



"The Gryphon never stretcheth her wings to the south when she hath any sick fowls; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we knew them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the carities which we have now found than to the precautions which we ought to fear."—LULLY.

Vol. XIV.

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XMAS NUMBER.



OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Once more the *Gryphon* makes—we need not finish the sentence. You, our sharp and intellectual public, know it only too well. Perhaps it will be with a sense of shock that you will observe this to be our Christmas number and think that we are rather behind the times in getting out. Let us hasten to correct any such utterly erroneous impression. This is not last year's number. On the contrary, we are merely outstripping our contemporaries in the literary market. Competition is as keen in these modern days. Harmsworth and "T.P." do not get their Xmas numbers out till June, or at latest July; we of the *Gryphon* are not going to be beaten, we get ours out in February. Why should Leeds University not lead the way in something? We will lead the way. And it is because we are first in the field that we confidently ask your support.

You might, of course, connect the "recent notorious aberration" of certain members of the Editorial Staff with the curiosity of a Xmas number in February; we assure you there is absolutely no connection whatever.

We wish all our readers the merriest Xmas and desire for them that the New Year 1912 be full of unalloyed bliss.

The Editor is particularly desirous of securing good serious articles, preferably of a literary character. Comic articles should have reference to University life. Short stories and cartoons will be occasionally inserted. Contributions should be signed with a pseudonym and placed in the "Gryphon" Box. No names will be divulged.

THE UNION.

We understand that the Union have under consideration a scheme for the raising of the Union fee. We cannot see why it should not be raised to at least a guinea. We feel strongly that, if the life of the University is to grow as it should grow—and absence of growth is the surest proof of decay—some scheme whereby we shall be able to obtain Union rooms of our own, must be carried through. Any scheme which has not this object in view must be a failure. True "life" is the living at the highest capacity of all one's powers. The life of the University cannot attain its highest fulfilment without such rooms to focus that life, to bring men of every department into contact with one another, to give freedom to all to live to their highest capacity, in short, to be real rooms of union and unity.

We recently enjoyed the pleasure of going over the magnificent Union Rooms at Manchester University, which cost some £50,000. Some of this money they borrowed, some they received from men of public spirit in the city. Their fee is a guinea for the Union (in addition to which an Athletic subscription has to be paid) and the sum realized from this, together

with the profits of five thriving billiard tables, is sufficient to more than meet all expenses. Everyone is agreed as to the immense benefit which Manchester University has derived from these rooms. Liverpool, too, are ahead of us in this respect.

The objection usually urged against any scheme for raising the Union fee, is that the average man at College cannot really afford to pay any more than he does at present (it would, perhaps, open the eyes of some of the blind on the Council, who talk so glibly of the rich men's sons at College, if they would notice this reason given by many of the students themselves). Personally, we very much doubt whether this is really the case. It might mean less in cigarettes for a few; we very much doubt that. It would possibly take a year or two for it to be considered in regard to scholarships; but if it had to be considered, we feel sure authorities would soon recognise its necessity, and make allowance for it.

At Manchester the average man (that *Mlle. Noir*!) has no more to throw around than he has here, but he finds it possible not only to join the Union, but also to take his share in the Athletic life of his 'Varsity.

Again, many past students who are residents in the town, would join such a Union to enjoy the club benefits which would then be available, and in this way income might be considerably augmented.

We sincerely hope that some scheme will be pushed forward; it is fast becoming a matter of life-and-death importance.

* * *

OUR NATIONAL VALUE.

It is an extraordinary thing that in this Era of Education there should still be a large section of the public, whose views are voiced by men of official standing in the City, who fail to see the importance of Universities in the national life. And yet, it is the men and women trained in such Universities as our own who will be moulding the minds, the lives, the souls of the children of to-day, in their turn the nation of to-morrow. What of our Textile department? Our Leather department? Our Dyeing department? Are these not of paramount importance to the industries of the country? Apparently the Germans think so. As for the theory that we are all the sons of rich men, we can only gasp and perhaps harbour a vague longing to initiate a suit for libel. To all these we say, "*Come and have a look at us—and don't talk about things of which you have no knowledge.*"

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MORE INEPTITUDES.

We print a letter elsewhere from the President of the Women's Discussion Society, written, we presume, to disclaim all partisan aims on the part of the said body. It brings the tears into our eyes to have to print this, tears of wrath. The University policy in regard to partisan societies is really too absurd. The deputation which waited on the Vice-Chancellor when this same society was about to be started, was informed that the University, being supported by public money, could not allow anything partisan—except, perhaps, a Christian Union—to make use of

the college premises. But, after all, we do pay fees—though of course, that is a mere detail. Moreover, if it were possible for one school of thought to hold meetings and carry on active propaganda, it would be possible for all, and who would be any the worse off? Ought a *sister* University to exclude any side of modern life, especially a side so important as politics? Is there any other University in England which would not permit its students, if they really wished, to carry on active propaganda work? We wonder. But at any rate, this is a crowning argument for Union rooms, where a man or a woman may possess his or her soul—in peace.

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Who said the Lit. Toss "were going strong"?

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We have very great pleasure in reproducing in this issue photographs of Miss D. Kirtland, President of the Women's Representative Council, and Mr. S. C. Layzell, President of the Union, to whom we tender our best thanks for their kind permission to do so.

The brilliant work they have both done and are doing in the University, is too well known to all to need any praise of ours.

Conversazione.

The great social function of the session is rapidly drawing near, and, if new departures count for anything, the event promises to come off with the usual éclat.

There will be the usual departmental demonstrations, and this year the Dyeing and Engineering departments will be open for inspection. In the former, the demonstrations which have been so fully appreciated in the past will take place, whilst in the latter, it is expected that the diver, who should have performed two years ago, will show some wonderful feats. Professor Smithells will give a lecture on "Phosphorescence," and Professor Green one on "Primulæ, and its Transformations."

An entirely new feature is being introduced in the form of a drawing-room entertainment. The entertainer is a gentleman of exceptional abilities, and his humorous musical programme is sure to provide a pleasant diversion to those who feel disinclined to listen to the somewhat more solid, but equally picturesque lectures.

On this occasion the arrangements for the display of musical talent by students are to be modified and, it is hoped, improved. For some time past, it has been felt that the serving of refreshments in the Library, during the Concert, has proved a source of nuisance, it being far from encouraging to the artists, not to mention the disappointment of the audience, to find that their music is almost, if not completely, deafened by an incessant clattering of crockery. So, in order to mitigate this evil, it has been decided to hold the Concert in the Library as in past years, and to have refreshments served apart, in the Physics Laboratory, with Dyson's String Band in attendance.

The usual exciting Gymnastic display will be given in the Physics Laboratory under the direction of Mr. Mason Clarke. It need hardly be mentioned that, as usual, the principal attraction of the evening will be the dramatic play entitled "The Shades of Night." This part of the programme is now looked upon as a permanent item, and the fact that Mrs. Schüldkeopff is again undertaking the management is an augury for its great success.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have been invited to be present, and we understand that, if it is at all possible, the invitation will be accepted. We hope that everyone will consider it his or her duty, not only to take tickets but to support the Conversation in every possible way, and endeavour to make the function an unparalleled success.

E. A. B.
H.P.

The Yorkshireman and his Music.

"Yorkshire is the musical county; Blackshire the drunken county."—(Learners, adapted).

ONE afternoon during the Xmas season, I went to an Organ Recital given in a Town Hall not a hundred miles from Leeds. About a thousand people were there, come to hear their favourites, new and old, Bach, Handel, Lemaire, Dvorak, and the like. In the crypt below was assembled a band of 500-some children. Xmas had meant very little to many of them; bare feet, ragged clothes and pinched white faces told their tale. But for this short afternoon they were to be the guests of Santa Claus, who was to provide them with a jolly romp, and had laid in a store of treasures rich and rare.

The organist made his bow, above; Santa Claus made his entry below. The organist put on the double fortissimo and blazed away with eight fingers, two thumbs and both feet, with tuba, trumpet and open diapason. The thunders of harmony and of discord rolled round that mighty hall, and the audience sat rapt in the storm of sound. It was the fire, the thunder, and the earthquake—when lo! above it all came floating the still small voice—"Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside!" The infant choros below had begun its round of enjoyment, and what more obvious way than to "sing summat." So the youngsters, many of whom know very little of green fields, to say nothing of blue sea and sky, were bellowing out that unconscious hit. From this they passed to a declaration that the sun was shining "somewhere," and then expressed a desire to go to the Isle of Man. The organ roared; so did the children. The organist nearly tore off his hair; the children nearly tore off the roof. The organist shut up his music, and gave up the ghost; the kiddies didn't. Through the whole of an extensive repertoire of comic choruses they went, with scarce a break or breathing space. My calendar told me it was the Holy Innocents' Day, and for once it spoke the truth. But it was not the slaughter of the Innocents; it was the slaughter by them, an absolute children's victory.

I narrate this because it is but one of many instances, all of which emphasize that fundamental trait in the Yorkshireman's character: I mean his love of "practical music." Here were children from whom poverty and misery in the home, and the modulator and ear-tests in school have failed to expel that deep-rooted desire to use their voices. The Yorkshireman is miserable if others are singing and he must hold his peace. That is why he loves the service in a little country chapel, even though the first treble sings *ff* and flat throughout, though the harmonium is wheezy, and the organist cannot play in any key beyond two sharps. That is why he feels bored when he goes to a great cathedral, and stands mute listening to the beautiful blending of voices (with the tenors from Wales and the basses from the West Riding). He wants to be playing the game when he is watching a football match, and sometimes his feet go astray. It is the same spirit which impels him to sing whenever he hears the trumpet call of music.

Music is to the Yorkshireman a necessary supplement to beer and "harra." It is the coping stone to his Temple of Joy; it is a solace to sadness. In a little Yorkshire village on the night of the election, two well marked groups of people were gathered. The result was declared, and their spirits went to the poles of elation and dejection. The victors had their round of cheering, speechifying and self-congratulation, but before dispersing, they must "sing summat." So with harmony that defied even the laws of cacophony, they sang—the most doleful Sankey hymn. It was not any feeling of religious thankfulness which prompted this choice. (The drunkards usually burst out into "Lead kindly Light" on their way home.) It was simply a desire to sing something in which all could join with ease and energy. The other party had meanwhile been solacing itself at the "Puck Horse," until the eleventh hour had struck. Then gathered outside on the muddy road, they struck up that everlasting favourite, "Hail, smiling moon." The harmony was perfect, the vocal gymnastics elegantly rendered, and the general ensemble was rather that of a trained choir than of a fortuitous concourse of disappointed mortals, celebrating an election defeat.

So it has ever been, and always will be, so long as local characteristics hold their sway, and our northern climate makes strong lungs a necessity. The old gossips sang in their weak cracked voices, as they sat together on the village green, spinning the wool, or knitting the never-ending stocking. The mill-girl sings at the loom, the ploughboy in the field; the sweated worker in her den hums out some plaintive air to the accompaniment of the whirling machine. Even when he crosses the border line, the Yorkshireman goes with a song on his lips. There is a story (I vouch not for its truthfulness) of an Englishman who was sentenced to death during the Reign of Terror in Paris. As the tumbril jogged along to the place of execution, his fellows crouched down in the cart. He alone stood upright, and as Mike Gullittine came in sight, he saluted her by bursting out into an old favourite hymn, "We shall have a bright to-morrow." And that man was from Pudsey!

QUINTILIAN.

Mr. S. H. Butcher.

And our hope, our best hope, for the literature of the future is, that as the democratic movement extends and calls forth enlarged intellectual sympathies, the old Hellenic harmony may be re-established between that eternal love of beauty on which all art and literature rest, and that love of scientific truth which is the dominant mark of our own age.

THESE words, with which Mr. Butcher concludes his *Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects*, breathe the true spirit of the great scholar whose death is so widely mourned.

Mr. Butcher was at once a Greek scholar and a man of his own day. The past he valued chiefly for its bearing on the present and the future. His earliest book was no work of merely antiquarian interest, but the beautiful prose translation in which, seconded by Mr. Andrew Lang, he brought the *Odyssey* home to English readers everywhere. The rendering is so faithful that students of Homer can consult it with the utmost confidence, while those who know no Greek will find it full of an old-world grace and charm. If to-day a translator from the ancient classics is felt to be false alike to his originals and to his mother tongue unless he tries to be literary rather than barbarously literal, the happy change is largely due to the high example set by Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*. Mr. Butcher was the last man to forget that, to the best of the translator's power, literature must be transmuted into literature. To a scholar of his mental breadth there could be no arbitrary line dividing literature into ancient and modern, classical and romantic, eastern and western. Literature, at its highest, would seem to him to transcend all narrow bounds of place and time, and to realise, however faintly, the old Greek dream of an ultimate harmony between the good, the beautiful, and the true.

When he specifies the love of scientific truth as the dominant mark of our own age, Mr. Butcher does not for a moment intend to deny the same love to the ancient Greeks. He simply means that, as artists and as citizens, they tended always to look on life as a many-sided whole. His own innate grasp of fact and principle made him keenly alive to the scientific cast of the Greek mind. Like his brother Mr. J. G. Butcher, he early showed mathematical as well as classical gifts, and his solution of the geometrical problem in Plato's *Meno* is probably the best that has been offered. In editing Greek texts, he exhibited scientific care and method to the fullest extent. And he constantly dwells upon the scientific instinct of the Greeks themselves. It was, as he shows, the habit of the Greeks, when at their best, to disregard dogma and tradition, and to follow reason wherever it might lead. The knowledge they most prized was that of causes; the great aim they set before themselves was to discover the reign of law in nature. Among them, a Pythagoras would offer sacrifice to the gods in joy at a mathematical discovery; a Hippocrates would seek for natural causes in all diseases alike; a Thales, for the first recorded time in history, would predict with accuracy a total eclipse of the sun; a Xenophanes would point to the

fossil remains of plants and animals as proofs of the great changes that the earth must have undergone in the remote past; an Empedocles would foreshadow important discoveries in modern chemistry and biology. No doubt there was in such early speculations too much of brilliant guesswork, and too little of patient investigation. But this open-eyed, open-minded outlook upon nature was fresh, healthy, and full of promise for the future. And even in details the Greeks were more minutely observant than has sometimes been supposed. Homer is a poet and the earliest of poets, but he will furnish an illustration. In agreement with the Greek geographer Strabo, who lived in the time of Augustus, and with the modern French *savant* and yachtsman M. Victor Bérard, Mr. Butcher has no difficulty in showing how precise an acquaintance the poet of the *Odyssey* had with the navigation of the Mediterranean, with its winds and currents, its coasts and islands.

It is the ingrained habit of Mr. Butcher, as of the Greeks, to look at facts in relation to some larger whole. He quotes from Galen the saying that the best physician is a man of philosophic mind. He has little regard for any learning which, in his own words, holds together a mass of unrelated facts, but never reaches to the central truth of things. With Heracitus, he feels that such learning does not teach wisdom. His own broad views of life and history make themselves felt throughout his *Harvard Lectures*. Lecturing on the originality and enduring influence of Greece, in a vast continent of which the Greeks knew nothing, he imparts to his hearers just those things which really matter at all times and to all men. He lights up his main theme by contrasting Greece with two older civilisations—that of Israel, preoccupied by a great religious idea, and that of Phœnicia, devoted too exclusively to the pursuit of gain. Nothing could be more suggestive than the comparison thus drawn. In the *Harvard Lectures*, as in his writings generally, there is something fresh to reward each fresh perusal.

The same philosophic breadth of view lends distinction to the essays which bear the title *Some Aspects of the Greek Cosmos*. In the course of this volume, Mr. Butcher laments that the idea of the unity of learning—the old Greek idea embodied in the word *philosophy*—is in danger of being lost in the growing specialism of our age. Elsewhere he urges that the thoroughness of the craftsman must not lead the teacher to miss the larger relations of his subject, and to lose sight of the whole. Hence, no doubt, his own sustained and fruitful interest in the study of Aristotle, who was synoptic, and encyclopædic, in a degree impossible now that the field of knowledge has widened so enormously. Mr. Butcher's volume entitled *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art* is his most substantial work, and it will be read by scholars and lovers of literature, with never-failing stimulus and delight, for centuries to come. In one respect, the modern editor of the *Poetics* has an advantage which Aristotle did not enjoy. He can compare Greek literature with those later literatures which have produced classics of their own. This Mr. Butcher does with the greatest skill and felicity; and broad as are the

principles of the Poetics, they are made broader and sounder still when tested and revised in the light of universal literature.

Mr. Butcher has the breadth not only of the student and the thinker, but also of the citizen who can see that there is a unity of civic life as well as of knowledge. Above all things, Mr. Butcher was the English citizen of to-day. His public activities are well known and need not be enumerated; they are suggested by the names of the places where he lived and worked—Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, London, Ireland. Ancient Greece belonged, he felt, to the past—a past which, with all its greatness, had many limitations and many defects. It was for him to play his part manfully in the democratic movement of our own time. Still, that very movement would, he thought, be none the worse if it followed Greek ideals in certain ways. "We may still learn from Greek thinkers that the moral and intellectual well-being of the citizens ranks first among the ends of the State, and the wealth of nations second; that fame, empire, trade, material comforts, all must be subordinated to this paramount end. . . . Further, that while we should aim at nothing less comprehensive than the welfare of the whole people, we should not lower the level of our aim by looking only to the capacities of average humanity. . . . This lofty and ideal perfection is not to be lost sight of even by the legislator, who in this age is being driven to concentrate all his efforts on raising the level of the lowest, on bettering their material condition, on mitigating the worst forms of misery and distress, and on removing the outward incentives to crime." (*Aspects*, p. 38). The State, he thus holds with Aristotle, should exist for the sake not of mere life, but of a noble life. And it must here be added, as yet another instance of Mr. Butcher's wide range and sympathy, that he made a special study not only of Aristotle, but of Demosthenes. He can admire two Greeks so strongly contrasted as the philosopher and the statesman who in their lives covered the same sixty years (384-322 B.C.), but whose paths seem to have lain entirely apart, even if they were not themselves estranged by personal and political antipathy. He can admire alike the orator whose voice is the best voice of free Greece, and the thinker who, more than any other, gathered together and handed on the contribution made by the Greeks to modern civilisation.

In his own person, Mr. Butcher was singularly free from the characteristic failings of the scholar. No one could for a moment think of him as a dilettante, a pedant, or a recluse. His "compositions" in Greek and Latin, prose and verse, were a delight to read; but he was no elegant trifler who forgets that such exercises are at best no more than an aid to the fuller appreciation of Greek and Latin literature. He was thorough in all his work, but he steadily maintained his sense of proportion; his learning was controlled by judgment. He was at home in his library, but he lived in the world of men and loved his country with devotion. When you came to know him personally, you found that he was the kindest of men, the most human of humanists. To younger workers in the same field he was ever ready to send letters of

encouragement, conveyed in English which was as choice and delicate as his exquisite handwriting. The charm and distinction which appeared even in the least thing he wrote were but the pale reflection of his inner self; the man was finer and rarer than anything that ever came from his pen. He possessed that simplicity of character which, according to Thucydides, forms so large an element in a noble nature. Strength and gentleness alike were his. Modest as to his own powers, he had nevertheless the steadiest purpose of the man who sees his duty clearly and will follow it unswervingly. Not without a strain of that melancholy which he has noted as clouding the happiness of the earliest Greeks we know, and which must always trouble those who think and feel at all, he had yet won for himself a marked serenity and a quiet grace. It was a pleasure to watch the play of these various qualities in connection with the Classical Association, which he founded and inspired with his own strong and temperate convictions. His work for this body was, it is true, only one of his many activities; but it was work to which he freely gave of his best. He was recognised throughout as the one indispensable leader at all meetings of the Association. Whether these were held at some distant centre in the country or in his London home, he was always at his post, and always prepared to do those unsexed, humble services which mark the man whose heart is in his work. His love for the task to which he had set his hand shone with the steadiest of flames. In the midst of teeming London he could look upon the study of Greek with the wistful eye of one who distantly foresees a day when that eternal love of beauty which finds its expression in art and literature may pervade our own land and our own people, as happened once in ancient Greece, the crowning glory of whose literature seemed to him to be that "of all literatures it is at once the most artistic and the most popular." At a critical time in the history of classical learning he laboured unceasingly in order to preserve those elements of national nobility which we inherit from Greece and Rome; and so public memorial could be more acceptable to him than the steady progress of the movement which he had so much at heart. And may we not believe that, thanks to his wise and tranquillising spirit, the claims of Greek and Latin to a place in the national scheme of education are now urged with less of that exclusive arrogance which relies on mere prescription and with a clearer sense of all that these studies have meant, and may still mean, for humanity?

When he died on the 20th of December last, Mr. Butcher had not completed his sixty-first year. Some of the Greek writers whom he treasured might have said of him with truth that death found him still learning and still inspiring; or they might have seen in him a fresh proof of the fact that "those whom the gods love die young," however few or many their years may be. It is natural to feel with sorrow that, had he worked less, he might have lived longer. But he continued active till the day when his fatal illness seized him; and we cannot doubt that a man so strenuous and so ardent would have wished thus to strive till the very last and to pass on, still burning and with a brighter radiance, the torch which his hands had borne so faithfully.

W. R. R.

The Student's Complaint.

My sleeves are out at the elbows,
My breeks have a patch at the s—
These socks have a monstrous big hole in,
These boots let the wet to my feet.
My pair of gloves, well, they're odd ones,
I've worn this tie for years,
When my locks get too long to be decent,
I fetch out the garden shears.

When I have any lurch, it's at Lockhart's,
One of Yorkshire, and two penny tarts.
My Library consists of the World's Best Books,
Sold by Cassell's in sevenpenny parts.
I can't afford dances or concerts,
I buy all my books second hand,
I raised eighteen pence for the *Gryphon*,
By selling my College hat-band.

I used to think me a pauper,
But now—I daren't assert that;
I'm told that I'm petted and pampered,
I'm a bloated aristocrat.
These rags, these garments so tattered,
Shew they wealth or poverty? which?
Well, according to Cheekie Charlie,
I'm "a son of the idle rich."—*QUESTILIAN.*

Ballade of Good Resolutions.

As one by one they glide away,
The swift, sad years that are no more,
With each returning New Year's Day
I thumb dear Memory's pages o'er,
And grimly reckon up my score
Of loss and gain, of hope and fear...
And conscience asks as oft before—
"Where are the vows of yester-year?"

And I had sworn to watch and pray,
To play the game like knights of yore,
And so to bear me in the fray
That when I came to death's dim shore
I should not fear the sullen reer
Of breakers in that unknown sphere,
But still forge, fearless, to the fore—
Where are the vows of yester-year?

How vain resolves for men of clay!
The spirit, though it fain would soar,
Soon falls into the same old way,
Soon finds but dross its purest ore:
Nor is there power that can restore
The love of aims once held so dear—
Gaunt Failure drives men ever lower—
Where are the vows of yester-year?

Emoi.

Princes, if you my lay deplore,
And count my outlook weak and drear,
I have one question still in store—
Where are your vows of yester-year?

SEN DEL.

The Lit. Teas: Two Points of View.

He: O fairer of the sexes, why must you be so coy?
We earnestly assure you we intend not to annoy,
When in eager desperation we employ our simple
wiles,

And again,
But in vain,

We carry heavy tea-trays to induce your gentle
smiles.

Do not frown upon our efforts, our wish is but
to please,
To melt your icy glances we'd hold cake on
bended knees!

But it chills our youthful ardour to observe your
grim array,

And the fate
Of a plate

Is oft to be returned, to wait a more propitious
day.

She: We are sorry to disturb you, in your state of
sweet content.

But do you think the table's store for you alone
is meant?

In solid ranks

And dense phalanx,

You hem the good things in,
And only those

With hardy toes

Can "reach to and begin."

If shyness is the reason of your bashful reticence,
Or if forbidding features seem to cry "Avant!"
and "Hence!"

Let me dispel

That fear, and tell

Of maiden's modesty.

Be brave! Come near

And with fair cheer

Charm our austerity.

HERMIONE.

To a Hatpin.

I know not who thy owner was,
Nor what the hat she wore,
Nor if, in passing down the street,
She wounded many sore

With thy sharp point, To me 'tis one.
I love thee for thyself alone.
Now that thou'rt present to my eyes,
My mantel-shelf thy throne.

And this the reason: long I've sought
A fitting instrument,
With which to clean my pipe—'tis thou
That fill'st my mood, heaven-sent!

SIMPLICISSEMIUS

Christmas Gifts and How to Choose Them.

With the approach of Christmas, we have received numerous letters from our lady readers asking advice on the problem of Christmas presents, and we have decided to offer our fair petitioners an article which will, we feel sure, be much appreciated at this season.

There are several methods of choosing your Christmas presents. You may give your footman a list and your cheque book and send him to Selfridge's. This is not a course to be recommended unless your footman is a person of imagination and artistic sense, as well as of impeccable honesty. Or you may divide the number of your friends into the amount of your financial resources, and reduce your friends to their lowest terms. Again, an original way of setting about things is to write out the names of possible gifts on folded slips of paper and shake them up in a bag. Then as each is drawn out, you assign the gift on it to one or other of your friends, of course before unfolding it. This method has been proved to have the most economical results. Your outlay in Christmas presents the following year will not be nearly so heavy. You will have fewer friends.

If you prefer to follow the more orthodox fashion of going the round of the shops with a list and a worried expression, the following hints may be found useful:—

For the Head of the House.—She will like something decorative for the home. Whiteley's are showing some fascinating gorillas in glazed pottery—pink spots on a background of tender mauve, with a cute little bow of ribbon in front. Or, if her inclinations are domestic, she will be charmed by a convertible dresser, which becomes a mangle or an armchair with delightful ease and unexpectedness.

For her Husband.—If he smokes, of course give him cigars. Presuming that you have artistic tastes, there are several ways in which you may express your individuality in this gift. Choose a very pretty box—the brand does not matter—and taking the cigars out, arrange them in again on frosted cotton wool, after tying a little ribbon round the middle and both the ends of each cigar. This gives them an extremely dainty and festive appearance.

Try to suit your gift to his particular disposition. If he is melancholy by nature, a bound volume of *Poewick* will exactly fall in with his frame of mind. If he is fond of poetry, do not give him Alfred Austin—he might not care for him. It is just as well not to give him ivory-backed hair-brushes, if capsaoids and hair-drill have both proved unavailing.

For your dearest Friend.—It is not wise to choose anything too charming—you will want to keep it yourself. If she does not care for jewellery, give her a bracelet or a brooch. It is the highest duty of friendship to be strong enough to ignore your friend's small prejudices for her good. Or you will probably have some glove-boxes on hand from your Aunt's Christmas presents for the last few years. Your friend has an aunt, too, but she will like one of your glove-boxes—the photographic view on the lid will be different.

For your Brother in the Army.—Something should be chosen with a view to reminding him of the dangers of his career. *Holy Living and Dying*, bound in half morocco, will make an excellent paper-weight, when he is not reading it. Or you might send him, in a tasteful gilt frame, an illuminated card bearing the soulful words which mark the destination of the path of glory, surrounded by a chaste design of angels and yew-trees.

For Him.—If you knitted him a waistcoat last year, and he says he wears it at home, do not give him another. The last is not worn out yet. Ties are always acceptable. Do not hesitate to pick out bright shades. Remember that a tie is the only spot of colour in the sombre attire of a man. Gloves, of course, you may buy him—it is rather a good idea to have them match his socks. Do not give him patent cuff-links of a complicated type. You will find that they get lost much sooner than the ordinary ones.

The main point to remember about the giving of Christmas presents is that each gift should be chosen with the idea of impressing your good taste and originality on the recipient. Buy plenty of dainty ribbon and use it lavishly for tying round your presents. If your financial resources are limited, there are many ways in which you may eke them out. The vinegar bottles out of your old-fashioned crust make exquisite little scent-bottles. Wonders can be wrought with a potted-meat jar, or an electric light globe, and a quarter of a yard of figured silk, or with one of those brown cream jugs and a box of oils.

If you are of an inventive turn of mind, you may improve with startling success on the prosaic method of sending your presents through the post. A rather neat way of delivering them to friends who live in the same town, is to bury them in your friend's garden, and send a letter containing clue to their position. This heightens the interest to an extraordinary degree.

But above all, never choose people presents which you think you would like to have sent to you. They probably do not feel about things exactly as you do.

SANDRA.

Reflections.

- "But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone."—To the fragmentary remains of a plump padding.
- "She should have died hereafter."—On viewing the Xmas goose ready for cooking.
- "I'll cross it, though it blast me."—Preparatory to drinking blazing rum sauce.
- "It thinks too much."—Woodhouse Mose.
- "Of a certain Prod., on seeing the results of the Xmas terminab."
- "The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks."—As the rake returns home in the early hours.
- "—this blasted heath."—Woodhouse Mose.
- "Be bloody, bold and resolute."—When interviewing the V.C.
- "These are but wild and whirling words."—Monday nights at the Refec.
- "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!"—To the departing K.S.

TAN.

De Risu.

Did you ever hear the story of the hen who ate two yards of leather bootlace for her breakfast? The whole point of it lies in the fact that, having done so, she found a boot attached to the other end. She was flummoxed. Now, if one is charitable enough, it may be supposed that the idea of the look on that hen's face [by the way, what are the limits of a hen's face?] when she saw the boot will cause you to relax your customary air of dignity and sphinx-like wisdom and smile. You don't know really why you smile, do you?

There is a great difference between smiles and laughs. Laughter is evoked in males over the age of say, 18, by the hearing of a story, preferably not over delicate in sentiment. (Men were deceivers ever, you know, ladies. If woman only knows one half of man, it is tolerably certain that man knows not more than a quarter of his reciprocal.) This is the general rule, to which there are few exceptions. What exactly causes smiles in women I really cannot undertake to say. Women are strange creatures (note the originality of this remark), and the theories of mere men about them are pretty sure to be wrong. They are usually very, very reserved in man's company, although they may appear to be otherwise. (Question: How can this statement be accepted, in the light of the previous sentence?) So that it cannot be hazarded with any certainty by a male what causes women to laugh. But with smiles, the case is altered.

A smile is as different from a laugh as is *Punch* from *Sketchy Bits* or *Photo Fun* (you see the sort of thing I mean). I am sure that horses are gifted with the power of laughter. Undoubtedly this statement appears inconsequential, but it is founded on observation, deduction and instinct. If you go out on a country road in the right mood—not a Chopin or Tchaikovsky mood, but a solid John Bull "Devil take the Frenchies" mood—the sort of mood Henry was in when he wrote of the Guardsman, saying that he was a triumph.

Of British blood, and bone, and beef, and beer. (What, you don't know Henry?—go and read him!)—if you go out thus, I say, and hear a vigorous horse neigh (stallion or mare here), you must recognise some affinity between that and the laughter of Squire Western, or of Parson Swancourt in Hardy's "Pair of Blue Eyes," when he thought of some of the "terrible stories, sir" of his college days. This laugh is half marked—the peculiar property of the Briton or Colonial. Women never do laugh thoroughly—except a few, in novels. "It is so vulgar, my dears, to allow your emotions to gain absolute control of you." A discreet simper (even then quickly repressed) is the most ladylike way of showing pleasure.

A laugh has always vocal accompaniment in some form; a true smile, never. Laughter is caused only by *impacts* of humour; a smile is evoked only by rapiers of wit, spear shafts of humour. (Let us hope that no one has laughed at anything in this rambling essay). So, you see plainly, laughter is essentially a more carnal expression of humour than is the smile. Still, it is not a thing to be repressed or shunned as

though it were a wife of Satan. What an effect the repression of laughter would have on our pantomime artists! They would think they were playing to a company of owls. Again, if we University students did not let loose our laughter, Professor Connal would quickly die of a broken heart—What an awful idea! By the way, does Professor Rogers ever laugh? I have never seen him do so; but, then, I have never penetrated into his bachelor retreat. Still, Maths. and Music do not seem to tally with broad humour very well.

I started off with the idea of showing what caused you to smile (always supposing that you are not a hypochondriac) at the story of the hen. Like the hen, I have got more than I can consume in one attempt. Possibly I shall be able to say at some future time, in the words of the seer—

"The wheel is come full circle; I am here!"
EOTEN.

To C.P.S. Reflections.

O Epicure, O Engineer,
A cruel thing it is to sneer
At simple life, but O the cut—
The most unkindest—"Monkey Nut"!

Were that the one provision sent
From Heaven, the phrase "a discontent
Divine," might border on the sane—
O let it rest still gloriously insane!

Seek not to dash a rising reputation
By giving senseless things an explanation,
To paint the lily the true artist loathes—
"Eighteen and sixpence for a suit of clothes"!

And please, Ignoré—don't think I'm impetive—
But did the old Greek's barrel fit him tight?
If it hung loose, Great Scott, he'd look a curio—
And "through the deep stormy winds" would blow.

But, seriously, the simple life be mine,
For when for more than cottage love I pine,
When discontent my little breast shall fill,
C.S., I'll use thy "Simple Liver" pill.
C. DE BEYT.

Revised Versions.

WHEN the English get to Heaven, they'll immediately proceed to put the whole concern on a sound business footing.

There is one enemy that Democracy can never conquer—itsself.

There is nothing new under the sun; but many things are better second-hand.

We used to be a nation of shopkeepers; now we've retired.

SIMPLICASSINUS.

Our Interviews.

Our reporter has interviewed various leading lights of the University on the question of "What's wrong with the Varsity?" The following is the gist of the replies. In case of legal difficulties, we have preserved the shorthand notes.

The V.C.: Gentlemen (this, to the Clerk and myself), the great drawback in our University is the fact that we are unable to exercise any effective supervision over the morals and conduct of our students. I have steadily refused to sanction any function which would keep our students out at a very late hour. I hope, in a short time, to be able to present to the Senate a plan whereby we shall be able to receive from all registered landlords monthly reports as to the goings-in and comings-out of our students. (The Clerk smiled and cast down his eyes. He evidently knows something about the plan.)

Prof. S.: The University is suffering from a chronic state of impunctuality. The finest thing the University ever did was the institution of the Domestic Science Course. It is more important than all the Arts Departments put together.

Prof. G.: I really don't know much about the subject. I am afraid I am not qualified to give any opinion on the matter. (I have, most unfortunately, left my Platsch at home!) You probably know more about it than I do. That great and sweeping reforms must take place in the organisation and work of the University seems to me to be inevitable. But we must proceed with caution and care. As to whether these reforms will materially increase the prosperity and standing of the University who shall say? Time alone can show.

Prof. V.: The efficiency of the University as a whole cannot be criticised. But there is one department which I have in mind which is an old fraud. (The worthy Professor could not be induced to indicate what department he had in mind.)

Prof. W.: To a lecturer who has a good deal of important matter to lay before the class, late-coming on the part of the students is extremely annoying. With it I can couple the staying away for very slight and insufficient reasons. I was shocked when I discovered that the lady students of a modern University require to be treated with courtesy and respect. It is a survival of the chivalric conceptions prevalent in the Middle Ages, and in my opinion the least beneficial survival. The acute scholastic philosophy, the sense of real religion, the idea of the common brotherhood of man, the excellent educational organisation we have lost, and have only preserved this silly idealising of womanhood.

Miss R.: Far from thinking that the relations between the male and female students are not sufficiently close, I am certain that they are too intimate. The lady students are young and a little flighty. They tend to forget what is becoming to a lady. And my most unpleasant, but necessary, duty is to keep reminding them of this.

Mr. B.: There can't be much good stuff in the students we have up here. Ten out of every twelve can't discriminate between Polynætry and Chamberlin.

Set Doc.: The male students are too shy. There ought to be more intimate relations between the male and female students. I am sure the lady students will receive all advances with supreme graciousness. (Oh!—Ed.)

A Typical Type: Nowt.

J.W.C.: Respectability and sound political principles find no home in the University. The ladies are all suffragettes, without a spark of womanliness in them. The men are all either Radicals or Socialists. A sound through-going Conservative is wonderfully rare. It can come to no good, Sir, it can come to no good.

Mr. A.J.M.: Students generally find lectures extremely boring. There is not sufficient humour and wit in them. I was talking the other day to an elderly gentleman who was telling me of an old tutor of his who used to teach more by means of humorous lectures than by his more serious efforts. I myself aim at interspersing my humorous sayings with a good deal of serious matter.

Capt. K. CL.: Of course, I can say very little of the University as a whole. I can only speak of the O.T.C. I am thoroughly proud of them. There is only one fault I have noticed in them. It came out with peculiar force in camp. The students are too effeminate in their expressions and general talk. They never seem to forget that they are not common soldiers, but future officers, gentlemen, and members of a famous University. After all, a good sound oath eases the burden of a stiff march.

Professor ambulans loquitur.

A certain Professor has recently been heard to recommend the repetition of Horace's Odes as a cure for insomnia.

"Three times I've sung thee, dulce decum meum,
That sixteenth ode, yet still thou art awake!
'Subjectis Parthis' fails to interest thee:
What blessed ode will soothe a stomach ache?
Sleep seems not cots of men who know no Horace.
What soothing secret have ye country swains?
Oh, for the power of burbling chopped-up language
That would assuage this tiny infant's pains!
Dull care, my darling, sits behind the horseman,
(That only seems to fetch another wall)
Non semper imbres, baby, try a chuckle,
Quid tristes? What can sad laments avail?
Deinde, at length, its wailing sinks to whispers
Like gentle wind in Tempe's valley blest;
On the horizon the first streaks of daylight—
The Muses love me, I at length shall rest."

Boucure.

The Ballad of Sir Bonnoibois.

The Seneschal at Camelot gazed out at early morn,
He gave a shout, and quickly bade the watchman
wind his horn,

For through the port and up the street
There sped a runner, running fleet.
They took the castle's drawbridge down, and took the
fellow in,

They gave him mead and sack and ale, and soon he did
begin
To tell in sobe his urgent quest,
And pity filled each knightly breast.

"Within the land of Westermesse my master dwells—
a knight,

A daughter passing fair has he, and Hildegard she
hight.

A wizard wooed—she spurned his hand.
He bore her off, back to his land.
And in the land of Lyonesse he holds her fast in thrall,
A dragon he is changed to be, and guards his magic
hall.

Full many a knight hath fared to strive
For her, but none returned alive."

Sir Bonnoibois was young and brave, Sir Bonnoibois was
gay.

"Lead on, Sir Varlet, Sirrah, lead; come, back and
let's away!
Base is the knight who picks and chooses
The tasks which chivalry imposes."

Sir Bonnoibois was young and brave, Sir Bonnoibois was
gay.

"Go, varlet, to the cave's dark mouth and fling a
stone, I pray,
Perchance the worm will venture out
To try conclusions. If so, shout!"

Sir Bonnoibois stood lance in couch beneath a bosky
tree,

But ne'er a shout came from the cave, no varlet could
he see.

He little thought the worm would fight
And rend, and kill, and eat, a wight
Of lower order than a knight.

He shook his sword, he couched his lance, he cantered
free and fast,

And, halting by the cavern's mouth, he blew a mighty
blast.

"Come forth, thou spawn of Hell, and die,
For here, Sir Bonnoibois, stand I!"

And from the pit's black slime crept out a coil of
wondrous size,

Which spouted sulphur from his throat and lightning
from his eyes.

His coils were clad in scaly mail,
He roared and lashed his serpent tail.
And gnashed his teeth. The knight turned pale.

"Now, by the Saints! My bonny steed, fear not, 'tis
naught." Alas!

The steed hath shied and plunged and thrown the
knight upon the grass.

And, crawling o'er the blasted plain,
The dragon comes to slay the slain.

But upleaps brave Sir Bonnoibois all reckless of his woe,
And grasps his spear with both his hands, and bounds
towards his foe.

The dragon opens wide his jaws,
Sir Bonnoibois hath given him pause.

For down the lingworm's fiery throat he thrusts his
trusty dart.

And, whirling free his sword, he sticks the monster to
the heart.

Out from the death-wound spouts a flood
Of evil-smelling, hell-black blood.

Exultant now he presses on to free the damsel fair,
Adown the cavern's noisome slime he gropes towards
the lair.

And in the evil, murky shade
Perceives the woeful, captive maid.

"My hero, saviour, husband, lord!" She sank upon
his breast.

He whispered soft, sweet words of cheer, and on her
lips he pressed

A tender kiss. He held her tight,
And led her gently to the light.

"Woe worth the hour! Oh! cruel light! Now
sun, put out thy fires!"

The knight gives one despairing glance, and then
almost expires.

For she was angular and plain,
And ne'er would see her youth again.

His chin dropped down, and eke his hands. He knew
not what to say.

"My lord, my love, my debt to thee how can I e'er
repay?"

Knight, I have riches, gauds and lands.
Haste, fetch a priest to join our hands."

"I wis, in sooth, a fair conceit! Fair lady, I am
gone."

"What! not a kiss before we part?" But Bonnoibois
hath won

The back of his white Arab steed.
And pricketh o'er the grassy mead.

Now marvel old and young who read this true and
touching story,

And mark how callid Bonnoibois forewent much
knightly glory.

For Hildegard had charms in plenty,
And as for age, she was not twenty.

But when the latest drop was spilt of all that curdled
gone,

Her beauty straight came back again fairer than e'er
before.

The knight to flee was far too willing.
The dragon's blood had not done spilling.

For dragons take a lot of killing.

Another knight soon came along and begged her for
his wife.

She married him, and they enjoyed a fairly happy
life.

But Bonnoibois, within a year,
Died from an overdose of beer.

LITTLE JOHN.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,

Owing to a deplorable lack of information regarding the forthcoming Conversatz we are led—as mere Freshers, seekers after truth—to ask these questions:—

IS IT TRUE THAT—

(i.) Dress (evening) is a *sine qua non*? And does this mean that we shall be compelled to leave behind our pale mauve socks? And further, in view of the movement towards a simpler method of adornment, as foreshadowed above, we must also appear with our hair unfriized?

(ii.) Professor Be-gg will discourse on the solubility of gases in liquids, and will show how P.O.P. becomes effervescent when released from pressure? Will the learned Professor, passing from the known to the unknown, put forward a theory, as to why a third year man is more effervescent than a Fresher? Perhaps this is too obvious to require explanation.

(iii.) The Engineers are giving a Whistling Concert in the Drawing Office, in preparation for which momentous effort, they are on a strict diet of Spratt's Selected Canary Seed? What action will the H.P. take to prevent this blatant exhibition of a most pernicious habit?

(iv.) Prof. R-g-rs will demonstrate how many beans make five (with proofs from infinity); or will he give a short exhibition of artistic poses (con expressione)?

(v.) Freshers will not be allowed to chaperone more than three girls at once?

(vi.) Prof. B-ne will allow his "Performing Gramme-molecules" to entertain us in the "Mysterious Ayther."

(vii.) The medical staff will enlighten us as to the nature of Moll-et's Simple Liver PILLS, and if not, why not?

(viii.) That the Staff of the Physics Lab. have arranged for an eclipse of the moon, as a prelude to the "Shades of Night"?

(ix.) In the course of his lecture—knowing as we do his strong aversion to sensational experiments, Prof. Sm-th-ls will drink quantities of liquid air? How many glasses can he take without mutilating "truly rural"? Also is the aforesaid liquid diluted with a lemon—to render it more palatable?

Thanking you in anticipation for your esteemed reply,

We remain,

Yours truly,

THE PURPLE GRAPES.

[We think our correspondents are distinctly in the "freshet" stage—green grapes in fact. Unfortunately we are not "in the know" ourselves. We advise, in classic phrase, that you "wait and see."—Ed.]

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I am asked to correct a misapprehension which has arisen in certain quarters as to the aims and objects of the Women's Discussion Society. It is not a Suffragette Society, nor are its discussions in any way limited to political questions. It is a society for the discussion of social and political questions affecting women, and all points of view are to be welcomed. The Society only draws the line at the discussion of defunct problems. In these it has no interest. It owes its birth to the new keenness of enquiry which has arisen in regard to all questions relating to women's social and political work in the broadest sense. The only novelty about it apart from this (if indeed it can be called a novelty) is the fact that it follows in the way so admirably led by the more general Society for Social Study in seeking well-informed and, where possible, expert opinion on any subject which may arise.

Yours very truly,

A. M. COOLE, Chairman.



Debating Society.

THE first debate of the term and year was held on Monday, January 23rd, at the usual time and place. The motion before the house was "That some return to a simpler life is desirable." Result—The motion carried, 23-20.

Miss Briggs, in an eloquent and humorous speech, proposed the motion. Her delivery was clear, and the matter of the speech was interesting, though it must be confessed that, in her anxiety to say what the Simple Life was not, she told us little of what it was.

Mr. Cowling, who opposed the motion, made much of this point, and entertained us, while disclaiming any such intention, with a paradox of the first water; for, said he, the so-called complexities of modern life really are making for its simplicity, and it is the "divine discontent" which urges us in this direction and gives rise to a cry for a return to the Simple Life.

Mr. Moffat seconded Miss Briggs in a speech which we could all hear. He drew a vivid contrast between "love in a cottage" and the life of the musical comedy "dude," somewhat exaggerating each life.

Miss Garton was as clear and concise as usual: she made several good points and hit the nail on the head when she remarked that it is happiness at which point progressive civilisation is aiming. Speakers should try and follow her example, and make few points, but drive them home.

Miss Caldwell and Messrs. Sweeting, Thomas, Wilson, Worsnop, Carter and Peacey also spoke, and the house then adjourned.

Private business preceded the debate, and two subjects for discussion were proposed.

On Friday, 20th, we sent nine delegates to the Manchester Inter-Varsity Debate. They were excellently entertained, and enjoyed several good speeches during the course of the debate.

B. W. P., Hon. Sec.

The Literary and Historical Society.

THE last session has been a most successful one for the Literary and Historical Society, for there has been a marked increase in the number of members as compared with last year. The meetings are held once a fortnight, on Monday, when tea is provided in the Rectory at 5 p.m., followed by the reading of papers on subjects of Literary and Historical interest.

At the opening meeting on October 10th, Mr. Seymour-Jones gave an illuminating account of Welsh Nationalism.

On October 24th, Mr. Ure, with the aid of a number of interesting slides, initiated us into the delights of "Excavating a Greek Cemetery."

An open meeting was held on November 4th, when Professor Garstang, of Liverpool, with his wonderful store of first-hand knowledge, gave a lecture on the "Hittites"—a revelation to most of us, who knew absolutely nothing of this curious people of antiquity. This paper was also illustrated by slides.

Interesting and instructive papers were also read by Mr. A. Birtles, B.A., on "Some Aspects of Life in England in the 14th and 15th Centuries"; Miss M. Wilson, B.A., on "Charles Lamb"; and Miss G. M. Dearden, on "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth."

The first meeting this term was held on January 15th, when Dr. Denis Gwynne, M.A., told the dramatic story of "Maidame de Staël and Napoleon." A discussion followed, in which Mr. Gillespie and Dr. Moorman took part.

D. WALLACE, Hon. Sec.

The L. U. R. F. C.

December 10th.

8. HUBBERSFIELD OLD BOYS.

This match was played at home without Layzell, Marriott, Partridge, Walter, Robinson and Atkinson, and resulted in a win for the "Varsity by 2 tries (6 pts.)—nil.

January 21st.

6. WAKEFIELD.

Played away without Layzell, Ford and Bruce-Clarke.

For most of the first half we were on their "25," owing to good kicking out on the part of the forwards, and good passing among the "outsides," and were distinctly unlucky in not scoring several times. Wakefield broke away just before half-time and scored a try which they converted. In the second half the forwards allowed the usual two or three men to do most of the work unsupported, and the packing was not nearly so good. From a penalty kick against Wakefield, Bodin scored for Leeds. Our opponents then adopted "kick and rush" tactics, and scored three tries in quick succession, one of which was converted. Just on time, Robinson getting the ball at half-way, put in a grand run down the field, and a fine bout of passing between him and Partridge, sent Exley over with a good try at the corner. The kick at goal fell just short. Wakefield thus won by 16 pts.—6.

Leeds were far the better team all through, and the improvement in the play of the "backs" was as marked as it was welcome in view of the Manchester match on February 1st. But our inability to stop rushes was too painfully conspicuous.

SECOND XV.

9. KIBESTALL.

This match was played at home on January 21st, and resulted in a win for Leeds by 25 pts.—nil. The forwards played a keen game, and the passing of the "backs" was very good.

Women's Discussion Society.

THE Society intends to hold three meetings this term and to organise one excursion. On Thursday, 2nd February, a subject of a lighter nature than that of the topics usually dealt with in the Society is to be discussed, when Miss Major will read a paper on "George Meredith as a delineator of the modern woman." The question of "Girls' Clubs" is to be treated on Thursday, 29th February, by Miss Crumpton, who is a well-known authority on the subject, and on Thursday, 16th March, Miss Maynard will read a paper on "The Conditions of Women's Work in Factories." In connection with this last discussion, the Society towards the end of this term intends to arrange an expedition under the guidance of Miss Maynard to one of the local factories, in order to obtain first-hand knowledge of the conditions of factory life. It is hoped that as many women-students as possible will take advantage of this opportunity of gaining an insight into the conditions of life and work around us.

J. C.

Cavendish Society.

THE fourth meeting of the session was held on Tuesday, January 17th, when Mr. E. A. Bearder, B.Sc., read a paper on "Fluorescence," Prof. Bragg presiding.

After a short introduction, fluorescence was discussed first from a purely physical standpoint, and later with reference to the constitution of fluorescent bodies. It was pointed out that fluorescence was generally the result of degradation of light waves from a higher to a lower degree of refrangibility, and allusion was made to instances which were apparently anomalous. The connection between fluorescence and phosphorescence was dealt with. The fluorescence of anthracene vapour was shown, and fluorescent and phosphorescent bodies were exhibited.

Allusion was made to Meyer's "fluorophor" theory of fluorescence, which, although it explained many points, was not perhaps so acceptable as Hewitt's theory of "Oscillatory Tautomerism," which presupposes symmetry in the molecule of a fluorescent body, and a rapid vibration between two similar, but opposite, molecular configurations.

The paper contained an allusion to the effect of substitution upon fluorescence, particularly in the fluorescein series, and concluded with a reference to the possibility of ultimately arriving at some kind of vibration theory of fluorescence.

At the conclusion of the paper, Prof. Bragg made reference to the electron theory of fluorescence, and suggested that possibly the electron theory and the theory of oscillatory tautomerism, might only be different ways of interpreting the same ideas.

Prof. Green and Mr. Hickson took part in the discussion.

A. A.

O. T. C.

IN connection with the O.T.C. Route March on Sunday, January 29th, one member of the Corps was asked if he was going. "No," said he, "I object on principle!"

In case this remark was overheard, I hasten to state that this is not the spirit of the Corps. Those members of the O.T.C. who are going on the Route March, place sufficient faith in Major Kitson Clark to know that he will not allow anything to happen that would corrupt the morals of one of us, or tarnish any of our consciences.

Mr. Ellis used to tell us that one of the great benefits of a University education was that it broadened one's mind. Apparently this man is too much of a narrow minded bigot for it to have had any effect. We believe, however, that he has a great future before him if he likes to take some advice. He should agitate for an International Congress to enquire into the morals of warfare and to arrange that, in future, during war time, Sunday shall be reserved as a day of rest and recuperation for all engaged.

Until this has been arranged, the O.T.C. as a body, see no reason to differentiate between the days of the week used for useful training.

Tim.

Education Society.

THE second meeting of the Society was held on Friday, December 6th, in the Education Room, Mr. W. P. Wulpton in the chair. Mr. E. T. White, Mus.Doc., of the Goldsmith's Institute, London, gave a most interesting sketch of the development of music. He showed the evolution of the various elements in modern music, i.e., melody, harmony, rhythm, etc., and illustrated his remarks throughout by examples played on the piano.

The third meeting was held on Friday, January 20th, in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre, when Mr. E. H. Howard, of Scarborough, gave an excellent description of York Minster, laying especial emphasis on the decorative element in its architecture. The lecture was illustrated throughout by a series of admirable lantern slides.

ANNUAL REUNIONS.

The Annual Reunion of the Old Students' Association (Women), the University Day Training College Club (Men), and the Education Society, took place on Saturday, December 17th, 1920. A full programme was provided, beginning with a Football Match, Past 2. Presents, played in miserable weather. The Past 2 were victors by 2-0. The ladies then adjourned for tea in their Common Rooms, whilst the men did justice to an excellent dinner at the Refectory. In the evening, a social was held in the Refectory, and was a pronounced success. The number of old students present was considerable, whilst the present students made a good muster, in spite of the excuse pleaded by so many that they were working for terminals.—This on Saturday night!!

An excellent musical programme had been arranged, including pianoforte selections by Miss G. Walker and Mr. T. J. Hoggett, a violin solo by Miss N. Makinson, songs by Misses J. Davison, B.Sc., and M. Cousen, Messrs. E. R. Maude, F. A. Hyde, B.A., G. L. Shaw, and R. W. Hutchinson, B.A.

Q.

Textile Association.

On Tuesday, December 6th, Ald. B. Broadbent delivered a lecture on "The treatment of Trade Effluents for Profit and for Rivers Purification."

Prof. Smithells was in the chair.

On Tuesday, January 24th, a lecture was delivered on "The treatment of Wool, also of Cotton and Wool mixed, on the French System, with a brief description of the Machinery used," by Mr. J. E. Leigh Tatham, of Messrs. Platt Bros. & Co. Ltd., Oldham.

Chairman, Mr. F. R. Rhodes.

STUDENTS' SECTION.

On Tuesday, December 6th, a paper was given by Mr. W. A. McEvel on "Irish Linen." This lecture was illustrated by various examples of linen yarns and fabrics.

On Tuesday, January 24th, Mr. R. Krishna read a paper on "The Textile Industry in India, with special reference to Woollens." Mr. Krishna showed various samples of Indian wool and fabrics.

W. A. McE.

The Leeds University Christian Union.

IN pursuance of a policy of closer co-operation between the Men's and Women's Christian Unions than there has been in the past, the social side of the Christian Union expressed itself on Friday, January 20th, in the form of a Joint Musical Evening. Although the date was unfortunate for so many students who had not yet finished their Christmas festivities, the labours of the Committee in charge of preparations were amply rewarded. General opinion accorded the evening a great success. There was not the feeling of stiffness which sometimes marks our mixed gatherings.

In the unfortunate absence of Mr. S. C. Layzell, owing to illness, Mr. R. N. Bland occupied the chair. When one remembers the invaluable services that Mr. Bland has done the Christian Union, and how much its progress is due to the quiet, persistent and downright solid work he did last session, the honour was very fitting.

A glance at the programme is sufficient to assure one of the quality of the musical part of the evening. The tone and feeling of Mr. E. Cross' singing, the vigour and ability of Mr. J. Cryer's, and the richness and finish of Miss J. Anderson's are well known. Mr. C. Maude, although hampered by a cold, sang well, and Miss M. Varney again delighted us. Rather a surprise was sprung upon us when Miss I. C. Major introduced Votes for Women in a recitation having the apparently harmless title of "The Sand Castle." Instrumental music, in the form of a violin solo by Miss N. Makinson, brought the first part of the programme to a close, just as it had begun it in a pianoforte solo by Mr. B. A. Pickett.

After the refreshments, the second part of the programme began with two admirably rendered pianoforte solos by Miss E. Walker. Later, Miss D. Kirtland caused much amusement by her account of the four peculiar Miss Wilkeses.

On the more serious side, no less than on the social, the Christian Union has begun the term well. Missionary and Social Study circles have been arranged under enthusiastic leaders, a list of whom, and their times of meeting has been placed on the notice board. Study books have been chosen which are sure to attract the interest of students. Each circle has selected its own book from the following:—"The Decisive Hour of Foreign Missions," by J. R. Mott; "The Uplift of China," the "Reproach of Islam" and "Social Reclamation," by Malcolm Spencer, and the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commissioners.

W. P.

The Leeds University Lacrosse Club.

THE club can look back on the first half of the season's play with satisfaction. Five matches have been won to four lost.

A. Hamilton has been chosen to play for the County v. Lancashire, at Ilkley, on February 4th, and his position in the team is a thoroughly well deserved one.

We are looking forward to the support of C. B. S. Allott, an old Cambridge player, and of J. A. Hartley, of Woodhouse Grove.

A fresh interest this term is the competition for the Yorkshire Flags, in which the team takes part. The first preliminary round is fixed for February 25th, when the University meet Halifax at Halifax.—S.

Social Study Society.

THE third meeting of the Social Study Society for the current session was held on Tuesday, January 24th. In the absence of the President, Mr. H. C. Papezeth took the Chair. The lecture was given by Mr. W. H. Perkins, M.Sc., who took as his subject, "Tariff Reform and Socialism," and discussed the merits of each from the point of view of taxation. He disliked the method of taxation advocated by the Tariff Reformer, firstly, because it was "indirect," and secondly, because, whilst leaving the rich of our own country entirely unmolested, it indiscriminately taxed both the rich and also the poor of other nations.

On the other hand, the Socialist principle of taxation—which Mr. Perkins described as "the official method of taxation adopted by the Liberal Party, and not any wild method which advocated the cutting of great slices of wealth from any who happened to possess it"—was both "direct" and graduated according to circumstances.

After the address, a discussion followed, in which Miss Caldwell, Mr. Carter and Mr. Harding took part. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Perkins for his excellent address.

The next meeting of the Society will be held on Thursday, February 9th, when a lecture will be given on "Industrial Peace," by Mr. George Thomson, Mayor of Huddersfield.

H. C. P.

Agricultural Society.

THE fourth ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, November 30th, Professor Seton in the chair, and twenty-five members were present.

Mr. Wilkinson moved "That an alteration in the fiscal policy of the country is necessary in the interests of the farmer." Mr. Wallbank opposed the motion. A discussion followed, after which the vote was put to the meeting, which resulted in 20 in favour of the motion and 20 against.

The fifth ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, December 14th, when Dr. Crowther read an interesting paper entitled "Agriculture in Hungary." The paper was written by Mr. Layzell, but the latter was unable to be present owing to illness.

The attendance was only moderate.

The sixth ordinary meeting was held on Wednesday, January 11th, when Mr. Layzell, in the chair, called upon Mr. Paynter to read his paper entitled "Milk, its production and management." The writer of the paper dwelt in an efficient manner upon factors which influenced the milk supply on farms, and suggested methods of better management of milk, with reference especially to the retailing of milk in towns.

The paper was followed with great interest by the members present.

R. W. H.

In a Tea Room.

Harry—

Tell me my fault : my memory grows fainter ;
Your beauty dazzles ; how can I reflect ?
Lady of language, wonderful wood-painter,
Reveal your talent in a retrospect.

Marguerite—

You're quite absurd, Sir—equally annoying ;
Satire is futile, clumsily employed ;
And your considered compliments are cloying—
Gave them to Mabel, she'd be overjoyed . . .

Harry—

Light flashes through my cave of understanding,
Ripples of truth disturb my ignorance :
Was it when I was diffidently handing
Ice to Mabel at the Tompkins' dance ?

Marguerite—

Ice to Mabel ? What is there surprising
About such simple acts of courtesy ?

Harry—

Alas, my Marget, how your rage is rising !
And see the frigid menace in your tea !

Marguerite—

Let it get cold ! . . . I'll drink when I'm inclined to !
And I'm not angry as you seem to think ;
Though you're so foolish, really I've a mind to . . .

Harry—

And when you are, my dearest, tip the wink.

Marguerite—

Why are you always [it's no use denying]
Monopolising Mabel when you meet ?

Harry—

Why are you always eloquently sighing
Regrets for Richard in his far retreat ?

Marguerite—

I don't regret . . . what right have you to say so ?
Dick was a friend—platonic as a priest !

Harry—

Yet I was glad when on the " Oreoso "
He sailed to serve his country in the East.

Marguerite—

Did you consider Dick, then, as a rival,
That you were happy when the coast was clear ?

Harry—

It comes to this—ahem—well—the survival
Of—hoerid word—the fittest—and I'm here.

Marguerite—

So you're not really hankering for Mabel ?

Harry—

No ; but I'd like a little more to eat.

Marguerite—

Well, there are many dainties on the table.

Harry—

And at the table dainty Marguerite.
W.K.S.

What became of the Mistletoe.

It was a splendid mistletoe bough. Its twigs were silver white. Its leaves were smooth and curly, and green, green as the birch fronds that wave like maiden-hair ferns in the springtime. And its berries were like huge round pearls. The blackbird told the thrush it was the clumpest mistletoe he had ever seen, and that as it was a mild winter he proposed finding a mate to nest there without delay. But his deep-laid plans were frustrated. A wood-cutter saw the mistletoe gleaming green on the oak, and cut it down. This was a fortnight before Christmas. On the first possible day, he took a market-ticket at a reduced fare and brought it to Leeds. There he sold it to a postillion for 3s. 6d. Once in the shop, it was divided into three sprigs, and sold for half-a-crown a sprig.

The first sprig of mistletoe was bought by a story-teller. He carried it home, and hung it on the chandelier. That evening as he paced his floor, the mistletoe heard him ask : " What shall I write about this Christmastide ? I am sick of giving them sloppy love tales and sensational stories of crime " with a strong human interest. " I will be myself for once. I feel within me the poet's soul. Glorious Hans Christian Andersen ! I will make a beautiful tale like one of yours. I will tell them of the love of Baldur and Freia. How, as the fair and stalwart Baldur sat with the rosy Freia beneath an oak, the mistletoe stooped down in pity to whisper to him that alone of all created things he had not been asked to swear to bedridden Baldur ; but that truly he was his friend. Yet Baldur heard him not, for as his olive-green leaves brushed between the faces of Baldur and Freia, they turned their faces towards each other to see what touched them, and when their faces turned, their lips met in one long ecstatic kiss. And thus, through the mistletoe, the first kiss was born. How Freia parted her necklace of pearls amongst the twigs of the mistletoe and gave it berries, for formerly it had none ; and how Baldur gave to the mistletoe the magic endowment that what loving pair soever should be beneath it, straightway they should desire to kiss. All this I will tell in my most poetic style, and the critics shall say that a new prose poet has come amongst men."

He wrote the story, and sent it to the publishers. A fortnight later it came back with a note asking if he had been ill at Christmas. " Send us some more in your usual vein, with a strong human interest " the note said. He sighed, and taking down the mistletoe from the chandelier, threw it in the fire along with the story.

The second sprig of mistletoe was bought by a certain professor of Classics. It arrived at his suburban villa on the second evening before Christmas, along with sundry packages groaning with good things. The learned professor was seated in the bosom of his family, thoroughly happy in the knowledge that the

pale of examination books in his study would not get marked until the beginning of next term. The harmony of the triad was first spoiled by a maid's announcement that the parcels had arrived. He protested against his wife's departure, but she insisted on giving instructions to the servants about them. She went, and left him in charge of the baby. At first it behaved like a model baby, for he grinned at it and winked—and he really looked nice when he grinned and winked. The trouble began when he took a little volume from the inside pocket of his jacket, and began to read aloud.

"O matre pulchra filia pulchrior!"

You must pardon him. He didn't understand baby-talk, and this was his invariable method of amusing the baby, and himself. But to-night baby refused to be put off with Horace. She insisted that all his interest and attention should be given to her. I blush for her, but the truth must be told. She wept, "Non Dindymene, non adytis qualet," he read on, but before he had got to "Tristes ut irae," his class of one was in a state of thorough insubordination. "Tush! little girl," he said coaxingly,

"Irae Tayesten exitio gravi

Stravere," etc.

Now whether it was the moral instruction contained in these verses, or whether it was an angular article of coral with bells on, which he discovered lurking in an arm chair, I know not; but the storm subsided, and he finished the ode in triumph.

"Nunc ego mitibus

Amare quæro tristia, dum mihi

Fias recantatis amica

Opprobriis animique reddas."

There was the happiest scene when his wife returned. "If you can tear yourself away from Horace to talk to me, dear," she said, "look what a splendid bunch of mistletoe!" And she held it up. He rose with his precious burden (the baby—not Horace) and kissed first his wife and then their "filia pulchrior" beneath the mistletoe.

The third and last sprig of mistletoe remained at the shop unsold. High aloft it hung from day to day, and the stock of turkeys and geese and hares and partridges dwindled and dwindled until only two turkeys and six partridges were left. The rest had gone to the refrigerator until their time to be bought should come, and still the bunch of mistletoe hung on the front of the shop and waved in the raw winter-wind. An old bachelor saw it. "Bless me!" he said, "that's mistletoe. I forgot to buy any this Christmas. Well, it's not much use buying any now. My mistletoe days are gone." But the sight of the bunch of mistletoe tugged so much at his heart that morning, that, when he arrived at his office, he wrote out a cheque for—no, I shan't tell you how much—and sent it to a fund for shoeless children, and he didn't mind a bit when they merely sent him a curt acknowledgment. In the evening a city clerk and a shop-girl passed by the bunch of mistletoe. He was pale and rather shabbily dressed. She was neat, if her clothes were not expensive; you see, shop-girls have to look neat. As they passed beneath the mistletoe the same thought seemed to strike both of them. At any rate, their eyes met, and she blushed—a very

weak blush it was, for of course it is unladylike to blush. He smiled, a satisfied grim smile, and when they came to the suburb where she lived, well, it was a dark night and nobody ever saw, except the sleepy old moon, and he only laughed—they pretended that the mistletoe was there. They stood quite a long time whispering together, because after all, proposing isn't a thing you can do in a hurry, and he made an awful mess of it; but when she finally went in, and her father said, "Charlotte, you are late again. I will not have these nightly carryings-on with young Smith. Tell him from me that he is to cease to meet you." She answered blushing, but proudly, "Father, Mr. Smith and I are engaged." "Ugh!" he grunted, "then tell him to call round here to-morrow."

And, although the shopman threw the mistletoe into the dust cart, it didn't mind. It felt it had justified its existence.

Epitaph of Latin Language.

Here rests her head in room one thirty four,
A foe to metals and to mines unknown,
Though textiles frowned upon her ancient lore,
Professor Connal marked her for his own.

Dry were her text-books and her notes verbose;
Gepp did his Latin verse octavo send;
She gave to Sidgwick, what was left, her prose,
And found in Bentley (Horace groans) a friend.

No longer seek her works to expurgate
No draw more atoms from Lucrèce's shade,
He now with Moore rests from long debate
Where suns ne'er set and images ne'er fade.

HON. CIA.

Cavendish Society Notice.

The Committee are pleased to announce that Prof. Wilberforce, of Liverpool University, has consented to give a Special Experimental Lecture on "Flying Machines" next month. Further details will be announced later.

A. A.

Obituary.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the untimely death of H. Whitlow, a student of the Agricultural Department, which took place on Wednesday, December 21st, after an illness due to blood-poisoning, followed by an attack of pneumonia. His death came as a great shock to his fellow-students, as his illness had only been of three or four days' duration and his condition was not known to be critical.

A wreath was sent by the members of the staff and students of the Agricultural Department, and Professor Seton representing the staff, and G. W. Smith and R. W. Hunter representing the students, attended the funeral as far as the station. The Department was not represented at the interment, which took place at Ulverston, as the actual date of burial was not known.