

# THE GRYPHON

VOL. 17. No. 6.  
JUNE 15, 1914.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

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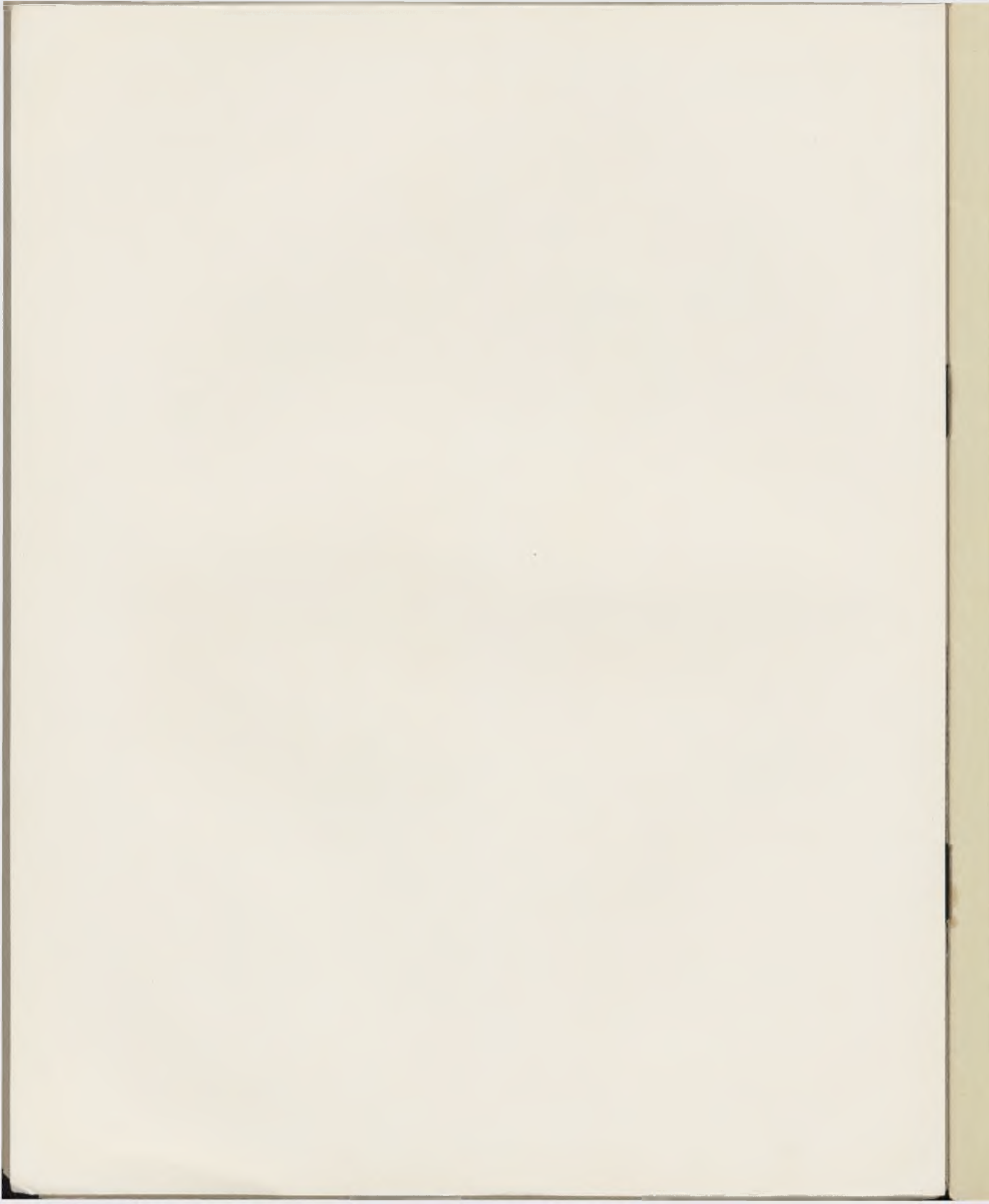
SESSION 1913-14.



G. T. BEARDMORE.  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNION.



MISS H. THISTLETHWAITE.  
PRESIDENT OF THE W.R.C.



# CHANGES IN STAFF.

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

## DEATH :

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

## RESIGNATIONS :

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

## NEW APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS :

### (i.) *Arts.*

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

### (ii.) *Science.*

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

### (iii.) *Technology.*

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

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

### (iv.) *Medical.*

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

### (v.) *Administrative.*

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

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## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XVII.

JUNE, 1914.

No. 6.

*Editor (pro tem):*  
THOS. WILLIAMS.

*Committee:*  
Prof. GORDON.

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Mr. F. WEBSTER, *Secretary of the Union.*  
Misses J. CROWTHER and MUSGRAVE.  
Messrs. S. COHEN, BERRY and ROLLESTON.



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We do not doubt that the regret we feel in Mr. Abram's temporary resignation from the post of editor of this Magazine will be fully shared by our readers, especially after perusing the pages which follow. Mr. Abrams has indeed maintained such a high standard in the numbers he has edited that it would be extremely difficult to fill his place adequately. If, then, this issue falls far below the level of its predecessors we ask your indulgence. Attribute it partly to our lack of experience and partly also to the exceedingly meagre support we have received from all departments of the University.

\* \* \*

The University has this year suffered a most disastrous epidemic of that terrible and blighting disease commonly known as "exam funk"; an epidemic unparalleled in severity throughout the whole of its previous existence, and we sincerely hope never again to be equalled. The symptoms first showed themselves at the beginning of the second

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term—in fact immediately upon the appearance of the “terminal” lists—since when they have grown more and more acute as the end of the year approached. Freshers and third year students alike have utterly disregarded the wise counsels of the Freshers’ Handbook, though written by men who have passed through similar terrifying experiences and had equally arduous exams. to face. The result has been an almost complete paralysing of the social life of the University—musical evenings have had to be abandoned, excursions have been but sparsely attended, and the University has been described in a report to a recent issue of the *Gryphon* as having “fallen into a state of lethargy” and as “sadly lacking tone”—criticisms true to some extent if applied to this particular term though utterly false if intended as a general stricture on the life of the University. But what more nearly concerns us is that the *Gryphon* has suffered enormously, and to bring out this issue we have been compelled to rush about worrying our friends for contributions.

\* \* \*

It is with the greatest reluctance that we broach the subject distasteful to our readers and ourselves alike. Those appeals which have disfigured the columns of the *Gryphon* in the past have not yet been made by us, but now we feel compelled to make them, and to do so with all the force we can.

No student of our *Alma Mater* would for a moment endure the slight that his University was unable to produce a journal as good as that of any similar institution. Indeed, loyalty and the memory that the *Gryphon* was said to be the finest University magazine in the North would make him give an unqualified denial to the assertion. But we would seriously bring before your notice the fact that this issue and the last have been published only under great difficulties, and that they might have been infinitely better than they are, had we had more matter to choose from. Contributions to the last two numbers have been very meagre, and with some notable exceptions, poor in quality. Nor, especially in the case of this number, have they reached us for the most part, by the ordinary channels of the *Gryphon* Box or the Porter’s Office, but have been squeezed out of somewhat reluctant victims by constant, and, we fear, annoying pressure. We know that the Sports and Exams. have been factors in causing this dearth of contributions, but neither sports nor exams. troubled would-be contributors last term. Women students have neglected us almost entirely, the Medicals have sent in not one word, and the last issue represented the efforts of three leather men, two engineers, eight Arts students, one of whom is a lady, and one official of the University—you will agree, hardly a representative gathering. Yet, if the *Gryphon* is to be the “Journal of the University of Leeds,” in any real sense, it should be representative of the whole of the University. We therefore call upon students of all departments to lend a hand in making the *Gryphon* a magazine of which we all might well be proud. We would press those who have not yet contributed to try their hand, for we can assure them, even from our short ex-

perience, that they will be surprised at the success of their efforts, in fact, one of the best articles in our last issue was the trial work of one who had never tried writing for us before. In conclusion, we might say that contributions are acceptable if they have some literary qualities and promise to appeal to the general body of students; wit and satire we desire greatly, so long as too much information is not given about the habits of the persons concerned. We value poetry which fulfils the same conditions as the above, and is not so erotic as to make us uncomfortable. Reports of the progress of workers on the academic side of the University would also be gladly received.

\* \* \*

The New Union Committee seems, on paper at any rate, likely to be as efficient a body as any in the past. A good beginning was certainly made at the first meeting of the Committee when Mr. F. Webster was appointed President. All who know of Mr. Webster’s work during the past year (and is there one who does not?) will agree that he has shown himself most energetic in carrying out the secretarial duties and most efficient as an organiser. We heartily congratulate him upon the honour conferred upon him and congratulate the University too upon having found such a capable president.

As will be seen in another column Mr. Abrams was at the same meeting appointed Editor of the *Gryphon* for the coming session. A mere glance at past issues will convince any reader that here too an excellent choice has been made. It is only because of illness involving a great loss of valuable time that Mr. Abrams is not editing this number. He most certainly is not included among those whom we accuse of allowing “exam-funk” to prevent their rendering what service they can to their “Alma Mater.”

\* \* \*

There seems to be a good deal of misapprehension existing as to what the “Cohen Art Supplement” is to be. May we repeat that it is to contain:—

- (1) All the drawings contributed by Mr. S. Cohen to the *Gryphon* during the past three years—in all about 25—printed on *separate* sheets.
- (2) A new cover specially designed—quite unlike the *Gryphon* cover.
- (3) A foreword.

At the special request of the *Gryphon* Committee, Mr. Cohen will include a drawing of himself.

We should have thought it unnecessary to add that *no* royalties are to be paid to Mr. Cohen on the work had we not been questioned on the point by several students.

We should like once more to express our great debt of gratitude to Mr. Cohen for his invaluable services to the magazine during his stay at the University. His caricatures have been a specially interesting feature of every issue and what is more, they have not had to be solicited by the Editor so abjectly as many contributions have.

\* \* \*

We have great pleasure in reproducing in a supplement to this issue photographs of Mr. G. T. Beardmore, President of the Union, and Miss Thistlethwaite,



President of the Women's Representative Council, both of whom we thank for their permission to do so.

The excellence of their work for the University is too well known to need any praise of ours, but we are pleased to be able to print short appreciations of their services, written by students who have known them intimately.

\* \* \*

We have been requested to remind our readers that words for Degree Day Songs are urgently needed. Any single verse which will fit the well-known tunes, "Toujours, etc." will be gladly received if placed in the *Gryphon* Box.

Will Secretaries of Societies please note that the last day for receiving reports for the Freshers' Handbook is June 20th.

No matter can possibly be accepted after that date.

\* \* \*

It seems necessary to remind contributors once more of the following very elementary rules:—

(1) *All matter must be accompanied by the name of the contributor (not necessarily for publication).*

No one need fear that their name will be divulged. The Editor keeps it hidden deep in the inmost recesses of . . . etc. Some contributions have had to be rejected this month because anonymous.

(2) *Write on one side only of the paper for the convenience of the printers.*

\* \* \*

We really must not forget to apologise to our readers for not writing a long note on the forthcoming exams and holidays. We would rather refer them to other 'Varsity magazines, where we are sure they will find exactly what is required.

### A Conversion.

I have always been optimistic. Some have told me it was my chief failing in life. No matter what misfortune befell me, though, even it were the loss of a collar stud, or arriving at the station in time to hear the swift receding cheers of my comrades, no matter what, I say, my optimistic temperament (hereinafter referred to as my O.T. see?) never deserted me. I really believed I had secured a companion for life, one that would follow me like Mary's little lamb, everywhere I went, "to the last gasp, with truth and loyalty." [N.B.—I wish to apologise to all Arts people if I have ascribed these words to the wrong person. It may not have been the lamb after all. I have a faint recollection that it may have been Shakespeare who made Adam say it to Eve as they left the garden in "As you Like It."]

As I was remarking my O.T. was like Mary's lamb as described in the first verse of the celebrated little ballad. There is, however, some difference apparent, only a slight one, however, when we get to the second verse. The lamb, "It followed her to school one day"; my O.T. used to go with me to Col. every day, and herein lay its downfall.

"Ah would that thou had'st stayed at home  
My dearest dear O.T.,  
That thou and I should still be one  
For ever thus to be,"

But as Mr. Shaw so admirably remarks it was "not very likely."

"And so the day of crisis came

When we two had to part.

Ah! mine the grief and mine the blame,  
To tear thee from my heart."

It is indeed a very short step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but I can bear it no longer. I *must* tell you about it.

"It was a beauteous evening, calm and free," and a lady, with the same qualities as the evening, and I were sat in—that is to say we were busily engaged discussing politics. You would hardly believe what a fascinating subject it really is. "Home Rule" was the particular topic upon which we were engaged (yes, that's twice I've used that word, I've really a great partiality to it). Well as I was saying we were so interested in politics that the time slipped by unnoticed. At length my companion started. "Oh Opty!" she said, and we hurried to the door. But no, we were doomed to disappointment, *it was locked—we were shut up in the University buildings.* I suppose you have already guessed that it was here my optimism and I parted company—but you are quite mistaken. My T. is in fact such a strange one that, far from being despondent I can never remember being so cheerful in my life. I decided that the matter required great deliberation and so "we wandered on and thought, and thought and wandered on," having in fact a perfectly glorious time until—ah, never shall I forget hearing that measured tread, the death-knell of all my hopes, and never can I forgive that prof. as he approached us, a significant smile upon his lips—nay, overspreading his whole countenance.

From that moment my O.T. deserted me, left me in fact quite cold.

"Then farewell thou the spring of all my life,  
The light of all my hopes, O.T., O.T.,

No more shalt thou and I as man and wife  
Go hand in hand through all eternity."

"OPTY."

[We cannot say whether this is founded on an actual occurrence or no. We half suspect it is but "Opty" has refused to divulge any names.—*Ed.*]

### Women's Representative Council.

#### Result of Election for Session 1914-15.

1st Year Students.		Senior Students.	
	Votes.		Votes.
Miss Simpson	.. 78	Miss Cass	.. 60
„ Kitson	.. 55	„ Cooper	.. 58
„ Laycock	.. 41	„ Musgrave	.. 41
		„ N. Brown	.. 40
		„ Caldwell	.. 36

President of W.R.C., 1914-15.

Miss Cooper .. 56 votes.

At a subsequent meeting of the Committee the following appointments were made:—

Hon. Secretary: Miss Cass.

Representatives on the Union Committee:

Miss Cooper } *Ex-officio.*  
Miss Cass }

Miss Musgrave.

D. E. LEECH,  
Hon. Sec.

### Illusions.

WHAT are they? The cynic says they are ghastly mockeries, specious hopes that can never be realised, abortive growths that can have no fruition. The psychologist arrives at a similar conclusion after an examination of the devious mazes of the human mind. We ought rather to regard them as a timely and providential arrangement for the protection of young growth.

It is a primal law of Nature, that everything is created for a distinctive purpose; and until that purpose is realised, full growth cannot be attained. The fulfilment of it may lie in the Future, and along the track of continuous growth and discovery, or it may evolve in the Present. Many a marvellous discovery has lain hidden in the silence of bygone ages only waiting for Time to bring it to maturity, and I doubt not but that the Present holds many secrets which Time alone can reveal. On the other hand, the purpose of the creation of an object may be so obvious, for the present, immediate and continuous needs of existence, that nobody would question it. Where this purpose is *not* fulfilled, it is because it has become warped by habit, or distorted by the imagination—and this, I take it, is what has happened to the ordinary conception of illusions.

Illusionment and Disillusionment are natural phases of life. No human being would dare to claim to have been exempt from it, and if the memory of it has been bitter instead of sweet, it is because disillusionment has either been premature or wilfully delayed. Surely then, there must be some reasonable explanation for such a universal state! It is preposterous to suppose that every man without exception should undergo this discipline if no adequate purpose were served—were illusions but empty dreams and maddening hopes, then indeed would they be ghastly mockeries!

But this is not so. Just as the buds in their early growth are protected by scale leaves, so man's growth, mental and spiritual, must be protected in its early stages—and *our illusions serve this purpose*. Young minds and conceptions are far frailer and more tender than the young bud; the world we live in far more inimical to growth than the dangers of weather and environment to the plant—and the result of premature exposure infinitely more disastrous to us than to plant life. Illusions prevent our seeing the world as it really is, until we have attained the power to see its beauty under its apparent ugliness. They cast a rosy spell upon the world and ourselves, veiling, but not hiding anomalies, until in full vigour of mind and heart we can face them with equanimity and courage—till we see the innate attractiveness of seemingly undesirable things. They prevent early development being checked by the chill frosts of disappointment and untoward criticism, or nipped by the blighting effect of unhappy circumstances; but when growth is assured, then illusions disappear as naturally, as inevitably, as painlessly, as the scale leaves of a bud.

To scatter illusions in an untimely manner will as surely retard growth, as the plucking of a protective leaf injures the young bud. It is a curious fact, too,

that individuals are not so anxious to dissipate their own illusions as those of other people—proving that at any rate, there must be a sort of subconscious belief in their usefulness. Indeed, the temptation is rather to *hug* them—and this constitutes a real danger.

For there comes a time when illusions *must* be shed, when growth requires free play, when disappointment, criticism and environment strengthen and do not retard it. Instinct will tell the time, and as Sir Oliver Lodge says, "Trust your instincts." The moment you hug your *illusions in spite of them*, then they have become *delusions*—and that way madness lies. We often fail to differentiate between the two. The one is a simple, natural phase of growth, the other that same phase warped and distorted; the one is a promise of progressive development, the other the precursor of abortive growth. The scale leaves of a bud leaves scars, so do illusions—but they are not the sore scars of a wound, they are only pleasureable memories, indications and proofs of development.

It must be remembered further that illusionment is a continuous stage, not one to be relegated to the period of youth alone. The ideal life is a *continuous growth at all points*, therefore, as one set of illusions is cast off, another set evolve. When you doubt the presence of illusions, then suspect yourself, examine yourself, see to it that retrogression has not set in. Above all, take care that you do not wantonly and prematurely destroy another's illusions.

L. A. B.

---

### Honours.

PROFESSOR COHEN has been appointed to serve on a Local Government Board Committee of Enquiry into the question of Smoke Abatement.

The Committee commenced its work on May 19th, 1914.

PROFESSOR BRAGG.

The Court of the Victoria University, Manchester, have decided to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Science upon Professor W. H. Bragg.

[It is a singularly happy coincidence that Professor Bragg had, just before the above announcement was made in the press, acceded to the request of the New Union Committee to allow himself to be appointed one of the Vice-Presidents of the Union.—Ed.]

---

### Marriages.

BIRCH—ALLAN.—May 28th, at St. Mark's Church, Woodcote, Purley, by the Rev. G. H. Marten, M.A., Vicar of the parish, Professor de Burgh Birch, C.B., M.D., V.D. (Dean of the Faculty of Medicine), to Dora A. D. Allan (widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. L. Allan, D.L.I.), of Purley.

SADLER—TUPPER-CAREY.—June 4th, at St. Olave's Church, York, by the Archbishop of York, assisted by Revs. C. P. S. Clarke and C. E. Bell (Vicar of the parish), Michael T. H. Sadler (son of the Vice-Chancellor), to Edith Tupper-Carey (daughter of Canon and Mrs. Tupper-Carey), of York.

### Geniuses.

PROBABLY we have all, when we were young and foolish, wished that we might become geniuses. Probably most of us have thought we were well on the way towards attaining our desire, when we heard that most geniuses have been shocking writers. But for the comfort of those who have been troubled by examinations, and have sighed longingly for the brain of a Thackeray or a Newton, we would point out (from the fullness of our experience) that being a genius is not the most comfortable state of existence.

Even those geniuses who are as yet only "budding" find that their trials begin almost as soon as their studies become serious to them. We know of one student—he shall be nameless—who was quite harassed some months ago because he did not know whether to ask for "Two Requiems" or, being faithful to his knowledge of Latin, "Two Requies." He really proved himself a genius, after all, by asking for "Two copies of the Requiem." It is almost needless to recall the many afflictions of "full-blown" geniuses.

Only a few days ago, when hunting among some old manuscripts, we discovered the following gem of great antiquity:—

Exat Senex olim qui dixit  
Haec vacca me multum affixit  
In porta insidens  
Perpetuo ridens . . ."

Which, being interpreted, is

"There was an old man who said, 'How  
Shall I flee from this horrible cow,  
If I sit on this stile  
And continue to smile . . .'"

but, evidently, the cow had (by this time) commenced operations. There can, of course, be no doubt that the man was a genius, with some knowledge of the power of the human eye; there can be little doubt, too, into what an embarrassing situation his genius led him.

It is rather surprising, but still true that you may be a genius and have no suspicion of the fact, until it is very suddenly brought home to you. If you are doing a Latin prose, it is wonderful how many French words are at your command. It is quite possible that you would find your stock of Latin words equally great, if only French prose exercises dealt with armies, camps, ramparts and ditches; but we have never found anyone so steeped in Latin that he was able to describe promptly in that tongue "a refined tiger," or "an enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off, or just coming on" (a passage recently set by Prof. Barbier for his French class). We suggest that the Editor of the *Gryphon* might organise some competition on this subject, such as giving a rendering of the above in Latin hexameters. The only drawback would be the great labour of going through all the papers which would certainly be sent in.

One peculiar thing we have noticed—that although so many of us would give much to possess genius, we are most unwilling to recognise it in others. We don't mind acknowledging the genius of a great author, a learned professor, or a famous scientist;

we *might* even go far as to hear a lecture from one of them, if the rain prevented us from playing cricket or tennis; but let an unfortunate youth show gleams which outshine our own in the very least, and we immediately feel that we don't quite like him—if his gleams are very bright, we may call him a "swot."

We remember, dear reader, that possibly you, yourself, may be a genius; and so to you we address a final word—"Remember the *Gryphon*." We feel sure that all the geniuses of the College have not yet contributed to its pages; if they would do so willingly, there would be no need for Editors to rush round imploring people to write articles, and there would be no need for you to spend your precious time in reading column-fillers such as this.

CLARIBEL.

### Leather.

Owing to pressure of space this reply to "Driox and Durped" had to be held over from the last issue.

Leather is something we do not feel entirely at home with, as we remarked in a recent issue. Leather-workers we admire. In fact, we say quite candidly to our correspondents on the subject, that we heartily endorse all the nice things they say and imply about their department in their letter, and agree with most of those they think, and would not out of modesty like to say. We can also assure our correspondents, that no student of the University has any need to reflect on the character of the great gods that guide the Leather Department, to come to the conclusions at which they arrive, about leather and leather-workers. With one point only are we chiefly concerned, for we remarked in our last issue that "We are one of those fortunate beings who have no need to investigate the mysteries of leather manufacture," and surely, having said this, we come under that class of persons who, in "their self-sufficiency, consider themselves fortunate in not being connected with a department which cannot be surpassed for interest and usefulness"? We have already remarked above that we endorse all the pretty things our correspondents say, and most of those they think about their department, but we must plead guilty to possessing nasal organs with linings which have not yet undergone a process of tanning, and still retain some of their primitive sensitiveness. Therefore, we conceive it a danger to these valuable parts of our anatomy, to investigate in any practical manner, the "mysteries of leather manufacture," though we confess we were, and still are immensely interested in every part of the department, except the lime yards. In fact we find that we said in our last editorial that "the *sight* in the workshops was at any rate worthy of notice." Thus we feel ourselves compelled to maintain our former attitude, even at the risk of being accused of self-sufficiency.

S.A.

### The Vacation.

"By the way, where are you thinking of spending the vac.?"

"Oh! I'm going to the Riviera."

"But why go there, when you've the River Aire here?"

### The Inter-'Varsity Sports.

THERE was a large number of spectators on the Manchester University Athletic Ground at Fallowfield on Saturday, May 16th, for the first Inter-University Sports between Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds. The weather was gloriously fine and straw hats and summer dresses were the order of the day, so that the pavilion and the enclosure presented a very gay appearance. One could not but envy the Manchester Authorities for the magnificent Sports Ground they possess in Fallowfield, but still had the feeling that the best use had not been made of their opportunities, and that the arrangements and details left something to be desired. Stewards there were in abundance, but their duties should consist in something more than the wearing of white rosettes, and the inside of the enclosure of any sports ground should be reserved for competitors and officials alone. The general encroachment of the spectators hampered the officials, made accurate time-keeping a somewhat difficult task, and was one of the contributing factors in making us more than an hour behind our scheduled time. In an important gathering like this accurate timekeeping is an absolute necessity, and every care should be taken to ensure it. It is certainly wise to take the precaution of appointing two timekeepers, as no one is absolutely infallible. Early in the afternoon the "official" watch went wrong and the later times given as official were those recorded by two of the judges who fortunately had taken the precaution of bringing stop watches with them.

Personally I rather doubt the wisdom of running purely local events on an Inter-University sports day. The time spent in getting off the various "tugs" certainly delayed matters considerably, and as the ground set apart for them was close to the pit for the Long Jump immediately following, and as no precautions were taken to keep the spectators off the "pit," further delays were bound to occur.

The result of an excellent afternoon's sport, ended in a genuine and well-deserved triumph for the Liverpool men, who concluded with 25 points, against 15½ scored by Manchester and 7½ by Leeds. It was indeed a field day for Liverpool, but they were out to win and were trained to perfection.

For them H. Barlow was credited with the 100 yards in 10 $\frac{2}{5}$  sec., C. P. Rimmer (a Rugby Union forward) captured the 120 yards hurdle race in 17 $\frac{4}{5}$  secs., J. P. Mills dashed home in the mile flat event in 4 min. 52 secs., Barlow won the quarter-mile in 54 $\frac{2}{5}$  secs., F. C. Lowe tied with J. F. Mitchell (Manchester) for the high jump prize at 5 ft. 1 in., and J. S. Parry took the three miles flat race in 16 min. 36 sec.

One of the best things of the afternoon was a spirited competition in the mile. D. S. Long (Manchester) made the running, but some twenty yards from home J. P. Mills (Liverpool) got his shoulders abreast, forged ahead, and won in the pluckiest manner imaginable by a couple of yards, W. F. Carey (Liverpool) finishing third.

In the quarter-mile the winner, H. Barlow (Liverpool), darted away at the pistol, secured the inside berth, and led his men all the way round, getting home with five yards to spare after running a rather skilful race.

J. S. Parry (Liverpool) ran exceedingly well in taking the three miles flat event with the greatest ease. He led all through the dozen laps and was never less than fifteen yards to the good. At the end of the third lap he was the length of a cricket pitch ahead of his nearest competitor, and as the laps rolled by he steadily increased his advantage. Coming round the last bend for the home straight he led by a good seventy yards and finished with a strong sprint.

The struggle for second place was perhaps the most exciting event of the day.

For lap after lap C. W. Ratcliffe (Liverpool) and R. Sugden (Leeds) were almost shoulder to shoulder. Ratcliffe led most of the time, but Sugden passed him, only to be beaten by inches in a glorious finish. Ratcliffe found another effort after looking played out, and struggled home second after a beautiful duel all the way down the straight. This was splendid.

Lufti-Aly was to us a tower of strength. He was easily first in the "Putting the Weight," and third in the Long Jump, scoring 4 out of the 7½ points obtained by our representatives. It seemed perhaps a pity that our one win was the one for which no cup has as yet been set apart, and we were all more than disappointed in having to return without a single "pot."

"'Tis not in mortals to command success," but if we all really pull together, if every department is really keen on finding and sending men to represent the "University" at Liverpool next year, if all the men selected or who have a chance of being selected will really train, we can at least deserve success, and that is what we all want to see. It was the "extra ounce" that comes of good condition and perfect training which gave to Liverpool the first place in the Mile, and the second place in the Three miles, and where two men are evenly matched it is always the "extra ounce" that tells.

The following are the results of the Inter-University events:—

**100 Yards.**—H. Barlow (Liverpool), 1; P. Morrey (Manchester), 2; W. G. Davies (Liverpool), 3. Won by 1½ yards. Time, 10 $\frac{3}{5}$  sec.

**Putting the Weight.**—L. Aly (Leeds), 33 ft.; C. P. Rimmer (Liverpool), 31 ft. 4 in.; W. G. R. Hinchcliffe (Liverpool), 30 ft. 1 in.

**120 Yards Hurdles.**—C. P. Rimmer (Liverpool), 1; J. F. Webster (Leeds), 2; R. A. Burrows (Manchester), 3. Close finish. Time, 17 $\frac{4}{5}$  sec.

**One Mile.**—J. P. Mills (Liverpool), 1; D. S. Long (Manchester), 2; W. F. Carey (Liverpool), 3. Very good race; won on the post. Time, 4 min. 52 sec.

**Long Jump.**—S. Hague (Manchester), 19 ft. 5½ in.; R. A. Burrows (Manchester), 19 ft. 3¾ in.; L. Aly (Leeds), 17 ft. 6 in.

**Quarter-Mile.**—H. Barlow (Liverpool), 1; R. A. Burrows (Manchester), 2; J. P. Laing (Manchester), 3. Won by four yards. Time, 54 $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

**High Jump.**—F. C. Lowe (Liverpool) and J. F. Mitchell (Manchester) tied at 5 ft. 1 in. for first place; G. Lloyd (Liverpool) and R. G. Dobson (Leeds) tied for second place.

**Three Miles.**—J. S. Parry (Liverpool), 1; C. N. Ratcliffe (Liverpool), 2; R. Sugden (Leeds), 3. Won by about 70 yards; close finish between second and third. Time, 16 min. 36 sec.

### “The May King.”\*

A play in three acts by Prof. Moorman.

THE futurist drama has yet to come, but should a budding playwright of that ilk read this drama of Anglo-Saxon life, he would cast up his hands in horror at the “conventionality” of the theme. For it deals with life as it existed for ordinary people quite a long time ago, to be exact in the year 633 A.D. and does not picture it as seen by the over-civilised eye of the ultra-modern artist. But even the reader of ordinary vision, who styles himself “a modern” on every possible occasion, is likely to compare disdainfully the psychologic studies to which he has grown accustomed with this study of the last effort of dying heathenism to stand up against all-conquering Christianity. Undoubtedly this play, by demanding in its author special knowledge of Anglo-Saxon life and literature, could not have been “evolved from one’s inner consciousness” as those other plays are, and so far it loses the possibility of appeal to the ego and to that disposition to introspection to which we are all more or less subject. But ancient customs and beliefs have a fascination of their own, and the account of the May Day Festival given in the play reads like a dramatized chapter of Frazer’s “Golden Bough.” It brings before one the evident connection of the present with a more primitive mode of existence, with an attitude to nature which seems too strange and uncouth to be real, and yet to which one has unconsciously given assent.

“The May King” takes us back from the May Day of last month to the May Day of 633 A.D. when Edwin was King of Northumbria, and had six years since adopted Christianity. The scene opens in an Anglo-Saxon farmhouse by the Forest of Elmet, near Leeds. The household is ranged on the side of Christianity against the lonesome figure of Sigelind, the representative of the old faith in Woden. She still remembers her landing in England, the bloody battles, the deaths of warriors, the funeral pyres, the sacrificial altars, but her son Cwihelm and his wife and family have left the old faith. The daughter Winefrith is the beloved of Cynewulf, son of the outlawed Godmund high priest of Woden, and is to be May Queen on the morrow. Sigelind warns Cynewulf not to be May King. That evening in an ash glade of the Forest, once the sacrificial spot of the worshippers of Woden, the priests of Woden and the high priest Godmund meet. The land has suffered famine during the last year, the people have deserted the old faith, and Godmund broaches a plan for appeasing Woden and bringing plenty to the land. It is by signifying the death of Summer and the re-birth of Spring and the God of productiveness, by the sacrifice as of old, of the May King. His zeal persuades his companions, one of whom finds out the name of May King, as yet unknown to them. Having found that he must sacrifice his own son, Godmund after a hard struggle determines to do so. On the morrow, May Day, the children play their May games round the May tree, and Cynewulf and Winefrith are crowned King and Queen of the May. But in the midst of the

revelry the priests rush forth from the surrounding wood and bind Cynewulf. In spite of his protestations and the prayers of the old Sigelind and of Winefrith, Godmund places his son on the altar and is only saved from sacrificing him by the arrival of King Edwin who has been called from his palace at Barwick. The play ends with the suicide of Godmund.

This skeleton does little justice to the play, but will serve to show the simplicity of the story and the points of high dramatic value which it undoubtedly possesses.

A domestic scene of Anglo-Saxon life is rather a bold thing to attempt, but the author has succeeded in making it an effective introduction to the play, and has shown in a natural manner that Christianity has but recently entered and has not yet displaced the old superstitions. This scene gives, in the warning of Sigelind, an indication of the trend of the oncoming action, the meeting of the priests in the wood follows naturally on this, and proceeds to a forceful climax when with fine sympathy and deep insight the author portrays the struggle of Godmund between the calls of parental love and duty to his God. That sympathy with the old worship which tones the whole play, is nowhere brought out so powerfully as in the scene depicting the attempt of the old religion to assert itself for the last time, and it is a well handled scene too. A scene of youthful joy is changed in a moment to one of tragedy and deep religious import, and yet the implicit weakness of the old faith is shown by the fact that its most important ceremony, once performed in the centre of a throng of eager worshippers is now only possible in the absence of the “weaponed men.” The moment of consummation comes, and as quickly passes away with the sacrificial rites unaccomplished, the old faith dead, her high priest dying with her. All this is well and forcefully written, though marred somewhat by the cool attitude of Cynewulf. Godmund stands out above all the characters in a just proportion, and is a fine well drawn personality whose end is inevitably bound up with his faith, and with whom one can deeply sympathise. Sigelind has a fine fervour, though Cynewulf and Winefrith lack force and passion. Cynewulf indeed is somewhat too philosophic in the face of death and his language somewhat overwrought. That atmosphere of old times without which the piece would lose all semblance to reality and on which its credibility depends, has been intensified by a judicious use of archaisms and by figures of speech peculiar to the temper of the Anglo-Saxons, and this has been done without a trace of pedantry. The prose is very good and the blank verse not less so.

The play is, as a whole, well constructed, with the action rising in a unified way to the final climax in scene of the sacrifice. Emotion and interest are made to deepen with the evolution of the particular scene, brought to a climax at the end, to be taken up and wrought still higher by the succeeding one. A topic which is utterly different to that of the modern domestic tragedy, and usually regarded only from a dry-as-dust anthropological standpoint, has been infused with life and vigour. Nor is the play one only to be read; it possesses the possibilities of fine representation.

\* “The May King” [Constable & Co., 3s. 6d. net.]

### On behalf of Sport.

THE Inter-'Varsity Sports caused memories to crowd thickly upon us. The river, flowing sluggishly through broad meadows, glistened under the burning rays of a summer sun. A faint breeze tempered the brooding warmth that hushed the country-side to silence. Downstream the thread of silver lost itself among the reeds, bulrushes and willows of a plain that unwound itself endlessly and unbrokenly towards the northern horizon. But the peaceful scene soon became full of bustle and animation. Steam launches, motor boats, punts and skiffs of every description came from the town two miles up-stream until the whole stream was covered with a mass of craft carrying throngs of humanity. By road also motor cars, bicycles and vehicles of every kind added their quota to the brilliant crowd that thronged both sides

air resounded to the yells and cries of partisans, and the excited hum of the general multitude.

Steadily, by inches as it were, the grim duel proceeds. Now they are nearer and one can distinguish above the universal din the voices of the coxswains rising in shrill protest. The hotly pursued boat is here. A whirl of straining bodies, heaving chests and shrieking cox, who, glaring at his crew in an agony of apprehension, raves at them incoherently. But it is vain. The pursuer takes the eye. The swish, swish of the oars, a fierce but rhythmic "R-o-w, r-o-w, r-o-w" from the cox, rising quickly to a scream of joy as his crew makes the final spurt and the sharp nose of his craft rasps harshly alongside the stern of his quarry, form the episodes of one thrilling minute. The next, eager hands grasp number three and the first "bump" of the day has been made.



of the river. For this was the last day of "May" week at Cambridge.

Some of the racing crews who were to take part in the final struggle for the head of the river paddled their craft at the "easy" downstream to the starting post, while others trotted long the tow-path accompanied by the wilder spirits among their undergrad supporters. Gradually, as the time of the start approached, the river craft drew in to the "Meadows" bank, late comers making all speed for the stations still unappropriated. All eyes turned to the bend in the river where the first boat would appear.

The onward sweep of a racing "eight" is a fine spectacle, and a kind of wild and uncontrollable joy invades the human heart at the sight of a close race. The fierce thrill came when the third and fourth boats rounded the bend. It was clear from a distance that a dour struggle for mastery was taking place yonder, and as the open water between the boats lessened the

This particular type of soul-stirring scene we do not enjoy at our Inter-'Varsity Sports, but the time may come when rowing will take its place among our sports. Meanwhile every good sportsman will find that to attend the Annual Inter-'Varsity Sports is the proper way to understand thoroughly the spirit of:—

"Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height!"

TARTAR.

#### Correction.

THE Inter-'Varsity Sports will be held at *Liverpool* next year, not at Leeds, as stated in the last issue of the *Gryphon*. Leeds turn comes in 1916. We wish to express our apologies to Liverpool.

**The Apotheosis of Poverty.**

IN Francis Thompson the world has once more set before it a genius springing from Poverty. Like Chatterton, he fled from dull environment and intellect-degrading bourgeoisie. Like De Quincey, he sought inspiration in Poverty and Abandon, and found it there. For Thompson is undeniably a genius, singing a mystic and beautiful song.

Materialistic Radicalism has labelled him "the poet of the gargoyle"; being unable to appreciate anything in the nature of ritualistic romanticism, or romanticism of any kind, for that matter. Nevertheless, even such an unsympathetic critic has to admit the presence of a Spirit, a Genius.

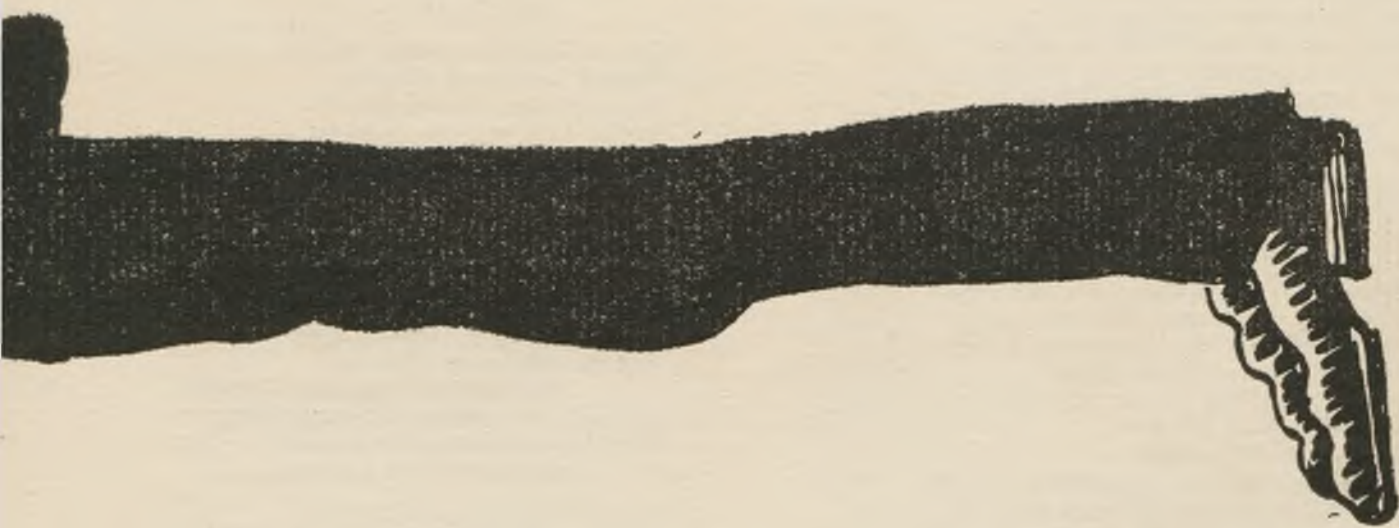
We are told that Balzac would fly from pomp and adulation to the austerity of a garret, there to seek inspiration. And Francis Thompson is the latest

**Morning.**

Below, the silent City,  
Dressed in its early splendour, steeples tipped  
By the first glory stealing down the hills  
And catching in one deepening golden band,  
The silent woods, the softly sliding brook,  
And wakening flower.

Above, the quickening sky,  
Touched by the swiftly warming kiss of day,  
Is wakening from the fading dreams of dawn ;  
And Night herself, with one long farewell glance,  
Sheds her last mist, and slips behind the hills  
In a quiet shower.

R.M.A.



Mr. WELPTON.

prophet of such genius-endowing Poverty. Ragged and unkempt, he would wander through London's streets, selling matches, seeking the solace of laudanum cared for by

" . . . a flower

Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,  
And through the city streets blown withering."

"Oh, the pity of it!" exclaims the bourgeois critic, not comprehending why so bright a jewel should seek so dull a setting; very far from comprehending why genius should fly to the utmost apogee of respectability. He dully perceives this to be a strange case, rather upsetting his theories of environment and aristocracy.

In Francis Thompson, Poverty takes on a new light, far different from the conception of economists and social reformers. It becomes veritably god-like and life-giving, so that, personified, we give it a place in our Olympus. H.E.R.

**Proposed Dramatic Society.**

It is desired to call the attention of students to the question of the formation of a Dramatic Society, such as exists at most other Universities, and to know the attitude of those who are accustomed to get up dramatic performances, towards the desirability of forming themselves into some definite society. The women students have already formed a society representing them in this direction, and it is felt that there should be one to represent the whole University. For further particulars apply to

Miss KIRKWOOD,  
Miss LEVI,  
Hon. Secs.

**Those Hard-hearted Profs.**

Prof. : And where were you last Wednesday, Miss X—  
Miss X. : I was ill.  
Prof. : Oh! that's all right.

## Butler Redivivus.

## De Arte Poetica.

GREAT Jove, fiends, sprites and furies monstrous,  
 What hideous clamour's burst amongst us!  
 I used to think all rhymes were pretty,  
 And even folly passing witty;  
 But since I slept, upon my conscience,  
 Your rhyme and folly's turned to nonsense.  
 The Prince of Fools they called me, only  
 I guess this Magazine's outgrown me;  
 Where student-wits mine Art surpass,  
 And write and feel Sir Hudibras.  
 Nor think I'll satirize your "Gryphon,"  
 In jealous-wise its lines to sniff on:  
 For scorn I do not care a crumpet—  
 Why should I, since I've got to lump it?  
 Still, lack of novelty's appalling;  
 To those who NEVER WRITE, most galling.  
 My art, my sense, my wit's purloined  
 And with rodomontade-fustian joined;  
 I borrow'd mine I own, and rue it—  
 But that's no cause for you to do it.  
 Begin then, fiery Inspiration,  
 And down with soporification!  
 Begin, and tell these would-be authors  
 To what a pass such wit has brought us.  
 First demonstrate the gross misuse  
 Of sense, to make *Magnum Opus*;  
 For nonsense now's a feast of wit—  
 Poor souls can't have enough of it.  
 Wry humpbacked rhymes alone they care for,  
 And call 'em Art: they know not wherefore,  
 Then chuse your dress and turn't about,  
 'Twill still look new tho' inside out:  
 Or stitch a patch upon it here  
 That straight reveals the sonneteer.  
 It once hapt, by miscalculation,  
 Our author sprung a great sensation;  
 His poem, itself *felo-de-se*  
 Was rescued by a simile:—  
 As when the sun, who thinks he needs  
 A full week's rest for work in Leeds  
 Of one hour's shift; so tumbles down,  
 Perspiring drops from suttly crown;  
 And scowling seeks his cloudy bed,  
 'Mid chimney pots to hide his head:—  
 'Tis surely Art! but who could tell  
 The difference from doggerel?  
 Then prick your spurs young Filibuster,  
 And risk a bout: it may pass muster.  
 Much like that man who by description  
 Consumed the bill of his prescription;  
 But when he found that he'd mistook his  
*Magnum experimentum crucis*,  
 With haughty mien, as hero should,  
 Said: 'Never mind—it's just as good.'  
 For what makes champions fall in trances,  
 And lay about 'em in romances?—  
 Or gasp in drink, as if they'd seen a  
 Spectral shroud like Fior-di-Spina?  
 'Tis naught but mad Imagination  
 That rides Poetic Application;  
 For every villain who composes

Can't—10 to 1—see where his nose is.  
*In posse* as a critic's mind,  
 For he like Love is born stone blind.  
 Then tip your barbs with wool and shoot 'em,  
 For *timor* never won *virtutem*;  
 And if they can't tell what you drive at,  
 At least you may explain in private.  
 So just to show your might in slaughter  
 Shoot straight a quibble at the Porter,  
 Till mortal souls be tuned to one  
 Unanimous opinion.

E. H.

## The Ride to Camelot.

"Oh joy! the love that lasts for ever"  
 Sang the heart of Lancelot.

The sunset in a haze of fire  
 Gilded every towered spire  
 And roof in Camelot.  
 Through the meadows pearled with dew  
 They came riding two and two  
 On to Camelot.

Coloured lanterns swung on high  
 Horses' hoofs rang cheerily,  
 Silken banners barred the sky.  
 In the dusk and dew-filled air  
 Perfumes wandered everywhere,  
 Harness bells rang merrily.  
 Swaying dame and singing squire,  
 Youth and love and hot desire,  
 Passed in a whirl of joy and laughter  
 On to Camelot.

All the gates were opened wide  
 And the folk to see them ride  
 Thronged the streets of Camelot.  
 Through the courtly glittering throng  
 Hand in hand they passed along  
 Guinevere and Lancelot.

On his high throne Arthur sate  
 Like a god all silently  
 Clad in robes of kingly state.  
 Lily white with lips of flame  
 Passed she kneeling knight and dame  
 With a queenly majesty;  
 On the daïs of red gold  
 Felt the King's arms round her fold,  
 But her two eyes shone above  
 Like black pansies dewed with love,  
 Looking down on Lancelot.

"Oh grief! the love that lasts for ever,"  
 Sobbed the heart of Lancelot.

PERSONNE.

## Wanted.

Copies of Freshers' Handbooks prior to 1911.  
 Will all those willing to give copies please communicate  
 with Mr. F. Webster, retiring Hon. Sec. of the Union.



**My Lady Weeps.**

I brushed aside the withered meadow-sweet  
 Breaking the crackling fern-fronds with my hands,  
 The tattered banners of the setting sun  
 Flew in red splendour o'er the autumn lands.  
 Sometimes between the trees the pale sky shone  
 I, bending down the feathered sedges saw  
 (Sad sight for true love's eyes to look upon)  
 My Lady weeping where the king-cups grow !

I bound my Lady's hair about her brow,  
 And dried her wet cheeks with my burning lips,  
 Those silver drops were sweeter, this I vow,  
 Than scented nectar that the wild bee sips ;  
 And then said I, " Dear Lady, 't were more good,  
 Say from what fountain do those tears arise,  
 Why make you lonely converse with the wood,  
 And let sad thoughts paint pictures in your eyes ? "

She drew her scarf about her fold on fold,  
 She smiled, and all the woodland laughed anew,  
 " My Lord, 't was whispered by a wizard old,  
 And I may tell you—when the rose turns blue ! "  
 Dear Mother Mary send me nights of pain  
 Long days of battle giving blow for blow,  
 But pray thee that I never see again  
 My Lady, weeping where the king-cups grow !  
 PERSONNE.

**Spring.**

A wondrous joy my being fills,  
 And thrills mine inmost breast.  
 Laughter awakes in rippling rills,  
 And borne upon the topmost crest  
 Of a wave of sweetest ecstasy,  
 To me all Nature's harmony,  
 Proclaims that Spring has come.

I feel the soft and balmy breeze,  
 Linger gently in the air,  
 Wak'ning to life the drowsy trees  
 Whose limbs are gaunt and bare :  
 Seeking yet the flow'rs to enchant,  
 Caressing soft the tender plant,  
 It whispers, " Spring has come."  
 The birds their joyous songs do trill,  
 And soft vibrations fill the air,  
 Till spent, they echo faintly on the hill.  
 But pain so sweet I scarce can bear,  
 When gentle zephyrs catch the strain,  
 And wafting back the sweet refrain,  
 They sing that Spring has come.—A.M.E.

**Actors Wanted.**

THE Literary and Historical Society is contemplating the production of an English play at the beginning of next term. Will all those who have had experience of acting in amateur theatricals, etc., and who are willing to take part in the proposed production, hand in their names to any member of the Literary and Historical Committee, and attend in the "Great Hall," on Tuesday, June 23rd, 5.30 p.m. for the first reading rehearsal.

**Union Committee.  
 Result of Annual Election, May, 1914.**

Out of 40 candidates the following were elected :—

Webster, Fred	..	..	191
Garrard, W. J. C.	..	..	128
*Bellerby, J. R.	..	..	101
*Jones, W. J.	..	..	98
Abrams, Sam..	..	..	95
Williams, Thos.	..	..	90
Dobson, R. G.	..	..	88
*Seymour-Jones, F. L.	..	..	83
Bagshaw, Eric	..	..	77
Chaumeton, P.	..	..	74
Thompson, H. W.	..	..	74
*Jameson, J. L.	..	..	62
*Butler, P.	..	..	54

\* First Year men.

Number of good papers received, 296 (+ one spoiled).

*Signed :*

P. C. CRAVEN.                    A. M. ABDEL WAHAB.  
 GEORGE SHAW.                    NORLEY C. WEEKS.

At the First Meeting of the new Union Committee the appointments made for the Session 1914-15 included :—

*President :* Mr. F. Webster.  
*Hon. Sec. :* Mr. J. L. Jameson.  
*Hon. Treas. :* Prof. Connal.  
*Editor of Gryphon :* Mr. S. P. Abrams.  
*Staff Representative :* Prof. Gillespie.  
 FRED WEBSTER,  
*Retiring Hon. Sec.*

**Euclid Up-to-date.**

NOTE—A well-known Mathematical (?) Student recently discovered the following interesting fragments while engaged in research. They are here published for the first time. Copyright in U.S.A. 1,066 Central.

*Prop.* 104, *Bk.* 13.

Let U be the driver of a motor cycle M, and V its velocity, and let A D be a quiet road.

Then V M shall be equal to any number, and may be increased indefinitely.

(1) On A D describe a figure P C, then immediately

$$V M = O \dots\dots\dots(1)$$

$$\text{now } U = A D \cdot V M ;$$

$$\text{i.e., } \frac{U}{V} = D A M \dots\dots\dots(2)$$

It is now necessary to eliminate P C,  $\therefore$  from U take away L S D, and add it to P C, for by a well-known theorem, previously proved,

$$P C + L S D = P C^2 \dots\dots\dots(3)$$

However, should it be impossible to arrive at this result, owing to insufficient values of L S D, then, (2) for P C substitute J P.

The problem now becomes more difficult, since it has been proved that the only result of

$$J P + L S D = 6 \text{ Mo. } 2 \text{ Div.}$$

and D A M (see above) = C N T M T of C R T.

$\therefore$  No value of L S D can be found sufficient to square J P ; in fact,

$$J P^2 = \text{an impossible quantity.} \quad \text{Q.E.D.}$$

PINNIRAPUS.

## La Revue.

(As seen by a Leeds Student at Caen.)

It was just before dinner that Madame informed us there would be a Revue in the morning, at 9 o'clock, at Cornel. During dinner we made out, with a great deal of effort that by means of a tram labelled "Boulevard Leroy" boarded in the Place St. Pierre, we might get within twenty minutes walk (French pace). Then we went to the Opera and cheerfully forgot all about our Revue in our efforts not to go to sleep in the midst of the thrilling scenes of Lahore, played in a manner worthy of a French provincial town (and that's saying a good deal). By one o'clock the only thing we desired was to tumble into bed, and after about two minutes sleep there was a knock at the window and Madame was informing us "seven o'clock. Are you going to the Revue?" With a mighty heroic effort I landed out of bed and arrived in the "salle à manger" by 7.30. Gradually the other four martyrs turned up and we waded through "pain et beurre" to the accompaniment of "café au lait." Suddenly like a thunderclap came the announcement—the Revue's at 8 o'clock, not 9. General bouleversement. But in the midst of Madame's frantic expostulation of "Défêchez vous!" we really got off, one of our members hugging two enormous tartines wrapped up in blue paper. We fled down to the required "Place" and persistently boarded every tram for the next half-hour; likewise I talked what I hoped was French to a good lady in the intervals, only to find out in the end that she was deaf. Finally the right tram came along and we had the inexpressible delight of riding down a wretched interminable street which has made us suffer at least once a day since our arrival. Now our instructions were to go straight on when we got off the tram. Well, the tram turned to the right for about the last 10 yards, so we cheerfully went forwards. We tramped on steadily for some time—no signs of a Revue. We attacked a wayside shop—never heard of a Revue. We looked behind all the furrows and mud heaps by the road side, but never a sign of a soldier in hiding behind them. We caught sight of a pair of red trousers—alas! it was only a skirt; finally a sentry turned up in front of some barracks. This certainly looked more cheering. Could he tell us where the Revue was? Sorry, he didn't know. There *might* be one, somewhere—but he wouldn't like to say exactly where. *He* was on guard. We might try going back. So we went back. On the way back to the Calvaire at the Carrefour, we found another soldier and accosted him. No, he didn't know, but further up there was a Caserne—they might know there. So further up we went. After a bit we had a brilliant idea. Why not ask for Cornel seeing the Revue was there? So we asked and were told that we were *at* Cornel. The next person we tackled was a postman—yes, the Caserne was up there—no, he didn't know where the Revue was. So to the Caserne we went, wondering if it was usual for French soldiers to live in half-built barracks and what they were doing till the last block was finished. There they told us that there really *was* a Revue—tout-de-suite, and advised us to go to a Caserne further back.

So back again we went to the Calvaire, and this time we took the only road left—the one that really did go straight on from the car if you excepted those ten yards suddenly turning to the right. This time the scent really seemed to be getting keen, and lo and behold! there really *had been* a Revue. There were all the infantry massed up on the field—the Artillery wheeling far away to the left, to the Caserne. And even if we were an hour late, we watched every bally foot soldier march out of that field, and attained a well-earned notoriety among the military population of Caen. Then to put a good finish on the thing, we escorted the fag end back as far as the car, showing them *how* to march in time and what sort of songs to sing; also the proper way to collect all the dust that they had kicked up on the road since they turned out for manoeuvres at 1 a.m. The idea was that we in the car would pass the whole procession in triumph. As a matter of fact, we turned up a good deal after the tail end—a good example of the speed of French trams—but we got another glimpse, a fond farewell, in the Place St. Pierre. We may not have a very brilliant impression of French Revues, but we *had* a jolly good appetite.

P.S.—In justice to the others, I ought to say I was the only Leedsite there, and in justice to myself that this was written (and copied out) instead of lecture notes.

KONG.

## The Kröniklöv Lidzunahvah Sity.

Being the second part of the record of Rōtenkrōh Nyklah, the scribe.

1. . . . . on the seventh day after the *phulmun* in the fifth month.
2. the chosen of the people journeyed afar,
3. even unto *Phalo-pheeld* that is nigh unto *Mann-djēstur*,
4. there to combat with the elect of *Ohenzkoleg* and *Livur-pul*.
5. And the roll of papyrus which is called *Zbortzmann*, which may be seen *dēhli* in the *Yunēh unroomz*.
6. did prophesy and said,
7. Surely the men of *Lidzunahvah Sity* will *likree-ēhshun*.
8. And they strove with each other there,
9. both at *aianlong-djumpin*,
10. at *runin* and *urdelz*,
11. and at *putinthewēht* . . . .
12. . . . . and the men of *Lidzunahvah Sity trāi-dtherbest*
13. and *sumonem* succeeded in *likenkree-ēhshun*.
14. One man of might, who was called *Lut Phiāhli*, did *puthewēht* twenty *kubitz* wanting two *kubitz*
15. and he was an *ēzeerwinur* . . . .

16. : . . . and in *utherthingz* they got *sekundz* and *therdz*.  
 17. But the men of *Ohenskoleg* and of *Livur-pul* beat them on the *agrigéht*,  
 18. and the *Livur-pudleanz* were *pherst* . . . .  
 19. . . . . to *ádtuthérjoiz!*  
 20. found all the *oophtishgon* from *therpoketz*  
 21. all the *kashgon* from their *kohtz*, which had been left in the *djéhn-djinroom*,  
 22. whereat they were wroth, and sought hard for *enusbil-lingzgéht* whereby to express their emotion . . . . .  
 23. . . . . and they returned to *Lidzunáhváh Sity*  
 24. . . . . next day they *phéltstif*  
 25. for they had upheld the honor of *therkoleg*  
 26. against the *luzt-i-ephortz* of *utherz*,  
 27. at which the people were much pleased, and received them with the *noizov rejoizin*.

CYFIA.

### The President of the Union.

It was with the greatest of pleasure that we acceded to the request of the Editor to contribute this well-earned tribute to the work of Mr. G. T. Beardmore, President of the Union (1913-14), for we feel that now the College year has come to a close, the time has come to show him our approval of and gratitude for his services.

Mr. Beardmore became President at a very awkward juncture, when it seemed indeed as though the Union Committee was for the first time in its history going to fail. But from the first he had the hearty co-operation and goodwill of the whole of the members and soon the outlook was immeasurably brighter.

From that time on the Union Committee has worked continuously. It might be said of G. T. B. that his motto is "Do it now"; certainly he has stirred up every member of the Committee. Business has been got through at an almost incredible rate, and yet it has been done with the utmost thoroughness.

His two greatest attainments are, undoubtedly, the revising of the Library regulations and the raising of the Union Fee. Though this latter is not yet an accomplished fact, there can be little doubt as to the ultimate decision of the Senate on the matter. And how Beardmore worked for this!

Evening meetings of the Committee at his digs, daily conferences with the Secretary and the University officials, must have filled the greater part of his time for weeks.

The University will lose by his departure. As a man, he was ever popular; cheerful and agreeable to all alike, he bore no trace of snobbishness, and there can be no wonder that his circle of friends was an ever-increasing one. As a President, he was enthusiastic and energetic, and it will be no easy matter for anyone to step into his place.

In conclusion, we wish him every luck and success on his return to Canada. In the words of the Yorkshire lad, "May 'e never want nowt."

E.B.

### The President of the W.R.C.

PROBABLY no woman student of the University will be missed more in the coming year than Miss Thistlethwaite, the capable President of the W.R.C. during the session 1913-14.

Both in athletics and social affairs Miss Thistlethwaite has shown great powers of leadership. As captain of the Women's Hockey team she has aroused the keenest interest among her colleagues, and her enthusiasm has proved so contagious that the first eleven has come to be fully recognised as an outstanding University team; and as an enthusiastic member of the Playing Fields Committee she is still helping towards the further success of University sports.

It is hardly necessary to recall the chief social functions of the year. We all know what a prominent part she took in the organisation of both Conversation and Dances and how ably she fulfilled her duties as hostess on both occasions.

Her great work, however, during the year, and the work for which above all she will be remembered is undoubtedly the securing of better relationships between the men and the women students. We hope that the new Committee will continue the work she has begun.

In fact throughout Miss Thistlethwaite has done good work for the University. All who have sat with her on the W.R.C. or on the Union Committee realise fully how well she has studied the interests of all members of the University.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking her for what she has done and wishing her every success in the future.

E.M.

### De (K)nuttis.

#### A Reply to Nutina.

MY DEAREST,

I could hardly restrain myself when I read your pathetic appeal in the last issue of this magazine, and I hasten now I have the opportunity to reveal myself to you—a *real* K-NUT. I wish to emphasise this last point, for there are NUTS and K-NUTS. The former class you have undoubtedly met—they are merely apologies for the real thing—they lack that indispensable K-, the mark of true distinction. What a depth of meaning indeed is conveyed by that K-. It marks this type of man from all others—as indeed he is marked off in real life by the possession of superhuman qualities.

"What is a k-nut?" No wonder, my dear NUTINA (I wish you had spelt it with a K-), no wonder, I say, you have been unable to get a satisfactory answer. No one could give it you. He is a type of individual quite set apart—undescrivable by ordinary mortals, incapable of comprehension by any not privileged with being of the noble few—a further stage in the evolution of the species.

That it is, which gives rise to such diatribes as you have heard, that and confusion with the "nut"—but what cares he for that? It is as nothing to him. Such individuals he treats as does the genius

the baser minds—ignores them, or looks upon them with contempt. "Devil-may-care" you hope he will be. He is, my dear, still more than that—the devil himself. You are shocked? Ah! but that is because you do not know that spirit as I do. The common mind has woefully misrepresented and maligned him. In reality, he is one of the most considerate, most benign and most companionable of all the devils—or angels indeed. Yes, my dearest, you, too, must make his acquaintance. Only that can raise you above this mundane plane; only that can enable you to realise the joys of existence. Too long have we been bound down by so-called religion, the invention of the strong to awe the weak. Rise above it, see that the angels are truly devils, justice injustice, law illegality, and—— but I am getting too serious.

One final word before I reach the consummation of my desires in seeing you. Do not expect to find the true K-NUT by his socks and ties, or any such external marks. The K-NUT is born not made. Subjected to ridicule by those incapable of understanding him, he has discarded all outward signs of difference from ordinary mortals. But there is a difference—a deep-lying difference in the soul.

Farewell, dearest, till I see thee face to face.

Thy own true

K-NUT.

The following are among the number of Books added to the Leeds Public Library during May, 1914.

REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

- BOYNTON (Percy H.) London in English Literature. Illus. 1913.
- BROWN (Alice Van Vechten) and RANKIN (Wm.) A Short History of Italian Painting. Illus. 1914.
- COHEN (Julius B.) Organic Chemistry for Advanced Students. Vol. 2, 1913.
- HALL (Hubert) A Select Bibliography for the Study, Sources, and Literature of English Mediæval Economic History. (Studies in Economics and Political Science). 1914.
- KELSO (Alexander P.) Matthew Arnold on Continental Life and Literature. (The Matthew Arnold Memorial Prize Essay, 1913). 1914.
- MONTESSORI (Maria) Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook. Illus. 1914.
- MORLEY (Viscount) Notes on Politics and History: a University Address. 1914.
- ORSI (Pietro) Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy. 1810-1861. Illus. (Heroes of the Nations). 1914.
- RHYS (Ernest) Browning and his Poetry. (Poetry and Life Series). 1914.
- RHYS (Ernest) Lyric Poetry. (The Channels of English Literature). 1913.
- GRUNDY (Sydney) The Play of the Future by a Playwright of the Past.
- ROWNTREE (B. Seebom) The Way to Industrial Peace, and the Problem of Unemployment. 1914.

- STREET (G. S.) On Money and other Essays. 1914.
- THOMSON (Sir J. J.) Rays of Positive Electricity and their Application to Chemical Analysis. 1913.
- YOUNG (W. T.) Anthology of the Poetry of the Age of Shakespeare. (Cambridge Anthologies). 1910.

LENDING DEPARTMENT.

- ALLEN (H. Stanley) Photo-Electricity. The Liberation of Electrons by Light. With Chapters on Fluorescence and Phosphorescence. 1913.
- ANGELL (Norman) The Foundations of International Polity. 1914.
- BELL (Clive) Art. 1914.
- BELLOC (H.) Poitiers. 1913. (British Battles).
- BLAKE (Wm.) The Poetical Works. (Oxford Edition). 1913.
- BROOKE (Stopford A.) Ten more Plays of Shakespeare. 1913.
- BRYCE (James) University and Historical Addresses. 1913.
- MAETERLINCK (M.) Our Eternity. 1913.
- POINCARÉ (R.) How France is Governed. 1913.
- NOYES (A.) Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. 1914.  
T. H.

Correspondence.

Union Elections.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

SIR,

As a member of the Union, I venture to draw attention to what seems to me a very important feature in the election of the Union Committee. One would imagine that when a man has been nominated by his admiring friends, he would be content to leave the issue to the Fates; but we find that candidates are so anxious that the University should be well represented that they ask men to vote for them. The particularly objectionable part of this custom is that they ask men whom they don't know and who don't know them and who can thus have no idea of their capacity for the position.

I feel sure that many will agree with me that this kind of thing should be confined to elections in which principles and not persons only are involved.

I should be glad to hear from any who disagree with me in this matter, for I feel that a Union Committee cannot be elected fairly when some candidates advertise themselves and others emphatically do not.

Yours, etc.,

A VOTER.

A. F. C. Photograph.

25th May, 1914.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

Your obscure correspondent, S. M. E., has gone wildly wrong in his attack on the Captain of the University Soccer Team. He should have enquired more carefully into the facts of the case before making

a personal attack in the way in which he did. As a matter of fact, if anyone is to be blamed in the matter, it is I.

A statement of the exact position of affairs will be a sufficient explanation of what happened.

For some unaccountable reason, very many members of the University do not think it obligatory on them to play games, if they do play them, for the University teams. Consequently, in the first term of this academic year we found it very difficult to get a settled team, and it was impossible to say at the end of the first term who composed the First Soccer XI.

The man whose photograph was not taken was never considered at any period of the season as a regular member of the First XI., hence he was not included on that photograph. Neither was he eligible as "twelfth man," because there was another player who, though not a member of the First XI. when it was at full strength, played in more matches than your querulous correspondent's hero.

When consulted on this matter, I treated the man with courtesy, I believe, even when after consulting the First XI. men on the Committee. I had to tell him that they could not see their way to giving him the place he desired.

Yours very truly,

H. S. HOAR,  
Late Hon. Sec. A.F.C.

**Reply to H. S. Hoar.**

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

After reading Mr. Hoar's reply to my letter, I must indeed congratulate him on his consummate skill in evading the true point at issue. He evidently considers it, in the first place, somewhat beneath his dignity to have to answer an "obscure" correspondent. For my part I fail to see how that materially affects the situation. So long as the facts contained in my letter are unanswered and the insult remains without apology, my identity cannot enter into the question in the least.

Mr. H. seems to think that he has justified his underhand work by simply asserting that the player in question was never considered a member of the First XI. Well, I leave my readers to judge whether this is not a special standard of membership set up for the occasion, merely reminding them that "my hero" (as Mr. H. styles him) *played in 18 matches out of a possible 24, or thereabouts.* But, what is more wonderful still, this expenditure of time, energy and money was not even sufficient to entitle him to a place as twelfth man in spite of the fact that the Secretary had, at the last minute, to hunt about for more men to pose. No, the privilege was reserved for one who had *not* been put to the trouble of travelling to *all* the away matches, and *had not played so many games* as my "hero."

And the reason for this, Mr. H. says, is that the player in question had been given his place only because so many men were not public-spirited enough to play for their *Alma Mater* in preference to outside teams. One would have thought that the fact that my "hero" was public-spirited enough would have

been an additional recommendation for him, but Mr. Hoar, in his wisdom, soars above such common notions and sees some subtle reasons not visible to ordinary eyes.

In conclusion, Sir, I feel confident that I am but voicing the sentiments of the majority of students on this question. Those responsible ought to be made to realise their position. It is such actions as this which destroy all feeling of *esprit de corps* among students and foster distinctions which ought never to be allowed.

I remain, Sir,  
Still obscure,  
S. M. E.



**DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.**

**The Literary and Historical Society.**

At a General Meeting of the Society held on Monday, May 18th, the following officers were elected for the Session 1914-15:—

- President :*  
Professor Gordon.  
*Vice-Presidents :*  
Miss I. Crowther. Mr. Thos. Williams.  
*Hon. Treasurer :*  
Miss H. Robertson, B.A.  
*Hon. Secretaries :*  
Miss Normington. Mr. Gould.  
*Committee :*  
The above, *ex-officio*  
Miss Kirkwood Mr. Barnes.  
Miss Stuart. Mr. F. C. Brown.  
Mr. R. C. Groom.  
*Staff Representative :* Professor Connal.  
W.G.

**The Fives Club.**

At the General Meeting held on Tuesday, May 12th, the following officers were elected for the forthcoming session:—

- Captain :* H. Greenwood.  
*Hon. Sec. :* B. G. Fletcher.  
*Committee :* The above, and E. M. Carré, D. Gurney, E. Bridson, Thos. Williams (Union Representative).

**Cricket Club.**

THE eleven which has been got together this term has begun the season fairly successfully. The team has already shown itself strong in batting, indeed, quite above the average in that respect but rather below the average in bowling. Of seven matches played, two have been won, two lost and the remainder drawn.

May 2nd, *v.* UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTS. (Drawn).  
University, 205 for 4 wickets (Frank, 75 not out).  
(Allen, 68).

Innings declared closed.

Notts. : 88 for 4 wickets.

May 9th. *v.* DURHAM UNIVERSITY (Lost).  
University, 126 (S. Batty, 53).  
Durham, 130 for 4 wickets.

May 16th. *v.* HYDE C.C. (Lost).  
University, 111 (S. Batty, 37).  
Hyde C.C., 120 for 5 wickets.

May 21st, *v.* COLLEGE OF THE RESURRECTION,  
MIRFIELD (Won).  
University, 190 (E. G. Jones, 59, R. E. Sissons, 35).  
Mirfield, 108.

May 25th. *v.* MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY (Won).

The first Inter-'Varsity match took place at Headingley, on May 25th. Manchester batted first and were dismissed for 90. J. L. Jameson and S. Allen bowled unchanged throughout the innings, the former taking 6 wickets for 52 and the latter 4 for 33. Leeds knocked off the runs for the loss of only 6 wickets. N. Hardwick was top scorer with 26, while S. Batty again made an invaluable 21 not out. The result of the first Inter-'Varsity encounter was very promising. Leeds have now 2 points, Liverpool 2, and Manchester none.

May 28th; *v.* LEEDS C.C. (Drawn).  
University, 190 for 2 wickets. Innings declared.  
(S. Allen, 102 not out and S. Batty, 48).  
Leeds C.C., 100 for 2 wickets.

**Second Eleven.**

May 9th, *v.* LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Lost.

May 13th, *v.* SILCOATES SCHOOL. Drawn.  
Silcoates, 99.  
University, 99 for 9 wickets.

May 19th, *v.* HECKMONDWIKE SCHOOL. Won.

May 21st, *v.* C. R. MIRFIELD 2nd XI. Won.  
University, 190 for 5 wickets.  
W. H. Dean, 93 not out. W. J. Guest, 50.  
C.R., 90 for 6 wickets.

**Education Society.**

THE above Society intends winding up a most successful season with an excursion to "Riveaulx Abbey." For the excursion, the Society is joining with the Lit. and Hist. and the Social Study Societies, and a good time is anticipated. Further particulars will be announced in due course, or may be obtained on application to the Secretaries of any of the above Societies.

**Natural History Society.**

ON April 30th Mr. Millard gave a most interesting lecture on "British Trees." He began by pointing out that in England, the usual object of planting is the protection of game. The object of Forestry is to obtain as much saleable timber per acre as possible. At first sight there seem many trees to choose from in planting a forest. Actually the choice is usually very limited by questions of altitude, soil, water supply, climate, temperature and light. There is also the question of the demand for particular kinds of wood and also for the best mixture of trees. A "pure" wood is very bad forestry. Certain trees require more light, &c., than others. A common mixture is oak-beech, a light-demanding with a shade-enduring tree. The oaks grow the faster and are cut first, the beeches forming a second crop. Mr. Millard then gave a short description of the commoner English trees. At the close of the lecture there was a very interesting and instructive discussion.

R.E.C.

**The Medical School.**

SOMETHING very serious has recently occurred at the Medical School. We cannot yet say exactly what it is, though it may only be the marriage of the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine. The one thing which is absolutely certain is that the occurrence was serious, so much so in fact that it roused our Medical representative to such an extent that he wrote us saying that he would send the notes for the Medical School within a few days. Unfortunately those few days have not yet passed, although about a month has elapsed, and so no notes can be included under the above heading. Truly

"The best laid schemes o' medical men gang aft agley."

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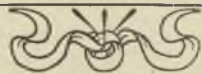
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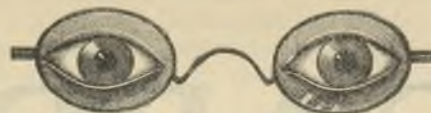
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