

THE GRYPHON

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MAY 18, 1915.

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Fig. 2.



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Dr. H. E. Woodman, as Research Assistant in Animal Nutrition.

Dr. A. Hynd, as Research Assistant in Animal Nutrition.

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MAY, 1915.

No. 5.

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We publish in this issue a second list, supplementary to our Roll of Honour. The list contains more names than the last, and we are proud of the new men who have gone, as we are of those who have given their lives. For the list of casualties grows. We are glad to have news of Mr. Mallinson, who has been missing since the beginning of the War, and who is now reported to be a prisoner. Lieut. Hopkins, who was killed at Ypres, was an old President of the Union. Even as we go to press we hear that Lieut. C. F. Whitaker, whom many present students will remember with affection, has died from gas poisoning. We hope to publish notices of these officers in our next number.

* * *

Volunteers for canteen and other work are urgently needed by the Y.M.C.A. The splendid work which the Y.M.C.A. is doing among our troops is well known; but perhaps it is not so well known that the Association

is ready to take workers for a short time. So those who are unable to enlist, or to help in any way which means giving a great deal of time, may find it in their power to do something—perhaps during the long vacation. All out-of-pocket expenses will be paid, and board and lodging “of camp character” will be provided. A fortnight is the shortest period for which a man may go, but a month is better, as he then has time to get into the swing of the work. The Y.M.C.A. already has in England two hundred and fifty huts and several hundred rooms. In France there are forty or fifty huts and other rooms, and the work is increasing, for the Association is following up our troops in India and Egypt. So far very few men from Leeds University have offered themselves for this service, but no doubt more will be set free after the degree examinations in June. Men who are willing to volunteer, and who are anxious for further particulars, are asked to communicate with the President of the Union, Mr. F. Webster.

* * *

We regret to say that a picture in one of the corridors has been broken. Perhaps students hardly realise that the beautiful works of art which we see at every turn in the University Buildings are lent to us by the Vice-Chancellor. That they are lent to us will make us even more careful of them than the fact that they are valuable.

* * *

Contributions for the next issue of the *Gryphon* are to be sent in by June 7th.

The Work of the O.T.C.

WORK has gone on unceasingly, and the happy result is the large number of commissions granted to members of the Corps in both the new Regular Army and the Territorial Force. We have, in the first place, to regret the loss of the services of Col.-Sergt. Instructor Fear. He left us to take the position of Regimental Sergt. Major to the 8th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment (Leeds Rifles), which only recently entered the firing line. His place has been filled by Sergt. Blanchard of the 8th (Reserve) Battalion Leeds Rifles, formerly of the 1st West Yorkshire Regiment. It is with pleasure that we are able to record the promotion of Col.-Sergt. Watherston to commissioned rank. Fortunately his promotion is for service with the Corps.

The Contingent was inspected on December 12th by Lieut.-Col. Kitson Clark. There was present with him Captain Priestley, who was home on short leave from France. The Corps was put through various Company Drill movements under the command of Lieutenant W. H. Perkins, and both the inspecting Officers expressed their satisfaction with what they had seen the Corps perform. In spite of severe weather several enjoyable and instructive camps have been held. With the exception of three days spent at Barwick-in-Elmet, the scene of these camps has been Bramham. Through the kind offices of Mr. G. Lane-Fox's Steward we were able to use Bramham Park for all our field work. During the Easter vacation a camp was held at Bramham, which lasted a week, and close on 90 members of the Corps attended.

We regret the loss of several useful instructors, who have left us to take commissions—Sergt. Dewar, for example, Signalling Instructor and Mr. Rodwell Jones. In addition to the ordinary staff, we have the services of Professor Jamieson and Dr. Chapman. The former gentleman is delivering a course of lectures on Military Hygiene and Sanitation, and Dr. Chapman a course on Military Law and Administration. Mr. Archibald continues to take squads in Military Sketching and Surveying. Mention should be made here of a very interesting lecture, given by Professor Kendall to members of the Corps, on the Strategic Features of the Yorkshire Coast. During the course of last term a short series of lectures on Military Hygiene was also given by Colonel de Burgh Birch, C.B., V.D.

The formation of an Officers' School of Instruction by the War Office—run concurrently with the Corps—has enabled us to gain the services of Captain Oppenheim, an officer in the Welch Regiment. He came to us after partly recovering from a wound received whilst at the front, and his striking accounts of service conditions and modern methods of fighting are an interesting addition to the lectures delivered at the O.T.C. The staff of the Officers' School is composed of the members of the O.T.C. staff, with Lieut. W. H. Perkins as Commandant. In addition there are attached Captain Oppenheim and Sergt. Major Hallas, formerly of the Scots Guards and lately Instructor to Giggleswick School O.T.C. Mr. Jorgensen acts as Swedish Drill Instructor to the School.

Several joint field days have been held in the Lawnswood and Adel district by the Corps and the School, and night operations lasting until midnight took place on April 28th.

During the past four months instruction has been afforded in the all-important subject of trench constructing. Squads have been detailed on allotted afternoons for trench digging, the grounds adjoining the O.T.C. Headquarters being used for the purpose. Several weeks ago the Corps visited Adel Golf Links at the invitation of Dr. Mackenzie, an authority on the construction of trenches, for the purpose of viewing several trenches made under his direction.

The various lectures delivered by former O.T.C. members, who were either on leave from the front or invalided home on account of wounds, have been an interesting feature of the instruction afforded members of the Corps. 2nd Lieut. Whitaker was the first of these gentlemen to lecture to us on experiences at the front, and he was subsequently followed by 2nd Lieut. E. A. Hopkins, Despatch Rider E. Bagshaw and 2nd Lieut. G. N. Stockdale, who was wounded within a week of his leaving Leeds after his visit.

Instruction in bayonet fighting is now given by Company Sergt. Major Mason Clarke (of Aldershot Military Gymnastic School), who, together with Mr. Jarman and Mr. Wilkinson, also assists with the Swedish drill.

A word must be said with regard to the excellent manner in which Lieutenant Perkins has conducted the work of the Corps. A hard worker, he has left nothing undone, and every branch of the work of the Corps has received his careful attention. He has been ably assisted by 2nd Lieut. A. E. Woodhead—

who is responsible for a great deal of the Musketry taught to members of the Contingent—and by 2nd Lieut. Watherston.

Since war was declared three hundred men have obtained Commissions whilst members of the O.T.C.—a number which may be favourably compared with those of other University Contingents, taking into consideration our smaller strength. All credit for the same is due to the University Authorities for their encouragement and support, and to members of the staff of the O.T.C., who have deemed it a duty to work unceasingly.

GEO. GORDON, *Sergt.*

A Dream Story.

FAR away beyond the long grey line of the hills where the sun goes down, in a dream-world of joy and soft sunshine, lies the tiny village of Nowhere. To the south and north sweep hill and dale, forest-clothed, mist-mantled, to the west lies a high mountain ridge, to the east stretches a verdant plain, slashed with silver streams. So the village lies in a tiny hollow, almost smothered in the pine trees, but open on the east to the wide sun-light. The houses are built on the slope of the hill—elfish houses, like great capped gnomes, and from under the brim of their roofs two twinkling eyes shine out at dusk. From the quaint chimneys curls a faint mist of grey smoke, which makes its way softly up to the arching sky, bearing the sound of happy voices, of laughter, of song, and the rattle of the tiny clogged feet of the children upon the rounded cobbles.

In summer the children pass their days in the pine woods, or in the large grassy meadows. The woods are full of infinite mystery and adventure. Their long cool arcades, dim and scented, cast a spell of awe upon the feet of the wandering child. At dusk the trees tell tales to one another, and if you are small enough, and brave enough to lie hidden amongst the bracken until the stars dance amongst the tops of the mighty trees, perhaps you will hear wonderful things if the pines forget you are there. Amongst the fallen dust of the bracken or hidden beneath the fronds of the waving ferns lies the fairy seed, for which the children spend long hours in search. Someday they will find it, who knows?

But when the sun is not too hot, it is in the meadows that the children play. In late summer the grasses grow long and lush, and from spring until autumn the hosts of the flowers sweep in triumphant march along its waving spaces. Starry daisies and celandines, sunny dandelions, golden buttercups in uncounted numbers in their coloured jerkins and green hose pass on with laughing faces, and make way for the resplendent, plumed and pennoned loosestrife, the meadow-sweet and the broad green flags of the irises. There are places where the stream widens and flows quietly, where water lilies grow, narrow falls where the water rushes down in tiny rapids and cascades. There are clumps of trees where the children leave nuts and fruit on flower petals for the fairies. There are cool grassy hollows where one may lie hidden when one is tired of play.

Long, long ago in the early summer there came out of the skirts of the forest and down the meadows when the afternoon was waning, a queer figure, brown-clad and bent with age. A stranger came so rarely amongst them that the children trooped eagerly from their play, and followed him in a little scattered and wondering group as he moved amongst the deep grass and flowers. He was all brown like a dead leaf. A long, brown cloak, tattered and full, hung from shoulder to ankle; his feet were sunburnt and wrinkled with age. His face was brown too, and his dancing eyes still deeper brown. One could see little of his features because of his long, brown curls, which fell in a dishevelled mass around his shoulders.

When he reached the stunted oak by the stream, he paused and looked back at the children. The sun was setting behind him, and a golden aureole was round his head. Then he opened his cloak and drew forth an old brown violin. He sat down under the oak-tree and began to tune it, and the sound of the discordant notes broke the long stillness. The children began to chatter, and drew nearer until the cry of joy with which the bow greeted its lover hushed them to stillness again. And so they remained, wide-eyed and dreaming, whilst the dusk of the oak-tree deepened, and the shadows came trooping from the woods, and the fiddler played and played. All sounds merged into the song of the fiddler, all sights dimmed before the golden light about his head. But the spell of his face and hand broke when the mothers called over the meadows, "Children come home, come home, come home," and they turned swiftly and fled, full of a sense of awful and averted harm. The fiddler caught up his fiddle and bow, and went whirling back up the meadow like a brown leaf caught by the wind. Only one blue-eyed girl tried to catch the edge of his cape with her tiny hands, but he did not heed her, She followed him to the edge of the forest, but when she reached the entrance the sound of her voice frightened her, and she ran quickly back into the arms of her waiting mother.

And so the whole summer passed away in play amongst the flowers. A whole summer of laughter and childish tears. Many times had the Dream-man called his wares in the village before the Brown Fiddler came again. His memory faded with the wind-flowers, for there is no past in childhood, only a golden present, and a future of purple, edged with the silver of dreams. And now the autumn had come. The pine-trees were still dark green, but the oaks and the beeches, which clustered to their taller fellows, had donned a wondrous garb of orange and russet. The reeds by the stream in the meadow were dank and foul, and all the flowers were dead.

But there was one child who had never forgotten the voice of the fiddle, and all her days had been full of its haunting music. The blue eyes had grown tired of straining to shimmering distances for the sight of a figure which never came. Often she had left the games in the sunshine and stolen up into the cool shadow of a tree, so that she might watch the entrance of the forest unobserved.

Ah, but he came again, and the little heart could leap up with a wild exultant joy. It was evening and she was the last in the meadow, still turning towards the woods as she dragged her tired feet homewards—and there amidst the swirl of brown leaves which carpeted the path-way something as brown as they were was coming towards her. He was laughing all the while, and the curls were falling about his face. She fell down at his feet and sobbed and sobbed.

He leaned against a tree and began to play. She ceased her sobbing and looked up into his face. It seemed his eyes were as the eyes of a mother that glow on one in the darkness when one has fear. It seemed that her being was slowly ebbing from her, and a great peace was stealing over her heart. Then he moved from the tree, still playing, and the voice of the violin called on her to follow. She rose and passed with him, up through the mist of the meadow, in between the darkening pine boughs and out of all knowing.

And she never came back again.

There were tears and wild searching, a mother's longing, a fleeting sense of loss amongst the laughing children. Then winter passed, and her memory faded as the tracks of her little feet upon the meadow-flowers.

But wonder of all wonders, the folk of the village say that when someone has strayed deep in the forest at twilight, forgetting all save their love perhaps, or their sorrow, the song of a violin will mingle with the sighing of the wind in the pine-boughs. A sudden burst of tearful harmony, which gathers the scent of the sleeping water-lilies and the breath of the dim forest glades, hushes every late songster to stillness, and sets the stars atinging. And they say that the voice of the violin is yet the voice of the blue-eyed girl-child.

As for me, I do not believe it. The wind plays such strange tricks amongst the branches, one could imagine a thousand things.

PERSONNE.

Arnold Seymour-Jones.

ALL who knew the University and its affairs in the five years preceding 1912 will read with deep sorrow of the death of Lieut. A. Seymour-Jones, of the 4th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, who was fatally wounded on March 27th by a German sniper's bullet somewhere in Flanders. Nothing can bring home to us the realities and sacrifices of the war more than such a loss. It has deprived the University of one of its most gifted graduates, and the nation of one of those young men whose absence is to be felt so strongly in the years to come.

During his University career Seymour-Jones excelled in nearly every department of University life. He took a first-class honours degree in the Chemistry of Leather Industries, and succeeded while preparing for it in taking a prominent part in the work of the Literary and Historical Society, and performing in that Society's production of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Elder Brother."

It was with difficulty that he was dissuaded from accepting the office of Secretary of the Union during his last year as an undergraduate. After graduating he became editor of the "Gryphon," and by energetic business management and a real interest in its literary development he made it a lively organ of student opinion. He was captain of the hockey team and a prominent member of the O.T.C. almost from its inception. As a cadet he was the first quartermaster sergeant of the contingent and one of the first to pass the examination for certificates A and B. He subsequently became an officer of the contingent, and exhibited extraordinary activity in its work till he transferred to the 4th S. Lancs. on leaving the University. It is difficult to avoid quoting this as the pattern of what a University career should be, although it is perhaps too much to hope that there will be more than one man in each student generation with the energy and enthusiasm necessary to achieve so much.

It is not for his achievements, however, that his friends will remember him. He was a genial companion and an inspiring colleague, and he combined the cheerfulness of youth with a seriousness of purpose which made him friends in all departments of the University. Without having seen him in the field, one can say with certainty that in him the qualities of steadiness, confidence and personal courage would be exhibited in just the proportions which make our British officers the best in the world. One remembers a gallant attempt to save life from drowning, which led to an award of the Royal Humane Society's Medal. One also remembers strange histories which he could relate of adventures among professional pugilists. One is not surprised therefore to hear that when the trenches of the 4th S. Lancs. became subject to enfilade fire from snipers at long range, Seymour-Jones and his company commander set out to inspect their position with a view to making it more secure and to saving their men from irritation. It was just when they had reached the last traverse that Seymour-Jones received a bullet which passed right through his temples. He survived for about four hours—though not feeling great pain—but died the same evening after being carried to the rear. He now lies buried in a soldiers' cemetery some few miles from the present firing line. Both by his life and his death he has contributed important memories to the traditions of the University of which he was so proud. The sympathies of all readers of the Gryphon will consequently be warmly extended to his parents, and especially to his dearest companion—his younger brother, who is well known to all present students, and who is also preparing to defend the existence and honour of his country.

The Inter-'Varsity Debate.

FRIDAY, March 5th, was the supreme day of the year for our Debating Society. For the rest of our session we are looked upon by some as a stolid bore; by others as a place where an odd hour may be passed in ragging, but on the night of our Inter-'Varsity, we are patronised by the many—and we venture to

think we deserve it. Six hours' continuous performance (to adopt the professional tone)! Long and varied programme! To-night only! Book your seat now! (wasn't that what the tickets meant by "Price 3s. after March 3rd"?) and this without mentioning the 2s. dinner. But to return. This is an account of the last Inter-'Varsity, not a rhapsody on Inter-'Varsities in general, or a free advertisement for next year's.

To begin at the beginning with the tea for delegates. The inner significance of this tea lies in the fact that for once in the year a few privileged men are allowed into the Women's Common Room. It speaks volumes for the Men's Union Rooms that they can admire ours as superior to their own. It is a pity that a deputation of wealthy Leeds citizens cannot be conducted round the Union buildings at Liverpool and Manchester. Such comparisons are instructive—and might be fruitful.

After the miserable accommodation we offer to delegates, we may be forgiven for hugging to our souls the consolation that we had the best entertainment and the best dinner of the year's Inter-'Varsities. (N.B.—It was officially decided in January, 1914, that the meal in question should be henceforth known as dinner and not as supper).

It was then at dinner-time that we of Leeds began to score. Our Refectory is the only part we have that can challenge comparison with other Universities—and very certainly Mrs. Beck has not her counterpart anywhere. But, you may ask, what of the debate? Well, that doesn't really matter, you know. It is only the excuse for what follows. For all details of the debate itself see the official report.

Dinner over, and the autograph fiends having been placated by everybody's signing everybody else's menu, we came to the entertainment proper.

By the bye we understand that freshers were distinctly impressed by the presidential flavour about the assembly, the autocrats of Liverpool and Sheffield being in evidence, as well as our own of the W.R.C. and Union.

For the most original and most successful feature of the programme we are indebted to Miss Gulston, seconded by Mr. Milnes and Mr. Rothwell. We imagine that the waxworks, as they were always called, although developing into topical scenes from real life, will not soon be forgotten, and that the Society was justified in appealing to Miss Gulston when it wanted something new. By the bye, it is rumoured too that the harassed performers found a joy in the scenes where real food was provided, although we perhaps would not go so far as to say that they got more to eat in the Lit. and Hist. scene than ever they did at an actual meeting of that eminently respectable Society.

We wonder if it struck many people what a large part eating played that night from dinner to the songs, and from the waxworks to the sketch. And, mind you, as has already been pointed out, it was real food too, none of your stage makeshifts. It would no doubt have been more realistic if Miss Hewlett could have produced her actual loving sardines, served on the same piece of toast, but could anything further be desired than the life-like manner in which that

cheery sailor, Mr. Moffatt, cut up real bread, and Miss Kirkwood poured out real tea, and Sam (Mr. Haythorne) let fall real butter? It was almost as natural as the way the angry father, Mr. Williams, used real bad language. Realism in fact was the keynote of the night. Just look at the expense the Society went to in procuring a real cat to go on in the O.T.C. scene, and a real live lance-corporal to take the chief part in it.

Of course the sketch was under the direction of Miss Woodcock and the Dramatic Society (the one which does not exist), and of course it was a success, even though we hear some of our visitors considered it low. (What would they have thought of the suggested burlesque, ending with five corpses laid out in a row?) Perhaps the programme was not very classical, but we think it was appreciated. Our songsters (Miss Murphy, Miss Hewlett, Mr. Kay) must be remembered too, as contributing to the general enjoyment as much as those who took part in the waxworks and in the play. And here let us acknowledge our debt as well to all those ladies and gentlemen who gave such a finished rendering of the National Anthem, which brought the proceedings to a close. Theirs was yeoman service indeed, for without their attendance the evening would have been nowhere.

I.C.

How the Cadet got a cold and the O.T.C. its sections.

(Another just-so story, NOT by Rudyard Kipling).

IN the High and Far-off Times, Dearly Beloved, when the world was so young-and-all, the O.T.C. had no sections. It was just a heterogeneous conglomeration of individuals (that's magic), and in the very middle of it was a Cadet, who did not want to work, but just wore a uniform with dirty buttons, and lounged in the hall, most 'scruciating idle, and when anybody spoke to him he said "Damascus!"—just "Damascus!" and no more.

Presently the Lance-Corporal, with his *one* stripe, came to him and said "Cadet, O Cadet, come out and do guards like the rest of us." "Damascus!" said the Cadet, and the Lance-Corporal went and told the Corporal.

Presently the Corporal, with his *two* stripes (don't forget the stripes, Dearly Beloved), came to him and said, "Cadet, O Cadet, come out on fatigue like the rest of us." "Damascus!!" said the Cadet, and the Corporal went and told the Sergeant.

Presently the Sergeant with his *three* stripes (don't forget the stripes, Dearly Beloved), came to him and said, "Cadet, O Cadet, come out and do drills like the rest of us," "Damascus!!!" said the Cadet and the Sergeant was very wrathful (indeed quite annoyed), for, although youthful, he was truly important.

So the three were very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a palaver and an *indaba* and a *punchayet* and a *pow-wow* on the parade ground, and the Cadet came with his hands in his pockets, most 'scruciating idle, and laughed at them.

Presently there came along the Commanding Officer of the O.T.C., rolling in a cloud of tobacco smoke (C.O.'s always travel that way because it is magic; besides he was a highly superior Officer), and he stopped to palaver and pow-wow with the three. They told him about the Cadet, his 'scruciating idleness and his "Damascus," and, if the C.O. did think bad words, it was under his breath, for he certainly did not say them (being a distinctly superior Officer), but only puffed great smoke while he thought a big magic.

By and by, when the magic was finished, the C.O. called together in front of him all the O.T.C. There were the Cadets (some *with* moustaches and some without), the Lance-Corporal with his *one* stripe, the Corporal with his *two* stripes, the Sergeant with his *three* stripes (which you must not forget, for they are really truly important), and in the middle was the Cadet, most 'scruciating idle. So 'scruciating idle was he that he had brought no great coat (while all the others had theirs, along with their mess tins, their haversacks, their water bottles and their kit bags).

Then it began to rain; first a big drop trickled down the O.C.'s nose, then another fell down the Sergeant's neck, and before long the yard became a wild, wet wilderness, so that the ladies looking out of their bedrooms (I don't suppose their mummies *really* let them, but they did it all the same) had to bang down the windows and give up looking at the three stripes of the Sergeant, who was standing below most moist and uncomfortable.

Then the C.O. lectured the O.T.C. upon the evils of 'swank' and idleness, and besides being most moist and uncomfortable, everybody felt chastened (except of course, the Sergeant with his *three* stripes, who never feels chastened, being so truly important). Then the animals proceeded two by two into the "Gym," which was an ark of refuge in the midst of the waters, where each delivered up the numbers of his mess tin, his haversack, his water bottle and his kit bag, and they were divided up into sections to work together, so that nobody could be a slacker and a swanker any more. Then departed the C.O. in a great smoke, and let them go back to their mummies.

But the Cadet, who had been without a great coat (being so 'scruciating idle), got wet to the skin, and contracted a bad cold, and his mummie was very very angry indeed, so angry that he dared not even say "dabasgus."

T.W.M.

Notes on Monday Manœuvres.

Butler Redivivus.

There lives in Sardinapollommy
A haughty Knight y'clept Sir T-m-y,
Who vow'd one day he'd ride to see
Where wit was in minority.
Then in the Refectory behold him,
Where silence is silvern, speech is golden;
His steed a desk; his sword a paper
To tickle brains instead of rapier.

Full well he knew his reputation
For speaking without hesitation;
And ere he launched his sparkling thesis,
He listened not to Nemesis.
'O W——— cease thy varied song;
'A youth may often chant too long.
'Though thou art always in the chair
'(The Lord knows why we find thee there—
'More than thy writhing hearers know),
'Be silent now, or they will go
'To other woods and pastures new:
'God help thee, W———, and us too.'
At once he drew, and struck so well,
You'd swear it was a twelve inch shell.
Base Fortune slapp'd her sides with glee,
And frowned upon her protégé;
For Fortune, like a German pirate,
Presents her card to those she fires at.
Out came her nymphs to fight Sir W———
And tilt at wit as they were silly 'ns.
But all for naught! The fight was *frustra*,
Our wits dull things, each one a blusterer.
So we drew back; for, like the Turk,
We'd only got to fight or shirk.
We therefore shunned the hard'n, else
He'd hit us in the Dardanelles;
Though if we'd faced him, like the Kaiser
He might have left us something wiser—
A peerless sage: or any way
A perfect critic, *tout-a-fait*.
The critic is a ruined sign-post
Placed at cross roads, helping those lost
On foggy paths to hit their noses
'Gainst sodden blocks, which they suppose is
Wood or mud; for both combined
Serve to conceal this critic's mind.
And now the straws and dirty rubble
They clear away with endless trouble;
Then up the post, like grisly bear,
They slip to read the summit, where
Th' inscription shows the nearest track
To reach their goal or take 'em back:
They strike a match to read their fate—
The bless'd words are out of date!
Then T-m-y by our grace had got
A witty grin, but not a plot.
In short, the glory of his tale
Was hid, like Jonah, in a whale:
From which it follows that his conscience
Was warp'd to t'other side o' nonsense:
And by this subtle disquisition,
We hope to clear our own position;
For T-m-y after all has got
One grain of wit, which we have not.

T.T.

Music.

"D' YE KNOW," remar-rked Hinnissy wan afthernoon
as we was watchin' th' semi-final iv a hin race, horse-
races havin' been shtopped bi' th' Government as th'
Jarmin pris'ners wanted th' race-courses to play
croaky on, "d' ye know th' k'rect reason why England

wants to kape frinds wid Eyetaly an' Amurikky? Ye don't, not havin' a thinkin' brain like me. Well, s'pose we shud fall out wid thim two counthries, what wud happen to our supply iv Grand Opry an' Ragtime, widout which England's musical soul wud be taken poorly an' expire, like the thramp did when he dhreamed that Port Sunlight was chasin' him throu' th' Niagry Falls? "Th' above-mentioned dhreadful prospect has haunted me that much till I had to express my feelins on th' subjick in th' for-rm iv an essay; this is what is called th' peroration. F'r th' binifit iv thim depraved styoudints who haven't taken Ar'rts courses, it will be necess'ry to explain that this essay is wrote in th' Sonata Form. Whin ye have occasion to write an essay in th' Sonata Form, ye always star-rt at th' front end. Thin comes th' Developmint Section: ivry self-respectin' essay shud have wan iv these. Whin ye've nearly got to th' finish, ye can commence to conclood, which is best done wid a conclousion.

If ye can manage to extrahct Morris an' Skeat's Latin dictionary fr'm out iv th' library whin nobody happens to be lookin' your way, ye'll find that th' worrud Music is derived fr'm th' ould Eyetalian musa, meanin' a muse. Th' Eyetilians liked to spell it wid an a on th' end, so as to make it rime wid Selina, banana, an' other poetical worruds, they bein' poetical folks. Th' muse belongin' to music was a lady called Mrs. Calliope. Mrs. Calliope used to spind most iv her time sittin' on mountain tops an' things, twanglin' th' liar, which she used to sing to, an' accomp'ny hersilf wid it. She was dhressed in a fillet round her hair. Music is also derived fr'm musical implements, such as—

The big drum, the little drum, the fiddle and the piccolo,

Piano and harmonium and many more beside;
The French horn, the saxhorn, the tenor horn, the bass horn,

The violin, the banjo, the bones and pickslide.

This is original, as I am a bit of a pote mesilf. Agin, for th' binifit iv ign'rant readers who've niver bin introdjuiced to a pickslide, a pickslide is a sort iv cross between a mandolin an' a trombone. My own pickslide is a 1913 model wid a three-speed an' reverse, an' does 40 miles to th' gallin easy. Th' fur-rst time I played at a man wid it, he bashed me wid a coalrake. He said it reminded him iv dhrinkin' th' Chillybeat waters iv Harrogate, which, as Sam Weller wanst said, have a sthrong flavour iv war-rm flatirons. Some people have no sense iv decency.

Thin there's songs: rag-songs, hymn-songs an' dhrinkin' songs. Dhrinkin' songs shud be used always wid beer an' other lotions. Th' earliest known example iv a dhrinkin' song is noted f'r its fine chorus:

Bryng us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale;
For our blyssed Lady's sak, bryng us in good ale.

Ye see, in spite iv th' outlandish spellin', th' sentiment's there, just as it is in th' National Anthems iv th' Oh.T.C. Ginerally speakin', dhrinkin' songs has lots iv verses to thim. I wanst knew a man who cud if necess'ry sing fifty-three verses iv that grand ould hymn "Here's good luck to th' gill pot." While

on th' subjick iv songs, there's a chanst to publish a little song iv me own composition an' consid'able lit'rary merit:

"Oh, I feel just as happy as a big Sunflower
That nods and bends in the breezes;
And my heart is as light as the wind that blows
The leaves from off the treezes."

What d' ye think to that f'r rime an' rhythm?

Thin there's dancin'. In th' ancient days, siv'ral years ago, before beauty choruses were invinted, th' goddesses, nymphs, sylphs an' other loose bits, such as fr'instance Mrs. Venus, Mrs. Juno, an' Miss Diana, used to do th' Gaby glide in th' forest glades an' th' springtime, while th' orchesthry perfor-rmed Rule Britannia on th' cymbals. Sometimes Mr. Pan wud assist wid a symphony on th' mouth orgin. An' thin th' woolly lambs wud form fours an' do back somersaults, while th' cows an' cuckoos warbled an' bleated in th' trees. That was th' simple life. Musical implements ar-rnt much use widout musicians to execute chunes on thim. Otherwise musicians ar-rnt much use really. Did ye ever hear about Mr. Pad'rweski wanst gettin' a job in a dhraper's shop whin he was out iv worruk? He did, but th' boss had to sack him, an' f'r why? Becos he smashed up th' cash regist'r in no time wid practisin' scales an' three-finger exercises on it. Always kape musicians away fr'm cash regist'rs an' typewriters. As there doesn't seem annythin' else to say on this subjick, I now say it an' conclood.

Hopin' you are the same.

F.N.P.

The Hostess's Daughter.

Translated from the original of Uhland.

Three wand'rers reached at the close of day
A tavern-house on the dusty way.

"Good Hostess, how is thy table laid?
Where is thy beautiful, blue-eyed maid?"

"My bread is fresh, and my wine is clear;
My daughter lies on the silent bier."

And slow they entered, and looked, and saw
The lifeless figure with black draped o'er.

The first in silence the face-cloth raised,
And sadly, mournfully, stood and gazed.

"If thou hadst still lived, thou faded flower,
I'd have loved thee truly from this hour."

The second covered her form again,
And, turning, cried in his bitter pain:

"Ah! Love! that thou liest upon the bier!
I loved thee truly for many a year."

The third bent low, with a face grown old,
And kissed the lips that were white and cold.

"I always loved, and I still love thee,
My love shall last through Eternity . . ."

M.C.M.



Prof. Gillespie Cleansing Nietzsche of the Vulgar Mud.

The Poetry of W. E. Henley.

THE use of imagination has been so complicated for the modern poets by the stress laid by the modern critic upon the importance of exact observation that they themselves have almost ceased to be individual, and are in great danger for this reason of being overwhelmed by their own compositions. There is little or no retention in their work. They are so lavish in their display that they ignore the clean cut effects of simple backgrounds, which in themselves furnish sufficient material, if properly handled, for any normal output of poetic energy. They fail deplorably to realise that no amount of overloading will convey strength and penetration to a poem which is really but a pyrotechnic display of beautiful weakness. What is lacking is the presence of the illumining Flame—it is quenched in their alarming efflux of words.

So many of these poets have lost their Gods, and so are like men who have lost their loves and married sensible women. For the goal of a man's efforts is Heaven, not Earth. W. E. Henley aimed many poetic shafts at Heaven, but they had a disconcerting habit of returning to Earth, and indeed burying themselves in a very heavy concretion of it. But anyone who will endeavour to extricate the real poetry from the mass of his work will find himself rewarded. He will dig up pure gold.

To one glancing through the volume of Henley's collected poems a very obvious thought may occur: he wrote not for women. Like Catullus and Horace, he really appeals to men, and this in spite of certain tender sentimentalities, which one is obliged to reject as being unworthy of the real Henley, as being unrepresentative of the rude pagan energy which characterised the man, despite his chronic ill-health. He was one whose greatest delight seemed to be in snatching at some momentarily bright spot in a world of grey half-tones. He was an etcher in verse. Many of his poems have the clarity and nervousness of a Whistler drypoint. There is a staccato sharpness about them which marks their author as a man of action. Yet it was an energy of brain, for like Stevenson, in some respects his prototype in prose, he was an invalid and an Epicurean one at that.

The most striking characteristic of the man as revealed in his work was his strange passion for misrepresenting himself. This he was continually doing. He would have us believe him a political Jingo, a tub-thumper, a rugged ruffian, a Stoic. But in reality there is little difficulty in placing him as a man of melancholy sensitiveness, which almost amounted to pessimism. This, for example, is the true Henley:—

"What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good—was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered. Even so.
Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?"

That is the virgin gold. Here is Henley the bruised and battered Stoic:—

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

And here is the Jingo:—

"Mother of Ships whose might
England, my England,
Is the fierce old sea's delight
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown."

These are the false Henley. But let anyone pick up the volume containing "Echoes," "Bric-a-Brac," and "Rhymes and Rhythms," and he will find himself transported to an atmosphere quite unexpected and startling in its suddenness of change. He will find himself in little drab streets, in quiet grass-grown squares. He will read little quiet poems of unfrequented places. Henley was the poet of London's neglected corners. He paints the loneliness of a hot July afternoon, or of a silver twilight, with a gentle sadness which somehow reminds one of Elia.

With the exception of his "Hospital" lyrics, it is in this type of verse that he is most successful. In much of his other work he drowned his own voice with his hammering. The sadness in his poems seems to be but an expression of lingering appreciation of the wistful beauty of things. The emotions he raises seem aimless, irrelevant, but very precious. There is restfulness rather than solemnity, a fragility as of rare porcelain. He touches foundations so much that one fears the breaking of the spell. One fears that the vision is elusive; that presently its little world will become brittle and break.

Let us quote:—

"A late lark twitters from the quiet skies:
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace."

"In the placid summer midnight,
Under the drowsy sky,
I seem to hear in the stillness
The moths go glimmering by."

"The West a glimmering lake of light,
A dream of pearly weather,
The first of stars is burning white,
The star we watch together.
Is April dead? The unresting year
Will shape us our September,
And April's work is done, my dear—
Do you not remember?"

And this "Ballade made in Hot Weather":—

"Fountains that frisk and sprinkle
The moss they overspill;
Pools that the breezes crinkle;
The wheel beside the mill,
With its wet, weedy frill;
Wind-shadows in the wheat;
A water-cart in the street;
The fringe of foam that girds
An islet's ferneries;
A green sky's minor thirds—
To live I think of these!"

In early life, Henley spent about eighteen months in hospital in Glasgow. It was here that he first met Stevenson, whom he so vividly describes in "Apparition" :—

"Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist,
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist."

The product of those months of enforced idleness was the "Hospital Rhymes." Dare we recommend them to all medical students who don't already know them? They are of very unequal quality, but they contain strains of pure music. Mostly they are descriptive of the sights and scenes of a busy hospital. There are attempts at rugged portraiture, plain, straightforward, effective, by no means requiring "a dark lantern and a case of jemmies" to find their intrinsic beauty, as is the case with some of the later poems.

This is Lord Lister :—

"His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfil,
His face at once benign and proud and shy.

* * *

We hold him for another Heracles,
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell."

The writing of these "Hospital Rhymes" is excellently simple in thought. The poet expresses himself in a rugged yet musical form. His verses rhyme and scan, and exhibit a good deal of shrewd sense and a good deal of human sentiment, which never lacks virility. In these poems there is no sickly alliteration, no violent onomatopœia, no hyperbole. The outlook is limited to the surroundings—the bare distempered walls of hospital wards, the smell of chloroform and iodoform, the daily visits of the surgeon and his class. There is no chilling and disappointing as there is in Thompson's work. There is restraint, gradation. There is a clean, antiseptic odour about these poems, although the elements of them are rude and almost gargoyles-like in some cases. I wonder if there has ever been such a short vivid description of anaesthesia as Henley wove into these lines :—

"Then they bid you close your eyelids,
And they mask you with a napkin,
And the anaesthetic reaches
Hot and subtle through your being.

And you gasp and reel and shudder
In a rushing, swaying rapture,
While the voices at your elbow
Fade—receding—fainter—farther.

* * *

And the lights grow fast and furious,
And you hear a noise of waters,
And you wrestle blind and dizzy
In an agony of effort,

Till a sudden lull accepts you
And you sound an utter darkness . . ."

In nineteenth-century literature there arose a curious process: a process by which every literary man began to consider himself as a stage character. He exaggerated his own peculiarities, for the sake of

contrast with other and opposing factors. This is wrong; it is a mediæval attitude. Its great defect is that, whilst attracting no small amount of attention, it gave quite false personalities to many writers. As has been already said, in Henley's case it was the lamb dressing up as the wolf. Henley preferred the mask to his own features. But he is not difficult to understand—he is a typical unbeliever of our age. His posture produced a crop of poems which are neither good nor bad. They are simply mediocrities, and we automatically discard them.

Of Henley's last volume, "Hawthorn and Laverder," we have no room to say much. The keynote lies in the following lines :—

"My songs were once of the Sunrise :
They shouted it over the bar ;
First—footing the downs, they flourished,
And flamed with the morning star.

My songs are now of the Sunset ;
Their brows are touched with light,
But their feet are lost in the shadows,
And wet with the dews of night."

For the rest, there is little to add. Henley was a minor poet. He was a better critic. But at least his work merits attention, and he has lines which are unforgettable.

H.S.C.

Schwep.

ELIZABETH and I had an awful to-do the other night over a bottle of lemonade. I think Schweppe's must be a German firm after all. Between eleven and twelve p.m. we were in Dad's study asleep on our books. Elizabeth woke up to ask if I could do with a little nourishment. This meant would I get her some. Having slipped past a late caller in the passage without having to give a countersign, I procured the lemonade bottle among other things. Quite presently Father had all the study couch to himself and most of the cheese and celery. Mother said: Why weren't we all in bed? But, like Pooh Bah, she didn't mind an insult and ate most of the "nuts," while I struggled with Schweppe's. The thing wore a tightly-fitting, flat-topped metal helmet. Having the thirst of ten, I struggled hard. No one else here drinks lemonade. But I was pitiable, and Dad is at times a good father. "Let's have it," he said. For ten minutes he treated the matter lightly. Then he took a new seat on the couch, bent his shoulders to the work and tried some new holds. "Well—of all things!—can't open a thing like that!—where's there a knife?" The armoured Schwep gave a silent but complacent smile. A knife being useless, Dad then renewed his wrenchings at the frilled helmet, holding it firmly in the corner of his coat. "Take the thing away. It's tearing my clothes." Elizabeth looked at him with her a-woman-is-needed-here look, slightly scornful, but not unkind. I had a hearty meal while these two, who do not drink lemonade, passed the bottle from one to the other in no convivial spirit, but with imprecations. Now and then I made a feeble attack to encourage them, and surreptitiously removed all other liquid.

At length Father went to bed. Schwep was still complacent. "Come, come!" said Elizabeth, and tried the knife again. A hiss came from the enemy. Frenziedly seizing glasses, we received two drops. Elizabeth has a will of iron when fully roused. But about twelve-thirty, when her dressing gown was stiff with dried sugar, she became desperate. "I won't be beaten. I'll break the neck off the bally thing." Bottle in hand she made a dash at the fire-bars. *Crash!* A huge steam hissed up. Broken, but not tamed, Schwep smiled a jagged smile. We went thirsty to bed.

O.T.C. Smoker.

Presentation to the Commanding Officer.

ON the evening of Wednesday, March 24th, the second O.T.C. Smoker of the Session was held in the Refectory. Sergt. Gordon, the senior N.C.O., occupied the chair.

The members of the Corps were honoured by the presence of several distinguished guests, including the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Garstang, President of the Military Education Committee, and Captain Oppenheim, of the Welch Regiment, who had recently been attached by the War Office to the new School of Instruction for Officers.

The programme was a long one, but the pleasing variety, careful arrangement and general excellence of the contributed items maintained the unwavering interest of the audience from beginning to end. Some of the musical selections especially, amongst which may be mentioned "Glorious Devon," given by Lce.-Cpl. Kay, and Goldmark's Air from Concerto, rendered with great taste as a violin solo by Cadet Pearson, revealed vocal and instrumental talent of a high order. Other items, if not quite so classical, were extremely amusing, and called forth well-merited encores. Cadet Irving ably presided at the pianoforte.

The event of the evening was the presentation of a sword to Lieut. Perkins. In making the presentation, the Chairman expressed the high appreciation of the Corps of the great services rendered to it by Lieut. Perkins and the gratitude of the members for the help which he had so ungrudgingly given. In the course of his remarks, through which there ran a bright vein of much appreciated humour, the Chairman desired, on behalf of the Corps, to extend a very hearty welcome to Captain Oppenheim.

Lieut. Perkins, having returned thanks for the gift, addressed the members on the work of the Corps and on its future.

Later in the evening the Cadets were favoured by a few words from Capt. Oppenheim. The Captain gave some very practical advice to the young subaltern, who, it was supposed, had just landed in France, preparatory to bearing the weight of the responsibility of leading sixty men into the firing line.

The singing of the National Anthem brought to a close a social function of no little importance in the history of the Contingent.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Union Committee.

Tell-Tale.

		Attendances.		Maximum.
Mr. Botwood	..	8	..	9
Miss Caldwell	..	11	..	11
Mr. Charles	1	..	9
Professor Connal	7	..	11
Miss Cooper	..	10	..	11
Mr. Dudley	..	—	..	9
Professor Gillespie	..	6	..	11
Mr. Goss	—	..	9
Mr. Greenwood	..	8	..	9
Mr. Jones	10	..	12
Mr. Kay	6	..	6
Mr. Maden	..	9	..	9
Mr. Milnes	6	..	9
Miss Musgrave	..	11	..	11
Mr. Oates	4	..	4
Mr. Parker	..	1	..	9
Mr. Partridge	..	—	..	9
Mr. Richardson	..	7	..	9
Mr. Rothwell	..	9	..	9
Mr. Sparling	..	4	..	4
Mr. Thompson	..	12	..	12
Mr. Topham	..	1	..	9
Mr. Webster	..	12	..	12
Mr. Wheeler	..	7	..	10
Mr. Williams	..	12	..	12
Mr. Wolfe	8	..	9

The work of the Union Committee this Session has on the whole been very successful, considering the somewhat unusual circumstances of the year. The attendance of the College Road representatives at Committee meetings has been very creditable. We regret that, owing to the inconvenient time at which we are obliged to hold our Meetings, and the distance of the Medical School from College Road, we are unable to have many of the Medical Representatives with us as often as we could wish.

Many of our Athletic fixtures have had to be abandoned this session; but still, we see the improvement of our Sports Field at Lawnswood, the pavilion, which is well on the way to completion, the Gymnasium, which has been greatly improved by the addition of Swedish apparatus, and we cannot but think that when times are once more normal, as we hope they will be before long, the better accommodation and better facilities provided will give a stimulus to the athletic side of University life.

The W.R.C. join us in expressing our appreciation of the excellent work done by the members of the Women's Dramatic Committee in connection with various Union and other Musical Evenings held during the Session. At the Eighth Meeting of the Union Committee this Session, the W.R.C. were authorised to form a Women's Fives Club, and to elect a Gymnasium Committee.

The much-longed-for representation on the University Library Committee was partially granted at the end of last Session, and last term the Students' Union

was invited to send representatives to a meeting of the Library Committee. Miss Cooper and Messrs. Thompson, Webster and Williams were chosen to represent the Students' Union on this occasion.

At the Ninth Meeting of the Session a Sub-Committee was formed to revise the Union rules. The Sub-Committee consisted of five members, together with the President and Hon. Secretary of the Union, and the President of the W.R.C.

The members elected were :—

Miss Musgrave, Professor Gillespie, Mr. Topham (Medical representative), Mr. Williams (Hon. Sec.) and Mr. Oates.

The alterations to the rules, suggested by the Sub-Committee, were duly passed by the Union Committee. At a General Meeting of the Students' Union held on Monday, March 22nd, 1915, in the Education Lecture Room—a meeting which was somewhat sparsely attended—the suggested alterations to the rules were carried unanimously.

H.W.T.

Education Society.

OUR programme was concluded on February 26th, when Mr. Bolton King, the Director of Education for Warwickshire, read a paper on "The Prefect System in Elementary Schools." Professor Welton, who occupied the Chair, was confronted by the largest audience of the Session, a striking testimony to the sustained zeal of our members.

The paper bore out the opinion of the Chairman that a very important problem was in process of solution. Mr. King drew numerous illustrations from Warwickshire Schools, where the scheme has come into operation, showing beyond doubt that here we have a very powerful formative influence upon the character of schoolboys.

The national importance of the question is also notable at this time; the best prefect, as we desire he should be, will certainly make the best Britisher.

The burden of the teacher is rendered considerably lighter by the delegation of responsibilities, which in the hands of the pupils themselves will develop many valuable powers. Moreover, the prefect system goes a long way to solve the vexed problem of school discipline.

* * We regret that, owing to a mistake on our part, the above notice was not published in our last issue.—*Ed.*

WE expected great things from the Education Society, and we were not disappointed. The Musical Evening on March 19th was a complete success, and we congratulate most heartily the two secretaries of the Society, who fulfilled so perfectly the whole work of organisation.

The programme was a fairly long one, but thanks to Professor Smithells, who acted as Chairman, and to the energetic bell-ringer, we were allowed moderate intervals for conversation, without any undue waste of time. Miss Thompson's *Carnival* and Miss Todd's dainty little Irish song were much appreciated.

Miss Gulstone delighted us with two short recitations from Dickens, whilst Mr. Milnes showed his versatility in his splendid renderings of *The Road-Minder* and *The Three Ages of Man*. Mr. Ellis once more sang *Thora* to us, and was well applauded.

It is some time since we have been favoured with humorous songs at a Musical Evening, but on this occasion they were certainly not lacking. Mr. Parsons, in his *Fishy Story*, showed us one means, at any rate, of settling down comfortably in life. Of Mr. Shaw we can only say that he delighted us as much as ever, from his most unpatriotic *Bugle Call* to our old favourite *Macgregor* we applauded everything he sang, as we always did, and no doubt always shall do, if we can secure any more of his "special visits."

We wonder why it should usually be so difficult to secure an accompanist, seeing that on this night we had no less than four, all of whom proved themselves very efficient.

Lastly we come to the play. A new note was struck in the little tragedy so ably performed by Miss Woodcock and Mr. Watherston. Surely we should all recognise by now that we have amongst the women students enough dramatic talent to justify their desire for a Dramatic Society, and amongst the men enough to awaken such a desire.

The Musical Evening was a fitting close to the term, since it was perhaps its largest social gathering, and certainly its most representative one.

S.

Agricultural Society.

THE Annual Meeting of the Society was held in the Union Rooms on March 8th, when Mr. Ruston, B.A., B.Sc. occupied the chair. A paper was read by Mr. H. W. Thompson, B.Sc., the subject being "Insects Important to the Farmer." Mr. Thompson commented upon many insects of economic importance, in connection with several of which he has himself conducted valuable research. The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks for the excellent paper.

The Treasurer, Professor Crowther, then presented the Balance Sheet, which showed a loss of 5s. 3d. on the Session and a balance of £5 18s. 6d. in hand.

The last item of business was the election of Officers for the Session 1915-16. The following gentlemen were elected :—

President : Professor Seton, B.Sc.

Vice-Presidents : Mr. A. G. Ruston, B.A., B.Sc., Mr. A. M. Smith.

Hon. Treasurer : Professor Crowther, M.A., Ph.D.

Hon. Secretary : Mr. G. Redington.

Committee : Messrs. H. G. Kirkbride, E. Percival, R. L. Pickard, G. Strickland, and two others to represent the first year students of next session, to be elected later.

E. O. TURNBULL,
Retiring Hon. Sec.

Debating Society.

THE Inter-'Varsity Debate was held on Friday, 5th March, in the Great Hall of the University. Delegates from the Universities of Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Sheffield were present. Mr. Martin, of Birmingham, proposed the motion, "That the growth of Socialism would tend to bring about disarmament." Mr. Woolman, of Sheffield, led the opposition, seconded by Mr. H. Baker, of Manchester. Miss P. Beckett, of Liverpool, seconded the proposition. A long discussion followed, and the Chairman had to check the floods of rhetoric shortly before seven on account of his fear that we should be late for dinner. He was not alone in his fears. The motion was carried by 96 votes to 76.

On Monday, 22nd March, Mr. Sparling, supported by Miss Meyer, proposed the motion that "Debating Societies should be abolished." Mr. Fletcher, seconded by Mr. Haythorne, led the opposition. During the discussion which followed the Society seemed to lose its usual gravity, in fact the disturbances were so great that two members were requested to retire from the House. Some little time was occupied in persuading these members to accept the Chairman's sentence, and numberless less guilty ones were served with a warning against a continuance of their sins. The motion was finally rejected by a huge majority, and this vote of confidence on the part of the Society in its own efficacy naturally led to the election of officers for next session. The following members of the University were chosen:—

President: Miss A. M. Cooke.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. Cowling, Mr. Quarmby and Mr. F. Webster.

Secretaries: Miss M. M. E. Holdsworth and Mr. T. W. Milnes.

Committee: The Misses Banks, Kirkwood and Umanski, and Messrs. Lambert, Silverman and Stewart.

Mr. T. W. Milnes has resigned the Secretaryship, and a second election will be held before the end of term.

J. S.

Social Study Society.

ON March 4th Professor Macgregor gave an interesting paper on "Modern Jerusalem." The lecture took place in the Chemistry Theatre, and was illustrated by slides which had evidently been carefully chosen. Modern Jerusalem must be an exceedingly interesting place, not only from a sociological point of view, but also in that it is the meeting place of the religions of the East and West. The number of blind people in Jerusalem is extraordinarily large, and this is due to the fact that many of the inhabitants are "cave-dwellers." Hence the housing question calls for grave attention and thought.

We were charmed both by the manner in which Professor Macgregor gave his lecture and by the interest which pervaded it.

On Friday, March 19th, a meeting of the Society was held in the Education Room. Professor Gillespie kindly took the Chair, and the Rev. Lewis Donaldson gave an impassioned and eloquent address on "War and the Poor." Mr. Donaldson was not satisfied

with the actions of the Government. These had all been made in the interests of various classes and not for the good of the nation as a whole. However, Mr. Donaldson had great hopes for the future. There was now a political democratic conscience which was probably one of the most remarkable creations of the War, and in the future this would realise itself and claim a full share in the life of the nation.

On the whole, the Society has had a very successful year, which is a happy augury for good things to come. Miss Umanski and Mr. Silverman are next year's secretaries, and great things are expected of them.

C.H.L.

Women's Christian Union.

The Retreat at Hebden Bridge, April 16th to 19th.

THE title of "Retreat" is quite inadequate to express what this week-end was to us who went; a time of enjoyment, of good fellowship, of instruction it was, but to several minds "Retreat" had suggested something sober and quiet, some vague ideas which were speedily cleared away on the first evening together. None of us will soon forget the delightful time we had.

Our chief business, of course, was getting information about Amos, and also about the work of the Christian Union. Papers, given by the Rev. H. Martin on the former, and by others on different aspects of the latter, almost invariably caused lively discussions, in which spontaneous suggestions were apt to cause undue mirth. We heard some interesting ideas and some startling truths, and usually managed to glean some practical help for our work. Between times we went out for short but charming walks and for talks with each other. There was an atmosphere of friendship abroad which made it easy to break down the common barriers of shyness and selfishness.

We all carried away very happy memories of those few days. We were sorry to break up the party, but we felt the exhilarating influence of the work which awaited us.

E. R. D.

Association of Leeds University Students, London.

THE Spring Meeting of the Association was held in the St. Bride Institute, Whitefriars, on March 6th. The success of the event justified the decision of the Committee to arrange for the re-union as usual.

The programme took the time-honoured form—chiefly much talk. In the competition, arranged by a recently elected and enthusiastic member of the Committee, Miss Armitage, our geographical knowledge was tested; and the prizes, kindly presented by Mrs. Thomson, were won by Miss Isabel Gray and Mr. A. L. Gray. After tea arrangements for future meetings were discussed. The feeling of the members was strongly in favour of increasing their number.

It was suggested that a summer picnic should be arranged for on a Thames island at Teddington. It is probable, too, that an excursion may be made to Burnham Beeches in the autumn.

A jolly time was brought to a conclusion by songs from Mr. Matthews in his customary humorous strain, and by a general sing-song.

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