

Index

THE GRYPHON

first copy

VOL. 19. No. 1.
NOV. 11, 1915.

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Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

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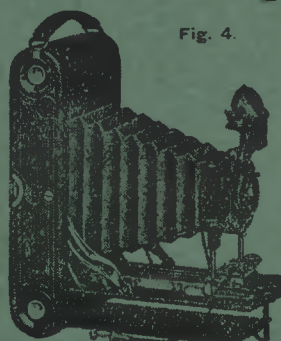


Fig. 4.

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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."—LYLY.

Vol. XIX.

NOVEMBER, 1915.

No. 1.

Editor: WINIFRED KIRKWOOD, B.A.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	1
THE KING'S VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY	2
NATIONAL REGISTRATION	3
PROFESSOR BRAGG	3
"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER"	4
ESSAYS IN IMAGISME	5
THE UNIVERSITY AND THE WAR	5
THE GUNNER.. .. .	6
THE GROWTH OF GERMAN KULTUR	6
THE WORK OF THE O.T.C.	7
THE TOLL OF WAR	8
REVIEW	10
"THE O.T.C. THAT FLEW"	11
B—BB—	12
AFTER THE WAR	12
TRIOLETS	12
THE SAD DREAM	13
CORRESPONDENCE	13
DEMONSTRATORS	13
DEPARTMENTAL NOTES	13
THE Gryphon BALANCE SHEET, 1914-15	16



FIRST let us offer the *Gryphon's* time-honoured welcome to the Freshers. They join us at a time of stress, when social functions are fewer than usual; nevertheless they—and all of us, too—can enter wholeheartedly into that "corporate collegiate life" which is our ideal; for are we not bound by closer ties than ever, when we realise the part the University, our University, is playing at the present time, and is going to play in the future?

* * *

We are proud of what has been and is being done by our University. We are proud of our fellow-members who are fighting for us and of those who are taking a none the less active and important part in other directions in the service of our country. One of our students at the Front says "You may be interested to know that quite ten Leeds University men are in our corps, and that we took part in the attack of the 25th September."

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We publish a new Roll of Honour, augmented considerably since the last issue, but the casualty list grows too, and we are saddened by the loss of many more of our members and friends. We are glad to learn that Mr. W. Gould who was reported suffering from gas poisoning, has now recovered.

* * *

The laurel wreath so thoughtfully placed in the Entrance Hall by the Vice-Chancellor is being kept fresh by the students, who are only too glad thus to be able to give a personal tribute to those who have fallen.

* * *

Professor Bragg's new appointment as Quain Professor of Physics in University College, London, was mentioned in the last *Gryphon*. We are pleased to be able to publish an appreciation of him by a colleague.

* * *

It was mentioned last session that Mrs. Moorman would be glad to receive copies of the *Gryphon* to send to the Front. Will those students who have copies dated since Easter to spare, be so kind as to let Mrs. Moorman have them?

* * *

Lastly a word about contributions. No doubt it is too much to ask that at a time like this they should flow in, but we should like a little larger response. Matter for the next *Gryphon* must be in by Monday, November 22nd.

The King's Visit to the University.

Monday, September 27th.

FROM Sunday morning until noon of the next day we lived in a pleasant state of excitement—all the more pleasant because of the air of mystery and secrecy with which we surrounded it. The cause of it all was a letter from the University, which we opened quite calmly, wondering vaguely whether it might be still another letter of thanks for registration work, another meeting, or merely a syllabus of work for the coming session. Even the words "private and confidential" at the head of the letter did not very greatly impress us. But when we had read and re-read that letter, we were convinced that it was by no means like the host of others we had received from the University office. We were invited to be present at the reception of His Majesty The King in the Great Hall of the University!

It is quite a novel experience to feel that one possesses knowledge which is not common to everyone, and which must not be divulged: and to hear people discussing rumours that His Majesty was coming to Leeds, to visit such and such places, whilst one knew all the time that he actually was coming, and that moreover he was to visit the University; gave one the same sense of superiority with which, some weeks before, one had listened to anxious questions on the meaning of the mysterious "pink form."

We were a little shocked on reaching College Road, on that memorable Monday afternoon, to find from the number of people gathered there that after all the

King's intended visit was common knowledge in the town; nevertheless we made our way through the crowd with a dignity proper to those who were to have the honour, though shared with two or three hundred others, of "receiving" His Majesty in the Great Hall.

On our arrival, we were conducted to the gallery, where we carefully chose a position commanding a full view of the state chair of the University, placed on a small carpeted dais at one side of the Hall—possibly we had a vague idea that His Majesty would sit there to receive an address of welcome in the name of the august assembly now gathering in the body of the hall.

The crowd which waited for The King's arrival was far different from any we have usually seen, either in the days when we dodged flying carrots and cabbage leaves, or even in more recent times, when we have almost forgotten our former hooliganism. A most decorous atmosphere pervaded the assembly: every one spoke in subdued tones, and not even the sight of our professors taking their places in the Hall; nor the entry of two Captains of the army, whom once we heard with awe in our English and Latin rooms; nor the discovery at one instant of our president and vice-president, caused us more than a momentary excitement; we were waiting for one person alone—The King.

At last he came, dressed in khaki uniform, and accompanied by four or five personages whose names and titles we learned later from the newspaper. At the time, we must confess, we paid them little attention. We were there to see The King.

As His Majesty passed through the Hall, we realized one disadvantage of a private visit: the only way in which we could express our loyalty, and our deep appreciation of the honour done to us by our King, was by standing silently during the two or three minutes in which we saw him.

On leaving the Hall, His Majesty was conducted to the different departments of the University, where he inspected many interesting results of work done in connection with the war; and to the quadrangle, where the O.T.C. was reviewed. We ourselves were able to see the same exhibits later in the afternoon—for we found to our surprise that after His Majesty had left the Hall, we had to remain there for a full hour; and even the arrival of coffee and cigarettes failed to console us for more than a few minutes. When at last we were free to visit the various departments, our eagerness had almost vanished, and afterwards we regretted having missed many interesting exhibits. Of what we did see, the experiment which interested us most was one showing how the poisonous gas used by the Germans is able to flow along a trench and how a slight current of air causes it to rise and travel still more rapidly.

When we left the University buildings, and reached the centre of the town, we found that the placards were already advertising reports of the King's visit—and once more we realized very forcibly, though in a different manner, how long an hour really is.

In spite of all its surprises, however, we look back with pleasure to that afternoon, and count it a great honour to have been present when our King was received in our University of Leeds.

National Registration.

A Few Impressions.

It would be impossible—if not impertinent—to offer sufficient praise to the Women Students of Leeds University for the conscientious, enthusiastic and capable manner in which they carried out their duties in connection with the National Register. A few facts and a few impressions may serve to entertain *Gryphon* readers, but the work done is its own testimony and an achievement which will live.

Sir Robert Fox, the Town Clerk, accepted the offer of the Vice-Chancellor and the Women's President to procure the services of a hundred women for four days, subsequently extended to ten. After the ten days' period had expired, the women were asked to stay longer and many did so, some for five weeks. At first the work was interesting, though complicated, but it quickly became monotonous. A vision of grey, white, buff, green AND PINK forms, each printed in red or black—a vision of red, green and violet pencils—a vision of blouses of the same shades (*and others*)—with a background of green baize—put these kaleidoscopic visions together and you have what was seen by the eyes. Conceive, if you can, counting, copying, sorting and checking all proceeding simultaneously—conceive, if you can, the final counting and the binding of the forms with plenteous red tape and then the stowing away in glorified soap boxes—add these conceptions together, recall your previous visions and you realise what our Women Students were doing unceasingly for five whole weeks. In all 100 past and present students did 903 whole days' work.

And how the women worked!—yes, *all of them*. And how they rejoiced when allowed to work at nights and on Saturday afternoons—and *Rumour* hath it that one Sunday found a student or two in the Town Hall. The Misses —, better known for their frivolity, provided a pleasing surprise, for they stayed about three weeks and positively slaved all the time.

The Vice-Chancellor was a very welcome visitor on several occasions. Miss Woodcock, too, was there, and we felt proud of her as she explained our work to the various magnates who came to inspect us—and it didn't matter a bit that the Town Clerk's Staff, professedly a body of misogynists, christened her "The Head Hen" and the Students "The Hens and Chickens."

Then there was the Refectory Lunch each day—what an Admirable Crichton Mrs. Beck is! And afternoon tea in the Lord Mayor's Rooms. How these respites were enjoyed—and, ye Gods! how the women chattered when they *were* free. "Have you heard that Mr. — has got a post *somewhere*, and has to wear a morning coat and silk hat on Sundays?" "Have you heard that Mr. — and Miss — are

engaged?" "What is Mr. — doing here?"—and so forth.

Grateful thanks are due to the ladies who so kindly accommodated the women at their houses—one Student confessed that she had permission to stay out until — (deleted by Censor), "but," she said, "she's so ripping that I always want to go home early so that I can be with her."

Of all things, the National Register proved our Women and showed them at their best. The part they have taken, and are taking, in Union affairs, important and praiseworthy as it is, pales when we consider how eagerly they helped their country and will help her again when opportunity offers. The nobility of Work and of English Womankind is the final impression we have. Indeed it was, my brothers and sisters, verily a vindication and a revelation of the old English Toast—"The Women, God bless 'em."

D.P.

Professor Bragg.

THE departure of Professor Bragg from the University seems to me so much of a calamity that I am in danger of writing in a style more fitting to an obituary notice than to valediction. But it *is* a calamity that the University should lose a man so pre-eminently qualified to render it the most vital service, and there is no need to make any pretence of being cheerful about it.

The other day someone had the audacity (it was really ignorance) to say to me that no doubt I was very glad about the honour conferred on Professor Bragg. I asked what honour?—thinking that it was something in the day's news. It was however "being asked to go to London"! Let us be quite clear about this; Professor Bragg has not left us for the honour of going to London, still less for the honour (or horror) of being included in that complex of educational Pripet Marshes and wire entanglements known as the University of London. Professor Bragg has left us because he thinks that in London he can do better work. He has a perfect right to think so, and I know he gave most anxious and searching thought to the question. It is of course an honour to be wanted by any reputable place, but it is perhaps a rarer honour to be whole-heartedly wanted where you are. Let us, therefore, be sincere and not say too much about the honour, and let us also be just and bear no grudge to a man, who, after taking thought, has followed what seemed to him the path of duty. What we are called upon to do is to acknowledge our debt for what we have received and to express our good wishes to a parting benefactor and a beloved friend.

Professor Bragg, as everyone knows, was born in England (Cumberland), had a distinguished career at Cambridge, and went to Adelaide as professor of mathematics in 1886. There he did a great work from the first for the common weal of the University. He was not much heard of in this country till the days of Radium, and then suddenly he emerged as an experimental investigator of the first-class. The fact of a man in the Antipodes coming at once into

the front rank in an entirely new field of work that lay geographically speaking, except for his plot, in western Europe, was very remarkable and I know of no other example.

When in 1908 our University was called upon to find a successor to Dr. Stroud, the Council decided on what seemed to many the adventurous policy of inviting a man whom none of them had ever seen. There was however no more rashness in the project than you would expect to find in the West Riding of Yorkshire; for the public opinion of his craft in this country was undivided in proclaiming Professor Bragg as the man most to be desired. He came in 1909, he saw, he conquered. No man in my experience of the University of Leeds has done better work or been better liked, and the going of no man has been more regretted. We all know why and I am not going to say it in detail. The eulogistic dissection of contemporaries—one of the lingering signs of post Victorian decadence—is unseemly. The plain and essential facts are that Professor Bragg became personally trusted and beloved; he made magnificent discoveries in his subject; he could expound as few men can expound; he gained true glory for the University of Leeds. What more do you want? Nothing, I think. You want to keep such a man—if you can. If you cannot, you may be thankful you have had so much of him. When he goes you can only say thank you and God speed, and hope that he knows how proud of him we have been, and that he also will be proud, as any man may well be, to have served the University of Leeds.

This notice would be incomplete if it did not include the mention of Mrs. Bragg, and here I find it very difficult to say what I want. But here, happily again, everybody knows, everybody is grateful and everybody is sorry.

I know that the parting from Leeds has lain heavy on the hearts of both Professor and Mrs. Bragg. But the death of one of their brilliant sons in the war has brought upon them an overwhelming sorrow to which in comparison any parting from us can seem only a small vicissitude. I cannot attempt to measure out to them our sympathy, but I hope that what I have tried to say may convey some sign of the affectionate concern in all their fortunes, that is felt by the whole community in which they have lived during the last six years.

A.S.

"I remember, I remember."

It was a gust of wind on a Summer's day that brought it all back to me. It had swept perhaps thirty miles, over filthy towns and reeking chimneys—but it still held that unmistakable quality—the tang of the sea. As I stood upon the hill and faced the breeze my nostrils filled with the brine of it and my heart leaped, as it used to do to meet the blue heaving mass in the days of long ago.

It was a green cleft in a bay at Guernsey that we had christened "Portelet." There was a little red-roofed grey-walled bungalow there, and in front of

it a winding pathway down the cliff to the sand and the small roughly-built breakwater and the flat-bottomed boats rocking monotonously at their moorings. Jack and I wore neither shoes nor stockings nor hats; very often we spent hours clothed in bathing things of disreputable pattern, splashing in the pools or browning in the sun, hunting for crabs or shrimps or octopi. After all, respectability goes by comparison. The fishermen's boys bathed as nature made them; who were they to criticise us? In the Pool at the deep end of the breakwater, I once caught an octopus in my shrimping-net. I gave it to a fisherman and watched him take it in his hands and deliberately turn it inside out for bait. Behind the bungalow rose the green and yellow heavy-scented, gorse-tangled hill. It was there that Jack and I had our "Usual Places." You followed the rabbit tracks beneath the bracken and heather and dodder-covered gorse to a little nook where the golden blossoms met overhead, and dried prickles made a soft, warm carpet underfoot. There we kept old tobacco tins in which we hid our treasures, stores of Quaker-Oats, brown sugar, dog-biscuits or knuckly crusts of bread. Have you ever eaten Quaker-Oats smelling of tobacco and gorse and ivy-leaves? It is delicious—or it used to be. Down at the back of the bungalow were countless tins of salt-water, in which creatures of the sea rotted and stank in the sun until father made us have a grand clearance and empty the stark and stiff animals back into the deep.

There was a "Souffleur" over the hill where, when the tide was high, the water rushed and sighed through the roof-opening of a cave. We took a learned Professor there once, and as he was bending over the "blow-hole" grumbling because it would not blow, it suddenly "souffled" into his face and bore away his spectacles for ever. The soles of our feet were like leather, and when the dusty hot road tired them Jack and I would go and squelch them in the cool mud of a stream, or fling ourselves down panting on the warm, earth-smelling grass. We were covered with scratches and the freckles on Jack's nose spread at last into one big brown blotch, whilst my skin was the colour of a russet apple. There used to be a baby for me to mind then, a round, scrubby, brown atom which ate coal and sand and crawled down every hole it could find, bumping its head at the bottom.

There are other memories too! Fierce, wild storms, when waves beat against the jagged rocks, and the salt spray fled before the squall into my face and eyes, blinding yet strangely exhilarating me as I clung, breathless, to a boulder. And there were the long glimmering nights of summer, filled with voiceless murmurings; the low sighing of trees, the eternal restlessness of the ever-changing sea, the slight, far-off sound of innumerable pebbles as the ebb drew back over their rounded surface. And over all, pervading all, the breath in one's nostrils that is unforgettable, that taste on one's lips as of something clear and clean and bitter-sweet—the tang of the salt sea wind.

Those days are over now. The little brown baby is sleeping in a quiet green cemetery beyond the hill.

Jack is a long way off somewhere at the other end of the world, seeking his fortune. The fishermen's boys have been taught to show visitors round for tips. Portelet has passed into the hands of strangers, and an awesome respectability reigns over all.

M.C.M.

Essays in Imagisme.

POETRY is a composition or an "organisation" of words set to "music." By "music" here we can scarcely mean much more than rhythm and timbre. The rhythm form is false unless it belong to the particular creative emotion or energy which it purports to represent.

Emotion creates the Image.

The Image is more than an idea. It is a vortex or cluster of fused ideas and is endowed with energy.

From the Affirmations of Ezra Pound.

I.—FANCIES.

Wrapped in a purple night of thought,
I saw gold stars a-roaming.

II.—THE AUTUMN OF THE WORLD.

As a host of blood-flecked clouds
skim the golden sky
and melt in the vermillion vastness,
There comes borne on a wind
from the infinite womb of chaos,
the dank wafture of decay.

Over the eternal waters of the sea,
that weep and find no solace of their cares,
Lethargic vultures flock and swirl
and fill the echoes with their gloomy songs.

Hot winds from tropic zones,
betray
the transient things of Earth.
The last, yellow leaves fall
on the iridescent sward.
The wind dies
and the Summer voices are forever quiet.

III.—LAUGHTER SONG.

Laugh!
And let your laughter flit
like yellow butterflies,
And ripple like the Grecian seas.

Laugh!
For yours is the gay wisdom
of the fading flowers
and of the eternal song of the world.

Laugh!
For your tears are futile.
Your tears are lost as the dew pearls
given the sea
of the dancing flowers.

IV.—DESPAIR.

She gazes with her dim, grey eyes
into the gathering mists,
And scarlet moths,
flock to her lips
to suck the honey there.

V.—THE LADY IN THE LEOPARD'S SKIN.

The lady in the leopard's skin—
She'd roses in her waving hair,
And roses in her peaked breast;
But other roses bloomed for me
Within her dark and dancing eyes.

H.E.R.

The University and The War.

It is fitting that at this time, all students, both new and old, should make it an all-important part of their University career to find out how the University stands in regard to the war. The University has put on uniform and in its various departments, work, far-reaching in its effects and invaluable, not only to Britain, but also to her Allies, is being done. In the laboratories painstaking and delicate labour is going on with ceaseless activity. The atmosphere of the University is one of purpose, involving tireless concentration upon the work in hand. The personnel of the University has changed considerably. Men of high spirit and lofty ideals, fired by the spirit of self-sacrifice and alive to their country's crying need, have dedicated their lives to the cause of freedom. Poor indeed is the place that has not its martyrs and while we as a University rejoice that we are enriched by the loss of many lives, yet we grieve that the necessity has compelled the sacrifice.

It is obvious that the call to serve cannot be answered by all in the same way, but it is not less plain that we at home have our part to play. Sacrifice is our portion also and our work should be toned by a contemplation of the future that lies before us. For not only, as the Vice-Chancellor has reminded us, do we contribute but one-sixth to the cost of our education and it therefore behoves us to give of our best, but also we can approximate to the sacrifice of the heroes of Flanders and the Dardanelles only by putting forward increased effort into everything we do.

On Monday, October 4th, the first day of term, the Vice-Chancellor, following his practice of last year, a practice which we hope will become a custom, addressed the whole body of students in the Great Hall.

The address was very impressive and full of that quiet dignity which we have learned to associate with the Vice-Chancellor. We were told of the great work the University is doing in connection with the war. The high standard of exceptionally valuable work which is being done by the various departments, work which had received more than official recognition by the visit of the King, was touched upon. The Vice-Chancellor told us how important was the work

of the Dyeing Department, one of the finest outside Germany, and of the Chemical Department, one of the greatest in the world.

All of us were very interested to hear of the visit of the King and the keenness, which we were told, His Majesty shewed in inspecting the work of the "war departments" enthused and convinced us of the prominent part the University is playing in the present crisis.

The Vice-Chancellor referred to the work of the O.T.C. and said that during the long vacation the University had been a combination of Woolwich and Sandhurst. Nine hundred and nineteen members of the University are on service. About thirty students, we were told, had been killed and about forty wounded.

The women students, the Vice-Chancellor said, had put forward colossal efforts "to do their bit" and their work in connection with the National Registration Act had been of a highly valuable and indispensable character.

In conclusion, the Vice-Chancellor said the work of all in the University should be characterised by the temper of the present time. He urged all to be sure that they were doing their duty. The importance of keeping a clear head and a calm spirit as well as of keeping physically fit, was no less emphatically urged.

The address was inspiring, consecrating as it did, a new year to unceasing efforts to carry on.

C.H.L.

The Gunner.

(With Apologies to Lord Tennyson.)

I.

Who would be
A gunner bold,
Standing alone,
Watching alone
Over the sea,
Till he caught a cold
On a stone?

II.

I would be a gunner bold.
I would wait and watch the whole of the day
On the steps that led up to my little watch tower;
But at night I would put on my great coat and stay
In the sentry box above the rocks,
Challenging suspects from hour to hour,
Holding them fast in a guard-room with locks;
If they did not reply when I'd counted three
I'd shoot them at once (if they didn't shoot me)
Laughingly, laughingly.
Unless they were able to creep away
From the crumbling sand dunes steep and high
As I cursed the wind and the darkened sky.

G.B.H.

[The above was written at a Military Station on the East Coast by an Officer of the R.F.A. (a Leeds University student), now at the Front.]

The Growth of German Kultur.

To those of us who have known Germany in the early eighties or before, the cult of force and the materialism, which masquerades in German minds as culture, seems to have appeared with the suddenness of a volcanic upheaval blotting out that pleasant flavour of mediaevalism of the smaller towns and villages which one has been accustomed to associate with German life and German character.

Yet if one reads books about Germany which appeared long before the war (I do not include those of the Treitschke and Bernhardi class), it is possible to trace quite clearly the growth of that new masterful spirit which has fallen like a blight upon the nation; for the symptoms of the disease have long been visible; it is in reality a disease of gradual growth. I should like to illustrate this point. Quite hap-hazard I took out of the library the day before leaving for my holiday, three books and the three books by a mere chance were by representative authors of the three allied countries, Russia, France and England. In the Russian book (a novel by Tourgueneff, translated into French in 1886) a conversation is described between a young medical student Bazarof, of socialistic and progressive ideas who accepts no authority except that determined by his own experience of life, and the old squire, Paul, who comes of a noble family and is steeped in the conservative creed of his class. They discuss the Germans. "As for myself," says the old squire, "I humbly recognise the fact that I do not like the Germans. I speak of real Germans and not Russo-Germans. We know what the latter are like. No, the Germans of Germany are not to my liking. Formerly they were tolerable, they had men of great repute, Schiller and Goethe, for example. But now I only find chemists and materialists." "After all, a good chemist is twenty times more useful than the best poet," said Bazarof.

"Indeed," answered Paul raising his eyebrows as if he had just wakened up. "Art seems to you to be a thing of no value."

"Yes, the art of making money and of efficiently curing corns!" replied Bazarof with a contemptuous smile.

Jean Christopher of Romain Rolland was published in 1905 and the German character is again touched upon. "He (uncle Theodore) was a good representation of the type of German new style who affects to ridicule the old idealism of the race and drunk with recent victory has acquired a cult for force and material success which shows that he has not entirely assimilated them. But as it is difficult to transform suddenly the secular nature of a people, this idealism, though crushed, appeared constantly in the language, mannerisms and moral habits and in quotations from Goethe à propos of the smallest domestic incident. It was a singular mixture of conscience and interest, a bizarre effort to reconcile the honest principles of the Old German bourgeoisie with the cynicism of the new counter-jumper, a mixture which produced a repugnant odour of hypocrisy and ended by making force, cupidity and German interests, the symbol of

honour, justice and truth." W. H. Dawson's "Evolution of Modern Germany," was published in 1908 and describes the German at a later period. Moreover it is written with the object of presenting a picture of recent German development. He writes: "To the average Englishman the chief significance of the aggressive movement of Germanism in modern times lies in the successful claim which the German industrialist and merchant have asserted to a large share of the world's trade, yet those who look deeper will discover other and more momentous signs of the new spirit. One of these is the growth of what can best be described as a cult of force. Here the effect of the three successful wars which Prussia waged early in the second half of last century may clearly be traced. It is naturally in the political domain that the tendency to worship force is especially seen."

Even so thoughtful an educationist as Professor Paulsen recognises the change. "Two souls dwell in the German nation; it has been called the nation of poets and thinkers and it may be proud of the name. To-day it may again be called the nation of masterful combatants, as it originally appeared in history."

J.B.C.

The Work of the O.T.C.

THE number of commissions obtained by members of our Contingent now totals 450. A considerable portion of which were obtained during the past four months, in which time we were practically emptied of our Corps Proper. The long summer vacation gave University students opportunities for undertaking military training, resulting in many of them getting commissions. Many students, however, joined the ranks, and several took up posts in munitions factories.

On Saturday morning, July 3rd, the Corps was inspected by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who was present at the University in connection with the conferment of degrees. About a fortnight later, we were again inspected, this time with the officers attending the School of Instruction. The inspection was made by Major General Lawson, C.B., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Northern Command, who, whilst passing along the lines, questioned and chatted with various cadets and officers. After dismissing the Officers' School, the General addressed a few remarks to the members of the Corps, and congratulated them on their smart appearance. General Lawson was accompanied by Major Scovell, a member of Headquarters Staff, York.

The instructional side of O.T.C. life has of late been important, because of the many lectures given by officers on what they have witnessed whilst on service in France and Flanders. Second-Lieut. Ainley (an ex-Corporal of the Corps) lectured on his experiences whilst fighting with the 5th Batt. Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Mackinnon (2nd Scottish Rifles) and Captain Murray (Black Watch)—instructing officers attached to the School of Instruction for Officers—also delivered some interesting lectures on

what they had witnessed at the front. A further lecture was given by Captain Campbell at Chapeltown Barracks, the subject being Bayonet Fighting, and, although "thrilling," it was very instructive. Recently, Lieut. King (brother of Sergt. Redman King), who is in charge of a machine gun section in France, gave an interesting talk on the value and tactics of machine guns. A lecture by Lieut. Nightingale, an ex-cadet, must also be mentioned. The O.T.C. is greatly indebted to all these gentlemen, who, by their accounts, have helped to make interesting what often proves a hard course of instruction.

Besides these service lectures, the instruction of cadets in military subjects has been and is being catered for in other ways. Professor Kendall gave some excellent instruction on topography, and Major Griffith (R.A.M.C.) lectured on "The Preservation of Health." Mr. Archibald twice a week lectures and demonstrates on the Prismatic Compass, and Mr. Parker is giving a series of lectures on "Sanitation and First Aid." Another gentleman, Second-Lieut. Dale (Grammar School O.T.C.), attends every week and discusses Certificate A papers, which are problems set on the information contained in the various military training manuals. It is almost needless to remark that the work of these gentlemen is very much appreciated.

The big event in the history of the Corps was the inspection by His Majesty The King on September 27th. The whole of the Contingent was drawn up in line, with Captain Perkins in command, whilst behind them also in line were paraded the officers of the School of Instruction. After the presentation of Captain Perkins to The King, His Majesty, who was attired in the uniform of a British Officer, proceeded to inspect the parade by passing along each of the ranks.

Several week-end camps of instruction have been held at Bramham, Buckden and Haw Pike (Bolton Abbey). A very creditable performance was made by a party of about 26 O.T.C. men, who, setting off from Leeds at midnight on the Friday, marched to Bolton Abbey, arriving at 6.15 on Saturday morning. After two days in camp, they marched back to Leeds on the Monday, and not one of the party dropped out, in spite of the fact that many of those marching were new and unaccustomed to long route marches.

Mention must be made of Sergeant Redman King's success at the School of Musketry, Strensall, where he qualified, with distinction, as a musketry instructor.

An additional subject to the course of instruction afforded members of the O.T.C. is the present important one of "Bombs." The instruction of this subject is in the hands of Captain Perkins, who, by his demonstrations in the vicinity of headquarters makes one imagine he is "somewhere in France."

In conclusion may it be remarked how pleasing it is to see Lieut. Stockdale back again. He is attached for a period as an Instructing Officer at the Officers' School of Instruction.

The Toll of War.

SINCE the publication of the last number of the *Gryphon* the list of those who have lost their lives on military service has been sadly increased. The new losses, like those previously recorded, are in most cases those of men who were particularly active and popular during their University careers. The West Riding Territorial division, which went to France early in the year, has been holding an important part of the line for many months, and its casualty lists have naturally included many who have special local associations. On this front we have lost at least six, who were very active and popular as students and full of promise as our representatives in the life of the nation.

LIEUT. C. HARTNELL, who was killed in the trenches by a shell in July, just before his promotion to the rank of captain was announced, was an engineering student, one of the founders and first N.C.O.'s of the O.T.C., a prominent member of the Union Committee and of the Rugby XV. as well as an active partaker in all informal activity which was likely to uphold the name of the University. He was a colleague of Hopkins, Duchesne, Arnold Seymour-Jones, Curtis and others in those palmy days, when one is inclined to think the real foundations of all that is best in our present traditions, were laid. He joined the Leeds Rifles immediately he left the O.T.C., and became one of the most popular subalterns of his regiment. His father, Mr. Wilson Hartnell, is a well-known Leeds engineer, and both the city and the University will extend deepest sympathy to his parents in the loss of their noble son who had endeared himself in all the numerous circles in which he worked.

LIEUT. E. LEE was killed by a rifle bullet while supervising the repair of the parapet of his machine gun emplacement on July 10th. Lee was lecturer in Agricultural Botany in the University for about eighteen months before the beginning of the War. In that period he managed, by his great gift of energy and organising power to perform, in addition to his departmental duties, a great deal of unobtrusive but extremely valuable work for the University as a whole. Most important of all was probably his work for the O.T.C. He was only in the contingent about six months but in that period he must have established something like a record in attendance at parades. He revived enthusiasm in musketry to such an extent that many cadets paid not two but ten visits to the range during the summer of 1914. Lee had persuaded several other members of the staff to join the contingent with him and when Captain Priestley left for France in August, 1915, the work of dealing with the new conditions caused by the war fell on them. While waiting for his own commission Lee literally slaved at Headquarters. He was responsible for musketry instruction and did an enormous share of the spade work which produced the present system out of an almost hopeless chaos. With his regiment (the 4th West Ridings) he was equally successful. He was promptly promoted lieutenant and given command of the machine gun

section with which he served till his death. He had an exceptionally unselfish disposition; no exertion was too great and no task too trivial if the work was for the welfare and comfort of others. A few months before he went to France he was married and those of his friends who knew the great happiness that the union brought him will extend special sympathy to Mrs. Lee in her irreparable loss.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT E. IRISH came from Batley Grammar School to the University in 1910. In 1913 he obtained a graduate scholarship in Chemistry and stayed for a post-graduate course in leather industries. He was just looking forward to starting his industrial career when the call to arms came, and being a sergeant in the O.T.C., he was soon gazetted to the 5th West Yorks. By temperament and from the special character of his abilities Irish was one of the best soldiers the University has produced. Young and high spirited, but above all reliable and serious, he faced the routine of training and the rigours of the campaign with unfailing cheerfulness. He was a very popular officer and when he was killed on June 20th while repairing his barbed wire, there were many who felt very keenly the loss of an inspiring leader and of a genial bright hearted friend. While at the University, Irish combined an unusual success in his studies with a good deal of hard play—he was captain of the lacrosse team—and much Union work and social activity. His career and his noble death will for long be an inspiration to the young men of his type which the Spen Valley sends us in such large numbers.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT C. SALMAN, of the 8th Berkshire Regt. was killed in France about the middle of October. He was a student of the College of the Resurrection and obtained his commission in November, 1914. Nothing is more striking than the way in which the Mirfield men have figured in the casualty lists. They have shown themselves as ready to make the greatest sacrifice of all as they always were to slog away at all that unrecognised toil which provides society and corporate life for students in the University of Leeds. Salman was always one to "do his bit" with great devotion and seriousness and though full of regret at the loss to the gentler calling he was looking forward to following, we are proud to enrol him among the bright spirits who have served their country to the end as true soldiers.

LIEUT. A. R. FORSELL of the 4th Leicesters was also killed in the severe fighting of early October and by his death justified once more the devoted service which he and others gave to the O.T.C. before the war. He, too, had just completed his University course and was looking forward to the real work of life. He was specially prominent in games and at the annual sports, and was a very good amateur actor. He made a very large circle of friends, who were all attracted by his quiet geniality, and in nearly every sphere of University life the news of his death will be heard with profound sorrow and regret, at the loss of a promising and vigorous young life.

CORPORAL LOUIS ACKROYD was struck down by shrapnel in October. His death is a special reminder of the changes which have taken place in warfare as he was killed while performing duties for which he had obtained his special training at Leeds. A distinguished graduate in the honours school of chemistry he joined the Chemists' Corps (R.E.) when it was found necessary to organise a counterstroke to the German gas attacks. Ackroyd was specially prominent while at Leeds as a member of the Association football team, in what were probably its best days. He concealed his considerable abilities under an unusually modest demeanour, and from the beginning of his career he exhibited that profound sense of duty which has now called him to give his best abilities and finally his life in defence of our national liberty.

Serious as our losses have been in France and Flanders they are probably surpassed in sadness by those in Gallipoli. During the landings in August terrific losses were sustained by many battalions of the new armies within a few hours of their first coming into action.

LIEUT. J. W. CARTER, of the 8th West Ridings will be remembered by many as a prominent member of the Debating and Literary societies. He was a member of the O.T.C. from its foundation right down to the beginning of the war and received his commission in August, 1914. He was an accomplished student of modern languages and literature and was well known in Leeds for his literary and artistic interests.

LIEUT. E. WORSNOP of the 9th West Yorks. died at about the same time and place as Carter. Like Carter he was a graduate in Arts and his interests were largely literary and intellectual, but he also had devoted the bulk of his spare time to military training. He came to the University from the Leeds Grammar School and had served in the ranks of the R.A.M.C. before joining the O.T.C. He received his commission at the beginning of the war and was promoted lieutenant in March of this year. Just before he went out he was married to Miss Powis, of Armley, whose great sorrow is shared by all who knew Worsnop's sterling character and abilities.

There are few losses which have touched our hearts more than those of Carter and Worsnop. Neither of them was prominent in games, and neither was as well known as with their considerable abilities they would have been in a residential University, but by their lives and deaths they have both shown that gallantry and extreme devotion to duty are the heritage of every Englishman, whatever his inclinations and pursuits.

J. F. WEBSTER, who had just completed an electrical engineering course, enlisted when war broke out in the Royal Engineers and went to Gallipoli early in the eastern campaign. He was killed by a shell while engaged on field work behind the British lines. Webster was a popular member of the hockey team, a well-known high jumper, and like all engineers, always ready to work for the reputation of the University and of his department. The promptness of his enlistment and his special modesty in remaining

with his unit when most of his old friends were receiving commissions make his name one of the most distinguished on our Roll of Honour.

LIEUT. G. H. WILLIS, of the 6th South Lancashires, was a Mirfield man who had just graduated in Arts at the outbreak of war. Being already trained he was gazetted without delay, and promoted lieutenant in February, 1915. He died of wounds received in action on the Gallipoli Peninsula in August this year.

About the same time two other Mirfield students, LIEUTENANT G. E. MONTGOMERY, of the 5th Dorsetshires, who had only just commenced his Final Arts course and SECOND-LIEUTENANT F. C. BROWN, of the 9th Sherwood Foresters, who will be remembered as a diminutive but extraordinarily plucky outside right in the last Association football team, were missing and have not since been heard of. It is feared that both are lost, though there is still room to hope that we may see them again.

LIEUT. H. CURTIS, of the 9th West Yorks. was posted missing when Worsnop, of the same regiment, was killed, and he has not since been heard of. Curtis was prominent in the Officers' Training Corps and the Union at the same time as Hopkins, Hartnell, and the others referred to above. He was also a plucky member of the Rugby XV. He retained his membership of the O.T.C. after leaving the University, and was thus known to at least two generations of students. His great energy and rare ability as well as an especially attractive disposition made him extremely popular with all who knew him, and particularly with the boys he taught after leaving Leeds. If he is really lost he will be deeply mourned by many for whom he had worked and whom he had entertained.

LIEUT. I. McL. WILSON, of the 6th Yorks. was also killed in Gallipoli. He was a son of Dr. McLean Wilson of the West Riding Rivers Board at Wakefield, and had just completed the first year of his engineering course when he joined the New Army in August, 1915. He died bravely leading his men in the attack on Lala Baba in a manner which led some of them in their accounts of the attack to describe him as a little hero.

CAPTAIN R. RANDERSON, also of the 6th Yorks. fell in the same action. He was one of those non-members of the University who obtained admission to the O.T.C. early in the war and who rapidly passed out with commissions. Having admirable military instincts he received rapid promotion and died bravely fighting in the Lala Baba assault.

LIEUT. S. PORTER, of the 11th York and Lancasters, who has died of wounds in Gallipoli, was also a member of the O.T.C. who came to Leeds specially to train for a commission. He was a graduate of London University and brother of S. H. L. Porter, then a demonstrator in the Physics department. He made rapid progress both in the contingent and in his regiment, and was one of the first officers to leave the 11th, which is a reserve battalion, in a draft for the front.

The credit of our institution is being upheld nobly by men like Randerson and Porter, who were both specially proud of their connection with the O.T.C.

LIEUT. T. E. BEST, who was posted missing from the same regiment in the action in which Carter was killed has not since been heard of and it is feared he is lost. Best was a Science graduate, and a keen member of the O.T.C. He was a very successful officer and we all hope beyond hope that when Constantinople is reached we may find him there with Curtis, Brown and Montgomery, to welcome a victorious allied army.

It would be improper to close this hasty record of noble deaths without referring to one who has been spared to receive the due reward of his brave deed. The circumstances which gained the Military Cross for SECOND-LIEUTENANT E. F. WILKINSON are well known to all of us, and Wilkinson himself has been back among us on leave. With a consideration which was characteristic of his former character, he spent most of his leave in carrying words of encouragement to the relatives of the men in his platoon. Although he is emphatic in reminding his friends that he was fortunate in having many eyes on him when he earned his decoration, and that most brave deeds cannot be witnessed and reported in this way, we still feel proud of him and of the honour he has brought to the University where he received his first military training.

W.H.P.

Review.

Songs of Chaos, by Herbert Read (pub. Elkin Matthews, London).

A PLEASANT garland of verse might be gathered from those mouldering *Gryphons* which lie bound in the Journal Room, like the sleepers of Ephesus. We offer little encouragement to literary dabblers. We have no tradition. Leeds has produced no poets. Our *Gryphoneers* print their sonnets and depart, and their fame dies with the session. One of our makers however has just published some of his *Gryphon* contributions together with maturer work under the above title.

Mr. Read's book makes us admire and despair. We are compelled to praise his sense for music and rhythm. We despair of his meaning. He attempts the symbolical and even the mystical, and whither he goes we cannot follow him. We make no pretence to interpret his meaning. We regard his ideas as imaginative dreams, word-pictures, rather than allegories. In the power of shaping vision into word he excels. His imagination is intense, but so is his expression. He makes his dreams live so vividly, that we are compelled to say here is a poet. His published work is unequal both in quality and length. The last poems in the slim volume are inferior to the rest. *Demos* is only a picture, but so vivid is it, we can almost believe that the vision happened to Mr. Read's physical sight as an optical illusion. The mythology of *Niordr* is faulty, and when Mr. Read was studying the religious beliefs of his ancestors, he might have read them with pious care. The god whom he celebrates is Tacitus' Nerthus, and the Scandinavian form of his name was Niordr. The god was not a sea god. He was the god of wealth, and his seat was only by the sea shore because to the viking, the sea was the road to wealth.

The rest, *The Song of the Lark* excepted, are the songs of a child. This is not an insult to Mr. Read, it is a high compliment. If he can keep this childlike outlook (for it is not namby-pamby) as he grows in mind, there should be a future before him; for it is not easy to be a child again, and many of us would gladly slough our little knowledge, which adds but to our complexity and perplexity, if we could regain the simplicity and the insight of children. This poem is very simple, and very obvious—

I pluck a daisy here and there—
O many a daisy do I take!
And I string them together in a ring,
But it's seldom the ring doesn't break.

O daisies rosy, daisies white!
If I could string them in a ring
They'd make a bonny daisy-chain—
O why is a daisy a delicate thing?

—but why had it not been written before? The answer must be that most children do not 'lisp in numbers,' for this is exactly the thought and expression of a child, and in expression it is almost perfect. Alter a line, and the effect is lost.

In this poem, as in *Innocence*, *A Fairy Dirge*, *A Cradle Song*, Mr. Read has little to learn. But occasionally he attempts to teach, and we are not sure that his efforts are successful. *The Clairvoyant* is pretentious. The most Blakean of all perhaps is *The Boy in the Barn*. Here again the alternating rhythm and the vowel contrast are most deftly contrived. But why is it necessary to enforce a moral? The substitution of the perfect tense instead of the imperative in the first line of the last stanza would be an improvement, still, in spite of flaws, many of the songs which compose this volume are high in spirit to the *Songs of Innocence*, and they are not imitations. They are the product of Mr. Read's genius. He owes very little literary debt to Blake.

The Song of the Lark baffles us, and compels criticism. What does Mr. Read mean? He would have us believe that he rises in the still night, lets the wind blow out his candle, and wanders out to find the lark, whose voice, grander because of the night, calls to him. He crosses land and sea and comes upon a garden—

A radiant garden burst in bloom;
The scarlet rose and golden broom
Decked all the gloom of heaven around.
I saw it grow and grow and grow
Till all the sky was one hot glow;
And tears of light and lightning fell
And fed it as the gentle rain.

He hears the music of growing things, and, filled with ecstasy, passes on to hear sea-music. He discovers on 'tiers and Babel balconies'—

Chattering ghouls and spirits wan
Shrilling their wild cacophonies.

The music becomes a lady's song, and, as he becomes spell-bound she vanishes. Dawn breaks, and the lark ends its song.

Does he wish us to take this long poem as a series of impressions caused by music, or the skylark at night? Is it symbolic of the soul's quest? Frankly, what it all means we do not care to know, even as we do not seek to know the rational meaning of a symphonic poem. We judge it as poetry, as a series of imaginative ideas expressed in rhythmical and musical words, and we say that it shows great promise. It is idle to say that it echoes *Endymion*, that it is reminiscent of *Kubla Khan*.

Is there anything new under the sun in poetry? The verse is skilfully managed. There is not the slightest monotony, and only rarely the faintest perfume of a recollected rhythm or phrase.

Mr. Read's expression is intense, we use the word again. Although he is an impressionist, he has the art to make his dreams live. *The Song of the Lark* is like music in its appeal. It contains little matter for the intellect, but much meaning for the soul. If Mr. Read can keep astride Pegasus we look to new laurels for the University. It would be highly interesting to know what poets have influenced his technique. We feel sure of Blake, Keats, and Coleridge. Are there others? When were the *Songs of Chaos* written? Are they early or late work? They read like the work of a highly imaginative and sensitive boy blessed with something of a man's critical power.

LITTLE JOHN.

"The O.T.C. that Flew."

(Yet another 'Just So Story' that Mr. Kipling would certainly not own).

THIS, O my best beloved, is a story—A new and a wonderful story—a story quite different from the other stories—a story about the most mighty and magnificent O.T.C.

There are one thousand and one stories about the O.T.C., but this is not one of them. It is not the story of the cadet who ate plums or the Sergeant who saw stripes, or a discourse upon "The Devonshire." It is the story of the Flying Column.

Now attend all over again and listen.

The O.T.C. was strong, not even the lions of the mountains were as these.

The O.T.C. was wise—aye, even as Solomon the Son of David.

The O.T.C. was proud—and its ambition was insatiable.

And so, Dearly beloved, they wished to fly. But they had no wings (No, I should be not a bit surprised if they get some, someday, but in these times, beloved, they had none) and aeroplanes are indeed expensive. So that their insatiable ambition remained unsatiated.

One fine day, however, at the time of the autumnal equinox, the C.O. made an astounding and astonishing discovery, namely, that a famous column whose flying powers were of wide renown was about to fly past his camp in the Wild and Woolly valley of the Wharfe. Then everybody said "Hush," in a loud and

dretful tone and rubbed their feet with Methylated Spirits immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time, so that they would be ready when the time came to learn to fly.

The very next morning each cadet donned his equipment, which being devised to impede his movements as much as possible was thought to be indispensable for flying purposes, and a little warm, but not at all astonished, proceeded according to precedent to Addingham, where they met the Flying Column and fortified themselves for their exertions by eating beans. Bye and bye when that was finished the Colonel of the Flyers came to them and fell upon their necks and wept till his nose was (either with weeping or with flying in such high altitudes), as red as a Scarlet runner ought to be, and he attached them to the tail of his column and they flew. But their ambition was still insatiable.

They went from Addingham to Draughton, and from Draughton West by North, till at last they came to the banks of the great grey greasy River Aire at Skipton, and the pace was two miles an hour.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week and day, and hour, and minute, the O.T.C. had never seen a Flying Column and did not know what one was like. It was all their 'satiabile ambition so they thought that they could fly equally well, and said so in a voice of dretful scorn, and the Flying Column lifted up its voice and wept, being very much annoyed and sore at heart. But the O.T.C. was proud, and they stuck out their chests (as much as their equipment would let them) and made light of the 'Sparrow Step' and sang in a loud voice all the way to Skipton, exulting gladly. Nevertheless they noted not that time flew faster than themselves. And they stood in the market place and ate buns. And when the Colonel with the ruddy probiscis, and another Officer in a loud voice had frightened the citizens out of their wits, the O.T.C. said goodbye (very politely) to the Flying Column and turned homewards, a little warm but not at all astonished, eating plums and pears and apples and sucking acid drops.

So they came again to the Wild and Woolly (?) valley of the Wharfe and besides being very wild and woolly (?) it was very wet and the pace was three miles per hour. Thus they proceeded like the lost sheep upon the mountains, some slipping on the wild wet weeds, some falling into big holes, some crawling on hands and knees, till those who had been left at home to prepare the evening beans came forth with light and lantern to seek them. But insatiable still was their ambition.

And those who did not get sore feet got bad colds, while the cadet who had mixed plums and pears, and apples, and acid drops had to get up in the middle of the night, and——

But that is another story.

T.W.M.

B—bb—

(With deep apologies to Shades of Gilbert.)

Of feminine beauty
I feel it's my duty
To make an inspection from time to time ;
When I am not parading
Or otherwise aiding
The Cause of my Country, a terror I'm.

So Morley and Yeadon
And Headingley feed on
Perfections all rivals are green about.
At interviews granting
I'm really enchanting
To biographer maidens who glean about.

Motor cycles I borrow :
Here to-day gone to-morrow.
The C.O. (a sport) doesn't mind a rap,
For I'm there in the morning,
Headquarters adorning,
At his door with suggestions to gently rap.

For I have been told,
Though I'm not very old,
Without me he really would be perplexed ;
With men deprecating,
Of course hesitating,
I'm able to settle his questions vexed.

Time-tables devising,
Blue chins criticising,
Delivering lectures on etiquette,
On law military
And tactics contrary
There ne'er was an officer better yet.

Mirfield, when I left
Of a pillar bereft,
Has settled and sunk into sad decay ;
The weed and the card,
Pitch-and-toss in the yard,
I am told, are *de rigueur* this very day.

So, thoroughly fitted,
I've ever acquitttted
Myself as a modern young man of war,
With maidens and morals,
And military laurels ;
In fact I may say that I *am* the Corps.

C.S.

After the War.

(Being a Vision),

[With sincere apologies to the C.-O. !]

Scene : Chemistry Lecture Theatre.

Epoch : —?

Enter Mr. P-rk-ns. Mufti—Stiff collar !

" Good morning, gentlemen ! You will probably be surprised to see me here this morning when Captain Oppen—er—as-you-were !—Professor Sm-th-lls is down to Lecture, but I assure you it is not done to muster a good attendance at my own Lecture.

[*Disturbance !*] Er—yes ! But there is no need for the rear-rank—as-you-were !—back row to mark-time so vigorously !

Let me see !

D-n ! [This was part of the vision Mr. Editor, so it must go in ! He found he was playing with that infernal " Top right-hand button," that wasn't there now !]

Er—you were discussing Hydrochloric Acid I believe at the termination of your last Lecture, so I will continue if you will give me your atten-SHUN ! er—your attention !

The formula (sighs !) for Hydrochloric Acid is—er—as-you-were !—is—er—well, no matter ! !. It was used by the Germans [*more disturbance and marking-time !*] for the manufacture of poisonous gases from time to time.

It was placed in shells along with probably—er—with—other substances, to combine on explosion of the shell, to form poisonous fumes, and but for the extreme care with which our respirators, parapets, and paradoses were prepared we should have suffered tremendously. Does everyone know what a Parados is ?

[*Plaintive cries of " No " from Freshers !*] What !

How long have you been in the Cor—as-you-were !—that is—well, I'll explain again !"

[*Sighs with relief at getting on to a subject with which he is perfectly at home, and—explains !*]

[*Tinkling is heard in distance*]

" Ah ! That is the bell !

Company—Atten—SHUN !

Dis—MISS ! "

[*Exeunt !*]

R.J.D.

Triolets.

" Hope," 1885* and 1915.

O'er her harp, bending low,
With but one perfect string,
Whence faint melodies flow,
O'er her harp, bending low
Sightless Hope sits, and though
In despair, she can sing
O'er her harp, bending low,
With but one perfect string.

In the gathering shade
Of the darkly blue sky
Still sits Hope unafraid,
In the gathering shade,
With her trust undismayed,
Whilst a star shines on high,
In the gathering shade
Of the darkly blue sky.

R.S.

* Watt's " Hope " painted in 1885.

Translation. VOLKSLIED "DER SCHWERE TRAUM."

The Sad Dream.

A grievous dream of sorrow
 Last night came haunting me,
 There grew within my garden
 A tree of rosemary.

A churchyard was the garden,
 A grave the flower bed,
 And from the trees came falling
 White buds and blossoms red.

I filled a golden pitcher
 With all the flowers sweet.
 It fell and broke in pieces
 And cast them at my feet.

And little pearls came streaming
 And little drops blood-red
 What is my sad dream's meaning?
 Ah! Dearest—art thou dead?

M.C.M.

Correspondence.

Laboratory.

I WISH Mr. (or Madam) Editor you would give us the law about the pronunciation of the word at the head of this letter. I lately heard two professors in conversation, one of whom was persistently saying laboratory like labratory, and the other, laboratory with a whacking emphasis on the bor. Last session I heard from American lips another version with all the weight on the tory. I know the way out, of course—lab.

One does not expect English pronunciation to be uniform even among the educated. Some say detail with emphasis on the head and some with emphasis on the tail; some say eether and some say eye-ther. That is a small matter. But in a conversation where first one pundit says laboratory with a resounding blow on the lab and then a second pundit says the word with a counter-stroke on the bor, it is really embarrassing for a timid person to enter in and attempt the word.

I cannot find any authority for booming the bor except misuseage. Can you?

LABORANT.

Demonstrators.

In my Lab-time he would move about me,
 Criticising all the blessed time.
 If I faked, he knew that I was faking.
 So I spilt some acid down his trousers,
 And I told about him in this rhyme.

W.G.G.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Union Notes.

THE following is the result of the October Bye-Election :—

Elected.

Fletcher, B. G. . . 28 *Hughes, W. J. . . 26

Not Elected.

*Ward, H. 15	*Pratt, R. 13
Woodcock, V. J. . . 15	*Monkhouse, A. C. . . 12
*Hoppenstadt, M. . . 14	Wolfe, H. M. . . . 11
Percival, E. 13	

Signed :—

C. A. Mountford.	Thos. Wray Milnes.
Thos. Oates.	Charles H. Lambert.
Fred Webster.	

Scrutators.

The Freshers' Smoker.

WAR brings many changes, even to Freshers' Smokers. Owing to the Refectory being used by the Officers' School we were driven from hearth and home (particularly hearth) to the hearthless—I almost said heartless—Great Hall.

But despite this fact, the large number of students who assembled under the clock in the Great Hall managed somehow to keep warm and comfortable although there was the additional disadvantage (?) of the absence of intoxicants which formed such a feature of former Smokers.

The Committee at any rate, seated behind the table near which was a fire bucket, conspicuously labelled "Beer" showed that they at least were for the nonce content to take the letter for the spirit.

The freshers were present in large numbers, even those who had at first refused to come on the ground that they did not smoke, and were I believe greatly impressed with the characteristic dignity of the proceedings.

The "turns" were of the usual standard, more or less unsuccessful attempts to evoke some enthusiasm from the cold and critical audience. Contrary to the usual custom, the "pictures" came in the middle of the evening, and we much regret that the last few of a very long series of slides had to be missed owing to the premature breaking down of the lantern. After Mr. Ruston's exposition, no one who attended will forget the exact number of university students who are serving the country or engaged in war work, or the patience the members of the O.T.C. must have, to submit to being "filmed" at all sorts of odd times for the benefit and amusement of others.

Among the "turns" we must give first place to Mr. Moody whose creaking artificial arm was the chief source of the evening's hilarity. We heard for the

n+1th time the old favourite "Somerset" from Mr. Kerr, this time with glass-tinkling accompaniment by Mr. Silverman's select orchestra. Mr. Parsons amused us at the piano, but was unsuccessfully imitated by a fresher.

Even the dignified ex-president and his equally dignified successor unbent to "do their bit" and were welcomed as old hands at the game.

The musical (*sic*) and other items were interspersed with the murmurings or threatenings of various society representatives, who seemed to have a competition as to who should offer the maximum number of teas for the minimum subscription. This resulted in a dead heat between the Debating Society, with no teas and no subscription, and the S.S.S., with 100 teas (10 before each meeting) for the trifling cost of 2s. 6d.

As usual the evening was concluded by the singing of the University Song and God Save the King (feelingly conducted by the President, who again temporarily lost his dignity), to the detriment of the Hall chairs which are unused to such enthusiasm.

Various opinions are prevalent as to the success or otherwise of the Smoker, but in the writers' humble opinion it was in keeping with the spirit of the times and a fit introduction to the strenuous university session.

A.H.

Christian Union Smoker.

THE Smoker was held on the evening of October 12th. A part of the Great Hall had been screened off for the occasion in order to give an anticipated moderate attendance a less forlorn and isolated appearance. The number present exceeded all our hopes, in fact the complete success of the function was all the more gratifying in that it had not been forestalled.

The tone of the gathering throughout was as silent and subdued as that of an average Social Study Meeting, but it was none the less enjoyable for that.

The speeches were strikingly good, Mr. Lambert in a characteristic oration resplendent with rhetorical questions, and negative definitions, and all the other aids to oratory known only to born rhetoricians, profoundly impressed his hearers.

Mr. Thomas, ex-travelling secretary to the Christian Union gave a brief but lucid explanation of the function of the S.C.M. as a world-wide Federation.

Later in the evening Mr. R. G. Macdonald, in a most impressive speech, at once distressing and yet infectious with hope, gave us an account of his exploits in France during the long vacation, dealing especially with the work being carried on over there by the Boys' Brigade and the Y.M.C.A.

Between the speeches we were subjected to a bombardment of pianoforte solos, songs, and recitations, and everyone was happy, for all had done their best.

B.G.F.

Women Freshers' Social.

THE numbers of women students have increased so much that the Freshers' Social had to be held this year in the Great Hall. Some of us old stagers were sorry to give up the old Common Room with its associations, but new wine must have new bottles.

Miss Robertson welcomed the new students most heartily, and while telling them something of the traditions they received here, reminded them that they were not only guardians of the traditions, but tradition makers themselves. Miss Woodcock in the presidential speech said that it was a privilege to belong to such a University as this, especially at such a time. Speaking of the position of women to-day, she compared them to Kipling's "Ship that Found Herself"; after a period of jarring and strain under new conditions, the units were finding their limitations and their powers and settling down to work as a harmonious whole. Miss McKinnon, the new Travelling Secretary, spoke of the aims of the Christian Union and of the importance of cultivating the different sides of student life, the mental, the physical, the social and the spiritual.

The entertainments were a great success; so was the organisation of the Social, which is always run by the Christian Union. The Secretaries were particularly happy in their choice of performers; not only were there some unusually good songs and recitations and a pianoforte duet, but we were amused by a long series of tableaux and a little play.

Medical School Notes.

THE influence of science on war was the subject of an address delivered at the official opening of the new Session at the School of Medicine on October 1st, by Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Oxford.

It was Professor Osler, who some years ago by reason of his remarks to the effect that a man's useful life ends at sixty, provoked this bit of doggerel in the Oxford magazine:

"Brother, I am sixty-one
So my work on earth is done;
Calm should follow after storm,
Reach me down the Chloroform."

On the occasion of this address, there was little indication of any falling off of Sir William's power of epigrammatic utterance, and clear thinking.

The inspiration of the nation was its battles, said the lecturer. Civilisation was yet in its infancy. The lust of war was in our blood, despite ourselves. In two ways, he said, science was the best friend war had ever had; it had made slaughter possible on a scale hitherto undreamt of, and it had enormously enhanced man's capacity to main and to disable his fellowman.

The lecturer went on to demand a final judgment—for or against science. He said,

"To humanity in the gross she seems a monster,

but on the other side is a great credit balance—the enormous number spared the misery of sickness, the unspeakable tortures saved by anæsthesia, the lessened time of convalescence, the whole organisation of nursing. The wounded soldier would throw his sword into the scale for science and he is right."

The Vice-Chancellor, in moving a vote of thanks to Sir Wm. Osler, thought that Universities had had something to do with bringing on the war—Berlin, Heidelberg, Gottingen. He was proud that in British Universities our hands were clean, but was not sure that we were not partly to blame for neglecting the scientific training of the men destined for high posts in the Civil Service. Neglect of science, and attention to philosophical dialectics had blinded men to the possibilities of the destructive power of Science.

Sir William Osler distributed prizes to the following:—

- Anatomy (Senior)—Prize: G. R. Baxter.
 Certificates: J. H. Parker.
 P. Shillito.
- Anatomy (Junior)—Prize: H. S. Carter.
 Certificate: A. P. Bertwistle.
- Practical Physiology—Certificates: G. R. Baxter.
 P. Shillito.
- Pharmacy—Prize: F. H. Smith.
 Certificate: Marion Draper.
- Obstetrics—Prize: J. E. Rusby.
 Certificates: G. Gulston.
 W. G. A. Schüddekopf.
- Mental Diseases—Prize: E. E. V. Glover.
- Scattergood Prize—J. E. Rusby.
- Forensic Medicine—Prize: G. Gulston.
 Certificate: E. E. V. Glover.

DENTAL.

- Students' Society Prize
 Orthodontics
 For Extractions
 Operative Dental Surgery
 Prosthetic Dentistry
 (Second year pupils)
 Prosthetic Dentistry
 (first year pupils)
 Prize for first
 year students
- } A. L. Fraser.
- } Prize: W. S. Hill.
 Certificate: H. N. Tiplady.
- } Prize: W. H. Smorfit.
 Certificate: W. G. Senior.
- } E. Bottomley. A. C. Sutcliffe.
 G. R. Baxter. L. Waring.

H.S.C.

Literary and Historical Society.

THE Society has begun the new Session with great promise of success. So far two meetings have been held, both of which were well attended and this was the more marked owing to the crush in the tea room! It is hoped, however, that some better arrangement will be made before the next meeting.

On Monday, October 11th, Dr. Gunnell read a paper on "Readers and Reading," in which special attention was paid to novel reading. The lecturer gave us some good advice upon re-reading, and in a very witty manner trod rather heavily upon the toes of various people. We all felt profoundly sympathetic with the unfortunate teacher of Literature. An

extraordinary thing happened at this meeting—there was a discussion, in which quite a number of members took part.

On Monday, October 25th, Professor Roberts read a paper on "Greek and English patriotic poetry." Homer, Æschylus and Shakespeare were taken by the lecturer as his patriotic poets and he developed his lecture on the lines of "Peace," "Humanity" and "Progress," adding suitable quotations from Greek, Latin and English poetry, to emphasise his points. His brilliant reading of selections from Shakespeare's Henry V., are not likely to be forgotten, and the enthusiasm for the Fatherland, which inspired the Ancient Greeks, together with the summons of Æschylus to the Sons of Greece, should be an inspiration to us all. Unfortunately we were robbed of the opportunity to discuss the paper owing to the lack of time.

There is still room for more members.

W.J.H.

The Debating Society.

THE session opened on Monday, 18th October with the proposition "That Teachers should become civil servants."

Mr. B. Z. Cohen supported, with his usual clearness of thought. Miss Snowden led the opposition, suggesting that some form of self-government would better serve the interests of the teaching profession and of education generally than any form of civil service, and illustrated her point by reference to the excellent work which the National Union of Teachers has accomplished.

Mr. Raisman seconded the proposition claiming that as a non-member of the Department of Education his unbiassed judgment on the question should be of especial value. Miss Banks seconded the opposition, and, being fully convinced that civil service would ruin both the teacher and his profession, pictured the horrors of an excellent Standard I. mistress being appointed as a Head simply on the ground of length of service, and also the further wickedness of compelling a teacher with a passion for the country to work in a town school and vice versa.

The debate turned about the two questions of increased efficiency of organisation and the loss of individuality which might result from such an organisation. A long discussion ensued in which the following members of the Society took part:—Miss Holdsworth, Miss Newstead, and Messrs. Lambert, Silverman, Exley, Roper, Webster, Haythorne and Umanski. Miss Cooke also spoke against the motion.

It is hoped the same interest in debates will continue throughout the session.

Finally may we appeal for a larger turn up of Freshmen. The Debating Society is a Union Society and so claims the support of every member of the Union. Moreover in this Society more than in any other well attended meetings are essential to success.

J.S.

The Social Study Society.

THE meetings of this Society have started in a way which augurs well for the success of the session's programme.

On October 15th, Professor Gillespie delivered his presidential address before a large audience, his subject being "The Ethics of Social Betterment." The dominant note of the interesting and educative paper was that moral and ethical standards are a *sine qua non* in a well-conducted scheme of social amelioration.

October 22nd saw the first of a series of Study Circles on "Labour and the War." Mr. Henry Clay led off with a paper on "Trade Unions and the War," which was followed by a keen, and at times heated, discussion. It is hoped that the innovation of these circles will soon become a permanency.

On December 3rd, we are to be honoured by a visit of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the Chairman of the University Socialist Federation, and Vice-President of the Fabian Society. Mr. Cole will speak on "The Labour Movement." Incidentally he will urge the formation of a Socialist Society in this University, and will invite discussion. All students, whether members of the S.S.S. or not, are welcome at this meeting.

Natural History Society.

THE first meeting of the session was held on Thursday, October 21st, when Mr. Gilligan gave his Presidential Address. A large number of members assembled to hear the lecture which was entitled "Some Speculations regarding the Interior of the Earth."

After giving a few facts about the crust of the earth, the lecturer dealt with several theories concerning its interior. He stated that the most probable theory is that of Laplace who assumes that the heat of the centre is original and that the crust has been formed by condensations and compressions. Some

chemists and physicists think that the heat is due to the radioactive compounds which are probably to be found there. Besides these there are the theories that the centre of the earth consists of a mass of magnetic iron ore, or of a gas in a special condition. Observations made during earthquakes prove that the centre of the earth is less dense than the crust.

The lecture concluded by dealing with the problem of the atmosphere and ocean. Probably these are not original but have been built up during the cooling of the earth.

M.H.

Education Society.

THE opening lecture of the Society was given by Prof. Grant in the Chemical Lecture Theatre, on October 29th. Considering that the Musical Evening followed close upon the lecture, the attendance was splendid, due without doubt, to the fact that it was Prof. Grant, and that he had chosen a topic, "The Maoris of New Zealand," of a type in which his heart delights.

Expectation ran high, but the realisation went altogether beyond even this.

Never had we heard Prof. Grant treat a subject with finer description, with keener sympathy, or with such a number of humorous anecdotes.

No Society could have opened its session with a more interesting or more delightful lecture and the sincerest thanks of the Education Society are due to Prof. Grant.

Tea was served in the Physics Laboratory, and we are indeed indebted to those ladies who gave so much time and trouble, in order that we might forget the miseries of a wretched day in tea and cakes.

Our next meeting will be held on December 10th, and we hope all the members of the Society will make a point of attending.

The Gryphon Balance Sheet, 1914-15.

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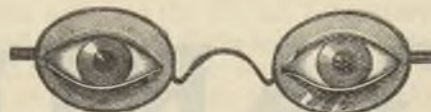
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