. Several yards more of iron (as we are informed) having been passed down the hole, a detachment went below to prospect. The corridors, side rooms, and cupboards were examined in vain, when at last a correct diagnosis was made by one of the workmen—surely he ought to have been a surgeon—the hole had been bored exactly above a hollow pillar, and the iron bar was at that moment reposing within the column, only a few inches away from the anxious faces of the astonished hunters. \* \* \*

It is with great pleasure that we publish in this number a reply to our last Notes. Our object was to excite discussion and individual thought on the question dealt with, and we are very glad to present to our readers a criticism of the sentiments expressed last month. We propose to return to the question in the next issue. V.

### Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*."

DEAR SIR,

One wonders whether, now that the ancient order of things is returned, "*De Rebus Medicalibus*" is confined to one page; if not, room may possibly be afforded for a reply to the ante-mortem dings, the despairing strains of which ring through our notes in the last *Gryphon*. One can of course sympathise with an enthusiastic member of the Medical Society, whose efforts do not meet with the success which he and it deserve; but at the same time one may totally disagree with his ideas as to "observation, cause and inference."

The article in question, written, as one can see, more

in sorrow than in anger, over and over again laments the lack of social life in the school. No positive definition of "social life" is given; it is fair, therefore, to judge of the writer's ideas of the meaning of this phrase by the negative examples which he so reproachfully brings forth. We see him first lamenting the failure of the Dance. Although some of us are sufficiently brightened not to be dancing-men, it is clear that here is, as "V" points out, evidence of the lack of "Social life" of a sort; on the other hand, not a few people are of the opinion that were the Dance better organised and run on a less extravagant scale, there would no longer be the necessity of curtailing the supply of papers in the Common Room in order that a huge dance-deficit should be wiped off. Pezzeness—but not so much!

Next a point is made of the lack of loquaciousness at S.R.C. meetings and elections. No doubt there is this lack, but what has this to do with social life? The S.R.C. are, no doubt, a very excellent body of men; but even that triumph of successful diplomacy which they have lately achieved (I refer, of course, to those welcome pieces of sanitary reform which have since last session greeted our astonished eyes)—even this scarcely confers upon them such importance as to constitute their diligence a measure of the social life of the school.

Then the Medical Society! Beyond a doubt, the Medical Society meetings are rotten. (This is not slang; it is a manifestation of disgust.) Appropos of disgust, the person who, as "V" mentions, wrote "Deo Gratias" at the end of the notice announcing the suspension of the Medical Society meetings—was a constant attendee at those meetings). But the Medical Society is not a social society; it is an intellectual society—a glance over last year's programme will show. By all means modify it so as to make it more "social"—among other things, bear aside that mantle of formality which helps to choke it, for if this be done its meetings may stand a chance of being more successful. But if it be an intellectual society, then do not grumble at men who are constantly engaged in mental work of a severe description for spending their occasional leisure hours in "deciding a billiard challenge," or even in "sparring an evening for the Merry Widow," rather than devoting these moments to the study of theories of "Consciousness," or the "History of Early Physiology."

So much for V's examples of our degeneracy. But surely he forgets our successful Smoker—which, by the way, some of the gentlemen interested in the Medical Society forgot to attend—surely he forgets our Dinner? quite as successful this year as other years. And what of our share in University life—do not the Medicals form a proportionate part of the Football, Cricket and Hockey teams? Clearly these things are of much more importance than the Dance, and according even to the rule-and-thumb method of judgment, by results, we find indications of a healthful social spirit still surviving in the school.

Yet social life, properly so-called, surely consists in the sum-total of the relations, good and bad, existing between the individual members of the society; and, after all, is not the best test of the vigour of social life to be found in things less concrete than set assemblies for eating, drinking, or even thinking?

Yours, etc., W. E. C.

## The Diary of A. Sawbones.

[At a recent Smoker, Professor Stroud referred to an article in a "happily defunct periodical," *The Yorkshire Owl*, which was written for the benefit of the ailing inmates, lately by some student of the Yorkshire College. By the kindness of Professor Goodson we have been enabled to peruse this interesting document, which is some thousand years old, and we have made such extracts (thereof as appeared) to be of interest to present-day students.]

"The Principal's compliments, and he will be pleased to see Mr. Spriggs in his room at eleven o'clock."

"The trim Commissaire for the nonce issues from his glass cage in the porch to convey the edict to Adolphus Spriggs, Science Department, Yorkshire College, Baggis, Spifkins, Docks and Co. gather round, grin re-assuringly at Spriggs, and wish him good luck. Spriggs assumes a sickly smile, blindly hacks at the frog he is dissecting, cuts through the abdominal vein, raps out something *ad hoc* rene and sulphurous, and departs to know the weest."

"Adolphus Spriggs, Senior, Esq., having made a gale out of fustians somewhere westward, Mrs. Spriggs' chief ambition is to make her son a Doctor of Medicine; so Adolphus, after a private school course—wherein he learnt much false gentility, and very little else—had been packed off to the Yorkshire College to be initiated into the mysteries of mesolabist, epiblast, hypoblast, somites and Avogadro's law. Perhaps you do not quite know the inner meaning of these barbarousnesses. Neither do I, nor does Spriggs; that being why Spriggs is to interview the Principal."

"Arrived at the door, he kneels tremulously."

"Come in," says a thin voice; enter Spriggs. "Mr. Spriggs, I believe," says the thin owner of the thin voice. "Will you please take a chair. I sent for you to ask how it is you have got a fourth class. Really it is too bad, you know, Mr. Spriggs, too bad for anything. If you do not improve I really must ask you to remove your name from the College books."

"Spriggs stammers, blushes, drops his hat, picks it up, blushes again, scrapes his boots upon the carpet—in short is Confusion's very self. The Principal, kindly at heart, drops his assumed snappishness, pities the youth, impresses good copy-book lore upon upon him, and allows him to escape."

"In the Kemmy Lab, the ingenious youth gather round him. The Kafir quits the cigarette he has been slyly smoking in the draught chamber; Pill leaves the conjuring trick with litmus and a beaker. A fellow-feeling inspires them; they fain would know the worst. But the Professor has entered. An air of industry straight enfolds all and sendy. . . . Fellows in black aprons, maidens in Quakerish pinafores, move hither and thither with test tubes. . . . Near the door the scream of a blowpipe flame sets all teeth on edge. Love-sick youths from old corners ogle the sweet girl (under) graduates, who respond not, but work calmly, unceasingly, and eventually top the lists. Perhaps a loud bang, a crash of breaking glass, a perfume not of staphenitis, denotes a mishap. The 'demons' hurry round to scold the unhappy one, who looks foolish as a titter arises."

"Perhaps it is Professor Stroud, in love with his subject—petting his apparatus, humoring it, reasoning with it. He darts from point to point like a linnet from bush to bush, is mildly contemptuous of Greek, thinks the purpose of the Greek alphabet is to provide the distinguishing characters in physical

formula, assures the chemist that chemistry is a mere adjunct of physics, the one god—Kelvin being his prophet. Never a dull moment in his lectures. A lovable man, inventor of range-finders for use in our navy, of photo-copying apparatus, improved lanterns, and goodness knows what else. "Billy" has made a fortune out of patents,\* the fellows whisper. Hope so—he deserves good luck.

"Then we troop off to the lecture of Professor Miall, whose dignity of intellect and character were the most irreverent young Sawbones. A lucid, passionless discourse, full of original knowledge. We get a glimpse in clear light down to the very foundations of life. We forget the examination fiend; for once it is the pure desire of knowledge that possesses us."

### Library Notes.

We have been fortunate enough to discover a copy of the Library Regulations of the University of Timbuctoo; it will be seen how very different they are from those of our own Library, for which we should be duly thankful.

#### *Regulations affecting Members of the Academic Staff.*

1. Any member of the Academic Staff shall be entitled to take out as many books as he requires,\* and to retain them until the Greek Calends, unless he receives notice that any of these books are overdue, in which case such book or books shall be returned within one year to the Library. A book shall be regarded as overdue when any one who has been looking for it for more than six months sums up sufficient courage to ask if it has been officially withdrawn from circulation.

2. Methods of peaceful persuasion only are used with members of the Academic Staff. It is a capital offence to speak of fines in connection with their detention of books.

3. A book which is not overdue according to Rule 1 may be renewed at the expiration of the lease therein mentioned for a further period of equal duration.

4. Current University Calendars and current serials (scientific magazines, etc.) may be taken out of the Library for four weeks only. Other unsound serials may be borrowed for a period not exceeding six months. In respect of members of the Academic Staff books of reference are to be regarded as ordinary books, and may be retained for an indefinite period.

#### *Regulations affecting Students of the University.*

5. Not more than one and a half volumes may be taken out by one student at one time.

6. Every book must be returned to the Library the day after it is taken out by a student. By special permission, however, a book may be renewed a second day, when necessary.

7. If a student wishes to renew a book, he must bring it along with him, no matter how heavy it is, or how far away he lives, in order that the Librarian may gaze upon it. If he wishes to avoid bringing the book with him, he must make application for renewal

every hour for at least half a day before the book is due.

8. At the end of each week all books borrowed by students must be returned to the Library.

9. Books of Reference may on no account be removed from the Library by a student. By obtaining special permission from not less than six members of the Academic Staff, however, he may borrow the book for one hour.

10. Any student borrowing a book under Rule 9 and failing to return it in the time specified, shall be fined one shilling per minute, and any person who does not comply with Rule 6 shall be fined sixpence per hour for as long as the book is kept out after it ought to have been returned.

### "Glorious Leeds!"

We may not possess a river,  
Where we might nigh clothesless shiver,  
And athletes upon the Cam may do great deeds;  
Then we may be told how nice is  
That old City on the Isis.

But we're perfectly content up here in Leeds.

Now the Owens men may beat us,  
From our Pedestal unseat us,  
For to them the Footer Crown at times proceeds,  
—Or the Mersey men, or Duham—  
But politely we revere 'em  
To the fact we're still quite happy here in Leeds.

Aberdeen may have grand weather,  
And St. Andrews, sea and leather,  
Whilst of course no praising Edinboro' needs;  
Then there's London, Wales or Ireland,  
With their fogs, or hills, or mireland,  
But with Headingley we're satisfied in Leeds.

They have got a mighty notion  
Of their Yale, across the Cootan,  
And of Harvard's popularity one reads;  
Then abroad, they're firm believers  
In their Heidelbergs, Genevas,  
But for me, reserve a place up here in Leeds.

We are English, French and Russians,  
With some Portuguese and Prussians,  
And the world around Japan adds to our breeds,  
Some are from Madras, Calcutta,  
But we all can English stammer,  
Just enough to say we're satisfied with Leeds.

PROFYLE.

### Commercial Enterprise and the University.

A VERY commendable idea recently suggested itself to Messrs. Coll. . . . n & Co., the proprietors of a well-known Café in this city. A fortnight ago each student of the School of Medicine received an invitation to take afternoon tea in K. . . g E. . . . d Street, and many men found an opportunity to partake of this graceful hospitality, their appreciation of which they tactfully showed by appropriating as souvenirs of the occasion the floral emblems with which the rooms were decorated.

\* A boy with a handcart is always available.

## The Gryphon

We have reason to believe that similar invitations are about to be extended to University undergraduates by other enterprising business people. We understand that Messrs. Smith & Co., the well-known Leeds hatters, are about to present every student, not being a member of the Territorial Force, with one of those *old hats* of soft cloth, which are said to be the rage this season among the smart set. By a felicitous association the colour chosen will be Middle Green, but it not yet known what hue the fortunate possessors of the Doctorate may receive. Originality in head-gear will now, happily, be no longer confined to the members of the staff. Again it is only a feeling of shyness—creditable, no doubt, but, on the whole, uncalculated, which has hitherto prevented the proprietors of the W... from extending to all the members of the University a cordial invitation to attend their well-known and select *Soirées*. In recognition, too, of the very sympathetic regard existing between the staff and the students, exemption is to be granted next session from attendance at the Pathology and Pharmacology lectures.

But Messrs. Coll...n's experiment is not absolutely the first of its kind. Although he keeps a discrete silence upon the subject, it is well-known by certain of his confidants that the Editor of the *Gryphon* received, the day after the issue of the last number of the *Gryphon*, a letter to the following effect: "Dear Sir, We have glanced with interest and pleasure through the verses which appear in the current issue of the *Gryphon*. On receipt of post-card, we shall be pleased to send our hand-cart, and we are prepared to pay at the rate of 6d. per two stanzas. Yours faithfully, J. Robinson & Co., Rag and Paper Manufacturers." By accepting this offer the Editor, we understand, intends at the same time to decrease the *Gryphon* printing-bill, and to form the nucleus of a "Tarring the Tabernacle" fund. W. E. C.

## Correspondence.

LEEDS, May 26th.

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*."

DEAR SIR,

You are heartily to be congratulated upon the article in the Editorial Notes of the May issue of the *Gryphon* concerning certain songs of quite an objectionable nature which found a place on the programme of our last Smoker.

Without being in any way sanctimonious or "canty," the majority of students must support you in your very courageous protest against those objectionable songs which really can only be sung by objectionable people to amuse a minority which is not composed of present students.

Let us hope that not only in the future will the ordinary Smokers be less vulgar and better attended, but that also the Freshers' Smoker will not be spoilt by certain silly young people who, for "brag" and for their own selfish amusement, get foolishly excited with harvest ale, and destroy property, etc., to the annoyance and discomfort of others.

Yours truly,

FOURTH YEAR.

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*."

DEAR SIR,

Our University is to be honoured on the 7th July by a visit from their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra. May I, through the medium of the *Gryphon*, voice the commonly and strongly expressed hope that in the ceremony that will take place the students may take an adequate part. Students in the Leeds University are treated very much like school children; their petitions are neglected—no, they are considered (whatever that may mean), and then no more is heard of them; the raising of the Union fee is mentioned, and from people who ought to know the answer comes, "The Senate would oppose it"; the Union Rooms?—No money can be granted to assist the corporate life of the students, desirable as it is to encourage such spirit.

It would be a pity if the King came to Leeds and went away with the impression that, either there were no students at Leeds, or that, if there were, they had been hidden behind the cemetery wall, their only share in the function having been to swell the murmurs of the distant crowd.

I believe that when His Majesty goes to Eton he is greeted by speeches from one or more of the boys. Now, what an Eton boy can do can be done by a Leeds student.

In any case, I think that some address, written or verbal, should be arranged by the Students' Union, and that some share in the reception of their Majesties should be allotted to the lady students.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ONE OF THE INSIGNIFICANT.

June 21st.

Prepare!—the longest day draws nigh,

Of all days most abhorrent;

And vainly tries Old Sol to shine

Restrained by ceaseless torrent.

Your rainproof coats, umbrellas, seek,

And hunt up your galeshes;

Find stoutest boots and double socks,

Unlurl your mackintoshes.

Discard straw hats and panamas.

Your flannel suits cast weeping;

Your thinnest shirts and yellow shoes

Retain in wardrobe's keeping.

Ye Maids! keep out your thickest coats

To counteract the 'souzes';

And sealskin jackets substitute

For Peek-a-boo-ish blouses.

Those fashions which last year, alone

Society's elect wore,

Fold up for good,—don't dream about

Displaying robes Directoire!

Put thoughts of "camping out" aside—

The seaside never mention;

For summer now's mere meteor—

Ollogical convention,

PROTIEU.

## The Books.

*Modern Geography and the Copernican Hypothesis.* C. Robertson, M.D. 1s. Pub. by Mackay, Stirling.

The aim of this book is eccentric, but unorthodoxly so.

It is not maintained that the earth is flat, indeed we are informed that it is spherical in shape; but the idea that the sun is only thirty-two miles in diameter is put forward to the tune of some ninety pages. The "Principles of Elementary Geometry" and "The Fundamental and Elementary Axioms of Optics" are first explained for the advantage of the uninitiated, then certain very original deductions are made therefrom, and it is proved that the sun is thirty-two miles across!

It is not difficult to pick out the fallacies in most of the propositions and deductions. For instance, we have explained to us the "optical principle that size is as the distance," but we are told that it is not applicable in the case of luminous bodies. This is proved by the following delightful reasoning:—

If during the day we see a terrestrial object, say a house, at a distance of two or three miles, we conclude that it must be of considerable size; but at night if we see a light at the same distance, it never occurs to us that the light must be of any great size; if we see it very distinctly we judge it to be a brilliant light, not a large one; we, by experience, recognise that the first object is seen on account of its size under solar illumination; the second on account of its intrinsic brilliancy, and that the two cases are entirely different.

Of course, the fact that we can see the light distinctly does not mean that it appears of great size; indeed the angle subtended at the eye does vary inversely as the distance, as our friend could prove with a bicycle lamp in his back garden any dark night.

However, the idea of making simple experiments of this kind does not appear to have occurred to him, for in his conclusion that the apparent size of a self-luminous body is independent of the distance he purports to show where everyone else has gone wrong; and he further tells us that the "apparent and actual diameters of the sun are equal and identical." As the sun subtends  $32'$ , the diameter must therefore be 32 geographical miles! On the same reasoning most of the fixed stars are about as big as a football.

There are other arguments, no less original, which are supposed support his view. Take this:—

At the vernal equinox the apparent sun is vertical on the equator. Being situated over the central plane of the earth, both hemispheres are equally illuminated; the sun is for twelve hours above and twelve hours below the horizon; there is equal day and night throughout the globe. But these conditions last only for a very short time; by April 30th the sun's declination is  $11^\circ$  north, and the area of vertical solar rays is at  $11^\circ$  north latitude. All the above conditions are changed. Both hemispheres are not equally illuminated, the northern receiving more light than the southern; the days are longer in the one than the other. Here we see the most marked difference in geographical differences, caused by a difference of only a few degrees in the position of the apparent sun; it is difficult to imagine that any better proof that the apparent and actual diameters of the sun are equal and identical could be given.

It is, indeed!

Having reduced the sun from a diameter of 850,000 to one of 32 miles, he subjects it to the further inquiry of making it move round the earth. In this

way, we learn, the seasons are produced—and of course, granted that the sun is thirty-two miles in diameter, it is easy to explain the seasons as due to the sun's motions.

At the end of the book there is the usual wail of the "reformer."

*The Fundamental Conceptions of Chemistry.* Dr. S. M. Jorgensen, translated by M. P. Appleby. 2s. 6d. S.P.C.K.

This is a translation of a new German book which is rather popular in Germany; and for a person who has done a little chemistry before, or one who takes up the subject after he has left school, it would form an excellent elementary text book. As the title indicates, it is principles rather than facts we are seeking to grasp, and although the average student would require to learn more facts than he will find in this volume, the method of treatment has this important advantage, that it makes the introduction to the science interesting, and even fascinating. One feature that adds greatly to the interest of the subject is the identification of the various workers mentioned with their positions and universities. For instance, how many students learn about Frankland without knowing that he was Professor of Chemistry at Owens College; or Stas, or Proust, or Dulong, or Petit without knowing—well, who were they, my scientific reader? Altogether, we have never before seen Elementary Chemistry presented in so interesting and rational a manner, and to those who wish to take up chemistry as a science this little book is distinctly worth buying.

*Municipal Lessons from South Germany.* H. S. Lunn, M.D. 2s. Published by Unwin.

This book contains an account of a visit to Germany paid by a body of municipal officials, and is rendered uninteresting in parts by wearisome descriptions of receptions, banquets, etc. However, interspersed among these chapters of merely personal interest, we find many interesting facts, which we have not found in any other book about municipal affairs in Germany. Chapters on German municipal government, methods of Town Extension, Streets and Roads, are well worth reading by those who think English methods open to improvement, and we find that the Germans are very much in advance of us in many respects. For instance:

Macadam is now only used temporarily for new streets, and for this purpose it is laid at such a lower level, that hereafter it can be used as the foundation for the permanent pavement.

In England the road would of course be entirely reconstructed. Then again:

At a very early period regulations existed which forbade the erection of colliery houses, and during the period of industrial expansion no collar dwellings or back-to-back houses could come into existence.

And in Leeds they are still putting up back-to-back houses in hundreds every year!

A wealthy social reformer might do worse than present a copy of a book containing facts such as these to the members of all our English municipal bodies.

## OUR SOCIETIES.

## Literary and Historical.

## Fountains Abbey.

At a few minutes before one o'clock on Saturday, May 23rd, might have been seen gathered on the N.E.R. station platform a select but jovial band of students of both sexes, clad in summer garb, and evidently on pleasure bent. It consisted of members of the Literary and Historical Society about to start for Fountains Abbey.

Several carriages had been reserved, and so the party divided according to natural inclination, the more sober—and entirely male—portion entering the shrine devoted to My Lady Nicotine. One member of the staff, we regret to say, deserted this altar and travelled in another carriage. The railway journey itself was both pleasant and instructive. In our carriage we listened to an eloquent discourse by a Professor, who seemed equally at home on millstone grit, on cowslips, and on churches. How the time was passed in the other carriages we are unable to say.

We disembarked at Ripon and visited the Cathedral, where some looked at windows, some quoted poetry, some talked of graves, and some hunted for gargoyles. When most of the party had tired of these intellectual occupations we drifted through the fields to Fountains, where, exhausted by our long walk, we halted for tea. The meagreness of the repast was more than atoned for by the flow of "scintillating wit" which shewed us, for the first time, what brilliant conversationalists there are at College.

The above-mentioned member of the staff was conspicuous by his absence from tea, and became still more so when he appeared with two missing lady students. He checked our merriment by informing us that the Abbey would be closed in less than an hour, and so we scurried off to see as much as could be seen in the time.

The Abbey was done in the usual way. Everyone moralised on the piety (or otherwise) of the old monks, photographs were taken, lectures were given by amateur students of architecture, and forget-me-nots were plucked and given to the lady members. Great interest was evinced in the brewery, and when at last, with many regrets, we had to tear ourselves away, it is said that two (men) students remained behind digging for 'relics.'

We left the Abbey by way of Fountains Hall, which likewise excited a great deal of admiration, and we then got back to the little church in the Park. Some, by-the-by, owing to the labels on the different articles in the church, mistook it for a museum. This, however, is a mistake.

After a return walk through the fields to Ripon, even more pleasant than the former one, we eventually reached the station. The reserved carriages were not, strange to say, so well patronised as on the outward journey. We parted regretfully at Leeds, having enjoyed our trip to the utmost. Like Oliver Twist, we ask for more, and only hope that Jupiter Pluvius will show himself equally favourable on the occasion of the Ambleside excursion.

E. S. W.

## Scientific Society.

## Excursions.

This Society has held two very successful excursions during the present term—to Farnley Iron Works and Messrs. Brevitt and Co.'s Glass Works, Castleford.

On May 20th, at 5 o'clock, there might have been seen in the Chemical Lecture Theatre a number of enthusiastic scientists—there was no tea—gathered to hear Mr. C. A. King, B.Sc., give a preliminary discourse on Iron and Steel making as carried out at Farnley. This lecture helped us more clearly to understand what we saw at the works on the following day. At two o'clock on the Thursday a special car carrying some sixty members started from College Road, and after a pleasant journey it deposited its distinguished burden some fifteen minutes' walk away from the Iron Works. Some hesitation was shown by the party as to which way to take, and this prompted a wicked plot on the part of certain Dying students to lead us to Pudsey, which was, however, unsuccessful.

Many and varied were the observations we made, and the occupations which kept us employed at the Works. We saw pig iron, wrought iron, "Best Yorkshire Iron," in the making—being heated, coiled, hammered, rolled, sawed and stamped. We climbed steps innumerable—and descended an equal number—in our inspection of blast furnaces, gas plants, and other weird and wonderful structures. We examined ores, slags, and, some of us, the product of the gas plant, the effect of the latter not being very exhilarating. After spending a most interesting afternoon we wound up at the Chemical Laboratory, feeling most grateful to the Company who had so kindly welcomed us.

The visit to Messrs. Brevitts' Glass Bottle Works took place on Thursday, June 4th. Only about twenty men went to Castleford, although this excursion promised to be as interesting and instructive as any we have had for some time, the proximity of the examination having a deterrent effect on many would-be visitors.

Perhaps more members understood what they saw in this excursion than they have done at any other we have had—an advantage which was probably due to the smallness of the party. We saw the primary materials being ground together, and were shown both the old and the new processes of heating up the mixture. In the former method fireclay pots, heated with coal, are used to contain the molten mass; in the latter the glass is formed on the bed of a reverberatory furnace. Then there were the old and new methods of blowing the glass in the moulds, each method commanding its own set of workmen with their own Trades Union. The making of the moulds engaged our attention for some time, as also did the thousands of these moulds which were stored in a large room, for each customer has his own kind of bottle, his own mould. Some of our members were troubled as to how a small curley could be blown by mouth—but the specimens shown were firm in their silent testimony. We discovered how the marble got inside the ginger-beer bottle, and how they made the thread for the



cock of a bottle for containing stronger beverages. In fact for over two hours we were conducted from room to room, each having its fresh interest.

Messrs. Breffits were most kind in explaining things to us, and they made this excursion one of the pleasantest we can remember.

W.E.X.

## Education Society.

THE following officers have been elected for the coming year:—

*President*—Professor Welton.

*Vice-President*—Miss Robertson.

*Hon. Secretary*—E. A. Hopkins.

*Committee*—Miss Turner, Miss Coope, Miss Hoyon, Miss Longstaff, Miss Illingworth, W. P. Welpton, G. Morton, B. C. Crosby, P. Gould, W. Smart, L. Pearnley.

## Union Committee Tell-Tale, 1907-8.

7 Meetings.

Miss B. Murphy	5	A. E. Fletcher	4
Miss Findlay	3	J. K. Partridge	4
Miss Burras	3	D. S. Kennedy	3
Prof. Connal	7	K. Curtis	3
W. C. Gill	7	H. H. Willbourn	*3
N. Rhodes	7	P. T. Crowther	2
J. R. Bibby	7	J. Ford	2
W. F. Clayton	6	M. G. Platts	2
E. A. Hopkins	6	R. Ward	2
A. Seymour-Jones	*6	E. S. Willott	*1

\* Maximum possible.

J. R. B.

## Union Committee Elections, 1908-9.

H. Seymour-Jones*	154	F. A. Walker	81
E. A. Hopkins†	142	A. E. Woodhead	75
E. S. Willott	117	P. G. Norman (F.)	75
H. Duchesne (F.)	107	H. Ellis (F.)	75
W. H. M. Rennie (F.)	100	A. O. Purdon (F.)	74
J. H. Mawson	88	G. Morton	73
J. R. Blockley	83		

G. S. Fairburn Hart	71	W. Miller	55
M. A. R. Paniker	67	J. W. C. Walton	54
J. O. Martin	66	F. Riley	50
P. Gould	66	W. S. Klamborowski	50
R. H. Greaves	65	G. Blackburn	46
J. Gaunt	58	E. J. B. Greenwood	40
M. A. Ruane	57	A. E. Dean	37

\* Secretary. † Chairman. (F) Fresh.

## The Gryphon, 1908-9.

*Editor*: Mr. Wilson Midgley.

*Assistant Editor*: Mr. Frank Hurst.

*Manager*: Mr. J. R. Blockley.

The members of the Gryphon Advisory Committee have not yet been elected.

## The Play.

## The Summer Slump.

WITH the approach of Whitsuntide, and the preliminary miseries of our academic summer, the theatre begins to lose its claim on our very meagre support. It seems to be the same with other sections of the community, for the managers fill their bills with less popular and less famous names—generally repeating companies of the Edmund Tearle and Alan Wilkie type. As a matter of fact such companies are more honest in their endeavours and have a more urgent claim on our attention than those who sing and dance promiscuously in pantomime and its parallels. Their efforts are not rewarded by colossal audiences, with the elaborate surroundings and embellishments which our stars can command. But their respect for the true stage tradition is the greater, and their artistic perception the clearer for these seeming deficiencies, and perhaps we can look with satisfaction on the summer slump which gives them their opportunity. It is the same state of the market which brings us minor stars like Mr. Leonard Boyne in plays like 'Raffles.' It is rather wrong to say "plays like 'Raffles,'" for there are probably no others. It is certainly original and unique in many of its points, but even these give it no particular merit. As a magazine serial novel nothing could be more to the point, but on the stage its extreme situations can only be treated in that melodramatic manner which merits with and deserves dense laughter. A hero who is a fine cricketer and a social genius, and at the same time a dangerous burglar cannot command our imagination. The fact is that we get so remarks from him which account for his social success, and the specimens of his criminal powers with which we are presented seem very crude, while his cricketing skill we have to take for granted. So we begin to feel that the remaining characters are mistaken ninnyes in their esteem of him, particularly the detective who laboriously runs him to earth. The criminality is made to manifest itself in absurdities which become humorous. It must be the most ridiculous thing ever seen on the stage for the hero with whom we are supposed to be in love to deal with the ordinary crackman, who is covering him with a loaded revolver, in the way he does. His method is to recount vividly the scene of a death sentence with a solemn judge in a black cap. This is supposed to be done so realistically that the burglar breaks down completely and loses his commanding position. In reality we pity the burglar and any of the audience who think it natural that he should collapse. To complete a narrative composed of episodes like these we have the inevitable love interest. There are two women. With one Raffles falls in love, and so does another man—his best friend. The other woman loves Raffles and makes the most unheard-of proposals to him. She, of course, is married to someone else, so that the feminine element in the play is on the whole commonplace, and not so original as the crackman idea. Mr. Boyne made a conventional attempt to represent the unconventional Raffles, while the rest of the parts neither called for nor received any brilliant or even careful treatment.

So much, then, for the past. With regard to the future the most interesting production from the literary point of view will be that of our own students in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Elder Brother." Of this some news is given elsewhere in this issue. The only comment that is necessary here is to express the hope that our untrained actors will treat it as well as they treated the "Clouds."

## ATHLETICS.

### The Sports.

THE Sports took place as usual on an extremely wet day, May 15th. The state of the weather in the morning soon dispelled any hope that the secretaries had had of making the credit side of the balance sheet the prettier to look upon.

Proceedings commenced at 2.30 p.m. with only three competitors turning out for the long jump. The band, having retired to the tea tent, did their best to induce Jupiter Pluvius to relent, but as their efforts were succeeded by the heaviest shower of the day, it will appear evident that they were only moderately successful.

With the arrival of Mrs. Bodington on the field at four o'clock, came bright sunshine, and, although too late to affect the gate receipts, the belated appearance of fine weather added materially to the comfort of the judges and others who had gone down to a sea of mud without ships.

Undoubtedly the hardest race of the day was the Inter-Varsity Mile. The plucky way Mr. Hickson made the pace for our first "string" and the gallant manner in which Mr. Clayton responded made one think that Mount Olympus was in sight after all. A tremendous sprint in the last lap appeared to be giving Mr. Clayton the victory, when the spurring power of one of the Liverpool representatives became apparent, and our "first" string was beaten in the last twenty yards. Hard lines, sir! Pick it up at Belfast.

Of the other races most were run off with a somewhat scanty field; but the sack race was very popular and caused considerable amusement.

Mr. J. B. Fisher again successfully defended his title as premier athlete, and with a few contributions from other Medicals, their Department again took the Pro-Chancellor's Cup.

The prizes were gracefully presented by Mrs. Bodington, who, on rising to acknowledge a vote of thanks unanimously passed by the assembly, received a true Leeds University reception.

The results of the events are appended:—

*Long Jump*—1st, J. B. Fisher; 2nd, W. M. Marriott.  
*Putting the Weight*—1st, M. A. Ruane; 2nd, J. A. L. Sutcliffe.

*100 Yards*—1st, J. B. Fisher; 2nd, G. V. Penty.

*Tag-of-War*—Engineers A.

*High Jump*—The between J. B. Fisher and F. Wigglesworth.

*Inter-Varsity Mile*—1st, Liverpool; 2nd, Leeds.

*Hurdles*—1st, C. F. Hoyle; 2nd, M. A. Ruane.

*220 Yards Hand*—1st, L. G. White; 2nd, F. C. Watson.

*Quarter Mile*—1st, W. M. Marriott; 2nd, J. B. Fisher.

*Sack Race*—1st, G. V. Penty; 2nd, L. G. White.

*Half-Mile Scratch*—1st, W. F. Clayton; 2nd, G. V. Penty.

*Mile Scratch*—1st, W. F. Clayton; 2nd, B. Hickson.

*Mile (Hand)*—1st, B. Hickson; 2nd, C. F. Hoyle.

*Inter-Departmental Team Race*—Engineers.

*Consolation Race*—M. G. Platts. A. S. J.

### Association.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club was held on May 4th for the purpose of electing officers for next season. The following were elected:—

*Captain 1st XI*—F. Elliot.

*Vice-Captain 1st XI*—C. G. Reinhardt.

*Hon. Secretary*—J. Osborne Martin.

*Committee*—F. Elliot (ex-officio), C. G. Reinhardt (ex-officio), J. Osborne Martin (ex-officio), H. Duchesne, A. Douglas.

Though losing several men we have still seven of last year's team remaining with us, and thus, with the new blood that will be here, there is every prospect of a very successful season before us, and it is to be hoped that Leeds will maintain its reputation in the soccer world.

The Committee earnestly desire that all men will give their first call to the University Club, and not to outside ones, as has been so often the case in the past.

J. O.M.

### Hockey Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above was held on Friday, May the 29th, Dr. Moorman in the chair.

After last season's report had been read by Mr. Hopkins the election of officers was proceeded with.

Dr. Moorman was asked unanimously to remain as President, and kindly consented.

The following officers were elected:—

*Captain*—G. V. Stockdale.

*Vice-Captain*—C. Butler.

*Captain 2nd XI*—W. S. Klambrowski.

*Secretary*—M. J. Carroch.

*Committee*—Messrs. W. S. Hart, E. A. Hopkins, C. G. H. Little, F. A. Walker, A. Seymour-Jones, and J. D. I. Kerwick.

The question of the ground for next season was discussed and referred to a Sub-Committee.

It was decided to collect the Affiliation Fee, as our present grant will not allow of this extra expenditure, by means of a subscription list. Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary. M. J. C.

### Swimming.

CARDS of Membership may now be obtained from any Member of the Committee. They are available throughout the vacation and up to October 30th, and admit the owner at half-price to the Meanwood Road Baths (within quarter of an hour's walk from College). The 1st Class Baths are at present undergoing repair, but will probably be ready in a few weeks. Meanwhile, the 2nd Class Baths are being used.

Swimming Sports will probably be held in October, when the race for the Championship Cup will be swum, and if a sufficient number of good swimmers come forward, Manchester University will be challenged the possession of the Inter-University Shield, of which they are at present the holders.

The Long Vac. offers a fine opportunity for training and it is to be hoped that as many as possible will make use of it. E. S. W.

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