



"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings to the course when she hath any sickle feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found them to the preciousness which we ought to fear."—LXIV.

Vol. XII.

MAY, 1909.

No. 5.



THE novel experience of the apparent petering out of last term, owing to absence of examinations—the gratifying items of news which met us on our return—the shifting of the centre of population in the direction of the tennis courts—these are the only impressions that the *Gryphon* has received since its last number emerged. The *Gryphon* box remains a receptacle for anything but the real thing, which must too often be obtained by the effort of personal canvass. However, gratification is in excess of despair in most minds, in watching the development of our institutions and in gauging the increasing weight of our influence. The new occupant of the chair of Physics is described elsewhere, both pictorially and verbally, and we may be forgiven the pride we all feel on realising his great position in the world of what Professor Stroud called "New Physics." In many other directions, too, our Staff and our student bodies are becoming of that magnitude of influence which seems to produce a visible

acceleration in its own rate of increase. The Sports, which, like all events of importance, have managed to come at a period when the *Gryphon* is in the press, may be expected to produce a good impression of our athletic growth, while the examinations which come with the next *Gryphon* will produce, it is hoped, a satisfactory effect in another field. The questions on which the *Gryphon* can express any opinion of value are, in this term of study and physical recreation, absent from public discussion, so that the Editorial remarks may be left at this point as brief as will satisfy all those critics who envy our privileges.

Professor Bragg.

Two months ago we were bewailing the fact that one of the strongest and dearest ties which bound together the old Yorkshire College and the new University of Leeds was being loosened and broken, and that a name which we could never dissociate from recollections of our Alma Mater was being effaced by Professor Stroud's departure from the activities of academic life.

Our farewells have already been made in a true student, yet still sincere and decorous, fashion, but a further duty lies before us to welcome in Professor Stroud's place the new occupant of the Cavendish Chair of Physics—Professor W. N. Bragg, M.A., F.R.S.

It is perhaps too early to give our own impressions of Professor Bragg, but when one remembers his brilliant career, and the esteem and laudation which

he has inspired wherever he has gone, it is safe to foretell that he will here add more lustre to his already distinguished name, and that he will ingratiate himself with students and staff alike.

Professor Bragg comes direct to us from the University of Adelaide, where he held the Chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy for 23 years.

A native of Wigton, in Cumberland, he received his education at the Grammar School of Market Harborough, King William's College, Isle of Man, whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he achieved his first distinction. In 1884 he graduated B.A., and was placed Third Wrangler, while during the next twelve months he passed first class in Part II of the Mathematical Tripos. A few months of teaching at Cambridge preceded his acceptance of the Chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at the University of Adelaide, during the occupancy of which his fame has gone abroad as an original thinker and experimentalist in the realms of radio-activity.

He was the first to adopt the view that the so-called alpha rays, which are to be regarded as projectiles shot off from the radium atoms with enormous velocity, pass through the atoms which they encounter in their path and cease to be observable after flying over a definite "range." This conception, quite a new one, correlated a number of strange effects, and paved the way for an extensive series of investigations, which not only gave confirmation to the original view, but opened out a considerable field for other investigators. The resources of this field have not been exhausted, and it is one of Professor Bragg's most cogent reasons for taking up his station at Leeds, that he will have extended facilities for pursuing his radio-activity researches.

In other spheres than Physics has Professor Bragg also won a distinguished name. For six years he was a Governor of the Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery of Adelaide. He was a member of the School of Mines' Council and of the Adelaide University Council. He has been ever an ardent worker in the cause of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, and as the President of that body he was the central figure at the gatherings in Brisbane last January. In March of 1907 Professor Bragg received intimation that he was a selected candidate for the Fellowship of the Royal Society, the highest dignity in the scientific world.

Beyond his activities in the scientific and public life, it is particularly gratifying to know that he has associated himself so completely with the corporate life of the students. The Chancellor of the University of Adelaide, speaking of Professor Bragg's departure to England, stated that "he has taken so much interest in the welfare of the students, and has identified himself so closely, not merely with their pursuits, but with their sports and everyday life, as to win their confidence, and to exercise a beneficial influence over them which it is impossible to exaggerate."

He founded the Students' Union at Adelaide and built a common room for them.

The scheme by which teachers in Australia are admitted to the Universities for a course of two years, at the expense of the State, thereby securing excellent

co-operation between the advanced and elementary education, is also due to Professor Bragg.

In the realms of sport Professor Bragg has always played a prominent part. He was one of the first to welcome into England the Canadian game Lacrosse, playing for Trinity College, Cambridge, and later he captained the team for Adelaide University and played for South Australia. He has also taken a keen interest in boat racing, in rugby football, and in hockey, and in the last-named game he was captain of the Trinity Eleven.

We earnestly hope that these cordial relationships may be continued at Leeds, and that Professor Bragg's name will not only become famous for its association with science, but will become a token of all that stands for comradeship and co-operation with his students.

Our right hand of fellowship to you!

Preludes.

"Is it not so: that scenes and characters remain the more vividly in the memory when there ever arises at their recollection an unanswered question?"

Yes, madam, the large, dark and smoky town of Leeds is my birthplace. Though I know the personality of many towns—grey English cities, merry French boulevards, and the pavements of golden Italy, yet I have this honour that the first light, or darkness, that I saw, was the darkness of Leeds. Indeed, I was on my way to Leeds when the extraordinary incident I have just told you of, happened.

If you turn off a main thoroughfare, opposite a shop that sells most things under the sun, that has stuffed birds in the window and a notice saying that dog collars are within engraved more cheaply and artistically than at any other similar establishment, and follow a back street, you will come to a certain yard of houses. Here my mother, a good woman, and my father, not quite so good, lived, when I was born. And the house they lived in was the corner house, that has the old iron plate, with the name of the yard, "Briggs' Fold," upon it.

There were other "Folds" in other parts of the town, but who "Briggs" was I have never known, and have long ago given up trying to discover.

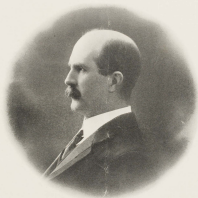
I spent my childhood with other "lamb" —in the "Fold" and out of it—on doormats and in gutters, in sunshine sometimes, more frequently under a shade of smoke and cloud.

Being near the ground, it was natural that the ground and things upon it provided us with interests. A tram ticket, or a match box, to minds not made blasé by too much experience, is a matter for contemplation, so is the smell of an orange peel, and there is occupation for mind and body in probing the depths of a wide puddle.

We sat by two's and three's on the legitimate seat of childhood, a seat of infinite width—the pavement, with feet in gutter, absorbing knowledge at first hand, getting used to the touch of the world; or at the little window on rainy days, asking the eternal child's question: "What are clouds made of?"

Also, how can I describe to you the feeling of the street baby (who is so absolutely caged in from normal

Supplement to the "Gryphon." May, 1909.



PROFESSOR W. N. BRAGG, M.A., F.R.S.,

Cavendish Professor of Physics 1909—

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animal surroundings) at his sight of a bird; some dirty little sparrow or town-hall pigeon. Madam, if you are ever at the bottom of the streets of a great city, and have the sense of manufacture upon you, and feel commonplace in mind and soul and body, look into the eyes of some child as he watches a bird over the house tops, and you will see for the moment back into the "Initial Beauty" that you have lost for the time, that in the end must order everything—not forget, madam, to stop and give him a penny.

When I was still at school my father grew too old for his work and was turned off, and because he could not sleep he became a "knocker up." I often went with him on his rounds early in the morning; the streets at that hour had a feeling of strangeness and a queer fascination, and we would sometimes stop at a coffee van. My father had a long pole with which he would tap confidently at second-storey windows, awaiting some sign—an answering tap, or sometimes a night-capped head out of the window to wish us good morning—before he passed on to waken some other sleeper to his work.

Later, in the winters, I went my rounds with the knocking pole alone; for my father suffered from the cold and left his "practice" to my care; I was still at school at the time. One winter night I had a dream in which I could fly—which I have noticed since means that something is going to happen. Some one whom I knew was dying, and he would be dead by midnight, so I dreamt, and some-one else was hurrying to see him. They must meet; but how could they, for I could see the town hall clock from my window, and the hands pointed five minutes to the hour. I said to myself "midnight must never come, I will prevent it."

So I flew to the town hall clock and firmly grasped the hands—here, if anywhere, Time could be stopped. I pulled and pulled at the great black points, but alas in vain, they were so much stronger than I had thought. I kicked and shipped, but they seemed to be worked by a terrible machine from the centre of the earth; in spite of my pulling they neared the fatal twelve. As I struggled, a horrible doubt that perhaps not this, but the post office clock in the city square was the one that mattered, came upon me, but still I fought desperately over the great lighted face, that towered like a lighthouse over the sea of roof tops, but the hands moved on slowly and inexorably. The stars, I thought, smiled down approvingly on my efforts to stop Time, and at last I seemed to hold those hands, I would keep them—they shall meet after all. But the "town clock" was climbing up to take me; what would the mayor and the aldermen and the shopkeepers say at the stopping of Time! He got hold of me by the leg and I fell, and the clock face grew smaller and smaller and disappeared, but not before the big hand covered the little hand at the chime of midnight.

That morning, before five o'clock, I took my pole and went first to call Tom Thackeray. He was a great friend of our family, particularly of my mother and of us children, and there was about him a touch of mystery that made him of special interest in our childish eyes. I cannot recall all the rumours about him; one woman, who kept an orange shop, told me that she had heard of his being once a gentleman;

some one said a clergyman; others had other stories, that arose, I suppose, from certain soft tones in his voice and from an occasional gentleness of manner. And we would frequently repeat to him what we heard, but as he would most inconsiderately acknowledge the truth of every rumour—most of them contradictions—we never knew what to believe, nor did we very much care, so long as it was something mysterious.

It mattered less to us what he had been, than that now he was a more than ordinarily kind old man, who lived alone in a room on a second floor, who often gave us things to eat and who would tell us stories in a way that no one whom we knew then—or indeed that I have ever met since—could tell them.

He was always awake when I tapped at his window, and I was in the habit of climbing into his room by the drain-pipe that ran up by the window, and there I could pour myself out some tea into his cup—tea that he made over a spirit lamp; and I would sit on the edge of his rickety basket chair, warming my hands at the thin, blue flame, and would imagine him back in some fabulous scene of his youth—some rose-dream of my own, of love, or loss, or banishment, while before my eyes he moved about the narrow room, throwing odd shadows on the walls as he collected his tools, or grunted complacently over his books, in his preparation for the work of the coming day.

But this time the room was dark, and I could see that the window had been thrown open. I was surprised, and thoughtfully climbed the drain-pipe to see if—wonder of wonders—he could be asleep. At first I could not see into the room, so leaning over the window sill I waited for a moment and asked quietly "Art asleep, Tom?" As I listened for a reply, the darkness seemed to clear, for there was a little light from a street lamp outside, and I saw dimly, Tom, lying on the bed, looking strangely young, but—dead. And over his feet was the form of a woman.

"Did ye meet, Tom?" I asked, but not with my lips. The woman's head moved as if in sleep. I softly slid back to the ground, and with my pole in my hand, and in my heart the first knowledge of death, I continued my rounds that never again after that morning brought me to Tom Thackeray's window.

Arthington.

A lovely morn it was of lovely May,
And all the earth to me cried hollyday,
And I betook me, following the call,
Out from the town, along the green highway,
And sat me here upon this mossy wall.
Heaven as fair, not fairer soon than this;
Nature doth draw her gentle breath for bliss,
And round me all the murmur of the trees
Make answer sigh for sigh and kiss for kisses,
Vain to resist the wooing of the breeze.
And all things woo each other, the broad Sun
Maketh great love to the fair laughing Earth;
Where part the woods behold the glad Whirl of
With glint of Heaven to woo it in its mirth.
And all things happy are in fullness of new birth.

P. B.

May, 1909.

Some Experiences in Brazil.

Brazil is a most disappointing country. It is usually regarded by people who have never been there, as a picturesque and romantic land, abundant with luscious fruits and beautiful, languorous, dark-eyed *senhoras*. This is very wide of the reality, and I will endeavour, in the space at my disposal, to give some idea of what life in Brazil is really like.

We will suppose that our new arrival has landed, and, having successfully negotiated the Customs, has put in a day or two looking round Rio. This is a most beautiful city at first sight, but rather disappointing on closer acquaintance. The best music hall in the place compares unfavourably with the Leeds Varieties, and the streets are quite shut up and deserted at 9 p.m. There are some night clubs and gambling casinos, but they come expensive. It is possible to have quite a good time in Rio if you are a millionaire, but not otherwise.

Having exhausted the attractions of Rio, we will start up-country. The only trains available leave at 6 a.m., which means getting up about 5 a.m., and you will be lucky if your hotel condescends to supply you with so much as a cup of coffee before starting. Brazilians all start the day very early, and have nothing but a cup of black, stewed coffee to begin on, which, in this case, you are expected to get at a café on the way to the station. Having obtained your coffee, with a bit of luck, you will have a tough struggle to purchase your ticket: there is no waiting in a queue and taking your turn, for everyone crowds up at once and tries to elbow everyone else out of the way, while the ticket clerk takes his own time about issuing tickets and giving you change. Any baggage must be despatched, and it is advisable to get this over the night before, taking only a small hand bag with you in the train. Unless you have your things at the station at least three-quarters of an hour before the train starts, the officials will calmly sit down and explain at great length that there is no time to despatch them by this train, you must wait till to-morrow. Remonstrance of any sort is entirely thrown away on them; you only lose your temper and waste your breath, and have to give in at the finish.

The trains in Brazil are of three kinds, known as express, mixed and cargo trains. The expresses run about twenty-five miles per hour and stop five minutes at every station; the mixed trains run twenty miles an hour and stop twenty minutes at stations. These latter are really goods trains, with a passenger car attached, but they run to a timetable. The cargo trains carry no passengers and run when there are sufficient wagons to make a train.

At any time between, say, 9.30 and 11 a.m., you will arrive at a queer little wayside station, where the train waits twenty minutes for the passengers to have breakfast. This is a wretched meal, consisting of a variety of hot meats, beef, pork, chickens, &c., which the waiter puts on your plate, one after the other, with rice, black beans, fried potatoes, and, if you are lucky, salad, of a sort; you wash it down with mineral water or *vin ordinaire*, either of which costs 1/5 in English money, and the inevitable stewed, bitter coffee to finish up with. This is the invariable

up-country diet. Fruit is next to impossible to get, and if you do manage to procure any it is about four times as expensive as in England.

After travelling ten or twelve hours you will have gone about 150 miles, and we will suppose you have reached your destination. A typical up-country Brazilian town is no more than a village of 300 or 400 inhabitants; it consists of one street, ankle deep in dust when dry, and in mud when wet; perhaps a dilapidated mule trackway, running about two miles to some other miserable little town. The houses are all made of mud bricks, plastered over and painted blue or pink, with ornamental plaster mouldings stuck on outside: as soon as the first wetness wears off, the plaster begins to fall off in patches, and is left so, giving the whole place a most decayed and tumble-down appearance. Inside, the walls are just white-washed, with perhaps some coloured almanacs stuck about. You go to your hotel, just opposite the station, and are shown to a dismal, bare room, with a bed with wooden boards instead of a spring mattress; the less said about the sanitary arrangements the better, and you will be lucky if you manage to get a bath. This invariably consists of a dismal cellar, with a tank of muddy water suspended near the ceiling, which you stand under and pull a string, when the aforesaid muddy water descends in a grateful and cooling shower; but this is an exceptional luxury.

You will only get two meals a day: breakfast, or *almoço*, at about 9.30 or 10 a.m., and dinner, or *jantar*, between 4 and 5 p.m. The rest of the day you are expected to subsist on black, stewed coffee, the bitterness of which is but thinly disguised by vast quantities of sugar.

No words can describe the miserable dreariness of existence in one of these up-country towns. One is lucky even to be able to get letters sent up with any degree of regularity. There is probably not more than one other Englishman in the place, whom you may or may not hit it off with. Nothing short of actually living there for a few months can give any one any idea of what it is like, and the letters from England only emphasise the loneliness by force of contrast. One is dependent on the kindness of some friend in Rio for even such necessities of life as tobacco; English tobacco, that is; Brazilian tobacco is an acquired taste.

Brazilian life, though dreary and monotonous in the extreme, has its humorous side, and a sense of humour is a great help in brightening things up a bit. At first one is apt to get impatient at the roundabout and dilatory way they do everything, but one soon gets resigned to it, and even finds it necessary to adopt similar ways of doing things oneself. It is quite useless to attempt to introduce new methods, as they listen quite respectfully to all you've got to say, say "Si senhor," which means "Yes sir," and just do it their own mule-headed way at the finish. Supposing a doctor is wanted in a hurry, you just stand at your door until someone happens to come along, and tell him to "arrange" a doctor for you. He leaves a message at the first shop he happens to pass, and the proprietor dispatches one of the numerous nigger loungers that infest the place, who of course has to stop and tell his friends

all about it en route; then it is ten to one the doctor has gone off somewhere, and doesn't turn up till next day, and if the patient dies in the meantime, everybody merely shrugs their shoulders and says, well, it couldn't be helped, and it doesn't matter anyway! It will probably strike them as a huge joke.

Brazilians do everything the wrong way round, so to speak. If it were possible to do so, I'm sure they would build the roof of a house first, and finish up with the foundations as an afterthought. In acquiring a locomotive, they rather tend to make a start by repainting it. On a blazing hot day they put on thick, black clothes, a thick, black felt hat, or a bowler, and put up a black umbrella; if it pouring with rain they wear thin cotton clothes and carry their umbrellas under their arms. This is to avoid spoiling good black clothes in the rain, and if they happen to have a white, green-lined sun umbrella, they only produce that on wet days, but keep the black one for the sun. A Brazilian spends all his spare cash on clothes, and I am free to confess that, even up country, one finds tailors whose clothes would do credit to Poole. They are very expensive, however.

Sometimes a Brazilian will walk about in the pouring rain for half a day in a thin cotton suit, and then go home and put on a waterproof over his wet clothes. They are all afraid to eat fruit: oranges, pineapples, &c., are not suitable to eat in a hot country, but liable to kill you; but they eat any quantity of hot meat, pork and beef, which latter is invariably as tough as leather, sort of case-hardened brown to a depth of an eighth of an inch outside and absolutely raw inside. They nearly all have to take medicine with every meal, on account of the trying climate, not because of their absurd food; as a matter of fact, the climate is not at all bad. It's a bit hot at times, certainly, but I have known it just as hot in England, occasionally.

Every little village in Brazil seems to possess a brass band. This consists mostly of trombones and cymbals, with a big drum thrown in as a makeshift. Every week or so, they have an auction: people go round calling money, and things to sell, such as little china ornaments, cups, or glasses, dolls, paper ornaments to attract flies, &c. On the night of the auction, they erect a species of grand stand, illuminated with acetylene lamps, and all the residents go and sit in their best clothes, while the gentleman who has been fortunate enough to be chosen as auctioneer, sells the articles; he merely holds them up, without attempting to discourse on their merits, and practically knocks them down to the first bidder, for a penny, or anything at all; the proceeds go to the upkeep of the band. The latter is there in full force, and gives selections at intervals: in one case I came across, the band were trying all they knew to get money to pay for some uniforms for themselves, but the expenses in connection with their auctions, lighting, &c., usually came to more than they made by them; at length they did manage to collect sufficient to get uniforms, and chose black cloth to make them of, because it would come in so nicely for playing at funerals!

The Brazilian idea of music is noise, pure and

simple; tune is quite a minor detail: if a Brazilian band played in any of the Leeds parks they'd get stoned. During the month of May there are quite a number of feasts in connection with the Roman Catholic Church. On these occasions the band parades about the place all night, letting off fireworks and perpetrating blatant and discordant noises calculated to wake the seven sleepers, at intervals. They begin, say, at midnight, and wake you out of your first sleep, then stop for an hour or so, till you've got nicely asleep again, and then wake you up again. This will go on till about 5 a.m., when you have to begin to think about getting up. Having learned to play golf and having been a pupil in a Leeds engineering works, I flattered myself that I possessed a fairly comprehensive vocabulary, but I found it was totally inadequate to express my feelings on these occasions.

It is not very easy to save money in Brazil, in spite of the enormous salaries paid, as, if you are in Rio, your daily expenses are very heavy, and if you are up country you get so sick of life that you are apt to go a tremendous bust on the few occasions you are got down to Rio, and get rid of your savings in a night. Up country, people work every day, Sundays, and even saints' days, just the same, without a break of any sort; and as a matter of fact, you may just as well work, as there is nothing whatever to do if you don't.

No one seems to like Brazil. All the foreigners with one accord detest it and frankly admit they are only waiting till they get some money, and then intend to go home. Brazilians themselves seem to take no interest in life at all, and have no patriotic pride in their country. Any of the better class people, who have travelled, seem to prefer any other country as a place of residence. The only people who appear quite happy are the full-blooded niggers, who of course require very little to make them contented. They require keeping in their place, however, or they get insolent and lazy. Treating them decently is a very great mistake.

It would be quite possible to write a description of Brazilian life which, though strictly true, would give the impression it was most delightful. One could dwell on the lovely scenery, the lovely moonlight nights, the sunsets, and the general picturesqueness of the country; but I have endeavoured to give an idea of the actual life up country. The beautiful climate is quite thrown away, as there is no boating, tennis, golf, or cricket to be had, and one gets to long for rain as being more like England. Life in Rio is quite another matter. It can be very pleasant, but, as I said before, it is very expensive.

J. M. C.

In the Manner of Omar.

Oh! must the glory of youth's golden day
Pass into nothingness and fade away?
Ah!—if ye live for Life it surely must,
But if ye live for Love it only may.

P. B.

Union Colours.

THE arrival of the sunny day, and the necessity of entering into competition with the green tree and the blue sky for the possession of his lady's attention, have turned the mind of the male student to the possibility of altering the colours. To the writer, speaking as an old hand who is an "outsider" in the matter, the intention to change is so natural that its absence would have been more remarkable than its presence, but it is doubtful whether for that reason its path to execution should be smoothed.

It is apparently the nature of the generation in residence to fail to agree with or understand the attempts of previous generations to keep the race united by such social bonds as Colours, even when the Colours of old are pleasant. Where, as here, the Colours are defective, their claim to a hearing is more justifiable. The spirit of chop and change which has produced in an institution as young as ours quite a series of different hat bands, is one which, though we all feel it, the most permanent members of the University, the Senate, are right to repress. But there is a unanimity which is remarkable in the opinion that the present general or Union hat band is not a success in design. As to its colour, opinions differ, and those who are anxious to change are in favour of rather dangerous schemes, which are likely, if adopted, to be abolished in turn in three or six years' time. A simplification of the maroon and white band to something nearer the more comely style of the Medical School seems to be all that is justified. And if such an alteration were more in concord, there seems to be no reason why the Medicals should not consent to be recognised merely as University students, a position in which we would like to see them and in which many of them would prefer to be. The distinction which exists symbolised by the unnecessary difference in hat bands, is unhealthy, and we are about to have an opportunity of curing it. Such courses seem safer and pleasanter than the extreme ones which are now suggested of changing or of adding to the actual colours of the Union hat band and tie.

In the more advanced branches of this subject, where it deals with athletic colours, it is easy to become lost, since there are few who know where we stand now and fewer still who can advise us where to go. Apparently, all members of the Union can wear a navy blue blazer and cap with the Union badge, while in the case of athletic colour, winners' dates and lettering round the badge make the distinction in all games but cricket (and perhaps tennis), where a maroon and white striped blazer is permitted. In addition, the colour winner may wear a plain maroon band with a badge. Standardisation is obviously possible here by bringing in the maroon and white blazer for all colour men, leaving the less obtrusive navy blue to the ordinary Union member. This does not meet with general approval. Perhaps it is the prevailing fashion for striking effects in socks which is leading the rank and file to demand something more striking than the plain blue blazer, the argument being that blue is not part of our colours. But then it is not generally part of the colours of institutions where blue blazers are worn.

The blue blazer is the modest privilege of one who has not achieved in the field the right to his full colours, and as such has a recognised and satisfactory position. The whole conclusion is that if we wish to avoid appearing ridiculous in the eyes of a black-soaked generation of successors, we shall be wise to make only those alterations in the disposition of our present colours as shall lead to a rational standardisation of the whole range of blazer, scarf, hat band, tie, shirt, jersey and stockings.

Those who wish a change because they consider maroon and white ugly, should not be heard, since it is merely a question of taste, and it is just as likely that what they deem a happy combination now will, five years hence, be regarded as objectionable, as it is that the accepted colours of five years ago are now ridiculed. If we are to shift with every change of opinion we shall have a small chance of creating any traditions worthy of a University.

The best way of coming to a firm opinion on the subject is to imagine ourselves as ex-students, finding colours chosen and worn with pride in our time, being carelessly and callously changed by a band of those who remember us not, and therefore never consider our memories.

W. H. P.

Journal Archaeological Society.

REPORT ON EXCAVATIONS IN LEEDS, BY WEIR ASSIS
AND WILL BUECH.

ABOUT eighteen months ago we were requested by the Archaeological Society to undertake some excavations to discover what remained of the old University of Leeds, which was buried by the historic eruption of Ingleborough, in 1909; the progress up till now has been quite satisfactory and we beg to submit the report of our latest discoveries.

At a depth of about 150 feet we encountered a slate roof, similar to those generally used at that period, and on breaking through this we found ourselves in a long corridor. This, which was in an extremely good state of preservation, ran almost due East and West, and at the West end we found what was in all probability the entrance to the University. On a pillar at this end hung a magnificent old clock, which, being such a splendid specimen, has been sent to the British Museum; a peculiar mistake was observed in the position of the clock: students entering the University and hurrying to the lecture rooms would have had to turn round to see the time, while at the end of their lecture they could observe the clock at their leisure.

The walls of the hall and corridor were almost covered by notice boards; between the boards we observed that the walls were very much worn, in all probability by the shoulders of students waiting for the early doors to the class rooms and laboratories; this speaks well for the industry of the students in the good old times.

The Notice Boards, six or seven in number, contained several interesting announcements; one, the Vice-Chancellor's, displayed: "Work will be suspended on Friday," thus contradicting the statement,

often made, that punishment by hanging had been done away with at the beginning of the Twentieth century; the Professors' Notice Board was covered with bills announcing that Professor X. will not be able to lecture to-day." We tried to make out the signatures, but failed, except in the case of a professor named Lander, who also supplied his photograph. One board seemed to be kept for messages between the students, and although many of the remarks were worthless vituperations, we found one notice which showed that the question of religious belief was an engrossing one at that time; the query ran: "Was Adam a Unitarian or a Primitive Methodist?"

In another part of the corridor we discovered a large wooden box, labelled "Gryphon Box," with a slit in the top, and in it we found some dozens of buttons, but no articles of any other kind, with the exception of one which puzzled us for a long time; this was a fossilised, opaque object, to cm. long by 1 mm. deep, and of a curiously contorted shape; it has been pronounced by an authority to be a professional joke (*joker professorius*), which had fallen flat in some class room, and which the angust censor, leaving his collapsed students with stealthy footsteps, had deposited in the Gryphon Box.

In the window of a small room, called the "Inquiry Office," we found letters and postcards displayed; around this window the walls were much rubbed, probably due to the crushing of students to read the loving messages on the cards.

We now come to what is doubtless the most remarkable result of our work; strange markings were observed in the lava on the floor, and it was suggested that one of the latest "Deadnought" gramophones should be run over it. When this was done we all distinctly heard the words: "Don't block the passage"; thus have we heard the voice of a person who lived and died more than a thousand years ago. The voice, which might have been mellow and gentle in that far-distant time, now sounded harsh and raucous, and had a melancholy effect on us all; the words themselves seem to have been the customary command of some high dignitary to very lowly people, probably students. We may state that the record has been copied and can now be obtained from Messrs. Edison's, price one shilling.

In conclusion, we would like to thank the workmen for their diligence, and also the Society for the grant of £10,000, which has made this research possible.

LEEDS,

May, 2096.

Charivaria.

It is quite useless, in response to a request for the disbursement of shelds, for the Secretary of the Rugby Club to say he cannot "afford," since he has quite an original eye to business, which he put before the s.

We understand that the Senate have held an indignation meeting to protest against the newly imposed tax on unearned incomes.

A letter from "Junior Demonstrator," which we have recently received, but regrettably cannot publish, viciously attacks the imposition of the super-tax.

Complaints, too, have come from one or two young Freshers, who object to being compelled by the park-keepers at Roundhay to turn out their pockets, under the Children's Act (Tobacco Section).

The dainty notices recently added to the Leather Quad—"Please keep off the grass"—appear to us somewhat superfluous, as hitherto the grass has been kept off quite successfully.

"Caste" writes to us on the subject of the O.Y.C., saying he "would be willing to join but—" "This is in quite the right spirit. The military life is all bests."

We are given to understand that members of the Corps will have two uniforms. The details of the dress uniform are given, but the nature of the other is not mentioned.

Degree exams. must be approaching, as the queues in the Common Room waiting for current periodicals are not nearly so long as in the Winter Terms.

A Rink Romance.

On a sink
Once, a wink
At a girl I propelled;
And my lid,
As it slid,
From my vision withheld
My left foot,
So the boot
Which my right foot encased,
Ran it down,
And my crown
On the floor came in haste.
In the sky
One can spy
Constellations quite bright;
Magnus pars
Of these stars
Did I see in my flight,
From my nose
To my hose
There I measured my length,
And the word
That was heard
Was a word of some strength.

As I rose
From the pose
I'd adopted on earth,
That same girl,
With a swirl,
Passed me bubbling with mirth;
Placed by Fates
On my skates,
Cherry red went my cheeks,
For I found,
Looking round,
I'd a tear in my beads!

PROFYLE.

The Absent-Minded Student.

When you've sung your ribald chorus,
 When you've ventured to suggest
 That beer is more desirable than tea,
 Will you kindly give a shilling
 (It's a modest, fair request)
 To square the injured parties' little fee?
 But you're absent-minded beggars,
 After having had the fun,
 The consequences there and then forget;
 It's a term and two vacations
 Since the doughty deed was done,
 But the damage isn't paid for even yet.
 Arts men, Lab. men, Dyers and Engineers,
 Medicals, Textiles, all the rest,
 You're all alike they say:
 Everyone having a share in the fun,
 But who's to fork out for the damage?
 Pass the hat for your credit's sake
 And pay! pay! pay!

When you've played your rugged football,
 Played at hockey, soccer too,
 When you've played it till you can't play any
 Will you think of something serious [more,
 (Even students sometimes do)
 And give your name in for the Training Corps?
 Though you're absent-minded beggars,
 You have heard your country's call,
 That Haldane's wanting officers and men;
 So every one who's muscular
 (And there is room for all)
 Is asked to put a drill in now and then.
 Arts men, Lab. men, Dyers and Engineers,
 Textiles, yes, and Medicals,
 They're wanted, all, they say;
 Each will be doing his country's work,
 Whatever he's doing for his college,
 So give your name for your credit's sake
 To-day! day! day!

K.

The College Year.

TO A FIRST YEAR MAN.

A weary place is college,
 Will Christmas ne'er be here?
 The dragging weeks to Easter
 Six times as long appear.
 A century to Whitsunide,
 'Twould make you tear your hair
 To count the lengthy minutes
 That make a college year.

TO A THIRD YEAR MAN.

October—then a busy flash
 And we have Christmas here;
 Another flash, then Easter,
 And then you're feeling queer.
 A vivid streak of lightning
 Brings June—its hope and fear—
 A cap and gown if lucky,
 And that's a college year.

K.

The Ladies' Cricket Match.

CONSIDERABLE alarm and dismay is manifest throughout the University, and more especially among the male students, on account of the rumour that the Ladies' Cricket Match will not be included in this term's list of social functions. If there is any foundation for this report, it becomes all the more astonishing when the unequalled success of last year's match is taken into consideration.

It has occurred to us that many lady students are deterred from participating in this match owing to their ignorance of the theory of the game. The laws of cricket, as set forth by the M.C.C., presuppose a thorough grounding in the principles of cricket, and are as meaningless to the uninitiated as is a mathematical formula to an infant—(or to the perpetrator of this article, for that matter). In order, then, that such ladies as have not had the misfortune to possess brothers or male cousins, may not refrain from making their first attempt on the ground of ignorance, we venture to append an explanation of some of the more usual terms heard during a cricket match, it being obvious at the outset, of course, that this does not pretend to be a complete category of such terms. [Of course not! En.]

1.—A BOUNDARY. Strictly speaking, there is no necessity to define this term, as its use has never yet been required in a ladies' match. We only call attention to it in order to dismiss it.

2.—A CATCH. This is not a personal term when used with reference to cricket. It is the act of holding with your hand, hands, or clothing, a ball which has come to you, while you are fielding, all the way from the bat without once touching the ground.

3.—A CHUCK. Whatever this may mean in a wised game of any description, under ordinary circumstances it is the term commonly employed to designate the act of throwing the ball.

4.—A COT. In a ladies' cricket match especially, is accidentally tipping through the slips a ball which ought to have bowled you. It does not refer to anything which the Arts umpire may sustain at the hands of the Science team, or to the post-ludum sufferings of the Science umpire.

5.—HARD LINES. This has nothing to do with the personal appearance of the players. It is what you say to a "batsman" when she gets out, even though you're the next "man" in and have been devoutly hoping that she would soon get out. In a full innings ten batsmen have this remark addressed to them.

6.—LOST BALL. When a ball has been hit so far that it cannot immediately be found, the fielding side yell "lost ball" and only six runs can be scored. You can also score a six by placing, i.e., hitting, the ball dexterously and surreptitiously up your sleeve (if you have one), or into your mouth. Care, however, must be taken that no one sees you remove it, and in the latter case that you do not swallow it, for roundness is the only point common to a cricket ball and a digestive pill.

7.—A MISS. Neither is this a personal term when used in connection with cricket, as all cricketers are "men," regardless of age and sex. It is exactly the same as No. 2, only different, that is to say, you fail to hold the ball when, &c.

8.—OVER. Not to be confounded with "Slip," is not an accident. It happens regularly after the delivery of every sixth ball. It is customary at this juncture for the captain to change the bidding and to answer such questions as "where must I go now?"

9.—MAIDEN OVER. No, this is not an accident affording you the opportunity of using that popular catchphrase beginning "My word, if . . ." In this context "maiden" is simply an adjective implying that no runs have been scored during that over.

10.—OVER-ARM. Ladies at all particular as to whether they present a graceful appearance are strongly urged neither to throw or bowl in the manner described at "over-arm." It is especially inadvisable when the umpires are not insured, unless they are previously notified, in which case they can then shelter themselves in front of the wicket-keeper.

11.—PRETTY. This term, in its ordinary sense, is obviously not meant to be universally applicable, even in a ladies' match. It is merely what you ought to say to a batsman when she makes a nice stroke. ("Stroke," is *stroke*—the act of playing the ball with the bat).

To be continued in our next. [Perhaps]—Ed.
"It."

Dr. Stroud's Farewell.

At the outset, it may be well, to prevent any horrible mistakes, to confess our partiality for Musical Evenings. We are more than partial—"passionately fond" is perhaps the best description. Musical Evenings provide possibly one of the best ways of bringing about the social intercourse so essential if any benefit is to be derived from a sojourn at college.

After this it is unnecessary to say how we hail with delight any excuse thick enough to support a Musical Evening. Fate, this Session, has been kind—it knighted the Vice-Chancellor—an evening followed. It has also been unkind—it has taken away Dr. Stroud, but we netted another entertainment. Total, two. As a writer in a back number of the *Gryphon* said, we should like the V.C. to be re-knighted regularly—or to proceed through the various degrees of nobility—to provide more musical evenings. Similarly, we hope the Staff will not mistake our meaning—we wish Professors might retire more frequently!

Friday, 20th March, at 7.30 p.m.—The Hall was successfully concealed under carpets and evergreens, whilst shaded lamps, and little tables placed heterogeneously, completed the disguise. Where the easy chairs came from we know not, but we sank low into a comfort of wickerwork until an Anthem, who may command us most things—our matches in the Lib. and our seat in the Lib.—browed down on us, when we rose, only to discover that the remaining 199 seats were bagged, so perfect we sat amongst the foodstuffs on the refractant table, till a rush of some hungry rabble enabled us to claim a well-warmed pew. But to business—

Dr. Stroud has walked in to lectures amidst the plaudits of the crowd many-a-time, but the plaudits on this particular night were an easy first, as down to a circle of chairs were led Dr., Mrs., Miss and "Young" Stroud. In spite of what he may say to the contrary, Dr. Stroud blushed—they all did except,

perhaps "Young" Stroud, who—he daren't deny it—nearly crossed his eyes in the endeavour to fix some claret cup and some sandwiches at the same time!

The event of the evening was, of course, the presentation. Mr. Hopkins introduced the subject—we don't mean Dr. Stroud here—in a tactfully short speech (it is sincerely hoped he doesn't know who "we" are), embodying some jokes and an anecdote. At the end he called upon Miss Credit, the President of the W.R.C., to make the presentation of a silver rose bowl, which was almost infinitesimal compared with the students' good wishes it was intended to convey. The presentation being duly and gracefully made, Dr. Stroud rose to try and wedge in a reply between the cheers. Though the occasion was one of semi-sorrow, his speech and actions were characteristic—he was simply "Billy" all over. Anecdote and joke followed joke and anecdote, which got so well mixed up that the gloom of the audience was converted to one long ecstatic laugh, which again changed to vociferous cheering as Miss Holroyd and Mr. Dechesne presented Mrs. Stroud and Miss Stroud respectively with bouquets. Then "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" went up *de-capo-a-d ad lib.*, until appetite conquered voice and healths were drunk in—well never mind!

There was also a programme. In spite of his previous popularity, Dr. Stroud went up more than once in our estimation when it was found his choice in daughters was so excellent! Miss Stroud recited, and convinced us that for another generation at least, the glories of Dr. Stroud will still exist. How many encores were demanded is not on record, but Miss Stroud would have worn herself to a whisper if the supply had met the demand. Messrs. Cohen and Johnson, singly and united, played very fine music in their usual delightful manner—especially the "Kreutzer"—although Mr. Johnson's solo immediately after the interval was spoiled somewhat by the crockery *obligato* of the waitresses. Messrs. Butler and Forbes, Messrs. Priestley, Hand and Thompson, all contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, as did the "Sobbing" Quartette, whose tears made the atmosphere so damp that only the dry humour of Mr. Matthews and his topical verses made it possible to light a pipe.

The evening ended at the Midland Station, and the porters there have not yet discovered whether the crowd of cheering people was escorting a wedding in middle life, or a gaily dressed funeral.

The "Torchlight" Smoker.

WEDNESDAY, May 25th, 1909.

It was not held by torchlight as the title may seem to imply. On the contrary, part of it took place in the garish day. For once we almost regretted that the weather was so perfect, and agreed with the "flannelled fools" on the courts that it was a sin to waste such a glorious evening indoors. However, we soon got over our qualms and nobly sacrificed our duty to our inclinations, and although only four of us, with manful resolution, sat down to tea at the appointed time, our spirits rose as we saw our numbers grow from strength to strength till the Refectory was more than half full.

The slight degree of "improptitude" added a spice of piquancy to the programme, but there was no lack of talent, and the smoker proceeded without a hitch.

The genial Hoppy beamed from the chair, and during the evening himself obliged us with (*i.e.*, to put up with) two songs.

The smoker was somewhat unique in being under the joint auspices of the Students' Union and the S.R.C., and for items of the evening was provided by the Zanyco's Meds., Signori Shackleton and Symonio. Those who were unfortunate enough to miss the conversation were delighted with the cheerful manner in which Symons disgorged ping-pong balls, as from some internal cemetery. We advise those who have lost pills on the tennis court to apply to Mr. Symons without delay. Their telepathetic and mathematic speciality art leaves no doubt that such details as exams will present but little difficulty to so talented a pair. The signor even told the time correctly—to within twenty minutes or so!

Their famous vanishing performance was especially gratifying.

Mr. Thompson was once more kind enough to sing lustily to an audience who never fail to appreciate him.

Mr. Walker, "Gib" of that ilk, musically resigned those whose views on certain subjects did not coincide with his to a recumbent position among the departed. He was *en déshabillé*, but we were not shocked. Were we not hauntings of the "Tiv." and was not Maad Allan coming?

Songs were also rendered (what, we daren't say!) by Messrs. Brekke, Bucknall, Green, Kitson, Matthews, Smith, Stainsby, Willott and Witty.

Mr. Matthews' banjo solo met with a burst of rapturous applause and he was blushing compelled to return.

One familiar face we missed. O Gittleston, wast sweating on that eventful night? Had the terrors of June more sway o'er thy oratoric soul than the plaudits of an undergrad audience? Or wast wandering in country lanes, exerting thy persuasive eloquence on some ear, fairer, though not more appreciative, than ours? Didst foresee that thy mantle would fall on Willott, whose effort at least possessed one merit, alien to thine, that of the soul of wit?

Mr. Ellis did not speak.

* * * *

The Smokers this session have been eminently successful and supply a good reflection of the general tone and feeling of good fellowship in the University. We feel that great credit for the success of the last one is due to the organizing secretary, Mr. 'Ello! Brekke, and to those plagues, the indelible ticket vendors. Over 150 tickets were sold and a sum of £3 7s. 6d. realized to pay for the policemen's slashed hose. As Mr. Pouch says: "One is so glad to help a really good cause!" And the lack of æsthetic taste shown by the force in this direction (in spite of our good example, too!) makes the endeavour to purchase for them new hose a true work of the noblest charity.

W.

April, 1909.

The river murmurs on a rocky bed,
Not all unmindful of its distant sea;
Lo! a green veil of buds doth clothe the tree
That stands rich clad ere gentle May hath sped
And Summer looked into the eyes of Spring.
All things of life await some higher thing;
Birds sing a merry dinge of Winter fled,
Of Winter fled and a new Soul's awakening.
O breath of Beauty, lighting from the blue
O'er-arching all, my spirit knows thy sway.
Thou dost make search and will have answer true—
"Dost love me, wilt thou follow me away?"
Thou searchest all thy children, parent-wise,
Sayest "The Time doth strangely work on thee
And art thou sad for all thou canst not be";
Sayest "Thou yet can serve eternally,
For so I judge thee, earthly, from my skies."
Thou searchest all thy creatures, parent-wise.
Lift your head, O brother, quit your class,
Let the white clouds see you as they pass
And see not fear the future in your eyes.

P. B.

A Tragedy.

NEAR the Rectory stood one day a youth, deeply lost in thought, a half-smoked cigarette in his mouth, a racket in his hand. The day was beautiful, but he heeded it not, a terrible struggle was going on in his mind.

"Why shouldn't I?" said he. "But then it is the first step that counts. What awful consequences may follow my thoughtless action. What would father say if he knew?"

The gloom on his brow grew darker. The struggle in his mind raged more fiercely than before. "Ah! what shall I do?" he cried for the fiftieth time.

But at last his brow became clear. A strange, fierce light shone in his eyes. He had decided, come what might. There was no turning back. "I will," he cried recklessly, "I will cut that lecture."

STIMPLICIUS.

The Servant Question.

He, down from town, in aimless mood

Along the lane went musing;

She, on a stile that near him stood,

Herself in thought was losing.

He, wond'ring, seemed to recognize

That somewhere he had met her,

Quite fascinated by her eyes,

Each step he liked her better!

The twilight seemed to meet their taste,

To ease their conversation;

The arm that stole around her waist

Soon won her approbation.

There in the moonlight long they stayed

In lovers' dreams fantastic;

While Cupid, at the progress made

Waxed quite enthusiastic.

Then he, as hearts they joined in one

And loving, lasting vows made,

Confessed himself his father's son,

And she—his father's housemaid!

PROTYLE.

Songs that might have been.

I.—THE LOST SIGN (with apologies).

Seated one day in the Large Hall,

I felt like a bird in a cage,

And my pen was straying idly

Over the desk and page;

I knew not what I was writing,

But my heart grew light and free

As out from the silence floated

The sound of a great "Ah me."

It flooded the painful silence,

It told of one more lost soul,

And I thought of the weeks of slacking

For which it was paying toll;

I felt that my fevered spirit

Would not now be plucked alone,

So promptly at 3 I wandered

Out into the grand ozone.

I have searched and looked for vainly,

In the Fourths and even Thirds,

The sigh that soothed my sorrow

And made me gay as the birds;

Perhaps once more in the Large Hall,

When it's June and exam. then,

It may be that only at Final

I'll hear that "Ah me" again.

TARTAR.

By Way of Suggestion.

The cult of Excuse has long been an art. In fact in systematization it has only been outdone by its sister cult, namely, that of the Sock, which is both a science and an art. Between the two, however, is there not some subtle connection? Have you never noticed that proficiency in the latter seems to lead in some mysterious way to excellence in the former? One is thinking, of course, mainly of actual personifications. You may often see the heliotrope sock with its green speckles vanish with a twinkle into the lecture-room, and immediately there issues thence some honeyed murmur of "Train late," "Fog," "Didn't notice the time," &c., &c.

All this leads one to reflection. It is close on two thousand years ago that the man of "Odes" ejaculated—

"Multa quidem dixi cur excusatus abirem,"*

and yet to this day we have no Limited Liability Company to handle humanly with a properly classified and scientific system of Excuse.

And why should not Excuse become a science as well as an art? As a practical art it is one of the recognized bases of society, and therefore its science should be formulated and studied. One ventures to think that in our own University a Faculty of Excuse would be extremely popular. Thus with the fervent wish that some great spirit will take up the work, we offer a few, poor promiscuous thoughts that may serve as an aid until the afore-mentioned spirit shall have brought out an exhaustive work on the subject of Excuse.

* For the benefit of English readers: "I have often given many reasons why I should be let off and excused."

For late appearance at beginning of term:—

1. Fell off the earth and had great struggle to regain centripetal force.
2. Went to France to study Chinese. Les petites machineries sont très intéressantes.
3. Was motorizing in the "Lakes." Had a slight puncture.
4. Had grave difficulty in deciding which pair of socks to kick off in.

For late appearance at lecture:—

1. This new style of hair takes up so very much time
2. Got in train near guard's van instead of near engine.
3. Woke up at 4:7 minutes past 4 and had a mile to sprint.
4. Lost myself in the corridors.
5. Had to cut a way through atmosphere near "Organic" lab.

For non-appearance at any one given lecture—to be used at the next:—

1. Missed train. Miss is as good as a mile.
2. Didn't feel well.
3. Knew last lecture would be worthless.
4. Heard Carl Rosa Co. at the Grand (Central?).
5. Was disgusted because Napoleon I. didn't win.
6. Visited the "wink." Much taken by new song: "Have you been roller-skating?"
7. Felt slack and so decided to be (a) slacker.
8. No good trying to work on Thursdays anyway. Can't do it.

For use after illegitimate absence from Lab.:—

1. Went to Ch-pm-a to buy beaker. Made him hear at last.
2. Felt a faintness about 4 p.m. Refreshment absolutely imperative.
3. Sudden misgiving that Smoke room had disappeared. Went to see it still there.
4. Had theory about beneficial effects of Nicotine. Looked up authorities in the library (word doubtful—Etc.).
5. Someone blew lab. up, so thought it safer to retire.
6. Well, you can't say I did not fill in the "Time" sheet anyway.

For explanation of position on Exam. lists:—

1. Couldn't crib off the next chap, so
2. Jimson went out at 11. Thought I had as much right as he, so followed.
3. Could think of nothing else but the pretty girl on the fifth seat of the third row.
4. Examiner didn't know what he was driving at, so I left in disgust.
5. Remembered I had had a College pudding that day.
6. Must have been some horrid mistake. Sure I got a "first."
7. Seized with sudden attack of brain failure. Carried out in a state of collapse.

N.B.—Not being a woman, it is beyond our power—and far be it from us—even to make suggestions for the sex. We have too much faith in woman's power to shape her own destiny.

TARTAR.

De Rebus Medicabilibus.

NOTHING has happened in the social life of the Medical School during the past few months, with the exception of the Joint Smoker, held at College Road on May 5th, which will no doubt be more ably dealt with in another column of this edition.

Since nothing has occurred about which one can write, it is necessary to look round and find some suitable object about which a few words may not be out of place.

The object of our search is not far off, for there is in the Infirmary, at the end of the first passage to the right, after entering the building, a door, and this door leads into a dull and miserable room, which is generally known as the Common Room; and about this so-called Common Room the few words are to be written.

The furniture of the room, if indeed one may call it by that name, consists of a fireplace, one table, one bench, six chairs, mostly broken, one ramshackle coal-box, which occasionally contains coal, and a broken shovel.

The literature consists of a *Yorkshire Post* and a *Daily Mail*, though it is the case of the "early bird catching the worm" for these papers have almost always disappeared by an early hour. In consequence of the arrival of spring all the four electric lights are in good order, whilst naturally, during the greater part of the winter, only one was in working order, and at least two were minus globes.

Of course there is a window through which, when the accumulation of dirt upon its panes is not too thick, a few rays of light do straggle.

Considering this is the state of affairs, no wonder one hears such pleasant remarks regarding the use of the Students' Representative Council; and it is for this end that this article has been written, to stir up the S.R.C. to do something towards making the Infirmary Common Room a more respectable and habitable abode for those hard-working students who may occasionally find an odd moment, possibly before the commencement of a lecture, when they feel that a pipe and a glance at the paper would be a pleasant antidote to dressings and the unwholesome smells of the out-patient department.

OUR SOCIETIES.

Physics Dinner.

ON Monday, May 3rd, the Physics Department inaugurated an annual dinner. It was a very fitting opportunity to start something of the sort and with Dr. Stroud as chairman and Professor Bragg as guest of the evening, the dinner served the double purpose of a last farewell to the former and a welcome to the latter. The function was very successful and it is to be hoped that future Physics Dinners will come up to the same standard. After the main purpose of the gathering had been fulfilled, a good musical programme was gone through, to which Messrs. Shorter, Keene, Edmunds, F. M. Dixon, Priestley and others contributed.

Dr. Stroud gave a quite characteristic speech and reviewed the progress which the department had made during his connection with it.

Professor Bragg also spoke, and mentioned that the University authorities were allowing him the wherewithal to carry on his researches on radio-activity.

Proceedings came to a close at about 11 o'clock.

Scientific Society.

As a result of the adjudication of the Prize Essays submitted by the members, the Prize was divided between Miss S. Leslie (on "Colloids") and Mr. H. W. Dudley (on "Phosphorescence"). As the latter had already been read before the Society, on a former occasion, Miss Leslie read her paper on "Colloids," supplemented by experiments, at the last ordinary meeting of the Society for the Session, which was held in the Refectory, on the 18th March, with Professor Bone in the chair.

This interesting brochure covered the dark fields of colloids, making a clear survey of the regions already traversed.

At the conclusion of the paper, the meeting resolved itself into the Annual General Meeting. The following office bearers were then elected for the next Session, 1909-1910 :-

President :- Professor A. Smithells, B.Sc., F.R.S.

Vice-Presidents :- Mr. S. A. Shorter, B.Sc.

Mr. M. A. R. Paniker, M.A.

Committee :- Miss H. Bendrey.

Mr. D. J. Law, B.Sc.

Mr. A. Appleby.

Mr. S. F. Vicraje.

Hon. Treasurer :- Mr. F. Hurst.

Hon. Secretary :- Mr. H. W. Dudley.

After a prolonged discussion on the finances of the Society, the following resolution, brought forward by Mr. W. H. Perkins, was adopted as a recommendation to the Committee :-

"That Life Members' subscriptions be transferred to a separate banking account, and that the interest thereon alone be treated as revenue."

Officers' Training Corps.

THE wheels of the machinery for the production of a fully fledged corps are slowly moving.

An excellent commanding officer, in the person of Captain E. Kitson Clark, has been obtained, and the energy and foresight with which he and his committee have entered into the negotiations, augur well for its institution on a sound basis.

A list of names, requisite before the War Office's approval can be given, has been made out and forwarded. When the War Office's sanction has been received, the details of organization will be completed. Attempts are being made to arrange for drills and instruction during the long vacation, so that at the commencement of next Session the corps will not be made up wholly of raw recruits. Those who show themselves the keenest and most apt will be the first to receive promotion.

Education Society.

The last meeting of this Society, for this Session, was held on Friday, May 7th. Tea was served in the Refectory at 5 o'clock and later the members adjourned to the Education Lecture Room. Professor Welton was in the chair.

The following were elected as officials for 1909-1910:—

President :—Professor Matthews.

Vice-Presidents :—Miss Robertson and Professor Welton (retiring President).

Hon. Secretary :—E. A. Hopkins.

Committee :—Misses F. M. B. Turner, Gray, Appleyard, Scholes and Peacock.

Messrs. W. P. Welpton, Fearnley,
F. M. Dixon, Gosall, Winterbottom.

It was resolved that it was advisable that the subscription of the Society should be raised from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per annum.

After the business meeting, a lecture was given to the Society by Mr. J. W. Duffie, M.A., Headmaster of the Municipal Secondary School, Sheffield. His subject was "Pictures in School," and he emphasized the demoralizing effects of blank walls and bad maps and the beneficial effects of good pictures, which he held exerted a powerful unconscious influence on the children, while many pictures had also a distinct didactic value.

A vote of thanks to the lecturer was proposed by A. Arnold and seconded by F. Hyde.

Literary and Historical Society.

The last meeting of the Session was held on Monday, March 22nd, when Mr. C. M. Gillespie read his long-delayed paper on "Epictetus." Besides an account of the life of Epictetus, Mr. Gillespie dealt in an illuminating manner with the Stoic philosophy of which Epictetus was one of the chief exponents. An interesting discussion followed. Professor Grant expressed his debt of gratitude to Epictetus and also to Marcus Aurelius. Others who took part in the discussion were Professors Connal and Roberts, Miss Simpkins and Mr. Dean. Mr. Gillespie, in acknowledging the thanks of the meeting, as expressed by Professor Connal, briefly replied to the points which had been raised by various speakers.

Textile Society.

The last meeting of the Winter Session was held on Tuesday, March 9th.

Mr. T. T. Esdale read a paper on the "Hand-made Shaws of Ireland."

Mr. Esdale said that to a large extent this was an industry of recent introduction, that is as far as the factory system was concerned, though the cottage industry was an old one. The paper was made very interesting owing to the fact that a large number of samples and a hand-loom were shown.

A paper was also read on "The Wool Trade of Australia," by Mr. G. S. Fairbairn-Hart. The paper dealt in a practical way with the sheep-farming industry, and also the processes the wool passes through before coming to the London market. The great progress made was also fully touched upon.

Athletics.

Cricket, 1909.

FOOTBALL, Hockey and other winter pastimes have at last given way to the willow, and ere these notes appear in print both teams will have commenced the cricket season proper. G. V. Stockdale has been appointed Captain of the First XI, and J. Osborne Martin Vice-Captain, whilst F. M. Rowe and C. Ward fill similar positions in the Second XI. H. Duchesne, P. Hinchley and G. W. Stainsby (*Hon. Sec.*) complete the Committee.

Weather again proved unfavourable for the Freshmen's Match, although several enthusiasts freely indulged in net-practice when the elements were more propitious. Many promising Freshmen have come forward this year, so that the University teams ought to enjoy a successful season. The batting of the team is certainly strong, and judging from the matches already played, the bowling is certainly equal to that of previous years. In the few short weeks available for cricket, the First XI have a list of 21 matches, including games with Durham, Liverpool and Manchester Universities, at Headingley. The Second XI have not such a long list, although they will attempt to get through at least 14 matches. Among the Freshmen who have been seen at the nets, particular mention might be made of H. H. Anson, G. P. S. Crofts, I. W. D. Bannister, J. C. Calvert, H. C. Day, P. Hinchley, F. M. Rowe and L. Sheut, all of whom have shown great promise in the few matches played.

MATCHES PLAYED.

Wednesday, May 5th.

University Second XI	56
Leeds Grammar School	141

Thursday, May 6th, at Bockett's Park.

University Second XI	136
Leeds Training College	38

G. P. S. Crofts, 51; J. O. Martin, 20; G. Mackay, 25.
Bowling :—J. O. Martin, 5 for 17; H. E. Scargill, 2 for 18; I. D. W. Bannister, 1 for 0.

Saturday, May 8th, at Headingley.

University First XI	102 for 6 wks.
The Wanderers	97
Corresponding result of 1908—Drawn.			

J. O. Martin, 20; J. P. Walker, 21; H. E. Scargill, 23 not out; G. Crofts, 29.

Bowling :—P. Hinchley, 4 for 9 runs; J. C. Calvert, 2 for 10; J. O. Martin, 2 for 25; and H. E. Scargill, 1 for 24.

Saturday, May 8th, at Normanton.

University Second XI	73
Normanton Grammar School	117
A. L. Bastable, 24.			

Bowling ~W. Hall, 3 for 26; and L. Shout, 6 for 22 (including the "hat trick.")

The match with Hyde C.C., on May 1st, was abandoned, after our opponents had compiled 71 and the University First XI 21 for 3 wickets.

The Second XI match at Bradford, against the Grammar School, was cancelled.

G. W. S.

Tennis Fixtures, 1909.

Sat., May 8	Medical School	...	Home	Won 5-4
" "	22	Mr. R. C. Taylor's	Team Away	
Wed., "	26	Manchester Univ.	Home	
Sat., "	29	Rawdon	...	Away
Wed., June 2	Potternewton	...	Away	
Sat., "	5	Headingley	...	Away
" "	12	Rawdon	...	Away
Wed., "	16	Manchester	...	Away
Sat., "	19	Mr. R. C. Taylor's	Team Away	
Wed., "	23	Headingley	...	Away
Sat., "	26	Mirfield	...	Away

SECOND TEAM.

Sat., May 15	Mr. R. C. Taylor's	Second Team Away
" "	22	Farsley Away
" June 5	Bramley Away

Gymnasium Club.

THE annual competition for the Champion Eight will take place on Wednesday, May 26th. Places in the team are given for the best all-round work, so that a man need not be brilliant in any one department to secure a place. It is hoped that a large number of enthusiasts will come forward and make the competition worthy of the name. There promises to be keen competition for the four who will represent Leeds in the next inter-Varsity contest.

The following have been awarded colours :-

H. H. Anson,
A. O. Pardon,
F. Wigglesworth,
E. S. Willott (Capt.)

A. A.

Swimming Club.

CARDS of membership, which admit students to the Meanwood Road Baths at reduced rates, may be obtained from Members of the Committee, price 6d. each.

We note with pleasure the increased interest which is being taken in swimming this season. Mondays and Thursdays are the best-class bath days, and as a polo ball is now available, it is hoped students will endeavour to meet for practice on these days in preference to others.

Five men will be required shortly to swim against Liverpool and Manchester 'Varsities for possession of the Whitworth Challenge Shield, at present held by the latter.

A. A.

Correspondence.

BEARDSEN,
NEAR GLASGOW,
May 8th, 1909.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

Will you grant me a few square centimetres of your valuable space to express to the Chairman of the Union, the Committee and the Students generally, the very great obligations of my wife and myself for the enthusiastic reception and send-off you gave us on the evening of March 10th—an evening which we shall never forget, and the memory of which will always form one of the most pleasant recollections of our lives?

Personally, I feel that I did not at all adequately or sufficiently express my thanks for the magnificent rose-bowl presented to me. I never look at it now, and I venture to think I never shall in the future, without recalling the unclouded and, I think I may say, the affectionate relationship which has existed between the students and myself ever since I commenced teaching in the Yorkshire College in 1884.

It is, however, only within the last few months that I have realized to the full the affectionate regard in which I have been held by both present and past students. Needless to say, I am extremely grateful for all the kindness shown to me, and I shall ever take the greatest possible interest in the welfare, collectively and individually, of the students of the University of Leeds.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM STROUD.

The Widow Again.

Yorkshire Evening Post, 24th inst.

To let, near University, superior Lodgings for young man with widow and nice family; terms 14/- Address, &c.