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VOL. 18. No. 3.
FEB. 10, 1915.

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Vol. XVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1915.

No. 3.

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THE most important thing we have to say in our Editorial must, of course, come first. So let us speak first of the Supplement, the record of what our men are doing for the War. We publish a Roll of Honour, corrected and completed, as far as possible, up to the time of going to press. There are more than a hundred new names, and we are very proud of this. We need hardly say that our congratulations and good wishes go to all those who have joined. We should like to offer a little word of thanks to those who have so carefully compiled the list and allowed us to make use of their work; and especially to the friend of us all, who has most generously made it possible for us to publish two expensive Supplements in consecutive issues—a thing which we could not have done without his help.

* * *

Our little world of lectures and College life here goes along merrily enough, and we sometimes ask ourselves how we should appear to an outsider from the

big world. It is part of the business of all of us now-a-days to see that our own small affairs go smoothly, and that we do our share in lessening the grievous shock caused by the War. It is not that we do not think of the big things, but that our work has to do with the little things. We feel that the various Societies have had this thought before them in settling the policy upon which they are acting during this year. Our Departmental Notes this month are filled with accounts of many musical evenings, all of them most successful. This brings us to the Great Musical Evening—if we may put it so. The *Conversazione* has always been one of the central events of our social year. It symbolises the unity of our life here, the life which we share with those who went before us. We hope that everyone who can will be there on the twelfth, so that this year there may be no break in the tradition.

* * *

The prize of one guinea, which was offered in our last issue for a poem on "For what are we fighting?" has been awarded to Miss C. M. E. Semper. May we congratulate her on her little poem, with its echo of a litany refrain and its note of simple spontaneity? While some contributors tried to fit their thoughts into the form which they had set before them, in her case the thought seemed to have dictated the form, and given to the poem the grace of freshness and originality. We publish the prize poem, together with the one next in order of merit.

* * *

We are sorry to have to make complaints in these columns. We thought it was clearly understood that all contributions for the *Gryphon* must be accompanied by the author's name, not necessarily for publication. For this issue we have received one unsigned article, one unsigned drawing and one unsigned poem. It is a great disappointment to find the *Gryphon* box—which at the best of times never has too many contributors—containing so much matter that cannot possibly be considered.

* * *

May we ask Secretaries of Societies who send us reports of meetings, *not* to write long and detailed accounts of lectures and papers? Short notices, just touching briefly upon the subject matter, are all that we can publish. One report, which we have received on one lecture, would fill nearly a column of the *Gryphon*. If every meeting of every Society were as fully reported as this, there would be no room in the magazine for anything but Departmental Notes. As it is, we are obliged to cut down ruthlessly, and in some cases, to re-write entirely, many Society reports.

* * *

All matter for the next issue of the *Gryphon* should be sent in on or before Monday, March 1st.

Marriage.

MACGREGOR—NELSON.—On December 29th, 1914, at Rosewell Parish Church, David H. Macgregor to Claire Nelson, of Bonnyrigg, Midlothian.

X-rays and Crystals.

THIS paper contains a short account of some new work in experimental Physics which has many remarkable applications. It has thrown much light on the nature of X-rays, on the architecture of crystals, on the structure of atoms, on the relations of the chemical elements to each other, and upon other important questions.

There is one principle which lies at the base of this work, and must be briefly stated before we can proceed: it has to do with a certain peculiar kind of reflection. In the case of ordinary reflection, such as the reflection of a ray of light by a mirror, the phenomenon takes place, no matter what angle the ray makes with the mirror. Imagine, however, a set of reflecting surfaces to be arranged at regular distances one behind the other, and suppose each to reflect a very little but to transmit the most part of an incident ray of light. Suppose, further, that the light is homogeneous, that is to say, contains light of one wave-length only. It is then found that, though such a set of planes can reflect, it is only when there is a certain exact adjustment between the wave-length, the distance from plane to plane, and the angle which the incident ray makes with the planes. The fact is that the general reflection is made up of a number of separate reflections from the different planes. Unless these separate elements are all in exact step or phase with each other, crest to crest, and hollow to hollow, they so interfere with each other that there is no reflection at all. It is in order to secure this exact unanimity that the perfect adjustment is required.

It happens that there is an excellent example of this strange effect which was first discussed by Lord Rayleigh. Certain crystals of chlorate of potash, though of colourless material, show brilliant colours when illuminated by white light. It appears that where these crystals form themselves they lay themselves down in two alternative ways. First, a layer of the one kind is made, then an equally thick layer of the other, then an equally thick layer of the first kind, and so on. No explanation has been given of this regular irregularity. The surface between any two consecutive layers reflects light feebly, and so the crystal as a whole contains just such a set of reflecting surfaces as we have described above.

If now a ray of light of definite wave-length falls upon such a crystal, there is no reflection at all unless the angle between ray and crystal is exactly right. The angle varies with the wave-length, in the case of a given crystal; it must be larger for the larger waves which constitute red, than for the shorter which constitute blue. If the incident pencil is white and contains all wave-lengths, then at any particular angle of incidence only one wave-length is reflected, and the reflected pencil is brilliantly coloured. If the angle is gradually altered, the colour steadily changes. The experiment is very beautiful and fascinating.

Now it must be understood that the wave length of the light and the distance from plane to plane must be of the same order of magnitude if the essential condition is to be satisfied and the experiment to be a success.

We can now proceed to consider the new effects. They are an exact parallel to the example just given, but the scale of the whole phenomenon is many thousands of times smaller. The waves of light, so shortened, become X-rays; the appropriate sets of planes are found in the atom-bearing planes of a crystal. Just as in a regularly planted orchard the trees may be considered as arranged in rows in a number of different ways, so the regularly spaced atoms of a crystal may be considered, in many different ways, as lying on sets of parallel planes. A number of atoms lying in a plane can reflect feebly an X-ray train, just as, for example, a row of palings can reflect a sound. Moreover, the distance between successive planes of a series is of the same order of magnitude as the X-ray wave length. It is to be observed that the planes now under discussion are merely the planes on which the atoms may be conceived to be distributed, and are not to be confused with the far more widely separated planes of the chlorate of potash crystals, which divided two varieties of crystal structure.

Here again, therefore, we have the same effect. A beam of X-rays of definite wave-length is reflected by a set of crystal planes, or shortly by a crystal, only when the angle between the rays and the planes is adjusted exactly.

That special relations should exist between X-rays and crystals was first pointed out by Laue of Zurich. That they must be of the kind just described was shown by W. L. Bragg, of Trinity College, Cambridge. This simple method of describing them has been the base of almost all the work that has been done in the subject.

Several instruments have been made in the Leeds laboratories in order to observe this effect; the first were very rough and crude compared to the more recent, but we did not realise at first the great accuracy to which we might aspire.

If we always use the same kind of X-ray, but perform the experiment with different crystals, or even with different sets of planes in the same crystal, we discover the relative spacings of the different sets of planes. Planes which are widely separated reflect when the angle between the rays and the planes is small, and *vice versa*. In this way we can determine the architecture of the crystal. For if we knew, to take our previous example, that in a certain orchard the north and south rows were twice as far apart as the east and west rows, and similar facts, we could draw the plane according to which the trees were planted. It is just the same in the crystal case, except that there are more complications because we are dealing with three dimensions instead of two.

Several crystals have already been studied in this way. The carbon atoms of a diamond are found, for example, to be arranged in a very perfect and beautiful structure, so that every atom has four other atoms as near neighbours. The four neighbours lie at the corners of a three-sided pyramid of which the first atom occupies the centre. The distance separating any pair of neighbouring atoms can be measured very exactly, and is found to be 1.51 hundred millionths of a centimetre. Or again, if we place a sodium atom

at every corner of a cube and at the middle point of every face of the cube, and if we place a chlorine atom at the middle of every edge of the cube and at the cube centre, we have an element of pattern of rock-salt. The distance from any atom to its nearest neighbour is in this case 2.81 hundred millionths of an inch. It is curious that there is no obvious evidence of the existence of the ordinary molecule within the crystal. Rather, the whole crystal is one molecule. Again, the atoms of a crystal of pure copper are found to be packed together just as one would pack balls in order to get as many as possible into a given space.

It is clear that such determinations of structure form the basis of a new crystallography. The science, as it was, examined the external forms which crystals assumed and classified crystals accordingly. But we are in a new world altogether when we can penetrate into the inner secrets of the crystal and find ourselves in touch with dispositions of which the outer form is only one consequence out of many. All sorts of problems in molecular physics are forwarded if we can study the arrangement into which the atoms of a crystal naturally dispose themselves.

Again, we find in our experiments evidence of vibratory movements of the atoms which clearly form part of the store of heat possessed by the crystal. The more the atoms move to and fro about their average positions, the more imperfect is the reflection, and it is curious to watch the intensity of the reflected rays fade gradually away as the crystal is heated.

The examination of crystal structure is only one side of the new work. There is also the study of the X-rays themselves. If we use always the same set of crystal plane and compare the angles at which different pencils of X-rays are reflected by them, we have a means of comparing the wave-length of X-rays. We can now analyse the X-rays issuing from an X-ray bulb, just as previously we analysed light by the ordinary spectrometer. The X-rays are emitted by the small metal target which is mounted in the middle of the bulb, and upon which the electric stream is directed. It is found that the quality of the rays depends greatly upon the nature of the target, and that every substance, indeed, which is stimulated to emit X-rays possesses its own special X-ray spectrum. The X-ray spectra are very much simpler than the light spectra, and differ far less from each other. For instance, taking substances in the order of their atomic weights, all those lying between aluminium and cerium are known to emit a certain peculiar and simple spectrum, varying only in that all the wave lengths become gradually shorter as the atomic weight increases. In fact, the regularity of the increase as we go from element to element of the known series is most remarkable. The atomic weights do not grow regularly in the majority of cases. For instance, the atomic weights of carbon, nitrogen and oxygen do increase regularly, being 12, 14 and 16; but those of iron, cobalt, nickel and copper are 55.8, 59, 58.7 and 63.6 respectively, those of strontium, palladium and silver are 102.9, 106.7 and 107.9 respectively. But when we measure the wave lengths of the substances in the last two series, they are found

to diminish with perfect regularity in the cases named, and indeed throughout the range of known elements.

From this a very curious conclusion can be drawn. The uniform step-by-step alteration of wave-length, in conjunction with the similarity of the spectra, indicates that the elements as we know them have in common some fundamental element of design, and differ from each other in successive equal extensions, which in some way govern the wave length directly. When we find whole series of elements arranged according to successive equal steps, we are sure that the series are complete. It is of the greatest interest that there are four gaps in the arrangement of the elements in this way, which indicates that four, and only four, elements remain to be discovered within the limits of the series as now known. There is, for example, an obvious gap between molybdenum and ruthenium. Another gap, which lies between lutetium and tantalum, was thought to be filled by a substance to which its discoverer had given the name of keltium. But when this very rare substance was brought by the discoverer from France, and examined by Mosely at Oxford, its X-ray spectrum showed that it was no element, but a mixture of two known substances.

It will be seen that the new subject is extending rapidly in many directions. It does not seem wrong to say that we are probably at the entrance to an entirely new and very important field of scientific research.

W. H. BRAGG.

The Green Umbrella.

It was a hot, bright, summer's day. The platform of Little Crosslay blazed and scintillated. The heavy scent of the station-master's hollyhocks was borne to me on little gusts that were not cool. I entered the only shelter, the dusty waiting-room—and there it all began.

"Hello! Is that 1436?"

He had a reverberating voice, this young man; one knew that it would sound commanding when he stood forth on the parade ground and cried "Form fours!" Also there was that in his eye which said he was not to be trifled with. And yet it was a mild blue eye and a gentle voice.

The young man was evidently warm, he had left the door of the telephone-box open. One could not in decency shut it upon him, one could not in flesh and blood return upon that platform. A slight effort of the will and one need not hear any—

"Green umbrella," and again, "Yes, a green umbrella."

"Umbrella."

"Green" (firmly).

"May I ask whom I'm speaking to? I—er—"

"Well you see— Is there a Mrs. Simmons there?"

"I beg your pardon—"

"Not at all—"

"Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha—" (politely).

"Oh—Miss Simmons?" (gravely).

"Yes, the initial was E."

"Her sister? It's very good of you, madam. I hope you'll excuse my ringing up in this uncere-
monious—"

The lady's married sister was evidently capable of doing without the end of all his sentences, for she must have interrupted again, and the conversation at my end sounded like the answers to a pretty peppery catechism.

"The Oakden Hall 'bus."

"It was on top—"

"Exactly eleven-fifteen, but that is only by the market clock, and I would hardly—"

"I tried to find the lady, but I'm afraid I—"

"Oh, please! I would much rather not. If I can be of any service, I am only too glad. I— thought perhaps—I might find some way of giving it back—I don't know much about the posts here, and I'm a wretched hand at wrapping these things up, and one's servants in barracks, you know" (conscious of the lie) "wouldn't know the difference between an umbrella—or a parasol—and a—"

Wonderful telephone! Expressive silence! The receiver positively radiated warmth and apology. So did the subaltern.

"Oh, please! You must forgive me! I—"

"Delighted, delighted—"

"Yes, the address was very vague on the umbrella."

"To the right of the church—"

"Awfully kind of you—yes, I—"

"With pleasure—"

"Not at all—"

"Good-bye—good morning."

* * *

She laughed.

He laughed.

"So you found it?" said she, with just the faintest lift of her pretty, arched eyebrows.

"Yes, I found it," quoth he, steadily smiling into her eyes. She was not so bold; she regarded sometimes the pavement, sometimes the trees and sometimes the air just above his shoulder.

"My sister told me you had called. I was very glad to get it back."

"Yes, I was very glad you got it."

"Of course, I ought to have thanked you right away. Thank you very much." He became very pink. "Oh, I didn't mean that, I—I beg your pardon. I—er—didn't want you to thank me, you know. Jolly glad you—I—I was very fortunate." Here followed precipitate good-byes, and at that moment the suburban motor-'bus lurched round the corner.

That young man had a speaking eye. I know, better than if he had told me, that a captaincy at that moment was less to be desired than the privilege of hailing that 'bus, and watching the fairy heels step lightly on to the board.

But terror prevailed.

Just like Fortune! She issues a certain blue 'bus-ticket, destined to give one of us two full leisure to watch the prettiest head of brown curls, waving under a wide hat in a summer breeze, for nearly a mile and a half—and the fellow who gets the ticket is over—well over—thirty-eight and bespectacled. So the blue 'bus-ticket profiteth no man.

* * *

A fortnight later I alighted again on Crosslay platform and recognised my friends the hollyhocks. And what of the green umbrella—or parasol? Well, there *was* no harm in going round by the church—on the *right* side. It is a gray old church, and stands next to the Pack-Horse, with a few square yards of cobbles in front of it and hollyhocks in the lane to the right, even more majestic than the station-master's. In that lane, O traveller, you will not know which is the warmest, the green hush of the hedges, or the high gold and blue, or the droning gardens with their glow and scent; nor which is the pleasantest, the little, white-stockinged orchards, or the wide carriage-drives, or the Shakespearian trees of great girth. Two such old fellows were philosophising to each other across a shaven lawn when I passed. And so complete did the silence seem that I was startled by a footstep. So was a blackbird who flew out of the hedge. "Mayn't I put it up for you?" said my friend of the telephone.

"Just the same as ever," quoth one Shakespearian tree, "There they go!" "But who wouldn't hold such a parasol over such a head on such a day!" I challenged them, when the other two were out of earshot.

* * *

Nowadays I often go to Little Crosslay, and always keep a weather-eye open in the market square, in the streets and, above all, at the post-office. But if I have no good-fortune here, I know I shall not meet her coming out of the house near the church—it will be the little place near the ferry.

The young man with the mild blue eye is never with her now. But she always carries a green umbrella.

C. S.

The Art of Falling Asleep.

STUDENTS and literary men (the class to which I belong) are often bad sleepers. They sit too long over their books, neglect exercise, and go to bed with an excited brain. If, when obvious faults like these have been corrected, the difficulty is still felt, some bad sleepers may be willing to listen to one who for more than forty years has rarely failed to fall asleep promptly and pleasantly. Till about the age of thirty it was no uncommon thing with me to lie awake all night; then the expedient which I am about to describe was tried and found to answer. I do not claim that it will serve everybody as well as it has served me.

An hour before bedtime I can usually say what is to occupy my thoughts when I lay my head upon the pillow. It will probably be a person or a scene, and I shall go on elaborating the picture till I lose consciousness. Cheerful subjects are by far the best, and I prefer those which are remote in time or space, because they are less likely to call up the anxieties of the day. Reading and travel furnish most of my subjects, and whenever I hit upon one which seems promising, I take pains not to lose it. A subject may last a week or two before it ceases to interest; after an interval, it will serve as well as ever, and

some last for years, taking their turn now and then. Subjects may bring on sleep so quickly that they hardly change for a week; others undergo rapid development into something quite different.

Various other expedients have been recommended such as tedious repetition, *e.g.*, repeating a few verses over and over again. Dull tasks like these wear out my patience, and irritate rather than soothe. Robert Boyle used to calm his mind by extracting square and cube roots. A well-known mathematician, who also wrote two or three of the best nonsense books for children which we possess, published a book of "Pillow Problems," the fruit of his sleepless hours. Whether they really helped him to fall asleep or not, I cannot tell, but I am sure that they would have kept me awake had I been able to fix my mind on them at all. The gentle exhilaration produced by an interesting yet unexciting mental employment seems to answer best with me, but I do not presume to lay down rules for other people.

I will quote a few of the subjects which have helped me to fall asleep—chance specimens of a very large number.

Sometimes I try to recall the old age of Izaak Walton, much of which was spent under the roof of George Morley, Bishop of Winchester. Those who happen to be familiar with Walton's *Lives* and *Compleat Angler*, especially if they are also familiar with Winchester and Farnham, may find it an agreeable occupation to picture the old man in his peaceful retreat. His benefactor, Morley, was one of the men who do honour to human nature—brave, honest, generous and outspoken, a friend to learning, and gifted with a pleasant wit. That he was no bigot is shown by the fact that he was intimate with Falkland, Edmund Waller, Clarendon (who called him "the best man alive") and John Hampden. In good and bad times alike he served his king faithfully, and we must not judge him harshly because the king with whom he had most to do was the unworthy Charles the Second. Those who know Walton's books intimately will take pleasure in picturing him as seated with his daughter at the bishop's table, or else in composing such letters as may have passed between patron and guest when they happened to be separated for a time.

The exploit of Captain Nathaniel Dance will gratify a different taste. Dance was lucky enough to rout a French squadron of five men-of-war by the make-believe attack of some unarmed merchantmen, thereby saving a large and valuable fleet. The date was 1804, and the scene the Indian Ocean. Dance was rewarded by knighthood, a present of £5,000 and an annuity of £500, whereupon, being near sixty years of age, he quitted the sea, and went to live at Enfield.

Richard Grey, author of the *Memoria Technica*, is now a very obscure person, but those who know where to look for a detailed account of his amusing matrimonial adventures will not find it difficult to make him the hero of a pretty little romance.

The *Dictionary of National Biography*, especially if helped out by contemporary lives and anecdotes, would furnish enough remarkable persons and singular adventures to beguile a thousand and one broken nights.

Scenes visited in former years are another valuable resource. I delight, for instance, in framing a mental picture of Lindus in the island of Rhodes. Here was a port which traded with Egypt before the city of Rhodes was founded; here, on a bold and isolated hill, the rocky centre of a low peninsula, was reared a Greek acropolis, now in ruins, and long afterwards a medieval castle, which stands to this day. A steep path leads from the port to the castle, and at one point this path is overhung by a large relief of the second century B.C., which exhibits a Greek galley carved out of the solid rock. It owes its almost perfect preservation to a covering of earth, which was only removed a few years ago. Climbing a little higher, we reach the foot of a steep flight of steps without parapets, which narrows upwards to the castle gateway; here a handful of men could defend themselves against a multitude. From the castle the eye ranges across the sea to the mountainous coast of Asia. Lindus must have witnessed many a stirring scene, for it was held as an outpost of Christendom seventy years after the fall of Constantinople; not till 1523 did the last of the knights sail away and leave the island to the Turks.

Or, I may recall an Easter Eve spent in a Greek church in the island of Ios, icebergs in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, either suddenly appearing through the mist as green mountains towering above the ship, or else glowing with rose-pink and gold in the rays of the setting sun, the view over the Campagna from the windows of the Vatican, and the summit of the Schreckhorn as I once saw it from the Strahleck Pass, glorious in the sunshine, and looking incredibly lofty, as it gleamed through a momentary rift in dense snow-clouds. So long as I can recall scenes like these, I shall not attempt to woo sleep by counting imaginary sheep leaping over a hurdle.

There is a lower species of imagination, which creates nothing, but makes large use of memory, and delights to throw familiar historical facts or personal recollections into new shapes or new combinations. In Scott and Macaulay the gift was highly developed, and both used it to vivify their descriptions. This humbler sort of imagination is probably possessed by many who never cultivate it. Those who do so will understand a little better

*"quibus ille modis somnus per membra quietem
Inriget atque animi curas e pectore solvat,"*
and may, perhaps, use their new knowledge to banish one of the troubles of over-thoughtful people.

SENEX.

In Memoriam.

THE news of the tragic death of Mr. Fred Wright was received in the University with feelings of the deepest sorrow on the part of his former teachers and fellow-students. He had acquired a particularly warm place in the hearts of those who knew him at the University. He entered in October, 1909, with a view of taking an honours degree in chemistry, and he at once shewed himself to be a most zealous and excellent student. After three years of the normal studies he took up the special subject of the analysis of food and drugs, and

acquitted himself with great credit. He was an excellent manipulator, and his practical work was characterised by great care and exactitude—a most important matter in the equipment of a chemist. In June, 1913, he took the degree of Bachelor of Science with honours, and in spring of this year he gained the additional distinction of the Associateship of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland. His powers had developed very conspicuously towards the end of his student days, and gave the most assuring promise of his future success. During the University long vacations Mr. Wright had worked with Messrs. Ellison and acquired some knowledge of large scale chemistry. This was a very praiseworthy and valuable utilisation of the opportunities of leisure, which may be strongly commended to all chemical students.

Mr. Wright was of a most modest and retiring disposition. He did not take a conspicuous part in students' organisations, but his interests were wide and generous, he exercised a most wholesome influence, and he was greatly respected both for his character and attainments. He recently held some doubts as to whether he was doing his best for his country by continuing in the position he occupied with Messrs. Ellison, and he discussed the matter not very long since with his old University teachers. They felt no doubt in encouraging him to remain where he was, and talked over the future with great confidence in the success of his work. They felt that there was in him a rare combination of character and ability, and that he was a man whose value must impress itself unfailingly on his employers. It is impossible to over-estimate the benefit to British industry that must follow from the addition of such recruits, armed with the virtues of the older generation and all the fresh resources of the new. That this one should have been struck down so early in life is a loss to everybody; it is a tragedy to those that knew and loved him. It is hardly necessary to add that for those to whom he was nearest and dearest, very deep sympathy is felt in the University of which he was so admirable a son.

The Attitude of the American Nation towards the Contestants in the European War.

THE writer has now been in the United States for the space of about five months, and has been most interested in listening to the various opinions tendered by the men of various nationalities in the great cosmopolitan city of New York.

Undoubtedly, the general sympathy lies with the Allies; and the German people, of whom there are over one-and-a-half millions in New York and Brooklyn alone, join with their supposed enemies in almost cursing the Kaiser and his Cabinet for the trouble which he has pulled about the ears of the German nation. The War, by general calculation, is expected to last for at least three years longer, and there is a feeling that probably before the end of the War this country will itself be at war, with Japan for an opponent. Some war agitators even assert that America will have to defend itself against Great Britain, on account of the treaty between that

country and Japan. A general war scare is at present spreading through the country, and the Navy chiefs are agitating for a much larger Navy, and military experts are bemoaning the scarcity of soldiery in the regular Army, which amounts to only sixty thousand men. Concerning the recruiting of the British subjects to join the British forces, the outlook seems particularly satisfactory. The number of Britishers in the United States is very limited, but the percentage of men volunteering for active service is very encouraging. Some cross by way of the New York and Liverpool services, where free passages are awarded to them, and many go up to Canada and drill with the Canadian recruits, afterwards crossing by way of the Allan Line to Liverpool. The papers all contain very contradictory reports, and it is mainly from the British papers, often nearly a fortnight old, that we procure our authentic information. However, whatever may happen to the old country, great Britain may rest assured that she has the goodwill of the American nation, and, of course, the British contingent out here have no need to express their feelings.

BRITISHER.

* * The above communication has been sent to us by a correspondent in the United States. We do not, however, vouch for the accuracy of the statements contained in the article.—ED.

For What Are We Fighting?

For honour's cause, for truth and right,
 So fight we.
 That out of darkness may come light,
 So pray we.
 Fight we, by arms and prayer, for God and Right—
 That Heaven's own peace may follow war's sad night,
 That all the nations, scourged and purified,
 May seek high things—own Christ supreme, not Pride.

C. M. E. SEMPER.

For What Are We Fighting?

Against a nation's tyranny we fight,
 The tyranny that seeks to wield the rod
 Of world-wide empire "in the name of God,"
 The tyranny with motto "Might is Right!"
 Against the ruthless spirit that denies
 Its word of honour, and the cause of peace,
 The British nation wars, nor shall it cease
 Until the Star of Liberty arise!
 We struggle not for wealth, nor fame nor lands,
 But strive to slay the aggressive Teuton power,
 That fain would grasp in red relentless hands
 The reins of world-dominion. So the hour
 Of Britain's crucial testing-time is nigh,
 For we must fight in Freedom's cause or die!

R.S.

Addresses to Students in the Woodhouse Moor Wesleyan Church.

The date of Dr. George Adam Smith's address was omitted in our last issue. It has been fixed for February 21st.

The Glorious Twelfth.

You must come to the *Conversazione*!

Never mind those people who frighten you about starch and icicles, that sort of thing disappeared long ago. There are two essentials for a successful *Conversazione*, the first is that *you* should come, the second, that you should bring your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

After acquiring numerous programmes, for fear of losing the other six or seven you have already appropriated, you fit on your gloves and mount the staircase. Then you are received by our Presidents, and under the pretext of getting coffee for your "people," you lose yourself in the crowd for a few hours.

Meanwhile, your "people" stand in the Great Hall listening to orchestral strains, and sniffing at remote coffee. Finally, at the urgent request of a steward, they disappear in the direction of the various "side-shows." The Leather Department will show the perfumes of Araby in active stages of manufacture. Surprises are also foreshadowed in the Education and Engineering Departments. The Physics Laboratory will provide another Demonstration and some refreshments, which are consumed to further orchestral strains.

There are also most interesting *Lecturettes*. These last thirty minutes each, and woe betide the lecturer who detains us beyond this limit. We dare to yawn, to look often at our watches, and to shuffle our feet. There are even certain rude spirits who have been known to walk out. Then again, there is a Concert in the Education Room; and there are other ways of enjoying the *Conversazione*, so long as you are not late for the Play.

You must not miss the play on any account, especially as this year it is to be Barrie's *Twelve Pound Look*. Either you have seen this play or you have not. If you have not, you won't want to miss this opportunity. If you have, you will wish to make comparisons, and to show your friends that the University players are no whit behind the very chiefest professionals.

Do you love Vulgarities? Or have you, rather, ever followed its trail to the Temple of Mammon, and marked there its rites, until suddenly you have wished for great breaths of air and sunshine? Perchance you feel its loathly yoke upon your daily life, in some form or other. If this is so, come to the footlights on "the 12th," and watch them glitter along the rapier of Sir J. M. Barrie as he runs the Monster through again and again. It is true the Monster does not always feel it, but there are some shrewd pricks, and you will enjoy the display of skill.

There is a very strong caste, and we feel sure that Miss Bolton and Mr. Botwood will make excellent stage antagonists, while Miss Cass-Smith will be an ideal Lady Sims to Mr. Botwood's Sir Harry. It is rumoured that the O.T.C. will recognise an old friend in Tombes, the butler.



"The Gods are afar off, my children."

A Tale.

LAST Sunday was a day of days. On such days do the Gods stretch themselves, polish their skin till it shines again, and cry aloud, "Aha" with zest. A certain Englishman, with ginger moustaches and a be-medalled watch-chain, noticed this, and took his four bull-dogs out to eat the air. Have you ever tried to pass four bull-dogs radiating from an Englishman on a narrow pavement? The Gods saw, and they cried "Haw, haw" with zest.

Said the wheezings at my pavid heels, "I am England. Look at my ginger moustaches and my chops and my be-medalled rotundity, and be afraid. Say something touching about me, or get off my pavement."

And the father of all the Gods leaned over, and, hanging his beard in the wind, said, with his divine lips puckered and his golden eyebrows arched, "What is this England?"

But the Gods were afar off, my children, and the air bristling at my pavid heels; so I spake from the hollowness of my heart: "Oh, I will sing thee till the trees be a-shiver with delight and the little brown birds are still for very jealousy." And I laid together

my lips, till my tongue lay soft in my mouth. "O I will sing of thy fulness, of thy buxom lengths, of the stiffness of thy hair, of thine eyes soft as a mother's, of the dripping of thy jowl, of the firmness of thy red liver, all a-pulse beneath thy rounded vestment; I will sing of thy strong teeth, of the dust of thine onset, of the fatness of thine holding, of thy neck clothed with thunder. I will sing of thy meekness, of the mother in thee. I will sing of thy beard and thy youth, of the steel of thy glance, of the largenesses of thy shadow, of thy soft-seeming. Of all these will I sing. Nay, neither here shall I stint, nor hereabouts. I will sing with the tongue of the winds at the gloaming; and the sound of my voice shall be as the blood-red of the clouds at sun's set, as the heavens at its going down. I will sing—"

"Whence come these rattlings and these windinesses?" said the Gods, pausing with uplifted polish-cloths.

"—Yea, I will extol thy pulling for all points of earth, thy multiplicity and withal thy oneness. I will sing in a great voice of—"

Said the wheezings at my fearful heels, more staccato: "Hum, ye-es, that is rather pretty. I'm glad you think as I do. Yes, you do put it nicely, and all about *me*. And, mind you, I've suspected it all along. And how it all fits me—" All the Gods, even to the skittish one, were looking reminiscently over the balcony, and said as with one voice, "Where have I heard all that before?"

The wheezings became more and more ponderous. I could feel the medals flashing back the sun as they inclined heavenwards; and the pavement became even more precarious. "Ah, only look! Yes, I can see red in everything. And look at the blue! And how white I feel . . . Red and white and blue."



"Neither here shall I stint, nor hereabouts."



The Sandalwood Box.

I HAVE a sandalwood box—smooth and brown, and faintly scented like the East. I open it only in the dull autumn days when the dreary rain swishes down the sodden leaves from the wind-lashed branches, and the ashes of despair and hopeless longing are bitter on my lips.

Others have their sandalwood boxes which hold, may be, a withered rose, telling of the rapture of a kiss in a strange sweet way, for the perfume of the rose was only a silver thread in the net of magic that the moonlight and the earth wove about those two in the long ago. Or, perhaps, it is a faded ribbon, or a lock of hair, or any valueless thing which calls up memories from the dust of the Past, and brings laughter or tears, and always a little sorrow, for the sadness and the strangeness of "the days that are no more."

But when I open my sandalwood box, I neither laugh nor weep, but feel only like a man who has drunk strong wine. Hope comes again, and the crushed wings of my soul spread for fresh flights and new endeavours. In the lashing of the rain and the moaning of the wind I hear only the earliest trumpeting of those heralds which precede the hosts of summer. For I tell myself again that Life is beautiful and worthy of a greater worship than the monk, telling his beads with numbed hands in some dim church before a half-seen crucifix, has ever given his Christ. The contents of the box—little more than dust now, and the petals of a few flowers—are all that Time has left me of that brief hour when Nature branded this truth upon my soul.

A long afternoon had passed in that garden by the sea. Below the cliffs the lazy waves lapped and laved and the whole bosom of the deep lay like a mighty sapphire, wakened to fire here and there where the sunlight sparkled and flamed. In the garden the silence of perfect peace reigned. Great lilies, banked in white splendour, and roses, red and white, splashed the vivid sunlight green with colour. The smooth lawn stretched sweeping cleanly to the cliff's edge, with here and there a broad-limbed tree casting a still shadow on which the sunlight lay like broken gold.

All the afternoon the sea laughed softly beneath the rocks, the bees hummed drowsily as they came and went, and many flowers breathed rich perfumes.

Evening came treading softly in the footsteps of the day. The shadows of the trees lengthened along the grass. A light wind sprang up and swayed the foliage in a rustling dance. The sunbeams crept from the earth, like soldiers answering a summons of retreat, and mustered in unspeakable glory in the western sky. Came then "Eve's one star," trembling in an ecstasy of beauty in the silken blue of a sky which faded down into dim mists of primrose and orange and brown.

I stood upon the edge of the cliff and watched the moon come up above the sea, thrusting a golden rim from out the banked-up clouds, casting a long path of dancing light down the still sea, which glimmered below me unfathomably deep. Around me the garden lay, mysterious in its dimness, full of rich shadows and unexpected gleams, bathed in a darkness which covered every flower's identity. Only the lilies

shone—grey against the ivied wall, which seemed to have become blacker than black.

My heart was one with the sea, and the sky and the earth. As I stood there upon the edge of the cliff, great thoughts came tramping through my brain, so mighty that I dare not face them. I only wished to stand and feel my heart swell within me and my breath flutter in my throat, while I drank deep of the wonder of life, thanking God, that I who was so small—so infinitely small—should stand within His temple and see His inmost rites.

And even as I stood there, faint across the wind-swept garden came the sound of a violin, like a lonely child crying in the depths of a great cathedral. My happiness was almost too great to bear. It was the last touch of sheer beauty to an already perfect world. Whilst the voice of the violin trembled in the air, I knelt down upon the grass, and worshipped life, who gives so much and asks so little.

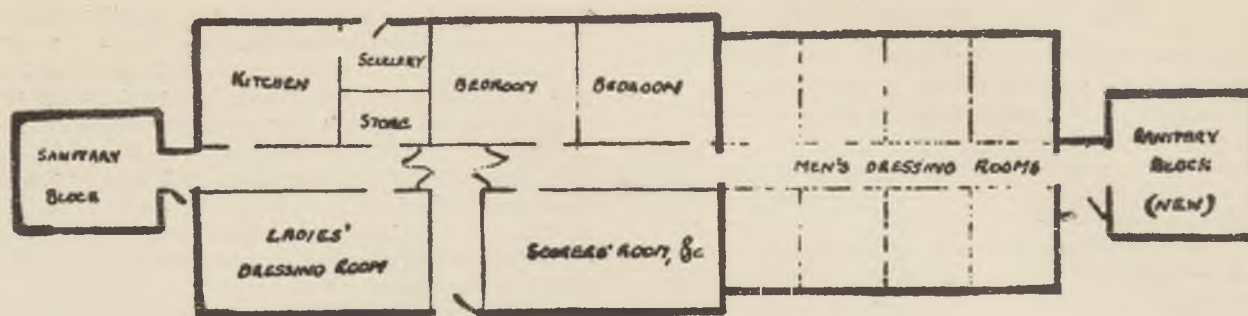
Out on the sands the sea sobbed, and the moon came up, white and haggard with her veil cast aside, and the voice of the violin wailed and sang—

This is what comes back to me in the autumn days when I open my sandalwood box—faith in Life, in her beauty and majesty. She is a fairy princess disguised as a beggar maid, and if you cast aside her rags, you will see the shimmer of her silken gown beneath.

The New Pavilion.

AN athletic ground without dressing rooms is like washing without soap—you can manage, but not conveniently. With the War and Mr. Lloyd George emptying everyone's pockets, we cannot expect too much in the way of luxuries; but it was not with any great degree of pleasure that we looked forward to using the new ground without a pavilion of any kind at all. Such a condition of things would in any case have been quite temporary; but, thanks to the efforts of certain members of the University, even this has now been averted, and the University Council have provided funds for a building which will at any rate satisfy the most pressing needs. While not a permanent structure, it is anticipated that it will serve for several years, and not merely (like our new subalterns) for the period of the War. It is not a new building, and it was not designed for an athletic ground. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of our alumni at play will not cause it to be used at Lawnswood in a way that will remind it of its past history. As a hospital, its home was somewhere near the middle of England, a long way from anywhere—in such a place in fact, that it took a Professor of Geology to find it. It is now being carved up with a view to removal to Lawnswood, where it will be erected under the supervision of Mr. H. S. Chorley, whose advice has been sought by the Athletic Ground Committee. The details in connection with the alterations and fittings that will be required in the building are being carefully considered by a Sub-Committee consisting of Miss Cooper, Professors Connal and Gillespie and Mr. Webster. They are not yet in a position to formulate definite proposals, and the sketch plan here reproduced is intended merely to give a general idea

The Gryphon.



THE NEW PAVILION .

Scale about 20 feet = 1 inch.
(windows assumed).

of the shape, size and possibilities of the building. It must not be taken to represent the considered opinion of the Sub-Committee as to the arrangement of the rooms, etc. The building, it will be seen, is not quite symmetrical; this is due to the fact that the original plan, which provided for a wing on each side of the larger block, was not fully carried out. Had it been completed, the task of the Committee would have been greatly simplified. But we have to take the building as it is, and even so it does not seem to involve serious overcrowding; though when games are in full swing, there will not be a lot of room to spare. On one side there are rooms which might be adapted for use by a caretaker; if certain difficulties can be overcome there would be obvious advantages in such a plan, not only in keeping the place clean and tidy and in good condition generally, but also in enabling the groundsman to live on the spot. Importance may also be attached by some patriots to the possibilities which it offers of enlarging the national revenue by means of an increased consumption of tea. As regards the wing on the right of the sketch, it will probably be convenient to divide this into small dressing rooms for the men, the ladies being accommodated in the main block. In winter the men also may require a part of that block, but in the cricket season a room will be available for the scorers and for other purposes. The extent of the washing and bathing facilities is bound to be governed by financial considerations, but we may rely on the Committee doing the best they can with the funds available, in this as in all other respects. In conclusion, if the building is not quite all we have hoped for, it is at any rate, a very good stop-gap, and the thanks of the Union are due to the Council for providing the requisite money at this exceptionally difficult time, and also to those (not least the Chairman of the Athletic Ground Committee—Sir George Cockburn) whose individual exertions have made the scheme practicable.

A French Hospital at the beginning of the War.

Two days after the issue of the order for general mobilization, we went to the Women's Training College of Alençon, which was to be fitted up as a

hospital, under the direction of members of the "Union des Femmes de France."

We were placed in the "Bureau des Entrées et Dépôts" to attend to the registers of patients, and to keep accounts of all the personal property of the wounded soldiers. The first few days of the mobilization were spent in preparing dressings, and of course everyone had to be vaccinated. There were about sixty women and girls, and perhaps a score of boys, and we all formed into a long queue, waiting our turn, and watching anxiously to see if the operation appeared to be painful.

At the end of five days the hospital was ready, but it was about a fortnight before we had any patients. Whenever any wounded soldiers arrived, as soon as their wounds had been dressed, we used to go into the wards and number every bed. Then we had to empty each man's pockets and his knapsack, and make out a list of anything he wished to deposit in the bureau. It was amusing to see some of the knapsacks, containing biscuits, chocolate, bread, onions, sardines, jam, and all manner of things. I remember one young corporal who had a little French-German vocabulary, because he thought it would be useful when they crossed the frontier. Another soldier brought back from the battle-field a piece of cloth from a German officer's uniform—a little bit of it was given to me. All the men's clothes had to be fumigated before they were sent away to the laundry. Some of the coats were pierced with several bullet holes, and sometimes we found a jacket with only one sleeve.

For several days we were kept busy making registers and lists, and sending out information regarding the patients. After a time, however, the work was not so heavy, and so we used to sit out under the trees, mending the clothes which came back from the laundry. There were three French boys whom we taught to sew, and by dint of much praise and encouragement we really attained a creditable result. One boy became quite expert at putting on patches, another usually seamed up the long slits, and the third, whose needle had always to be threaded for him, sewed on the buttons.

A great many of the soldiers were able to come downstairs after the first week. It was very hot, so they sat under the trees, playing cards, or comparing their experiences in battle. There was a little boy

of sixteen, who had joined a company of soldiers passing by his home, and had fired about twenty shots before he was wounded. The most interesting person was a Meridional, whose name was Pujol d'Andrébo. He had been a barber, and a day or two after his arrival he sent out for some curling tongs, so that he might be presentable when the doctor made his usual round. As soon as he came downstairs he made his way to the kitchen, and promptly set to work to clean all the knives. Sometimes he came to sew with us—he had been a tailor when he was young. For about two days before I came away I had never seen M. Andrébo, but on my last evening, chancing to go upstairs, I found him on the landing outside his ward. Naturally I enquired if he had been ill again, but he explained that he was "in punishment." He had been flirting with one of the maids, so the "directrice" of the hospital, who was also the head of the training college, had decided that he must not come downstairs at all for two days. The last I saw of him, he was standing at the head of the staircase, with his toes hanging off the topmost step.

Some British soldiers came one day to Alençon. Three of them, who could not speak any French, I took to visit our hospital. They were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and were obliged to go all round, shaking hands with each patient. Even those in the ward for more serious cases demanded to see them, so they went there also, after being warned by the doctor not to shake hands too vigorously. One of the three was an Irishman, who most good-naturedly provided great amusement by trying to pronounce *turlututu*.

The most striking thing at the hospital was the devotion of those who carried on the work there. Many of them spent almost all their time there, in spite of their anxiety for their own relations who were at the war. If there was anything more admirable than the courage and loyalty of the soldiers, it was this devotion of those who were left behind. A.

London, 1915.

I went to London—London with its beautiful decoration of khaki. It was not the London I knew. Perhaps a Crimean man might see something familiar. The streets are quiet. There is the sound of the vans and the motor buses, but the people are quiet—or is it the houses? The houses look at you; perhaps the spirit of London is looking at you, the spirit of the new London. Is London dismayed? The houses watch you from the windows. They are watching the soldiers. The soldiers are everywhere. They are in couples, in singles, in groups. Here is a Colonial with an English friend, both in khaki, all in khaki, and the quietness surrounds them, the misty London, for the great starry electric street lights, sentries of our Empire and of the world, are only lit here and again. And the soldiers are grave-faced young men, all with a look in their eyes as if they were unconscious of this watching. For their eyes are looking, looking into the distance. You stare at them as if they were to be stared at, as if they

were strangers, so many of them, in such curious groups, or in twos or in singles. All have the same look in the eyes—or nearly all. Here is a big man with hard-bitten face. What has he been driving or doing for twenty-five years? He is spurred and big, and his face is red. He has not the look. But there is something he sees and does not understand: this misty London.



"But they were unheeded."

Kitty.

I.

Her lips are like this:
Half-opened June roses,
All fragrant to kiss.
Her lips are like this,
And transient bliss
Between them reposes.
Her lips are like this:
Half-opened June roses.

II.

She smiled through her curls
Which the zephyrs were teasing,
This dearest of girls!
She smiled through her curls,
And her teeth were like pearls,
And her dimple was pleasing.
She smiled through her curls
Which the zephyrs were teasing.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Union Committee.

Bye-Election.

OWING to the resignation of Messrs. Chaumeton, Lupton and Seymour-Jones from the Union Committee, a Bye-Election was rendered necessary. The Bye-Election took place on January 18th, 19th and 20th, 1915. The result was as follows:—

Votes.		Votes.	
*T. Oates ..	41	*N. Bates ..	23
*H. Sparling	34	*A. M. Hey ..	21
J. R. Healey	27	H. Webster ..	18
A. Catterall	25	F. N. Harrap ..	17
*A. Haythorne	24	*H. Cordingley ..	16
*J. C. Stimpson	24		

A star indicates men who began their 1st year in October, 1913.

Messrs. Oates, Sparling and Healey were elected.

No. of papers, 109.

No spoilt papers.

Signed—

W. J. JONES.
C. B. KAY.
J. MADEN.
H. W. THOMPSON.
F. WEBSTER.

Scrutators.

At a Union Committee Meeting held on Friday, January 22nd, 1915, it was decided that Inter-Departmental football should continue as usual, and that Men's tennis should continue, with the restriction that outside matches must not be played.

H.W.T.

Union Musical Evening.

THE Union continues to cater for the lighter side of life, and the Musical Evening held on January 21st was another success. The ladies more than justified the great things expected of them. The play was, of course, the *pièce de résistance*, and we find the adaptability of University talent to low comedy truly surprising. Miss Piercy made a delightful landlady, whilst Mr. Watherston, in an appropriate part (we refer of course to the military aspect), convulsed the audience, and Mr. Jefferson was originally and overwhelmingly funny. To these gentlemen are also due congratulations upon the scenic arrangements, which included footlights, and a *real* window that opened and shut.

Songs, recitations and pianoforte solos, with the addition of a brain-racking competition, made up the rest of the programme which seemed heartily appreciated by everybody.

We would remark, by the way, that people have by this time acquired the faculty—in the phraseology immortalized by our President—of “melting.”

The Literary and Historical Society.

ON Monday, November 31st, Mr. S. Cohen read a brilliant paper on “William Morris.” It was a triumph of lucidity in thought, and was expressed in language still more to be admired. Mr. Cohen,

himself an artist and man of letters, could have found no other man to afford him such opportunities as William Morris, the modern representative of that which is best in art and literature. To such a reader, Morris will always appear as a friend rather than a subject either for criticism or indiscriminate eulogy. Mr. Cohen played the part of friend throughout. He took us back into the childhood of his author, traced the development of his tastes for all that is artistic, showed him to us creating out of neglected mediaevalism a new taste in beauty, described the ruined abbeys and castles in which his fancy loved to linger and, to increase our admiration, showed how he even found it possible to reproduce them in nineteenth century brick buildings. And then Morris appeared before us in a new light, no longer the dreamer of dreams, but the practical man of the world, discarding all accepted forms of religion and appealing to men through fellowship, founding upon that a new social theory, and becoming really and truly “the poet of the young man.”

On January 18th, Mr. Williams read a highly entertaining paper on “John Masefield.” Mr. Williams softened the crude outlook which most of us have on Masefield by showing him to us as the dreamer, the idealist, the lover of beauty. Masefield's realism is something more than a vulgar attempt to startle, it has a moral purpose, the ugly things of life are not to be smoothed over, they are to be shown in all their startling horror, and so inspire the world to remove them. Masefield, we were told, had not sufficiently specialised in any branch of literature to become the perfect artist, but great hopes were nevertheless held forward for him of an abiding fame. The paper was illustrated by excellent quotations, even the “simple swear word” having its duly allotted place.

On Friday, November 27th, the Society held a Musical Evening in the Refectory, which we dare to believe reached the high tide mark in this sea of musical evenings which is washing the shores of our social life. 156 people were present, of whom some fifteen were Belgian guests. We were honoured by our ever genial Professor Connal, who took the chair for us.

A very successful sketch, “The Head of Romulus,” was produced by the Women's Dramatic Committee, whose career has been a succession of triumphs. Very great praise is due to Mr. Howe's life-like rendering of the “knot.” Miss Bolton made a charming heroine and Miss Kirkwood, Mr. Williams and Mr. A. B. Cohen as scheming parents, were inimitable, and make one shudder for what the years will bring. The evening passed very pleasantly with other items, from Miss Olive Murphy's perfect singing of Schubert's “Serenade” to Mr. F. Webster's well-known “Water Scenes,” they were all excellent.

N.N.

Social Study Society.

ON Tuesday, December 3rd, Professor Smithells gave before the Society an interesting and illuminating lecture, based on his own experiences in India, and containing descriptions of the scenery, languages,

religions, races and customs of the country. Professor Smithells had an abundance of lantern slides which very aptly illustrated his lecture. The lecturer warned members of the Society against pamphlets on India, which are generally based on "second-hand" knowledge and characterised by a signal lack of any attempt to get at the truth of things.

Professor Smithells has promised to give a further lecture, dealing with the position of women in India, to the Women's Branch of the Society, but it is confidently expected that this lecture will be thrown open to all members of the Society.

Five meetings have been arranged for the coming term, and in addition, it is hoped that arrangements will be completed for two excursions to works of interest.

CHARLES H. LAMBERT.

Men's Christian Union.

ON December 23rd, 1914, those interested in Missions welcomed a representative from a little-known field. The Rev. R. Griffith, from Madagascar, spent a few days in Leeds, and besides addressing a meeting of the Christian Union, met several separate groups of men informally, to talk about missionary questions and problems. We remember these talks as shewing to us an aspect of missions not to be found elsewhere. We caught glimpses of a missionary's everyday problems, and of the difficulties that crop up unexpectedly in his work. Also the great need for missionaries was put before us.

C.U. members are reminded of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union (S.V.M.U.), and are urged to consider the missionary question personally, even in this day of national sacrifice.

Attention is drawn to the date, February 28th, which is the Universal Day of Prayer for Students.

E.E.M.

Men's and Women's Christian Unions.

ON Friday, January 15th, a Social was held by the two Unions. This is the first occasion on which the two have joined, and the evening was an entire success. We would especially thank the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the musical programme, the sketch and the charades. We hope that this joint meeting will prove to be the beginning of greater co-operation between the two Christian Unions.

E.E.M.

Women's Christian Union.

LAST term was one of the busiest for several years in the annals of the Society. A Pre-sessional Conference was held by the Committee on the Friday and Saturday before term. Throughout the Conference emphasis was laid on Friendship and Unity as the watchwords for the C.U. during the coming year.

Bible Study Circles have been held throughout the term, and there have been various general meetings. Miss Rouse was to have come to us on October 23rd, but as she was unavoidably detained, Miss M. Bretherton, a missionary from India, came as her

substitute. Unhappily, this long-arranged meeting was but badly attended, owing to the attraction of other meetings on the same date.

The S.V. band, which numbers about seven members and adherents, held three meetings during the term. The last one, on December 4th, was open to all women students, and Miss Findlay interested us very much by the glimpse she gave us of her work at a Mission Station in India.

At the end of term we had a visit from the Travelling Secretary, Miss Stephens, but this was for Committee work, circles, etc. Miss Stephens hopes to be in Leeds again from March 1st to 13th, and to give a dinner-hour address, with slides, on Swanwick.

We should like to remind all women students that prayers are held in the C.U. room at 9.15 a.m. We should be very glad if they will come and help us there.

This term Missionary Study Circles are being held. Will any who wish to join and have not yet done so, please ask the Missionary Study Secretary for particulars?

The delegate sent by the Women's C.U. Committee to the Conference at Baslow in January cannot obtain permission to send a report to the *Gryphon*; therefore all who wish to see one are asked to refer to the *Student Movement* for February.

M.T.H.

Education Society.

THE Annual Reunion of the Day Training College Club, the Old Students' Association (Women's Branch) and the Education Society was held on December 19th, 1914. Nearly fifty people were present at dinner, and at the Social Evening which followed there were 120, mostly past students.

Ample opportunity was given to old friends to greet each other and settle to long talks, for the arranged programme was very short.

Miss Gulston, Miss Murphy, Mr. Hyde and Mr. Billam admirably entertained the company. Judging by Professor Welton's unrelaxing smile, it would be safe to say that no one had a happier time than he. The evening concluded with the National Anthem and Auld Lang Syne.

The third meeting of the Education Society took place on Friday, January 22nd. Professor Welton was in the chair, and Professor Campagnac, of Liverpool, lectured upon "Commercial Education." The subject was presented as one of social and national importance, and we were shown how education ought to supply the motive power by which a man fulfils his particular function in a commercial community. Much of the lecture was really too deep for most of us, but our attention was genuine, for we were unable to throw off the glamour which emanated from the platform, and the lecturer had no need to apologise for imposing what he considered an unpleasant burden on our minds.

Natural History Society.

THE third meeting of the session was held on December 10th, 1914, the President being in the chair. Professor Kendall gave a most interesting lecture on "The History of the Craven Fault." He described the

formation and characteristic scenery of the fault block, and showed several lantern slides to illustrate his lecture.

On Thursday, January 14th, the annual meeting of Past and Present Students took place. The attendance was quite good, but it is to be regretted that so few of the past members of the Society were able to be present. After tea a very enjoyable lecture was given by Professor Garstang, Mr. Redmond King being in the chair. The lecturer gave several examples of degeneration, for instance, the evolution of the horse's foot, and the loss of a pair of wings by the beetle. The lecture was well illustrated by lantern slides. Professor Garstang ended by pointing out the lessons to be learnt from his lecture, and urged the men present not to be degenerate, but to enlist or join the O.T.C. The meeting then adjourned to the Geological Department, where everyone passed two or three very enjoyable hours.

There were several competitions, followed by supper and a musical programme. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Garstang, and the meeting ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Agricultural Society.

THE Society has had four meetings, held in the Union Rooms during the first term of the present Session. The day of the meetings has been changed from alternate Tuesdays to alternate Mondays. The attendances resultant upon this change have so far been very good, considering the decrease in the number of students in the Department.

At the third meeting of the Society, on November 30th, 1914, Mr. F. W. Dry gave his experiences as a farm pupil. Mr. Dry remarked that this was the third occasion on which he had had the pleasure of reading a paper before the Society. There is little need here to comment upon Mr. Dry's paper. Suffice it to say that it was given with that characteristic humour of his which is so well known amongst his wide circle of acquaintances. The main body of the paper took the form of an actual diary, and Mr. Dry gave proof of the importance to farm pupils of keeping such a record, especially if they proposed afterwards to enter a College, and thus, for the time being, to lose sight of practical farm work.

The fourth meeting took place on December 7th, when a paper was given by Mr. W. N. Fenner on "The Value of Milk Records." Mr. Fenner said that the object of keeping milk records was two-fold: firstly, to keep account of the quantity of milk produced by each cow, and secondly, to record the percentage of butter-fat contained. Many instances were given showing the importance of keeping milk records wherever possible, since they afforded in many ways conclusive proof as to whether a cow paid her way or not. Mr. Burn, Vice-President of the Society, who was in the chair on this occasion, expressed his appreciation of the well-thought out paper.

The Agricultural Department has a list of about thirty of its members who are now on active service, and the Secretary would be glad to receive the names of any others, not already entered.

Debating Society.

THE Sheffield Inter-'Varsity Debate was held on Friday, December 4th. Ten members of our Society were present. Mr. Cowen, of Liverpool University, introduced the resolution "That the policy of 'Business as Usual' is justified in the present crisis." Mr. Lambert led the opposition, seconded by Mr. Perkin, of Sheffield. A very lively discussion followed, in which Mr. Milnes and Mr. Ram spoke, amidst sundry disturbances from humorous members of the house. The Sheffield students who had joined the City Battalion, were present in full strength, and afforded a great deal of amusement. The decision of the house was decidedly in favour of the opposition.

The delegates were entertained to dinner after the debate, and a concert followed, in which Mr. Milnes excited great admiration for his recitation, "The Poetry Society," which was described in the Sheffield newspaper as "an original humorous recitation." We unfortunately had to leave before the concert was over, in order to catch a train which landed us in Leeds close on midnight.

On Monday, December 7th, an open meeting of the Society was held in the Great Hall of the University, when Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge opened a discussion on the motion "That the moral and civic responsibilities of the head of a business house are equal to his financial responsibilities." The Vice-Chancellor, Professor Gillespie, Professor Cobb, Miss Jennings, Miss Umanski, Miss Kaminski and others took part in the discussion. Mr. Selfridge's insistence on the doctrine that an employé owes his mind, as well as his hands, to the firm, excited very mixed feelings in the house. The meeting was brought to an early close, owing to the fact that our visitor had to return to town that evening.

On Monday, January 25th, Miss Woodall proposed before a large meeting of the Society "That the social, political and economic ideals of the Middle Ages are superior to those of the present times." The Rev. A. M. C. Ellis, an ex-president of the Union, led the opposition, and declared for the modern ideal of universal brotherhood against the old ideal of universal monarchy. Miss Caldwell seconded the motion, showing a very strong feeling for the Middle Ages, and Mr. Cowling seconded the opposition, betraying an equally strong feeling against the old times. Miss Cooke, Miss Jennings and others spoke in the discussion which followed, and the house rejected the motion by a large majority when the vote was taken.

Mr. Haythorne and Mr. Ram were chosen to fill the vacancies on the Committee.

The Home Inter-'Varsity Debate is to be held on Friday, March 8th, and the subject chosen is "Will Socialism, in its growth, tend to bring about disarmament?" The Debate will be followed by a dinner and a concert.

Gentlemen! If you intend to come to the tea which is provided before the ordinary meetings of the Society, do have pity on the Secretaries who have to make arrangements, and put your names on the tea notice before noon on Saturday!

JOHN STEWART.

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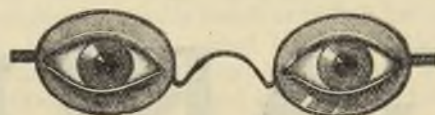
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