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Mr. E. E. Wilkinson, as Special Assistant in the Department of Leather Industries.

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Mr. E. Lee, A.R.C.S., as Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Agricultural Botany.

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Mr. J. W. Eves, as Instructor in Horticulture.

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

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

Mr. C. W. Goode, as Tester for the Milk Control Investigations.

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*"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."*—LYLV.

Vol. XVIII.

MARCH, 1915.

No. 4.

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We publish in this number a Supplementary List to the Roll of Honour. We hope to publish next term another complete list as a Supplement. It will be seen that Major Ellis and 2nd Lieut. Shannon have been mentioned in despatches. We should like them to know how proud we are of the distinction they have won.

\* \* \*

The great event of our little social year has been, and the "conversaz." is over. There is very little for us to say about it, for nearly all that could be said is to be found in an article on another page. Of course it was a success, and we should like to offer our congratulations to the Organising Secretaries, Mr. Burton and Mr. Wolfe, whose lives seemed hardly worth living in the weeks before the Conversazione. One scarcely expected that there would be quite as large an attendance this year as in the old days. The Secretaries may well be proud that the deficit on the accounts only amounted to about thirty shillings.

The Inter-'Varsity Debate held at Leeds on March 5th was the next most important function of the term. We are sorry to be unable to print a report of it until our next issue. We ourselves only arrived in time to hear the last few words, and we basely voted on the report of our next-door neighbour. We are told that many people went out of the Hall by the usual door through sheer force of habit, so we are not alone in our sin.

\* \* \*

May 3rd is the last day for sending in contributions for the next issue of the *Gryphon*. We should like to remind our contributors that next term is a very busy one. Although people will expect their *Gryphon* to be as full as usual, they will no doubt be annoyed if a harassed Editor pesters them for copy when the degree exams. are looming ahead. May we ask our contributors not to forget us entirely during the Easter vacation ?

### From the Trenches.

I THOUGHT you might be interested to know our adventures on February 21st. About 6 a.m. we were awakened by three terrific explosions; the whole hillside shook. I was sleeping in a dug-out about twenty yards behind our front line trench and had been in the trenches twice during the night bringing out men hit by snipers. Immediately after the explosions the rifle fire which broke out was simply deafening, the bullets slapping against the trees and branches falling. We sent up three rockets, our signal for help from the artillery, which soon caused a worse noise by the bursting shells. For the next hour the fight raged in the wood, our men falling back at first and then going forward again. It seemed that the Prussians poured over the trench, which was blown up, in advance mass, being heavily hit by two machine guns just at the place they attacked. The masses could not be checked, although the squadrons attacked fought bravely, losing all their four officers. The squadron at their side enfiladed the enemy and counter-attacked them, also losing four officers in doing so. I collected my dead and wounded in a ditch a little way down the hillside, the ditch being a protection from the rifle fire. Until 9 a.m. the —th held the Prussians, who tried to come forward and also tried to spread along the trenches. At 9 a.m. the supports came up, and the enemy were overcome and rarely replied to our fire. We were organising another big counter-attack when the French General on our left refused to allow it, as he held that the Germans were in an untenable position and could be driven out in a day or two by bombing and sapping. The wounded later in the day were taken back another hundred yards to a large dug-out I discovered, and here they were kept until dark, when we removed them back to ambulance waggons two miles behind. The ambulance waggons come nowhere near the trenches up there, as the area behind the trenches is under rifle and shell fire. We had about seventy casualties altogether, and lost about ten yards of

ground, so that we consider we did not do so badly against the famous Prussian Guard. Their mines were exploded, we think, about ten yards from our trenches, and by using very large explosives and owing to the soft ground, the trench was blown in. It was very brisk while it lasted. After the battle, our squadron had no officers, and the other was commanded by a boy of eighteen. I was very fortunate, being hit in the side by a spent bullet which gave me a slap like a stick, and a small piece of bomb shot through my waterproof.

It is so strange up there being so close to the Germans. We build enormous fires in the dug-outs, and they know we are there, and so the smoke does not tell them anything, as we are in a dense fir wood, and at night the fires are hidden under the dug-outs. To show our contempt for the Prussians we had a seven-course dinner that night, within seventy yards of their trenches. I do hope they got a sniff of it.

### The Hill of Stars.

Now steals the twilight from us, O my fiddle,  
With softly sandalled feet and garb of woe;  
I think that there were tears on her sweet eyelids  
To say good-bye to one who loved her so.

Exultantly a white-shod star is dancing  
O'er the red moon lying in its shroud of grey,  
And all is still out in the silent garden,  
Where scented darkness floods each mossy way.

Flickers the firelight on smooth panelled cedar,  
On jars of silver and of beaten gold,  
And shadows dance upon long silken curtains,  
Wrought by dead hands on some lost loom of old.

I must be brave to rise and go, my dear one;  
Terror and fear are lurking in the gloom.  
My cloak around me, we will pass for ever  
From the loved stillness of the fire-lit room.

Belovéd, let us leave the world behind us;  
Close to my heart, my fiddle, nestle low;  
Sing songs of hope, and sing wild songs of courage;  
And with my arms around you we will go

Down the long aisles of inter-twining branches,  
Under the green where no birds ever sing,  
Led by the sobbing winds that go before us,  
Into the glory of a star-lit hill.

Your dear voice singing to me in the darkness,  
My tired soul will cease to fear, and will  
Pass with you and the laughing winds rejoicing  
Into the glory of a star-lit hill.

Exit triumphal from the sweeping pine boughs  
Into the star ways and a night of peace,  
Where, gleaming down the field of the red poppies,  
Shine the great portals where our wanderings cease.

### My Favourite Motto.

*Labor omnia vincit*—Miss Sn—wd—n.  
*The iron hand in the velvet glove*—Miss C—p—r.  
*Like angel visits, few and far between*—Those who return from Active Service.  
*'Tis now the very witching hour of night*—Bobby, as he inspects the Guard.  
*I am Sir Oracle, And when I ope my lips let no dog bark*—"The H.P.'s kid."  
*The very pink of perfection*—The cast of the Twelve Pound Look.  
*All things come round to him who will but wait*—Mr. Y—ng.  
*Shall I, wasting in despair,*  
*Die because a woman's fair?*—Mr. B—wk—r.  
*Rest! Rest! Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?*—  
 Our hard worked Union officials.

### The Conversazione.

You must know that on "Conversaz" nights the University is transformed cunningly. She wears a filmy, red dress of deep rose-pink (always the old maid's colour); curtains hide the grinning portcullis; a corridor is no more a corridor but a fairy alley, lit more or less by a starry chain, carpeted with red felt (a trap to the unwary) and leading to grots of incredible beauty and amaze. 'Tis ever thus. This time was no exception. You arrived, you conducted your ladies down a long, dark corridor, round corners and up stairs to that blythe Classics room, where they saw in a glass darkly, then all the way back again and right up to the Great Hall, snatching gratefully some well-earned coffee intelligently distributed on the way up. Then you shook hands with our Presidents, noticing with relief that that strange and barbaric custom of reversing the obvious had been abolished.

And then you began.

If you were unwise you tore round from music to boots, from X-rays to ancient pottery, you attempted to cram in Captain Fluellen at one ear and Modern Explosives at the other, ending your breathless evening (doubtless) with the wail, "Oh, we've forgotten the Engineering!"

Throughout the evening it was evident that much work must have been done quietly and in the background by the Organising Secretaries, Mr. Burton and Mr. Wolfe. For the success of a Conversazione an amount of organisation is necessary greater than any thing dreamed of by those who afterwards enjoy its smooth working. We congratulate the Secretaries on the excellent results of their labours.

Whatever you did or whatever you did not, you must have noticed a new and peculiar "atmosphere" this year. As we have said, the University to a casual stranger may have appeared just the same that night as at any other "Conversaz," the red shaded lamps, the corridors, the crowded supper-rooms, the light dresses. But to us who knew, it was not so. There was a certain feeling of chill, caused by the

absence of hundreds of faces, whose presence before had added such an indescribable breath of life for us to all we saw and did—our friends. We laughed, we talked among ourselves, we who were left, but all the time we knew that out there in the fighting-line and scattered through a hundred camps, those others were bearing their honourable burden.

Another element was added to this poignant feeling: the immediate importance of much that we saw. The exhibitions were all excellent and would have been interesting at any time. They were especially so now when almost every department was an example of how our University is working, and has been working, for the War. Many people have wondered that there should be a Conversazione at all this year. But it is right, as this magazine has said before, that our social life should run smoothly on, and, more than this, that an opportunity should be given for admiration of the supremely valuable work done by those whom their country needs at home.

The Leather Department looked like a Scotch kitchen where you could "eat your dinner off the floor"; it shone and sparkled. Young men in shirt sleeves bent over the benches, each at his own particular job, master of it, large, silent and abashed. There was also that bullet-headed, broad-shouldered little man with the face of an artist, who gently explained to us the stages of the army boot in the making. These men were the courteous servants of the courteous Messrs. Wm. Barker and Sons.

From the Leather to the Engineering Department was an easy step. Here we recognised our old friend the testing machine, like a wise elephant lumbering through his usual round for the crowd. Downstairs we shouted "Yes," and "Oh, I see," and "How interesting!" and "Does *this* do *that*?" and we have memories of a dithering hieroglyphic of light seen under a little dark curtain amid hubbub. The most impressive thing was, of course, the demonstration on military bridges. Here we were listening to a specialist; bridges of his designing may be met with in the far corners of the Empire. We saw a skeleton of broom sticks, strikingly simple, lightly fastened together first on one plan, then on another. Each successive structure was subjected to incredible weights before it rattled asunder. The secret is that, in these light bridges, the force of pressure is converted into the force of tension, which is the more easily borne of the two.

In the Physics Department there were, among others, demonstrations of the splendid new work that has been done there on X-rays and crystals. A fascinating exhibition, also on original work, was to be seen in the Classics Department. In the Education room a concert was being given, and, as all the Departments had gone visiting each other, we looked in the Organic Chemistry Laboratory for the most interesting exhibits of the Education Department. Alas, only too many were the attractions of every Department open.

The Dyeing Department attracted many visitors. Among other exhibits they saw specimens of coal and its products; the last of this wonderful series is

actually colour. The staff of chemists employed in this Department by the Government were showing the apparatus used for making the intermediate products of dye-stuffs in this country.

Meanwhile, Professor Green lectured in the Chemistry Theatre. Sitting at the back of the room, we watched a large stream of dazzling hair-ornaments flowing in against a background of equally dazzling formulae. The Professor, a mildly diabolical figure with rhetorical hands, stood behind a row of yellow bottles. The lecture, a triumph of simplicity, was given by an authority on the subject, an eminent scientist, who still can fascinate even the unlearned by his discourse. He spoke of combustion and explosion, and went on to describe the different kinds of explosion: the shattering, which is used in bombs, and the propulsive, which is used in gun-fire. The uses of detonators and the three different kinds used in firing a gun were treated of, and Professor Green explained the importance of the timing of explosions. He then told us of the new explosive, trinitro-toluol, which, with picric acid, is being used in shells in this War. He even found time, before the close of his lecture, to make us laugh with him over the "fairytale" reports that fly about concerning the wonders of the engines of war.

Quite a goodly number of people braved the icy windiness of the entrance corridor to hear Professor Rhys Roberts expound the character of Fluellen. We suppose Fluellen was chosen both because he was a countryman of the Professor's and because he was a man of war—for of course that's where the lecture finished up, as all lectures do nowadays. Professor Robert's sympathy for his subject woke an answering enthusiasm in every heart. The Welsh accent and the patriotic rendering of the fiery little soldier's speeches created a real atmosphere. We distinctly smelt leeks as we came away, but perhaps it was only a chance fume wandering out of the Physics Lab.

And now we come to the play. Here we missed a very dear friend, who could not be with us this year, but we did not miss the splendid traditions she has given us. They were admirably kept up. The cast of "The Twelve-Pound Look" was remarkably strong, and worked together with perfect sympathy. Miss Cass-Smith in face and figure and voice *was* Lady Sims and her acting bore out the illusion with a large-eyed timidity and a pitiful echoing of Sir Harry. But though her role was monotonous, her carriage was not; sitting in her heavy robes and plumes she appeared like some slender lily bowed under its weight of dew. When she moved, her movements were a song, and there were little "swallow flights" of impulse, where we saw the woman as she might have been and cried, with the heroine, "Oh, Harry, you brute!"

Mr. Watherston as Tombes was welcomed by a friendly burst of applause as soon as he showed himself, but, being a model butler, this did not disconcert him, no, not in the least, your ladyship. His features remained sculpture and his toes were rigidly turned out. In fact, we were reminded that butlers are born and not made, and doubted sadly whether our Bobby had not missed his vocation after all.

As for Mr. Botwood, his make-up alone was a complete disguise and a triumph of the realistic. His Sir Harry was a finished study and a consistent whole, the work of a thoughtful man. There were touches, too, that could only have been learned of a wide experience of acting. That was the key-note of Mr. Botwood's performance: it was not amateurish. His Sir Harry was a living man; whether he was quite the man in the play is naturally a matter of opinion. We thought we detected a Gilbert and Sullivan influence in the mellifluous voice, the perfect elocution, the dainty movements and the slight exaggerations, telling of the actor's sense of the comedy of the whole thing working behind. The true Sir Harry is never portrayed in Gilbert and Sullivan. He is given to us rather by repertory companies in the most modern plays, with a concentrated un-dramaticness, the result of keen observation rather than of thoughtfulness. However that may be, Mr. Botwood held our interest in his difficult part from beginning to end.

Entered the burnished Miss Bolton, in fact, The Woman. Miss Bolton has a wonderful fund of sympathy that gets across the footlights; how, it is difficult to define. She looked rather young for Kate of the dark history, but she suggested a woman who would feel as much at forty as she would at twenty-five. It had hardly been the intellectual battle with her. She could be flippant, but it was not the flinty flippancy one expected. In her first part, with Lady Sims, she played the business-woman to the life, and her short, matter-of-fact speeches, punctuated with the cynical monotone of her type-writer, were—jolly. After her revelation to Sir Harry as his first wife, we saw the powers of her eyes and voice. Such a supple, rich voice! It could mystify and provoke with downcast eyes and just the hint of a dimple and anon blaze forth with passion, fiery tears almost. Then up it flew to the lighter tones of airy teasing, the glance fluttering on Sir Harry with a child's innocent naughtiness. Barrie loves to pet his heroines and to show Man as a foil to them, and it is to the credit of both actors that this impression was so perfect. Then there were the little preachy bits in which Barrie delights, spoken pathetically, right across the footlights. "One's religion is whatever one is most interested in." And our heroine touched us just as she was meant to do. We had a sense of Kate's strength too in her farewell to Lady Sims; by their very contrast we knew what storms the one had weathered, which surely the other never could. Miss Bolton gave us Kate of the heart rather than Kate of the head, but she is an actress.

And so the curtain, great and well-earned applause. But this is not the end. We must have that curtain up, we must see our stage-managers, we must shout till they come, for this has been a triumph of triumphs, we—also the *Conversazione*—owe them a debt. There they are: a shy young man with a wide brow and astounding hair, and a maiden Botticellian up to the chin and, above that, Parisian. To Miss Woodcock, whose work on the Women's Dramatic Committee is well known, and to Mr. King our thanks are due for a difficult play splendidly managed.



## "As the dried skin of Orange."

It was the scent of the wild thyme blowing over the hill, where with the sunlight in the eyes of them, grew the blue harebells so daintily, it was the song of birds on distant greenwood trees, and the shimmer of the sun on the golden stream, that drew me out to where the river sings to the sea, to where I could see the gleaming white of sails dip down beyond the searim, and the flood come shorewards, whispering to me to come, come out beyond.

The wild thyme, blowing in the vagrant soul of me, set a song to throb in my heart, so that it yearned beyond the sky-line where the ships go down. My heart yearned for the heat-rotted jungles, the streets where hang the gleaming paper lanterns, and the dark that lies stark and silent when the Northern Lights come down. I longed for the barrens, the waste places of the world, and the men that live in them.

So thought I of men and the one naked spirit within them, that laughed and sang, loved and hated, and did not understand, even as it did in me. Oh! then a longing like despair came over me, that I might understand the brotherhood of men; for it seemed to me we were as islands scattered o'er a mighty ocean, the sea of life; each one alone. Sometimes the seas that swept between our shores were calm and still, and timidly across the placid sounds would come enchanted music, whispering a brotherhood divine. But more often a yelling tempest raged between, and the red tornado lashed us nigh to blindness, so that we groped in the darkness of lust and hate and all uncharitableness. Because we do not understand.

And as I thought, the tide changed. The ebb flowed seaward, and across the wet bare sand I gazed, sick and weary of asking: "When, oh when, may we understand?" The little blue flower drooped, inland blown with the slant of rain over wind-swept land; the cry of a gull on the grey sea-foam echoed the sadness of it all, as across the silent shining sand, in the drift of spray, came the answer, "Some day! Some day!"

T. W. M.

## Three Poems.

## I. THE BOY IN THE BARN.

A little boy wandering alone in the night  
Went into a barn all wrecked and decayed;  
And the bats and the moths and the fluttering things  
Flew in his face and made him afraid.

So he fell on the floor and buried his head,  
And his lantern fell down at his feet;  
And he heard as he lay on the sweet-smelling hay  
His little heart beat, beat, beat . . .

O, little boy, lift your lantern aloft,  
And the bats will scamper away;  
And the big, brown moths will kiss the flame  
And flutter down dead on the sweet-smelling hay.

## II. A CRADLE SONG.

Hush, honey, hush,  
The night won't be long;  
Hush, honey, hush—  
And I'll sing you a song.  
Your cradle is rocking  
A sweet lullaby;  
The white stars are flocking  
Across the sky.  
Hush, honey, hush—  
The night won't be long;  
Hush, honey, hush—  
And I'll sing you a song.  
A little bird told me  
He went to sleep  
Ever so boldly  
On a warm, woolly sheep.  
Hush, honey, hush—  
The night won't be long;  
Hush, honey, hush—  
And I'll sing you a song.

## III. WINTER DUSK.

The wind it whistled  
The bare trees among,  
Whilst somewhere a robin  
Sang a late song.

H.E.R.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

27th February, 1915.

DEAR SIR,

Might I be allowed through the medium of your columns to make a suggestion which, if put into practice, would, I think, prove a simple means of avoiding any regrettable clashing of dates of various Society meetings, such as has been rather frequent this session?

I would suggest that the Secretaries of all Societies in the University meet together shortly before the end of the present term, and decide upon certain dates which shall be allotted to each Society for its meetings, and which shall not be encroached upon by any other Society. To settle the dates satisfactorily the Secretaries would require for reference a list of the dates of public lectures and Bible lectures.

This plan could, of course, only be carried out successfully if the Secretary of every Society or Union without exception attended the Meeting. It would not matter whether a Society was represented by its present Secretary or by its Secretary for the next session, as a present Secretary could pass on the dates to his or her successor.

Yours faithfully,  
NIL DESPERANDUM.

Machinery for settling dates of meetings, etc., already exists, and will work perfectly satisfactorily if people will make use of it. There is in the Office a large diary, in which the dates of important functions and all public lectures connected with the University

are entered. By the *Gryphon* box there is also a smaller diary, in which informal gatherings of students, committee meetings, and so on, may be entered. Therefore, if the Secretary of any Society wishes to fix a date for a meeting, all that is necessary is to look at both diaries, and choose and mark any free date. This date is then reserved to the Society which makes the entry. ED.

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I always read the *Gryphon* and I know a dog intimately who once wrote to *Punch*, so I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will not think me very impertinent in addressing you. Although I do not quite understand how the gentleman came to class dogs with mere live-stock, I am sure that was only a mistake, and will pass it over. What I really would like to say is how pleased I feel that our presence in the University has been recognised. I have been quite well-known for some time and, though I am a modest dog, this doesn't altogether surprise me. My mistress's father says I am a dog of parts. He has a name for every part, so that shows you. She called me Woggles at first because of my feet, but her father said Potiphar was better: I was so ingenuous. And then, when all those boys with papers were shouting all night once, he called me Przemysl. But to strike the first trail again. I know that the *Gryphon* is the smartest paper out of Town, and I always tell other dogs we take it. But I think that sometimes people are not quite as careful as they should be about the things they send in. They are not always good for one—the cover never is. I chewed off the corner of one of Mr. Sam Cohen's drawings once. And then—oh, I did feel a roué! I did not like my mistress to see me in this condition; she is always so frightened when I have had even a small fight. And then she does a thing to me called Furstade. So I was determined to avoid distressing her. I trotted down to the University and crossed the road. My mistress likes to go in and out that way, and I know it quite well now. I looked round to see if the man they call Freddie was about; he is always so keen on a scent. But all was quiet, and I saw just the thing for my complaint. There on the board was a big notiss (I think they call it) with Men's C.U. right across the top. I stood up on my hind legs, but I had to eat half way up the paper before I felt better. It was awful, it was really. There were such New Ideas going on inside me, and the Satire I felt was shocking. Just when I was beginning to feel myself again, I noticed that outsider who wears a blue tie coming down the corridor in a lost sort of way. However, when he came up with the notice board he stopped as if he'd smelt *that* before, and then he said in his mincing way: "Excuse me, Sir—you are taller than I—can you tell me whether the fixtures for the Music Recitals are up yet? My artistic sensibilities need—Ah, I think that is a man's step. Shall we get under the umbrella-stand?" Under the umbrella-stand! Besides, I knew the young man; he comes out of that little door where the wheels are. My mistress always calls him Teddy, and he never has any chocolates

except French ones. He said, "Hullo, Woggles! What are you doing here?" So we went home together and my mistress gave us both tea. And she agreed with him that I had just as much right to be there as a lot of other people. That made me so excited, I really couldn't help rushing into print; and I do thank you, Mr. Editor, if you have put in what I've said. I shall look out for it eagerly.

Believe me, Sir,

Yours very truly,

ONE OF THE GAY DOGS.

CARRIE WILKINSON, aged 9 years, is in a ward of one of the Leeds Hospitals. She is suffering from disease of the ankle and other serious illness. She has knitted a blue scarf and has sent it to an old Leeds student who has gone from her hospital to work in the Indian Hospital at Netley. By her special desire the scarf has been given to "a Hinjun soldier," and the following letter has been sent to her in acknowledgment:—

R.V. Hospital, Indian Section,  
Netley.

Dear Miss Wilkinson,

Dr. ——— forwards me your parcel with a letter to be given to an Indian soldier. It was awfully kind of you to knit it all by yourself, and I am sure the soldier appreciated it very much. The poor man is wounded in the arm, the use of which he has quite lost. The other page is written by him in his own language thanking you for the scarf. I am sending you the following translation:—

L/Naik Kalsa Singh of the 47th Sikhs sends his best regards to his little sister. I have received the scarf knitted by your sweet hands, with a letter. I am indeed very very grateful to you and am praying to God to restore you to full health quickly. May God bring your father and uncle safe from the War. Again thanking you, and may God bless you and all yours,

Yours,

KALSA SINGH.

The child's comment was: "These little things make you buck up, don't they, doctor?"

### To Professor M--rm-n.

Not mine the lot, with shell and shot,  
To fight 'neath foreign skies.

But I am told,

Out in the cold,

To watch for German spies.

Safe in my hut, I lectures cut:  
Such duties I despise.

And while they wait,

I sit in state,

And watch for German spies.

My dictaphone and I alone  
With Omar shun the wise;

With Morris and Skeat

We brave the sleet,

And watch for German spies.

P.

## On Shakespeare and Things.

IF Shakespeare had only written a cowboy play! But the versatility of the man is still amazing. How he has come into his own, since we started acting him for the cinematograph! For do we not speak of him in the same terms (partly out of respect for the dead, I grant you) as we do of *Les Misérables*, *Tweedledum*, *Dante's Inferno* and other immortal creations of the lowered lights, whose fame will go down to preposterity? It is a sign of great vigour in our pursuit of masterpieces, that we are sufficiently alive to talent in unexpected places to dig up the obscure bankrupts in the world of art, and to present them so bedecked with glory that they themselves would stand amazed at the possibilities of their own work.

\* \* \* \*

I remember a certain University magazine which had periodical critiques of the Picture House fare to be had in the city. Being the products of the choicest minds in the University, they were examples of the best criticism, of course; in this style:—

"A wonderfully fine show. The *pièce de résistance* is a soul-stirring drama striking chords of the strongest of human emotions. The setting is entrancingly beautiful, the silhouette of the united lovers at the close being particularly outstanding. Wiffles Woffles, in which an old favourite re-appears, is a rollicking farce-comedy, introducing situations which are screamingly funny," and so forth.

\* \* \* \*

Until someone fishes up from the sink of his mind a more titillating adverb than *entrancingly*, until an even more robust fun than Wiffles sends picture-goers into some extremity severer than screaming, until then must we strain at the barrier of words, lest we use the same adverb twice and be damned.

\* \* \* \*

So we foam at our metaphorical mouths, we travail fit for mountains, and bring forth at last one of the old mousy ones.

\* \* \* \*

What should we do, I wonder, we who write on Germany for the journals, who answer unsubstantial love-lorns in ladies' papers, who write on the arts in College magazines, if we lacked our *harmoniouslys*, our *brilliantis*, our *ravishings*, our *sympathetics*? Look you, by disproving the existence of some dozen or so words that I could mention (and we have all heard stranger things proven), our enemies could bring indescribable confusion into the order of our life. Suppose we could no longer stir the heart to its uttermost depths (like a badly-mixed batter), if we could no longer talk of striking notes of this, and touching chords of the other? Suppose Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, the latest thing in evening gowns, or Tipperary on the gramophone could no longer do these? Suppose the heroine in a picture-play could not roll her eyes and twiddle her fingers in a crisis; or suppose the hero could not grease his hair and smile sidewise. What else would be left for them to do? How could Roara O'Murk stir thousands every day, and twice on Saturdays?

The fabric of our civilisation would melt away. Hacks, University professors, penny-a-liners would go hang, and the world would become a howling wilderness.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*We accept no responsibility for the consequences of our advice.*

C.H.L.—You forget you are a Fresher. Try a smaller size in hats, or get a candid opinion from one of the Women Students.

JIMMY.—We feel flattered by your query. A patent burglar-alarm would prevent the unperceived entrance of latecomers when your back is turned.

MATHEMATICAL.—No, we don't see any objection to your knitting—ever tried sewing shirts for soldiers?

RESURRECTION.—It is strange to find you a real (as distinct from an avowed) misogynist. Persevere against the odds and you might convert one or two of your colleagues.

SPECIAL.—Your queries are dealt with pictorially. Kindly send our fee (rs. P.O.) by return.

OUTRAGED.—The amount of live-stock seen lately in the Entrance Hall is a mystery to us. Possibly this is the hitherto undiscovered cause of the destruction of notices and posters.

CONVERSAZIONE AND OTHERS.—Many thanks for your kind letters of appreciation.

## Chanty.—"Trip it, Bella."

*Chanty.*

As I came in one morning fair,  
All in the blithesome Spring,

*Chorus.*

Trip it, trip it, Arabella,  
Trip it, Bella.

*Chanty.*

Before me walked a rare merry maid,  
And she did gaily sing;

*Chorus.*

Gay and sweet, O merry minstrel,  
Merry minstrel.

*Chanty.*

And dimples on her cheeks there played,  
As bright as anything.

*Chorus.*

Rarely, rarely, pretty one,  
My pretty one.

*Chanty.*

Around her ankles, saucy jade,  
The silken frills did cling.

*Chorus.*

Fie, oh fie, sweet Arabella,  
Fie, sweet Bella.

*Chanty.*

"I'll come with thee, my merry maid;  
My heart to thee I fling."

*Chorus.*

Stay ye, stay ye, heedless one,  
Stay, O heedless.

*Chanty.*

"I'll have not thee, O foolish man!"  
Oh, folly! Oh, the sting!

*Chorus.*

Hie away, chill Arabella!  
Trip it, Bella!

H.S.

"Germany."





EWIS

Special Constables.

## "Love in the Valley."

A Parody

after (a long way) George Meredith.

THE rising moon shed a diffuse and softened radiance through the light silver-gray mist which crept almost imperceptibly from tree to tree throughout the sleeping valley. Sleeping, yet palpably pregnant with life, for the air was permeated with the drone of languid nature and the warm scented fragrance thrown off by the flowering hawthorns. It had rained a little during the afternoon, and the half-refreshed earth sent forth odours of ferns and flowers. Ideal atmosphere for the young god Love to plant darts in the hearts of the susceptible!

She walked somewhat hurriedly, head bent, her full, clear face hid from the pale invading light. Now and then she peeped up sufficiently to enjoy with deep breath the keen scents of the early Spring. Her companion lagged, and seemed not to display any particular haste to place himself in his proper position by her side. By and by the mist cleared or rolled indistinctly past them, and a centre of shadowy blue in the heavens, shot with silvery streaks and hemmed by voluted grey clouds, told where the moon was.

"I am sorry you are having to walk," he said to her, and inwardly blessed untoward circumstances which made it necessary. She stepped on, absorbed or indifferent.

"Why won't you speak to me?" he asked after an interval.

No answer; and Nature rolled an irritating accompaniment of chuckling silence. He repeated his question after consideration. She answered, "Because I don't wish to." He shut himself within and meditated on the unreasonableness of woman, and this one in particular. Here was place and opportunity for a love scene as a pendant to the vast calm of nature, and the necessary object for love to be lavished on was evidently quite insensible to its charms. It was really too bad. So they proceeded a little way.

Presently she turned without looking at him, and pointed to a dry spot in the shade of an overhanging hawthorn.

"Let me sit here for a while," she said softly; "you may go on, if you like; I shall overtake you."

He decided to stay, and sat down beside her, waiting.

She put her hand over her shoulder and plucked a flower with nervous fingers, carried it to her lap and absently began to pull it to pieces. He watched her. Connoisseur in emotions as he thought himself, he scented passion.

"Won't you speak,?" he said.

"You are very persistent," she answered, and again Nature seemed to applaud. He decided to leave her to herself; he could do that, he thought, at any rate. But in a moment he was conscious of a sudden change in her. He was sitting quite close to her of necessity, and his blood felt it before it could reach his brain. She was a dear little woman after all, only too old at times, he reflected.

"Would you rather I had gone on?" he asked, determined to begin the conversation in a safe channel, and trusting to events to lift it to the crest.

"I wonder," was all she replied.

He felt crushed. Was ever girl so irritating? There she sat, sounding the abysses of the future, for aught he knew, instead of relinquishing herself to the influence of nature and the present.

Love smiled maliciously in the overhead branches of the hawthorn.

He tried again.

"Do you remember that evening on the cliffs?"

Her cheeks tingled.

"Don't speak of that, please," she replied. She was far from being carried away by the recollection, but, remembering all that occurred then, she determined to check emotion if she could. His hand touched her uncovered arm, and she drew back quickly.

"Why do you do so?" he asked.

"Why did you touch me?" she retorted. Her mood irritated. Passion, fanned by the enchantment of surroundings, revolted.

He asked, feigning coldness,

"Shall I go?"

"No," was her reply, given softly. It stirred him to indiscretion. He moved closer to her, and strained the licence born of incredulity to its utmost, to see her face. She kept it in the shade.

"You kissed me then," he said caressingly, "but now you are——"

She turned to him suddenly, eyes reproaching.

"Forgive me," he said, "—deliciously charming."

She looked inquiry, but gave no signs of response to his mood. His eyes pleaded, but she ignored obstinately. In a minute or two,

"'Men kiss us when we are happy,'" she mused, quoting; and his senses wilfully missed the opening. Silence, broken only by the stirring of leaves, cloaked his blunder. The almost imperceptible music of foliage floated a low chorus.

"It is a beautiful night," she murmured, à propos of nothing.

"Very," he assented, and wondered vaguely why she talked like this.

His arm sidled round her on pretence of reaching a hawthorn bud, and, finding itself there, left the bud and took her waist. She leaned forward, and his hand slipped down to the grass. He persisted and reached for her hand. She let him have it, though her fingers remained fingers. His hand twitched on hers, but she seemed not to notice it. He straightened himself, and sat so that her hair just brushed his shoulder. Such hair she had! Dusky masses shimmering in dull lustre, shot here and there with glances that suggested gold. His swelling passion lost footing as his nerves began to discern warmth.

Then coy Love sped his second arrow

She leaned back against his arm, and lifted her face to him. Her fingers sprang to life.

"I am afraid I weary you," she said.

"Why do you say so?" he asked, his eyes looking tenderness.

"You are restless," was her answer, given smiling.

"Why do you avoid me?" he demanded, semi-reproachfully.

"I! I don't avoid you, do I? Have I ever done so?" His sentimentalism failed to respond to the stimulus. He gazed at the wooded hillside across the valley, conscious of her eyes upon his face and the weight of her body half leaning against him. Her lips invited, he knew, but he feared a return of her former mood. She drew breath sharply, and his head turned quickly at the sound.

"Are you cold?" he asked, though he held one hand which burnt. She gave her arm, and his fingers clasped it. Feelings changed hosts like shoots of subtle flame. He was drawn irresistibly, and bent towards her lips.

She took his hot kiss and gave hers; her head drooped contentedly on his shoulder. He fondled her hair.

"Why were you so cold, dear girl?" he asked with unreasonable curiousness. She answered, in a low quivering tone:

"Am I cold, now?"

He kissed her hair; the moth's kiss, fluttering.

"Now I may speak of our night on the cliffs," he intimated, after a pause; and Love in the hawthorn bush, skilled craftsman, chuckled over his work.

"Yes, if you wish," was her reply.

"Then tell me," he went on, "why did you kiss me then?"

"You were unhappy; it was the beginning of our friendship."

"Unhappy! You——!"

His arm tightened round her waist, and he sought her eyes. She met him fairly, and nestled closer to him.

"Unhappy! There with you?"

"You remember all you said?" she asked.

"No. We talked of friendship and——"

"Of friendship without love," she interrupted calmly.

He plunged wildly:

"I loved you then—that night."

"Then you deceived me?"

"No; people who are deceived do not kiss—as we did."

"Why don't they?" she inquired simply.

"Ah!" sighed he, "I don't mean——"

She tugged for her hand, and grudgingly it was released.

"Well?" was her inquiry, soft but persistent.

"I mean—they ought not to—if they know of the deception," he answered lamely.

"Did we know? Were we deceived? Words, you know——" She broke off, looking at him.

"——are not the language of love?"

"No."

He reached for her hand again, and searched her eyes. Clear like placid waters of a lake when the stars image themselves in depths, they reflected sincerity.

"Love, cloaked with friendship," he mused.

"Say friendship cloaked in love, rather," she murmured.

"You dear girl!" he said, impetuously; and then, "Kiss me."

She lifted her face and touched her lips to his, clingly, though momentarily, without passion.

It was he who drew back, bashfully. For a little while he held her there, silently. A nightingale was heard across the valley. Overhead, the sky was full of the glory of silver-flecked clouds, skirmishing on a background of unplumbed depth of blue. The scent of blossoming hawthorn completed the idyll. Contact said more than words for them. It was she who broke the spell.

"Shall we walk a little farther?" she asked, half rising.

His eyes and arm pleaded "No," and she sank back again, her head on his shoulder. He moved his arm from her waist, and linked her neck. Touch of flesh fanned passion, and he pressed her to him.

"Do let us talk then," she said.

"You love me, darling?"

"Of course; should I kiss you else?"

She feigned amazement prettily.

"You kissed me then—that other night. Did you love?"

"I think so," was her answer, given softly. It made his heart divine its empire. "We did not know each other so well at that time."

"Love is a short cut to knowledge," he said, philosophically. "Suppose we had never met."

"Oh! Why do you imagine dreadful things?" she replied shuddering.

"Is it dreadful to you, to think so?"

"How can it be otherwise, my——my lover!"

Her hair caressed his cheek, and his arm held her. He slipped lower on the grass slope, and laid a hot cheek on hers. She was cooler than he, outwardly.

"Dearest!" he whispered.

Her sympathetic lips twitched, but she did not speak.

"What was it you said a little while ago? You kissed me because I was unhappy."

She turned her face to him, and read in his eyes what nothing but music could have told her.

"Are you unhappy—now?" she breathed.

"Until you kiss me," he answered longingly.

Her bosom rose and fell quickly. He held her a little away from him, and gazed yearningly a moment in her passionate quivering features. Both his arms encircled her. She trembled in his embrace, and her lips drew like a vortex. He touched them, and his senses reeled in a purple mist. They clung heart to heart.

In a little while they parted. He looked at her, half afraid now. Smouldering fires still burnt in her eyes, and her flushed cheeks. He rose to his feet quickly.

"The air smells quite damp," he said glancing round.

She got up quickly, plucked a sprig of hawthorn, and put it in her bosom.

"Yes, let us go," she assented.

And Love in the branches carolled softly as he counted his arrows.

**Belgian Hospitality Fund.**

WE have to announce, with deep regret, the death of Madame de Wandeleer, of 10, De Grey Terrace, which took place on Monday, February 22nd. Madame de Wandeleer, who was 75 years of age, had suffered great hardships at the bombardment of Malines and on the journey to this country; during the whole period of her residence in Leeds she was under medical treatment, and in the end died very suddenly of heart failure. Two sons and three sons-in-law attended the funeral on Wednesday; the University was represented by the Vice-Chancellor and Professor Gillespie.

**DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.****Union Committee.**

It has been decided by the Union Committee that the Men's Athletic Sports, which usually take place early in the summer term, shall be abandoned this year. The Women's Sports are to take place as usual at a date to be announced later.

H.W.T.

**Debating Society.**

ON Monday, February 8th, Miss Kirkwood proposed the motion "That the recent State intervention has been in the best interests of the country," and Mr. Silverman led the opposition, attacking the Moratorium as favouring the rich against the poor. Mr. Bowker and Mr. Dean seconded the motion and the opposition respectively. A lively discussion followed, in which Miss Crowther, Mr. Haythorne, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Martin and Mr. Exley took part. A small majority carried the motion.

The Society on this date accepted a form of written Constitution, drawn up under the authority of the Committee. Some members were very pleased to have gained this valuable protection against despotic officials, especially as it was only after three years' agitation that it was gained.

A very large meeting of the Society met on Thursday, February 25th, to discuss the motion "That men are greater slaves of fashion than women." Miss Woodcock proposed the motion, seconded by Miss Umanski, who produced in quite a business-like manner various examples of the extremes of colour to which men have allowed themselves to be carried in the matter of neck-ties. Mr. Lambert opposed the motion, adopting temporarily the role of the thorough-going misogynist, and Mr. Richardson seconded the opposition. A very long debate followed, when Mr. Watherston, from the Chair, declared the motion open to discussion. Some speakers gave very interesting and touching little stories of their home life to illustrate the variety of their brothers or sisters. The motion was won by a large majority, 75 votes to 37. A great deal of amusement was afforded by some members of the Society, who mistook the debate for a fancy dress ball.

The Birmingham Inter-'Varsity Debate was held on Friday, February 12th, at which Miss Crowther and Mr. Lambert acted as delegates.

On the next Friday a Debate was held at Manchester, when the motion under discussion was "That this War, like all great wars, turns upon ideas rather than upon economic facts." Miss Holdsworth seconded this motion in the intervals of silence which occasionally arose. This debate at least has the merit of being the most noisy of this year's Inter-'Varsities, but our sympathy must be given to the speakers, who bravely developed their arguments through the trial of a German spy, caught in the very Hall of the University, an aeroplane raid, and sundry exhibitions of musical talent.

The fourth Inter-'Varsity Debate of this year was held at Liverpool in the Gilmour Hall, on Friday, February 26th, when Mr. Silverman seconded the proposition "That a Balance of Power is the best guarantee of peace." This debate was much quieter, though a very energetic guard presented arms to each several speaker, and several alarm clocks were discovered to have been introduced into the Hall, for what purpose no one can tell.

J.S.

**Social Study Society.**

LATE sittings have characterised meetings of the Society this term. It is gratifying to know that that horrid phrase, "there being no discussion, the meeting closed," can be left out of reports on the Society's meetings.

On January 28th Professor Gillespie gave a fascinating paper on "Might is Right." We were told that Nietzsche's doctrine was extremely ancient, and in the interesting parallel which Professor Gillespie drew between the thought of Callicles, a minor sophist of the 5th Century B.C. and that of Nietzsche, we saw how Nietzsche got his idea of the Superman. The individual is a cypher unless he makes himself prominent. Nietzsche's doctrine is Futurism, Cubism and Post-Impressionism rolled into one. So Professor Gillespie says.

On February 5th Mr. Greenwood lectured before the Society on "The European Map in the 19th Century." Mr. Webster was in the Chair. The lecturer illustrated the problem of nationality by rapidly surveying the various states of Europe, and by touching upon the cause of their development. Liberty, freedom and equality, Mr. Greenwood said, lead to the national ideal and to political democracy.

On February 19th Mr. Clay gave an interesting paper on "The Industrial Outlook of Democracy." The lecturer traced the growth of voluntary associations, and in this connection he dealt with Trade Unions. The Trade Union substituted collective bargaining for individual bargaining. Mr. Clay's remarks on specialization or division of labour were apt and to the point. Specialization makes man an "economic machine," and destroys all sense of responsibility and power of initiative. Aristotle's saying, "The slave is a living tool, and the tool a lifeless soul," puts the whole thing in a nutshell.



On Wednesday, February 10th, a party of forty-two members of the Society and others paid a visit to York, and was shown round the Cocoa Works of Messrs. Rowntree, Ltd. Endless corridors, huge piles of boxes and the process of box-making came in for close examination. We also saw the packing of chocolate, and marvelled at the dexterity with which it was done. We stayed to tea, at the kind invitation of Messrs. Rowntree, and Mr. Seebohm Rowntree talked to us of the social side of things in the works. After tea we proceeded en masse to the city, and frantic attempts were made to get into the Cathedral, but the gentleman in "black puttees" was impervious to all our endeavours, so we all honoured the Picture Hall by our presence.

The Rev. Lewis Donaldson, Vicar of St. Mark's, Leicester, has promised to speak to the Society on Friday, March 19th. The Meeting will be thrown open to all and it is hoped there will be a good attendance.  
C.H.L.

#### Agricultural Society.

THE Sixth Ordinary Meeting and the Annual Dinner of the Society were held in the Refectory on February 4th, at 6 p.m. Mr. John Potts, B.Sc., gave a paper entitled "The Influence of War on the Farming Industry." The paper was a very interesting one, and touched on many economic problems connected with the War—problems which affect both the present and the future of Agriculture. Mr. Potts brought forward a remarkably complete set of figures regarding the variations in the market prices of various feeding stuffs and grain.

Dinner was served shortly after the conclusion of the paper, and, needless to say, the worthy sons of the soil did full justice to Mrs. Beck's excellent cuisine.

The Dinner was followed, as in past years, by a Smoking Concert. About a dozen gentlemen contributed to the programme, which included some excellent songs and recitations. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem brought the very enjoyable evening to a close. The attendance was very good, there being forty-two members and past students present.

#### Cavendish Society.

THE Fifth Ordinary Meeting was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre on January 19th, when the Society was favoured with a visit from Professor A. W. Crossley, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S., of London, who gave a most interesting lecture on "The Preparation and Commercial Uses of Hydrogen." Professor Crowther presided.

The lecturer described the principal methods by which hydrogen is made on the industrial scale, and proceeded to discuss its commercial uses, those of the greatest importance being the synthetic production of ammonia and the hardening of fats. The former method, as its name implies, consists in the union

of the constituent elements under suitable conditions, platinum black, nickel, and cobalt being used as efficient catalysers in the process. The hardening of fats consists in the addition to the glyceride of an un-saturated acid of the necessary number of hydrogen atoms to convert it to the glyceride of a saturated acid, in the presence of finely divided nickel. Fats of all degrees of hardness can be obtained by this process, many of which find industrial application in the manufacture of soaps.

On February 19th a Special Meeting of the Society was held, when Dr. H. F. Coward, of Manchester, delivered an experimental lecture on "The Ignition of Gases." The lecture was particularly interesting in view of the fact that the experiments described therein had been personally carried out by the lecturer, whose excellent and trustworthy work in this field of science is well known. Experiments, such as were possible, were carried out during the lecture, and highly appreciated by the hundred members present. Experiments were described relating to the minimum percentages of constituent gases in mixtures necessary for ignition, and to the influence of pressure on the ignition temperature. Many excellent and beautiful slides were shown.

S. ELLINGWORTH.

#### Women's Hockey Club.

##### First Eleven.

THIS term began badly, our first match breaking the record of successes which we had preserved to the end of last term.

January 16th. *v.* BINGLEY TRAINING COLLEGE.  
Away. Lost 0-1. Without our usual forward line and on a difficult ground, we did not make headway with the shooting.

January 23rd. *v.* HARROGATE LADIES.  
Away. Won 5-4. This was a stiff game, the team played well together, and we felt we had earned our victory.

January 30th. *v.* BATLEY LADIES.  
Home. Lost 0-1. An even game, played in short passing style. Our forwards were somewhat hindered by our opponents packing in the circle.

Here the weather asserted itself, and we had no match for a fortnight.

February 26th. *v.* GUISELEY & RAWDON LADIES.  
Home. Won 16-0. Here even the backs had an opportunity to score.

##### *Cake and Sweet Sale.*

On Wednesday, February 24th, a Cake and Sweet Sale was held in the Women's Rooms in aid of the Club funds. In addition to the Sale in the Study, the Common Room was arranged as a Café Chantant, with certain mysterious side shows, such as the fish pond, and the abode of Madame Inoyou, clairvoyante. An enjoyable afternoon was spent, and, thanks to the generous disposition of donors and buyers and the subscriptions received from several members of the staff, we hope to realise considerably over £4.

### The Literary and Historical Society.

ON Monday, February 1st, Miss I. Crowther read a paper on "Optimism in Literature." Miss Crowther's remarks upon Optimism as an attitude in life were enlivened by a multitude of those trite and witty epigrams and bons mots in the use of which Miss Crowther is a past mistress. Her remarks, when more strictly confined to literature, displayed an intimate knowledge of many optimistic writings, both amusing and serious.

### Natural History Society.

THE Fifth Meeting of the Society was held in the Zoological Department on February 11th. Mr. H. W. Thompson, B.Sc., gave a paper on "The Economic Importance of Insects."

The speaker dealt principally with insects connected with Agriculture: for instance, the Ox Warble fly, the housefly, bees, etc. Each insect was described, and it was shown how a large amount of damage could be done in a short time. The Ox Warble fly alone had accounted for £60,000 worth of damaged hides in Newcastle market in one year.

Mr. Thompson gave the life histories of the Diamond-back moth and the leaf miner, two insects on which he had done a large amount of work.

In connection with the usefulness of insects, we were told that many of the destroyed pupæ from silk cocoons are used as food in China.

E. PERCIVAL,  
Hon. Sec.

### Men's Christian Union.

ON January 29th an inspiring meeting was held, at which the Rev. W. J. Moulton, M.A., of Headingley College, spoke, the subject being "The Guiding Hand of God."

On February 26th Mr. A. N. Brayshaw, B.A., LL.B., of the Society of Friends, gave a very good address on "Facts of the Spiritual Life." Although so few were present, those who heard the address felt that the time had been well spent.

Sunday, February 28th, was observed by students all over the world as a Universal Day of Prayer. At Leeds a most inspiring and helpful meeting was held in the Men's Refectory. About one hundred students were present, representing the University, the Training College and the School of Art. The Intercession was led by the Rev. Hugh Martin, M.A., the educational Secretary of the Student Christian Movement.

As we prayed together we realised that we were not alone in our intercession, but that the students of Russia, of Germany, of Austria, and those of America and the Far East were also praying for the whole Student world.

E.E.M.

### Women's Christian Union.

WE began the term by holding Missionary training classes for study circle leaders on January 12th and 13th, and found our work much more interesting and considerably lighter as a result.

ON February 2nd Miss Fairfield addressed a general meeting, taking for her subject "The Cultivation of the Spiritual Life," a continuation of Miss Bretherton's address last term. Miss Fairfield laid stress on three special points. The Incarnation of God is the supreme tenet of Christianity. For the development of faith and the discovery of the possibilities of the life of Christ we must make room in our lives for God. We can find Him in ordinary life and in special religious life, hence the importance of corporate life and prayer. In order to obtain the secret communion with God which is the means of developing the individual Christian life, we must subject ourselves to discipline to the command of Christ.

Finance week was held this year by more students than last year, and altogether £3 16s. had been sent in before the "Student Movement" went to press.

On Tuesday, March 2nd, Miss Stubbs gave us an extremely interesting account of her work as mistress in a large Chinese School for Girls. We found the hour far too short and only mourned that more were not with us to enjoy Miss Stubbs' vivid description of the Chinese language, country and people. At the close of the meeting Miss Gulston placed before us the claims of the S.V.M.U., urging us at least to consider the possibility of a life spent on the mission field.

By the time this notice appears we shall have had the farewell visit of our Travelling Secretary, Miss Stephens. We cannot thank her for all that we owe to her influence and guidance, and we are sad to think that we may see her no more in her present capacity.

S.V. meetings are held once a fortnight, either devotional or addressed by an outside speaker. Last time Miss Cooper gave an interesting account of her work in India.

### Missionary Settlement for University Women in Bombay.

ON Friday, January 29th, in the Women's Common Room, a meeting was addressed by Miss Cowan, who gave a comprehensive and deeply interesting account of the Educational movement among the women students of India, and in particular of the work at the Missionary Settlement in Bombay.

As a result of this meeting a Leeds branch of Home Members of the M.S.U.W., which is largely maintained by women's colleges in the British Empire, has been formed, or rather revived, among the women students. It is to be hoped that the venture will prove successful, since it offers to women students a unique opportunity for rendering effective help to the Women's Movement in India.

A committee has been formed, consisting of the following members, drawn from all years:—D. Birch, F. Birkhead, M. Childe, G. Gulston, together with C. Caldwell (*ex-officio*) and W. Mee, Secretary. Subscriptions are due at the beginning of next term. The minimum subscription is 2s. 6d., but rs. will be accepted from members *during their College course only*. All particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, or from any member of the Committee.

W.E.M.

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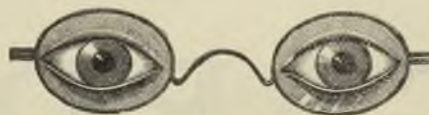
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