

# THE GRYPHON

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DEC. 9, 1914.



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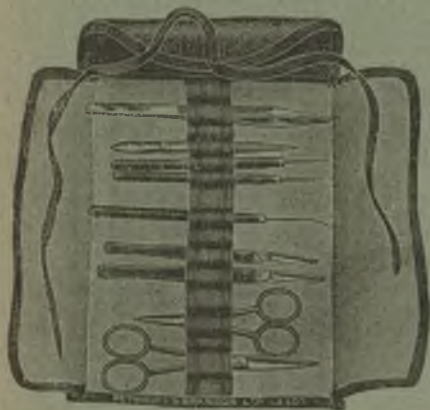


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Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

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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.

Mr. N. M. Comber, B.Sc., A.R.C.S., as Assistant Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry.

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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Mr. A. M. Pryce, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., as Demonstrator in Bacteriology.

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Vol. XVIII.

DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 2.

Editor: HESTER E. WOODCOCK.

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WE feel sure that our readers will be interested in the *News from the Front* which we publish in this issue. The first part consists of letters, most kindly placed at our disposal by the family of the writer. Then follows an account of the experiences of one of our men who has come home wounded. The third part hardly requires explanation.

\* \* \*

A prize of One guinea has been offered, by a member of the University who does not wish his name to be known, for the best original English poem on "For what are we fighting?" The poem must not exceed twenty lines, but may be shorter, for the saying of much in few words will be esteemed a special merit. All competitors must be students of the University, and must send in their work to the Editor by Jan. 12th, 1915. The successful poem will be published in the *Gryphon* together with any others submitted, at the discretion of the Editor. The verses should be typed, or at least very clearly written. The judges will be the giver of the prize, Professor Gordon and the Editor.



The Union Committee has lost many members owing to the War, but none will be missed more keenly than Mr. F. L. Seymour-Jones. He was unanimously elected Hon. Secretary at the beginning of term, and has earned the gratitude of every student by his ability as an organizer and by the careful attention he has given to the many duties of a Union Secretary. We shall miss him, but we feel proud to give him up to the nation. In Mr. Chaumeton again we lose a very zealous member, who has done excellent work and played a great part in many branches of University life. Mr. H. P. Lupton, too, is going. Although he has been on the Union only a short time, he has shown great interest in our corporate life. We wish them all good luck and a safe return.

\* \* \*

On page 32 will be found the Union Balance Sheet. Our grateful thanks are due to Professor Connal, who has been Treasurer for many years, and who still, in spite of many activities, finds time to keep watch over the purse strings.

\* \* \*

Although the dance has had to be given up this year, its place has been taken, to some extent, by the Union Musical Evenings. The last one was a great success, and we are glad to hear that there is to be another on Thursday, January 21st, 1915. The date of the *Conversazione* has been fixed for Friday, February 12th.

\* \* \*

All matter for the next *Gryphon* must be sent in by Monday, January 25th, 1915.

## News From The Front.

*October 13th, 1914.*

Have been having a deuce of a time. We marched forward into a village under shell fire and took up our positions. We got well shelled with shrapnel. After a time we all formed up and marched up the village to attack and turn out some Germans. When massed up we were very heavily shelled. One bullet swirled past my cheek as I ducked, and struck a wall, knocking two bricks out; I laughed!

We went forward over ploughed fields under heavy artillery fire and a little rifle fire, until we got to a burning house, where we got hell. Poor Major— was killed within ten yards of me, and — was wounded; ditto my fellow-subaltern. The Germans retired, and we got into position under cover of night, and dug out trenches to get cover for next day. . . . It was very cold. We stopped there until 6 a.m. We were up at 2 a.m. on the morning before. I got an hour's sleep in a trench. Next day it poured and we got pretty wet, with very little to eat until rations came up. Then in the afternoon we all moved forward again and started a new attack on a village. — was killed, and poor old — got wounded in the leg. He was quite cheery about it; lucky dog—he will get home safe and sound. We got into the position for my part with very little fire on us, and then had a night advance and got into position in a drain by the side of the road, where we still are. It rained in the

night, and what with damp and cold it was pretty fair hell. It looks like more rain. I have got Major —'s revolver, and I have just shot a wounded horse. I also went out with two men as a patrol into a wood and a village scouting. We saw some men and lay down. I found they were French, however, who informed me that the place was clear, for which I was thankful and returned. We are now waiting in the drain, I do not know what for.

Send out some Waverley tobacco, unless you have already sent tobacco. I have not heard since I wrote acknowledging your letters. . . . Frogs are hopping about all over me. I am as fit as a fiddle and stand the wet and cold very well. Our colonel has come back and is now in charge.

Artillery is shelling a town on our right. Don't get worried if you don't hear from me. Posts are rare, and no news is good news. The German artillery is magnificent, the infantry so far as I have come across them, not so good. They are devils; in a farm we got to they had shot the farmer and locked three women and three children in the house, which was being heavily shelled, and then set it on fire. Some of our men managed to get them out. They were absolutely panic-stricken.

Well, I must get on now. Cheer oh, and don't worry. I think this will give you an idea of the fun we are having.

"HERE," *October 18th, 1914.*

I have got your letters of 6th and 8th; very grateful for them; the cigarettes most acceptable, also peppermints, mittens and foot-powder, just what I wanted. . . . I should like a thick pair of pants, also a scarf. We have had no more casualties and have only run across small patrols of Uhlans, who have given us no trouble. On Friday night we slept in billets for the first time for three nights—jolly glad I was. We had a report that the enemy was in a wood to-day, and all got out into proper formations; but the few there were retired. We advance a fair way each day. To-night in billets again; — and self in a kitchen with an orderly, cutting out the inside of a chicken for dinner under my nose, and the woman of the house and baby sitting quite close watching. All the men in the yard each round his own camp-fire cooking bacon and doing themselves well.

The Germans have looted every village and town. Cottages with everything turned inside out, everything worth taking gone and all the wine drunk. Churches and farms ablaze, and peasants often grateful for a crust of bread. They are delighted when we come along, and say how different we are from the Germans. They take everything, often locking the people in the cellar till they want to go. Some they make strip off all clothes. They leave offal and filth all over, and are most insanitary. The prisoners we have seen look awful worms, with no backbone at all. We went out scouting to-day, and on my returning to show the Company their way up to their position, a farm woman rushed out and gave me coffee, bread and butter, nuts and pears, a great catch. I have got to know my men; they are very willing and do what they are told readily. There is a lot of hard foot-



slogging and tiresome work, but very little grumbling. One dear old fellow came up and offered me a cigar, and another gave me a bit of bread and jam on the march. I ran across Bingham in the cold early morning with his bike on the road the other day; very funny to see him. . . . It has been very wet lately, and sleeping in a ditch has been far from pleasant. A hard day yesterday; up at 2 a.m., long march of about eight miles in the rain, a halt and on again; finally we got into billets, just settled down, and ordered out, and four miles on. I then had to patrol down to an outpost with one N.C.O., and got back dead beat about 6.30 p.m., had a wash, clean things on, a good dinner, a deep sleep. Must get on now.

October 28th, 1914.

Last Friday morning we went into trenches. We were first in support trenches and had snipers out after us; not very many, however, were hit. On Sunday we pushed along and dug ourselves in along our present line in pouring rain. I am still mud from head to toe, my feet were squelching with water in my boots, and puttees and knees soaking. Next morning we were shelled, but not so as to harm anyone just near us. That night I went back to my old company, as reinforcements came up, and have been since then in support trenches three hundred yards behind the actual firing line where I was before. We are heavily shelled off and on all day, except for a few outbursts of rifle fire, mainly at night, and continual sniping, which means that if you leave your trench to do any part of your day's duties, you do it at your risk. I expect there will be a post awaiting us when we get relieved. Thanks very much for papers. We are at a deadlock here, although further north our army has been doing very well, and I hear has captured six hundred, and killed and wounded a thousand. I myself see very little chance of actual fighting ever putting this war to an end; food and money are what will do it. The German "Black Maria" or "Coal Bucket" is a terrible weapon; of course none of our field-guns can touch it, and if they get the range they can bury us in our trenches and never give our infantry a chance.

I have not had a wash or brush for six days now, and have not changed my clothes or had them off for a fortnight; I do not know what I must look like. Food supply is regular and good in its way: a portion of jam, a small tin of bully and about six or eight biscuits, or, if lucky, some bread. Tea and sugar we also get, but they are not much use to us now, as we cannot light fires. There is very little water just here; this may sound bad, but it is quite all right; the men have sufficient and are well and happy, joking away and smoking their pipes or their own made cigarettes. I have been smoking twist.

L. and P. joined us on Sunday, and we had to attack across some open ground, and a good few coal-boxes fell, and there was a pretty heavy, but, I am glad to say, ill-directed rifle fire. Having attacked and done our work we retired again to our trenches. It is no picnic here. If ever I get home, we are going to have a beanfeast. I only have my great coat

with me besides my ordinary kit; my cap, comforter, body belt and everything like that I had to leave in my valise in the last rush, so there is no change day or night. I am very well, however—a bit stiff, that is all.

October 30th, 1914.

We have got into a position where we shall probably stick for some time. I have been two more days in the trenches, and two nights putting up wire entanglements in front of the firing line. Glad to say the enemy were not too fly. We got shelled heavily, however, and snipers caused trouble. We caught seven yesterday. Last night it poured with rain, and I lay all night and steamed; getting dry now. The trenches were inches deep in mud, and all sloppy and greasy.

Papers of all kinds will always be acceptable. If I get even a scrap round rations, I read the advertisement for amusement. I think the work you are all doing for the Belgians is splendid. England and the English people are doing noble work. This war has done some good.

I saw a German prisoner the other day and tried to talk to him and gave him a drink. He was awfully bucked, and patted me on the back and smiled, and seemed awfully bucked to be captured.

G. N. S.

---

At this time of war it may be of interest to members of the University to know something of what is actually happening at the front. Although naturally the outlook of a subaltern in the firing line is very narrow, yet what happens at one point on the line is probably happening in a more or less similar fashion all along the line.

So far the war may be divided roughly into four stages; the retreat from Mons, the advance to the Aisne, the long-drawn-out battle of the Aisne, and the fierce fighting in Northern France and Belgium. It is only of the last two stages that the writer can speak, as he was only present at these two.

The Battle of the Aisne consisted mainly of an artillery duel, with an occasional night attack by one or other of the opposing sides.

By day the main job of an infantry man was to keep out of sight and to avoid Jack Johnson when he came along. The artillery did the rest. For a fortnight the writer lived underground in a wood within easy range of the German guns. By day those of us who could slept; the rest stayed awake cursing the guns for the infernal din which was going on. Occasionally a head appeared cautiously out of the ground, and if there were no signs of German aeroplanes or shells about, figures might be seen moving stealthily about the wood. On the word "aeroplane" everyone scurried like rabbits into their holes and remained there until everything was quiet again. At night everyone came out, drew rations for the next day, had a drink of cold tea, which was made in a village a mile or so behind, and spent the night in the trenches waiting to repel any attack which the Germans might choose to make.



From there a large body of our troops were rushed across France towards the coast. All the marching was done at night in order to conceal the movements from the enemy. During the day we were billeted and supposed to get a little rest, but it was very little, as there was a considerable amount of reorganising to do.

After a little over a week, everyone was in the thick of it again, digging themselves in during the night and fighting most of the day. This kind of thing has been going on ever since, and at times it was practically impossible to get more than a few minutes' sleep for two or three days at a time. As a rule, the men in the firing line are relieved every forty-eight hours, and put in trenches a mile or so behind, amongst our own artillery and consequently amongst the shells from the German guns. Here, as can be imagined, it is pretty difficult to sleep, as our guns firing make considerably more noise than the German shells when they burst.

The trenches now are within 150 yards of each other all along the line, and so it is not exactly safe to put one's head over the top. The only thing to do is to make a loophole just big enough to see and fire through, and trust to luck that a bullet won't come through the hole.

At present our numbers are so small that it is impossible to give anyone a rest, however hard they may have been fighting for the last few months. People in England cannot realise what hardships our men are suffering owing to their small numbers. Especially now are we short of officers, as the casualties amongst them in this kind of fighting are much higher than among the men, owing to the British system of officers always leading the way. The O.T.C. has done what it can to fill the places of the fallen officers, but there must be scores of men in the University who are doing nothing; and it is to these men that the country is now looking to take the place of those who have fallen for their country.

On Tuesday, November 17th, a few of the members of the O.T.C. had the honour of listening to a lecture by Second Lieutenant Hopkins, lately returned from the front. Mr. Hopkins was President of the Union and one of the earliest sergeants of the Corps, so that in every way he is most closely connected with the University, and we have all of us every right to feel proud of him. What he said was of interest chiefly to those of the Corps who are at present studying the Art of War, but many things were of general interest.

He impressed upon us the dishonourable nature of the enemy. The Allies have ceased to recognise the white flag, since it has become the cover for every kind of dishonourable act. But the Red Cross is still respected, though our officers can see that buildings flying the flag are being used solely as artillery observation posts. And when German carcasses grow rotten between the trenches, it is impossible to let Germans come out to bury them, since the graves thus dug would immediately be used as trenches. If a crowd of Germans run up to your line shouting, "You English? You English? We surrender," you reply with the order, "Carry on, and fire low."

The spy organisation behind the English trenches is wonderful. Carrier-pigeons in the day-time and lights at night make their appearance from undiscoverable places, and swarms of snipers pick off anyone, even stretcher-bearers.

Mr. Hopkins' chief advice to the would-be Officers was that they should lead their men; they should say "Come on," not "go on." The Officer must be the first to cross a road down which a machine gun is spurting lead; he will perhaps get across as Mr. Hopkins did, but he won't know how.

With regard to a point of discipline: the subaltern *must* control the fire of his platoon. This is a very difficult business, for a stray shot fired by some fool may get the whole trench into a nervous state, so that the men will let off at trees or anything—for even trees fire rifles at night!

In Mr. Hopkins' opinion the artillery fire of the Germans is good, but its effect on our troops is as much moral as physical. This is particularly the case in regard to the so-called Jack Johnson shells. These things make a hole the size of a large pond, but they don't cover so great an area of ground as shrapnel; and they have the additional advantages of saving any survivors the trouble of burying the victims!

Mr. Hopkins advises all who are going to the front to carry wire-cutters of some description, if possible, with rubber covered handles, to guard against electrocution. Officers should bury their swords when they get to France, or, better still, they should not take them at all. As a matter of fact, they will all end by using a rifle and bayonet.

It would not be fair to put into print Mr. Hopkins' comparison of the Allied Forces; but he is quite definite in declaring that there is nothing on God's earth so fine as the British soldier.

### The University of Copenhagen.

To him who comes to a foreign land and feels its fresh and stimulating influence, the conditions will naturally seem superior to those of his native country. In attempting to portray the characteristics which distinguish the institutions of the one land from those of the other, it therefore becomes difficult to exercise an exact judgment in drawing comparisons between them.

When one compares the University of Copenhagen and one of the newer English Universities, the most conspicuous characteristic of the former is that it is the University of the Metropolis and of the nation. It has thus through the ages been a centre of the national spiritual life. From it have come many of the ideas which have resulted in national development and progress. When danger threatened, the students have flocked to the defence of the country and of the national existence. Thus in 1659, when the Swedish army besieged the city, the students' corps was effective in helping to repulse the attack, as well as in the wars with Germany in 1848-50 and in 1864.

In our own time the University no longer occupies its former unique position in regard to national affairs. But still it remains the centre of the intellectual life of the people, much more completely,



perhaps, than is the case with northern English Universities.

As the University has developed, its various departments and institutes have become separated and scattered over the town, with the result that the close and intimate internal intercourse that characterises Universities such as Leeds, is rendered difficult and to some extent impracticable.

There are, however, occasions on which all the University comes together, such as the day set apart for Matriculation of new students (about 700 a year), and the Charter Day of the University, which is also the day on which degrees are conferred. On these extremely solemn occasions, the national character of the University is well exemplified by the presence of the King and Parliament and state authorities generally. Academic dress, which is simply ordinary evening dress, is of course worn, as it is in examinations. There are many more oral examinations than in England. Evening dress is not very helpful in providing one with coolness in the presence of one's examiners.

The Students' Union (Studenter Foreningen) differs from those of most English Universities, in that women are admitted on terms of absolute equality with men. In Denmark, much more than in England, women take not merely educational and literary subjects, but medicine, law and even technical courses. In Copenhagen of course a large proportion of the graduates remain in the city, and as they naturally retain their membership of the Union, the result is that its management is almost entirely in the hands of senior people, and not in that of the students themselves, a system which carries with it many obvious disadvantages.

For many years another students' union (Studenter Samfundet) played a very important part in the national life, as from it originated many ideas and organisations for the carrying on of social work among all classes. Thus lectures were given all over the country, and offices were instituted where the poor could obtain free legal and medical advice. In all these undertakings the work was done by students and old students gratuitously. Now most of these institutions have risen to a position of independence.

Such an organisation as the Officers' Training Corps is non-existent, as, on account of the army system, there is a sufficient supply of trained officers in the Reserve. The students themselves form a battalion which is under the direct control of the War Office and acts in co-operation with the other army units. Membership, however, does not exempt from regular military service, nor does it confer any rank. Members are simply privates.

Sport is, perhaps, less prominent than in English Universities, but it is more in evidence than in most places on the Continent, even if it be an exception for a football-player to be confronted with the choice of a Professorship in Pure Mathematics and a place in a professional English football team, as happened some years ago.

University life is all more solemn and restrained than in England. This restraint is least shown in the Students' Union, and even here the proceedings are generally rather more solemn than in England.

It may be of interest to English people to read part of an address given by Professor Höffding at the reception of Freshmen at the Students' Union this year. Professor Höffding is a philosopher of world-wide reputation, and an honorary doctor of Cambridge and Glasgow; and his address shows clearly and succinctly the outlook of a Copenhagen University man.

"What, above all, I will say to you is this: Do not underestimate yourselves. If you have, after mature consideration, chosen your way and put to the test desire and ability, then you belong now to a class, which, whatever happens, has ever its task in the service of the nation.

The defect of the age is half-education and third-hand knowledge. It is the darker aspect of the cheerful fact that knowledge reaches a constantly widening circle. Of course there are many places particularly in the beginners' courses, where students must mainly be receptive. But our arrangement of studies in the University has in the course of the last twenty years generally been altered, so that students are led more and more towards independent work. By this they are made more efficient and untrammelled in order to tackle practical problems to the solution of which they give themselves. In the various circles in which you will be living you should represent the nation's intellectual conscience, with a watchful criticism, a free outlook, a wide horizon. Unless a great, unlimited and unhindered love of truth grows in the people, neither its spiritual life nor its material work can properly develop.

And it is more than ever essential for a nation by independent spiritual and material work to justify its right to an independent position among the peoples.

The present time makes it quite particularly necessary to emphasise the importance in life of ideal forces. Many had for long expected the great contest which has now broken loose, but nobody had expected brutality like that which is exhibited. Is it Ragnarok\* which has broken out throughout old Europe? Is the European civilisation about to go bankrupt? Yet in the middle of this Ragnarok is there one thing exhibited with startling clearness, and it is that nationality, national consciousness and national feeling are realities; that nations opposed to foreign elements feel themselves units and have a deep consciousness that there is a way of life which is their own; that there are traditions to which they will prove faithful; that they will maintain the soil upon which their fathers lived and laboured. Nationalities have, even in our most civilised countries, come so violently into collision that it is difficult to understand how an international work, even in a purely intellectual domain, should be able to start again. But it is now so, that the high and low in human nature dwell close together, and when a deep-seated force and desire break through, noble and ignoble elements appear together.

We, in the neutral countries, sit as spectators of the great contest. Appeals are made to us; there is rivalry to gain our understanding and sympathy. It is not because with us lies the decision. We do not sit as the Olympic gods. We follow the course of the contest with anxiety. We draw closely together, and our nation as a unit appears more distinct than in times of peace. Also, we feel the value of nationality more strongly than before.

With regard to the students, this is shown in the influx to the voluntary corps which have been formed by them. The students will show that they have not degenerated from their ancestors who defended the walls of the city in 1659, a memorial of whom is in the University Hall. We hope soon to see the students battalion fully formed.

But also, through study itself, national work can be done in times like these, because nationality expresses itself in all work in which we are and in which we live with all our soul. The more we work with the deepest in our nature, the more national we are, because the more the characteristics which distinguish us from other nations will appear. Through sincerity and honesty, through vigour and heartiness work acquires its national stamp. The most impersonal works are also the least national. It is through work of this sort that

\* This is a reference to Scandinavian mythology and means "The Twilight of the Gods," the end of the world in which everything would end in a universal conflict. The warriors (Einheries) should kill one another, after which there would result a new heaven and a new earth in which justice reigned.



not least we justify our right to be masters of our own soil and rule our own fate. And therewith we also do what we can, that the great common work of civilisation, to which every nation shall give its contribution, can be started again, when the clouds roll apart, when the heavens again are blue, and when they, who now are fighting, walk together like Einheries to Valhalla.

So let the time of trouble and danger, in which you step out into life, consecrate you to be faithful workers in your country's service.

Do not think too slightly of yourselves, for only by daring does one come to test one's powers. And do not think too slightly of your fatherland, but assist in maintaining its honour and its rights in times of danger as well as in peace. Through the best thoughts you can foster, the best work you can achieve, you help to secure its right to be.

This is the wish of the old student to whom the honour has fallen to address you to-night—to this end we all wish you success and good fortune."

### The Spirit of Belgium.

IN the evening of the 17th of November, after the Degree Ceremony, M. Verhaeren delivered a lecture in French to a crowded audience composed of people of many nationalities, and one especially happy feature to notice was the groups of Belgian refugees here and there throughout the Great Hall. The Vice-Chancellor presided. We went to hear a lecture about the spirit of Belgium; we came away conscious of having met it in the flesh, and of having communed with it in the soul. It is impossible to describe the way in which by his eloquence, his passionate sincerity, M. Verhaeren held his audience spell-bound; it would be futile to attempt to convey to those who were not there to feel his dominating personality, the essence of his message; only a few indications can be given of the thoughts he imparted. He spoke of the two races which inhabited Belgium, the Flemish and the Walloons. Originally they were separated not only by language, but also by religion. Both were Gaulish and had the same political interests, until one was influenced by the Germans. The Flemish underwent a Latin culture, the Walloons a Germanic, yet they tended towards union from the beginning, and they stood shoulder to shoulder to withstand the ambitious designs of Charles the Bold. At this point M. Verhaeren rose to recite his poem on Charles the Bold: "Le Téméraire." A fine poem, well delivered, coming straight from the poet's own soul, it gripped the whole audience. After the fall of Charles the Bold the two nations became fused together. Though they were weakened by the rivalry of the two languages, yet in their sufferings they have been perfectly united. Then followed the verses on Liège, hitherto unpublished; verses which stirred the hearts of all, verses which will enshrine for ever the heroism of the dauntless defenders of Liège, verses which moved every fibre of the poet's being—in very truth:—

"Jamais dans le monde on n'oubliera  
Ceux qui pour le monde sont morts là-bas  
À Liège."

An impartial judge, however, must take into account the faults as well as the greatneses of a nation, and M. Verhaeren acknowledged that the Belgians were perhaps too patriotic; Ghent detested Bruges,

and King Leopold had no difficulty in persuading them that riches are the greatest thing that a people can get.

But one of their finest qualities is their tenacity. "Ils sont inusables de volonté," said M. Verhaeren; "ils ont la patience ferme et dure. Ils furent vaincus souvent, mais rien ne les dompta." Then he read another of his latest poems: "Les Ancêtres," a poem which brought out very strikingly the tenacity and the oneness of the Belgian people.

Patriotic they are, and yet hardly individualistic; they act in bands; l'esprit d'association a développé chez eux la bonhomie et l'hospitalité. They are sociable and well disposed, though brusque. With them a man's a man for a' that. They are by no means lacking in a sense of humour, though it is Belgian humour; and they have their favourite anecdotes with the Belgian sauce like the delightful Boney story. Ils plaisantent sous la mitraille.

And lastly, their artistic fervour and aptitude, which have produced some of the finest painting and tapestry the world has ever seen, have drawn to them for instruction and inspiration all the nations of Europe who have any art to boast of.

M. Verhaeren ended by paying a fine tribute to the hero-king whose fame is spread from one end of the earth to the other: a man of simple life, without ostentation, partageant avec ses soldats le péril et le pain, the St. Paul of the present spirit of Belgium.

A brave man. A great poet. A lofty spirit.

E.S.

### The Poetry of Richard Middleton.

THE verse of the minor poet is often condemned by its own evident insincerity. Skill without emotion, without feeling, without passion, availeth nothing. To subordinate nature and spontaneity to art is damnable. It is by thinking along these lines that we recognise the merits of the work of Richard Middleton.

Middleton killed himself in Brussels in 1911, before he was thirty. Like Francis Thompson he was well-born and educated; like him he sounded the deeps of poverty and despair. Thompson attempted great things, and his work teems with artificialities which are never disguised by his employment of diarrhoetic torrents of words. Middleton remained simple and became a pure lyrist; and for this reason his poetry makes indelible impression upon the memory.

It is hard to discriminate in the presence of so much that is worthy. Would Keats have been ashamed to own this?

"It seemed that life was but a game to dare,  
The forfeit only death; and wandering  
Across the piney hills they heard me fling  
A heart of hopeful music on the air;  
And there were roses, roses everywhere,  
And birds of tuneful voice and shining wing  
To carry love to God; the lips of Spring  
Had made the mouth of summer very fair."

Like the great poets, Middleton was a love-poet, with the primal pagan spirit strong in him.



"Step down from your high places,  
 You gods of fallen races!  
 By field and flood our pagan blood  
 Shall mock you to your faces.  
 By craven fear begotten,  
 Your musty bones grow rotten;  
 By night and day, when wise men pray,  
 Your creed shall be forgotten."

He voices emotions that are common to us all; but, as in the case of the poems of Swinburne's first volume, we need to be twenty-one to appreciate them. Afterwards the blood runs slower. His lyrics could never be turned into prose. The pathos of humanity is in many.

"Ah, would that my soul had wings  
 Or a resting place."

Middleton's power over words is not great; rather is it his simplicity of choice that is effective. One or two of his poems are reminiscent of Meredith. This verse, for instance seems to epitomise the philosophy of "Modern Love":—

"But I am faithful in this wise,  
 That having found, I still must keep her,  
 With her cold heart and tender eyes,  
 Till dawn brings solace to the sleeper."

His verses exhibit the core of his creed, though to many they will be only the stringing together of the dreams of the singer. He is in his vein hymning his loves and their pain and passion. There are beauty and the joy of life everywhere—with the sad note creeping in occasionally. Middleton was of the type that cannot struggle against fate. There are no signs of fervent religious beliefs in his work as there are in Thompson's. To him Death apparently meant no more than the turning down of the glass. Like old Omar he delighted in the pageantry of life.

It would be wrong to say that he was no technician, for it is obvious, from the finish of his work, that he was a stern self-critic. One has the impression that he himself was the first to be offended by anything technically bad dropping from his pen. He has a command over simple words, over the language of emotion and over harmony. At times he has the lyrical simplicity of Herrick.

"I stand here all the day,  
 Calling my roses,  
 Under a sunny sky:  
 Oh, will you buy  
 My pretty posies,  
 My lords and ladies gay?"

Middleton is no etcher as Henley was. He splashes his colour recklessly, careless of all save the fleeting emotion of the moment. It is never possible to read his poetry for the mere pleasure of the sound. Never is he obscure. He convinces one that his poems are largely a record of experience, which is to say that they are poetry in the very real sense of the term. Yet he strikes no new notes, though rarely does he indulge in technical borrowing.

As has been said before, the most noticeable factor in his work is his pagan love of nature. His poems to "Irene" are outbursts of Eros-inspired fragrance which is purely pagan exultation.

It has been written that "poetic genius is merely the expression of l'état passionnel." If that be true

there can be little doubt as to Middleton's genius. Was it not Lowell who said that one drop of blood puts more into a poem than all that can be distilled from the choicest library?

Your true poet is no milk and water enthusiast—nor was Middleton.

For the rest he was and is practically unknown. Most of his work was published in the journals during his lifetime, and since his death has been collected into two slender volumes. Here are some lines and passages which speak more for him than screeds of descriptive writing would do:—

"Love is life's enemy, for we who hold  
 Within our dreams our passionate carouse,  
 Count not dawn's silver nor the sunset's gold,  
 Winning dim jewels for our vision-house."

"We fought her in the dark until her spars  
 Touched the black heart of night with fairy gold,  
 And she flung largesse to the pitying stars,  
 The fragrant incense of her teeming hold.  
 It seemed as though the very sea was glad  
 Decking its bosom with a thousand gems,  
 While the air swarmed with fireflies dancing mad  
 About her masts' enchanted diadems."

"Love laughs about the groves of pine,  
 Pan wantons in the glade,  
 And the boy is drunk with a new wine,  
 And the boy's heart is afraid."

"And while across the world I move  
 Paying sad tribute to the moon,  
 And breathing in her courts above  
 The fatal music of our noon,  
 Lo! you shall hear his words of love  
 Trip lightly to my deathless tune."

These examples are sufficient, and it only remains to place our poet. There can be no doubt, I think, that he has earned his place, alongside Stevenson, among those delightful people, the vagabonds of literature.

H.S.C.

1914.

(A reply to "Personne" in the  
 November "Gryphon.")

God doth not sleep above the hideous roar  
 Of War's grim turmoil, and the clash of steel,  
 When mighty armies meet, and, staggering, reel  
 With thunder shocks, to part and meet once more—  
 Above the ground that battle clouds enfold,  
 Above the smoke and hiss of curling flame,  
 The Still Small Voice repeats the mighty Name,  
 The Burning Bush is speaking, as of old.  
 God doth not sleep. The Beast of War is free  
 But for a time, that men may prove their worth,  
 And raise again the flag of liberty.  
 As souls of men, so nations by rebirth  
 Are purified, and, after tumults, He  
 Will usher in His reign of peace on earth.

R.S.



## Musical Evenings.

### A Heart-to-heart Talk for Men Only.

It all arises from this. You must justify to the world your existence. Particularly if you are a man. If you are noble and fibrous and have a heart, you will not be here. Being here, the only way of vindicating yourself in the eyes of the world is by standing up as an embodiment of the finest of what we are striving to uphold. If you have not the *spirited* parts of you developed, you must have the cultured. There is no other way. Your friends are fighting for the perpetuating of what you stand for, as in peace you fight for them, to raise them to your own level. Musical evenings are the very quiddity of it all, the true justification of your existence.

Ponder on this. It is what is meant by that *corporate life* of which you are so fond of hearing and talking, but the ignorance of whose significance you have nursed, and jealously kept from the world, like some secret disease; almost persuading yourself and the world by a glib assumption, that you have mastered its subtlest ramifications. Having made clear that musical evenings (more even than mid-day recitals, for these are limited in largeness of scope in comparison) are the most important thing in your life, I shall proceed to give you of the richest of a long experience.

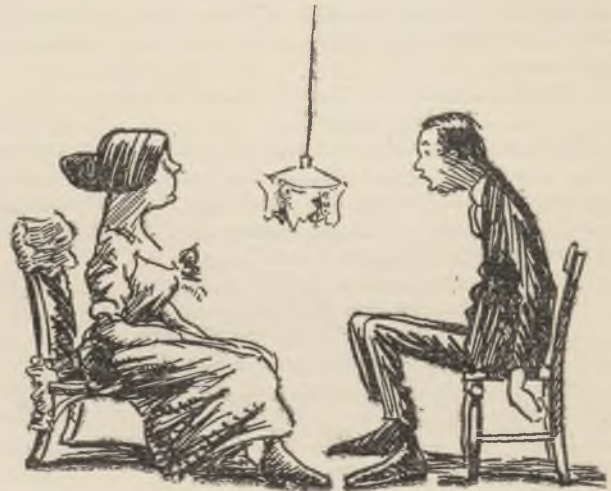
Of course you must *mix*. Unmixed you are nothing—a concentrated chemical with stupendous potentiality, inert, self-consuming. Mix and you will effervesce. The ladies . . . . . (excision) feminine responsiveness is the touchstone, the steel which will strike you into scintillating life, glittering ebullition, luminous eruption . . . . . (excision). Even she who hurries past the notice-board in tight hair, a great flurry and spectacles is a new thing.



".....in a great flurry and spectacles."

Everybody is a new thing. You are unheard of if you can sing or act. It is enough, you will find, if you think you can. Don't be too clamorous to be asked. Refuse first time, but not too decisively lest you should not be asked again. Then be diffident and self-deprecating. This argues that species of sterling genius, more wonderful as it is unconscious of its worth. If you sing, why then, do it in a manner worth while. But show depth and temperament or you are as nothing. Get any song and disembowel it. Then spit it in lengths of a phrase or two, and watch it squirm in sections, tense, ineffable.

Of course, if you are a mere listener, it is a different matter. And yet the principle holds good. You must have assimilated the ethics of a musical evening. Do this and you cannot be commonplace. Gauge your significance in the composite intelligence of the party at your table (no easy matter) and then see that while your sallies are enjoyed by the whole table, they are specially directed towards the lady with whom you have mixed. Become intimate. Take my advice and have your fling.



".....have your fling."

You will give each other involuntary cold shoulder for a year after anyhow, (life not being one long musical evening) so what are the odds? Say brilliant things about the musical items. You'll find that almost anything you say will suit equally well. If you pretend that you enjoyed that interminable pianoforte solo, she will think you understand higher-harmonies, and have depth beneath your boyishness. If you confess that you were bored almost to annihilation and say rude things about it, she will again admire you for having the moral courage to say what she was thinking.



".....rude things."



Be *naïve, spirituel*, as the journalists say. Sing all the choruses. Don't let it transpire that you go to music-halls. It's low down and immoral to go to music-halls when your mind is wearing its prevaricating musical evening get-up, as it were. Yet it is *de rigueur* (as the journalists say) to know all the choruses. She'll know them all right, too, you'll find. How that comes about mustn't trouble you. I haven't found out yet. Laugh at all the jokes. Notice how she ripples with a charming unwillingness at the *high* ones that you didn't think she'd understand. These are moments to be remembered.

Let all your movements be impetuous and yet easy. You can learn much about deportment from the cinema. But don't go and kiss her hand, or do anything silly. Did I ever tell you what happened to my friend, Lieut.— now stationed at —? You see he was talking about . . . . . (excision).

You will most likely feel disturbed about the waitresses. Waitresses are waitresses. What would you? Of course, they have the advantage, being in everyday costume, living behind a culinary battery impervious to any but the most meat and vegetable conditions, as it were. Only they of those present, are not at the musical evening. The difficulty is that they've seen you out of musical evenings and you know it. But if you keep level-headed, you'll soon tell yourself that it's absurd that they should be exchanging searching epigrams, pregnant with the nascent force of observations culled from the shining tablelands of cool judgment. They'll most likely only be saying that you're reminiscent of the grocer's man or something.



"Waitresses are waitresses."

Mrs. Beck is not nearly so disquieting. And I nearly forgot this. Never presume on any acquaintance you may have with Mrs. Beck. Mrs. Beck, of the little parlour among the stoves (even if you should be one of the privileged to whom it is accessible) is not Mrs. Beck directing foraging operations.

Make evident your satisfaction if the President remembers to announce that men may smoke, and begin immediately. It is so manly. Don't make it too ostentatious; rather show a pensive satisfaction. If you are good at the sort of thing, you can make a

joke by offering the ladies a cigarette. One will perhaps tell with a taking bashfulness how she and a friend once smoked a whole cigarette in a hayloft last summer. The other will most likely smile and smile, and say quietly that she didn't think she would be persuaded into smoking for a long time yet. She has principles and is dangerous. This is a critical moment. If you're game, you can have the deuce of a time discussing what comprises womanliness. By the time the superior recitation in the new humour is finished, you will have reached the votes for women question that you touched on flippantly earlier in the evening.

Lector, I am afraid that—

I somehow thought you were getting unappreciative.



"The Cinema."

### To Kitty.

I.

She is such a dainty thing,  
Fashioned like a fairy.  
Like her tiny jewelled ring,  
She is such a dainty thing;  
Yet her little tongue can sting  
Those who are unwary.  
She is such a dainty thing,  
Fashioned like a fairy.

II.

I met Kitty to-day  
By the dancing blue water;  
(The vision will stay)  
I met Kitty to-day.  
She was passing this way  
When my idle glance caught her.  
I met Kitty to-day  
By the dancing blue water.

### To Eleanor.

In far Japan, were you but there,  
You'd make a dear chrysanthemum.  
You would disdain and I despair  
With quite a Japanesy air;  
And as you decked your shining hair  
More melancholy I'd become.  
In far Japan, were you but there,  
You'd make a dear chrysanthemum.



## A Distinguished Visitor.

### Monsieur Vandervelde's Speech.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 1st, the University was again honoured by the presence of a great Belgian, the greatest Socialist in Europe, the Belgian Minister of State. After Dr. McColl's lecture on Post-Impressionism, M. Emile Vandervelde spoke on the war. The Vice-Chancellor delicately linked up the two subjects, which at first seemed so far apart, by saying that Dr. McColl had shown us life in art, while M. Vandervelde was to show us art in life.

The speech of M. Vandervelde was not that of an Englishman; it was full of a dramatic intensity, a strong emotion which we feel but do not express. Yet M. Vandervelde understands us, though to many Belgians we are strangers; he has always said that the best half of him is English, for he married an Englishwoman and to his countrymen he has said, "Vous n'avez pas de meilleurs amis que les amis inconnus d'Angleterre." Belgium had thought Germany was her friend, and it was not against the German people that she was fighting, but against Imperialism, against the Germany of William II., of Krupp, of spies, which was growing and enveloping in its shade the Germany of light. With a stirring eloquence, M. Vandervelde expressed his gratitude for what England had done for Belgium. At the thought of it a crowd of figures rose before him—the mayors who welcomed the refugees, the nurses bending like angels of gentleness over the wounded, the soldiers, the workers in factories, the men of politics. "Je salue cette armée libératrice." He, who had been in the heart of the struggles in Belgium, made an appeal full of pathos, full of love for those who are fighting. "Songez parfois à nos pauvres soldats belges. S'il vous est possible, donnez-leur quelques couvertures, quelques vêtements chauds." They began fighting in the summer, now in the cold and wet they are suffering. Many have no boots, many have no socks, many have not changed their shirts for six weeks. None have tobacco to help them to forget a little, to make them dream they are happy with their friends. Send what you can, send them just a little tobacco! They are not discouraged and they will fight right on to the hour of victory. Three times has England defended the liberty of Europe. In 1714 she fought against the tyranny of Louis XIV. Exactly one hundred years later she broke the power of Napoleon, and now in 1914 she is in the field again. Now she is fighting against a man who has the insolent pretention to hope to bring Europe to its knees at his feet, a man who is called Kaiser William II. M. Vandervelde spoke here with great sadness, but his voice was full of triumph, of hope, of the tenacity of his countrymen, when he declared that England would be successful, as she had been before, as the liberator of the world.

### The Belgian Hospitality Fund.

By the time these pages are issued to our readers, the houses in De Grey Terrace will be occupied as follows:

- No. 10. Mme. Vandeleer and family (12 persons).
- No. 13. M. Neumans and family (5 persons).
- No. 14. M. De Cock and family (6 persons).

We trust that the members of the University will not be backward in calling upon their guests, that so, by the formation of new friendships and new interests, they may come, if not to forget, at least to remember with less vividness the hardships attending their escape from Belgium.

And these hardships have been terrible. To take refuge in the cellars at the bombardment of Malines, when crippled by rheumatism and enfeebled by influenza, to be hurried thence to Antwerp, to Ostend, to Folkestone, to Leeds: such was the experience of an old lady of eighty and upwards, who now has her family gathered round her. One of her sons-in-law remained in Antwerp until recently, but finding it impossible to make a living there, obtained a passport from the German authorities to enter Holland, and so escaped to England. One of our guests was for two months on duty night and day with the Civic Guard at St. Nicolas, until it was disbanded on the arrival of the Germans, who refused to recognise it as a belligerent force. Most of our guests have lost nearly all their possessions. One has been more fortunate. M. Neumans succeeded with great difficulty in removing some of his most precious pictures from his gallery at Brussels, and after various vicissitudes has now had them arranged in a room at the top of Messrs. Hotham and Whiting's warehouse, off Wellington Street, where they are on view to the public. What is the fate of the numerous pictures he left at Brussels he does not know.

The thanks of the Committee are due to the great body of friends who have helped in one way or another. The generous loans of furniture have rendered it unnecessary to expend much money on this item. We owe special thanks to Mr. E. H. Middlebrook for his loan of pictures and old furniture. Others have contributed in addition many hours of their time. In order to prepare the houses for occupation, Mrs. Green has (so to say) encamped in De Grey Terrace for three weeks, with Mrs. Cohen, Mrs. Moorman, Miss Jessie Hill and other willing workers to keep her company from time to time. Mrs. Garstang, Mrs. Connal and Miss Thomson have given instruction in the mysteries of Yorkshire kitchen ranges, and taught the art of shopping as it is practised in Leeds by cunning housewives.

Mr. Walter Morrison's gift of £100 and the donations of £50 each from the Pro-Chancellor and the Clothworkers' Company have made it possible to complete the scheme by taking the third house.

The Treasurer reports that the financial outlook is promising: of the £750 estimated to be required to carry on the scheme for twelve months, £450 have already been received, including about £40 from the students; if those who have undertaken to pay by instalments continue to pay the instalments as they fall due, and if those who have not yet subscribed do so on the same generous scale as those who have, then the £750 aimed at will certainly be obtained.



## Ode on the Degree Day Ceremony.

(With apologies to the Shade of Pope.)

Awake, my muse! thy aid I now implore,  
To sing of names made longer than before,  
There where the studious swains and learned fair  
Throng Wisdom's portals on the banks of Aire,  
In weeds collegiate chant the lofty lay,  
And strain each fibre to attain an A.

See first where previous, up the giddy stair,  
Loath from their books th'erudite youth repair;  
And led by R— (by the fair ador'd),  
Whilst tim'rous H— strikes the ivory board,  
These hold the bass, those to the treble soar,  
And French was sung as ne'er 'twas sung before.  
No longer clam'rous as in former days,  
They see the error of their evil ways;  
No blast of trumpet, or night call of cat,  
Confetti, rice or carrots—and all that;  
When told to sit, they sit; to rise, they rise,  
Whilst heavenly virtue dims their youthful eyes.

Now Belgium's anthem swells th' enraptured air;  
In coupled grace the learned tribes appear,  
As, in those far fam'd days of scriptural rain,  
In dual step they shunn'd the wat'ry plain.  
And now the choir chant loud their artful lays,  
Whilst charm'd reporters measure out due praise.  
In conscious power they linger out each strain;  
The seated Vice has to arise again.

First G— rose, in martial garb array'd  
To speak V—'s praises he essay'd.  
(G— who hasten'd eager to the wars,  
Nor knew the art to form the magic fours.)  
Now loud his tones, now soft as vesper bell;  
He spoke of willows till the tear drops fell.  
(G— to thee we send our ardent prayers:  
Come back to us from Bradford's murky airs;  
Leave others plotting 'gainst the slaughterous Hun,  
To lead youth captive 'neath the spell of Donne!)  
In Rapture's chains he held the mighty throng;  
He sat; th' enchanted swains th' applause prolong.  
These clap the hands, these stamp th' encased feet,  
Those rend the air, as long as it is meet.  
Next W— rose, grave V—s praise to tell.  
(Who has not suffer'd 'neath his magic spell, }  
And long'd in vain for slumber, or the bell, }  
Whilst all the fiends of Hiems rode the air,  
Froze e'en the ink, but kept the blood stream clear?)  
On Rhetoric's wheels his easy verses ran,  
Gave worthy praise unto a worthy man.  
Nor second he who echoes thro' the grove  
Th' applause of P—, lord o' th' skinny drove;  
Or, in due phrase, the praise of C— tells,  
Whose power the rage of ivory tusk compels.

These said, the Vice, in voice that is not loud,  
Gives the due signal to th' attentive crowd.  
With minds uplift they throng the narrow way;  
Like glory they desire—and also tea.

PERSONNE.

## The Union Musical Evening.

THERE are those who do not believe in musical evenings. But, surely, no one who attended the one given by the Union early in this term, could cling to such heresy. It was a peculiarly happy evening, and we owe much to the splendid organisation of Mr. Chaumeton and Mr. Thompson, which made all the wheels go round so smoothly.

The President, in a short speech, congratulated the Freshers on the remarkable way they had "melted." He was right, and we like to feel that he knows his audience and is one with it. In fact, he has the gift of welding all things together—and he can make a fool of himself with perfect dignity. We were a genial and congenial whole; there were no icicles to be seen. This speech was made about supper-time. A shrill voice called to the President from a corner that here was a clique. He approached with one foot lifted (Yes, he can do it!) saying that he meant to place it upon that clique.

Now let us discourse a little of songs and singers. The musical part of the programme was opened by Mr. Ellingworth with Chopin's Valse Brillante. It is so long since a pianoforte solo formed part of the entertainment provided at these evenings, that this item came as quite a surprise, though certainly a very welcome one. Mr. Ellingworth also accompanied very efficiently throughout the evening, and to him should fall a large share of the praise for the way in which he performed a thankless task.

The necessary humorous items were supplied by Miss Gulston in a strenuous and well given recitation, "The Screwmouths," and by Mr. Webster in "Shakespeare Snapshotted," which received an encore.

Concerning the songs and their singers, the most noticeable feature was the wonderful improvement in the quality and manner of the singing—may this improvement continue, for of a surety it was very badly needed. It seems as though a war of the nations can affect even the programme of a Union Musical Evening. However, we do not think any one was averse to hearing such old favourites as "Land of hope and glory," by Mr. Ellis, "Glorious Devon," by Mr. Kaye, and "The Song of the Bow," by Mr. Bates. All three songs were given with an amount of ease and sincerity which promises well for our future entertainment.

The list of items was completed by songs from Miss Todd, "Nightingales of Lincoln's Court," and Miss Legge, "Mother, my Love," the latter receiving a well-deserved encore. Here again there was a marked advance towards the standard worthy of the Leeds University.

We see no reason why the introduction of dancing at the end of our Musical Evenings should be at the expense of the chief part, in fact the part for which the evenings exist. The steady deterioration in the quality of the entertainment which followed the legitimising of dancing, and the unexpected return to higher standards as soon as the intruder was ejected, seem to convict dancing of being the culprit. We appeal for justice! Let both music and dancing be of equal importance, and do not sacrifice the one in the hurry to begin the other.



A sketch, "Lights out," was sandwiched in among the other items. Impersonally, we were standing upon a chair at the back of the room. It was a play that took us somewhat by surprise. There was finish, clarity and humour about it, all perfectly continuous. Mr. Milnes, as a hypochondriac in love and embarrassment, held us from beginning to end. We could not help wishing that Mr. Chaumeton would put our name on that programme as he strolled in and out from an imaginary ball-room, whence the most tantalising music came to us. Were the ladies who took the younger parts, chosen for the contrast of their charms? In any case, they both handled their little scenciful of inuendos in the most prettily coquettish way possible. A rich stage figure was Miss Gulston as Aunt Theresa, and many a shrewd laugh greeted the gags with which she ornamented her rôle. It was a part which might have been merely ridiculous, but was skilfully managed.

We have spoken of the finish of the play. Any of the actors would tell you enthusiastically how much they owed to the stage-management of Mr. Botwood. We were all sorry that we heard little from him beyond a short and graceful speech at the end, in which he gave credit to everyone else and ignored the hard and inspiring work he had done himself in a short week.

We write rather lengthily about this little farce, not for its own sake, but because it was the means of showing that there is talent among us fit for greater things when the time is ripe.

O. & M.

### The Smith.

O happy the smith as he bends to the shaft,  
And the bellows sob and sigh,—  
As the fire glows red and the fire glows white,  
And the flames of the fire leap high.

And happy the smith as he hammers away  
At the glowing iron bars :  
The bright sparks fly from the anvil block  
And spangle the dark like stars.

But alas for the smith ! all his stars are blown,  
And die ere they reach the sky ;  
And the iron he moulds smoulders and cools  
Ere complete he can lay it by . . .

### Christ's Mass.

The church is warm  
Where the good folk swarm  
To hear little boys with their faces so bright,  
Clothed in their surplices wimpled and white,  
Raise their sweet carols and joyfully sing :—  
"Peace and goodwill to all men I bring."

But out in the sleet,  
In the dismal street,  
Women and children, wretched and dank,  
Hunch in a ragged and woeful rank ;  
Rickety, rickety, doubled with croup,  
They wait for a penn'orth of hot pea-soup.

H.E.R.

### Addresses to Students in the Woodhouse Moor Wesleyan Church on the following Sundays, at 3 o'clock.

The Speakers and their Subjects are as follows :—  
1915.

Jan. 31st. Rev. W. P. PATERSON, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

Feb. The Very Rev. GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen.

Mar. 21st. Mrs. CREIGHTON.

"THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE."

May 9th. RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Literature in the University of Chicago.

### Association of Leeds University Students, London.

THE Officers for the present year are as follows :—

*President* : Mr. E. W. Mundy.

*Hon. Treasurer* : Mr. F. T. Chapman.

*Hon. Secretary* : Mrs. F. T. Chapman.

*Committee* : Mrs. Thomson, Miss Hilda Savage, Mr. E. A. Hopkins and the Rev. Basil Matthews.

The above list includes four Past Presidents of one or other of the University Unions, and we have among our members at least one representative of each year from 1895 to 1913. The Secretary would be glad to have addresses of any Past Students living in or near London, who might be interested in the Association. A post card addressed either direct to Mrs. Chapman, 6, Egerton Gardens, Hendon, N.W., or through the Hall Porter to the Secretary of the London Association would ensure an invitation and a hearty welcome to any of the London meetings. Of these there are usually three in the year.

On Saturday, Oct. 24th, the Association had a most interesting and enjoyable meeting at the Mansfield House University Settlement, Canning Town, E. The Warden, Mr. N. M. Hyde, a well-known Leeds student (of "last century," as he himself puts it) was our host. Eleven members mustered. Canning Town is a long way from the City, and many of our members were prevented by some effect of the War from being present ; the number of those who attended may, therefore, be considered very satisfactory. After a journey through such districts as Whitechapel, we found that Mansfield House offered us a welcome in great contrast with its surroundings. Indeed, the Recreation Room proved to be the acme of comfort.

After tea, Mr. Hyde gave us a brief account of the many activities of the Settlement, and the party was then conducted by him and some of his co-workers to the various clubs instituted by the Settlement. It would take far too long to describe the work in detail, for in the Mansfield House Report one can count upwards of thirty different spheres of service. Fortunately the distress caused in the district by the War is not so serious as was anticipated ; but a very large amount of relief work is being done by the Settlement



in co-operation with the Municipal authorities. Among some of the larger undertakings we may mention, the Men's Club (250 members), the Boys' Club (500 members), the Sunday Union (250 to 300 members) and the Men's Lodging House (here a bed may be had for fourpence). There is, too, the Choral Society, capable of giving a public performance of the "Creation," the Senior and the Junior Orchestras and the Dramatic Society which plays Shakespeare (Portia last year was an A.B.C. waitress), Ibsen, Shaw and so on. Among the books chosen recently by members of the Book Club were Plato's "Republic" and Goethe's "Faust." Then there are many Provident Societies, as, for instance, the Coal Club, with an annual turnover of £4,500.

The appearance of some of the characteristic streets of Canning Town through which we passed on Saturday night impressed on us the magnitude of the work which the Settlement has undertaken, and helps to give the true measure of the success which has been attained by the high enthusiasm of the workers.



## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

### Union Committee. Tell-Tale.

	Attend- ances.	Maxi- mum.		Attend- ances.	Maxi- mum.
Mr. Botwood	.. 4	.. 4	Mr. Milnes	.. 3	.. 4
Miss Caldwell	.. 6	.. 6	Miss Musgrave	.. 6	.. 6
Mr. Charles	.. 1	.. 4	Mr. Parker	.. 1	.. 4
Mr. Chaumeton	.. 7	.. 7	Mr. Partridge	.. -	.. 4
Prof. Connal	.. 4	.. 6	Mr. Richardson	.. 3	.. 4
Miss Cooper	.. 6	.. 6	Mr. Rothwell	.. 4	.. 4
Mr. Dudley	.. -	.. 4	Mr. Seymour-Jones	.. 7	.. 7
Prof. Gillespie	.. 3	.. 6	Mr. Thompson	.. 7	.. 7
Mr. Goss	.. -	.. 4	Mr. Topham	.. 1	.. 4
Mr. Greenwood	.. 3	.. 4	Mr. Webster	.. 7	.. 7
Mr. Jones	.. 6	.. 7	Mr. Wheeler	.. 4	.. 5
Mr. Kay	.. 1	.. 1	Mr. Williams	.. 7	.. 7
Mr. Lupton	.. 3	.. 3	Mr. Wolfe	.. 4	.. 4
Mr. Maden	.. 4	.. 4			

### Men's Christian Union.

SINCE the last issue of the *Gryphon*, there have been two meetings of the Men's Christian Union.

On Friday, October 30th, the Rev. George Allen, B.A., gave a delightful address. His subject, "Have a programme," sounded rather vague, but the theme of the address was that, if we are to succeed at all,

we must make out a programme of what we are going to do. For the first meeting his address was very appropriate, and he kept us well amused by references to his college days.

On November 20th there was a good audience in the Great Hall to hear the Rev. Tissington Tatlow, M.A., the general secretary of the Student Christian Movement of Great Britain and Ireland. Tea was served in the refectory before the meeting, and we were pleased to welcome the members of the Women's Christian Union.

The Vice-Chancellor took the chair at 5.30, when he introduced Mr. Tatlow in a short good speech.

Mr. Tatlow spoke on "Some World-wide Aspects of the Student Christian Movement," and as he shewed us the vast extent of the movement, we realised that this Christian Union is one block in a big edifice, the aim of which is to lead students in Universities and Colleges, to full acceptance of the Christian faith in God.

After getting a general view of the whole movement, we were shewn some details in Universities which seem obscure to most of us.

The German Student Movement is the only Christian fellowship in Germany which realises as we do, that the Christian prays for his enemies and that after the war we must remain brothers.

Both the German and French Student Movements are helping their men in the trenches; it is interesting to note that their leaders are nearly all at the front. In Germany, a conscript country, there are sixty per cent. of the male University students in the fighting line. In Great Britain, there are fifty-six per cent. of students training or fighting. Taking the Christian Unions as a body in Great Britain, there are sixty-six per cent. of the total membership already on active service. The Leeds Christian Union has lost five members of its Council owing to the war. Messrs. Salman, Brown, Dutton, Hirst and Chapman are now on active service. Altogether, twelve of last year's members have been called up.

Mr. Tatlow spoke also of the advance of the Student movement in Russia and in China, and reminded us of the work which Dr. Mott told us of last session.

The only regret expressed with regard to the meeting was that we had to go so soon; we could have listened much longer to Mr. Tatlow as he shewed us a picture of one of the greatest organisations in the world.

E.E.M.

### Women's Christian Union.

ON Tuesday, Nov. 10th, the Vice-Chancellor addressed the members of the Women's Christian Union on "The Woman's Movement." The meeting was very well attended.

The Vice-Chancellor approached the subject by an allusion to Mr. Wells' novel, *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*. The author describes the feelings of a young woman who, "some years after her marriage with a middle-aged, mean-souled, but very successful man of business, experiences what in religion is called *conversion*," a shifting of her perspectives in regard to the use which a woman may make of her life.



This, the Vice-Chancellor said, is a rather common experience among young people in these days. Hardly any of us, old or young, spend many years in succession in one region of feeling; talk, books, papers, travel, a chance word in a lecture, some remark overheard, a hundred things may suddenly touch some sensitive point in the mind and bring down into dust and rubbish the arches of habit upon which rested our visions of life.

Progress is a going up into high, free or even *frightful* naturalness. [Post-impressionism is like this.] People only remain young provided the soul does not relax, does not long after peace. M. Verhaeren says,

"Life is an ascending to the hills, not dropping to the plain:

Ours are the hearts, in this old world, of men made new again:

Hearts beating strong through drinking drops of human joy and pain."

The Vice-Chancellor then went on to say that it is this characteristic mood of our time, bringing with it a thrill of high tension of feeling and purpose, which shines in the faces of some nurses in hospitals and in the eyes of mothers in war-time as they say good-bye to their only sons. It is this which makes the hush at good music and the mystical joy in pictures. You find this mood of ecstasy among Home Rulers and Ulster people, Germans and Russians, and not least in the Woman's Movement in Great Britain. It has its perils as well as its beauty, and we must guard against the dangers which accompany the possession of the gift by keeping ourselves in good physical health, sane and in good condition; a great deal depends on enough sleep and self discipline both in physical and intellectual things.

We ought to school ourselves to bear not only failure but the discovery that we ourselves are wrong; the antiseptic of ecstasy is to be found in courage. Courage finds and holds firm the middle way between timidity and rashness, it bears its part in peace as well as in war; it is no "trimmer." In all courage there is a dash of fear and a hidden reserve of recklessness. The Russian liturgy prays that those in battle may have for their protection an Angel of Peace. Courage with its lion heart remembers to pray "for the humble beasts who offer their guileless lives for the well-being of their countries."

Courage rests on Faith, and it is well for us, who are trained by sharp discipline in things of the mind, to remember that the faith which we know to be in us may not be at the moment clearly expressible in logical proof, or in the clear-cut formulas which are the counters of proof.

The Vice-Chancellor concluded with a quotation from the "Happy Warrior" which, he said, was written by a brave man who had before his eyes the character of a brave friend.

"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed."  
This is courage—"more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress,  
Thence also more alive to tenderness."

### The Literary and Historical Society.

On Monday, October 26th, Dr. Frere read a paper on "The Coming Russia." He spoke, with that charming familiarity which is all his own, of the error of regarding Russia merely from the standpoint of those interesting but bigoted refugees who spread their tales of blood and iron amongst us. It was of the lighter and more humane side of Russian life that he spoke with the freedom and sympathy of a personal knowledge, opening up great fields of thought and speculation.

On November 9th Professor Moorman, in his discourse on "Broad Yorkshire," displayed a familiarity with our dialect which put us, as Yorkshire folk, to shame. We whose hearing has been ravished by the strains of the dictaphone could not but regret its absence. [Dare we suggest that Professor Moorman has not yet ascertained the exact position of the naughty words?] On a subject where we venture to say he has few equals, he did not fail to appeal even to the uninitiated. This was attested to by the valiant response to the appeal for discussion. Members summoned words from every corner of the county and demanded their ancestry. Strange sounds were uttered such as we fear and hope were never uttered before, and before the force of which, even our Professor quailed, although he it said that to the majority of demands he proved himself a "marra to Bonny."

On November 16th Miss Woodcock read a delightful account of her impressions of a French University town. Even if it were only to entertain us by an hour's discourse, her term of work and play at Caen was not in vain. Of the University she said little, since there was little to say; but of the town, the people, and her adventures, what a wealth of coloured detail she had to offer us! Nor was there one of us who did not envy her her holiday *en famille*, as we pictured her armed with the big loaves of bread, and attended by the long haired youth who read his own poetry. Mr. Williams in conclusion tied himself into huge knots in his valorous attempts to express what we truly believe was a heartfelt and general appreciation.

N. NORMINGTON,  
*Hon. Sec.*

### Debating Society.

On Monday, October 30th, it was proposed by Mr. Umanski and seconded by Mr. Young, "That compulsory military service is necessary to the well-being of this nation." Miss Roff opposed, seconded by Mr. Reid. A good debate followed in which the opinion of the house was clearly shown, and the motion was rejected by a large majority.

On Friday, November 13th, the Impromptu Debate opened with a new departure. Various people (Miss Umanski, Mr. F. Webster, Mr. Martin, Miss Crowther, Mr. Bowker) had to speak on appropriate, unknown subjects, presented to them in sealed envelopes. The usual procedure of our impromptu debates was then followed, the proposers and opposers of successive motions being drawn by lot before each subject was thrown open for general discussion. The debate was



spirited, if somewhat rowdy and marred by unseemly obstructions brought forward under the guise of points of order.

On Friday, November 23rd, the motion "That arbitration is an efficient substitute for war" was proposed by Mr. Gurney and seconded by Mr. Lambert. The rejection of the motion was moved by Mr. F. Webster and seconded by Mr. Orton. The ayes had it by 32 to 16.

Mr. Stewart was elected Secretary on the men's side in place of Mr. Young, who has carried into practice the convictions which he enunciated at the Military Service debate.

\* \* \*

The Society has been unfortunate this term in that two of its debates have had to be held on Fridays, thus clashing with other meetings. At the same time, we may congratulate ourselves on a successful half-year, bearing in mind the various disadvantages under which we have laboured in common with all other Societies. Next term we hope for better things with our regular Monday debates.

Something has already been said about people who come to tea without putting their names down. If they remembered that the teas entail much voluntary work, they would, we are sure, have the courtesy to sign up by Saturday morning, as they are asked to do.

We would like to impress upon members the desirability of speaking oftener and at greater length. There is too much of the man—and woman too—who "breaks into voice a moment, then is still." There are very few practised speakers on whom the secretaries can rely for a big occasion, such as an Inter-Varsity Debate at home or away. In addition to much larger audiences (and the Debating Society welcomes all), more ambitious speakers are needed, and we hope they will be forthcoming for next term, culminating as it does in our own Inter-Varsity Debate on March 5th.

I. C.

#### Natural History Society.

On Oct. 23rd, the President, Mr. King, gave a very interesting lecture on "The Biological Significance of Death." Death, he said, in the general imagination is the opposite of life. Life is that which causes an increase in the amount of living matter. There are two kinds of death, apparent and real. The former is a temporary suspension of physiological changes, the latter a complete cessation. Apparent death is often met with, and is generally abnormal, as in the case of the trances into which Indian Fakirs throw themselves. These trances are rather like hibernation, which is, however, a natural function in many animals and plants. True death is a resolution of living matter to simpler compounds, and is termed decomposition. In higher forms the duration of life is closely connected with ability to resist bacterial infection. In low forms normal death very rarely appears. Depression periods occur when the vitality of the organism is low, and a rejuvenescence and renewed multiplication take place. The various tissues in higher organisms, especially in animals, die at different times. Some may be alive and responsive

to stimuli long after others have undergone the first process of decomposition. In the case of insects, especially ephemeral insects such as the mayfly, death often takes place shortly after reproduction. In pointing out that life is continued through the germ-plasm, Mr. King showed that many animals may become extinct because wrong environment kills the germ and thus puts an end to reproduction.

On Nov. 19th a masterly lecture on "Vestiges" (in the human body) was given to the Society by Dr. Jamieson, Professor of Anatomy at the Medical School. Professor Jamieson said that Vestiges were often called rudiments. This was inaccurate, for "rudiment" suggests a future, whereas vestiges have a past. The latter are the persisting forms of structures which were discarded as useless in the march of development of the race, or which are present normally only in an early stage of growth in the individual. (Professor Jamieson instanced the complete hairy covering present in foetal life, persisting after birth with some "persons, who do not fail to make use of their gift for purposes of exhibition"). The human body might be looked upon as a kind of "fossil pit." Rudimentary structures in man cannot be determined by comparative anatomy, as man is the highest animal, but signs of appreciation of a fourth dimension point to their presence. Possibly some trifling collection of cells in the brain is responsible for this. The lecture was based upon studies of the hair, nails, bones, muscles and other structures such as the vestige of a third eye, proving that great changes had taken place in the human anatomy.

Beautiful specimens of bones were handed round to illustrate some points.

#### Women's Hockey Club.

At the beginning of the season the Hockey Committee decided to keep all but long distance fixtures, which were cancelled on account of the expense.

So far the 1st XI. have been very successful, winning all the matches played, that is, those against Normanton High School Old Girls (5-0) at Leeds, Liverpool University (4-1) at Leeds, Sheffield University (5-1) at Sheffield. All of these have been very enjoyable matches, but the best game was that against Liverpool. On both sides the shooting was good, the play fast, and in our team the combination was admirable, considering the fact that four of the five forwards are new members of the team.

The 2nd XI. have been equally successful. They won their only match against Bingley Training College 2nd XI., by 3-1 at Leeds.

Judging from the matches already played and from the number of keen freshers, this season ought to be a good one. We hope that hockey players who are not in either of the teams will lose none of their zeal, but will support the Wednesday afternoon practices, and take part in the Interdepartmental matches which take place next term.

We very much regret that Miss Cass has not come up to take her place as Captain of the 1st XI., but we consider ourselves very fortunate in finding such an efficient substitute as Miss Woodall.

H.M.S.







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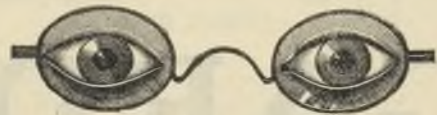
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