

THE GRYPHON

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JUNE 26, 1915.

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Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

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Fig. 5.

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LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION,
THE UNIVERSITY,
LEEDS,
June, 1915.

Dear Sir (or Madam),

In place of the Annual Garden Party an informal re-union of the Staff with past and present Students, will be held on the Refectory Tennis Courts after the Honorary Degree Ceremony in the afternoon of *July 3rd*. Musical and other items will be given by past and present students. Tickets (including tea), 1/- each.

A Musical Evening will be held as usual on *FRIDAY, 2nd July*, at 7.15 p.m.

Tickets for both these functions may be obtained from :—

MISS BLACKBURN (*Hon. Sec., Women's O.S.A.*) at the University ;

MESSRS. CHARLESWORTH & EVERETT (*Hon. Secs., Men's O.S.A.*) at the Cockburn High School ; and

THE HALL PORTER at the University.

We are, yours faithfully,

FRED WEBSTER, *President.*

B. G. FLETCHER, } *Organizing*

THOS. WILLIAMS, } *Secretaries.*



THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XVIII.

JUNE, 1915.

No. 6.

Editor: HESTER E. WOODCOCK.

Committee:—D. BURTON, M.Sc., H. E. CHARLES (*Medical Representative*), G. H. COWLING, M.A. (*Staff Representative*), W. O. REDMAN KING, B.A. (*Treasurer*), E. E. MARTIN, NELLIE NORMINGTON, P. ROTHWELL, HELEN SIMPSON, H. SPARLING, H. W. THOMPSON, B.Sc. (*Secretary of the Union*), F. WEBSTER, B.A. (*President of the Union*), T. WILLIAMS.



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ON looking back over the University year which is just ending, we ask ourselves what have been its chief events, its chief work. Everything fades into insignificance before the war, and for us to attempt to speak of that would be an impertinence. The part which the University has played is a great one: she has put out all her strength and given of her best; she is now beginning to pay the price. The "Toll of War" becomes larger, but the Roll of Honour grows too, and we would offer not petty cries of sorrow for the sacrifice, but deep thankfulness for the lives which have been given.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

* * *

We have no written record of those who are working quietly at home in laboratory and lecture room, of those who are doing double work that

others may go ; but we are able to reprint a complete Roll of Honour, carefully revised and corrected. We should like again to express our thanks to those who have made it possible for us to publish this important supplement. The number of supplements which we give to our readers with this issue makes it a particularly valuable one. On this account we have had an unusually large number of copies printed, and members and friends of the University who wish to procure extra copies will be able to do so.

* * *

As we go to press we hear that Professor Bragg is to leave us. May we congratulate him on his appointment to the Quain Chair of Physics in the London University? We regret that the news of his resignation reached us so late. We hope, however, that in our next issue we shall be able to publish an appreciation of a man whose loss will be keenly felt in all departments of the University.

* * *

We are very grateful to all who have helped to make the *Gryphon* a success this year. Especially are we grateful to those regular contributors upon whom we have felt that we could rely with confidence. We should like to mention particularly Mr. Sam Cohen. When we took up the work of Editor we wondered, now that he had left the University, if we might dare to approach him and beg just one little drawing. But, behold! All unasked, there came not only one drawing but many, generously given, and drawn as only Mr. Cohen can draw.

* * *

Miss Kirkwood is to be Editor of the *Gryphon* next session, and we feel sure that she will enjoy her year of office as we have done. We wish her every success, and hope that she will be as loyally supported by her contributors as we have been.

The Toll of War.

SINCE the last number of the *Gryphon* was published the University has had to mourn the loss of still more of its prominent members who have fallen in action. In several cases one's memories of their great activity in student affairs and of their great enthusiasm for the growth and prosperity of our University make the recording of their loss a particularly sad and painful task.

E. A. Hopkins, who fell at Hill 60 near Ypres, is remembered by all who have known the University for the last half dozen years, as one of the most genial, tactful and energetic Presidents the Union has ever had. Near the end of last year, having already been wounded, he paid a flying visit to the University, during which he provided extraordinary inspiration and much entertainment for an O.T.C. audience by his cheerful and lively accounts of the hardships of life at the front. He was one of a group who, a few years ago, by sheer energy and example brought into the undergraduate life of the University a new sense of unity in membership of a great institution. He was largely instrumental in the formation of the University Contingent of the O.T.C., of which

he was one of the first sergeants. On leaving, he became an officer of the Elstow School Contingent, Junior Division O.T.C., and at the commencement of the war, along with his friend and former colleague on the Union, H. Duchesne, he joined the Special Reserve of Officers in the Bedfordshire Regiment. Before the end of the year he was promoted Lieutenant and took part in much of the fighting which followed the fall of Antwerp. His loss will be keenly felt by all those who have been enlivened by his unfailing high spirits and inspired by his zeal for the public reputation of the University of Leeds.

The death of C. F. Whitaker, who would have been Captain of the Rugby XV. last winter, if Rugby football had been conceivable, deprives all who knew him of a notable example of patient modesty and high seriousness of purpose. He had only been a year at the University, but in that time he had earned admiration and respect not only from his fellow medical students but from many who were his seniors. His previous experience in the Leeds Grammar School O.T.C. led to his rapid promotion to the rank of sergeant in the University Contingent, and it was always an inspiration to see the quiet dignified way in which he would handle a section consisting largely of members of the University staff. In all departments of his work he was a recognised leader, always, one felt, without desiring the position, but always accepting his responsibilities in a spirit which gained him the full support of his fellows. He is the first of the Leeds University men to fall a victim to that new and horrible instrument of war which is indefinitely described as poisonous gas. It is difficult to realise that only last session Whitaker was working in the chemical laboratories, manipulating the very gases which are said to have been used, and his death will bring a special sense of loss to those who worked with him there. They all know, however, that he was one who would face death fearlessly in doing his duty, and the memory of association with him will be preserved among them with special pride and affection.

Another prominent member of the medical school, F. H. Hyland, was killed a few weeks ago as the result of an aeroplane accident in France. It is not known how the machine failed, but it fell to the ground, and both the pilot and Hyland, who was the observer, were instantly killed. Hyland obtained a temporary infantry commission from the O.T.C. at the beginning of the war, and subsequently transferred to the Flying Corps. After training at Netheravon, he went to the front as an observer. Here he did excellent work in reconnaissance, and it is extremely gratifying to think that through him the University has contributed to our aerial supremacy, which has been a special feature of recent events in France and Flanders. Hyland was one of those men whose principal characteristic is a faculty for rising to the occasion, and our regret for his early death is tempered by admiration for the way in which, in a short military career, he achieved things which would not have been possible to all of us. Letters which were received from him in France indicated that, like all the rest of our young men, he had been inspired by the events of the war with a new determination to add vigour

and energy to our national causes and movements. It adds greatly to our sense of loss to know that Hyland was the only son of an aged father, to whom the sympathy of all members of the University will be sincerely extended.

Corporal T. D. Lumb, more familiarly known as "Busty," of the Yorkshire Hussars, who has also fallen, was a student last year in the Agricultural Department of the University. Being an old boy of the Leeds Grammar School and a prominent member of the Headingley Rugby football team, he had a large circle of friends in Leeds, among whom he was extraordinarily popular and to whom his death will bring a sense of irreparable loss.

Two other deaths which should be recorded of men who have added to the fame of the University are those of K. Musgrave and G. S. Shannon. Both belonged to a rather earlier generation of students, and neither was here long enough to take a prominent part in University affairs, but both were well known in their own spheres. Musgrave was a member of the Engineering Department, who occupied rooms in Beech Grove Terrace, and who used to come cheerily across the road to attend lectures and laboratory work in his slippers. He was a charming companion and his rooms were an important social centre for students during his stay in Leeds. Shannon was best known as a remarkable left-arm bowler and all round athlete. He had a considerable reputation in York as an oarsman, and it caused great regret that he did not stay here long enough to take the prominent position in our athletic records which he would easily have earned. He was at the front almost from the beginning of the war, and was mentioned in dispatches some time before his death.

Holiday.

AT a tiny village which I know, there was a children's holiday camp for town boys of about twelve. This is a village of the highest respectability. Not that this is anything to complain of. It may be pretty wretched, this same respectability, in the winter, but in a summer sun it approximates to beauty and harmony in the ordering of man's life. Why, you can tell the kind of village from its neat little railway station. It is one of those places at which the local stationer leaves a pile of newspapers in the waiting room from which the morning passengers take their needs, leaving the coppers brazenly, almost indecently, exposed on the pile in payment. And I'll wager that when he returns at midday to garner in his unearned profits, the man is not a farthing out.

A couple of dozen times in the long day, several dear old ladies entrust their perfectly ordered houses to their maids (treasures of maids, nothing like those you and I know, maids who have never heard of registry offices or newspaper advertisements) and foregather on the station platform with a great parade of twittering pleasure as of so many robins, at finding other dear old ladies on the same errand. Suddenly the sleepiness is broken by a clanking, groaning train all clean and red which hurries in very busily and fills the whole station. The old ladies fuss about and

are packed by the porters into the clean red train. In no time the platform is clear, and the long red thing disappears round the bend on its own business. The silence returns immediately from the copse behind the palings, and the porters move back to the shade of the booking office, their clattering already sounding strange in their ears.

Town boys are fond of stations. But this kind is without their province; and I imagine they were irritated by the calm, the trustfulness, the respectability of it all. At any rate, on the day of which I am thinking, the strangeness of it was responsible for a good deal of the trouble. They had wandered into the station, outraged its peacefulness and said rude things across the permanent way to the porters when ejected. They were obviously annoyed with it all, and lounging rowdily down the high-road they began to vent their humour on one another.

Boys never gather in twenties and thirties to take the air. Sometimes *our lads* go off together with some lunch and a businesslike air. But all satellites are excluded from such conservative expeditions, which rarely comprise more than five. Here you had over twenty, promiscuously herded together from motives of convenience. A virtue had been made of necessity by those in charge of the arrangements, who believed that salutary effects would result from the shoulder-rubbing of youngsters of different temperaments. But you don't get this out of the books. It is short-sighted. Jumbled in this fashion the likes drift together, the nondescripts get in the way, and trouble begins.

In a few minutes, the most self-assertive had constituted themselves into the Secret Six, a dire aristocracy with not very fearful rites, and began to co-opt hangers-on, as they slouched along the sunlit road. The working principle was to suggest membership to the most unlikely, and then to violate the right of freedom of opinion by physical force. And as they proceeded, their language began to register the force of conviction that animated them to impose their authority on the law-abiding.

Those wise enough to have no truck with the coercionists hurried on out of the danger zone, and gradually the handful of boys spread into straggling groups extending over half a mile or so. The rash youngster, out of the same perverseness which prompted the inquisitors, refused to countenance the sinister cabal. Not of their stamp, they would ordinarily have scorned to make him a party in their expeditions. But when the divine fury was upon them, he must perjure his soul or take the consequence. So they dragged him by the feet along the sandy road, and when he was well scraped, honour was satisfied. Soon they were left with no one to terrorise except those of their number who would tolerate it. Gradually they found they were not at one as wholly as they had assumed. And this was the beginning of their downfall.

Meanwhile a few of the peace-loving spirits held a protest meeting at a safe distance ahead, and found unexpected virtues in each other. Their self-pity affected them strangely, and they talked as boys rarely do.

By far the most talkative was a tall lad of twelve. The renegades had said insulting things about his parents; not that they objected to, or even knew his parents, but because they were out against law, order and decency, their hand turned against every man's. He was really moved, and held forth dramatically.

"They're not goin' to speak like that of my parents, I know 'ow I'd get leathered if I said it. Ye'll see what I do to 'em. I'll pay 'em out. My mother's slaved that hard for us till she faints when she kneels down, and she can do nought else all day but sit in a chair waitin' for me to come from school to get 'er a cup o' tea. There's none on 'em works like me when they're all shoutin' outside, an' me cleanin' the floor. My mudder faints when she kneels down. They say they'll bray me. Just let 'em try. They'll see what I'll do. Nobody 'll speak like that o' my farder and mudder. I dont care. Let 'em kill me if they want. A' can only die, an' I'll lig 'er the muck. I dont care, and the worms 'll eat me. They dont wash pots like I do and get my mudder some tea when I come through school. Our big lass cant do it, 'cos she works, and wont stay in, nights. I wash t'kids and take 'em to school and belt 'em when they act daft and my mudder cant bide it. T' dark doctor at Infirmary used to gi' 'er good medicine; it were white. But he's gone, and t'other's narky. She only sits in't chair. Ay, let 'em say things about their own mudder. They would'nt say it about nobody's if they did the things as I do"

He went on long in this strain, quite transported by his own rhetoric. Yet he was genuinely moved, for tears stood in his eyes, as he waved his long elbows about.

Touched to sympathy, another youngster, as slim and pretty as a girl through under-nourishment, tried hard to break in occasionally with his own feelings on the subject, in terms of his own father and mother. But he was compelled to play second fiddle to the tall one, who with working features and strident voice would brook little interruption. So his contributions came in timidly by way of corroboration when occasion suggested original testimony. When he had at last got a hearing he was fired with an agitation absurdly incompatible with his petty figure and meek voice.

"My father drinks—you know, boozes. I've a friend called Jock. He's Scotch. He likes his father best when he's drunk. He's that jolly, but mine's not. We don't like him to be drunk. He's been out of work for a long time 'cos he's got heart-ache and he must have a pint of beer every day."

But the long one broke in anew, unheeding the small voice, in a transport of egotism.

"Ay," corroborated the pretty one, "they think I'm not strong 'cos I'm not big. But little ones is stronger than big ones sometimes, aren't they?" he said turning to the third member of the trio, who being a little one himself, assented. But it was certainly true of this last member, for he was cast in quite a different mould. The Secret Six had too much respect for his big chest and shoulders to press too urgently the advisability of membership. Thus

he saw the state of affairs in its true perspective. It was obvious that his two companions were morbid, and that the whole affair would straighten out and be forgotten by the following morning. He listened to the antiphony with a placid smile that betrayed much scepticism, when the tall boy was declaiming. He evidently didn't believe all the facts. He answered playfully invitations to compromise himself by rash avowals, usually by clichés from juvenile literature. Sometimes he became sarcastic and punctuated the speeches with strings of "O yes, of course. You're marvellous, of course we all know that." He felt for the small boy, but pitied him rather as an inferior sort of being, womanish, or like the orphan in the story-books before he falls in with the kind old gentleman.

"Buck up," he said "who cares for em'? Look 'ere's Ginner already with his 'ands in 'is pockets. 'E wont stand no anky. He'll give t'captain himself a thick ear. They've broken up, look, look at 'em in ones and twos. 'Ark at 'em swearin'. 'Ill bet Ginner's give 'im a thick ear."

Instructions to a Painter.

1915.

In time of peace, 'ere blasphemy became
A bomb to set the whole world in a flame,
Before a monarch's bloody sketch betrayed
That tyranny and toys were German-made,
Our porch could boast 'em, four and twenty in a row,
That made the Porter's lodge a Picture Show.
But what bold hand has now the strength to trace
The lines and shades that hide the modern place;
The corridors, where khaki creatures throng,
With shilling pipes and canes a cubit long?
Paint thou the 'Varsity in time of War,
Where P-rk-ns gets recruits, and still wants more;
Where lazy students loll, supine in ease,
Whom everything can bore, and nothing please.
Blessed with the happiness that merit gets,
When Fortune shakes her slackers through the nets,
Learned amongst a vain and ignorant many,
Praising and praised, but not content with any,
They deign to live, with boredom as their plea,
And wearily await their June degree.

Then turn to College Road, 'mongst other things,
Where Fl-tch-r bangs the keys, and E-l-s sings;
The Courts, where fairies (from the Hostel) play,
And tip the rising ball both night and day.
Dear creatures! ye, whose heart—unless you lack it—
Forbids the cruel skill to break a racquet,
Who would not sit on concrete for your sake?
Fear not your racquets: 'tis our hearts ye break!

Shall gentle Bobby pass unnoticed here,
To Jacob's farce and long route-marches dear;
Graced, not with rifle, but a swagger cane,
Replete for Woodhouse—or for Drury—Lane;
Who leads his men for Seminars to see,
And slack their sweaty swot to laugh at thee?
What erring wretch thy curse has yet forgotten,
Nor shrank in awful dread, when thou howl'st *Rotten*?

What pensive nymph, o'er Anglo-Saxon pouring,
Has not awaked from bliss to hear thy roaring?
Heed not their moans. May this their blessing be:
To grin like P-rk-ns and to bawl like thee.
Paint, Artist, paint the man whom all obey,
Who like an Alexander leads the way.
Pass by those whiskers that the Hero shows,
For every private here his petty fungus grows
No soldier now can hope to be a sub
Unless he's favoured by a horrid scrub.
Not modest virgins at their first exam,
Who find success is after all a cram;
Not Cinderella gay, who thinks her night
Is wasted, save she smile at all—*in white*;
Not H-we or H-ll-s, whom all maids abash,
Feel such despair as we for that moustache.

Nor fail to note the awkward squadron here,
With patched-up tunics and a sapient leer:
Supreme as raw recruits that sniff the air,
And clad in khaki suits sublimely swear.
Great warriors! what gigantic brush can trace your
story,
Or tint those buttons in their brazen glory?
'Gainst blanks and curses well your ground ye've
stood;
The valour of your name is writ in blood.

Too often now it seems a toss-up whether
Man and manliness still hang together.
If our monopoly's to ape the nut,
How finer is't to get a khaki suit!
Prosaic mufti's good; grey bags are better still;
Brown shoes may look a treat; soft collars—what you
will;
But a brazen button on a bit of string
More nice, more fine, more chic, more *everything*.
So bang the drum; and every student's willing
To take his place—commission or a shilling.

Say not they'll miss us in these times of woe;
Since woman has this session run the show,
Filling the posts that wiser man has slacked,
Whose fame existed merely in abstract.
Paint C-p-r, who with shame and weeping loads
The weaker few who overcrowd the roads.
Could girl conceal her faults, she'd be sublime:
'Tis but the art to hide it makes the crime.
Since Plato said the same—we think a li-
kely philosophic dogma gained thereby.
Your female mind is hidden in a varnish
Of common-sense. Men only see the tarnish!
'Tis all your duty fits and fads to learn;
And female beauty is mankind's concern.
Hold, Artist, those premeditated strains;
You'll only get a snigger for your pains.
Back to that greater, greater, greater force
That keeps the whole wide universe to its course.
Paint N-rm-ngt-n, whose pen keeps Gryphons running
And far transcends man's art with all his punning;
Or W-dc-ck, once supreme in furs and hats,
Who leads a farce, and then a Conversatz.
Heed not the wasps' complaint; pursue your plan.
A grumbler's nothing when he's proved a man.

See, Artist, what a group before your eyes!
A multitude of types that all can prize.
Back to your study; out with all your tools
To paint our greatness, follies, and our fools.
Haste! draw each one of us, to life as true
As every friend has seen us at the U.

Take gaiety, sadness, art with truth allied,
Pertness with dulness, timidity with pride,
Sanity, fixed principles with fancies ever new;
Shake all together. It produces—Y O U.

E.H.

The Pink Rose.

A Nightmare.

HE was just an ordinary business man. There was nothing striking about him to make one notice him any more than one noticed the hundreds of other men in similar positions who travelled to and fro every day in the uncomfortable vehicles provided by the Corporation Electric Tramways Department. He was not particularly hard worked, and his salary was ample to keep him out of monetary difficulties. He was a bachelor, and had his pipe for his friend. In short, at the time I write, his mind was free from cares.

He was returning home from his day's work.

Opposite him was seated a woman. Whether she was there before he got in he could not say, but he suddenly discovered that he was steadily gazing at her. Two sparkling eyes shone out from the shadow cast upon her face by the broad brimmed hat she wore. The lower part of her face was in the light, and a set of pearl white teeth glistened between a pair of shapely lips. She was undoubtedly a beautiful woman, and he could not help gazing at her.

She got up and signed to the conductor. The car stopped and she alighted. Our business friend followed, hardly knowing he had done so. As she reached the pavement, a large pink rose, which was pinned to her breast, came loose and fell.

She did not notice it, but he stooped, picked it up and followed.

Finally they arrived at a street, which, if he had looked at the tablet which was attached to the wall, he would have seen was called Raymone Street. The houses were all on one side facing the blank wall of a large factory. A short flight of steps with railings on either side led up to each house, and one of these, about half-way down the terrace, the girl mounted. The man followed, and hearing someone behind her, the girl turned. They neither of them spoke, but gazed fixedly at each other.

Gradually a change came over the girl's face. Deep lines furrowed their way across it, and heavy crowsfeet spread out from the corner of each eye. The nose became hooked and the whole face became hideous, ghastly and grinning. Then the skin cracked and peeled off, and the flesh thus exposed began to rot and to decay.

* * *

Next morning the body of a man was found on the doorstep of an empty house about half-way down Raymone Street. In his hand was a withered pink rose, and by his side lay a heap of rags of a woman's clothing.

H.F.J.



"A Musical Recital."

The President of the Union.

TWELVE months ago we remarked in this magazine that the University was to be congratulated upon the choice of Mr. Webster as President of the Union, for since his first election to the Union Committee he had shown in no uncertain manner by the quality of his work as Secretary that he was *the* man for the position. To-day, when Mr. Webster's achievements during his year of office are before us, we feel confident that the whole University will support us enthusiastically in again emphasizing the happiness of the choice.

But his work as Secretary fades into insignificance when compared with what he has done as President. His has been a year of office unparalleled in many respects in the history of the Union. Owing to the war resignations have been continually pouring in. The personnel of the Committee has changed almost entirely, and there have been three Secretaries during the session. Yet in spite of these difficulties everything has "gone" with the utmost smoothness, largely because the President has personally concerned himself with all the preliminary details of organisation, throwing into them swift judgment and an apparently inexhaustible energy.

What need is there of more conclusive evidence of his absolute devotion to the interests of students than the fact that during the session he has attended no fewer than 58 meetings of committees? Only one more was possible, and on that occasion he was inspecting the temporary pavilion in the wilds of Derbyshire. The erection of the pavilion and the laying out of the New Sports Fields have been among this session's great undertakings. In these the Union Committee has done nothing, but Webster has worked Trojan-like, devotedly visiting the ground at least once every week since August last. Such facts rarely come to the notice of the majority of students, who see merely the tinsel and glory of a most exacting office.

But we could enumerate such instances of his devotion to duty *ad nauseam*. Webster has throughout taken the keenest interest in everything which concerned students. Very few we imagine could boast his record for attendances at Society meetings—"Lit. and Hist.," "Social Study," "C. U.," "Debates"—he has attended them all, as well as every single Musical Evening or Smoker during the session. In short, wherever there was an opportunity of getting a more intimate acquaintance with individual students or the general needs of the community, and wherever students' interests needed representing, from the care of Belgian Refugees to the solemn dignified sittings of Convocation, there Webster has been, keen and alert; and it is his boundless energy, extraordinary business acumen and complete selflessness which have this session maintained the corporate life of the University at a time of such exceptional difficulty.

As a genial, judicious and sympathetic chairman, strictly impartial, but strong in maintaining the traditions of the Union, he has well earned the respect of his Committee. Always courteous and willing,

his relations with Staff, Women's Representatives, Old Students and our Sister Universities—in fact with everybody and everything—have been supremely happy, and we hope the Union may ever find men so ready as he, to sacrifice their time, energy and resources.

We offer him our congratulations on being the first Vice-President of the Union, and wish him a legal career as successful as his Presidency has been.

T.W.

The President of the W.R.C.

The W.R.C. has been most fortunate this year in having so able a President as Miss Cooper. She has succeeded to a truly remarkable extent in combining all the dignity of the Presidency with the utmost friendliness in her relations with all who have come into contact with her. The students have always felt that she is one of themselves, not an unapproachable celebrity, but one always ready to offer practical help and advice, and to give due and just consideration to any suggestion. Throughout her presidential year Miss Cooper has shown the same conscientiousness, guiding her Committee in a firm, tactful and friendly manner, effecting by this means the perfect unity and loyalty which have characterised the whole Committee in its corporate life during the year.

Miss Cooper has maintained a constant interest in all sides of University life. In her second year she became a junior member of the W.R.C., working quietly yet very thoroughly at some of the more tedious duties of that Committee. At the same time she did much good work as secretary of the C.U., indeed she has continued work for this movement with great devotion despite her multifarious duties in the present session.

Miss Cooper has also taken an active share in the social life of the University. The Literary and Historical, Debating, Social Study, Natural History and other Societies have claimed her as an interested supporter.

Perhaps Miss Cooper will be remembered most especially for her work in connection with the Committee for Belgian Refugees, with the New Sports Field and with the *Conversazione*. These have demanded a large share of her time and attention, which have always been ungrudgingly given. All who were present at the *Conversazione* last term will recall with pleasure the admirable and charming manner in which she fulfilled the duties of hostess.

Great indeed is the gratitude which the women students owe to Miss Cooper for her faithful and valued service. It is our heartfelt wish that the future may have much happiness in store for her; we know that the world will be the gainer if in her new sphere of life she is to be as influential as she has been at college.



Chorus of Honour, Right, Liberty, Justice, etc., etc. :
"Go on! Give it to the Rottah, we're all on your side!"

The Visit of the Clothworkers' Company.

THE University had the pleasure of welcoming as its guests on Friday, June 11th, the Master of the Clothworkers' Company (Mr. John Mews), who was accompanied by the Wardens (Sir Swire Smith and Mr. P. J. Neate), Sir Melvill Beachcroft and the Clerk of the Company (Mr. P. M. Evans). The visit was a quiet one, but none the less interesting and cordial. On the previous evening, the Master and his colleagues had been present at the opening of the new wing of the Keighley Technical Institute, thus signifying the Company's sustained interest in the cause of technical education, which they have furthered with far-seeing generosity and public spirit throughout the textile districts of the West Riding.

Reaching the University on Friday morning, the representatives of the Clothworkers' Company were received by the Pro-Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor and others, the Duke of Devonshire being detained in London by his official duties at the Admiralty. The Clothworkers' Company always follow with close interest the work of the University, which owes so much to their benefactions. Before their arrival, therefore, they were aware of the active part which the various departments have taken in the national service since the outbreak of the war. The Master of the Company and his colleagues expressed their gratification at the many-sided service which the University is rendering to the Government and the nation in the present crisis, and at the long list of its members recorded on the Roll of Honour.

As an introduction to the visit to the laboratories, Professor Smithells gave an interesting account of the work of the Chemical Departments of the University, showing how much scientific help they have been able to give to the Government in the emergencies which have arisen during the last ten months. The guests then visited the Headquarters of the Officers' Training Corps, where they met the Commanding Officer and Captain Oppenheim, the instructor of the School of Officers. They saw the Corps assembling for parade and the members of the School of Officers at lecture. Proceeding to the theatre of the Physics Department, they heard from Professor Bragg an admirable account of the practical difficulties which arise in textile manufacture through the presence of electricity in wool. It is hoped that further researches into this problem may shortly be undertaken by a member of the University staff.

The representatives of the Company were next received in the Clothworkers' Departments by the members of the Textile Industries and Dyeing Committee, whose Chairman, Mr. Joseph Lowden, welcomed the guests with well-chosen words. The party then visited the Dyeing Department, where, under the guidance of Professor Green and Mr. A. G. Perkin, they saw the very interesting work which is now being done on behalf of the Government by members of the staff and by a body of chemists appointed by the Board of Trade.

The Master of the Clothworkers' Company and his colleagues were entertained at luncheon in the Univer-

sity Refectory by the Pro-Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor. After luncheon, the Pro-Chancellor proposed the toast of the Clothworkers' Company, commemorating the generosity with which they had founded and endowed the Textile and Dyeing Departments. In his reply to the toast, the Master gave a very interesting account of the origins of the Company and entertained his hearers by quaint passages from its ancient rules. His retrospect showed a significant parallel between the development of the Clothworkers' Company and that of a University, and especially of one like our own which has made the furtherance of industrial science and skill a characteristic part of its work.

After luncheon, the visitors inspected the Textile Department, under the guidance of Professor Barker, and there met Mr. Hollis and other members of the staff. In the course of the afternoon, Sir Melvill Beachcroft and Mr. Evans visited the 2nd Northern General Hospital in Beckett's Park, where they were received by Lt.-Col. Littlewood, Major Knaggs and Major Watson, all members of the University staff, who showed them several of the wards, the operating room and the other arrangements of the hospital.

The party reassembled for tea at the University and, after a graceful speech from the Master, the visitors left for London by the evening express.

The Master said that he intended to propose to the Company that visits should be paid by them to the University at more frequent intervals, in order that the members might have knowledge of the rapidly growing work of the University in its various departments. This hope was re-echoed by the members of the University who were present, and its realisation will be welcomed by us all.

Belgian Hospitality Fund.

A brief statement of the financial position of the Fund at the close of the seventh month of its operations may be of interest to readers of the *Gryphon*, so many of whom have contributed to it.

The total receipts from all sources amount, at the present date, to £696 11s. 6d. To this the students have contributed £144 5s. 10d., a sum which includes £10 from the Literary and Historical Society. The further subscriptions already promised should bring the total for the twelve months ending October 31st, up to the £750 at which the Committee aimed.

Expenses to date amount to £358 15s. 6d., leaving a credit balance of £337 16s. As the weekly charge is for various reasons less than it was when the Committee began its operations, there ought to be a substantial balance in hand at the end of the year. There is, unfortunately, very little chance that the necessity for the Fund will cease at the expiration of the year, so that the balance will come in useful later on.

In conclusion, it may be noted that M. Lambrechts, lately one of our guests in No. 10, De Grey Terrace, has volunteered for service with the Belgian Army, and is now training in France.

C.M.G.

Some Reminiscences of an American University.

THE number of Universities in the United States is almost legion. Some of the older institutions in the Eastern States are modelled more or less on Oxford and Cambridge. Of these, Harvard, one of the earliest, was founded by a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The more recent foundations may be classified under two headings. First of all there are those which owe their origin to the munificence of single individuals. Such, for instance, are the University of Chicago, endowed by John D. Rockefeller, and more recently, the Rice Institute, in Texas. The other type, associated particularly with the progressive West and Middle West, is the State University, set up and largely financed by the State legislature.

In California there are two principal Universities, one of each of the latter types. The Leyland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, some thirty miles south of San Francisco, was founded in memory of his son by Leyland Stanford, a railroad magnate who made his money from the Southern Pacific Railroad. The seat of the State University is at Berkeley, on the eastern shore of the Bay of San Francisco, and distant from it by rail and ferry some twelve miles. The University of California, to which these notes mainly refer, was founded in the middle of last century, and is to-day one of the largest, most flourishing and most typical of all the State Universities. Stanford is a younger institution; but its proximity and vigour have fostered a great rivalry between the two institutions.

The great feature of most American Universities is the "campus," or University grounds, and at Berkeley the University of California has one of the most beautiful sites of all. Berkeley itself is a town (or was when the writer was there) of some 50,000 inhabitants, mainly San Francisco business men. The campus consists of some 200 acres of land lying to the east of the town on the sloping ground below the foothills, which rise immediately behind to a height of 1,000 feet and more. The campus itself is hilly and well wooded in parts, chiefly with the native "live oak" and groves of eucalyptus. From the higher parts there is a fine view across the Bay, dotted here and there with islands, to the Golden Gate, south of which lies San Francisco, while north of it beautiful Mount Tamalpais rises to a height of 3,000 feet.

As a sign of the youth and vigour of the University, the buildings consisted largely of temporary wooden structures (though in this land, except in the cities, the main part of the houses consist of nothing more). These are being gradually replaced by permanent stone buildings of a considerable dignity and beauty. Indeed, plans for the whole University have been carefully prepared, and will in due time be carried out.

One of the most striking buildings is the Greek Amphitheatre, presented by Mrs. Hearst, mother of the notorious newspaper proprietor. To this lady

are also due many other benefactions. The Amphitheatre, which will seat several thousand people, is situated in a grove of eucalyptus trees, and is the scene of all big University gatherings, plays and concerts.

The Faculty has a large number of departments, and includes a Professor of Chinese. The department of astronomy is also worthy of mention. To it is attached the famous Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, besides a smaller observatory on the campus itself. The departments of agriculture and economic entomology are particularly encouraged by the State, and do a large amount of useful work.

The students are some 3,000 in number (there must be more now), of whom a large proportion are women. Co-education seemed for a long time to retain its novelty in the States, and the women students are usually referred to as "Co-Eds." The usual course at the University is of four years duration, and during successive years the student passes from a Freshman, through Sophomore and Junior to blossom finally as a Senior. The students entering in any one year are bracketted with the year in which they would normally graduate. Thus, those entering in 1915, even though they may postpone the taking of their degree, are known as the class of '19. The undergraduate's life culminates on his degree day, which is known as "commencement," symbolising that having received his training he is now to start life for himself.

The University draws its students from all classes. Many are quite poor, and have saved for years in order to go to college: for in the States a college career means much. Others even while at college eke out their scanty means in their spare time by acting as messengers, laboratory boys and waiters—even by stoking furnaces and selling papers.

A feature of American University life is the Greek-letter Fraternities. These are organisations extending throughout the Universities, with a chapter in each, or many of them. They are known by a series of Greek letters, such as Alpha Beta Phi, or Delta Upsilon, which are the initial letters of the words forming their motto. The members of such societies are bound in fellowship and a member of the society in one University is a welcome guest in any other chapter. In the University of California there were chapters of twenty-three such Fraternities, each of which had its own Fraternity House, a kind of residential club. The women students have some corresponding societies, known as "Sororities," of which there were eleven at Berkeley. In addition to these, both men and women have several house clubs, or hostels, run by the students themselves, and there are also several University hostels or dormitories.

We may mention here two "honours" societies indicated by Greek letters. They consist of distinguished students and graduates in arts and science. The Arts society is known as the Phi Beta Kappa, and the Scientific one as the Sigma Xi.

The State University aims at setting up a high ideal of citizenship, and to this end there is fostered a lively pride in college and state. These local patriotisms come naturally to Americans, and their intense loyalty to their own little town—it is usually a city—is often rather amusing. It leads not infrequently to a kind of rather aggressive advertisement known as “boosting.”

Like all the States, California has her own State flower, badge and colours. The flower is the escholtzia, the Californian poppy, which blooms resplendent all over the State in summer time. The symbol of the State is the bear, and the State colours are blue and gold. These colours are indeed intimately associated with memories of the State—not alone in the combination of blue lupins and the Californian poppy, characteristic of early summer, but also in the colour of sky and landscape in summer, when the sky is a cloudless blue and all the grass burnt to a uniform golden brown.

The bear appears in the insignia of the University; the college colours are blue and gold. A pennant in the appropriate colours is inseparable from the decorations of any American collegian's room, and many possess arrays of these blazoning names of school, home city, college, and commemorating various big occasions. No Californian student is without some mark of his University, be it merely a watch fob decorated with the bear, or a small medallion displaying in blue and gold the magic letter C.

In addition to their pride in their University status, the members of any particular year also bind themselves together and have their own particular badges and devices. The Fraternities and other societies have also their characteristic insignia, which help to gratify the American's passion for wearing some kind of button in the lapel of his coat, or for some startling tiepin. The vivid colours of the blazers of our Universities are replaced largely by some small display of college badges and trinkets.

The class of any particular year retain at all times their cohesion and special loyalty to each other, and many nights in San Francisco are marked by the Reunion of the class of, say, '96 or '07. Besides these there is a very flourishing association of alumni or past students, both men and women. Loyalty to their *alma mater* is kept up and strengthened after the student has passed forth into the world.

And indeed, the Universities, especially California, and to a less extent, owing to its youth, Stanford, have made their influence felt in the life of the State, and to-day nearly all its notable men, if originating in the State, owe allegiance and their early training to one of the two institutions. The life of young California is being permeated to an extraordinary extent with University ideals, which cannot help having a marked influence on the future social and political life of the State. It is already being felt in the marked “Progressive” tendency shown by recent State legislation.

Tyrannic Love.

In The Heroic Way.

The kitchen garden, twilight; a military band playing Tipperary in the distance. Ballet of men and women in the shape of worms, frogs and moths. They swarm over the lettuce patches, eat one another, and then exeunt.

Enter Gerald and Geraldine in pilgrims' weeds, commonly called petticoats.

Gerald: Our love's too full of zeal to think of sense;
Let's see if we sans reason can dispense.
Sit down by purling streams and softly smile,
Whilst I with similes the time beguile.

Geraldine: (*dropping silent tears into the tinkling grass*)
I swear by Pluto, whom I value most,
Thou art my all.

Gerald: Long may he rule the Roast!
In husband's shape I'll sport before thine eyes——

Geraldine: Ah no. Thou could'st not choose a worse disguise.

Gerald: Go to, can sister idolise a brother?
Madame, be seated; and I'll tell another.
Honour's an egg, which, beaten up in wine,
Becomes the trifle on which Cupids dine;
Love's a mere print on which old spinsters look,

Geraldine: Like cabbages in nurse's cookery book.
O nurse! base wretch that makes us leave our home,
For e'er with men and other things to roam.

Gerald: Besides—what makes indignity the harder—
We never stole her plum-jam in the larder.

Geraldine: Alas, we could not. Fond intemperate nurse!

Gerald: I curse——

Geraldine: Gerald!

Gerald: I curse the gods that feast above!
But in their teeth we'll make our jam of love.

Geraldine: On either side we'll sandwich honour, so
That though its sours be sweet, t'other makes more show.

Gerald: O Geraldina, Geraldina, Oh!

Geraldine: Tush Gerald, let us fly and turn nasturtiums.

Gerald: Madame, I scorn your base apersions!
Yet stay. Methinks I'll thenceward go with you:
One joined to one is seldom wanting two;
And if to desert caves you go alone,
Egad my love, you'll leave me on my own.

Geraldine: Besides, nurse says the man that seems so brave
To walk alone is either fool or knave.

Gerald : A li———
 Geraldine : False perjur'd swain !
 Gerald : A likely tale !
 For Mary Ann, being single, loves to rail,
 Pooh pooh, no lover's worthy of the name,
 Unless he's been half murdered by his flame :
 But in the shrine that golden Love has built,
 Our souls shall praise him—though his gold be guilt.
 Geraldine : Ten thousand blessings shower on thy head !
 Gerald : Please don't. 'Twould make it heavy as lead.
 Geraldine : Thou know'st, I wot.
 Gerald : Some !!
 Geraldine : (*suddenly screaming as a respectable heroine should*)
 Gadzooks ! Our foes !
 Gerald : It's n—ur—r—se !
 Geraldine : No, worse ! A beetle pinched my nose.
 Gerald : Who says that kittens bark ? or goldfish sing ?
 That men enlist for buttons ? anything ?
 Then shall we heed what every lover says,
 Enslaved to amorous madness in dog-days ?
 'Tis lovers' consolation for their folly
 To bore all company by their melancholy :
 So shall this ring—the flag of Love unfurl'd—
 Disclose our selfishness to all the world.
 Then, Geraldine, wipe those tears away,
 That flow like gutters on a rainy day.
 Geraldine : 'Tis happiness to die in such a thought !
 To live again and lie, as lovers ought.
 Seas of purling salt and lakes of adamant !
 Hushing winds ! Flow'ry meads ! And streams of amber !
 Our souls shall vapour sighs in fairy dells.
 Gerald : O bliss !
 Geraldine : Nay, hark !—the sound of silent bells !
 One——, two——, 'tis seven, sweet,
 and night begins to lower——
 Gerald : Besides, it's getting past our supper hour.
 Geraldine : But Gerald dear, you cannot break an oath.
 Gerald : I need a bite as well as you, i' troth.
 Geraldine : And honour says we sha'nt turn back :
 so rather
 Than rise for nurse,
 Gerald : }
 Geraldine : } *together* We'll both descend to father !
Exeunt running hand in hand.
The band plays Rule Britannia !

CURTAIN.

E.H.

The Work of the O.T.C.

Two of the first, and perhaps most important, things to remark upon in connection with the life of the O.T.C. are the visits of 2nd Lieut. Woodhead and 2nd Lieut. Watherston to two well-known schools of military instruction. From April 5th to April 21st 2nd Lieut. Woodhead attended a course of Musketry at Strensall ; and in the Northern Command Orders of May 11th he is mentioned as having qualified with distinction. 2nd Lieut. Watherston took a course of instruction in " Drill and Discipline " at the Guards' School of Instruction, Chelsea, which school is the best in the country. Members of the Corps have indeed been fortunate, for the lectures given by these two officers on what they saw and learnt have been very interesting.

On Monday, May 3rd, through the kind permission of Lieut.-Col. Dill (formerly commanding the Miners' Battalion of the K.O.Y.L.I.), a visit was made to the Miners' Camp at Farnley Park by several members of the Contingent, in company with the members of the Officers' School of Instruction. The party, under Lieut. Perkins, entrained for Pool, and from there marched to the camp. Trenches constructed by members of the battalion were inspected, and instruction in bayonet fighting and company drill was given by Staff Sergt. Mason Clarke and Lieut. Perkins respectively.

Another interesting day was spent with the Officers' School on May 27th, when from a position on the Otley Road an attack was made on some farm buildings situated on Adel Moor West. After this, instruction was given in wood fighting and in the method of supplying men on the march with water.

Many subjects have been introduced at the joint field days of the Corps and the School. In addition to those already mentioned, training has been given in the subjects of " Sighting and Relieving Trenches," " Listening Posts," and " Infantry Formations against Artillery."

About a fortnight ago Dr. Chapman finished what has been a long course of lectures on Military Law and Administration. The members of the Contingent thoroughly appreciate the Doctor's kindness in lecturing once a week throughout the winter.

A most instructive and interesting camp has been held at Buckden near Skipton. On Friday, June 4th, forty members of the Corps, under 2nd Lieut. Woodhead, entrained for Grassington, and from there marched to Buckden, a distance of nearly 12 miles. The weather made the march a strenuous one, but those who took part in it were compensated by the enjoyable weekend which followed. On Tuesday the men marched back to Grassington under Lieut. Perkins, and there entrained for Leeds.

Many members of the University will be now accustomed to the khaki-clad figures haunting the Physics laboratories and the rooms below. The strength of the Officers' School has been increased from 35 members to 100. Half of them are billeted in the University, and half at Lyddon Hall, their meals being served in the Refectory. Captain Murray,

who has served for many years with the Black Watch, has been attached to the staff of the School, which in other ways also has been considerably increased.

May we offer a word of congratulation to Professor Jamieson on his promotion to the rank of Major? Major Jamieson, who is best remembered by the Contingent as having given a series of instructive lectures on Military Hygiene and Sanitation, is now working in connection with the Military Hospital at Beckett's Park.

Reference must also be made to a new feature of the O.T.C. Men are admitted primarily into a probationary section, and only those who are likely to prove fit to take commissions may become members of the Corps. Close on fifty men were admitted into this probationary section on June 12th.

G.G.

On Aphorisms.

THERE are no living aphorists. Bernard Shaw is a purveyor of smart sayings, Chesterton and Belloc mere revellers in elephantine gambolling. The great aphorists and metaphorists are dead, and their work is enshrined in dictionaries of quotations. Hence, as Emerson wrote, "neither is a dictionary a bad book to read."

From Solomon to Meredith it has been realised that the human mind is singularly susceptible to impression, if only it can be conveyed in a sufficiently vivid and forceful manner. The pith of an aphorism is by no means always obvious. An aphorism is essentially a summing up in a sentence, and may be obscure by reason of its condensation. For your aphorist is a philosopher as well as a man of wit, a thinker as well as a stylist. There are no pointless aphorisms; the mere conception of such foreshadows a contradiction in terms, for a ripe aphorism must hit the truth, as well as be a delicate finished stylism.

Whoever wrote that "the laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under a pot" was an aphorist, and a pretty early one. Since then many geniuses have crystallised the essentials of fleeting thoughts into sparkling phrases, pregnant with point and significance.

When Meredith writes, "There is more in men and women than the stuff they utter," or "Platitudes can be of intense interest if they approach our case," or "Nonsense of enthusiasts is very different from nonsense of ninnies," we feel that here is a man whose penetration is subtle, if not uncanny, whose literary weapon is a rapier which takes a remarkable amount of playing, but of which the intention is in some sense quite apparent.

An aphorist is always a metaphorist. The metaphors of Meredith are singularly forceful. He writes, "That Chief dashed forward like a flame beaten level with the wind," and leaves no doubt as to what he intends to convey. The metaphorical comparison is short, vivid and perfect.

Intrinsic command over language is essential in an aphorist. Meredith had it, Wilde and Stevenson possessed it, though the latter was too elaborate in

the purity of his style to produce glowing epigrammatic phrases. Wilde, of course, was inclined to be showy, and often sacrificed truth for effect. Meredith probably used aphorism and metaphor more successfully than any writer with the exception of Shakespeare.

There is a tendency for the maker of aphorisms to fall into hackneyed ways of thought and expression, because, "of making many books there is no end," and most clever sayings are to be found in the Bible or in Shakespeare. The further a writer gets from this tendency, the more successful he is likely to become in the interpretation of thought through the channel of language.

The reason we have spoken of metaphors is that many of them are aphoristic. For example, Browning's "The past is in its grave, but its ghost haunts us," Wilde's "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars," and Meredith's "Englishwomen afraid of the weather might as well be shut up," all more or less savour of the obvious, but they are aphorisms highly tinged with metaphor.

Irony, satire, humour, are all part of the aphorist's stock-in-trade, and he cannot afford to be without one of them. The stronger his perception of comedy—perhaps in the abstract, but nevertheless comedy—the more successful he is likely to be as a maker of quotations, although this is by no means always so. Both Wilde and Meredith satirised the human comedy—they were both masters of satirical writing. So were Swift and Balzac, but the latter fail in brevity of wit, in vividness of apt expression. One quotes an inch of Wilde or Meredith, where one quotes a yard of Swift or Balzac. They are tedious, though their tediousness may be charming; their work is for herbivorous literary feeders. The aphorists provide literary meals in tabloid form.

The aphorist of aphorists was Shakespeare. Even Solomon in all his glory could not approach him. His combination of metaphor and aphorism needs no illustration. He had a strange and complete felicity of language which has been denied men since. There is no concentration of language like Shakespeare's; half our spoken English is his.

There is a prevalent idea among the moderns that paradox is a substitute for aphoristic brevity in its appeal to the mind. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Chesterton (that high priest of paradox) says somewhere, "To be in the weakest camp is to be in the strongest school."

It is easy to get a bad attack of mental stagnation by poring over the inner intricacies of a Chestertonian paradox, but an aphorism is a stimulant, and provokes cerebral activity. It is an old story—the story of the paradox in literature. It is due to the obfuscation of great minds by an unholy desire for hyperbolic exaggeration. Purveyors of paradox set up vicious circles, and their followers are apt to become admirers of buffoonery under the fond delusion that they are sharing in, and themselves exhibiting, intense mental agility.

To return, an aphorism is not merely witty. It was witty in Wilde to say, "Never marry a woman with straw-coloured hair. They are so sentimental,"

but it was not aphoristic. It is easy to make this mistake. Such wit is like the paradox; at best it amuses and is ephemeral. If the aphorism and the metaphor are to be considered as assets of literature, it is certain they must contain more than mere wit. An aphorism is the product of a pondering mind, and glows rather than scintillates.

We may cite some examples. When Stevenson condescended to become aphoristic, he did it well, as witness, "It is not always the most faithful believer who makes the cunningest apostle," "A cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it." It is hard to place Dickens, though Mr. Samuel Weller's speech was almost aphoristic at times. If you are searching for poetical aphorism, "Hudibras" is the book to wallow in. Some of it is now proverbial.

Emerson made aphorisms, and so did Goldsmith: "The jests of the rich are ever successful."

Of spoken aphorisms, Gladstone made at least one: "Decision by majorities is as much an expedient as lighting by gas;" and Dr. Johnson made several. This is one: "Much can be made of a Scotsman if he is caught young." And—but *verbum sap*.

H.S.C.

Gryphons for the Trenches.

It is perhaps not generally known that the wives and lady members of the University Staff have been in the habit of making up parcels of simple comforts for those past and present members of the University who are actually at the front. These parcels have included chocolate and dried fruits, malted milk, Oxo, playing cards, simple medicines, socks and other woollen comforts. Numerous letters have been received testifying to the pleasure which these small gifts have given, and the scheme will be proceeded with. There is one way in which students may add to the pleasure given by these parcels at a very small cost of trouble to themselves. An effort has been made to include a copy of the *Gryphon* in every parcel, but difficulty has been experienced in procuring the requisite number. That difficulty would be overcome if students who do not keep their copies would give them to the Hall Porter, addressed to Mrs. Moorman. The idea, we are sure, has only to be mentioned to be adopted and acted on.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

(with Profuse and Humble Apologies).

Natural History Society.

THE 33rd Meeting of this Society was held on November 6th. Mr. H. W. Thompson, B.Sc., Hon. Secretary of the Union, read his seventh paper on "The Economic Importance of Worms."

The speaker dealt principally with worms connected with aeronautics; for instance the Scy-scraper worm, the Book-worm, the Red Tape-worm, etc. Each worm was described, and it was shewn how a large amount of damage could be done in a short time. Darwin, in his "Earthworms and Vegetable Mould," relates how he once saw three Sopwith biplane worms eat 7,000 tons of coal near Newcastle in 2073 B.C.

The Literary and Historical Society.

ON Monday, the fifteenth of March, 'midst spring sunshine which transfused the translucent tea and milk drops into pearls of silver, gold and bank-notes, Mr. Horsley read a paper on "A Restoration Wit," though the audience, having misread the notice, expected to hear about "A Restorative Nut." Mr. Williams, a veritable *point d'appui* to a "touchy" speaker, and equally well known for his *embonpoint* as for his *savoir faire*, fully occupied a somewhat scanty chair. Mr. Horsley's paper excellently displayed a humour previously latent but on this occasion patent (sometimes) to those who were keenly listening.

Social Study Society.

AN excellent gathering characterised our last Meeting when Miss T. T. Bangam read a treatise on "Cruelty to Innocent Insects." After a long and lively discussion, further enlivened by the escape of Miss Bangam's specimens, two (women) members offered to distribute handbills to Students on the advantage of joining the "Society for the Prevention of Bludgeoning Beautiful Barnacles, Bluebottles and Beetles." Mr. Silverman stated that economic forces were at work which would prevent any further pressure being put upon the backs of these dear creatures, and proved his arguments very lucidly by a reference to the Trade Boards Act.

Missionary Settlement in Timbuctoo.

A comprehensive and deeply interesting account of the educational movement amongst the inhabitants of Timbuctoo was recently given by Mr. E. M. Wells to a large and appreciative audience in the University (Entrance) Hall, the crowd overflowing into College Road.

As a result of this meeting, an English branch of the M.S.T. was formed, with Mr. Wells as President, Mr. Strickland as Secretary, and Messrs. Hillas, Howe, Sowrey and Wolfe as the Committee. Mr. W. J. Jones, whose fluency is well known, is to be the travelling preacher for this ardent band of religious workers.

We are confident that this unique opportunity of seeing Timbuctoo life from the inside will be eagerly grasped by many students. It is hoped to include Jericho and the South Sea Islands in this soul-absorbing task.

Debating Society.

THE Debating Society recently discussed whether debating societies should be abolished. As usual there was too little of that decorum which we think is desirable. There was little legitimate excitement, and the speakers kept their hair on, yea, even at the back; a custom of which we disapprove, for we simply *can't* keep ours on and up, especially at the back. Mr. Sparling and Miss Meyer made scintillating speeches amidst interruptions, which, to our mind, were devoid of humour and purpose. Mr. Milnes made a wretched pun, and Miss Banks added to the gaiety of nations by a pathetic little anecdote about her now famous brother Big Bill Banks of Barnard.

By the bye, in case we've not told you before, tea is provided along with stale biscuits for 3d. a head before debates, and it is unnecessary to give notice beforehand.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Union Committee.

THE result of the General Election held May, 1915, was as follows:—

	No. of votes.		No. of votes.
T. W. Milnes	.. 133	J. Maden 57
F. Webster	.. 101	J. C. Stimpson 48
T. Oates 86	A. M. Hey 45
H. Sparling..	.. 82	C. Naylor 43
C. F. Exley..	.. 78	*H. Ward 37
*A. A. Chalmers	.. 70	V. J. Woodcock 36
C. A. Mountford	.. 68	*J. A. Birch 33
*C. H. Lambert	.. 65	*M. Hoppenstadt 31
*H. R. Moffatt	.. 65	C. A. Howe 31
A. J. V. Umanski 65	J. Bennett 27
A. Haythorne	.. 64	F. Dawson 27
*J. E. Pickles	.. 63	*C. Battersby 26
*E. H. Hawthorne 42	*D. Roper 23
<i>The above are elected.</i>		*C. A. Wilkinson 22
H. M. Wolfe	.. 60	*J. Wright 18
E. Percival	.. 58		

*Indicates men who commenced their first year in October, 1914.

183 votes, no spoilt papers.

Signed—

H. W. THOMPSON, *Hon. Sec.*

F. WEBSTER, *President.*

H. GREENWOOD,

W. J. JONES,

THOS. MILNES,

THOS. OATES,

} *Scrutators.*

At the first meeting of the new Union Committee the appointments made for the Session 1915-16 included:—

President: T. W. MILNES.

Vice-President: F. WEBSTER, B.A.

Hon. Sec.: H. R. MOFFATT.

Hon. Treas.: PROFESSOR CONNAL.

Staff Representatives: PROFESSOR GILLESPIE.

MR. A. E. WHEELER.

Editor of the Gryphon: WINIFRED KIRKWOOD.

In place of the Garden Party held last year at the Sports Field on the afternoon of Degree Day, a reunion of past and present students will take place on the Tennis Courts. An attractive programme will be provided in the Refectory. The Organising Secretaries for the reunion, Messrs. Fletcher and Williams, will be pleased to hear from any past students who are willing to contribute to the programme.

H.W.T.

The Literary and Historical Society.

AT a general meeting of the Society the following officers were elected for next session:—

Staff Representative: Prof. Connal.

President: Prof. Moorman.

Vice-Presidents: Miss Kirkwood.

Mr. Richardson.

Secretaries: Miss Legge.

Mr. Sparling.

Treasurer: Miss Robertson, B.A.

Committee: Misses Banks, Brown and Simpson.

Messrs. Chalmers, Fletcher and Yarrow.

Women's Representative Council.

Result of Election for Session 1915-16:—

President: H. WOODCOCK, 99 votes.

Committee:

Senior Students.

<i>Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>	<i>Not Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>
H. Woodcock	.. 122	E. Kitson 48
N. Brown (Sec.)	.. 106	D. Birch 47
H. Simpson 70	E. Laycock 45
W. Kirkwood	.. 61		
N. Umanski	.. 59		

First Year Students.

<i>Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>	<i>Not Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>
E. Banks 64	R. Denison 39
E. M. Bell 56	D. Taylor 36
E. Dowson 43	J. Wilson 32

Natural History Society.

Two meetings of the Society have been held this term.

On April 26th Mr. Adamson, of Manchester University, gave a lecture on "Climatic Factors in Plant Distribution." After dealing with the effect of climate on British vegetation, and describing the way in which degeneration takes place in British woodlands and grasslands, he dealt with the vegetation of the Island of Corsica. The lecture was illustrated with some splendid lantern slides.

The last meeting of the session took place on May 10th. The election of officers for 1915-16 was held. Mr. Stiles then gave a lecture on "The Everlasting Hills or Calcium Triumphant," dealing with the ecology of the chalk hills in the South of England. The lecturer stated that calcium was not the determining influence in the kind of vegetation found there, but that the conditions arising from calcium soils were suitable for certain types of vegetation. The lecture was followed by a discussion on the relative merits of the authors and poets of the north and south of England.

An excursion has been arranged to take place later in the term.

M.H.

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SESSION 1914-15



FRED WEBSTER.
PRESIDENT OF THE UNION.



MAUD L. COOPER,
PRESIDENT OF THE W.R.C.