



*"The Gryphon never stretcheth her wings in the rooms where she lack any like feathers: yet have we ventured to present our associates before your judgements when you knew them full well of such matter: yielding ourselves to the carcase which we have now found them to be the prisoners which we ought to free."—LELY.*

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### On Losing One's Job.

THIS issue sees the end of our Editorial duties, and it is with sorrow and regret that we lay down our official pen, or rather pencil. Never more shall we indite those tactless paragraphs which made the hair of them that sit in the seats of the mighty stand on end. Nevermore shall we race rejoicing adown The Lane, our Editorial locks streaming to the wind, in order to rush in our hastily constructed "copy" in time for press; quoth the raven, "Nevermore." Never again, alas, shall we sit for three and a half solid hours, scissors and paste-knife in hand, surrounded by a tired but happy staff, cutting up and pasting miserable chunks of "proof" into what seemed more like a scrap-book than a respectable and extremely dignified

University magazine. No, as the poet hath it:—

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,

Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.

Observe, O next year's Editor, how beautifully we got in the correct quotation, how exquisitely we worked up the right atmosphere for those sweetly solemn lines: take the tip. Atmosphere is half the game!

In essaying to fulfil our duties, we have endeavoured to bring all matters of importance before our readers, and to say quite frankly—without any palaver or gently watering down—what we ourselves really felt in regard to them, and at the same time we have done our very best to be fair to all and to wound none consciously; if we have unwittingly done so in any way, we solicit their pardon. Although it has caused us trouble, we still believe that it is best always to take the risks and have matters out in the open, and properly threshed out.

Above all, we have tried with the aid of the other members of the Committee, to be impartial in our judgment of articles submitted. As a rule we have not had to judge whether they were good enough for the *Gryphon*, but whether they were of the right type.

## THE YEAR.

In looking over the events of the year that is past, events of importance in the college life, it seems to us that this has been an exceptionally eventful year. This year has seen the inauguration of a most successful 'Varsity Dance; a Woman's Discussion Society has, for the first time, played an important part in the University life, the converse was carried through with more than usual élan, the Rugger team carried off the Whitworth Challenge Shield. And yet, if we were asked to describe this year by any one particular outstanding event, we should not first think of any of these matters or even of the Commemoration, we should think of the topic that has been such an universal subject of discussion, we should describe the year as "The Great Beer Year."

Despite all the discussion, however, and all the many grumbings, the decision of the Refectory Committee seems to have been accepted as almost inevitable, and people have settled down to the new conditions of affairs without further protest. The matter seems to us, at least, to have settled itself, and that on terms of quite reasonable compromise; very few seem to be really inconvenienced, and certainly the old difficulties have been got over.

## Professor Macgregor's Wanderjahr.

M. KAHN is a Parisian banker through whose munificence certain highly favoured University professors are enabled to realise their ideal of a jubilee year. He has placed in the hands of a body of trustees, of which Dr. Miern, Vice-Chancellor of London University is chairman, funds to be used in scholarships, to enable University professors and others to enlarge their minds by foreign travel. The holders are required to absent themselves from their native country for twelve months, and to visit, among other places, the United States, Japan, China, Java and Egypt. They are paid £660, of which the odd sixty must be expended in the purchase of mementoes. No other conditions are attached. The Vice-Chancellors of the various Universities nominate candidates, from whom the trustees of the Fund select the fortunate scholar. We congratulate Prof. Macgregor on the honour done to the University of Leeds and himself by his appointment to the scholarship this year. Some of us know how horribly overworked Prof. Macgregor has been this last winter, and hope that the holiday he has so well earned may be the means of setting him up again.

## The Greek Play.

ONE of the "big things" of the next session will be the performance of a Greek comedy. "The Frogs of Aristophanes." A few years ago, another comedy by the same author, "The Clouds," was acted at the University, with considerable success, and it is hoped that the later performance will even eclipse its predecessor. On this occasion the play is to be preceded by a curtain-raiser in the shape of the famous "XVth Idyll of Theocritus," a piece perhaps the most modern in spirit of anything which remains of Greek literature. The Idyll represents two Greek ladies of Syracuse on their way to attend, and later at, the Festival of Adonis, and their conversation is instinct with all that is most feminine at this day as it was at that. The piece ends with a beautiful song in honour of Adonis, sung by a girl chosen to do honour to the occasion.

The drama itself is also one which appeals by its broad fun and its many flashes of sardonic humour almost as much to the modern mind as it must have done to the Greek. The chief object of the play is to satirise the tragedian Euripides as the representative of modern radicalism and scepticism by an unfavourable comparison of him with the poet of an earlier generation, Aeschylus. Dionysus, the patron deity of the theatre, is represented as being thoroughly "fed up" in the modern phrase, with the cheap tragedians of the day, and in despair, he determines to go down to Hades and bring back Euripides from the realms of Pluto. His reason for choosing Euripides rather than the latter's contemporary, Sophocles, is, so he tells Herakles, that whereas Sophocles was always of a quiet and simple disposition, Euripides is full of wiles and knavery, and will, therefore, more easily contrive his escape to the world above. The first scene shows us the outside of the house of Herakles. Dionysus comes in, disguised as Herakles, dressed in the famous lion-skin which forms an amusing contrast to his effeminate face and loam, and his vest of saffron silk. He is accompanied by his slave Xanthias, who is riding on a pouter's pole. Next to his master, Xanthias is the chief character in the play, and is responsible for most of the very broad farce in the piece. After a short conversation on which Xanthias asks in vain to be allowed to crack some of the hoary chestnuts of the Athenian comic stage, they knock at the door of Herakles, in order to obtain information from that athletic Olympian, who has already had experience in this direction, concerning the ways and means of getting to Hades. Out comes the mighty man, and at the sight of Dionysus in his get-up, cannot restrain his violent merrill. When he has recovered, Dionysus explains the object of his visit, and Herakles, after many highly characteristic Philistine remarks on his comrade deity's desire, tells him of the way across the Stygian mere by Charon's barque, adding various details calculated to chill the not too manly heart of Dionysus. They now part, but just as Dionysus and his slave are leaving, a funeral comes along, and it occurs to Xanthias that here is a good opportunity for getting

the baggage hauled down below. They address the corpse, but his fee is exorbitant; and after some haggling, the dead man still refusing to abate his terms ("strike me living!") says he, "if I will" Xanthias is forced to put up with his burdens. The two then move on.

The scene now shows us our friends on this side of the lake of Styx, and the squalid old Charon playing his gruesome task. "This way," he yells out like any modern railway porter, "for Lethe," &c., and there follows a voluble string of names known to infernal topography. Dionysus enters the boat, but Xanthias, being a slave, has to trot round and meet them at the other side. It is one of Charon's points to make his passengers help in the rowing, and poor Dionysus, who is somewhat out of form, comes in for rather unceremonious treatment. However, a chorus of frogs of the Infernal March soon strikes up, to which Dionysus is compelled to row in time. These lyrics, like those in most of Aristophanes' plays, contain many very beautiful and truly poetic touches; the refrain is a croak. Brekekekex co-xo.

The next scene finds Dionysus safely landed on the other side of the lake, now in the infernal regions. He soon finds Xanthias, and the two push onward. Suddenly a vision startles them; it is some horrid beast. Dionysus, with his usual courage, gets in front of or behind Xanthias for protection according as the latter locates the monster, which is the Empusa. At last Xanthias assures his master by a solemn oath that it has disappeared, and the sacred deity recovers somewhat.

A chorus of men and women initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries now enters chanting. The two friends crouch down and listen to the hymns of the worshippers. After a little, these move off, only the men remaining as an ordinary chorus. Dionysus now sums up courage to knock at the gate of Pluto's Palace. The porter, Aacus, judge of the dead, opens and asks who knocked. "Herakles," Dionysus answered, for he is still masquerading as that more formidable Hero, and immediately the Infernal Porter bursts out on him with a flood of bombastic vituperation for the misdeeds of his previous visit that would do ample credit to a postil. It certainly prostrates poor Dionysus in a faint. Meanwhile, Aacus retires to summon ministers of vengeance. When Dionysus recovers, he begins to think of shifting the onerous role of Herakles to his slave, and himself masquerading as the boy. The exchange is no sooner effected than a Maid of Persephone comes out and invites Herakles to a whole Paradise of good things which her mistress has prepared for him. Dionysus now repents of his hasty decision, and he recants and reassumes the role. But he is unfortunate. This time two ancient hand-ladies who have suffered sore from Herakles' gigantic appetite and exiguous treasury on his previous visit appear and threaten to ban our friend. On the ladies' departure in search of a constable, Dionysus again reconsiders the prospects, and again shifts the lion-skin and club over to Xanthias, not without much murmuring on the latter's part. Aacus now arrives with several ferocious minions of the law, and begins

to lay violent hands on Xanthias-Herakles. Our friend protests that he is not the man they want, in proof of which they may, according to Athenian custom, torture his boy (Dionysus) to obtain evidence. The latter, however, objects, asserting that it is impious to torture him, as he is immortal. Xanthias thereupon suggests that as a test of their divinity they should both be tortured, to see which first shows signs of human frailty. Aacus adopts the idea, and proceeds to flog them both, giving an alternate lash to each. This affords much amusement, through the attempts of the two unfortunates, to conceal their pain, but does not reveal which is the deity. So they retire to refer the matter to Pluto, who, being himself a deity, is sure to know.

The next scene, which will be very much abridged in the acting version, represents the literary contest between Aeschylus and Euripides for the Chair of Poetry in Hades. After much scathing mutual criticism has been passed, Dionysus suggests that the problem be palpably solved by means of a balance, and they proceed to weigh out the measure of each man's genius! The two poets stand on either side, and Dionysus holds the balance; the competitors each quote a line of their own poetry, and it is found on each occasion that the measure of genius and poetic art in a line of Aeschylus is easily enough to outweigh a line of Euripides. Plato now comes forth, and Dionysus resolves to test the poets in another way. He asks for a solution of the two leading questions of the day of Athenian politics. Aeschylus wins this contest too, and Dionysus finally decides to take him back with him to the realms above. Euripides reminds him of his sworn promise to take him: "No," answers Dionysus, aptly quoting the famous line from the Hippolytus of Euripides, "it was my tongue alone that swore, but not my heart." The company then go in to feast with Pluto, the chorus ending with a song of good wishes.

A. R.

## Sonnet.

*On first looking into K...ly's Translation of Homer.*

Once, in a more or less melodious tone  
(I understand 'twas rather less than more),  
It was my constant habit to deplore  
The fact that I was left upon my own  
With words like these lamenting, all alone  
Upon a well-known western Island's shore—  
Seeking for thee! For in those days of yore  
I must admit thy merits were unknown.  
They were unknown at any rate, to me,  
Who stood aghast in front of learning's portal  
And strove in pain to reach the fields of Knowledge.  
—There was the Door to which I found no Key—  
I said with Omar—till I came to College  
And found one, K...ly, in thy works immortal!

Jaco.

## A Little Lamb.

*An Allegory.*

Arthur had a little lamb.  
The little lamb he had to cram  
To make it fit for June.  
He took it to his little lair,  
Where food enough was and to spare  
And fed it with a spoon;  
And fed it with a spoon.

The little lamb at first was slender,  
Slim and happy, like so tender.  
It gambolled and it frisked about,  
It's little tail it whisked about,  
But while the little lamb was fooling,  
Arthur went on with his spooning.

So, by degrees, the lamb grew fat,  
Till on its haunches down it sat,  
Pensive and sad as in a study,  
O Arthur, Arthur! Oh, how could he  
How could he spoil the tender thing?  
But such is life; a tragedy.  
For every day things sad you see,  
The little lamb grew nice and plump—  
And then it lay down in a lump.  
But Arthur went on with his spooning  
For soon would come the month of June in.

He fed and fed it; till its head it  
Towards the spoon could hardly hold—  
I sigh the sad tale to unfold—  
But 'tis worthy of all credit.  
So grew the lamb as is the moon  
A winter night the hills above  
Or like to some fair balloon.  
But hush! the dreaded month of June's in  
And Arthur's finished with his spooning.

Now Arthur turns to Heaven his eyes  
And, raising high his hands, he cries:  
"Oh ye, that on the council seat,  
Judge what is good and not good meat  
Be pleased my bliss now to complete."  
His pleading eyes to heaven he cast,  
And breathed as if he breathed his last.

But in the lamb no sign of life,  
Then, a quiver; then a shiver—  
And just as Arthur felt despair  
And raised his hands to tear his hair—  
The wretched lambkin raised its head—  
Then dropped it slowly, as it said  
[A voice it was as from the dead]

B.A.

WULF.

## A New University.

It is improbable that any more fitting subject of Imperial interest could be found for your pages than that of University expansion in the Colonies. Platitudes bearing on the commonwealth of letters, and especially on the closer bonds that must exist between all whose culture and art find expression in one and the same language, are familiar to all. But a comparative minority has concerned itself with the actual steps that have already been taken in the direction of such academic kinship, and indeed, only the most inadequate information has hitherto been proffered from the scenes of action. Furthermore, to no part of the Empire are the eyes of Englishmen more constantly turned than to the Dominion of Canada, and in particular to the undeveloped West. It may be, then, of interest to some to read that the intellectual heavening of that much discussed country has already been taken up in all seriousness, and that Universities have actually been founded in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, whilst the day is not far hence when British Columbia will add its name to the list. It is with the new University of Alberta that I propose to deal in these brief lines.

The name Alberta is calculated to bring before the vision of home-readers the handbooks of the Canadian Pacific Railway, adorned with views of the Rockies, expansive wheat fields, Maizey-Harris binders, and the like. "The University of Alberta" must sound, then, to many, like a contradiction in terms, deserving to be treated with as much seriousness as sugar-planting at the Poles, or, should I say, as the pages of the *Gryphon* in its earlier days. It must be conceded to the incredulous that the undertaking is no easy one, and that the optimism which carried pioneers over a thousand miles of prairie into an unexplored country, the scene of desperate fights with the Indians as recently as the eighties, seems at first sight doubly necessary to those idealists who would implant an Athens in so barbarous a land. On closer inspection, however, the outlook is more hopeful. The two or three chief towns have a joint population of some 60,000, mainly composed of Eastern Canadians and Americans, a sufficiently large community to support an academy; and the conviction in the minds of the more serious that the country admits of endless development brings home to them the necessity of intellectual progress. Turning to the stock from which the local University must draw its students, the "homesteaders," we remember that the soil has invariably produced tenacious intellectual material, a fact which may account largely for the consistent level maintained by Scotch Universities.

In October, 1908, rooms were hired in a local elementary school, and a president with four professors as his lieutenants, hothly commenced with a general Arts course, which was attended by some 30 students. Regarding this as the University egg, it might well have been prognosticated that a moderately cold winter would have put an end to its joys and fears. But the fine trained nurses succeeded in staving off

chills, and it may now fairly be argued that the egg has been successfully hatched. An admirable site has been appropriated by the Government for their University. It has two-fifths of a mile frontage on the high-wooded bank of the river Saskatchewan, facing the capital city of Edmonton, and stretches southward from the river a whole mile. Two buildings are already in course of construction, as well as an affiliated Theological College. The staff has grown to double numbers, and the list of students to treble. The Arts course covers four years, and is superior to the corresponding ordinary B.A. in England. Honours work has not yet been attempted. The chronological unit is the German semester, the first covering the months from October to January, with a Christmas break, and the second from February to the end of April. Finals fall accordingly in May and January, and are independent of each other. Lectures are almost exclusively restricted to the forenoon and Wednesday afternoon is regarded as a half-day. The details of the curriculum could hardly prove entertaining, and certainly present no striking novelty. The real point of interest in this connection is the fundamental one of initial basis. In a practical agricultural province there is a strong temptation to make the most of subjects which lie nearest to the immediate occupations of the people, and lose no time, for example, in introducing courses in Agriculture and Mining. Such tactics would rapidly treble the number of students, and could not fail to bring the value of the institution before the eyes of a larger proportion of the inhabitants. On the other hand, the real mission of the University would necessarily tend to become obscured, and it might soon become impossible ever to recover the genuine academic status, which alone can be of ultimate value. Some courage and much idealism are required to withhold these legitimate branches of the work, and to insist almost exclusively on the such purely cultural phases as are at once more remote from the Albertan of to-day, and for that very reason more essential to the final good of the province. How many students of the University of Leeds realise the value of a training in Arts apart from the purely utilitarian one, or, what is perhaps more significant, how many parents of present students realise it? By realisation, I mean a personal conviction, based on a serious consideration of the meaning of civilisation, and not merely a mechanical repetition of cant phrases on the subject. The type of person, who is satisfied with the latter, is by no means uncommon, and in conservative England such an attitude might even be sufficient by itself to keep a University alive. But in a new country, the precedent is by no means so firmly based. There must of necessity be a smaller percentage of students who have been sent to the University because it is the thing to do, and the only support to which the institution can turn is the deeper and rarer one of those who feel the necessity, not of sustaining the country on lines hitherto pursued, but of transforming it. Conversations in railway carriages on the comparative unimportance of scholarship are in England amusing, in this country ominous. The enlightened are, of course, by no means unrepresented in the province. The town residents would not compare unfavourably with those of the average English

town of the same size. The advantage in that respect is rather on this side. But the academy must draw from the people at large, from the rural population, and here intellectual fogs are by no means rare.

The value of extension lecturing now becomes apparent. To carry out such work on a large scale, external lecturers are required, and duplication of the staff is at present unthinkable. Professors who are already doing more than their share of tuition, have to make further sacrifices and endeavour to provide every town in an area of that of Great Britain with at least two or three papers per session of a literary nature. The reception of such original advances has been various. The first lecturer on an intellectual topic in a raw community feels the piquancy, not to say the oppressiveness, of the situation. To find a parallel to his feelings we must go back to John the Baptist. On one occasion, our representative, after a twelve hours' journey, found that the local agent had omitted to advertise his lecture. The latter, however, rose to the occasion, said he would see what he could do, and calling up a few friends on the telephone, procured his man a hearing. On the whole, however, the week done last winter has proved amply remunerative, and repeated requests for a continuance have come in from various quarters.

The vitality of the institution can be best illustrated from the doings of the student body. The Canadian tradition of an annual fight at the opening of the year between the freshmen and the sophomores, or first year students, has been vigorously inaugurated. The freshmen were vanquished this session. On the lines of a Roman triumph, they were paraded round the town in a hired street-car, with flour-bags over their heads, to be liberated later in the day for a combined assault on the local shops, schools, and government buildings. In addition, a theatre night has been held with undisputed success. The paramount importance of horse-play in all seats of learning is now almost universally recognised, and all readers will surely welcome such conclusive proof of unusual mental calibre. Sports, a more orderly outlet for animal spirits, are in some measure handicapped by the severity of the winter, which covers the greater part of the session. Some Rugby, in a modified Canadian form, which admits of considerably more open play than the English rules and which is well worth the consideration of home enthusiasts, is possible for a few weeks before the snow arrives. Towards the close of the session, in early summer, base-ball can be taken up. For the rest, the only possible game during the frosty months—December, January, February—is ice-hockey, a game which, partly owing to the smallness of the teams, partly to the necessity of playing on constructed rinks, unfortunately does not admit of very general participation. Snow-sport is enchanting, but tobogganing and ski-ing do not lend themselves very readily to organisation. Moreover, the snow seldom lies deeply enough here for such recreation to become popular. The greatest difficulty of all is the general one of remoteness. Journeys are reckoned in days, not in hours, and outside competition is practically unavailable.

A magazine has been started which is to appear monthly during the session. There can be no doubt

that its financial returns are abnormal; unfortunately they are not at my disposal. Literary and Debating Clubs are in full swing. A *Conversazione* is held in the January break between terms. The women students do not hesitate to hold a sale of ice-cream, coffee, cushions and badges for the mercenary purposes of furnishing their common-room. All this points to undoubted enterprise when the nervousness of the institution is borne in mind.

The general spirit of the students is quite an admirable one. Three-quarters of them are paying their own way by teaching in the country in the summer months, and such an undertaking gives many of them an inner seriousness, which is seldom aggressively pronounced in students whose way has been smoothed for them. Naiveté is not unknown. Recently a student plunged into a faculty meeting and enquired what kind of fountain pen the professors would recommend. The last quality to be evinced is indifference, and where all are interested, progress is not far to seek. It may be that this native zest is strong enough to outweigh all the temporary disadvantages under which a young and remote country must suffer. Ten years is a short space in the life of a University. Yet it is hoped that before that time has elapsed, the institution will be in full working order as a recognised home of culture and the nerve-centre of a thinking community.

BARCKE FAIRLEY,  
University of Alberta.

### A True Tale of a False Physician.

There used to be in Harley Street a plate of polished brass,  
And every time it met my eye I shuddered as I'd pass,  
For there in letters bold and clear unwillingly I'd see  
The falsely celebrated name of DOCTOR WINSMORE LEIGH.

I'm told the name is not his own; I heard the other day  
His father always spelt the word quite simply LEA;  
And Winsmore should be William, for he hasn't any claim  
To quietly appropriate my mother's maiden name.

He had the doctor's manner been; should he but put  
His hand  
Upon your pulse, you felt at once that he would understand;  
And though you probably disliked the way he thumped  
your chest,  
He'd smilingly inform you that he did it for the best.

His quiet tact with ladies too was voted quite divine,  
He'd apologise for begging them to whisper ninety-nine;  
He always asked them "Does it hurt?" and if they said it did,  
The nurse would then inform them they must do as they were bid.

He was fond of using phrases like 'incipient catarrh',  
'A blocking of the bronchial tubes', 'a sudden nervous jar',  
And since the greater maladies command the greater fees,  
He honoured indigestion with the name of heart disease.

Though all these little tricks ensured a measure of regard,  
By better class practitioners poor Winsmore Leigh was barred;  
And if he asked the reason, they smilingly would say,  
"It's individuals like you who give the show away."

Now Winsmore was ambitious; he had always longed to see  
A neat brass plate in Harley Street and on it Dr. LEIGH.  
He'd stand in his consulting room and calmly stroke his chin,  
While quiet menials in black would show the Duchess in.

One memorable morning he was asked to see a case;  
The man was quite a stranger, but Leigh said he knew his face;  
He was a Mr. Ballinger; for many months he'd lain,  
A victim of some strange disease, that caused him ceaseless pain.

Leigh smiled to reassure him, and then sat upon the bed,  
But found that he was sitting upon Ballinger instead.  
The foolish fellow howled with pain, declaring with a curse  
He never met a doctor yet who hadn't made him worse.

Ignoring with consummate tact this piece of silly spite,  
The doctor rubbed his hands and said "We soon shall put you right."  
He placed a small thermometer beneath his patient's tongue,  
And then began to auscultate the apex of each lung.

The pulmonary system he at length pronounced was sound,  
But on examination of the spinal cord, he found  
A pseudo-hypertrophic change in all the vertebrae,  
Together with an increase of the reflex at the knee.

Three interesting features were an anæsthetic zone,  
An area of tenderness above the frontal bone,  
And a vertical nystagmus, strangely rhythmic,  
though weak.  
In fact it was a new disease; the case was quite unique.

"The Scalpel" had an article by Dr. Winsmore Leigh,  
Entitled, "Nervous changes in the Case of Mr. B . . ."  
A foot-note by the editor contained unstinted praise,  
While for the mode of treatment he suggested Röntgen Rays.

A celebrated specialist took up the case, and wrote "Why don't you try the serum of a paralysed he-goat?"

If after a fair trial you have cause to fear the worst, We know that every case like this is hopeless from the first."

A second instance followed where the symptoms were the same;

Physicians clamoured everywhere for some distinctive name;

At last Professor Banks declared that cases such as these

Should ever afterwards be known as Winsmore Leigh's Disease.

He rented rooms in Harley Street; he figured on the staff

Of seven London Hospitals; the "Morning Telegraph"

Declared the nation owed a debt to scientists like these,

Whose lives were spent in combating incurable disease.

A classic work on Leigh's Disease, with eighteen coloured plates,

Was offered to the public at most reasonable rates;

A chairman of a hospital endowed a special wing; And he and Doctor Winsmore Leigh were knighted by the King.

At breakfast on the morning of that memorable day A hurried note from Ballinger was handed in to say

His lawyer had advised him to refuse the doctor's fees,

Until the strange complaint was known as Ballinger's Disease.

He wrote, "I did not mind so much your letters in the Press,

Although you carefully withheld my name and my address;

But since it is a question now of money and of fame, I think in common decency I have the prior claim.

"The vertical nystagmus and the anasthetic zone, The area of tenderness above the frontal bone,

The pseudo-hypertrophic change apparent in the spine, All these without exception are unfortunately mine.

"Inventors are protected by elaborate patent laws, Extending very properly beyond their native shores.

My case is very similar. I do not want to fight, But you haven't any business to infringe my copyright.

"I'm told the profits from the book you wrote on my disease

Would help my wife and family to live in moderate ease.

A compromise is possible, so wire what you will give, For your assistant tells me I haven't long to live."

Next morning Ballinger received a bulky envelope, And all the little Ballingers were seized with sudden hope.

It came from Leigh's solicitors, the firm of Jones and Short;

Their client spurned all settlements arrived at out of court.

A very youthful barrister, whose unexpressive face, Together with his stutter was enough to lose the case,

Was pitted against leading men like Phelps and Buncombe Rea,

And Ballinger was made to pay the costs of Winsmore Leigh.

A few weeks later Winsmore Leigh received a hurried

scrawl;

It was from Mrs. Ballinger, beseeching him to call. She told him that her husband was now sinking very fast

And wanted to be reconciled to Dr. Leigh at last.

He went, and, as the dying man had almost ceased to breathe,

They heard him whisper gently, "Henrietta, I bequeath

All future claims to my disease to Dr. Winsmore Leigh,

Whose patient skill and tactfulness have meant so much to me."

That evening as the specialist was sitting all alone, A slight degree of tenderness came o'er the frontal bone,

And, as he rose to ring the bell for James to bring the wine,

He felt an unexpected jar run right along his spine.

He hurried to the telephone and rang up Dr. Hirst, (Of all our nervous specialists he easily ranks first).

He carefully examined him, then said, "One seldom sees A more beautiful example of your famous new disease.

"The vertical nystagmus is at present very slight, But that should gradually increase. We soon shall

shall set you right. Just as a matter of routine I'll auscultate your chest,

And take a sample of your blood for Pettenkofer's Test.

"I'd like to try the serum of a paralysed he-goat. In any case you'd better use this gargle for the throat;

Avoid a heavy diet. You can take a little fish, Some chicken or a bowl of soup, or anything you wish."

With autumn came a weakening of every vital force;

The pseudo-hypertrophic changes followed in due course.

A month before the doctor died he managed just to say "My father always spelt his name quite simply L.E.A.

My name was really William, and provided there is room,

I'd like a line to that effect engrossed upon my tomb;

And if it isn't yet too late, oh listen to my pleas And let this malady be known as Ballinger's Disease."

W.F.H.

## Any Third Year to His Lady.

Phyllis dear, when professors cease professing,  
And after told the jaded are at rest,  
Now in a state of mind that's most distressing,  
Let me, I pray you, sleep upon your breast.  
Ask me, I beg, no intellectual question,  
Forgive the feeble spasms of my brain,  
Love causes not these pangs—'tis indigestion—  
(No dear, don't grin; I'm sure they're not the same)  
The fruits of learning tho' I've pressed with eager lip,  
I've only got the pip.

I take no interest in the Coronation,  
I only ask of you to let me sleep;  
Waking, perchance, my keen imagination,  
Paints me such scenes that I am fair to weep.  
Nay Phyllis, the fine arts have ceased to please me,  
Shelley and Punch alike have lost their charm,  
Spasms of anguished wrath and frenzy seize me  
When brutal barrel-organs break the calm  
With ribald invitation to descend the Strand. . . .  
I'd rather hold your hand.

I can't make love in tender conversation,  
Yawns interrupt my flow of sweet remarks;  
Besides I've sung your every fascination,  
Likened your voice to a whole swarm of larks,  
Rhymed on your eyes and hair and Quaker bonnets,  
But now my muse has struck a morbid vein,  
Questions propound that can't be turned to sonnets,  
Crazy meanderings of a mind in pain—  
If you are tired of smiling fondly while I speak,  
Perhaps you'd stroke my cheek.

Bear with me while in voice that's choked by anguish  
Once more I prove that all exams. are rot,  
Genius and grace they callously let languish,  
Giving the palm to some comicalist poet. . . .  
Phyllis my dear, you must be feeling tired,  
This is the second time you've pinched me so.  
There was a time when you would have admired  
My efforts to amuse you. No, don't go—  
I want to murmur softly why I think I'm floored—  
Phyllis, you can't be bored.

SANDRA.

## Eve.

Blue bank of cloud moving slow to the west,  
Where the red sun is setting in a great world of fire,  
This is the hour of the day I love best;  
Blue bank of cloud moving slow to the west,  
O for the calm that dwells deep in thy breast!  
That the winds that bear thee on, my march might  
inspire!  
Blue bank of cloud moving slow to the west,  
But the winds are against me, against my desire.

WOLF.

## Ballade of Bridge.

(Solve way after Soudurne).

The burden of bad cards—when hand by hand  
No card of any value comes thy way;  
And "Spades" thou callest; then, serenely Mand  
They double, and next round "No Trumps" they say,  
And no good play of thine at all can stay  
Their total ever mounting higher and higher,  
Nor any skill the reckoning delay.  
"This is the end of every man's desire. . . ."

The burden of bad partners—when with grand  
Colossal idiocy the Ass shall lay  
A trump upon thy ace, nor understand  
When chidden, how he can have gone astray;  
But presently revokes, and thereon they  
Three tricks from out thy scanty store require,  
While inwardly for succour thou dost pray—  
"This is the end of every man's desire. . . ."

The burden of good partners—who demand  
That all the "Laws" and "Rules" thou should'st  
obey—  
That all thy leads be subtly made and planned,  
For their informing; yet thy deepest play  
Still finds no favour in their eyes, nor may  
The winning of a game appease their ire.  
An it be won not in the proper way—  
"This is the end of every man's desire. . . ."

## EPIQUE.

Ah, yet in spite of all would I essay  
Once more to tempt Dame Fortune, and aspire  
To win me back the loss of yesterday:—  
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

JACOB.

## Scientific Essays in Modern Life.

## II.

## The Modern Youth.

(For Lady Readers only.)

O MISERABLE specimen, greeting!

No doubt we ought to feel that we have now come to a subject that, in comparison with the "M.M." is quite easy to deal with. But to bring our first principles into action, is there any possible form of definition that would describe the "M.Y.," so that one who had never met the same before could recognise him even at second sight? We might say, "An animal consisting of cigarette, indecently gaudy hose, and a brain cavity where, at a certain period in the development of the race there was a brain," and assuredly this would in most cases lead to recognition; but would it be accurate, and rightly define the beast? We think not.

The fact is, that men run in types—the sporting type, the undergrad type, and so on. Anyone could pick out an actor anywhere; but very few could



pick out the actresses from among the women in Commercial Street on Saturday morning—at least those of any "class." If a man intends to "go in for" anything, he must rig himself out in the get-up of his type. Women, as the Irishman said, agree only in one thing, and that is in all being different; men are different, but in types. You see the difficulty, gentle reader? It is an easy matter to deal with the modern maidens, because everyone takes it for granted that it is absurd to generalise about things that are all different, and everyone forgives and passes over the little absurdity for the sake of the interesting topic. But if we were to attempt to define the "M.Y." we should fill (roughly speaking) about four columns of the *Gryphon* with definitions of types—a wearisome procedure demanding the mind of an Aristotle.

The question next arises, as to how much individual members of a particular type differ from one another. We should say ourselves, just as much as individual women; but you will always know certain things about the men of a certain type; you will never be able to take anything for granted about any woman. Who would dream of any self-respecting undergrad, for instance, not wearing breeches and smoking "Feuille d'Or," and making liberal use of "Varsity explosives"? No one, I trust. And can you even picture in imagination a sound business man without a bowler?

Strictly speaking, there is no Modern Youth in the sense that there is a Modern Maiden. Men object to revolutionising themselves or their view of life; and if they did do so, they wouldn't shout about it. The change would come slowly and in a stealthy, almost sneaking silence, as if something indecent were being done.

But what think ye of the present-day youth—the same old beast-man that has existed since the days of the proverbial Adam—who lounges in cafés and plays billiards half his time, or watches paid professionals "fouling" football? Think ye he is of the calibre of the Homeric hero, or the Knights of the Tourney?

We think not; but still we prefer the cigarette and the billiard cue to the sword and helm. Are we not of the Degenerate ourselves?

### III.

#### The Twain.

(For our own edification.)

What shall we say of the two together? Having had no experience of marriage (and consequently, let us add in parenthesis, none of divorce) we cannot, obviously, speak with the authority of experience. Nor can we speak from observation, for few indeed are the marriages of the "advanced"—the advance is so recent—and of those few none seem to have come our way. But we may surmise. And surmising, we should say that the marriages of the advanced, where the woman is allowed "to live her own life" are infinitely more successful, at any rate the best of them, than those of the Victorian type when the man does the work and the woman's sphere is the home. It is difficult to give examples of exactly what we mean, but if asked off-hand, we should give an example

known to all, that of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. We suggest that this will become more and more the prevailing type of marriage. More and more the woman will demand to be allowed to live her own life, that is to say, marriage must not interfere with her pursuing her aims in life, her career—as a man would put it—whatever that may happen to be.

This involves many further considerations which we feel incompetent to deal with.

The one great argument hurled against what we may call the modern marriage of equality, is that in America the doing away with the home as the woman's only sphere of work, and the disinclination to sacrifice her career, and further the greater equality of every sort has led to a huge increase in the number of divorces. We question this, but even if it be true, it must be remembered that those who first experiment must pay the penalty, to some extent, or rather run the risks of pioneers. Probably the American temperament—a purely racial characteristic—is much more likely to have caused the increase. And, at the worst, is not the equality or the attempt to achieve it, worth the failures?

### Lines to a Lost Ideal—on the Editorial Staff having fallen on Evil Days.

Where the editorial raving  
Used to curdle all the ink,  
And his pencil hacked and cut in vicious glee,  
Now he interrupts his slaving  
With a—"Dearest, do you think—"  
And a—"Darling, have you done those proofs for me?"

When the proofs were long and boring  
And she snapped her pencil point,  
The sub-editor was wont to say *Oh, dear!*  
Now with spirit gladly soaring  
Will she punctuate their joint  
Tasks and toilings with a murmured *low Oh, Dear!*

Let us take to psalm and cymbal,  
Harps, and other little things,  
Let us make a joyful and trochaic noise,  
Let us execute a nimble  
Somersault upon our wings,  
Let us practice a refined and sprightly poise.

While we sing the loyal darning  
Of the one sub. left unpaired,  
How he blindly rushed to share his Chief's dear pain;  
Far from cowardly bewailing,  
Or from jeering at the snared,  
Like a man he straightway went and did the same.

Thus the melancholy saga  
Of an editorial staff,  
Thus the fading of the glory of the past.  
Drop no tear into your lager,  
Practice no sardonic laugh,  
It is said that they were cheerful to the last.

SANDRA.

## A Coll. Author.

It is not often that the opportunity occurs of criticising novels or short stories written either by past or present students of the University. There is, therefore, something of the joy that pertains to things that are unique in reviewing this small collection of short stories, "The Midnight House, and other Tales," by Mr. W. F. Harvey (J. M. Dent & Sons), as well as a certain amount of misgiving lest we should be biased, one way or other, by the fact that the author is a Leeds "Varsity man." It is extraordinarily easy to become biased against a thing, from fear of being biased in its favour.

Some of these tales have appeared in papers of acknowledged literary standing (such as the *Nation*), the editors of which must be admitted to be sound judges of a "good thing" when they see it, and we feel no hesitation in saying, backed as we are by their approval of them, that most of these tales are really fine first-class work. In fact, the only weak tale in the book seems to us to be "A Middle-class Tragedy." We seem to have read so many tales of the same type, with the same feeble anti-climax at the end. If the man or the woman, as the case may be, does not get his opportunity of cutting himself off from his past and giving the impression that he is among the "dear departed" owing to the ice giving way, a train smash will do quite nicely! We long for a middle-class man who has the decency not to come back after he has once tried to cut himself off, and we absolutely decline to believe that Hickman's wife would run away so opportunely. The plot construction is too obvious.

For the rest, we have nothing but praise for the volume. "Sarah Bennett's Possession" seems to us a positively brilliant piece of psychological study worked into an exceptionally clever plot. The tale is beautifully told with a delightful sense of quiet humour. Of the others, "The Desecrator" reminds us of Henry James in its subtlety.

The style of the book is such that it attains the end of every good style—it does not pall, neither from sameness nor from that much worse modern trick of turning sentences in any way possible that will make them unexpected and varied. Perhaps the author does a little too much of the telling of the tales himself.

We heartily recommend this little book of tales to all who are fond of a good short story, and in particular to all "Varsity men" as showing that there are some Leeds men who can write.

## University House.

You all know the place, that dirty, drab, old tenement on the South side of College Road, the abode of law and all philosophy. The leisurely passer-by slings his shoulders as he surveys the building, marvelling that such a wealthy institution should deign to be the possessor of such an eye-sore; and even the student who is hurrying to lectures in more palatial halls,

halts for a moment to cast a glance of surprise and contempt on the unglorified rabbit hutch, to which is affixed the label "University House." To all outward appearances it merits the blackest epithets. Dirty brick walls, small square windows, with window boxes in which is not even a root of "London Pride,"—and, yes, it has a backyard and a coal cellar.

But enter once that backdoor, and you realise at last that your *Alma Mater* has provided you with a "home away from home." Here where once stood rows of polished covers, where leathery the ead-out of meats and savoury dishes, now stand cabinet-bound tomes of law and statute, and discourse is ever of police and precedent. Here are parlour and drawing room, devoted to the study of "philosophies" diverse; here is a simply delightful banister rail, wide, and always well polished and slippery—I've tried it.

Education under such conditions is ideal. The professor lectures, roasting himself before a roaring fire, or sitting in an armchair, with his feet on the mantel-shelf. The student whiles away the time by studying the conventional eulogiums of Scotch cows in a Scotch mist, or by admiring the efforts of some artistic youth, who has decorated the nursery walls with charcoal caricatures of celebrated and notorious personages. Ideal, and yet not quite. All day long, the workmen of Madame Noftis urge on the speedy sewing machine in the room at the other side of those book-shelves, whilst at 11.39 a.m. each day, some fair unknown next door begins her one hour's practice at scales and arpeggios, done *prestissimo et fortissimo*. Then there is Thursday morning, and at 10.1 a.m. on that day, the perambulating pianola halts at the garden gate, and with ever growing insistence demands to know why a certain fair dame wished to travel to Marx Land, or exhorts you to fall in and follow it. One rather shocking feature must strike a careful observer, as the strains float in through the half-open bay window. The jaded academic books dispelled, and over the faces of professor and students alike creeps a faint smile of recognition and greeting, as though they had met a friend. Can it be that they are familiar with these classic selections?

Again, there are delusions which often cause painful dilemmas. On dit, that a certain class was once rescued from intellectual senescence by an ominous rap at the door. A rather diminutive undergraduate responded to the call, and found himself confronted by a sturdy sample of the vagrant, appropriately attired. Before words could be found to demand an instantaneous departure, a rough voice spoke out "I say, Tommy, go ask yer ma if she can gi' somthink for the huseemployed!" And at times the pithos of poverty enters that dingy back-yard. It was raining in torrents, and the Secretary of the Society for Secret Sobriety stood in the doorway, awaiting some abatement of the downpour. The gate opened, and in stepped a tiny urchin with a bulky sack on his back. The pinched white face, the ragged garments, and the bare feet told their tale. The sack was dropped on the doorstep, and the lad looked up. "If

yer please, mister, do yer want any firewood? At last the breath came back, and the Sec. replied "We don't use firewood here, my boy."

"Why gawnor, what do yer light 'em with?"

"Oh, we don't have fires here."

The lad gasped, and a look of sympathy and pity came over his face, as he ejaculated "Hard luck! Ye're almost as bad as me, gawnor." Then the face hardened, as incredulity grew stronger within him. There was a note of sarcasm and disgust in his voice, as shouldering his sack once more, he turned away. "Call yerself a University, an' can't afford two pennorth o' chips." The secretary was human (shall I say "although he was a student"), and "two pennorth o' chips" changed hands; he is now anxiously awaiting the next bout.

QUINTILLAS.

#### Social Study Society.

##### Visit to Leeds Steel Works.

On Wednesday, May 24th, a visit was arranged for members of the Social Study Society, which has for its success probably never been surpassed. The party arrived, as pre-arranged, at the Leeds Steel Works about 8 o'clock. Under the able guidance of Mr. Carruthers, A.M.I.C.E., whose infinite kindness and courtesy could not have been exceeded, we proceeded round the works, and passed a most entertaining and instructive two and a half hours. We were shown the process in its entirety—from the raw calcined ore to the blast furnace, then to the converter, the ingot-ovens, and the rolling mills to the finished steel tram-rail—but this does not profess to be a treatise on steel production. One or two incidents however, deserve special mention. A few enthusiasts stayed behind to watch the air-blast being forced into the Bessemer Converter. They were rewarded after fifteen minutes waiting by being taken on to the converter stage, and one of the ladies—after being shown—actually turned on the blast and tilted the converter to its correct angle. At 10 p.m., a few of us after seeing the compact little electric power station, with its mixed-pressure turbine, were taken in a lift to the top of the blast-furnace, about 90 feet high. The scene from the top was magnificent. As we peered down into the darkness and saw the works in miniature with tiny labourers directing thin bands of glowing metal, the converter appearing as a gigantic "Roman Candle", humbled with its myriad furnaces spread far around, and then as we glanced up to see the furnace being charged and the tongue of brilliant lilac-coloured flame spurt up, we realised—even as this year's Academy has recognised—that there is artistic beauty even in a steel works.

We can only hope that this visit may be periodically arranged, and we can safely predict it will become one of the most popular on the Society's programme.

C.P.S.

#### Ye Dyspeptic Swot exhorteth hys Mother to bringe hym Roasted Apples.

##### Fytte I.

Bringe me apples rounde and rose  
Smoother and clumbye, broune and greene,  
Simmerynge roasted in a posy  
Restynge in a blue tureen.  
As you see, my wants are losely—  
Apples on blue earthenware,  
Masticated very slowlye,  
Avec sucre de démanière.

##### Fytte II.

Let me snyffe ye toothsome savoure  
Then I'll raise ye thankfull psalm.  
I assure you yt ye flavoure  
Filleth me with heavenly calms.  
Forth with beef and ham and laddock  
Cakes and milk and tea and crumbs!  
These ye doctoure saith are bad oc-  
curring in disordered "tunes."

##### Fytte III.

Mater! I lacke bread and drippin!  
I can't fatten fed on drinks.  
Bring ye olde familiar pippin.  
I shall soon be well, methinks.  
Bringe me apples round and rose,  
Smoother and clumbye, broune and greene,  
Simmerynge roasted in a posy,  
Restynge in a blue tureen.—LITTLE JOHN.

#### Leeds University Union.

##### Tell-Tale, Session 1910-11.

###### Number of Meetings, 19.

S. C. Layzell	.. 11	L. W. Shout	.. 12
Prof. Connal	.. 11	H. Heaton	.. 13
Mr. Gillespie	.. 7	P. Hineckey	.. 10
J. S. Pilley	.. 19	H. Pettit	.. 8
A. Sowden	.. 19	W. A. McEvel	.. *15
J. H. Marriott	.. 16	E. A. Bearder	.. *14
F. M. Rose	.. 13	A. E. Warren	.. 12
C. A. Boden	.. 13		

##### W.R.C.

Miss Kirtland	.. 14	Miss Wilson	.. 10
Miss Wallace	.. 14		

##### S.R.C.:

J. P. Walker	.. *1	C. J. H. Little	.. *3
W. Crowther	.. *4	J. Foord	.. *1
H. Knowles	.. *7	T. Elliott	.. *1
H. Partridge	.. *4		

\* Indicates number possible 17.

The Union Committee have during the past Session organised a Dance; formed a Pines Club; granted the Lacrosse Club a Grant and Colours; granted O.T.C. Shooting Eight, Colour Hat Band, and have petitioned the Council for better Union Rooms, either in the University or by building, etc., etc.

J. S. Pilley, Hon. Sec.

#### Union Elections for the Session 1911-12.

The following is the Result of the Union Election:—

ELECTED.	NOT ELECTED.	
F. M. Rowe .. 172	J. H. Wilson .. 80	
A. Sowden .. 165	W. Rintoul .. 74	
G. H. Cowling .. 114	L. Ackroyd .. 66	
H. W. Coultas .. 103	G. B. Smith .. 65	
*G. L. B. James .. 103	*C. P. Sweeting .. 64	
J. C. Banks .. 102	*E. H. Silcock .. 64	
E. Cross .. 101	*W. C. Thomas .. 60	
*J. Higgins .. 97	H. S. Thompson .. 59	
W. G. A. Walker .. 96	R. Perry .. 58	
G. Atkinson .. 92	W. R. Aitkin .. 55	
D. Clarke .. 89	F. Crowley .. 55	
*H. Dircks .. 82	*J. R. Lawson .. 55	
*L. Heidrich .. 80	*G. L. Watson .. 55	
	R. S. Banks .. 51	
	H. Marshall .. 46	
	*E. C. N. Rowe .. 46	
	L. C. Watson .. 35	
	R. V. Shepherd .. 20	

\* Indicates First Year Students.

J. S. Pilley, Hon. Sec.

#### Union Committee for 1911-12.

##### Officers:

President and Chairman of Committee: F. M. Rowe.

Hon. Secretary: A. Sowden.

Hon. Treasurer: Prof. Connal.

Staff Representative: Mr. Gillespie.

##### Committee:

Crickets Representative: G. Atkinson.

Debating Society Representative: J. C. Banks.

"Gryphon" Representative: G. H. Cowling.

Fives Representative: E. Cross.

Hockey Representative: H. W. Coultas.

A. D. Clarke.

Tennis Representative: H. Dircks.

Swimming Representative: J. Higgins.

Soccer Representative: L. Heidrich.

Rugby Representative and Gymnasium Representative:

G. L. B. James.

W. G. A. Walker.

Lacrosse Representative: The President.

O.T.C. Representative: The Hon. Sec.

Representatives on Refectory Committee:

The Hon. Sec. and J. C. Banks.

Union Rooms Committee:

G. H. Cowling (Hon. Sec.) W. G. A. Walker.

A. D. Clarke. J. C. Banks.

E. Cross.

Entertainments Committee:

E. Cross (Hon. Sec.) A. D. Clarke.

G. L. B. James. G. Atkinson.

H. Dircks. J. Higgins.

Athletics Committee:

G. L. B. James (Hon. Sec.) H. Dircks.

W. G. A. Walker. G. Atkinson.

H. W. Coultas.

The President and Hon. Sec. are *ex-officio* on the above Committees.

J. S. Pilley, Hon. Sec.

#### The Lit. Excursion.

Our fine day in the month of June, the Lit. Soc. bravely set out at the indecently early hour of 6.30 a.m., to spend a day of revelry in the Lakes. If you happen to be a member of the Lit. Committee, or if you attended the General Meeting at which this excursion was decided on, you will understand why the word "bravely" is used above. But as I was saying, they set out for Windermere, and although some severe rain was encountered on the way, they arrived at Lake Side to find the morn smiling. The moon continued to smile as they enjoyed the glorious sail (by steam-boat) up the lake to Ambleside. From here the journey was continued on foot to Grasmere—a somewhat perspiring journey as the sun was now shining in full splendour. Certain little events on the way we pass over with discreet silence—personally, we don't care for wading. Lunch was indulged in at the "Rothay," and who will ever forget the fast and furious fun and wit produced by the "shandies" at the central table? But, hush, enough. We have always understood, however, that the Church could stand a good deal of that sort of thing.

Most spent the afternoon rowing on the Lake, others strolled the country-side. Did anyone go to worship at the Poet's shrine? No! Literary Societies get enough of poets' works without worrying about their graves.

After tea at Ambleside, the party once more sailed down the Lake as the sun set in all the dazzling glory of a serene eventide over the wooded hills.

The excursion was a magnificent success, and was voted by all the best excursion of recent years. We feel very sorry for the slackers who feared the early hours—they missed a treat.