

# THE GRYPHON

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Fig. 2.



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Fig. 5.

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# CHANGES IN STAFF.

*July, 1912, to September 30th, 1913.*

## DEATH :

Prof. P. H. M. du Gillon, Professor of French Literature.

## RESIGNATIONS :

Prof. C. E. Vaughan, M.A., Professor of English Lang. and Lit. ; Prof. H. R. Procter, M.Sc., F.I.C., Professor of Applied Chemistry (Chemistry of Leather Manufacture); Prof. R. Beaumont, M.Sc., M.I.Mech.E., Professor of Textile Industries ; J. P. Lockwood, B.A., Lecturer in Law at Hull ; H. Littlewood, Clinical Lecturer in Surgery ; J. M. Hector, B.Sc., Lecturer in Agricultural Botany and Forestry ; R. Veitch Clark, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Honorary Demonstrator in Public Health ; W. S. Edmonds, F.R.C.Sc.I, Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Physics ; F. J. Kean, B.Sc., Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; J. M. Thomson, Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; D. Bowen, F.G.S., M.I.M.E., Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Mining ; H. H. Gray, B.Sc., Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Coal Gas and Fuel Industries ; S.W. Daw, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S., Surgical Tutor ; Dr. W. H. Maxwell Telling, Clinical Sub-Dean of the Faculty of Medicine ; Miss E. J. Welsford, F.L.S., Laboratory Steward and Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; Miss Minnie Hey, B.Sc., Research Assistant in the Dept. of Zoology ; C. D. Wilkinson, Demonstrator in Leather Industries ; Miss E. E. Leadlay, Assistant Instructress in Dairying.

## NEW APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS :

### (i.) Arts.

Prof. G. S. Gordon, M.A., as Professor of English Lang. and Lit. ; A. M. Woodward, M.A., as Assistant Lecturer in Classics and Ancient History ; Arthur Greenwood, B.Sc., as Lecturer in Economics ; Miss E. M. Blackburn, M.A., as Assistant Lecturer in Education.

### (ii.) Science.

J. M. Nuttall, B.Sc., as Demonstrator in Physics ; W. O. Redman King, B.A., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Zoology ; R. C. Knight, B.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; Miss Jane E. Smith, B.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; J. Jorgensen, as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Botany ; Miss Margery H. Briggs, B.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Zoology.

### (iii.) Technology.

Prof. E. L. Hummel, B.Sc., as Professor of Mining ; D. B. Morgans, B.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and

Demonstrator in Mining ; H. S. Rowell, A.R.C.Sc., B.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; S. H. Stelfox, B.Sc., A.M.Inst.C.E., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Civil and Mechanical Engineering ; Prof. E. Stiasny, Ph.D., as Professor of Applied Chemistry (Chemistry of Leather Manufacture) ; W. R. Atkin, M.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Leather Industries ; F. C. Thompson, M.Sc., as Research Assistant in the Dept. of Leather Industries ; H. J. Hodsmen, M.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Coal Gas and Fuel Industries ; William Harrison, M.Sc., as Research Chemist in the Dept. of Coal Gas and Fuel Industries Dept., appointed to undertake Research in Ventilation ; Miss F. M. Barrett, as Museum Curator in the Dept. of Tinctorial Chemistry and Dyeing ; Prof. C. Crowther, M.A., Ph.D., as Professor of Agricultural Chemistry and Head of Research Institution in Animal Nutrition ; Harold W. Dudley, M.Sc., Ph.D., as Lecturer in Bio-Chemistry in connection with the Animal Nutrition Research Institution ; W. R. Crawford, as Live Stock Officer for Yorkshire, in connection with the Live Stock Improvement Scheme of the Board of Agriculture ; W. A. Millard, B.Sc., as Lecturer in Agricultural Botany ; E. Lee, A.R.C.Sc., as Assistant Lecturer in Agricultural Botany ; N. M. Comber, B.Sc., A.R.C.S., as Assistant Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry ; J. W. Eves, as Assistant Instructor in Horticulture ; H. Marshall, as Assistant in connection with special investigation undertaken by the Agricultural Dept ; Miss C. Brooke, as Assistant Instructress in Dairying ; J. H. Hargraves, as Farm Assistant (Manor Farm) ; F. K. Jackson, N.D.A., as Director of the Flax Experiment Station (Selby).

### (iv.) Medical.

H. Collinson, M.B., M.S., F.R.C.S., as Clinical Sub-Dean of the Faculty of Medicine ; Dr. H. S. Raper, M.B., Ch.B., as Lecturer in Chemical Physiology ; A. L. Whitehead, M.B., B.S., as Lecturer in Ophthalmology ; Dr. C. W. Vining, as Clinical Lecturer in Medicine and Honorary Demonstrator in Pharmacology ; A. Richardson, M.B., B.Sc., as Surgical Tutor.

### (v.) Administrative.

L. E. de St. Paer, as Chief Clerk in the University Offices ; J. J. Ilett, as Private Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor.

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## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers: yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."*—LYLY.

Vol. XVII.

MARCH, 1914.

No. 4.

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It is with a profound sigh of relief that we take up once more the editorial pen.

This may seem somewhat unusual to those acquainted with editorial duties, but nevertheless it is true. For days we have been haunted by the Union Secretary and a crowd of noisy petitioners waving inky sheets under our nose and demanding our signature, but have at last sought and found a vacant chair in the attic across the road and breathe in peace.

We gradually recollect, although we confess it is with difficulty, that after all, the question of the Union Fee is only one, though we grant an important one, of the matters which demand our attention.

\* \* \*

The University has a Medical School attached to it. We can imagine the outraged feelings of the Medical Student who reads these words and his prompt reply that "you might as well say that the body has an arm or a leg tucked into it." And yet is there not

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at present some truth in the statement? Do not the Medical Students of our University feel they *are attached* to the University and not an integral part of it? Or to put the matter positively: are the bonds between the organised institutions in College Road and the Medical School as strong as they might be, and do the students of both feel themselves to be organically connected? Even the most optimistic could hardly answer in the affirmative.

That union of Medicals and other students is vitally necessary none will deny, and also all will agree that the task of establishing this union is a difficult one, and one that calls for firm and delicate handling. At present Medicals and other students of the University meet on the occasion of debates, social functions and the like, but these occur only at somewhat lengthy intervals and there is none of that widespread and constant intermingling necessary for the formation of a strong unified spirit. The Union Rooms in College Road are felt by many Medicals to be at present inaccessible or uninviting and the condition of the "dens" in the Medical School and the separate refectories are factors which only serve to maintain the gulf between us. The Pantomime night which was to have been held, might well have served to bring all students of the various institutions of the University together, but owing to some mismanagement the project served exactly the opposite purpose.

With the strong and energetic Union we now have we look forward to measures for strengthening the bonds between the Medical School and the rest of the University.

\* \* \*

We are one of those fortunate beings who have no need to investigate the mysteries of leather manufacture, and we think we are all the more fortunate since the attendant of that department informed us on the night of the *Conversaz.* that the hefty odour we came up against then, was as *nothing* compared to that when manufacture was in full swing. But the *sight* in the workshops was at any rate worthy of notice. In all the departments of the technical side of the University the processes were, as is usual at the *Conversaz.*, in full swing and the Arts people were made to feel their own smallness before the power and delicacy of the working machinery. On the other hand, in the Arts Department, from the coffee in the Great Hall, to the soup in the corridor all was full of interest, and the play not least. We only hope the financial side will come up to expectations.

\* \* \*

Nothing can be so detrimental to the free activity of any body of workers as lack of funds, and this is especially so when the work of the body concerned is in a large measure the distribution of funds and when it is, as it were, the source of the nutriment which is to keep alive and in good health the various institutions which make up the social side of the University. There is not one who will affirm that these institutions, the various societies, sports clubs, common rooms, etc., have been and are sufficiently supplied with the necessary funds, and none will deny the absolute necessity of giving them as firm a standing and as healthy a constitution as possible. For it is manifestly

impossible to get that corporate spirit which makes a University what it is when the development of all its social institutions has to be carefully adjusted to the limits set by a well-meaning but poverty-stricken treasurer.

The Union has been in the past and is at present in this deplorable condition of irksome restraint; in some years it has been able to meet its liabilities, in others as in 1910-11 and 1911-12, it has not, and indeed it depends for ability to meet them on the Dance, the *Conversazione* and the Sports. By examining the balances or deficits on these events one can mark out the lean and the fat years of the Union's life. Thus at present the Union can just about make ends meet by practising strict economy.

It has never been able to carry out its legitimate tasks to the full and now new expenses will have to be met. There is no need to press the fact that the acquisition of the new Sports Grounds will mean additional expenditure, the condition of the Gymnasium is below reproach, we can express nothing but sorrow and pity at it, the condition of the Common Rooms at the Medical School has *not* served to strengthen the bonds between the School and the Union, and in fact money must be got from somewhere if the Union is to carry on its work at all well.

Benefactors like those at Manchester have not yet come forward, the Council cannot provide the Union with money since it needs all it has for its own purposes, there remains therefore, one solution only and that is that students contribute more to Union funds. And surely this is the best course to adopt, one which will show in a practical manner the interest taken by students in the communal life of the University. The loss caused by the extra half-guinea per year, and if it is a loss it is surely negligible, will be amply repaid by the collective good accomplished. We trust therefore, that all will sign the petition and thus bring the Union a step nearer to the fulfilment of its aims.

## The Bloody Battle of Brisket v. Fat.

By our private wire.

(Our Special Pugilistic Correspondent was instructed to give a faithful account of this bloodthirsty combat—and has succeeded.—Ed.)

It was with mingled pain and pleasure that I accepted the invitation to report on what turned out to be the most skilful exhibition of boxing that I have ever had the good fortune to witness. I was in attendance at the appointed hour.

The gate was a large one, the balcony being packed to overflowing by a 'surging throng' of spectators. The pit and stalls were also well filled. The contestants, two huge, beefy fellows, both in the pink of condition, and not in the least nervous, were anxiously awaiting the signal to fly at each other's throats. Time was kept by a past master at the "gentle art," and the seconds shall be nameless.

"Seconds out of the ring! Time!" F. and B. rushed at each other like a pair of tortoises. I happened to be standing rather too near the ring and consequently my hat suffered. It was borne away by the whirlwind of that mighty rush. "He's missed him



by miles." For four fierce seconds the battle raged. They bounced off each other like two indiarubber balls but flew together again as if they had been on an elastic band. After the storm came a calm, and the contestants both looked imploringly at the ref. to see how time was going on. After much persuasion from the audience F. got his back to B. and we really saw some fine scrapping. B. got several telling blows on the knees and shins but F. retaliated by getting his elbow well into B.'s mouth. Time was called and the two retired to the fire buckets. I think that up till now the "points" were rather in favour of the other one but others had a different opinion.

Then the second round started. The first time he hit him he missed him—the second time he hit him in the same place and "Oh Heavens!" the third time he missed him altogether. This round was a gruesome sight. I am quite sure that they never intended hitting each other, but accidents will happen, and each man got home good swings to the back of the head and neck. In this round each man seemed to be waiting for a good opportunity and we got some good tips as to the way to walk away from an opponent without losing one's dignity. By this time the strain was beginning to tell and the hitting "slacked off" a little. Three times round the ring he chased him. "He's caught him!—he's put him out!—no!—he's missed him!" Time was called. The points are still about even but it is a fight to the finish.

The third round was rather tame but each man had hopes of putting the other out and came into the ring as fresh as an overfed crocodile and just about as nimble. (The betting was now fairly even). At this stage the opponents seemed to have the idea that the seconds had also entered into the fray and each continually missed his own man by striking at the seconds—at least that is the impression I got. They seemed to have suddenly developed a great love for each other in this round and embraced several times, or it may have been a case of "Together we stand, &c."). Each man got in very heavy "misses" both to the "off" and the "leg," but no serious damage was done. The other man "fell" very heavily over his own feet in this round but recovered before time was called. The points are still even.

The fourth round saw the end of the contest. The men both came up quite "fresh," at least one would have thought so. B. was now "three up and two to play," but F. was two tries and a "drop goal" in front. Each man's great idea now was to tire the other out and then give him the "joi-de-vivre" (Esperanto). I may say here that the victims both seemed to have a great desire to "sit out" this round but this was not allowed as strict Queensbury rules were to be adhered to. The end was very sudden. One of the men walked up to the other, shut his eyes and gave a mighty push, which almost overbalanced him, and put "l'autre hors d'œuvres"! The ten minutes were rapidly counted and the winner was announced victor.

"I hear on good authority that both men will be here in 1925, so Manchester and Liverpool must look to their laurels.

REUTER.

## The Prologue.

A fragment of a manuscript recently discovered near Leeds, which throws an interesting light on a certain recent event. Its form and language seem to suggest Chaucer as a possible author

Whan that Februrie with his windes caldè,  
Remembrance brings to students yonge and aldè,  
That sone the joies of Eastre will be herè,  
The welcome vac. and Aprilles shoures drerè,  
Wherein do policemen maken melodyé  
That walken al the night with open yé,  
And chasen aftre evry suffragettè  
That stands in open place and getteth wettè,  
Eke askynge naughty mannè for levè to voten,  
Describynge gouvernement as truly roten :  
Bifel that in that sesoun on a day,  
As in the Universitie I lay,  
At night did com with ful murie coragè  
A motley crowd of evry state and agè ;  
Ful many men and faire women also  
That to a Conversatse woldè y'go.  
Methinketh it accordaunt to resoun  
To telle yow al the condicioun  
Of ech of hem, what they did seme to me,  
Eke whyche they weren, and of what degre.

A Clerke ther was for Holy Ordres y'bunden,  
That Latyn, Grek and Logick had y'funden  
Ful stiffere far than sayen Paternoster,  
Or feeding with hys fellowes in hyr closter.  
Long tyme for union worke of histe was nedè,  
Then of hys studie took he moste hedè ;  
And tho he was nat tall, nor of hair darkè,  
Yet atte footballe he had made hys markè.

Another busie Clerk ther was, also  
A Kynges Scholere he was, whych as I kno,  
Doth mene a micel dele of swotte and swinken  
And toile whych leveth lytle tyde for drinken.  
Ful oft he grappled with the Latin noun,  
Then went aloft for Educacioun ;  
At Elocucioun had worked he,  
Oft syngynge lyk a soule in Purgatrie.  
His marke was made on otheres in the Gym,  
Whan that he found som manne to boxen hym ;  
Yet him was lever have at hys beddes hed,  
Twenty bokes, clad in pinke or red,  
Of one Weltone and hys Psychologie ;  
With these and otheres did he plesè his ye  
Moch rather at most tynes than his mind,  
But whan that relaxacioun coude he find  
Then bathed he evry veyne in swich licoûr,  
Of which vertu man doth hys worke endour.  
In soth he was a parfait gentil clarkè,  
From Manne he cam, and he had made hys markè.

An Egyptyn ther was, a worthy man  
That studies Commerce hard whane'er he can.  
Nought recked he of the Demonstrative Artiklè,  
Yet wist he Economic to a partiklè :  
Accountauncy to him was varry pleyè,  
And Frenche he spak ful faire and felyslyè,  
He had a gentil smile, and was nat fyrèd,  
Always was he immaculate attyrd.  
A bettere manne ye wolde never see  
In any place, nor Englande nor Poddese.



A Ladye was ther, yonge and faire and gayè,  
 That smiled and made gladde eyès allè dayè.  
 In soth she dyd attract ful many mennè  
 To folwe her whanever from the dennè  
 Of Lectyrs she escaped and eke did flee  
 Across the road to getten hyr som tee.  
 At Tennys dyd she pleyè with feyry gracè,  
 And ye might often se her in that placè,  
 Or carrynge hyr racquette on hyr back.  
 What merits that she haddè, she dyd not lack  
 The gift of spech, hyt used she ful well  
 Hyr name . . . . .

(At this interesting point the manuscript becomes illegible).  
 "NEMO"

### "The Man of Destiny."

PERFORMED, for the first time in Leeds, by a University  
 Company of four actors, under the direction of Mrs.  
 Schüddekopf.

February 27th, 1914.

General Bonaparte	..	Mr. Rowell.
The Strange Lady	..	Miss King.
The Lieutenant	..	Mr. Drury.
The Inn-Keeper	..	Mr. Berry.

Mrs. Schüddekopf is a brave woman. Like the hero of Lodi she takes risks, and like the hero of Lodi she succeeds. The Lieutenant, no doubt, will say that his horse had all the credit, but what the Lieutenant says, though it is very amusing, is no evidence. We have never yet seen that horse, and more than suspect him to be in fact a stuffed animal, stabled in the green room. No, it was intuition and gunnery that carried the day; and Mrs. Schüddekopf has this advantage over the Corsican that she not only helped to fire the guns—she found them; and great guns they were. Such Strange Ladies are not to be discovered in every town, nor such Napoleons either; nor such Inn-Keepers (alas!), nor such Lieutenants. It was a cast to be proud of.

The whole thing, of course, was an adventure; so that it deserved to succeed. It took courage to stage "The Man of Destiny" for the first time in Leeds, and even if it had not been for the first time it would still have taken courage, for the play is not easy even for the best acting. Mr. Shaw calls it "a trifle," and so it is in the scheme of his plays, though it is a lengthy trifle, and a very clever one. It is a preliminary study in that art of deflating heroes which he has since carried to perfection in other plays. Now it is one thing to appreciate deflation; it is quite another thing to act it. Perhaps there is no harder part. Here, says Shaw, is your hero in the making; this Corsican; observe him acquiring indigestion and dipping his hair in the soup; observe him posing too, and pray let me show him to you in the company that really tests a man, the company of a pretty, well-bred, clever woman with something to gain; observe his powers, too, certainly—they are undoubted; no doubt he will be Emperor, no doubt at all, and get his way, and marry whom he likes—but just see him at it, and try to think what the pretty, well-bred, clever woman with something to gain is thinking of him all this while, as she turns him about! Does she see the real man at the end, or from the very first? And do you? And pray

what do you think of him when you have seen him? It is a pretty problem to state, but who is going to act it?

The first thing, of course, is to find your inn. Napoleon must eat somewhere, the Lieutenant must have a door to kick, and the Lady must have a room to cry "Guiseppe" from. The inn was excellent, like its landlord, and so was the table-cloth of the inn. From his ear-rings to his philosophy Guiseppe was admirable; a complete Boniface, bathed in olive-oil; his very voice was eupeptic. We were just settling to it when the noise at the door began—for having provided Napoleon with food and drink, the next duty of the dramatist was to give him someone to swear at—whereupon enter the Lieutenant, with much haste and dust; a fine figure of a man, and the perfect ass in breeches. It is a robustious part, and Mr. Drury laid it on, and the more he laid it on the more we laughed, and wondered how the general was taking it. He took it very well, for a General, and we saw the Lieutenant depart with unfeigned regret, for it is not to be supposed that the General either forgot or forgave him. It was something to think that, whatever happened to him, he had been a great favourite with the junior mess.

And now, the *bravura*! It all turns, of course, on who is going to be the pretty woman. She was superb. Such movement of figure and voice! Wheedling, as she managed it, rose to a fine art. "Trust me," she said; and, though we did not believe a word of it, we trusted her to a man. "Let me appeal to the better side of your nature," she said; and we swelled all on one side, and were wholly comparative. "Let me spoil your pose," she said; and we remembered that we were men, and were confounded. Only when she said "Remember that I am a woman" we felt that she had said something unnecessary. She was all woman, from start to finish—even in her uniform, which she enjoyed so much; and this was her part, to be all woman, and put all men, poor things, in the wrong. She did it to perfection, in one of the finest performances we have ever seen. Her antagonist in the duel had a harder task. He had history on his shoulders, and the lady had none—or at any rate no public history. As for private history, that is another matter; all we know is that she was 30, and we have only the Inn-Keeper's word for that. Did she tell him, over a risotto, the cunning fellow? At any rate we assure her she looked less. But Napoleon had a century of historians at his back, pulling him one way, and Shaw leering at him like Satan and pulling him the other. It was a hard tussle, and sometimes (it was the only fault) we were uncertain which would win. It was a difficult part, performed with conviction and power. A little more of the Corsican savagery would perhaps have been difficult for the audience, though not for Shaw. Mr. Rowell was content to strike a balance, and keep to it throughout the play. The great speech at the end, on the English race, held the whole house, and when the curtain went down on the two candles and the burning letter, and the Lady and the General looked slowly at each other over the ashes, there were not two opinions in the house. The play had been a great success, and with shouts of stage manager, and bouquets, and what not, we trooped out to join the actors over a cup of Bovril in the porch.



# Pinkerton's Tecs.

AN ATTIC REVUE BY SOPHOCLES.

(For the benefit of Leatherworkers, Textiles, Engineers, and others, the following short life of the Author is given).

SOPHILLUS K. SOPHOCLES was born in the fall of 1847 at Smithersville, Athensylvania. Was educated at the John Brown Junior Yewn'varrs'ty, where he graduated in Pure and Applied Agriculture. (His thesis, "The Moral Importance and Ethical Significance of Eyes in Potatoes together with Some Remarks on the Cabbage as an example of Perseverance in Position and Fixity of Purpose," is still remembered). Leaving his father's farm he became conductor on board a Chicago street-car, but finding the occupation unsuitable to the cultivation of his literary tastes, changed his position for that of a clurrk in a Boston shoe store. Here he produced a large number of dramas and plays among which may be mentioned, "The Stray Tacks," "Antipon and Phosferine," "Pinkerton's Tecs" and the sequel "Pinkerton's Collarers," "Aunty Gonè, or the Fake Accent," "Gryphon the Gryp," "Taking in Maidens," "Expect Her!" In all he is said to have written over 150 pieces; but fortunately for us the American Board of Censorship refused to print more than 17.

SOME OPINIONS OF "PINKERTON'S Tecs."

Mr. Arnold Bennett: "I have withdrawn my subscription to the 'English Review.'"

Mr. Bernard Shaw: "I surrender."

Prof. Grant: "Well, really now, I hardly feel competent to pass an opinion. I'm sure you all know a great deal more about this subject than I do."

The "Times": "We must re-read our Shakespere."

Rev. F. B. Meyer: "It is a knock-out."

The Bishop of Kensington: "I have seen 'Pinkerton's Tecs' and I say here that a man may take his daughter to see this wonderful piece."

The Librarian: "You must fill up a slip if you wish to peruse this work."

The V.C.: "When I asked Sophocles to write a Revue, he said etc. . . ."

Martin Harvey: "It is a far, far better thing than I have ever seen before."

Mr. Justice Darling (innocently): "What is a Revue?"

## SCENE I.

Before the Pinkerton Detective Agency New Yurk City.  
Enter Greedicus and Needicus (written by the late Andrew Lang and others as Gredikus and Nedikus). They address the Crowd, speaking in that wonderful unison only to be attained by twin comedians.

Greedy. and Need:

What means this tumult at our pinewood door,  
This loud bewailing and this frightful roar;  
Come, straightway let this hideous shouting cease  
Beat it now, quick, or else we call the police.

An Old Man:

A dreadful crime has just now come about.

Greedy. and Need.:

Relate it quick; get busy, spit it out.

The Old Man:

Last night, what time the young Apollo took  
His car beneath the sea off Sandy Hook,  
Thieves, burglars, cracksmen, robbers full of guile,  
Stole the pearl necklace of Miss Sweteleigh  
Smile.

Greedy. and Need.:

Oh woe is us, ah bitter, bitter woe,  
They have the pull of us in this 'ere go.  
But rest content, we'll track the thief guy down  
Sleuth hounds we are of wide and great renown.

(They go out with the actions proper (according to the authorities Cinema and Melodrama) to detectives on the trail).

Enter CHORUS.

Many the deeds of man, ay, strange and queer.

So friends, do we opine.

He drinks not water but he loveth beer,

He smokes the wild woodbine.

He comes to Coll. and (sometimes) takes degrees

In Science, Arts and Law,

He reads Balzac, Plato, Euripides,

And finds 'em all a bore.

But none are stranger than the deeds of sleuth

Done by old Needicus.

A "straight man" he (vide John Bull and Truth).

And so is Greedicus.

And now to Yurup they will cross the seas

In a Campania,

And from the channel to the northern Tees

Find none brainier.

For they indeed . . . . (He is about to continue the monody indefinitely when a lowering of the curtain cuts it short).

## SCENE II.

On sea shore, presumably in Yurup. Needicus is closely scanning the sand which may, to your inexperienced eye, seem exactly similar to that of Blackpool, Ostend, Trouville, or Pylos but, needless to say, is not.

Need: Ha! ha! what's this, a footprint in the sand!  
Turned in! then I deduct the thief is bandy-legged. Here, Watson, here you fool, my syringe.

That brainy effort gave my head a twinge.  
What, still more footsteps, gee! he must have walked,

Needy shall track him, th villain shall be stalked!

Athene now appears above the stage on the Θεολογείον not dissimilar in appearance to the fairy queen in a pantomime; probably, at any rate, with an equal degree of maturity.

Ath.: Lo! Tec. of Pinkerton, 'tis ever thus

I see thee hustling round with haste and fuss  
Seeking some foe of thine in chains to bring  
Within the gloomy confines of Sing-Sing.

Need.: Athena, 'tis thy voice! Come have a drink  
And tell me what, sweet goddess, thou dost think

Of this tough case, who is the guilty guy,  
How he has done it, wherefore, whence and why.



*Ath.* : Thou shalt know all, to thee will I unfold  
Who is the culprit, who the robber bold.  
But soft aside, who comes with stealthy tread  
Like a late husband sneaking up to bed?

*Enter Greedicus, his eyes fixed on the ground and his general appearance in keeping with that of a keen-nosed hound of Sparta.*

*Greed.* : I have him now ; thief, necklace, glory mine.  
(*In his exultation he does not see Needicus and treads on the latter's toes.*)

*Need.* : Look where ye're gwine yu great big lumb'ring swine !

*Greed.* : Can it, old sport, I'm busy on a clue.

*Need.* : That clue is mine, I found it long ere you.

*Greed.* : You found a clue ! Aw, git, you pound o' tripe.

*Need.* : Tripe hound yerself, you're askin fer a swipe.

*Greed.* : A guy like you ! Great snakes, lorblimey, boys !

*Ath.* : Peace, there, you two, I bid you hold your noise.

Join hands and both shall win untold renown,  
Glory and beer and payment in cash down !

(*Athena disappears ; Needicus and Greedicus join hands and pray.*)

Praise to Athena ! Goddess who dost bring

Wisdom and happiness to men,  
And by thy kindness makest us to sing  
Like a Salvation Army band in Spring !

(*There now enter a number of men dressed similarly to Greedicus and Needicus. They sway their body with that soul haunting rhythm common to Rag-time and Greek dancing.*)

Oh we are Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs.

We ain't cross eyed, we wear no specs.,

We are the goods, we are by Hecks !

For we're Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs. !

Oh we are Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs.,

We don't care much for *Jus. or Hex*,

Nor anything either for Georgicus Rex.

For we're Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs.

Oh we are Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs.

To find a clue we'd break our necks !

Though such a thing we never expects

For we're Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs !

Oh we are Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs.

We examined some cooking of Mrs. B-ck's

And nothing now remains of the wrecks,

Of Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's, Pinkerton's Tecs. !

(*There enters now the whole company all in their best costumes ; the audience recognising this as the last scene immediately get up from their seats and make their way out with much noise and confusion. The Chorus speaks.*)

*Chorus* : Now have all mortal things worked to the end  
Destined by Fate ;

And I might mention that I don't intend,

Since it is late,

To lengthen out the action of the play.

Farewell each friend !

(I must stop now ; the Editor says me nay)

This is the end.

R.H.D.G., Etc.

## Out in the World.

Devonia College,

Sloshton-cum-Mud-on-the-Sea.

Dear Chum,

According to my promise, I now give you a detailed account of my experiences. Here I am at last, fairly settled in Devonia College. Just imagine my being burdened with the title of "Senior Mistress." The weight of it oppressed me all the way from Llanfairpwllgwyngyll—, etc. I refrain from giving the full name, having a due respect for my friend's jaw, and also my own pen, although certain types of jaw are proverbially strong (compare Samson's exploit) My fellow-travellers consisted of two portly, comfortable looking gentlemen—of the type that see their waistcoats go before them ; one weary-looking mother, and a lusty young infant, who beguiled the tedium of the journey by singing an anthem. Our village choir would have been delighted with his rendering of it, for he sang throughout in the best double fortissimo style, and although articulate, was perfectly unintelligible. For the rest, we travelled in the usual amiable and sociable manner of Englishmen. That is to say, we all sat stolidly looking at nothing. We fixed our countenances in a rigid frigidity, and if by some luckless chance, a glimmer of a smile attempted to come across our faces, we hastily chased the intruder to its lurking place, as if we had been guilty of some dreadful impropriety.

As the train sped on my heart sank lower and lower, and in the intervals between glancing at the soles of my boots, to make quite certain there were no holes there, I took out the school prospectus to try and take in the whole of the situation. My mind was greatly cheered by the prospect of a "large playing field," and the thoughts of "hockey, tennis, badminton, etc., etc." What the "etcetera" might be, I didn't know ; but I was scarcely prepared for the "Puss in Corner," the "Bobby Bingo," the "A Ring, a ring of Roses," and the "Postman's Knock," which were thus included in the recreations. I read with delight of the "large and commodious school-houses facing the sea" ; of the "well-equipped gymnasium hall" ; of the "preparatory and kindergarten classes held for the Sons of Gentlemen." And last, but not least, I meditated on the distinct advantages afforded me by association with a "fully-qualified staff of English and foreign mistresses and masters—resident and visiting" (I learnt later that three had managed to obtain a Junior Oxford Certificate, while the "Monsieur" proved to be a chef who had been dismissed from his last place, because of his drunken habits).

Really, I found this counting of blessings quite a satisfactory arrangement, and by the time I had reached Sloshton, my heart had quite risen from the low levels it had formerly occupied. With a light heart then, I marched out of the station, and accosting the first coachman I met, I enquired of him the way to Devonia College. He pulled his forelock—or rather what should have been his forelock, for he was bald—and said that "Really, he was main and sorry, but 'e'd never heerd tell on sich a place." I put down his answer to ignorance, and reflected that of course



an uneducated man, such as he obviously was, could not be expected to know where the great centres of education were to be found. What was my surprise, therefore, when I found that each successive person I asked was just as wise as the first. But there, "No prophet is without honour except in his own country," and I found later that the glories of "Devonia College" were not known in Sloshton, but were only appreciated at a distance, by the deluded governesses who read of the delights of this "home-school, kept by the daughters of Physicians," in Dublin, Glasgow, or some other equally remote district.

And so I wandered on, and by and bye I came across these magic words writ large on the portal, "Devonia College and School of Music." Really, when I was ushered into the drawing room, I had to rub my eyes to make myself believe I was in the Twentieth century. I seemed to have stepped into a regular chapter of Dickens. There was the room all littered with anti-macassers, and sitting very upright in a chair an old lady—young, she called herself—clasping her hands tightly together, and wearing an expression at once righteous and horrified. She called me her "Dear Miss Smith," and asked me in one and the same breath, if I had had a comfortable journey, how my dear parents were, and whether I believed in predestination or not.

By and bye, I heard my name sailing in the distance down the passage, and in a few minutes the rest of the principals answering to the names of "The Misses Fiddle and Faddle," appeared on the scene. They consisted of two old ladies, both between eighty and ninety years of age, carrying formidable ear-trumpets; and one "young" lady, between fifty and sixty years of age. Just imagine it! There I was, seated in the midst of these four antiquities, pelted on all sides with questions. "Was I a New Theologian?" "Did I believe in Baptismal Regeneration?" I managed to hide my distressing ignorance on these and many other similar points; for mercy on me! I knew nothing at all about half the things they were so concerned over. I was just congratulating myself on having successfully parried these questions, and having tided over an awkward half-hour, when, suddenly, Miss Rose Faddle seemed to stiffen her already stiff back, held up her hands in the most pious horror, and in accents showing the greatest disapproval and displeasure said, "But, Jane, dear, Miss Smith looks so young!!!" What a change in the atmosphere!! Suddenly, there was a great clacking of tongues and bellowing down ear-trumpets. I was eyed up and down by four pairs of cold, indignant eyes, and the matter was thoroughly discussed from every standpoint. My opinion was in no way required, and at last I found that it was decided, that as my youthful looks could not be rectified, my garments were to be made to counterbalance the effect as much as possible. Talk about "A sheep in lamb's clothing," I discovered they expected me to be the whole sheep, inside and outside, though I was but a poor lamb, after all.

¶ In the course of about an hour, they discovered I must be about famishing, so they sent me off with a niece (another Fiddle and Faddle) and I had supper.

At last, however, I tumbled off to bed exhausted both mentally and physically.

Sorry I cannot write more now; excuse the usual "taperings-off," necessary for a feminine letter.

Yours, etc.,

MAB.

P.S.—Don't forget the commission I entrusted you with.

P.P.S.—As I possess all the foibles of my sex, I need scarcely remind you, that the postscript is generally the most important part of my letter.

## "For Review."

*To the Editor of the "Gryphon."*

"A Defence of the Fresh-Air Fiend," by Professor W-lt-n, with a commentary on the lack of heroic, spartan-like endurance in the modern female student.

\* \* \*

"The Mermaid Tavern," or "An Apology for the 'Normal Healthy Youth,'" by Professor G-rd-n, with a few illustrative lyrics by Mr. G--rg-Sh-w.

\* \* \*

"The Psychology of Humour—and how to avoid it," by Mr. M-n-h-n, in which the author cries "peccavi" and humbly craves absolution for certain unconscious incursions into that territory during the present session.

\* \* \*

"Moral Philosophy and Library Regulations": an examination of present-day conditions by Miss P-ss-v-nt, with an appendix of hortatory addresses to students.

\* \* \*

"Music—as an antidote to Mathematics; with a few suggested five-finger exercises for 'my mathematics \*\*asses'," by Professor R-g-rs.

\* \* \*

"Observations on the Art of Smiling," by Mr. W. H. P-rk-ns, dedicated to the H.P. and illustrated after the P.I. style by the V.C.

C.N.J.

## A Dream.

Some nights ago, I dreamed a dream:

That I was in a land which

Was governed by the female sex

In stockings blue, short hair, and specs,

Who took their lunch of double X,

Or whisky and a sandwich;

Where man was made to mend his shirt,

And often earned the title "heartless little flirt."

In fact this place would almost seem

To be a modern version

Of that same land which Homer sang,

And various other bards, whence sprang



The Amazons, that warlike gang  
Who tried the self-assertion  
And noble strength of Hercules,  
Until at length he brought them to their pretty  
knees.

Now in this dream it seemed to me  
I followed all their story ;  
Until at last there rose a man  
Who gathered others, formed a plan,  
Claimed votes, and, these refused, began  
A conflict long and gory,  
Until the lady "coppers" found  
That their prestige, to say the least, was losing  
ground.

For though at first men tried to win  
By means of soft persuasion,  
And made a mild demand for what  
They deemed "men's rights" the foolish lot  
Of women swore they'd give them not,  
Or answered with evasion.  
Finding soft words of no avail,  
The men revolted. Some of them were sent to gaol !

Why should I labour all that passed ?  
The haughty ruling ladies  
Soon found they'd met their match in these  
Insane devoted votaries :  
(For men are men, and women shes,  
Just as a spade a spade is)  
The men obtained the vote, you bet !  
For man had shown himself the super suffragette.

II

### The Storm-Wind.

Loud howls the wind o'er the dreary moors,  
In eddying tumult it whirls and roars ;  
Fast scud the clouds 'cross the darkening sky,  
The gnarled trees bow low as it passes by ;  
The tender flowrets shrink aghast,  
And cower 'neath its icy blast,  
Fierce Titan from the rough rude North,  
From what rugged cavern did'st thou issue forth ?

\* \* \*

Where the wild waste that gave thee birth  
To speed on thy way with soulless mirth,  
With boisterous shout and mocking laugh  
Heedless of all that lies in thy path ?  
Onward thou rushest to thine unknown goal,  
With the restless impatience of a hunted soul ;  
Drearily wailing the long lone night,  
Tirelessly waging thy perpetual fight.

\* \* \*

On ! thou fiend with the ghoulish form,  
I do not fear thy threat of storm.  
Dost thou lash the wild waves with thy scorpion  
whip,  
And hurl the white foam 'gainst the frowning cliff ?  
Mad ! I exult in thy senseless spleen ;  
I laugh at the sound of thy rude mocking voice ;  
For the raging tumult within my breast,  
Like thee seeks peace, but can find no rest.

A. M. E.

### Professor Connal.

It was with no uncertain amount of hesitation that the writer of this unpretentious interview set out to fulfil the obligation imposed on him by the worthy Editor of the "Gryphon."

In answer to my feeble knock I heard the voice of the genial Professor bidding me enter. At first he seemed to think I was bringing in a Latin Prose, and it was with halting words and much confusion that I explained my mission.

"So you've really come to interview me," said the Professor ; and with a faint recollection of a bygone terminal examination result I intimated that that was the case. I suggested that he should tell me something of his school and college days. At this he leaned back in his chair, and with that smile which is peculiarly his and which baffles description declined to say anything definite, but left much to the imagination. He did, however, inform me of the extent, as he modestly affirmed, of his knowledge of English History (picked up several years ago and doubtlessly from original sources) which concerned itself with the garb of the Ancient Britons, and a by no means obscure event in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The rapidity with which he "reeled off" these interesting extracts from history certainly impressed me, and seemed to afford an explanation of the fact that it is possible to hold in one's mind the rules of the Latin subjunctive from one Tuesday to another.

Concerning himself the Professor was very reticent, but he offered to talk about any other subject I choose to introduce. Being woefully ignorant in classical learning I began to feel rather disconcerted, and it was not until he had shewn me—through the medium of his gown and his own deft fingers, the proper way of manipulating the Roman toga, that I recovered my former composure and ease of mind. In answer to my query with regard to making lectures interesting the Professor said, "It is absolutely necessary in lectures and especially classical lectures to maintain an air of due decorum and seriousness, and as for being humorous it is far beneath the dingy of a Professor, as it leads the students to assume that their education is *not* a grim reality—an altogether intolerable view to hold."

I was going to ask the Professor's views on "slacking," but being unwilling to drag him into personalities, and in order to render the situation less embarrassing to myself, I discreetly avoided that topic, and asked in the manner of all up-to-date and "go ahead" interviewers, whose business it is to intrude upon the peace and privacy of the great—what were his favourite pastimes. It seems that the Professor is not an ardent enthusiast of the more robust sports, but he has more than an ordinary liking for amateur theatricals, and takes every opportunity of exhibiting his own talent in this direction. "You see," he said, "the main thing in lecturing is to be *dramatic* and never on any account allow an important matter to go unemphasised even if you have to go the length of doing a little impromptu "step-dance."

With great hesitation I asked his views on the fair sex—but at the very mention of this delicate subject his face began to beam, and I knew that I



Professor CONNAL.



WHAT-T-T ! ! ! \* \* \* ?



was on safe ground. It would of course be a breach of confidence on my part to disclose anything said under this head, but for the benefit of the fair readers of the "Gryphon" I must say that his judgments are always tempered with mercy. I wanted to hear his views on the modern rush for wealth and pleasure, but he dismissed the subject with fitting disgust—intimating that more good might be obtained from a careful perusal of the classics. His disregard of all that savours of materialism was certainly striking; and the only gleam of light he afforded in this direction was the result of a strenuous endeavour to determine the exact Latin equivalent of certain indefinable parts of "liver and bacon." The Professor's remarks were naturally interspersed with quotations from the classics in illustration of the various points under discussion; but for a very good reason (my own, not Professor Connal's), I refrain from revealing them.

To give an adequate account of Professor Connal as a *raconteur* is manifestly impossible, nor would I spoil your enjoyment of his rare wit—rather I would advise you to interview him yourself—(the best time for doing this is *not* immediately after you have discovered your name in the fourth class in the terminal lists—*experientia docet*).

My next question which proved to be the last was very direct. "Do you think, Professor, that football matches are a sufficient excuse for cutting final Latin lectures?" ! ! \* ! \* — ! \* I fled.

GROSPHUS.

### The G-l-y Dept.

(With Apologies to Elia.)

READER, didst thou ever in thy youthful days, thread the winding passages of a maze? Dost thou know what it is to feel thyself alone in the midst of one of these mysterious labyrinths wherein all association with an outside world are lost? Hast thou penetrated the long dark sounding corridors where a silence, broken only by the echoes of thy solitary footsteps, makes its abode, where the mind of the curious wanderer is filled with vague fears and apprehensions for his safe return, and where coming unexpectedly upon some other stranger, solitary and curious as himself, he starts as do the shy young kine which in the springtime are yet unbroken to man's society?

There is such a place as this within the precincts of our University, and into it I have often wandered. I can well remember with what awe I first approached it, with what a beating heart I climbed the narrow stone staircase, tortuous and dark, which leads up to it from a kind of wizard's parlour in the lower regions. For in those days, reader, I did not know of the main entrance to this mysterious region, of that long and stately corridor lined on each side by antiquities and remnants of bygone ages, and of that sudden turning which leads into the charm of that grave quiet place. With what reverence have I paced among the great tall cases, where specimens, old as the oldest hills, dug from the bowels of the earth, dragged from the depths of the sea, lie in peaceful slumber upon enshrining shelves, where broods a stillness—a delightful cessation from toil—an indolence almost cloistral.

But this is but the stately portico to an imposing and yet more venerable region. A region separated from the fret and fever of modernity by a wide and mighty gulf, which the inquisitive must cross. There is a bridge which spans this gulf, and having crossed, we enter where the shades of the past abide. Oh! thou old house! Silence and desolation hang upon thee. Thy magnificent portals, imposing staircase and stately chambers are filled as with an unseen presence. Their dusty walls and musty smell speak of the past, and the shades of primeval beings haunt the place.

The very students who inhabit this region have an air very different from that of those I come across in other quarters. They partake of the genius of the place. They are mostly of a curious and speculative turn of mind, and one and all seem imbued with a strange mysticism. Their walk is slow and dignified, their speech soft and low, as if hushed by the awe of their surroundings. Reader, do not wonder, for fearful stories are told of this place. Some tell of unseen bells that break out suddenly into clamorous discord, and as suddenly die away again, others, of laughter, dreadful and unearthly, which without warning, disturbs with fearful shrieks the hallowed silence, while others show with unconcealed dread, strange marks—imprints of human fingers, that have appeared as if by magic upon their manuscripts.

Truly, 'tis a strange place, Reader, this home of dead men's bones, haunted by shades of the past.

"PAT."

### The Conversazione.

I am not frivolous but I wouldn't miss the *Conversatz*, for anything. There is nothing quite like it. Before it comes the promise of it is prosaic enough. The content of its significance is one or two tired-looking secretaries who spend their time close to the hall-clock seemingly awaiting its advent, many light-hearted students pestering you with gilt-edged tickets and a strangely irrelevant poster. People are asked to do things, men come and hammer nails into different parts of the building: then one day at sunset folks bring back their gilt-edged tickets, and the *Conversatz* becomes. And as I have said before, there is nothing else like it.

When you arrive, it strikes you forcibly and throughout the evening the subtle suggestion recurs, that you have seen all this building before. So insistent is the insinuation that you become reconciled to it; and this is not without its advantage, for you can find your way about this sort of dream-University as though the softened corridors were really those you are accustomed to tread daily. But I am to write about this *Conversatz*.

As you went towards the Great Hall, there was a sound of many voices overridden by a solo in staccato declamation. It was not a Greek play—only the Hall Porter bawling the names of the guests to the vault of heaven as fast as they divested themselves



of their antimacassars. After you had shaken the hand of Miss Thistlethwaite and Mr. Beardmore you were ready to look round, and to be sure, there was something to see . . . Gradually you began to wonder why there should be any costume other than that around you. Why do not these noble-looking males come to lecture in this austere weed, dead black, with a great expanse of white? Why do all those splendid necks and shapely backs hide beneath shirt-blouses? And the amazing coiffures—where are those breath-taking edifices on a Thursday afternoon? But it is time to move. We knew the building was vibrating with the potentiality of many attractions, and we made our way to taste.

In the Education Room, Professor Gordon was straining at the leash waiting to give us of his best—no mean fare. It is the essence of a *Conversatz.* that all values are changed, and life for a few hours runs on new principles which bear the same relation to ordinary ones, that a *Conversatz.* University or Professor does to an ordinary one. So in dribblets the array of gorgeous dresses and their complementary black streaks increased, till the room was full and still the Professor strained, with a resigned patience, which the Education Room knows not when its blushing curtains are undrawn. Nor were the entries characterised by those pathetic attempts at self-effacement which that room knows but too well, as which does not? Nay, rather they came "as they deemed the world worth looking at and as if they had no fear either of a blow or a hard word for loitering." So we sat and were amused at the absurdities of critics, which we could do with light hearts, for had we not all been guilty? But it was at our other selves that we laughed, those shapes which use fountain pens and wear shirt-blouses.

Pending the time fixed for the concert, we visited the Botany Department, where we broke new ground; and I am right glad it was under *Conversatz.* values. I cannot tell you the bewildering things there were to see. I remember a fine model of a geyser spluttering lustily, and I looked through a microscope at a slide labelled "The University of Leeds." I confess I couldn't see the likeness. But there were ripping models of deltas and prize cabbages and things.

The concert was not as well patronised as might have been expected. I have a suspicion (but I wouldn't voice it for worlds) that most of those who should have formed the audience had gone to the Physics Lab. to look after the inner man, under pretence of watching the electric sparks and the gymnastic display. So we listened to several songs and a trio and followed them while a lady's caravan was still resting. We were borne down on the substantial bosom of an all-permeating fragrance of coffee, and reached just I suppose, when the human pyramid dissolved into several young men in pyjamas. Then began the scramble for some of that elusive liquid with the feeding smell. A harmonious discord was struck when you came in sight of the waitresses, those same waitresses who poured out stuff and smashed crockery without a trace of the ethereal Hebe which, I suppose, was the right thing to expect under the circumstances.

So, wondering if the caravan upstairs was likely to rest till the coffee was exhausted, we made our way to the Great Hall, to hear George Bernard at cross-purposes with himself, talking, talking, talking. The scene in the auditorium was such as only a lady correspondent of a provincial newspaper could do justice. I shall not attempt it. From the gallery, the stage shone out of the blackness, a gorgeously coloured rectangle, like a presentation plate from a picture in last year's Academy, given away with *Sunday Life* or something . . .

But the *Conversatz.* is all over, and, I fear, almost forgotten by now. The old values are back. Just you dare to be late at a lecture, or come in a décolleté blouse and see.

S. C.

### Electra.

ON February 26th Euripides' "Electra" was professionally performed in the Great Hall of the University.

Now it is a question whether such a play, pure poetry as it is, should be *acted* or simply *recited*. Some would contend that the ancient Greek manner of representation is the best—recitation from behind a mask with little or no movement; they would say that all *acting* is incongruous; that the lack of realism forbids any attempt at making such a piece a true representation of nature. But surely Euripides wrote that he might be understood, and if the Greeks did not realise the power of physical movement and facial expression, is that any reason why the modern actor, with a knowledge of all their possibilities, should not infuse a deeper meaning into the poetry by means of graceful movement and outward portrayal of emotion?

Miss Penelope Wheeler and her Company *acted* the tragedy in a most beautiful and artistic manner.

The Great Hall was indeed prepared to hear a tragic tale. For previous to the turning up of the arcs, the only illumination was the dull blue light which filtered through the curtains. Indeed, this light enhanced the tragic effect throughout the play; for while a brilliant circle played upon the actors, the chorus of maidens sat apart upon benches, visible only through a bluish haze. The grouping of the chorus in their beautiful fawn-coloured costumes, was much the most pleasing thing in the play. Their postures and their drapery reminded one invariably of Lord Leighton's pictures.

Miss Wheeler played the part of Electra with true tragic feeling. She was accused in fact of overdoing it; but she did not. Her movements lent great grace to the poetry and intensified its emotional effect. Orestes quite naturally played with more restraint—for a Greek warrior, however hard his lot, does not give way to emotional outbursts.

From the other smaller characters the Messenger stood out particularly well; he recited his long account very well, in spite of the fact that the flimsy, creaking stage seemed every moment to be giving way beneath him.

The whole production was most artistic. It could hardly fail to be so in the beautiful setting of light brown curtains and solitary altar.



## Duties and Obligations of University Life.

THE ideal of Student life in a modern University was never more attractively or forcibly presented than when the Archbishop of York spoke on the "Opportunities and obligations of University life," to a large assembly in the Great Hall; and perhaps it has not come inopportunately.

Noting is easier than to let things go on as they are, and the newer Universities, having no inherited tradition, are faced with a double task in the effort to realise all that a University should stand for and to create a tradition for those who are to come after them.

Foremost among the ideals that should govern effort in this direction is that of corporate life including all the relationships of student and professor and student and student.

Those of us, and they must be many, who have learnt to prize the opportunities for close contact with larger and ripper minds than our own will readily appreciate the value which Dr. Lang placed upon the personal intercourse between professor and student. In giving some personal reminiscences he spoke of the influence upon himself of many of the professors he had been under; of Edward Caird who had taught him to criticise unmercifully, and register facts against his most cherished notions; of Lord Kelvin and many others. A more or less rowdy approval from the usual hilarious crew in the gallery gave point to a story which he told of a certain professor who, upon a piece of plaster being dislodged from the ceiling as a result of a more than usually vigorous applause, remarked, "I'm afraid the premises of my distinguished colleague will not support his conclusions."

Passing on to a consideration of the relations between student and student the Archbishop referred to the opportunities which University life offers of extending one's range of friendships. We all know something of the "natural expansiveness of youth," and it is only to be expected that when there are common interests and ideals, friendships should be cemented to an extent improbable in later life. As the Archbishop pointed out friendship as distinguished from mere acquaintanceship is a thing of the mind and the spirit and it is this deeper relationship which ought to be fostered if one of the priceless opportunities of University life is not to be thrown away.

Dr. Lang went on to deprecate the many tendencies towards intellectual isolation, and in a University like ours where there is presumably a danger of being "born a man and dying an engineer," he would have pointed to the "literæ humaniores" as the best means of bringing man into contact with man, of giving a wider outlook and an idea of what knowledge and ignorance respectively mean.

The whole subject of life in a University was raised to a higher plane when the speaker passed on to a discussion of its ethical and religious obligations.

In his opinion no one could be regarded as educated who did not know something of the vast and deep thoughts upon the eternally moving subjects of the human soul and God, and with this knowledge would come the desire of paying back in service to the community both now and in the future those benefits they had received.

All should at least throw themselves into working heartily for the highest and the common good in place of that desire for self-gratification which if not explicit in our philosophy is very often implicit in our life.

J.C.N.

## The Municipal Strike.

### (Debate at the Working Men's Club.)

AN informal debate on the recent strike took place at the University Working Men's Club on Friday, 20th February. No definite motion was adopted, and no vote was taken. Mr. A. F. Watson made a very effective and impartial chairman.

The strikers were well supported by Mr. Perkins from the University and Messrs. Rocket, Mull and others from the Club. On behalf of the strikers they pointed out that the rise in wages would have cost less to the City than the police and other aid which had to be called in, that the action of "blacklegging" is one of the very worst things a Trade Unionist can think of, and that the volunteer workers did not realise the awful seriousness of the work they were doing; that the profits from municipal enterprises should benefit the employees, as in the case of private concerns; that the welfare of the greatest number should be the concern of the whole community, and that by "sleight of hand tricks they did us in."

The students present were Messrs. Chamberlain, R. C. Mathers, Smithells and F. Webster, and Mr. Patterson supported them in a very able manner. In reply to the strikers' arguments, the following comments were made:—That a rise in wages would be a permanent charge on the city's finances, and one which would grow; that the volunteer workers, far from "blacklegging," kept places open for the workers on their return, and that the very use of the term "blackleg" tends to arouse hostility; that municipal capital is used for trading and therefore the profits should benefit the whole municipality and not its comparatively few employees; that the election of representatives was democratic and therefore the Council is necessarily representative of public opinion.

Mr. A. F. Watson then discussed the subject from the point of view of a business man. He said his sympathies with the working-man were deep and well-known. He pointed out that the students had merely acted as private citizens and not as representatives of the corporate body and that they were a very small percentage of the whole. They had been made a football by all parties, and their action had been magnified out of all proportion to its real importance. The Corporation should be a model employer, but at the same time an economic one. As a business man,



he had been seriously inconvenienced by the arbitrary stoppage of the City's services. He echoed a plea for a better spirit in the relations between Capital and Labour.

Professor Cohen proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and Mr. Mathers seconded. Mr. Rocket, on behalf of the Club, supported them. The meeting lasted until ten o'clock, and those of us who went felt very pleased to have this opportunity of hearing the men's case at first hand. D. P.

## Inter-'Varsity Gymnastic Contests.

(MANCHESTER SEMI-FINAL).

*Boxing Semi-Final.*—Held at Manchester on Friday, February 20th.

The middle-weight was the first event. In this contest our representative, C. F. Whitaker, although the lighter man by several pounds, completely out-boxed his opponent and won easily by 30 points to 15.

*Bantam-Weight: First Round.*—The Leeds man, L. C. Prince, kept the centre of the ring and repelled the attack of his opponent by several straight lefts. Leeds won this round.

*Second Round.*—In this round the Manchester bantam had matters all his own way and piled up a good lead of points by his forcing tactics.

*Third Round.*—Early in this round the Manchester man whilst attacking punched Prince in the kidneys, the contest being at once awarded to Leeds.

*Feather-Weight.*—The first round saw some good boxing between the two men, the Leeds man, G. Shaw, holding a slight lead at the end of the round. Early in the second round, a mix-up occurred in the middle of the ring and Shaw accidentally hit his opponent below the belt, the fight being awarded to Manchester.

*Light-Weight.*—H. W. Thompson, the Leeds man, early got to work and by good boxing easily won the first round. In the second round Thompson missed several uppercuts, and his lack of condition causing him to fall off in the third round, the contest being won on points by Manchester.

*Welter-Weight.*—This contest saw Whitaker again in the ring. The Manchester man opened very strongly and completely outboxed the Leeds representative. The second round saw Whitaker come back to form and with several hooks to the jaw caused the Manchester man to slacken up. The third round saw Leeds still going strong and the Manchester man was put through the ropes. Recovering, however, Manchester came again strongly at the end, and Leeds lost a good contest by the narrow margin of one mark.

*Heavy-Weight.*—Owing to illness the Leeds heavy-weight was unable to appear. Manchester therefore had a walk-over. The result was two wins for Leeds and four for Manchester. The boxing was a much better display than of last year and with training and the services of a boxing instructor, Leeds should have won all the events contested.

## Inter-'Varsity Contests.

HELD at Liverpool on Friday, March 6th. The proceedings opened with the gymnastics, the results being:—

Liverpool .. ..	149 (out of 240 marks).
Cambridge .. ..	139
Manchester .. ..	131½
Leeds .. ..	129½

The chief factor in the Liverpool victory was the brilliant work of P. McArdle. This gymnast only lost one mark in the contests and gave an excellent allround display, giving Liverpool the victory by a good margin.

The other noteworthy feature of the gymnastics was the excellent work of the Cambridge men. This team showed the most consistent work by all the members, who were far more neat and finished in the execution of their voluntaries than the other teams. For Leeds H. M. Wolfe did excellent work and was well supported by the other members of the team:—B. A. Berry, W. N. Fenner, C. M. Auty. Cambridge, Manchester and Leeds were all hampered by the unaccustomed width of the rings and it would therefore be well if at future contests standard apparatus were used. We would again press the fact that all judges be absolutely neutral, that is, not drawn from any of the competing university teams. It is a remarkable fact that the last three contests have been won by the home competitors and in this contest it was patent to all that Liverpool was thoroughly at home on the apparatus whilst the other teams, especially on the rings, were greatly handicapped.

In the ladies' fencing, Leeds were unable to field a team and this competition was won by Manchester. In the men's fencing, D. P. Middlemost, H. R. Baines and C. M. Auty fenced for Leeds and succeeded in tying with Liverpool, Manchester winning by 5 bouts to 2.

The bantam and middle-weights were the chief events of interest for Leeds. The Liverpool bantam P. McArdle quickly forced the pace and won easily on points by his forcing tactics. In the middle weight C. F. Whitaker boxed very well for Leeds. Adopting forcing tactics from the beginning he easily won the first round. In the second round Hinchliffe of Liverpool had to be warned for pushing, the round closing with Whitaker still leading. In the third round Whitaker-forced the pace but Hinchliffe unfortunately pushed him over the ropes and was disqualified, Whitaker being awarded the contest. Of the other boxing events Manchester won the light, the rest being won by Liverpool. Liverpool thus winning the majority of the events and therefore winning the Inter-'Varsity Contests. The Final will be held next year at Leeds and if Leeds sticks to her guns, the record for the home team winning, should be improved upon.

R. V. S.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

SIR,

We would really like to know what is happening to the public spirit of our University. There is obviously something rotten when we see some of the most active participators in our social life banding themselves snobbishly together to form an exclusive



clique. It is somewhat depressing when those to whom we are apt to look for guidance in matters connected with the lighter and more pleasing side of our College life, indicate by their conduct that they find the maximum amount of enjoyment when the majority are excluded. If this is not the case, what then is the intention of the promoters of that cabalistic and ultra-exclusive Soirée. If it is a mere gathering of friends, why hold it in the University Refectory? We maintain that the permission of the Union should not have been granted and we are withal certain that this would not have been the case if the amount of resentment to which it has given rise had been known.

With the sincere hope that this expression of the feelings of a vast number of us will not be regarded in the light of "sour grapes," but as a plea for a corporate collegiate life.

We remain,

Yours faithfully,

IRACUNDISSIMI.



## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

### Union Committee Tell-Tale.

<i>Maximum 14.</i>			
Mr. Bagshaw	.. 11	Mr. S. Cohen	.. 12
Mr. Beardmore	.. 12	Mr. Garrard	.. 11
Mr. Berry ..	.. 11	Mr. Pollock	.. 14
Mr. Briggs ..	.. 12	Mr. Shaw ..	.. 13
Mr. Weeks, 10			
<i>Maximum 13.</i>			
Prof. Connal	.. 7	Prof. Gillespie	.. 9
Miss Dykes	.. 11	Miss Leech	.. 12
Miss Thistlethwaite, 13			
<i>Maximum 12.</i>			
Mr. Wahab	.. 12	Mr. Williams	.. 12
<i>Maximum 8.</i>			
Mr. Foxton	.. 1	Mr. Ludolf	.. 1
Mr. H. R. Knowles	—	Mr. Parker	.. —
Mr. Leake ..	.. 2	Mr. Robinson	.. 1
Mr. Sykes, —			
<i>Maximum 5.</i>			
Mr. Craven..	.. 5	Mr. F. Webster	.. 5

F.W.

### Medical School Notes.

A MOVEMENT of considerable interest to medical students in general has recently been initiated in London. The absence of any organisation by means of which students could take combined action in matters relating to their welfare, has for some time been regarded with concern by those who recognised the possible necessity for such an organisation. In the event of any crisis arising requiring action on the part of the general body of students, valuable time would inevitably be lost owing to the lack of any means of taking concerted action. The remedy obviously lay with the men themselves and this having been recognised by the Editors of several of the London Hospital Journals, they met and formed themselves into a committee or "Concert of Editors." Every Medical School in the Metropolitan area is now represented on this Committee, and at their invitation most of the provincial Schools (including Leeds) are represented by honorary members.

Already useful work has been done. At the time the Committee was formed, the introduction of the Basle Anatomical Terminology into the London Schools was causing much trouble. It was entirely due to the action of certain publishers in using the new terminology in the latest edition of several books, which are in universal use among students of anatomy. The merits and demerits of the new terminology are of too deep and varied a character to allow of any discussion here, but the disadvantage of having two sets of anatomical terms in use at the same time must be obvious to student and layman alike.

Further, the action of the publishers in attempting to force this terminology upon students, without consulting anyone beforehand, was felt to require some retaliation.

It was too late to take any action in the case of the actual offending publishers, but many other firms were informed that the great majority of students would have nothing to do with books in which the new terminology was used exclusively, at any rate until some decision has been arrived at as to what constitutes the official anatomical terminology in this country.

The struggle is not yet finished, but several large publishing firms have notified the Committee of their intention of not adopting the new terms until matters are definitely settled. It was recently announced that the edition of the manual which was responsible for the trouble has been withdrawn from the English market.

The Basle terminology is in general use in the United States and the Colonies, and the publishers may have been actuated by a laudable desire for uniformity in international anatomical nomenclature, but it certainly looks more as if they were trying to make one edition of the books concerned, do for all English-speaking countries and so save themselves trouble and expense.

Here at Leeds there has been none of the trouble experienced in London, mainly owing to the authorities making no demand for the universal use of the new terms. Men beginning Anatomy learn the new



terms, those who have learned the old terms keep to them, and so everyone is satisfied except perhaps the unlucky Demonstrator who has to know and use both sets. Confusion will undoubtedly arise when men go across to the Infirmary and expect those who learned their Anatomy at rather remote periods to understand their new terms.

So far the Concert of Editors has done good work. It must be satisfactory to all to feel that a means has been found of taking combined action in cases where the rights and privileges of medical students are concerned.

W.L.M.G.

### Debating Society.

*Monday, January 26th, 1914.*

THE motion before the House was, "That a Simplified System of Spelling is urgently needed."

Professor Priestley proposed on the grounds that a much greater freedom and variety was necessary in our writing and also advocated a Phonetic System of Spelling.

Miss I. Crowther opposed, stating that it would be impossible to adopt a Uniform Standard of pronunciation, as pre-supposed by a Phonetic System. She urged also that the effects of such a scheme would be detrimental to Literature.

Miss Caldwell in a very able speech seconded the Motion, advocating a Uniform Standard of pronunciation, pointing out many inconsistencies in our present attitude, which she ascribed to pure lethargy.

Mr. Rowell opposed. To begin with he very much objected to being compelled to pronounce his own name in a new way, pointing out to what a very large extent pronunciation and spelling became a question of Association, which it was impossible to ignore.

Several contributions were offered in the Open Debate; the Opposer and Proposer respectively summed up.

On a Division the Motion was lost by 24 votes to 26.

*Friday, January 23rd, at Manchester.*

We had an excellent time. There was a somewhat protracted Debate which took the form of a Vote of No Confidence in the Government.

The Government was vindicated in the Division Lobbies by a large majority.

*Monday, February 2nd, at Sheffield.*

The Motion before the House proposed Restrictive Legislation on the powers of Trades Unions.

Mr. L. C. Rolleston seconded the Motion, but in spite of this it was lost by 2 Votes.

*Friday, February 6th. Inter-'Varsity Debate.*

The Motion before the House was "That Party Government no longer satisfies the best interests of the Country."

Mr. H. Standering of Manchester proposed in a very engaging speech, giving us vivid glimpses behind the scenes in the Lobbies and the two front benches. He was evidently conversant with the views of Mr. Chesterton, Belloc & Co.: "The present System is saturated with corruption from top to bottom," he declared at the end of his lucid and damaging peroration.

Mr. L. R. Horne of Liverpool in a closely reasoned speech defended the Present System, on the grounds that a strong and well organised Opposition was absolutely essential to full and adequate consideration and criticism of Parliamentary Measures.

Miss Willoughby of Liverpool seconded the opposition, on the grounds that Members had to sacrifice all liberty of individual judgment, owing to the rigidity and corruption of the Party System. She also condemned very strongly the Government's attitude on the question of Women's Suffrage, citing it as an instance of the impossibility of obtaining fair play under the present System.

Mr. Whitehead of Birmingham ably seconded the Opposition, amplifying the lines of Mr. Horne.

The Debate was continued by Messrs. Dodd and Rowell, of Leeds, Mr. Walker of Sheffield, and we were treated to a very lucid and able speech by Miss Holloway of Birmingham.

When the Opposer and Proposer respectively had summed up, the division was taken.

The Motion was lost by an overwhelming majority.

The Dinner and Dance, and the Social Proceedings that followed were a conspicuous success. Two songs were very delicately rendered by Miss Legge, between the Dances.

Speaking for ourselves, and we hope for our guests, it was a most enjoyable evening.

*Friday, February 13th.*

There was a most excellent and spirited Debate. The Motion was that "This House regards the Past with regret and the Future with apprehension."

Mr. L. C. Rolleston seconded the Opposition.

The Motion was lost by a huge majority.

### Education Society.

ON February 6th, Professor Rogers gave before the members of the above Society, one of the best lectures it can ever have been their lot to have heard. To any uninitiated into the higher branches of music and especially into the music of Chopin, the lecture must have been a revelation and it was rather surprising that after the permutations and combinations of harmonisations with which the Professor juggled in the manner of a Cinquevalli, a manner that bewildered and baffled the amateur critic, one student had the temerity to suggest that he could not comprehend why music and maths. should go together.

The best thanks of the Society are due to Professor Rogers and it is the ardent wish of all that he may again honour us with a similar lecture in the near future.

MISS NUTTALL, } Hon.  
MR. E. SHAW, } Secs.

### The Literary and Historical Society.

THE Society has suffered much inconvenience at the hands of the public lecturers in the Great Hall, it having been necessary to depart from the syllabus on two or three occasions to fit our meetings in.



On Monday, January 19th, Mr. Wahab gave a most learned and eloquent paper on "Egypt of Former Days," which he illustrated with slides very appositely chosen. Mr. Williams was in the Chair.

Miss Hogan, on February 16th, treated a large audience to a most sympathetic paper on "The Personality of Nietzsche." By taking this as her basis, she managed to get in much that was fundamental and suggestive in his philosophical system.

The Seventh meeting was devoted to Mr. Byrne's paper on "Shakespeare and Realism." The paper turned chiefly on the inadequacy of the modern realistic production of Shakespeare, and gave rise to considerable discussion. Mr. Wahab presided.

J. H.  
S. C.

### Cavendish Society.

FOUR meetings have been held this term and the following papers were read:—

January 20th. "Should Cooking be Scientific?" by

Miss E. Brooksbank, B.Sc.

February 3rd. "The Measurement of Time," by

Mr. P. Rothwell.

February 10th. "Some problems in Animal Nutrition," by Professor Crowther.

February 17th. "The Colour of the Sky," by Mr.

F. Quarmby, B.Sc.

The Essay Prize for 1914 has been awarded to Mr. S. Illingworth, who wrote on "The Corrosion of Iron."

On March 9th the Society's Special Lecture will be delivered by Dr. F. G. Hopkins of the University of Cambridge. The Society wishes to invite all members of the University to this lecture which will be given in the Great Hall.

The Society will visit Messrs. Redfearn & Sons' Glass Works at Barnsley, on March 18th.

E. IRISH, *Hon. Sec.*

### Agricultural Department.

A party of Agricultural students visited Messrs. Tetley & Sons' Brewery on Monday, the 16th instant, and were kindly conducted over the premises by Mr. H. Tetley and other gentlemen. They were shown the washing of the barrels by machinery and conveyance of them from one department to another on an endless chain. The barrel making department was next visited. The insides of the barrels are made as smooth as glass so that they can be perfectly cleansed. The processes of mashing, boiling, cooling and fermenting were next seen, the machinery and boilers being of the most efficient type.

The bottling department is a hive of activity and is of great interest. Here the students, of course, felt it their "duty" to sample Tetley's Special. The beer before bottling undergoes several processes, including refrigeration and filtering through asbestos and wood-fibre filters, which are made on the premises in hydraulic presses, for the purpose of clearing it. A visit was paid to the up-to-date stables which hold over 100 horses. Alongside these is the large smithy. Finally the students were shown over the malt-kilns where the process in all its stages was seen and explained.

The premises cover over 7 acres.

The scientific cleanliness with which everything was carried on was most impressive.

### Natural History Society.

THE Fourth General Meeting was held on February 12th in the Botanical Department, Mr. Stiles being in the chair.

Professor Garstang exhibited models of flowers and a crab.

The President gave notice that the Joint Meeting with Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Sheffield Universities would take place at Manchester on February 20th, and also that the Society had been requested to give an exhibit at the *Conversazione*.

He then called on Mr. Dry to give his paper on "The Swede Midge." This creature is very dependent on the weather. Charts, with blue to represent districts where few swedes were attacked (by the midge) indicated that after the awful summer of 1912, the 1913 brood I. showed considerable Conservative gains. Mr. Dry also mentioned his theories about the roving habits of the midge and how they met their end in the sea. After a most interesting and humorous paper, an animated discussion took place, in which Professors Garstang and Priestley and Messrs. King, Taylor and Lloyd took part.

The Joint Meeting with the sister Northern Universities was held at Manchester on February 20th, when Professor Elliott-Smith gave a most able and interesting lecture on "The Piltdown Skull" (illustrated by models and lantern slides).

R. E. CHAPMAN, *Hon. Sec.*

### Men's Christian Union.

ON Friday, February 13th, a meeting was held in the Great Hall at 5.15. Members of the Women's C.U. and of the Unions of the Training College were also present. The meeting was begun by silent prayer. Then Professor Moorman, the Chairman, in a few apt phrases, introduced the speaker, the Rev. H. C. Carter, M.A., of Cambridge, and his subject, "The Claim of Christ." Mr. Carter then proceeded. The Claim of Christ was what he claimed to do for us. He based his address on certain words of Scripture: "And ye know that He was manifested to take away sins and in Him is no sin: whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth had not seen Him neither known him" (1 John iii. 5-6). Christ's mission was to take away sin in all its forms and to do this he takes away individual sin. In answer to the question, "Does Christ fulfil his mission?" the answer is "Yes." Christ saves from sin all who trust in Him. We know it from our own experience as well as from the testimony of others. The meeting was closed by prayer.

Sunday, February 22nd, was the Universal Day of Prayer of the World's Student Christian Federation. We observed the day by a Devotional Service held in Emmanuel Institute at 11.0. Members of the Training College C.U. were also present.

The Service was conducted by Mr. Herbert Carter, of Headingley College.



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