



"The Gryphon never stretcheth her wings in the house where she hath any sick fasteners; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we knew them full well of weak matter; guiding ourselves to the carcase which we have ever found than to the precious which was ought to fear."—J. G. B.

Vol. XIII.

MAY, 1910.

No. B.



We go to press on the eve of great events. On June the 11th a ceremony will take place in Leeds Town Hall which should be a red-letter day in the annals of the University. We refer of course to the installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University, and the conferment of honorary degrees on many eminent men. Realising the importance of this occasion the Gryphon proposes to appear before the public on that date in the full splendour of a "speshall edishun," in order to prove to an admiring public that his enterprising spirit is as rampant as in the days of yore, when he flew over miasmic swamps to his vegetarian lunch. Should his intention be carried out, it is expected of course that considerable jealousy will be exhibited by some of his London contemporaries—the *D—y M—I* and others. It is even rumoured that they intend to vent their spite by inserting his photograph in the *D—y M—I*, under the heading of "telegraph." But he defies them, and trusts to his friends to rally round him and support

his enterprise by buying two thousand copies. Further particulars anon.

The Gryphon has received the congratulations of many of his readers on the stand he has taken up on the question of a Union building, and one gentleman has written his congratulations. This is very gratifying and encouraging, and we desire to return thanks. Hoping that something had already been done, the Gryphon decided to interview the cheery Secretary of the non-existent Union. He was most graciously received and offered a choice cigar from an imposing looking box marked *Flor de Brusselspeouts*, which politeness alone prevented him from refusing. After he had been prevailed upon to sign a bill for Cuthbert, the latter, who strongly resembles the Gryphon's old friend, Sexton Blake, declared himself ready to answer all questions which were not of a personal nature.

This was rather rough, as the Gryphon had a burning desire to know what Cuthbert's favourite novel was, what size he took in collars, and also his fancy for the Chester Cup; but it was not to be. Cuthie hinted darkly, a la Sexton, that there were great schemes in the air. The Council propose, said he, to build a new University Hall, and the old edition may become the headquarters of the Orfully Terrible Corps; or if they reject it, the Irish Players may take it on a long lease; or failing that, the library may be transferred to there. This would leave that very fine model tenement on the ground floor unoccupied, at news

We note with great pleasure that the Fives Court is now in frequent use. This is a very great innovation, and we welcome it, as no other game can give the same amount of exercise to the square inch as fives, if properly played. It suffers, of course, at present, from the keen competition of the tennis courts, and we rarely remember a season when the latter game was more popular. We have no desire to be morbid, but what about June? Of course if work interferes with tennis, give up work. Nothing could be harder or less congenial to do, no doubt, but clench your teeth and do your duty, stick to tennis and support Lord Milner.

The half-holiday scheme has had to go by the board in spite of the strenuous endeavours of certain public-spirited members of the staff. The Gryphon's best thanks are due to Professor Goodman, Mr. Gillespie, and other workers who would have forced a scheme through, but the presence of the Orfully Terribles in our midst prohibited anything of the sort. Thus our mid-weekly half-day cessation of work—*requiescat in pace*.

The Union elections are due to take place before our next issue, and we draw our readers' attention to the reasonable advice contained in the letter from the Chairman of the Union, which we publish in another column. By the way, why has the name of the student head of the Union been changed to President? There must have been some weighty reason, as the simple title of "Chairman" seems to us to clothe its bearer in as much dignity as the grander title of "President." But as we said before, there are no doubt secrets of state which have induced the Union Committee to make the change, if we only knew them.

The report of the sub-committee appointed to consider departmental representation has been published, and as will be seen, Mr. Ellis explains the recommendations of the report in another column. As might have been expected, the committee recommend a compromise. This subject has now become threadbare, and discussion in the "yellow press" is now closed.

The Gryphon has been reflecting on his progress during the last three years, and the result is very gratifying. The foundations of his success were laid by Mr. W. E. Cross in 1907-8, to whom also belongs the honour of first making a profit on the sales. This success was followed up by Mr. J. R. Blockley, who was assisted by Mr. W. H. Perkins, and their enterprise in publishing a large number of photographs with this journal increased the sales very materially, and put the Gryphon on a sound financial basis. The present Gryphon committee have tried hard to follow worthily in their celebrated predecessors' footsteps. Principally owing to the efforts of the lady representatives, Miss Gray and Miss Kirtland, and Messrs. Duchesne and Witty, the circulation of the Gryphon is four times as large as it was three years ago. To these ladies and gentlemen the Gryphon tenders his best thanks.

The financial affairs of the Gryphon have again been in the hands of Mr. King, who has assumed all the business management. His efforts to obtain advertisements were most strenuous and courageous. To him is given the Gryphon's blessing.

The Staff Representative, Mr. Gillespie, has been of the greatest assistance, both in advice as to the management of the Gryphon, and as a leading contributor.

The sub-editing and a lion's share of the contributing has fallen on Mr. Bartle, whose work is so well known to our readers under the *nom-de-plume* of "K.K.K." These two latter gentlemen could always be depended on to provide articles to fill in our columns when, as often happened, a shortage occurred. To them our heartfelt thanks.

Problem to be solved—What work was left for the Editor to do?

The latest developments of the enterprise of the Gryphon are, firstly, the special edition abovementioned, and secondly, the institution of a literary competition scheme, which provides an outlet for the energy, cleverness, and versatility of the undergraduate mind. It will provide a form of literary distinction, of equal rank to athletic colours, and which will be equally accessible to the non-athletic as to the athletic portion of the community. An article describing the competition scheme, from the pen of the originator of this scheme, Mr. H. H. Gray, appears in another column.

The Editor desires to thank the gentleman or gentlemen who mistook the Gryphon box for a chocolate, or chewing gum machine. The prize fund has thereby benefited to the extent of a half-penny.

The Moor.

My heart is on the moorland fell,
Where I can hear the curlew wail,
And the wind moaning in the dell,
And listen to some shepherd's tale,
Where I can lie 't the heather,
My head on some pillow mould,
And hark to the gentle Zephyr
A whispering to the trees around.
Where I can lie and dream
Of a form so beautiful and fair,
Whose spirit reigns as queen
Over the moors so wild and bare.
But stay, night is falling,
And the curlews' farewell wail
Reminds me of the city calling,
The morass where ends the tale.

A.H.

We hear that the Rev. Dr. Woods, Master of the Temple, will conduct one of the University services next session.

Obituary.

THE *Gryphon* joins with the whole civilised world in deeply deploring the death of His late Majesty, King Edward VII.

The late King had an official connection with this University as Visitor, and he had at all times taken every opportunity of showing his interest therein. Less than two years have passed since that memorable day in our annals when King Edward, with his gracious Consort, opened the new wings of the University. At that time he looked such a fine type of healthy, hearty English gentleman, that we were led to believe and hope that it would be many years ere his connection with Leeds would be severed. But we had reckoned without the man and his assiduous care for everyone except himself. King Edward died in harness; throughout his last day on earth he refused to give up his work, and it seems evident that his faithful devotion to his royal duties hastened the end. We grieve over the loss of our Visitor and true friend.

May 7th, 1910.

Edward the King is dead.
Loudly the bell booms out, slowly at dawn of day,
And thrills the message to each heart, "He's passed away,"
Those deep tones said.

The King has past.
The awe-inspiring bell peals "boom!" a deathly pause, then "boom,"
It tells us that His soul is passing to its doom
And rest at last.

The King has gone.
Gone where? Gone from the land he loved: a nation's sorrow
For a friend she's lost shall greet the dawning morrow.
His life is done.

"Le Roi est Mort."
Now all is still; the dreaded tone dies to the Peace
For which He nobly lived. The Spirit has release
From off this shore.

The Work of the Union Committee, 1909-10.

The following in a few very pithy lines gives a very bad précis of the minutes of the Union Committee.

The first meeting was held on October 31st last at 12.30. Long before that hour members crowded in one by one, sometimes by twos. Grim determination was written on their noble countenances as with stern eye, with hollow cheek, and with firmly set mouth, they took their seat and grimly looked the Chairman over from head to foot. You ask "Why?" I answer you, "Were they not there as the chosen of the masses, to represent the will of the people, to break the back of the bloated aristocrat, to demand the big loaf, and to enforce that sacred trust by blood if necessary?" I say they were, and they meant to do it. The Chairman was at first temporarily paralysed by the ferocious looks, but recovered in time. "S' death," he cried, "am I to be browbeaten thus by mere manlets?" His fingers twitched nervously, but he clenched his fist and smote the table. "Never!" he yelled. "Secretary, proceed with the minutes." This was done and was followed by the appointment of a committee for recruiting men for the University Boy Scouts company. Many and trifling matters were argued upon, about which each new committee-man wished to assert his right to waste time. At last, mention was made of certain Rugby Football Club dinners. "Ah, what was that?" A faint cry had been heard as of someone in pain. "I want mine," it said. What could it mean? Stern eyes immediately filled with pity, cheeks were certainly more hollow, but mouths relaxed as members rushed out pell-mell to investigate that cry. Only the Chairman never moved—he waited—and he waited. "When would those asses come back to finish the meeting?" He waited, and might still have been doing so had he not taken out his watch; It was two o'clock. The truth suddenly dawned upon him, those "asses" would never come back that day. They had trifled with him, they had made a fool of him, etc., but at this point Peeping Tom stopped up his ears, and, through the dust and noise which suddenly arose in the room, with difficulty found the door and fled.

The first committee meeting was over.

Since that historic first meeting, much solid work has been done by the Union Committee. Matters connected with the Gymnasium crop up at every meeting. Members have become so tired of it lately that a riot is at once assured when the gym captain's dulcet and passionless voice is heard. Affairs reached a head a fortnight ago. The Chairman had just called upon the Captain to speak about the gym, but this was too much for the Irish diploma member, who suddenly hurled an inkpot at the latter, exclaiming "the Devil." At the same moment the ex-Secretary grabbed a waste-paper basket and flung it in the same direction. It missed fire, cannoning from the head of the staff representative to the ex-chairman's portrait, which was smashed to atoms. Papers, books, chairs now darkened the air, and in the tumult

the writer wisely retreated. Since that day the gymnasium is not to be mentioned in committee.

At the second committee meeting a sub-committee was formed to inquire into the question of departmental representation on the Union committee. This was a matter to which great attention was given. Many meetings were held and many witnesses examined, and it was not possible to publish the report until the end of last term. The pages of the Yellow Press printed many dire things about this committee (vide February). It must, however, be said for it, that it approached the subject in a perfectly unbiased manner and discussed it quite fairly.

A sub-committee was appointed to find out what steps should be made to improve the athletic ground. None were actually made, though some railway sleepers were bought with which to make them. It afterwards transpired that several of the Professors, had they known in time, would have been pleased to send some sleepers to the Committee for nothing. No names were mentioned.

The O.T.C., or "Our Terrible Company," is now firmly established. It is rumoured that the women students intend to present regimental colours to it, and have already booked window seats in Woodhouse Lane from which to wave their farewells to the boys on July 23rd, the opening day of camp. The present Union Committee, following the excellent beginning of their predecessors, have supported the Commanding Officer loyally, and it is gratifying to know that the latter gentleman has graciously acknowledged the support given to him in a letter which he wrote to the Secretary of the Union some weeks ago.

The question of a mid-week holiday has been well discussed by the Union Committee. The Vice-Chancellor invited a deputation to meet the sub-committee of the Senate about the matter on March 16th. Four members went and, on arrival, were asked to wait for a few minutes in a side room. This was "a bit off," as John Dryden humorously puts it in his *Georgics* II. It reminded one too much of the awful wait before getting a tanning at school. At last the deputies were ushered into the room. Their attention was immediately riveted upon the Chairman, who, while swaying about in his chair, nodded at each of them for several minutes in a very friendly manner. The Secretary of the Meeting then threw a book at each of them, which the writer at first took to be large hymn books, but in this he was mistaken. They were only University Calendars over which the deputation pored and looked wise whilst trying to collect their scattered wits. Business now followed.

A great deal of the discussion was strictly confidential, but the Union may rest assured that the Senate have thoroughly investigated the question. Several proposed schemes have been made, but the difficulties of the case cannot be realised by anybody who has not tried to make a practical scheme themselves. The writer understands that the matter is certainly not shelved, and more will yet be heard about it.

At one time there was some discontent amongst a certain section of the Union because the proposed

Union dance came to nothing. This was entirely due to the question being raised too late in the term. A sub-committee, after consultation with the Senate sub-committee, quite reasonably suggested that the idea should be postponed until the beginning of the October term, 1910, when there would be time to organize a successful University or Union dance, to take place before Xmas. It was then done the proposed dance would probably receive the support of the Vice-Chancellor and staff. This course the Union committee agreed upon, and confined their energies to the Conversations, which was, in consequence, a record one in every way.

It may be of interest to those who are unaware of the fact to know that a "colours register" book is kept, in which lists of the names of men who have received athletic club colours are entered, the lists being signed by the captains of the respective clubs.

During the year a Lacrosse Club was formed, which has done well in its first year. The Club is unable to play home matches at present for want of a ground, and the Union, being very short of funds, is unable to make them a grant.

Why should not the Union fee be £1 rs. instead of the present 10s. 6d. Ah, why not?

This term has seen an effort made to organize a University Golf Club. Though the Club is not yet formed, a match is to be played with the staff on May 4th at Adel.

There are many smaller matters which the Union Committee have taken in hand this session and carried through to a finish. These are sufficient in number to fill many pages of this valuable journal, but the writer has no more energy left with which to do it.

SLIDE RULE.

Union Committee Tell-Tale (To May 1st).

10 Meetings.

Prof. B. M. Connal	9	A. H. C. Ellis	9
Mr. C. M. Gillespie	10	C. Hartnell	10
Miss M. Wilson	10	J. A. Hickey	9
Miss L. Gray	10	P. Hinchley	9
Miss H. Bendrey	8	E. A. Hopkins	7
A. Appleyard	9	F. A. Hyde	9
J. S. Bambridge	9	F. M. Rowe	9
H. Curtis	10	G. W. Stainsby	10
H. Duchesne	8	A. E. Woodhead	10

Medical School Representatives.

9 Meetings.

W. E. Crowther	2	J. M. Foote	2
H. H. Brown	3	C. G. Reinhardt	1
C. J. H. Little	1	J. P. Walker	1
G. V. Stockdale	3		

C. HARTSELL, Hon. Sec.

University Distinctions.

We congratulate Mr. Garnett on his success in obtaining first place on the list in the National Diploma in Agriculture Examination.

Union Representation.

THE report of the sub-committee that was appointed at the beginning of the session to discuss the burning question of Union representation has now been published for some time, and its contents digested by those at all interested in the matter. That it should be signed by every member of the sub-committee, when some are ardent supporters of direct departmental representation, is in itself a striking testimony to the thoroughness of the report. In fact it is not too much to say that from the very outset the members of the Committee fully realised the gravity of the question under their consideration, and were determined neither to shelve nor yet shirk the responsibility of settling, as far as possible, this difficult question. It is only natural that the report will be disappointing to those who had hoped that such a Committee would put into practice their pet schemes, but it is not unlikely that the majority will applaud its wisdom in making no drastic changes, and yet adapting the present system in such a manner as to meet the crying need.

What is the sum total of all their discussion? It is this: that whilst they recognise that under the present method of electing Union representatives there are some inequalities that demand redress, still at the same time it is a method which in their opinion has always secured for the Union as a whole the best possible representatives. It is surely almost beyond contradiction that a man who is elected by the whole body of students is more likely to be of value to the Union, than one who is only elected by a small number in some self-contained department. It is easy to urge in opposition to this that many use their votes in order to secure the return of some undergraduate who has made himself popular in the athletic world, or some other sphere, but who has never shown any ability in dealing with Union questions. But the experience of this University goes to show that such examples are very rare, and generally when a man is elected on the Committee he has always given his services in a whole-hearted manner. Besides, it is not often that any can show whether they have the ability or necessary enthusiasm to deal with Union questions until they are members of the Committee, as the chances of displaying such qualities are very small and rare.

Again, some will urge that the present system encourages "packing." It may have done so in bygone days, but it is my honest opinion that these days have gone never to return. Such an abuse is only possible when a large number of students are apathetic and indifferent about the elections, but it is absolutely impossible so long as each is prepared to use his vote in a conscientious manner, and with a view to promote solely the welfare of the Union, apart from personal or departmental ambitions.

There is perhaps one anomaly in the present system that needs a word of explanation, i.e., the Medical School representation. It is not my intention in this article to discuss whether their attendance justifies such a large proportion or not, but I would point out that it is perfectly useless for College Road men to go

into hysterics and violent denunciation of them when there are hardly any who realise the difficulties that lie in their being present. Their hours of work are different from ours, and it is generally the case that the Committee is held at an hour when most are engaged either in practical work or in attending lectures. The way to overcome this difficulty is for some future Committee to try to arrange, if it is possible, some more convenient hour than the conventional 12.30 for its meetings.

Again, their numbers are justified in view of the fact that their course is very much longer than that of a man at College Road, and that being so they have a right to expect that they shall be allowed a fair number to represent the different years. I am aware that many who have not carefully thought over the question will combat such a conclusion, but I am convinced that a little consideration will justify the Committee's decision. It only remains now to see what changes the sub-committee actually propose. They, briefly, are these. A few departments find themselves unable to throw themselves into the social life of the University, owing to the great demands made on them by their departments for work, and in consequence of this are unable to obtain representation. The easiest and best method of overcoming this difficulty would be either to lengthen such courses or lessen the hours of lectures. Such, however, is considered impossible, and in view of the extremely cordial and friendly manner in which the Senate this year have endeavoured to meet the wishes of the students in this matter, we are forced to the conclusion that for the present such a course is impracticable. It is greatly to be deprecated that such a state of affairs should exist, for we believe that the social life is as important an element in a man's life as the scholastic part, and although an excess is undesirable, an absence of social intercourse is equally so, yet, as we have said, we must possess our souls in patience and hope for the millennium. The only other course, therefore, that seemed possible, is the one that the Committee suggest, namely, that the Union Committee shall have power to co-opt two members, so that if an enthusiastic department is unable to secure representation, the inequality may be removed.

Such is the report adopted by the Union Committee, and we only await to see if this, a real honest attempt to settle the question in an impartial manner, will prove acceptable to the majority of the Union members.

A. HAROLD C. ELLIS,
Chairman of University Union.

Our readers will doubtless join with us in congratulating Professor Smithells on a recent happy event.

Those of our readers who were fortunate enough to catch sight of a certain paragraph in the *Yorkshire Post* on Tuesday, May 17th, will doubtless join with us in congratulating Professor and Mrs. Connal on the happy event.

WANTED.—Extra help in the laboratories during April. Apply by letter, stating all particulars, salary required, &c., to the University of—, *University Park*.

Sirs,—By a careful arrangement of my duties, I find I shall be at liberty to accommodate you and give my assistance in the laboratories during April. I hold the degrees of D.Sc., X.Y.Z., &c., &c., of Nulham University, and am an F.R.S. of Timbuctoo. I desire no salary, but might accept an honorarium of two guineas per week.—Yours very truly,

T. NOEL OTTE.

Dear Sirs,—Having perused your advertisement in the *University Park* for extra help in the laboratories, I beg to state that I am a demonstrator, and can fulfil all the required duties connected with the work. Should your choice fall on me, I would be satisfied with a mere acknowledgment of, say £50 for the period.—Yours faithfully,

F. R. ONCE.

P.S.—Should you consider £50 too much, I might accept £5.

Dear Sir,—I have read your advertisement in the *University Park* for Extra Help in the laboratories and I hope you will allow me to offer my help for the perper, and wood try to give satisfaction. I am now a labboy and do my work well last week I only broke 10 bottles and they said they would be pleased to recommend me to another place. Hoping you will have me, I should like 5s. (five shillings) per week for my Help.—Yours trully,

WILLIE JOHNSON.

Puzzle : Whom did the advertiser require ? Who got the place ?

Tennis.

FAR o'er the asphalt uplands, where the sportive
breeces play.
The maidens with their racquets wend to spend the
summer's day ;
While youthful swains in gorgeous dress do play the
feeling hour,
And count with glee the mounting score that proves
their lusty power.
What though the bell with nagging twang proclaims
dull lecture's call,
We turn with o'er-increasing vim to strike th' elusive
ball.
With straggling locks and heated brow, we scorn the
wonted grind,
And wear out shoes and tear our clothes with glad,
though guilty, mind.
The sun's bright rays, the atmosphere that tells the
love of sport,
Spectators' gaze, or lemonade, all chain us to the court ;
The joys of cricket, football, fives, are quite eclipsed
and tame
Beside the brisk, exulting glow of a well-won tennis
game.

" PHOEBE."

The Installation of the Chancellor.

As our readers are aware, the ceremony of the installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University is fixed to take place in the Town Hall on Saturday, the 17th of June. The date, we may say in parenthesis, was determined by the convenience of the distinguished persons who are to receive honorary degrees on the occasion.

It is proposed that a special number of the *Gryphon* shall be published in honour of this event on the day of the ceremony. It will be fully illustrated, and will contain specially written accounts of the careers of the new honorary graduates.

In this present issue we desire to refresh the memories of our readers, and to stimulate their interest by giving some details of the approaching ceremony, which ranks in importance with the most successful ceremony of 1905, at which the first degrees of the newly instituted University of Leeds were conferred.

Honorary degrees will be conferred as follows:—

DOCTORS OF LAWS.

- The Duke of Devonshire.
- The Marquess of Lansdowne.
- The Earl of Crewe, Secretary for the Colonies.
- The Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons.
- The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, First Lord of the Treasury.
- Sir Hugh Bell, Bart., Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire.
- General Sir William G. Nicholson, G.C.B., Chief of the General Staff, and First Military Member of the Army Council.
- Dr. Alfred Hopkinson, Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University of Manchester.
- Mr. A. G. Lupton, Pro-Chancellor of the University of Leeds.

DOCTORS OF SCIENCE.

- Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.
- Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S., Ex-President of the Royal Geographical Society.
- Dr. William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at the University of Oxford.

DOCTOR OF LETTERS.

- Dr. F. J. Haverfield, Camden Professor of Ancient History at the University of Oxford.
- Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

We are not sufficiently in the confidence of the Installation Committee of the Council to be able to give the official programme of the ceremony, but we believe that the following brief forecast will be found correct. The entry of the Chancellor's procession will be greeted by the choir which Mr. Hoggett is organising with a chorus from a Cantata of J. S. Bach's, the Words of which have been specially adapted for the occasion by a musical member of the Senate. The first ceremony will be the presentation of the Duke of Devonshire for the honorary degree of LL.D. He will then be formally installed as Chancellor of the University. The ceremony will conclude with the conferment of the other honorary degrees by the newly-installed Chancellor.

Most of the recipients of degrees have some connection with Yorkshire. The Chancellor, as every one knows, has large interests in the West Riding, and often resides in the county; we have more to say about him presently. The Earl of Crewe has an old family connection with Yorkshire. Mr. Asquith is a Morley lad. Sir Hugh Bell, though not a native of the county, has resided in it for many years. Sir William Nicholson was born at Roundhay Hall. Dr. Hopkinson was Principal of Owens College for some years of the time when the Yorkshire College was associated with it in the Victoria University. Mr. Lupton we all know. Sir Clements Markham's ancestors were established at Nunappleton. Professor Haverfield has devoted much time to the investigation of Roman antiquities in Yorkshire. Mr. Sidgwick, one of the most elegant of Greek scholars, comes of a well-known Skipton family.

The other recipients of degrees need no introduction from us. Every one knows of Lord Lansdowne and the Speaker, that Lord Rayleigh is one of the most distinguished living mathematicians and physicists, and Professor Osler a great physician and man of science.

In conclusion, we would impress on the members of the University of all sections and departments that it is their bounden duty to throng to the Town Hall and give their Chancellor a right good North-country welcome:—

Members of the Union, because the Chancellor is their Honorary President.

Undergraduates, because he was himself an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Members of the Debating Society, and all interested in social and political questions, because he was for many years a member of the House of Commons, and for some time in the Government as Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

Law students, because he studied accountancy and law in office and chambers after leaving Cambridge.

Engineering students, because he has a practical knowledge of the iron and steel trades.

Agricultural students, because, as a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, he has interested himself in agricultural education.

Yorkshiremen, in order to show what a true Yorkshire welcome is.

Strangers, in order to see what a true Yorkshire welcome is.

All members of the University, because he is the Chancellor.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Clifford Waring, on May 14th, 1910. He was a student at Leeds in the Faculties of Science and Technology since September last. We offer our sincere condolences.

The Old Brigade.

YEA, Streamtalk, it is the privilege of the Senior to loll about the entrance hall, the province of the Fresher, to wonder and worship.

You have come, as many have done before you, to the beginning of a wondrous development. That mysterious power which brings forth almost imperceptibly the full-blown rose from a tightened bud has begun to work in you; you stand on the threshold of life.

And out of the medley of entrance day, the changing scene of faces, the pacing of corridors, the search for lecture rooms, the seduction of the common room, the excitement of first lectures, one great and fundamental fact begins to emerge and stamp itself upon your whirling brain, namely, the Senior. Freshers may come and Professors may go, but the Third Year man, like the poor and the half-holiday question, is always with you. And, believe me, he is a good fellow when you know him. In your eye, no doubt, he has too much of an air of intolerance. But this is the wrong word. He has been through all the glorious life that lies before you, and he knows his superiority. You are the bud, he is the full-blown rose. And, mark you, that bean-against-the-wall attitude he adopts is not meant to impress you with a sense of his exaltation. As he dreamily adorns a notice board, he is probably thinking of the day when he, too, was a Fresher. When he, too, was as you are in whom he sees his former image. The contemplation gives him pleasure, for he knows that underneath your raw and "new" exterior good stuff is hidden, and he hopes, for the glory of his *Alma Mater*, that you will blossom forth to the perfect flower, and do your little all for the advancement of the University whether it be in field, lecture room, or examination hall.

With a supreme air of boredom all his own the Senior ignores the hurrying crowd of humanity which is the verybane of the Porter's existence, and his mind's eye conjures up scenes of another common room, of other faces. He remembers the time when the present shrine of My Lady Nicotine was known by the severe name of 103, where the intricacies of the French language were expounded to a race which had elsewhere its sacred haunt and own native place.

The seminar who daily sways his soul out in the rooms behind the library little reckes that that very spot once reeked with tobacco smoke and sheltered the undergrad., who discussed the relative merits of stage beauties and considered sporting chances for the Lincoln. He does not know that in the hearts of thousands the place is enshrined for ever as the dirtiest room, and yet the best haven of refuge in the University. But it was so. And, knowing this and other well-beloved secrets, the Senior lolls and smokes that enigmatical smile which is the embodiment of past experience.

Just a plea then for the Senior: he has a good heart; make friends with him, honour him, for he trusts you.

TANTAR.

The Gryphon Spreadeth Her Wings.

As was announced in the last number of the *Gryphon*, it has been decided to make a novel departure from the precedents hitherto observed in College journalism. This departure has been secretly discussed under the head of "Competitions," and we have heard of one prominent Socialist whose dignified and conservative imagination was horrified at the picture conjured up by the word "Competition." Perhaps he was thinking of acrostics and Limericks, or maybe it was the word competition which frightened him, for he is said to have "tariffic" leanings.

But the *Gryphon* can afford to spread her wings and dispense with such Harmeworthy devices. These competitions have a serious and constructive aim.

Briefly put, it is intended to organise a series of competitions for the best contributions sent in to the *Gryphon*.

The first aim is to tap new springs of inspiration to render the flow of matter into the *Gryphon* office almost automatic.

By suitably directing the competition scheme it is hoped to unearth a worthy artist, a sprightly storyteller, an amusing humorist, a metrical poet, and if all goes well we may even obtain a serial story to captivate and entrance the readers of the *Gryphon*.

Secondly, it is desired to institute a new order of merit in the University. Just as athletic men and women have the opportunity of winning their colours, and just as oratorical and organising geniuses may become Chairman of the Union or sit on Committees, so it is only fair that students with literary or journalistic capabilities should have the opportunity of having their achievements crowned by official University recognition.

It is this second part, the institution of the "Order of the *Gryphon*" which it is hoped will consolidate the scheme and give to it that touch of honourable permanency which will render the membership of the Order an honour not to be lightly regarded.

The badge of membership will be a tin pin or a brooch bearing the image of the Gryphon upon it.

All that is needed for the success of the scheme is that (1) the subjects for competition shall be suitably chosen; (2) on no account shall the badge be awarded where a sufficient standard of merit is not attained; (3) readers of the *Gryphon* shall make strenuous endeavours to enter the charmed circle of "Gryphonites." The scheme is in the hands of a "Gryphonite" Editor, and it is intended to have a special corner of the magazine reserved in future issues for the announcement of future competitions and the awards of membership. The hearty co-operation of every reader is confidently hoped for, and we hope that as the movement gains strength it will not only benefit the *Gryphon* but will enable the "Gryphonites" to find each other out and form friendships on the basis of mutual interest in their Order.

Who knows but in some year to come the group photographs of the "Gryphonites," as published in the *Gryphon*, will be found to contain men and women

especially distinguished in the literary world who can point with pride to their first literary award as being the *Gryphon* badge.

The "*Gryphonite*" dinner should prove interesting too.

We feel confident that the scheme has vitality, but of course it rests with the readers of the *Gryphon* to consolidate it and make it into a permanent institution.

The rules for membership will be few and simple:—

- (1) Admission is open to any reader of the *Gryphon* who is a past or present member of the University.
- (2) Honorary members may be elected by members of the Order or by the *Gryphon* Committee.
- (3) The published decision of the *Gryphon* as to awards shall be final.
- (4) The badge of membership shall be a tie-pin or a brooch, and the wearing of such badges is restricted to those persons to whom the award has been made by the *Gryphon* Committee.
- (5) Membership shall not necessarily be limited to contributors of set competitive terms, but it shall be open to the *Gryphon* Committee to make the award to any specially meritorious contributor.

THE GRYPHONITE EDITOR.

A Meek Maid's Mocking Meditations on Mere Man.

1. O woman, what is man that thou should'st give heed to him; or the son of man, that thou should'st think on him?
2. Behold, I say unto you, Beware the deceitfulness of man, for he is exceeding cunning, and his ways are past finding out.
3. In his *sue* eyes he is worthy of all admiration, wonder, and amazement. He thinks exceeding well of himself. But those are not the thoughts of the world—for of a truth, he is one of a foolish and an unwise people.
4. A gracious woman is his delight; he fawns upon her, he does her honour in the sight of all men. He talks to her entreatingly, he looks on her beseechingly, hypocrite that he is; and in her kindness of heart, she has compassion on him.
5. O woman, how simple is thy trust in man, how great thy faith in his sincerity! But alas! when wilt thou learn wisdom?
6. Verily I say unto you, harden your hearts against man, avoid him, pass him by, for "men were deceivers ever."
7. For youth is a mocker, and young men are ageing, and whosoever is attracted by them is not wise.
8. When a man casts his eye upon a *faiver* damsel, clothed in fine raiment, with eyes of blue (usually), her loosely braided hair wafted and flowing wildly in the breeze, he forthwith turns himself away from the woman arrayed in modest apparel—and forgets her.
9. Truly it is written, "Woman is the glory of man." Therefore that most perfect creation, in his pride, assumes woman as his proper prize.

10. That his honour may be duly and sufficiently glorified, he lays his plans for the downfall of the fairest of all the fair ones.
11. She must in addition have a soft, clinging manner, she must favour him with coy glances and modest blushes, the which (if she be skilled in the ways of the world) she will likewise bestow on sundry other "hangers-on."
12. For man delights in a rival over whom he can triumph, that he may say in his heart, Lo! I am monarch of all I survey.
13. The gracious woman delights in the strength of a man; she rejoices with unspeakable joy when he by his might prevails over his companions.
14. She takes pride in a noble form and a goodly, and in a fair open countenance, but she despises not the smaller less favoured fry.
15. But man takes heed of the garments light and flowing of a woman, of the twinkle in her eye, of the brightness of her smile for him. Man looks not on the interior, he searches not her inner thoughts.
16. She smiles—he is satisfied, and exulting cries, Yet once again have I done the deed—I came—I saw—I conquered.
17. Thou blind bat, thou conceited coxcomb, seest thou not the laughing mockery of the twinkle, the scorn of the smile?
18. For the fair damsel, unlike her gracious sister, is well acquainted with the ways of men; she has waxed wise through experience, and quickly knows the true man from the false.
19. But man, little heeding, continues to rejoice in her seeming weakness, that he has so readily gained her good graces, that he has led captive her heart, her precious treasure.
20. In his mindlessness he mocks at her simplicity in yielding to him; he jeers at her (apparent) faith in him; he calls her foolish.
21. O man that is a worm, it is written "a woman shall compass thee." She shall chastise thee with the valour of her tongue; thy pride shall be humbled; thy strength shall be laid low and trodden under foot.
22. Verily, I say unto you, the day of reckoning is at hand when the weak shall triumph over the strong.
23. And in that day shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Scenes from Real Life.

ACT I. SCENE I. Barber's Shop in Leeds.

Time—Present Day.

(An undergraduate and the proprietor of the establishment in the foreground; the latter is performing his usual cycle of operations.)

BARBER (chattily): And if I may ask, where might you be working, sir?

UNDERGRAD. (gruffly): Leeds University.

BARBER (sweetly): Do you think it will ever come to that, sir?

Order of the Gryphon.

It has been decided to extend the time for the University Song Competition. It is felt that one month is too short a time in which to obtain a University song worthy of the name.

Accordingly the closing date for songs to be sent in is now fixed for June 15th, 1910.

It is recommended that the song be set to a well-known tune, rather than that the tune should be a new one.

New Competitions.

A badge will be offered for—

(1) The best Caricatures of the Installation Ceremony.

(2) The best written description of the Installation Ceremony, humorous or otherwise.

Closing date for these two subjects, June 15th, 1910.

GRYPHONITE EDITOR.

Departmental Ditties—Arts.

Now John Jones was an Arts man and a clever one to boot.

He worked his work, and played his games, and also learnt to shoot.

He's due to take his Final, I believe it comes in June. But his time was full (with an extra "pull"), exams were coming soon.

At four o'clock his lecture, not a word of his prose was written;

But five minutes more till the clock struck four, his conscience sorely smitten.

He bethought him of a copy of a prose he'd done at school—

It was't quite the one he'd to write; but then John Jones was cool!

So he set him down to write it, put a "howler" here and there;

A prose for a "prof." to object to, and pronounce but fairly fair;

Then having done this deep, dark deed, he blithely hid him off.

And took the prose to lecture—and also to the "prof." That dullard read it slowly, he read it through and through.

(He wurn't so dull as he looked between just me and you);

He threw out a mild suggestion, "Perhaps you've done it before"

(For the "prof." he saw quite clearly that two and two make four).

May be you kept the copy, it's really a clever prose. Quite up to 'final' standard, except the 'howlers'; those

Are a bar to any effort to get a brilliant pass;

"Twould get you landed in a mess, I wouldn't say what class."

And then he laughed quite lightly, "Mr. Jones, please do not shrink"

To do the prose I set you, it's not the way to work."

He said no more, but John Jones he turned and walked and fled.

If you talk of copies to John Jones, what he says is better unsaid.

ORIBRUS.

Engineering.

[*Apology of the Gryphon's efforts to secure a suitable 'Varsity song, why not extend the idea, and let each separate department have its own characteristic war-chant? We suggest the following for the use of the Engineering Department.*]

Air: "The Village Pump."

O the greasy, grimy, sooty Engineer,
O the locomotive's toot he loves to hear
In the discharge of his duty
Or professional pursuit, he
Always uses language beautifully clear.

For he learns to use a hammer in the shops;
And he learns to say, "Oh! bless her!" when
it drops;

He could get in an exam. a
First-class pass, without a crammer,
In the British Workman's Grammar of the shops.

Chorus:—

— * — * — * — !
— * — * — * — * — * — !!

SYNCHRO.

Court Etiquette.

1. When desiring a game of tennis provide yourself with a pair of rubber or jute-soled shoes—otherwise, other people may want your coat.
2. It is safer (for most people) not to cross a tennis court close to the net when someone happens to be playing on the court, especially if a player is about to serve. *Personal discomfort may ensue.*
3. When a stray ball is returned it is considered, in the best circles, quite superfluous to say "Thank you."
4. Should an extra ball trespass on your court it is unnecessary to return it. The owner is probably capable of fetching it—if not, you are rather short of balls.
5. To ensure a correct serve, thoroughly moisten the finger-tips of the right hand, obtaining a mighty grip on the racquet handle. This simple process surrounds you with an air of awe and mystery, very edifying to the uninitiated.
6. Among the élite it is considered very good form to maintain that your opponent is trying to make points. Only worry over your *own* score. Should your opponent wrongly assign a point to you, don't disillusionise him (or her). Your generosity would probably incapacitate him for some considerable time. When in doubt as to the score, call it your game.
7. Never hesitate to use a racquet without asking permission of the owner. When borrowed balls are lost it is unnecessary to mention the fact. The owner will probably find out soon enough, and call, if he wishes, provide a further supply.
8. When a ball is missing, arrange that your *partner* looks for it. When playing singles, the lost ball is *always* at your opponent's end.

9. The true critics of the tennis courts are the non-players who lazily recline on seats provided, and point out to each other the amusing peculiarities of players.
10. On the tennis court, as elsewhere, the "crack" player is conspicuous by the feeble English (?) which punctuates his own play and "qualifies" that of his partner.

MELISANDE.

The New Hostel of the Resurrection.

THURSDAY, April 21st, was a great day in the history of the College of the Resurrection, when the new Hostel in Springfield Mount was appropriately declared open by the lady whose name stands first in the list of honorary graduates of our University, Lady Frederick Cavendish. Lady Frederick was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from making more than the briefest remarks, but in all other respects the inaugural ceremony went admirably. Outside the sun shone brightly, and inside a large audience had gathered together to hear many distinguished men explain the objects of the institution. The speakers included the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of Cambridge, Durham, Manchester and Leeds, the Superior of the Brotherhood of the Resurrection, and Professor Connal. It is not our intention to report the speeches. Suffice it to say that Mr. Frere gave interesting details about the ways in which the building fund of some £13,000 (nearly, but not quite, complete) was raised, that the Vice-Chancellor of Manchester (Dr. Hopkinson) gave admirable expression to the favour with which the authorities of the newer universities regard the establishment of hostels and that our own Vice-Chancellor emphasised the great advantages which the University has already gained from the affiliation of the College of the Resurrection, a sentiment with which we are sure our readers cordially agree.

Architecturally considered, the building is delightful: we should like to expatiate learnedly on its beauties, but no—we will spare our readers, and content ourselves with advising them to go and see it themselves. Its inhabitants are justly house-proud, and will no doubt be delighted to act as *ciceroni*. Visitors will find a severe simplicity in all the internal arrangements, but above all a distinctive and appropriate atmosphere.

We trust that the hostel will be full for many years to come, and continue the tradition it has already established of supplying the University with a regular succession of Presidents of the Union, Editors of the *Gryphon*, scholars, athletes and other energetic and patriotic members of the academic body politic.

From the "Yorkshire Evening Post."

April 21st, 1910.

Rain coming. A drop in the barometer.

Res angus a domi.

The worthy city councillors
In solemn conclave met;
Discussed the value of the grant
The 'Varsity should get.

"Now we are poor and rates are high,
And times are none too sunny,
We'll root out odds and ends of cash
And count the whisky money."

They turned the coffers inside out,
And upside down, but vainly,
That sum would not complete the grant,
They saw it all too plainly.

They count, re-count and count again,
Until in desperation
Their courage take in either hand
And see the deputation.

"Look here, we're sorry, but the grant
We promised in October
We cannot give for folks all round
Have been too ultra-sober."

"Our funds are low; to pay you now
Would be Quixotic—risky;
Just wait another month or so
Until they drink more whisky!"

K.K.K.

Mottoes for Undergrads.

With all due apologies to Omar.

(On Examination morning.)
And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay;
And once departed, may return no more."

(On seeking the Smoke-room at beginning of Session.)
Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires.

(After having been plucked.)
The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns ashes—

(On making good resolutions after being plucked.)
Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?

(To the Examiner concerned in the "pluck.")
Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in.

(On paying a visit to the Office, March 1st.)
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest.

(On contemplating a visit to "Knock, and walk in.")
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Fish!
He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well.

(On losing one's Locker key.)
There was a Door to which I found no Key.

- (On high-souled musing in the Refec.)
Think, in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.
- (On retiring in disgust from any one given lecture.)
Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came o'er by the same Door as in I went.
- (On striving to fathom the precepts of certain well-known Profs.)
And He that toss'd thee down into the field,
He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!
- (On recalling Social Evenings held in honour of certain noted marriages.)
You know, my Friends, how long since in my
House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse.
- (On drinking tea in the Common Room at 4.3 p.m.; Lecture at 4.5.)
Ah, fill the Cup: what boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our Feet.
- (On being "moved on" by the H.P.)
What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The memory of this Impertinence!

TARTAR.

"Those whom the Gods love die young."

It cost the sum of One and Two,
'Twas one week old—not more;
Its white, sleek skin was quite brand new,—
Or so the shop-man swore.

It gambolled gaily on the court,
It frisked in childish glee;
In all its pranks it ne'er was short
Of elasticity.

With dainty speed it skimmed along,
Then coyly touched the ground;
With bounding heart it hummed a song,
And up aloft was found.

For three short days it lived the life
Of a spirit wild and free;
No trouble, grief, or passion rife
Sullied its Fate's decree.

Then, soaring high—in truth, a ball
With boastful feeling, brave—
It mounted o'er a dark, high wall
And found an early grave!

PHOEBE.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure that I venture to congratulate you on the position you have taken up in the last issue of the *Gryphon* concerning the status of Leeds University students as such.

With studied moderation you have approached a subject on which it is only too easy to become uselessly bitter and perhaps bitterly futile.

So far as the "principle of trust" and "paternal solicitude" go, I have had but little experience owing to lack of opportunity, but vague rumours and rather offended murmurings confirm the general impression conveyed in the *Gryphon*.

But, after all, this state of affairs is only an effect, and all people interested in the question must recognise that the way to improve matters is to destroy the effect by destroying the cause.

And the cause, as so ably demonstrated in the *Gryphon*, is the lack of proper Union buildings, built, owned, and managed by the members of the Union for the benefit of the members of the Union.

Once the corporate consciousness of the student body is aroused, and once the pride of independence is developed by the exercise of such facilities as are called for in the management of Union funds, buildings, etc., then all the neurotic cries of "no public spirit" will be seen to be baseless.

Of course they are baseless. Englishmen can always govern themselves, and surely Yorkshiremen are not the least capable amongst all the men of England.

And so, Mr. Editor, take courage! Let the *Gryphon* in this question keep up to its standard of being a "light unto the Gentiles," and let the students of Leeds University see that their College magazine is prepared to give a definite lead on any question of student interests.—Yours faithfully,

AN OBSERVER.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

SIR,—By the time this number is in the hands of your readers, the annual general election of representatives for the Union Committee will be engaging the attention of all students. Each year so far has seen a steady increase both in interest and votes polled, and it is to be earnestly desired that this year shall see no retrogression in that direction. I would ask each member to make a point of voting, and, if possible, use all his thirteen votes, and to remember that the healthiness and welfare of the Union depend very largely on how his votes are used. It ought to be fairly easy for each member to pick out the thirteen most suitable representatives, and that being so, the obnoxious custom of canvassing is both undesirable and not in accordance with the best traditions of this University. Finally, let each man see that he uses his votes, and uses them conscientiously, with the firm intention of steadily resisting any attempt to tout for his vote.—Yours, etc.,

A. HAROLD C. ELLIS,
Chairman of Leeds Union Union.



Scientific Society.

A SPECIAL General Meeting of the Society was held on March 10th, 1910, Prof. Smithells being in the chair.

After some discussion the following change in the rules was confirmed by the meeting. Rule 1, which read "This Society shall be called 'The Leeds University Scientific Society'" was altered to "This Society shall be called 'The Leeds University Cavendish Society,' and shall have the object of promoting the study of Chemistry, pure and applied, and Physics."

The Secretary explained that the limitation of the scope of the Society became necessary in order to avoid overlapping with the work of other flourishing societies.

Prof. Smithells summed up the situation, relating the history of the Society. With regard to the word "Cavendish," he remarked that it was singularly opportune, as it was the family name of the new Chancellor. He also drew attention to a remarkable coincidence.

In the *Yorkshire Post* of March 10th, 1910, appeared a paragraph stating that the most probable date of the death of Henry Cavendish was March 10th, 1810, so that this meeting was being held exactly one hundred years after the death of the man whose name the Society was adopting.

Prof. Smithells expressed the opinion that it would be advantageous to the Society if students took a more prominent part in its meetings.

A scheme whereby a student shall preside at Society meetings will be submitted at the Annual General Meeting.

The prize offered by the Society has been awarded to Miss M. H. Briggs for an essay on "Chitin—the part played by it in Insect Structure."

H.W.D.

Students' Union.

At a General Meeting held on May 2nd the Gymnasium and the Swimming Club were granted full colours. The meeting also sanctioned the re-wording of Rule 5, as recommended by the Union Committee. [The resolutions to be passed at this meeting were put on the notice board on April 20th.]

C. HARTNELL, Hon. Sec.

Engineering Society.

The last Meeting for the session was held in the large hall on March 17th. Mr. F. W. Lanchester, who is the leading authority on the theory of aerodynamics, gave a lecture on "Flight," and there were fully 350 persons present. The Lord Mayor of Leeds presided, and briefly introduced the speaker. Mr. Lanchester then gave a most interesting, though technical, paper, which was well illustrated with slides and diagrams, and his experiments with flying models aroused great interest.

The Annual General Meeting was held on April 24th in the Refectory. Professor Goodman was re-elected Chairman; C. Hartnell and W. Rintoul Hon. Secs.

A Smoker followed the General Meeting. Many members entertained the company, but there was little or no music, except from the pianists.

C.H.

Education Society.

The postponed ordinary meeting was held in conjunction with the business meeting on April 24th, when Miss A. M. Cooke, M.A., gave an interesting lecture on "Some Yorkshire Abbeys." Tracing the history of monastic life from its beginnings in Western Europe in the fifth century down to the surrender of the English monasteries in 1539-40, the lecturer showed how Yorkshire contained examples of every stage in that history. Almost with the introduction of Christianity into the South of England by S. Augustine, Yorkshire abbeys were existent, e.g., Whitby, Selby, and S. Mary's, York—which three enjoyed particular privileges. Then followed the branches of the Benedictine rule, viz., Clugniac at Pontefract and Monk Bretton, Cistercian at Rievaulx, 1131, Fountains, Kirkstall and Meaux and the Carthusians at Mt. Grace, Northallerton and Hull. Next the paper dealt with the semi-monastic institutions, Houses of Canons and Houses of Friars, the first of which gave the priories at Newboto', Bolton-in-Craven, Kirkham, Bridlington, and Guisboro', with branches at Old Malton and Watton, and the secular houses—cathedral and collegiate—at S. Peter's, York, Ripon and Beverley, whilst the Friars were established at York and Beverley.

The election of officers for 1910-11:—

Pres. - Mr. W. P. Welfton.

Vice-Pres. - Prof. Welfton (ex-off), Miss Robertson, Miss F. Turner.

Sec. - H. Heston.

Committee - Miss H. Cooke, Miss Longstaff, Miss Major, and Miss M. Anderson, with E. A. Hopkins, F. A. Hyde, A. Rhodes, and W. Gawthorpe.

J.R.W.

Special Installation Number of The Gryphon.

THE Gryphon Committee propose to publish a special number of the *Gryphon* in connection with the installation of the Chancellor. It is intended to contain portraits and histories of the careers of the Chancellor and the thirteen Hon. Graduates, with some matter to show that it is issued by the *Gryphon* Committee, a Sub-Committee of the Students' Union. The issue would be a sort of supplement to the official programme. It would be on sale at the University Day, on the day before the ceremony, and in the Town Hall at the time of the ceremony. It is thought that many members of the audience would take a more concrete interest in the proceedings if they could purchase a short work of reference telling them about the distinguished visitors.

An estimate has been prepared, showing that 1,500 copies could be printed for about £25. If the price is fixed at one shilling, the sale of 500 copies would pay expenses, and the surplus would go to repay the *Gryphon* for its trouble. There should be no difficulty in selling 500 copies, as the proposal has been most favourably received by the students.

A Straight Talk to Students.

We may begin our chat by quoting the following:—
To the Editors of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIRS,—I have just been reading your pathetic notice on the board. May I suggest that you state what kind of stuff you want? It is no use our writing comic poems if you have enough made by the staff. In fact, there is not much encouragement to sit down and waste two hours if the result is to be fired into the waste paper basket. Could you not indicate the kind of stuff wanted for each issue—articles, poems, stories, sketches, &c.? so that we could do our best to supply what is really wanted.—Yours,

G. H. COWLING.

This is a letter from one of our contributors, who has sent us in some very good work both in prose and verse. In reply to his inquiry as to what we consider suitable matter, we might take this opportunity of stating that we are ready and willing to print any contribution, be it articles, poems, stories, sketches, or caricatures, provided it fulfils three conditions:—

- (a) It must be good enough.
- (b) It must not contain any personal attack or any allusion which might reasonably give offence to any person or organisation.
- (c) It must be written on one side the paper only, and bear the author's name (not necessarily for publication).

We hope our contributor is now satisfied, as we should not care to have him calling round with a chab.

This is a favourable opportunity for making editorial comment on the circumstances surrounding the publication of this issue. We had to confess to the world that the Leeds University students were either too lazy or too incapable to contribute sufficient matter to fill their magazine. This is not the first time this has occurred, but on previous occasions the

editorial staff has taken off its coat, burnt midnight oil, and written about one-third of the magazine. Consequently as one half of the magazine is usually athletic news, the residue, viz., one-sixth of the magazine is contributed by the general public; truly a nice state of affairs.

This is about on a par with a lot of the actions and re-actions of the student body at this University. We are continually told, and rightly told, that the students are deficient in *esprit de corps*, and we believe that the message goes home in a great number of cases. But we regret to see that the so-called corporate spirit is being demonstrated in wrong directions. When the Chairman of the Union, or one of his supporters, appeals to the students to show a little of the corporate spirit, he does not mean that we should go down to Victoria Square in a body, roughing, insulting the general public wholesale, climbing up lamp posts and braying out "Koomati." This is not the direction in which we should exhibit our *esprit de corps*. We have no objection to "rags"—they are fine things if properly managed, and if the undergraduate does not forget that he is, or should be, a gentleman.

But scenes such as took place at Birmingham on Proclamation Day, and which are only too prevalent in Leeds, seem to point to the fact that the student of the modern Universities does not know how to "rag," in fact he cannot distinguish between liberty and licence. This is the more regrettable in that we have recently been pleading with the Senate to recognise that we have reached man's estate; but when our "corporate" spirit shows itself in "rags" of a sadly inferior type, whilst our magazine is starving for suitable contributions, and men are urgently required for the O.T.C., we must sorrowfully acknowledge that a paternal spirit is required in this establishment.

A bright spot on our University map is the aforementioned O.T.C., which looked extremely well on Proclamation Day, and of which we were very proud.

In conclusion, we should like to thank all those contributors who so readily responded to our call for matter. We give articles by both the Chairman and Secretary of the Union. This is one of the right ways to show your corporate spirit.

The following poem, by a clever contributor, serves as a striking commentary on the situation as we see it.

A Lament.

O were I still an undergrad,
That all convention I could scorn,
And shriek for joy, go blatant mad
Whilst others mourn!

Lead bray "Koomati" as a storm
(The vulgar plebs, they merely *Acce*),
And rather mock King's uniform,
Than learn to shoot.

Outrage the feelings of the crowd
(What right have they to feel at all?)
Disgruntle herd 'j and feel deuced proud
To barge and maul.

By Daily Press get well despised—
By schoolboys, louts, by all—but then
As undergrads, we go disguised,
Not Gentlemen!

My First Parade.

Monday, May 6th.

Full company required for parade to-morrow to hear the Proclamation of King George V. read at the Town Hall. Must arrange to be called at last half an hour earlier in the morning. Wonder what the uniforms will look like? Beastly colour though; khaki doesn't suit me. Wish I'd joined the Rifles—they're much more swaggar. Pity I can't show the stripe of those new socks—it's so chic.

Tuesday, May 10th.

So tired! hardly slept a wink all night. Was afraid the shaving-water might be late! Yes, dark green uniforms would certainly have been more becoming, or even scarlet. Should also have preferred the coat to fit *sementers*; mine fits like a piano! Wanted the belt tighter, but that creased the back too much. The pouches on the belt made me feel like a tram conductor—only the dangling of the tooth-pick case at my side prevented me asking people for "fares, please."

To the athlete puttees are an immense improvement. Glancing at them alone, one could almost pick out the members of the Rugby XV. The boots were also conspicuous! My people at home greatly impressed. The mater keen on knowing whether bayonet was sharp or not—I equivocated. The "Gav'nor" wished he was as young as he once was. Little Tommy most enthusiastic, but preferred the Boy Scouts because of the broadsword.

Arrived at the University soon after 9.0: was agreeably surprised to find so many members of the O.T.C. are early risers—it speaks so well for us. Saluted every one with due gravity. The lady students visibly impressed.

Found "X.Y.Z." very much upset. On enquiry found he had (from force of habit) gracefully raised his cap to a lady student; she, "with a naughty little twinkle in her eye," answered his civilian greeting with a neat military salute!

Found it necessary to cross several times from the Hall to the quad; people in seminars seemed very interested.

On arriving at the Town Hall hour had the place of honour at right-hand side of steps. Saw the "common or garden" student come down. Nearly joined in "Kosmati," but caught the watchful eye of the C.O.—and refrained. Rather envied the Hussars; a mounted troop would be much more fitting for a University, but suppose the Senate will not yet allow a grant for horses. Must see what the Students' Union can do.

Quite approved of the Proclamation. Objected strongly to the—er—musical introduction and panc-tuation.

We created quite a sensation up Woodhouse Lane. Marched into the quad, and completely scattered the irregular ranks of a mixed student audience. Halted and lined up facing the smaller remnant of the discomfited "brown sex," which then retired gracefully and in perfect order, their colour(s) flying!

The C.O. expressed his delight in the corps, and declared himself willing to accept 5/6. Then we "dismissed"!

Listened patiently to the remarks and criticisms of friends, and endured much chaffing for the rest of the morning. Spent the afternoon playing tennis and having tea. After all "fannels" are much more "deadly" than "khaki" for the subjugation of the weaker (?) sex. MELISSANDE.

The Scholar Gypsy.

STROLLING the other day along a lane leading out from one of the northern suburbs of Leeds, my attention was attracted by a green caravan which was harboured near a small farm. It stood high and dry on a grassy knoll, and behind it the woods stretched cool and green to the dim blue distance. Thinking it might be the dwelling of some gypsy family, I approached to see if perhaps some Lavengro or Rhona Boswell were there in the flesh.

The van was locked up and there were no signs of life. No clothes-baskets, crockery-ware, nor pegs hung from beneath—sure sign of a Romany chi. In fact, the only sign of any in-dwelling, was a thin stream of grey smoke which drifted out of a flue in the roof of the van. To whom could it belong? Could it be the home of one of those unfinching servants of various propagandist societies, that zeal and lack of this world's goods drive out to convince an unbelieving world. There was no inscription over the doorway inviting the sinner to repentance—in truth, it had not the chaste look of cleanliness and piety that gospel-cars have. It might have been a "Back-to-the-Land" car, the Yellow van of Mr. Richard Whiting's novel, but for its colour. There were no signs of *The Clarion*, nor of the Tariff Reform campaign so the mystery was complete.

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Like an ardent naturalist who has discovered a rare nesting-place, I determined to await the proprietor's return and to discover his sex, genus, and variety.

I was bending down to decipher the maker's name on the axle-plate when the owner slapped me on the back. I coloured to the hair roots, and straightened myself up to look at him. He might have been thirty-five, or he might have been older. He was bareheaded, and was dressed in a suit of rough homespun such as golfers or fishermen wear. They were twinkling blue eyes that looked into mine out of a smallish sunburnt face adorned with a tawny moustache, and capped with a mop of yellow hair—a honest face with a firm intellectual mouth.

My apologies were laughingly accepted, and by way of heating coals of fire he insisted on my having tea with him. He unlocked the door and we went inside. I was set on to cut bread and butter whilst the owner washed the radishes and made the tea. Our table was a sideboard or dresser, with drawers, attached to the right-hand side of the caravan. Opposite was a

tiny kitchen range, and across the end facing the entrance were two sleeping bunks surmounted by a book-case. The books that filled it were of all sorts and sizes. They included a *Vulgate New Testament*, Froissart, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote* (he pronounced this *Don Keyvota*, by the way), *Shakespeare*, Boswell's *Johnson*, *The Origin of Species*, Nicholas Nickleby, *The Cleezer* and the *Hearth, Trill*, *The Well-beloved*, *Kipps*, No. 5 John Street, and a few musical books, Amy Fay's *Music Study in Germany* ("piffle, but interesting"), *Sandra Belloni*, *The First Violin*, Evelyn Innes, and Shaw's "Complete Wagnerite." There were many more, but these caught my eye. An old mackintosh and a deer-stalker cap hung on a peg by the sleeping-bunk, and a little clock was ticking away on the wall over the stove. It was a cosy little shanty, and the owner handed out the cups with the dignity of an Elder coupled with the grace of a German waiter.

We supped together, and he talked of many things, but quite impersonally. As the younger I listened with deference. He seemed to have no standpoint, no programme, no politics. His religion, if he had one, was broad enough to embrace a minute knowledge of Roman Catholic church music, and an acceptance of Grant Allan's "Evolution of the Idea of God." Of himself he would say nothing, and for courtesy's sake I did not labour the point. He was quite friendly with an absolute stranger, almost familiar. In fact, addressing me as "old chap," when he handed out a box of Manillas, which he said a friend had been put to considerable care to get for him. They were a box of a small consignment that had escaped being flavoured by smoke in a fire at the East India Docks, and I learned for the first time that it is next to impossible just now to get a good Manila cigar.

After tea, he handed out a napkin, and set me to work drying the cups and platters as he rinsed them in boiling water from the kettle. He was evidently as used to washing-up as he was to getting tea ready.

"You'd better stay the evening out," he said as he put the crockery in a cupboard behind the door, and, nothing loth, I agreed. We fell to talking books. He seemed to have read everything. He spoke freely, and with authority, criticising the modern school of novel-writing for its erotic tendency. He emphasised the need for selection in the choice of subjects, and said he preferred style to psychology.

"This," I thought to myself, "must surely be a novelist," but he refused to be drawn into a confession. Noticing the lack of poems in his library, I asked him if he was fond of poetry. He told me "comic poetry is the only thing in that line I can stand," and pointing to something in a baize cover, said "This is my poetry." He pulled it out. It was an Irish harp.

He threw away the stump of his cigar and began to play. He played the little green harp like a magician, as Tannhäuser perchance played to Frau Holda in the Wartburg. As he extemporised a prelude in some plaintive key, raising his fingers lightly over the strings, and tuning the harp as he

played, he explained that he could not play difficult music on an Irish harp. "It is not possible to modulate into extreme keys," he said; but I rather think this was undue modesty.

He played Bach's first Prelude, an Eastern Dance of Tchaikowski's, and Sinding's *Fühlingsrauschen*, and as he played, his eyes seemed to grow big and his face looked far away into another world. His skill was that of a master, and his expression came from the heart of a poet.

As he strummed Irish folk-songs, I was ready to shout, to wail, or to march at his bidding. This little flaxen-haired bard had me for his thrall. I have listened to virtuosity of the violin, pianoforte, 'cello, and organ, but never has music had such power over me as the throbbing and wailing of that little green harp. Were I an Irishman, that harp could lead me on to rebellion faster than ten-thousand orators.

I came away chastened, and in my marvelling, forgot to ask his name. I went up again yesterday, but the caravan had gone, and only the wheel marks remained to tell me it was not a fantastic dream.

Should the mysterious traveller see this little tribute to his peculiar genius, he will perhaps forgive a stranger's license. It is open to him to make plant with True Thomas the Kimerster—

"I ha' bargin ye up to the Throne o' God,
I ha' bargin ye meadow soil is three
I ha' bargin ye down to the Hinges o' Hell."

"And ye would make a newspaper article o' me!" The only possible reply is, that Kings of the realms of Faery should not travel about the countryside, hermitwise, in caravans.

Their place is to be housed in the drawing-rooms of those who tread on Persian rugs. And there is no excuse for caravanising in the heavy-woollen district; his proper place is Wales, where, like Sinfi Boswell, he might tune his harp at sunrise on the slopes of Snowdon, or watch for the knockers at the Swallow Falls by moonlight.

LITTLE JOHN.



Medical School Notes.

We regret to say that, as our Medical sub-editor is away on his annual eleven months' holiday, and has carefully omitted to leave his address, these notes must be held over until our next issue.