

Prof Barber

24 Oct



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(Figure 1)

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(Figure 2)

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(Figure 3)



Fig. 2.



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Fig. 7.

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Vol. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. 8.



We had a letter recently from a finalist of last year, now in Leipzig, passing comment on what of College life he found reflected in the *Gryphons* of last term, and making sundry enquiries on divers topics—*inter alia*—"What has become of the Debating Society? It still exists, I hope, but its modest secretary seems to be afraid of over-advertising it in your columns." The remark is undoubtedly called for. It is not our function to pray secretaries for reports of their meetings, and we do not intend to do so; secretaries whose hearts are in their work are far too ready to send in long accounts. Now, during last term, we had submitted one Debate report, and that of the poorest Debate of the last two years; we think we were justified in refraining from publication. It must be plain to all beholders that the Debating Society is on a very weak footing: as witness the meeting of January 15th, when about twenty people in all turned up, president and vice-presidents were absent, and the whole business consisted of the reading of verbose minutes before the debate was postponed. It was at this meeting that the President of the Union made one of his meteoric appearances: and what an impression he would carry back to the Dyeing realms!

However, there is a letter in our columns which should give readers pause, and to its perusal we commend them.

Have our readers ever read "*The Rehearsal*," a play by one Buckingham? If not, in addition to recommending them to do so, we earnestly desire them to come to the *Conversazione*, now on the point of starting an expectant world. At that function there will be staged a play we wot of, in which . . . No! we are *supposed* to know nothing about it. Modern journalism, however, has its ways and means, and we "could a tale unfold whose lightest word would send these into fits!" But come and see for yourself, to use a classic phrase."

We thank all those numerous ladies who have responded to our appeal for copy. They have a habit which is typically feminine, and therefore (ought we not to say?) delightful. That is, most of them send along with their contributions a letter to the Editor (lucky—or heckles—man!), bewailing the swiftness of their work, hoping it will "break no laws of the Magazine," and begging him not to think very badly of them if the copy is not good enough for insertion. We have had thoughts of making a collection of these letters, and publishing them as examples of the fine art of Self-Depreciation; and on second thoughts we have withstood the temptation. But keep on writing, we beg of you, O daughters of Eve, and send what letters you will!

Our apologies to those whose week is held over; and to all on whom these garrulous remarks have been perpetrated.

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DANCELOPP

Rehearsing "The Rehearsal."

By OUR CRIME INVESTIGATOR.

You will laugh—yes, you will simply scream when you see it, though it is not wholly farce; there are some exquisite dances and some remarkably dainty ladies dancing them.

However, to begin at the commencement. I was instructed by your Editor to report on the progress of the *Conversaz. play*. It was a cute dodge I adopted; but in these days of modern journalism the man without originality stands no chance. And so, the other evening found me cunningly secreted opposite the centre of the stage and only a few yards from it, to witness one of the early rehearsals. For even you, kind reader, can readily appreciate how futile it would have been to announce myself as representing the *Gryphon*—no, the little company would have obviously been on their best behaviour under such official scrutiny; and so I elected to remain invisible that I might obtain more valuable information.

At the outset let me hasten to say that, even in its embryonic stage, there was abundant promise of an unqualified success being scored. The humour throughout is of a first class order interpreted by a most able company which includes a prominent member of our "analytic" staff, Mrs. Schüldkopf, especially in the dances, where she is invaluable, shewed at all times untiring energy and boundless resource with the result that the artistes pulled together admirably. Who is it that lurches onto the stage and asks for a glass of cham? Why, who could it be but—?—You must come and see for yourself, see the weird goblin dance, the "Dicky Bird" step, the duets—it is invidious to point out any one feature above another—and it only remains for you, patient reader, by assisting with your presence on Friday night to make the play the splendid success which it thoroughly deserves.

THE PYING PEACH.

A Plea for a Closer Study of the Poets.

THE writer's sole aim is to draw attention to the beauties of the English poets, not merely for their beauty, but also for their usefulness. He wishes also to relieve students of the stigma that they do not pursue the gentler things of life with the same zest that they apply to the material side. This he intends to do by referring before their notice a few quotations from the poets—quotations which are peculiarly adaptable to college life. Suppose the student misses his train and is late for a lecture. "Missed the train?" queries the professor, "got up too late?" Prepared for such base suspicion, our hero answers in a feeling voice, "I did, I yielded to the 'Care charmer Sleep—Brother to Death,' as the poet Daniel so beautifully expresses it." Collapse of professor.

Or the student seeks relaxation on the tennis court. "Are you going to serve or not, you silly ass?" calls an opponent while his partner is vainly searching for balls. "They also serve who only stand and wait,"

he replies in a tone of calm resignation, and the sublime genius of Milton receives another tribute.

With regard to our valiant defenders of the O.T.C., the Muse has been kind to them. We have always understood that after their labours of drilling, they are glad of the "spicy, nut-brown ale," but we feel sure that they will find a sweeter enjoyment in the foaming tankard when they learn of the authority of Dryden that "drinking is the soldier's pleasure" (Here we could make a pun on Dryden, but refrain for the sake of getting this accepted). It is strange to think that Milton, the Puritan poet, should have so many allusions to the cup that cheers, for in addition to the praise he bestows upon ale, we find him exclaiming in "Lycidas" against watery beer (beer). Byron himself, the melancholy poet of romance, avers that he has "no objection to a pot of beer."

To take the painful ordeal we have just passed through, where is the examiner who would not grant us the few moments' grace we desire on hearing us exclaim with Herrick, "We weep to see thee haste away so soon."

And now the results have come, and with Wordsworth, we think "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," for as Byron says, this is truly a "world of woe."

Looking around us on those who smelt, the words leap into our minds, "I see a lily on thy brow—and on thy cheek a fading rose." We seem to hear the Matha, student saying sadly, "I arise from dreams of thee," perchance he misquotes Wordsworth, and murmurs "She is a phantom of alight."

The unfortunate student of the gentler sex who finds her hair becoming astray, may well find consolation in thinking with Herrick, so, they do "more bewitch me than when art is too precise in every part."

These few lines could not be complete without some reference to him who sways our destinies. But one more phrase from the poets and we lay aside our task. What words can we find more applicable to our old friend, the Hall Porter, than those which Cowper puts in the mouth of Alexander Selkirk, "Monarch of all I survey."

VIGOR.

"On Music and Poetry."

Music hath power to move the inmost soul,

And fill the mind with noble thoughts unsaid:

Dumb nature, aye, the wanton waves which speed

By Thracia's shores rejoiced, when, o'er the roll,

Wild, lofty melody did float, which stole

From the blest lyre of Orpheus: He led

His way to Hades dark, and there the dead

Were strangely soothed; and the stern gods, as toll,

Restored fair Eurydice, his loved spouse.

But mine a fiercer joy, when, in the wind,

Some loud, sweet-toned voice the Muse doth rouse;

When Avon's matchless bard reveals his mind,

Or Milton sage contracts his mighty brow

And breathes the vision he may see, though blind.

H. E. W.

Past Students.

In the days when we were in the prime of student life we gave little thought to the men who had gone before us. But now we are ranked among the old stagers, and when we enter the portals once so familiar, look in at the library or the smokeroom, or scan the passing faces in the corridors the only people we know are Mrs. Beck, the august Wilkinson and some members of the staff. Such are the feelings of the "old student," who comes back to the University. He has no means of meeting the men with whom he spent his best days, and communication with them is, as a rule, confined to the somewhat scanty limits of private correspondence.

While each individual loses much in getting out of touch with the University and his old associates, it is possible that the old institution misses something, for surely, the united support of her children who have, so to speak, come of age and left her fostering care, would be a source of strength to her.

What is needed is really some club building to which past students could go with some probability of meeting men whom they knew; but the foundation of a club of that nature presents grave difficulty and requires mature consideration. It is possible, however, to form at once a Leeds University Club, or Association which shall organize meetings and form a medium through which we can get into touch with the men with whom we worked, played, or, better still, with whom we smoked the quiet pipe and talked University and Union affairs.

It may be said that there are clubs of a similar nature attached to the various departments; it is quite true, and they are doing good work; but at Leeds departmentalism has not acted as a supporter of University spirit in the past, and the man who has profited most by his years at Leeds, and who has done most for the University, is not the man who has merely stuck to his department and gained his degree or diploma, but he is the man who has worked for University interests and helped by varied friendships to unite the various departments into one corporate whole.

Again, it may be advanced that Convocation forms a sufficient means of union for the old student. Now Convocation is a very respectable body, as you may see on any Degree day; but it is not the sort of collection that inspires one, and it can never be representative since many of the staunchest supporters of the Union have been men who have either not taken a degree course, or who have joined the legion of the lost ones.

Feeling all these things, the present chairman of the Union and a few of his more venerable acquaintances arranged a small Dinner in the Refectory on January the 12th, and about twenty men met to talk over old times and discuss ways and means of keeping together to some extent. J. R. Bibby was in the chair, and it was well filled.

After dinner, toasts, and many signatures on menu cards, the company went into committee and appointed a sub-committee of five—J. R. Bibby, H. Davies, F. M. Rowe, G. V. Stockdale and A. E. Woodhead, with power to co-opt, to enquire into the

possibility of forming an Old Students' Association or Leeds University Club, and to report to a larger gathering of past students at a similar meeting to be held about Easter.

It is hoped that all who can "possibly do" so will give the committee their earnest support for they are doing great service to the University in trying to fulfil this long-felt want.

SENEX.

The Ballade of the Bleating Bell.

Of all the music man hath made
(Man maketh music well!)
There is one tune shall never fade—
The Bleating of the Bell!

The Bleating of the Bell, my love!
(The Bleating of the Bell!)
It bleateth loudly from above
And doth sweet music tell!

But when it bleateth forth at ten
(Moins vingt cinq, ma chère!)
It rendeth forth no music then
But makes me curse and swear!

And yet, when fifty minutes passed
(I wait to hear it bleat!)
It bleateth forth both loud and fast,
Oh! then 'tis very sweet!

Nor then, my love, for joy do I
('Tis joy that nought can beat!)
Think ere ten minutes have gone by
It forth again will bleat.

And thus I say though other blokes
(They never feel its spell!)
Praise up the scores of Stokes and Nokes,
Give me the Bleating Bell! R.H.G.B.

Jottings.

Mr. Porter, in a recent lecture, informed his audience that the D lines always occurred between the blue and yellow portions of a spectrum. We have consulted an eminent medico on this subject, and he asserts positively that the "D's" always occur in the "blues."

* * *

We anticipate that Freshers will now and then, by mistake, wander into the journal room of the Library. We feel it our duty to inform them that this place was not built so that they might disport themselves at the noble game of hide-and-seek. Never by any chance remove a book from the shelves. It might annoy the bookworms.

* * *

The other day at the club [viz., common-room at four in the afternoon] discussion arose regarding the best way of testing a student's originality. It was unanimously carried that the most original man was he who could manufacture a new joke about the Hall Porter. (Intending contributors please note.—Ed.).

The Unreality of Art.

Is there is one condition of the human mind more than another that Shakespeare loved to depict, it is that diseased condition in which action is supplanted by excessive reflection, when "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Hamlet, Macbeth and many more of his great men suffer from this "impediment in the blood," and it is not unnatural to suppose that the master-mind itself had felt the inward tragedy of a crowd of impulses, images and passions that had no connection with the flesh-and-blood life of man, but tended to distract him to a world, to dwell in which continuously would mean madness. This too was the weakness with which the "Power" of Shelley was "girt round," for—

"His own thoughts
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey."

Keats, too, in a fragment which is, unfortunately all too little read, the first sketch of "Hyperion," describes the poet as "a fever of himself"—
"Every sole man hath days of joy and pain
Whether his labours be sublime or low—
The pain alone, the joy alone, distinct :
Only the dreamer venoms all his days,
Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve."

It would be easy to multiply examples from all the great poets showing how keenly at various moments they felt the great agony of being mere spectators of the arena of life, and of having to regard the passions of live humanity and of themselves as the eternal subject of their art, so that a painful artificiality and introspection continually disturbed their own participation in the joys and sorrows of life.

"And almost thence their nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

To a less degree, no doubt, but none the less surely, this artificial spectator-attitude towards life, which lacks the sublime calmness of Lucretius' ideal—*pacata posse omnia mente teneri*—because it is fevered by a morbid self-introspection and a half-repressed desire to join in the hearty careless life of ordinary beings, "nor vary from the kindly race of men"—this attitude is shared by the student of literature, and especially of poetry. How strong is the tendency to fly from this real breathing world which is so full of pain for the sensitive soul, this place

"Where men sit, and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrows

And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow"—
—how strong is the tendency to fly to the unreal world, which is yet so unsatisfying because it is unreal, and how disastrous is the result ! A spectre of a love like *Cesino's*, a morbid yearning for things too good "for human nature's daily food," a dreamy restless wandering through the crowded haunts of men, a wild and questioning eye fixed on the stream of changing human faces—such are the wages of too deep devotion to the world of poetry. And what is

the recompense ? Only that Art is long, and pays for its unreality by eternity. The youth beneath the trees on the Greek urn cannot leave his song.

"Nor ever can those trees be bare ;

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

And so the passion of Romeo is for ever fixed in the reader's heart, and his words and actions become more real than the tragedies of daily life around, while many a "hopeless fancy" pines for Juliet.

Goethe, in his "Faust" has immortalized the final wearying of the flesh that ensues on the student-outlook, and the strong desire to go down into the plain and whole-heartedly drink the joys and sorrows of earth—

Ans dieser Erde quellen meine Freuden,
Und diese schein' ich meinen Leiden.

Was it not this too that vexed the mighty mind of Plato, so that he drove the immortal poets, yea with Homer at their head, crowned with garlands and honour to other cities, that they might not contaminate the free un-selfconscious life of his youths with stage emotions, and make them mere "hypocritical" amid the shadows of a world thrice removed from reality ? Plato had felt it all the more because he was himself a poet, and the myths teeming in his brain wrung from him this attack as they wrung from Keats the cry of anguish in the first sketch of "Hyperion." And yet when will the earth be free from the shadows of man's imagination, the terrified inheritance of the savage ? Never, for we ourselves,

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on,"

And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

JIV.

Dreams.

GIVE the subject a thought, and it will be seen how delightful, how expressive, this word itself is—*Dream*. It conjures up visions of easy chairs, of pleasant languor, of quiet contentment, of a room at dusk lighted only by the dancing flames of the fire, of a day's work finished and of a leisure to be spent according to fancy. It is these twilight visions alone, which have any claim to the name of dreams. To apply that regal word to the wild nocturnal gymnastics of the mind, which proceed from some rebellious morsel of food, is to profane it.

No ! The armchair, plentifully supplied with cushions, is the place to woo the Goddess of Dreams. Sleep is not absolutely essential ; an agreeable drowsiness is just as suitable. . . . The mind is as restful as the body ; worries are banished and the thoughts are free to wander at will—

"Ever let the fancy roam

Pleasure never is at home."

In these words, Keats—himself an exquisite dreamer—has expressed the whole philosophy of the half-conscious muses. Summer's joys are spoiled by use, and it is only man's inherent tendency to "look before and after" which enables him to reap the full benefit of the glories of nature. The brilliancy of the sun and the sparkle of the waves can be enjoyed long

after the holiday itself has become a thing of the past ; a quiet and contented review of that short period of untrammelled freedom can give a mellow satisfaction which the actual and active participation can never do.

Youth has golden dreams of the Future. Wealth, fame and pleasure display themselves alluringly, and may urge that constant attention to Duty, which brings them in its train.

Age dwells in the Past. Old loves, triumphs and pleasures pass slowly through the mind. Dreams of what might have been under happier circumstances present themselves, and it is just here where the personal factor enters. A dream is precisely what we make it—it depends on the dreamer. There is no more touching scene than Elia's description of his dream children. Had he been destined to marry, he would have made an excellent husband. His qualities fitted him for married life, despite his complaint of the behaviour of his married acquaintances ; but it was not to be. Doubtless it was disappointing ; but the dream of the might-have-been did not engender bitter thoughts, though sad ones might well come to Charles Lamb as he pondered over it. Yet he enjoyed it in his quiet whimsical way and was thankful for it. He was indeed one who deserved dreams, because he knew how to use them and to obtain the greatest benefit from them. W. G. G.

The Ten-nis Commandments.

THU speak the Tennis Committee unto all players, at the beginning of the season :—

"We are the judges and masters of thy game, thou shalt have none other laws than ours.

1. Thou shalt not take unto thy feet any boots of leather, or the likeness of anything which is not a tennis shoe.
2. Remember thy shoes to keep them holey.
3. Remember the lecture-hour to keep it studious. In it thou shalt do no manner of play—or if thou do beware lest thou art not seen of thy professor.
4. Thou shalt in no wise depart from the King's English, but shalt keep to it even unto forty times forty.
5. Thou shalt not covet thy "partnère's" hat, nor her ball, nor her shot, nor anything that is thy "partnère's."
6. Honour thy courts and the nets which are upon them, that their days may be long in the grounds which have been given them.
7. Beware that thy balls enter not the cups of them that sit around.
8. Thou shalt never sit idle upon the courts, but thou shalt rather gather up the balls for the fairer ones that play.
9. Thou shalt not wear gaudy socks upon the courts, for they are an abomination unto the players.
10. Thou shalt have none other game before this."

JIVE.

Colours for Women.

The shades of night were falling fast,
In ye Council Room the long hours past.
As the Sports Committee pondered there
Over a parchment—strange yet fair,
Colours for Women.

Their brows were knit, their spirits high,
Their cheeks were flushed, and bright each eye,
And like a silver claxon rung
The accents from each angry tongue,
Colours for Women.

On other teams we see the light
Of varied colours, warm and bright.
But here we play and ne'er have one
And from our lips escapes a groan,
Colours for Women.

The men in their sports have this prize.
In gaining it, our duty lies.
All storms from Union men we'll brave,
And let them see we mean to have
Colours for Women.

The champions of the lordly males,
Of football, cricket, many tales
Of victories on the field will tell,
And enabled are to show as well—
Colours for Men.

Then why not we—who Hockey play,
At Tennis, skill and grace display ;
Who in the Gym, our prowess show—
Have honours which to men now go,
Colours for Women.

At break of day the meeting ended ;
And gaily home their way they wended.
And thus at last it was decided
That in the future be provided
Colours for Women. E.M.

Ode to a——?

What was it that I found the other day
Down at the bottom of an old, old drawer ?
Oh ! you'll not guess, attempt it as you may,
Unless to you I tell a little more.

'Twas not a flower dropped from the hand I loved,
'Twas not a ring most suitably engraved,
'Twas not a glove that once her hand had gloved,
'Twas not a keepsake for sweet mem'ry saved.

'Twas none of these and yet what awful pain
It once did cause my vulnerable heart !
Things then I spake, I ne'er shall speak again
(Unless from policemen I am far apart !).

What thoughts of anger rose in my young mind !
What awful passions coursed through my hot blood !
Yet with what calm of spirit now I find
That cause of grief—a simple collar stud !
R. H. G. B.

The Battle in the Surf.

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of the crags, O sea!"

WHAT IS Filley Brigg? A rocky promontory solely? To men it is a playground in its sunny moods, a terrible life-devouring monster in its angry days. But to many forms of life it is a home in sunshine and storm, here they are born, and live, and die. Pre-eminent amongst these are the seaweeds, which spring up a dense field, as soon as the rock stratum arises, giving a deeper tone to the shorecape. Fastened to the rocks by holdfasts, these seaweeds can resist the backwash of the waves, or onslaught of the storm. Try to pull up one plant from its anchorage. If you are so strong that one does give way, you will probably land in a rock-pool on your back—the seaweed is avenged. The Brigg and its approach slopes gradually into the sea on the Filley side, but looking towards Scarborough it falls steeply away. Along the low-water edge in Filley Bay are dense ranks of a dark seaweed. Continually stirred by the water, the plants rise and fall, or on the rocks lie exposed in overlapping series. They are the Black-wracks, drawn up in battle array. The Black-wrack is not the only warrior in the field. It is true it is marshalled along the low-tide mark in unbroken ranks, but it is faced half-way between low and high water marks by another host, an allied tribe, the Bladder-wracks. Where the two hosts meet they mingle in combat, and contest every square inch of the Brigg, here. A few yards higher up the Bladder-wracks seem to be in sole possession for a zone, till they in turn are vanquished by another rival, near high-water mark. This third territorial army we may name the Green-wracks.

Having reached the flat top of the Brigg, you may clamber over the large boulders on your right, and find a hardy little fellow, Pelvetia by name, who is certainly King of the Castle. It too is akin to the ubiquitous Wracks.

What qualities do these Wracks possess in common, by which as a race they can so successfully occupy the Brigg territory, in contradistinction to other races of seaweeds from the deeper water world? It is well known that the Wracks feel slimy to the touch. When the tide goes out, the eggs are exuded with mucous; the mucus prevents the eggs from drying up. When the tide flows in again, the eggs escape from their jelly cases, float freely in the water, and are fertilized by the active little sperms. Is it merely a coincidence that Pelvetia, on the boulder tops, has eggs which are said never to be freed from their jelly envelopes, even during fertilisation? This is one of the secrets of the Wracks' conquest as a race. Wherein lies the virtue, that enables each tribe of Wracks, to hold one zone of the Brigg so securely for itself? Apparently they are all well able to withstand the ceaseless beat of the surf, and unshaded glare of light. Yet all along the rocky slope the same order of possession is maintained, the Black-wrack at low tide level, then the Bladder-wrack, then the Green-wrack, and the Pelvetia at high water mark. If you were a seaweed, gentle reader, would you rather be exposed for hours, twice daily, to wind, rain and sunshine, or sport with the sea-nymphs beneath the foam?

The Pelvetia prefers to brave the scorching wind, the Black-wrack the watery nymphs. Granted, but how does each tribe manage to keep its own land? Sea-weed nature, like human nature, is much the same all the world over, and we may safely make use of the answer found out in the Isle of Wight. The sea-weeds that grow at high-water mark are far better able to stand desiccation than their more wave-covered neighbours. The younglings of the low-water mark Wracks grow up more rapidly than the others. Thus the Pelvetia can flourish on the boulder tops, as the Black man in the tropics, and the younglings of the Black-wrack are as precocious, in seizing their coveted ground, as the energetic northern races of Europeans were at colonising.

The Wracks are not the only pushing race on this crowded frontier of the Brigg. A tribe of the Redskins amongst seaweeds inhabits the rocks, and is far better able to cope with other races than the heroic Redman is amongst human races. This Redskin tribe bivouacs on the rocks about low-water mark, towards the Brigg end, where the bell toils eerily in the surf oceanwards, warning ships off those cruel snags. It is a tribe of Gigartina, tough and leathery, and brown-red in hue as any weather-beaten mariners, true sons of the surf. (They are very gelatinous in substance, said to make excellent blank-mange.)

Turn back from the booming breakers and the tolling bell; the latter reminds one of the bell cut loose from its buoy by the wicked Sir Ralph the Rover; it has an awesome sound.

We stand on the steep escarpments of rock on the far side of the Brigg. Below us are rock-pools, deep and ever full of surging water. Here the great ribbons of the Laminariae undulate about. The old ribbons become tattered with lashing about in the turbulence, and white where the eggs have all escaped and left the ribbon empty. In these deep pools see another Kinstalk of the Wracks—Sea Thongs, long, whip-like, and fertile, sinuously waving about. In summer, the Sea Thongs are reduced to little tadpoles; we thought them a kind of sea-anemone, as children, but stupid anemones, that would sulk when we took them home, though we tried our best to gain their confidence.

Approaching the base of the Brigg on the steep side, the rock pools grow shallower and shallower. Here Corallina grows in quantities, for this tiny pink sea-weed can stand any amount of rough and tumble, by reason of its strong armour. The Cladophora, in green glistening tufts, carpets the slippery rocks. It brings to my ears the sound of inland waters, mingling with the roar of sea waves. For Cladophora grows in my native stream of Wharfe, wherever a mill dam causes the water to slide murmuring, or rushing, down over the stones of a weir.

I must end, though having but begun, this tale of the struggle for existence on the rocks of Filley Brigg. The struggle is carried on by the seaweeds; by the periwinkles too that cluster on the Wracks, by the fishes in the pools, and by the birds around, and countless other living creatures. I will close with a word of these birds of the Brigg. Here the gulls stoop on the wing to pick a morsel from the surface. Yonder, dark cormorants dive beneath the water,

pursuing the fish in their own domain. The rock-peeps search for the shore-insects about the cliff base. A flock of fairy-like dunlins runs after the over-flowing waves, there where the Brigg slides finally into the sea, and the waters come and go. The dunlins turn with a flash of silver. The tide is flowing in fast over the treacherous rocks. This late autumn day will soon close, for the moon is rising and one star; we must go.

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Hermit,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablation round earth's human shores,
Or glazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death."—*Keats.*

You wonder why I choose this sonnet? It is not a random choice, it is because my heart was full of it, there on Filley Brigg. Reader, farewell.

The Spirit of Learning.

It chanced that during my journeyings in that wondrous Empire of the West, that is called England, I visited a certain town Leeds. This city is famed for many reasons, but pre-eminent among them is that the Spirit of Learning has here taken up his abode. He inhabits a large building, known as the University, and thousands of students flock thither year after year to gain knowledge in the oldest and most intricate of sciences. I was told that here they learnt how to restore the dead to life, to make corn spring out of hard rocks, to foretell events by means of the stars. Others were deeply studied in the lore of the ancients, even of our forefathers, and in fine I determined to do and visit this place and indulge my curiosity therein.

Accordingly, next morning, I proceeded to this University, and upon entering, I found myself in a wondrous hall. It was high and spacious, and the walls and pillars thereof were carved in a most intricate manner out of solid marble. The light in many colours streamed through windows set with precious stones. A sparkling fountain played melodiously from out a golden pipe and the waters falling were caught in a basin of green Carrara marble. Many passages led away into the interior, and I must not forget to mention that in a cave near the entrance dwelt a fearsome dragon. His scales were blue and gold, and terrible was he to look upon—and yet wistful to know was he exceedingly pleasant.

Through many subterranean passages did I wander, and often came upon the alchemists at work. Some were engaged in the search for the philosopher's stone, and others experimented for the elixir of life. And ever and anon, there were destined strange

odours, some that were sweet and fragrant, and others that were not. Then, I came into a room full of books; rows upon rows of books, yea, more than in the great library at Alexandria. And I sat down upon a chair, and presently it waxed wondrous cold and dark. The books seemed to grow bigger and bigger, till I felt that they would overwhelm me, and I trembled exceedingly, for the Spirit of Learning was come upon me. Then one came, and comforted me with soothing words, and led me into a hall larger than I had ever been into before. This, he said, was the house of the Spirit, and truly it was wrought in an extraordinary fashion. On the walls were portraits of mighty geni, and I felt the Spirit of Learning once more coming over me, and I said, "Fear comes upon me." So he led me forth, and cast me into the street, and I sat on the road, and wept, and swore never to enter there again.

That night, as I walked abroad in one of the great thoroughfares, I heard, of a sudden, a low, dull roar in the distance, rising above the noise and bustle of the traffic. People looked anxious, and mothers instinctively clutched their children, and drew back into the shade. The roar grew deafening; it sounded as though hundreds of throats were shouting a strange word, "Kumati." Then I saw a crowd of young men rushing down the street, leaping and shouting wildly. With a roar and whirl, they were gone, and I sighed, for the Spirit of Learning was upon them.

(Being an extract from the Travels of Alexis Duncan.)

Peace.

O'er mount and plain, o'er lake and sea,
In search of peace I wandered far;
At last my heart fixed on a star,
But that spake not of peace to me,
I saw the snowy glittering crest
Of some hear-headed mountain fair;
True peace, it was not pictured there,
Though stillness brooded o'er its breast.

I found a lake, remote and grand,
A shining precious crystal gem,
Dropped from the Eternal's diadem,
As He in love bent o'er the land.
And though there came no ruffling wind,
Nor song of bird o'er broke the calm,
My restless spirit found no balm;
No peace was there to soothe my mind.

A picture of true peace I found
At length, in wand'ring on the brim
Of mountain catarracts. A limb
Of some huge tree the waters crowned.
A little bird had lodged its nest
Upon a twig—a dangerous place—
And fearless sang in danger's face:
And here were pictured Peace and Rest.

REVERSE.

Twelfth Night, or What You Will.

In the city of Leeds, towards the east parts thereof, lies a newly-built house (except The Leeds University Working Men's Club. Touching this building, which is fair and clean to the eye, though it hath its habitation amongst the tents of Kedar, rumour raised herself in the heavens and shrieks that under graduates of the University give it too little support. If rumour be true, this is a sad state of affairs, for the Club exists for the purpose of bringing University men into touch with a district wherein, but for a wise choice of parents, any of us might have been born. In the porch of the club-house is to be seen a board whereon is printed a list of lecturers and their topics, from which is manifest that the professors and lectures of the University for as any rate some of them) are doing their duty by giving the Leeds Working Men popular lectures. But the ambition of the President, Professor Cohen, is to find gangs and relays of undergrads at the Club night after night.

After this didactic introduction, it now remains to be said that this is not a tract, but a description of a performance of "Twelfth Night, or What You Will," a romantic comedy by one William Shakespeare, which was acted at the Leeds University Working Men's Club by a company impressed by the President, and including Professor Grant, *quorum pars magna fui*, on Saturday, January 6th, 1912. The said play tells us that "the rain it raineth every day," which is quite true; but on Twelfth Night, the eve in question, it did snow and sleet and hail to the let and hindrance of them that had bought tickets, so that though the working men were there in big battalions, the undergraduates were in single spies; but a University semblance was given to the gathering by three or more past students (including the gentle Proteus) and a warm hearted crowd of prods. and their friends. And now, O muse, tell not how, being thrust forth from a tramcar and told to journey along a street to the desired haven, we lost our way amid snowy wilds, and, guided by a friendly kipper-shop and a little female inhabitant thereof on a quest for her nightly beer, arrived too late to hear Handel's "Water Music"—most appropriate on such a night—played for an overture; but rather out the cackle and come to the 'osses. The play was acted in Elizabethan costume and without scenery. This means that the actors were thrown into great prominence, for the eye had no distractions. The stage-manager simply rang a bell and lunged up a placard indicating the place of action when a fresh scene began. Thanks to the really wonderfully fine acting of the company, this adoption of Elizabethan conditions was a complete success. The highest praise is due to Mr. L. H. G. Greenwood, formerly lecturer in classics at this University, who not only acted as Stage Manager, and took the part of Feste the Jester with "such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing," but who also composed fresh music for the songs in a wonderfully pleasant imitation of the old style. The orchestra which was put at the side of the stage out of sight—this, we protest is not the true Elizabethan way—consisted of Professor and Mrs. Cohen, Messrs. F. and J. Fulford, and Miss Fulford.

Turn we now to the individuals who composed the cast. The part of Viola was admirably played by Miss Dorothy Priestley, and mistaken identity on which the plot hangs appeared the more real because Miss Mary Priestley took the part of the twin brother Sebastian. Mr. W. Bragg took the part of Orsino, with Professor Bragg and Mr. W. Schüddkopf as his retinue. Maria (Miss Edith Sowerbutts) and Malvolio (Mr. Lidbetter) took their fooling excellently. Aguechook (Mr. R. M. Priestman) was the perfect "guil," and the humorous crack in his voice coupled with the "bloody cockcomb" sent the audience into ecstasies. Mr. A. B. Cohen played the part of Sir Toby so convincingly that one regrets he was not cast for a more prominent role in "The Frogs." His feeling in the scenes in Olivia's garden contributed much, but too much praise cannot be given to any who appeared in those scenes. Aguechook, Maria, Feste, Viola and Malvolio were all excellent in them, and the fun raged fast and furious, with never a hitch. Mr. A. Seymour-Jones was a convincing pirate, and why did he give Sebastian a leather purse? Was it not that "there's neth . . . [Desist!—Editor]."

And now, gentle reader, transport your imagination to the fourth act of Twelfth Night. A graceful Olivia (Miss Mary Cohen) has modestly told her love to Sebastian. They plight their troth, and would have adjourned for the marriage ceremony to a neighbouring chantry, save that the curate in full vestments happens to call at the most opportune moment. But who is this portly and rubicund cleric, tanned and shaven, clad in a cassock of white, and bearing a cope of bath-towel, and a stole which looks suspiciously like passementerie? Can it be? No? Yes! It is—Professor Grant as the priest. And we make bold to say that never in the history of the stage did a walking-on part meet with such volleys of applause. If he cared to defend the Establishment in Wales—in costume—he would light a candle that would not soon be put out.

It remains to speak yet of the Officers and Pages in the play. These parts were taken by Miss Honor Baines, Miss Margaret Cohen, and Master Hugh Cohen. It is, I believe, not considered "nice" for a critic to pass personal remarks, but I must transgress here to say how charming little Miss Cohen looked as the page, and only to add in the words of Richard Lovelace "I could not love Hugh, dear so much."

Loved I not Honor more."

And so let us praise famous men, and their deeds and doings; and let us join in rejoicing that the play was a financial success, and in wishing success to the little Club in the East.

LITTLE JONES.

A Lyddite Shell.

There's a braw bonnie Scot here called Blash.
Whom his handy to know in a smash.
He's quite anatomical,
Decedently comical,
Yet never inclined very much to B. Rash.

LYDDITE.

The Constant Lover.

(Words for Music).

I.

'Twas when the earliest primrose
 Bloomed in the sweet spring tide,
 That CORYDON was walking
 With PHYLLIS at his side,
 Linked hand in hand they wandered
 The vernal woods among,
 And thus the constant lover,
 Poured forth his soul in song—

My virgin heart beats but for thee,
 O thou whom I adore,
 For I love thee, PHYLLIS as ne'er maid
 Was loved on earth before;
 The faithful heart loves only once,
 But loves for evermore,
 For evermore,
 Once and for evermore.

II.

'Twas in the balmy summer
 When blooms the blue hare-bell,
 That Corydon was walking
 With his true love in the dell;
 Again I heard him singing,
 Though much I grieve to state,
 That she who gave him hearing,
 Not Phyllis was, but KATE—

My virgin heart I offer thee,
 Thine only I adore,
 And I love thee, KATE, as maid on earth
 Was never loved before;
 The faithful heart loves only once,
 But loves for evermore,
 For evermore,
 Once and for evermore.

III.

'Twas in the golden autumn,
 When the orchard yields its store,
 That I marked the ardent lover,
 As constant as before;
 Sweet ROSALIE, he whispered,
 As her lips he gently pressed,
 Saith not the poet truly,
 "The first love is the best?"

My heart is thine, dear ROSALIE,
 Thine only I adore,
 And I love thee as no maid on earth
 Was ever loved before,
 The faithful heart loves only once,
 But loves for evermore,
 For evermore,
 Once and for evermore.

IV.

But when the sunshine sparkled
 Upon the winter's snow,
 His heart nigh broke, for Rosalie
 Preferred another Jo!
 But the coldest blast of fortune,
 Great hearts can rise above,
 For I ween the constant lover
 Falls constantly in love.
 So midst the dance and revel,
 While the Yule log burned so clear,
 His arms encircled LUCY,
 And he whispered in her ear—

My virgin heart I offer thee,
 O LUCY I adore,
 And love thee, as no maid on earth
 Was ever loved before,
 The constant lover loves but once,
 But loves for evermore,
 For evermore,
 Once and for evermore. HIAURO.

Ye Commonne Roome.

[Our University was recently favoured with a visit from the Spirit of
 Don Chaucer, on an embassy for his master. We are enabled,
 by special favour, to extract the following one his spirit in
 rhyme.]

"One of these famous institutions is ye Commonne
 Roome, that is, a place as bare as is a Commonne.
 It standeth indeede inside foure walles, but ye wind
 hath free access through spaces and nickes which
 I thynke uncountable, so that comfort dwelleth not
 therein. Aronde these walles are placed benches
 of dismalle hie, which are onlie cralled in dirtiness
 by those plates of glasse that once let inne the rayes
 of ye sunne. Ye airc is chille and dank, forbidding
 alle chearfulness. Onlie once in ye daye doth ye
 atmosphere come ween that of ye goode Tabarde
 June. Whanne the evening waxeth alreede dimme,
 cometh a gille of tendre yeres, bearinge in her handes
 a plattere of sundrie baked pieces, ye best of which
 ye fellows and studentes of ye college clepeth
 'Cake.' This (which I sawe to be yellow specked
 with blackishe spottes) ye studentes devoure as a
 wilde beeste hys daile fare of unbaked meate. But
 with it they do drinke from tinie vessels of pottes
 that drinke yelept Tee, because it maketh one so
 warme as doth ye playe of Golfe. But whanne ye
 studentes are alle fylled, and all ye dyes are paid,
 beholde ye maide depasteth, and withe her ye trans-
 iente atmosphere of joye. Againe ye chauncelre
 is darke and unpleasinge, so that there is litle joye of
 dwellynge there, and inne it I staid no longer thanne
 was necessarie. Indeede, the folke of that countrie
 clepeth theire age an "Age of Progress," but me-
 thynketh theire age is nikkle in the wronge, and defraude
 themselves wrie vily, for inne ye Universitie, which
 they saye is ye beaue-light of ye age, ye studentes
 tolerate a dwellynge whose barenes and poverte
 wolde shame ye wildeste savage."

The Musings of a Pessimist.

PESSIMISM is not born of misanthropy. It is the child not of too much hate but of too much pity, of too great a sensitiveness to the pains mortal beings are compelled to feel. The cynic's smile does not disfigure the features of the pessimist. The cynic is miserable because he has no ideals and believes all ideals to be worthless; the misery of the pessimist springs from the consciousness that ideals are unattainable. He feels like the lover, horrified with the certainty that his love will vanish. The cynic is blind to virtue, the pessimist beholds it struggling against forces which must eventually crush it. And he weeps in anticipation of its defeat.

It is not personal misfortune that breeds pessimism. It is not the perception of mental or physical inferiority in one's self that casts the dark shadow over life for the pessimist. The pessimist is seldom personal. His sympathies are as extensive as an active imagination can make them.

It is the limitations to human power in general that fills the pessimist's heart with sorrow, the consciousness that we are not masters over ourselves, but are like flies in the hands of wanton boys, the incompleteness of the plan of creation, the weakness of human nature.

When I gaze into my own heart and behold its wicked purposes and its sinful desires I stand aghast. Sin jostle each other in the race for realization in the material world. The body is too weak to enact the sins the heart can conceive. Fortunate, indeed, it is for us that of our sins some die at the same moment as they are conceived and that some are crushed and trampled under foot by their stronger rivals and that some are too terrible to be recalled even.

Man is sinful even from his birth. "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually." But why was he sent into a world so full of temptations? To get rid of his burden of sin!

And the strife with wicked thoughts and sinful lusts is so persistent, so painful. Sin is Hydra-headed, and, unlike Hercules, you are not always victorious in the strife.

Asceticism does not put an end to the struggle. It merely intensifies it and brings it out into greater relief. Asceticism declares ceaseless war against the flesh and carries it on unflinchingly and systematically, but the pain is not less but greater, for the struggle is greater.

Renunciation is never easy, however often practised. And renunciation is always necessary. In time the very sense of this necessity of endless and continual renunciation becomes painful.

If only our feelings would remain fixed and permanent. If only they would not change so swiftly and so unexpectedly and in their changings cause so much misery and pain and unhappiness. She loves you and you love her, oh! so passionately, so fondly,

with youthful arrogance you swear each other eternal constancy. But soon the Serpent Change glides into your bower of bliss. The love-light in her eyes ceases to inflame your brain. The touch of her finger-tips no longer thrills you, no longer sends your blood coursing up and down your veins like frightened steeds, her feminine heart feels the coming on of coldness and in her terror reproaches you for this sudden change. In vain you try to lash yourself into a passion that no longer dominates you. You repeat things you no longer feel in the vain hope that the magic of their sound will recall the love that is fled. You can see her warm heart is being killed. And still the coldness freezes into indifference. You can see her young soul is being crushed. And yet she becomes as nothing to you. Oh! the misery of it all! the misery of it all!

Everything is so transient, everything is so fleeting. The applauded debutante of yesterday is the toothless hag of to-morrow. The minister whose indiscretions have embroiled nations in war, is confined in a mad-house. Imagination is double-edged. It can clothe the ugly with beauty, it can convert the man into the noble, and the trivial and the commonplace into the lofty and the grand. But it can also strip from the beautiful that which constitutes its beauty. From beneath the velvety cheek it can show you a skeleton jaw grinning at you. It can replace the bright and the languishing look by eyelid sockets. And for us it does the latter as often as it does the former. Even imagination, so lauded of poet and dreamer, is not an unmixt blessing. Worms feed on the lovely corpse after death, to me they sometimes feed on the living.

"Life," I have somewhere read, "is like unto a potsherd that is broken, like unto grass that withereth and a flower that fadeth. It resembles a passing shadow, a cloud that is dissipated. It is as transient as a breeze, as light as dust that is being scattered. It is as unsubstantial as a dream that is fled."

Say not she is dead? No, not she.

Nay! say not so: she would not die,
Again to leave alone for me

This dull, cold earth and she not high,

Nay—say not so.

How sad her smile, how sadly sweet,

How soft she breathes—my love—how soft.

Dead? Nay, not dead. Love will defeat

Grim-clutching death; he cannot oft—

He will for her.

Still blows the garden in her face,

How cool her brow to burning lips.

Cold? Nay, say not death can o'er efface

The honeyed rose where true love sips.

Nay—say not so.

ESSIE.

Translations from Heine.

I. From "*die Heimkehr*."

We rode alone through the darkness,
By stage-coach the whole of the night;
We opened our hearts to each other
And jested and laughed with delight.
But when the grey morning crept o'er,
My child, how surprised we were!
For between us there sat Amor,
The sightless passenger.

II. From "*Neuer Frühling*."

Mornings I send violets,
Early found by wood and bower;
In the evening I bring roses,
Plucked within the twilight hour.
Know'st thou, what these pretty blossoms
Softly to thy heart might say?
Thou shalt dream of me at night-time
As thou lov'st me through the day.

III. From "*die Heimkehr*."

O death, it is the cool, soft night,
And life it is the sultry day.
How soon 'tis dark and I am tired
And weary with the day's long fight.
The nightingale's melodious breath
Doth fill the tree above my grave;
Of happy love it sings so sweet,
I seem to hear it e'en in death.

IV. From "*die Heimkehr*."

Thou art so like a flower,
So sweet and pure and fair;
I think of thee and sadness
Doth fill my heart with care.
I feel as though I would my hands
Rest on thy shining hair.
Praying, that God preserve thee
So sweet and pure and fair.

H. E. W.

Sonnet on a Photograph.

Jove-dowered Pandora, on whom bestowed
Th' Olympic Gods their every gift complete,
Was scarce than this enframed vision sweet
More beauteous and fair, when with her load
Of treasures vile, she sought the far abode
Of wise Prometheus. With peace discreet
Doth beauty dwell in shadowy retreat
Within those lucid orbs that speak love's code.

Such features, noble in their calm repose,
And chastely cut, did the glad woods admire
In the raised face of Delos' huntress keen.
But when Apollo on the west wind throws
Soft, am'rous music from his tortoise lyre,
Artemis cold becomes Medici's queen!

The Nymph.

Among the dripping tangles of her silken hair,
The dying sun with fingers dully gleaming,
Would fain have stayed his shooting shafts, his
sullen glare,
And on that tender bed have lain a-dreaming.

Shone white her marble body 'gainst the lustreless
breast
Of the waters gently heaving, while one milk-white
arm
Half-hidden in her drooping greenish hair did rest;
Above, one loping rook voiced forth some vague
alarm.

She closed her tear-glazed eyes, and with faintly-
heard splash,
The dull waters mingled o'er her wide-streaming hair.

Softly lapped the ripples 'mid the silver lilies,
Closed, their golden hearts, to the chilling evening air;
Soft keened the wind the sighing, whisp'ring, trees
among;
And still I saw her eyes—her tear glazed yearning eyes.
ESSIE.

September.

[With the possible exception of June, September is the time of the
year which lingers longest in the mind of the student. It is the
last month of the Summer Vac.]

Those grey September days!
Those lazy, quiet afternoons!
When hill and wood are covered with a haze
Of drowsy blue; and all the boons
From nature's bounteous store
Are seen in golden-coloured field,
Where sun-burnt reapers singing harvest-love
Bear home the plentiful Autumn-yield.
And in the orchard-ground,
The trees are heavy with ripe fruits
Which fall, with every gentle zephyr-sound,
From leafy branch to where the roots
Protrude a gnarled stem.

And only comes one saddened thought,
That such sweet joys are brief; and after them
The world in winter's grasp is caught.

H. E. W.

Calendar of Forthcoming Events.

- Mon., Feb. 5.* Literary and Historical Society: D. Fairley, B.A., on "Thomas Hardy."
Engineering Society: F. J. Kean, Esq., on "Progress in Two-stroke Petrol Motor Design."
- Tues., Feb. 6.* Cavendish Society: H. Ogden, on "The Electron and Light."
Philosophical Lecture: C. H. Herford, Litt.D., on "The Centenary of Browning."
- Wed., Feb. 7.* Hockey C. v. Sheffield Univ., at home
- Thurs., Feb. 8.* Univ. Extension Lecture: W. H. Draper, M.A., on "The Age after Dante."
- Fri., Feb. 9.* **Conversazione.**
- Sat., Feb. 10.* Philosophical Lecture: Prof. A. G. Green, on "Silks, natural and artificial."
A.F.C. v. Sheffield Univ., at home.
- Wed., Feb. 14.* R.F.C. v. Liverpool Univ., away.
- Thurs., Feb. 15.* Univ. Extension Lecture: W. H. Draper, M.A., on "Francis Petrarch"
- Fri., Feb. 16.* University Service: Rev. R. B. McKee, B.A.
- Mon., Feb. 19.* Literary and Historical Society: Prof. Vaughan, on "Elizabethan Drama and Foreign Politics."
Engineering Society.
- Tues., Feb. 20.* Cavendish Society: F. C. Thompson, B.Sc., on "Alchemy."
Philosophical Lecture: F. M. Duncan on "The Marine Biological Association and its Work."
- Wed., Feb. 21.* A.F.C. v. Liverpool Univ., at home.
- Thurs., Feb. 22.* Univ. Extension Lecture: W. H. Draper, M.A., on "Francis Petrarch, as Poet."
- Fri., Feb. 23.* University Service: Rev. Canon Longbottom, M.A.
- Sat., Feb. 24.* A.F.C. v. Manchester Univ., away.
Ladies' Hockey C. v. Sheffield Univ., away.
- Thurs., Feb. 29.* Univ. Extension Lecture: W. H. Draper, M.A., on "Francis Petrarch, as Humanist."
- Fri., Mar. 1.*
- Mon., Mar. 4.* Literary and Historical Society: A. Ralsman, on "Heraclitus the Obscure."
Engineering Society: W. E. French, on "Safety Devices applied to Apparatus used in Mines."
- Tues., Mar. 5.* Philosophical Lecture: J. R. R. Wilson, on "Three Years in India."

Aphorisms.

Mostly commonplace or trivial, and generally disposable.

- Individualism does not promote individuality, by the over-accentuation of the economic factors of life individuality is crushed.
- Art will begin to vivify life when it ceases to be the exclusive monopoly of virtuosos and becomes the national possession of the people.
- A thorough-going acceptance of the democratic principle on the part of any but the creative is as sure as its frank and absolute repudiation.
- The high-water mark in art will be reached when the burning love of the amateur has been joined to the efficiency of the professional.
- The most dangerous of demagogues is the aristocrat with democratic principles.
- Cosmopolitanism has fled from the world of politics, religion, and art, to take refuge in the world of dress.
- The native and traditional characteristics of a race represent its centrifugal force; discoveries and borrowings its centripetal force. In the race where the two forces balance each other, there will be neither stagnation nor formlessness.
- It is only outsiders who perceive the contradictions in our character and conduct; to us they are not contradictions at all.
- Never make the acquaintance of an author. He is almost sure to ask you to buy his book, and sometimes even to read it.
- Admittedly an army of unproductive labourers is essential to the present organisation of society. But that is its greatest condemnation.
- Our Elementary Education system has failed because it has aimed at developing the intelligence, an aspect of the mind which an elementary education cannot develop. It should train the emotions and the artistic perceptions of the mind.
- It is easy to make children skilled craftsmen. But, then, the school becomes a workshop.
- Art forms are not incapable of gradation. The highest form of art will be the one which has the widest appeal and contains the greatest element of permanency.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I desire to reply to "Lester's" letter, published in the last number of the *Gryphon*, and shall be glad if you will give me space to do so.

In the first place, I must correct "Lester's" opinions of the methods used by the Dance Committee to make the Dance a financial success. He remarks "that it was common knowledge that about twenty-five more tickets were sold to ladies than to men, and that such a thing should have been allowed was a burning shame and gross mismanagement."

Words fail me to express what I felt when I read that statement. It is such a great pity that a correspondent, when desirous of making an accusation,

does not make sure of his facts. According to the official balance sheet, one hundred and six tickets were sold to ladies and one hundred were sold to men. How "Lesterling" succeeded in subtracting these figures to give a difference of "about twenty-five" is beyond my means of comprehension. I hold that the numbers I have given were a fair proportion, for we must allow at least six chaperones—who rarely dance—to one hundred ladies.

At the actual Dance the ladies outnumbered the men considerably, but was it the fault of the Committee if men brought tickets which they did not use?

And now to deal with "Lesterling's" tirade at the lack of public spirit shown by the men students, and the general social evil of the University.

As he says, every year with persistent regularity, someone points this out, so he does not claim originality for his remarks. If "Lesterling" was present at the Freshers' Smoker this Session, he must have heard that even the Union officials realised there was such an evil.

If "Lesterling" gets a severe pain in his head which spoils his temper, deprives him of sleep, and racks his nerves, what does he do? He probably consults his doctor.

Now, what would he say if the doctor simply diagnosed the complaint as neuralgia, and offered him no remedy. He would probably say something which could not be printed in the *Gryphon*.

Is there not an analogy between "Lesterling" and this hypothetical doctor? "Lesterling" simply points out the evil, diagnoses the trouble and offers no solution. The anodyne for our social disease has yet to be discovered. It has been sought for during many generations of students, but, hitherto, without success.

I would suggest to "Lesterling" that he might spend his time far more profitably by joining in the search, than by writing useless letters to the *Gryphon*. To help him I may suggest the cause of our social evil. From the President of the Union down to that horrid man who lives entirely in his books, we all suffer from the same complaint. The cause of all our social troubles is modesty or shyness, whichever term you prefer, plentifully overlarded with selfishness.

I will make "Lesterling" the offer, that if he will come to me armed with a practical scheme for "checking this deplorable spirit," as he terms it, I will see that it has a fair trial.

I hold no brief for the behaviour of the students at the Union "At Home," as it is no part of the Union Committee's duties to teach students manners. We have all probably too large a beam in our own eyes to worry about the moles in other people's.

Believe me, Sir,

Yours truly,

FREDK. M. ROWE,
President Students' Union.

* * *

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*."

DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for your courtesy in allowing me to reply, in this issue, to Mr. Rowe's rejoinder to my letter printed in your last impression.

I must at once tender my sincere apology to Mr. Rowe and the members of the Dance Committee. No doubt they will see that I thoughtlessly based my statements on the attendance at the Dance; and it is indeed surprising to be told that more than 20 per cent. of the men who purchased tickets failed to put in any appearance. What better evidence could be obtained to support the case I made out in my last letter, viz., "the unsportsmanlike character of the men and their unwillingness to undertake any responsibility or give their time to the University." This, I gather, Mr. Rowe fully admits; but he fails to see that any good can result from emphasising it.

In an endeavour to justify the need for my letter, I would ask you, Sir, to consider Mr. Rowe's attitude with regard to the Working Men's Club in East Leeds. You know how deeply Mr. Rowe has this exceptionally worthy cause at heart, and you know too, how persistently, both at the University and the Club, he has made appeals for help and support from students. And I submit that the appeal made in my letter is of the same order and purpose as the appeals made by Mr. Rowe for the Club; and if it is absurd and useless for me to draw attention to lack of support in the University, no less is it ridiculous for Mr. Rowe to complain of the indifference of men to the claims of the Club.

No, Sir, Mr. Rowe, although fighting against heavy odds, hopes to make some impression, however slight, and I may be pardoned for having similar hopes. My letter was written in the first term of the session with the express intention of warning Freshers against that deplorable spirit of *snobishness*, and if it did no more, I respectfully suggest that it was fully justified.

In conclusion, I am somewhat at a loss to understand why Mr. Rowe should have assumed that I am a member of the "stronger" sex.

Yours truly,

LESTERING.

* * *

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*."

SIR,

I should like to draw attention to a feeling of general slowness with regard to the Debating Society, a slowness which is all the more deplorable having regard to the importance of the Society's work. It is astounding that in a community like ours, including as it does quite a large number who propose to enter the teaching profession, people have positively to be bullied into speaking, as if that were surely the last thing they could reasonably be expected to do, while hardly anyone seems to think the ability to make a respectable after-dinner speech an accomplishment worth acquiring.

The men are not the chief sinners, I regret to say. In the high and far off times when the world was young, ladies had the reputation of being able to reel off any amount of matter at a minute's notice. One of the ancient worthies, in this connection, has these illuminating remarks: "Their words run forth like the babbling brook, so that no man may stay the flow thereof. Yet withal are their words exceeding wise, for their tact and their perception, lo, they are very great. . . . Woman is like a stone

upon the hill-top, difficult to be moved. Yet when she is started, she goeth fast and far; no man knoweth her end."

Sir, I fear we live in a more degenerate age, in which people are ashamed of their own opinions, thinking untellable thoughts—or, perhaps a modest, discreet silence is considered the correct thing. But, surely this is a hopeless attitude to bring to a Debating Society, and the whole advantage of having a mixed debate is lost if ladies refuse to live up to their ancient traditions, and simply listen in damning, not-committal silence to what mere men have to say, an extremely unambitious policy in the age of women's reform.

An exceedingly hopeful feature of the debates held so far has been the keenness shown by the freshers in speaking, a state of things which augurs extremely well for the future of the Society, but even this cannot entirely compensate for the blasé majority of the members.

With such a large membership, it is impossible for the Committee to keep absolutely in touch with all sections of the Society, and the danger is to do things in the old stereotyped way which has served many generations. We should be glad if people would communicate new (workable) ideas, suitable subjects for debate, offers to speak, etc., to the Secretary, via the Hall Porter's window, as conducing to a keener interest in the management of the Society's affairs.

We are to have our Inter-Varsity debate early in March, and Leeds has the reputation to maintain of having the jolliest function of all the Northern Universities.

Now debaters, a long pull, a pull altogether, and let's have a vigorous, healthy Society, and a rousing welcome for our visitors.

A. W. W.

* * *

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

As one interested in the welfare of the "Varsity Tennis Club, may I venture to suggest one or two points upon which improvements might be made.

Seeing that the majority of other clubs have their fixtures arranged during the early part of the year (Lent Term), would it not be possible for us to do likewise? My reason for this is that we could then combine with the Cricket Club in their fixture card. In this way more cards would be sold and the profit increased. Ordinary players will see from these cards when the courts are engaged for matches, and so avoid disappointment. I have broached the subject to several members of the Union, including the Secretary of the Cricket Club, and they seem to be in favour of it. Last term I met the Secretary of Sheffield University Tennis Club, and he told me that their fixtures are arranged during the Lent Term; therefore I see no reason why we should not arrange ours in the same way.

Apologising for occupying so much of your valuable space,

Yours, etc.,

M. D.

Obituary.

It is with feelings of deepest regret and sorrow that we record the loss of one of our number in an almost tragically sudden manner. Mr. E. C. M. Rowe developed pneumonia at his home in Ipswich, on 21st December, and died on 29th, aged 20. It is unnecessary for us to recall him to the memory of fellow students, especially in the Engineering Department and Hockey Club, where he was well known and much liked and respected. His attractive personality, fine character and unassuming manner, coupled with the undeniable stamp of a perfect gentleman in all the walks of life, had endeared him to many of us, and we feel very deep sympathy with Dr. and Mrs. Rowe to whom the loss of their son is an overwhelming sorrow.



Association Football Club.
First Eleven.

December 2nd.

vs. MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.

Manchester scored in the first three minutes through some clever work on their left wing. Fast end-to-end play ensued, Sowden ultimately beating the visitors goalie with a header from a well placed centre by Smiles. Leeds continued to attack, Caultkill scoring twice in quick succession.

Half-time - Leeds 3 goals, Manchester 1.

In the second half Manchester improved considerably, scoring twice. After some good play by the Leeds forwards, Shaw passed to Smiles, who beat the goalkeeper with a fine shot. Manchester worked hard but could not score, an exciting game resulting in a win for Leeds.

Result: Leeds 4 goals, Manchester 1.

December 5th.

v. DURHAM UNIVERSITY.

Durham pressed from the kick-off, and after some good combination by their forwards, they opened the score. Sowden equalising shortly afterwards.

Half-time: Leeds 1 goal, Durham 2 goals.

On resuming, Leeds attacked strongly, Shaw scoring from close quarters. Durham retaliated with another goal. Atkinson equalising after some good work on the right wing. Leeds were superior in the closing stages of the game, Sowden scoring after a fine solo effort!

Result: Leeds 4 goals, Durham 3 goals.

Hockey.

First Eleven.

November 25th.

v. YORK (away).

The University went with a very weak team. In the first half the backs were weak, and York were allowed to score 4 goals. In the second half everyone played up, and no further scoring resulted.

Result:—Lost (0-4).

December and.

v. SALTARKE (away).

The team played moderately in the first half, and play ruled more or less even, but in the second half the backs' display was very poor, and gave the forwards who played well throughout, very little chance. G. Wood scored for Leeds.

Result:—Lost (1-8).

December 9th.

v. RIPON (away).

The ground was under water in parts, but the game was a fast one throughout. Both backs and forwards combined well in the first half, and the half-time score stood at one goal apiece. The second half was again disappointing, and Ripon added 5 goals. The scorer for Leeds was Knowles.

Result:—Lost (1-6).

December 16th.

v. HORTON (home).

After the patchy play in the last few matches, the team's display in this match was indeed a joy to behold. Horton commenced the scoring, and were two goals to the good before Leeds made any reply. After this, every man played with the utmost dash and energy, with the result that we added three more goals and only allowed Horton to get through once, thereby running out winners by four goals to three. Everyone played well, but perhaps Dolan was mentioned particularly. Acting as reserve for Coultas, he played a sterling game, and did much to give the team their victory. After the match, M. Peto, E. C. M. Rowe, and J. W. Thomas were awarded their Colours. The scorers for Leeds were G. V. Stockdale (2), Knowles and Watherston.

Result:—Won (4-3).

The team has suffered a great loss in the death of E. C. M. Rowe, who filled the position of left full back. He was a sound and reliable player, and made a considerable difference to the strength of the team. He was, moreover, a general favourite, and we all feel that we have lost a dear friend. The Club take this opportunity of expressing their deep sympathy with his relatives in their loss.

G. N. S.

Women's Discussion Society.

This Society numbers 36, as against 26 last year. Three meetings have been held this season, at each of which about 21 members have been present.

At our first meeting Miss C. Middleton gave an address on "The aims and methods of the C.O.S." A very brisk discussion followed. The meeting broke up feeling how undeserved was the prejudice with which the uninitiated are so wont to regard that body.

On November 17th, Dr. Eglinton dealt with a more personal question: "Women as workers from the point of view of health. Are they handicapped?" While acknowledging that in most cases some handicap does exist, Dr. Eglinton was of opinion that it is much exaggerated. Only occupations demanding long hours of work at very high pressure and heavy manual work was shown to be harmful. Among other points, the health of college, business and factory girls was shown to compare most favourably with that of women engaged in household work. Evidence shows that a much greater proportion of nervous diseases exist among women with too little to do, rather than those with too much—a consoling reflection to the overworked victim of the modern exam. system. Other interesting questions were touched upon both in the address and the discussion which followed.

On January 18th, Miss W. Arundel, of the Industrial Law Committee gave an interesting speech on "How our Industrial Laws help women and children." After outlining the chief points with which the laws deal, Miss Arundel showed how easy it was to evade them. The appalling conditions under which many women and children are compelled to work came as a revelation to most of us.

Our next meeting will be held on February 22nd, when Mrs. Whiting will give an address on "Adult Schools." Later in the session Miss Jamison will give a paper on "Infant Mortality."

G.M.D.

Textile Society.

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday, December 5th, a discussion on "Capital and Labour Problems" was held in the Textile Lecture Hall. Professor Beaumont was in the chair, and the discussion was introduced by F. R. Rhodes, Esq., Major Priestley, and D. D. Marshall, Esq. Several of the students and gentlemen present spoke, but owing to the short space of time available, no direct results were attained.

On Tuesday, January 29d, a lecture was given in the Physics Lecture Hall by Professor Bragg, entitled "Electrification and Discharge."

The Pro-Chancellor was in the chair. Professor Bragg illustrated his lecture by several most interesting experiments, which were greatly appreciated by the large number present.

STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

On Tuesday, December 5th, a paper was read by Mr. E. H. Bottomley, on "The Domestic System of Manufacture." The paper was illustrated by several old Textile implements, including a spinning-wheel, hand comb, etc.

On Tuesday, January 23rd, a paper was read by Mr. E. Turner, on "Features of Mill Management." Mr. Turner spoke of numerous small economies to be effected in a mill.

E. H. BOTTOMLEY, Hon. Sec.

Literary and Historical Society.

On Monday, January 22nd, Professor R. M. Burrows, of Manchester, delivered a sparkling and interesting paper on "The Personality of Homer." Criticising the views put forward by the Frenchman, M. Bérard, in his book, "Les Phénomènes de l'Odysée," the lecturer deprecated attempts to localise completely and exactly the topography of the wanderings of Odysseus, while appreciating the effects of observant travel in bringing the student of Homer nearer to the spirit of the original. Nevertheless, he himself would prefer to class the *Odyssey* with such works as Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," in which some, though not much, geographical impression has served as basis and stimulus to the author's imagination, than with Stevenson's "Treasure Island," the topography of which was a pure and absolute creation of the fancy. Going on to the question of the identity of Homer, the lecturer enlisted himself on the side of those who hold that the epics underwent a slow process of evolution, receiving form under the hands of successive minstrels of genius, and being ultimately welded together into one artistic whole by a poet whose traditional name Homer may perhaps be explained by the service which he thus rendered. (Homer = "fitting together.") A discussion followed, in which the chairman, Mr. A. Raisman, and Messrs. Whincup, Effren and Cowling took part. The meeting was closed by a hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Prof. Grant and seconded by Mr. G. B. Elliott. A.R.

The Cavendish Society.

The third ordinary meeting of the above Society was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre on Tuesday, November 2nd. Professor Green occupied the chair and Mr. W. R. Atkin read a paper on "Justus von Liebig." After summarising the chief events in the life of this eminent chemist, the lecturer went on to show that Liebig must be regarded as the founder of the various branches of chemistry known as the organic, the physiological and the agricultural. A reference to Liebig's great abilities as teacher, and to the esteem in which he was held by his students concluded an interesting paper.

The fourth ordinary meeting was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre on Tuesday, December 5th, when Mr. Lawson read a paper on "The Faking of Food Stuffs, or Food Sophistication." Mr. Lawson showed that the art of faking or adulterating was by no means a modern development, and he briefly referred to the various acts which had been passed in this country with a view to making this practice impossible. As Mr. Lawson showed, however, the present legislation is by no means ideal, and most of the common articles of diet, tea, coffee, cheese, jams,

flour (standard and otherwise), etc., undergo frequent adulteration before being offered to the public. The lecture was greatly appreciated by a large audience.

HIGHT, E. WOODMAN, Hon. Sec.

Agricultural Society

On Wednesday, November 29th, Professor Priestley gave a lecture on "Electricity in Agriculture." Prof. Priestley dealt very ably with his subject, commencing by tracing the history of electrically influenced crops down to the present day. He described his own work in the West of England, and showed the extraordinary effect of the electricity on the crops in an excellent series of lantern slides. A vote of thanks proposed by Prof. Seton was heartily accorded by all present.

The fifth meeting of the season was held on December 13th. Mr. C. W. Goode gave a paper on "Poultry for Show and Utility." The different breeds and their points were described, and many suggestions were brought forward to alleviate the present poultry shortage in this country.

On January 16th, Mr. A. D. R. Walbank read a paper on "Sugar Beet." There was a miserable attendance at this meeting, which was greatly to be regretted as Mr. Walbank's paper gave evidence of very careful preparation, and was very clear on all points. G. B. S.

The Natural History Society.

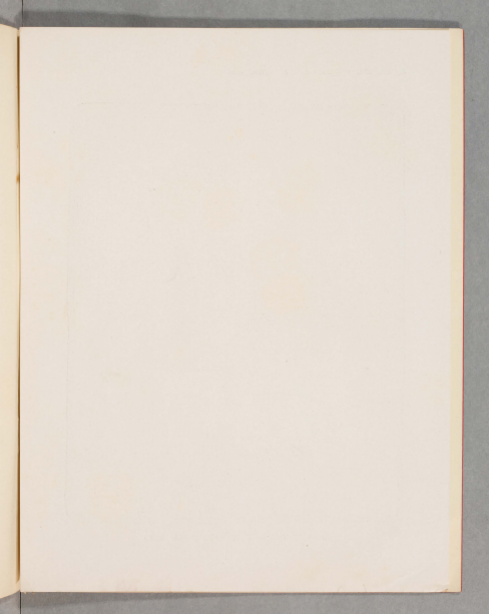
On Friday, January 12th, Mr. P. F. Kendall gave a very interesting paper on "Bird Life." For eighteen years he has studied the bird life of Meanwood, and was, therefore, competent to speak on the subject. He has seen altogether seventy-two species, and many of these birds he described, giving an account of their appearance and habits and the particular locality in which each is to be found. Mr. Kendall's stories of the birds were very amusing and his slides very interesting, especially one showing a mother duck and her offspring which no one could see. Mr. Kendall had found that woodpeckers were entirely, and hawks almost absent from the district. His theories to account for the absence of these birds led to an enthusiastic discussion.

M. H.

Emmanuel Church Services.

The services last term were better attended than they have ever been since they were started, six years ago, and it is to be hoped that they have now established themselves firmly in the life of the University. We need not be reminded of their value in the corporate life among us, and especially in the highest aspect of our common life which is only too easily liable to be neglected in the rush of University life. It is to be hoped that the services will continue this term to be regarded as a privilege by all sections of the University, for the men as well as for the women. It is a difficult matter, especially during Lent, to get preachers to come to us, but we may hope with confidence that we shall shew our appreciation of those who have gone to so much trouble for our sakes.

W. C. T.





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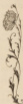
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