

# THE GRYPHON

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Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

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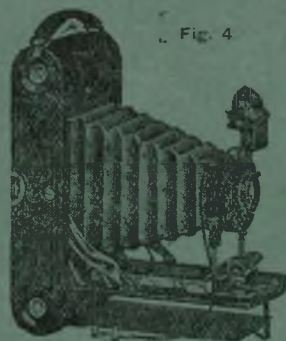


Fig. 4.

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Fig. 5.

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## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XIX.

JUNE, 1916.

No. 6.

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THIS issue brings us to the end of a session which has seen many changes, though the University, in spite of adverse circumstances, has kept up most of its peace-time activities in addition to the important services rendered in connection with the war. Students have been leaving us throughout the year and much strenuous effort has been put forth by those remaining in order to maintain as far as possible a smooth working of affairs. We as a community, have suffered many losses, but we are looking forward to a brighter future.

\* \* \* \*

Contributors have rallied round us for this, our last number. We have great pleasure in being able to publish an article from the Vice-Chancellor describing the visit of the French University Delegates, with a thorough appreciation of its purpose. We tender our thanks to the loyal contributors who have supported us during the year, especially to those old

students whose recollections of their Alma Mater give rise to fruitful remembrance of its magazine. Their willingness to write for the *Gryphon* is an additional bond between them and present students, and we trust that it may continue.

With this issue we include a supplement to the Roll of Honour, which, besides additions, contains a list of promotions and changes of unit effected since the publication of our February number.

We have been asked to call attention to the letter from Countess Fitzwilliam which appears in our pages appealing for literature for wounded soldiers, and we feel sure that members of the University will respond to this request as they have done to so many others.

\* \* \* \*

The Degree Day Reunion is to be held on the Tennis Courts and in the Refectory. We hope that all students, past and present, will take advantage of this opportunity of meeting at College—one of the opportunities which are now only too rare. We understand, too, that friends are invited to swell the numbers and make the affair a success. Any who can are asked to join the present students in providing cakes, sweets, fancy articles, etc., for sale for the Reunion is to serve a second purpose—that of raising money in aid of the Star and Garter Home for Disabled Soldiers.

\* \* \* \*

In conclusion may we wish every success to all going down this year, and leave our best wishes with those whose College life is not yet ended.

### Visitors from France.

A MONTH ago, on the invitation of the British Government, a delegation of distinguished men, representing the sixteen Universities of France, came to this country upon a political mission of great significance. Their purpose was to establish closer personal relations between the French and British Universities, and to strengthen the alliance between the two nations on its educational and scientific sides. Besides this, they desired an opportunity of getting an impression of the labours of Great Britain in furthering the cause of the Allies in the war, and of the part which the Universities have taken both in furnishing men for the army and navy and in the scientific work of military preparation. They saw much, and were deeply impressed by the stupendous effort which Great Britain is making in the common cause. And by their charm and insight they won the affection of their hosts.

London, Oxford and Cambridge claimed them first. Then the delegation broke into four groups. Each of these smaller parties paid a visit to one of the sister Universities of the North. Finally, the French guests were welcomed at Edinburgh and Glasgow before they returned to France.

The delegation came to Leeds on Monday, June 5th and stayed with us for two days. Our guests

were Monsieur Gentil, Professor of Petrography at the Sorbonne; Monsieur Tédénat, who wore the uniform of a French Officer, Professor of Surgery in the University of Montpellier; Monsieur Petit, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the University of Nancy; and Monsieur Binet, Professor of Civil Law in the University of Poitiers. With them came Mr. A. E. Twentyman, the Librarian of the Board of Education, as the representative of the British Government. During their stay in Leeds, the visitors were the guests of members of the University. The programme of the visit was so arranged as to give the delegation an opportunity of studying, so far as time allowed, the many sided activities of the City and University of Leeds in connexion with the war. The visitors also made the personal acquaintance of the members of the Council and Senate of the University and of many of the chief citizens of Leeds.

The two days were crowded with engagements, because the most characteristic thing about Leeds in war time is the great variety of service which it is giving to the state. The visitors saw the manufacture of khaki from the stage at which it lies in piles of raw wool of four different colours to the finishing of the fabric and the packing of it into bales. They then followed the processes by means of which the khaki cloth is cut out, sewn and made into uniforms for the armies. And they walked through the vaults and storerooms of the Army Clothing Depot, which, during the year 1915, handled nine and a half million garments, fifteen million yards of khaki, and eleven hundred tons of other materials. They saw works which run day and night to meet the needs of the Allied armies. They realised the patriotic service of women. They noted with pleasure the friendly relations between the workpeople and their employers. And they were deeply touched when in one vast room a body of workers welcomed them by singing the Marseillaise.

After khaki, boots. This quest brought them into contact with another side of Leeds. They saw the piles of skins from India and South America, and watched through nearly a hundred stages the leather being made into huge boots for Russian Cossacks or into footgear for our own armies. Enter one of the great boot factories of the City, and you feel that the manufacture of boots for the Allied forces must be the chief pre-occupation of Leeds. But it is only one of its activities, and all round you in the City are other factories absorbed in making khaki or uniforms. Then, besides khaki, uniforms and boots, there is the making of munitions and the filling of shells. The visitors saw the great shells being lathed and fuse-fitted, and then filled with the high explosives which is cut into crisp brown bundles by the deft hands of girls. "Do you like your work here?" a French visitor asked a girl in one of the wooden sheds at the shell-filling factory. "I am working for the country," she answered and could have made no better or more memorable reply.

At the University, the delegation saw under Professor Barker's guidance what the Department of Textile Industries is doing in connexion with the war.

In Professor Cobb's laboratories, Mr. Hodsmann showed them the evaluation of toluene and the testing of explosives. They had a talk with Professor Procter, whose service to the science of the Leather Industries is of world-wide fame and whose researches, by greatly shortening the time needed for tanning, have made it possible for the Allied forces to be booted without disastrous delay. And Mr. A. G. Perkin showed them another side of the service which the University has rendered in the crisis of the war—the discovery of certain intermediates which are of key importance in the manufacture of dyestuffs. In this way the visitors saw the great War Industries of Leeds, and the scientific assistance which the University laboratories are giving to them.

Thus was met one of the purposes with which the delegation came to Leeds. But not less important was their object of making acquaintance with the University in its other aspects. The first thing which the visitors saw was a degree examination going on in the Great Hall. They observed at once that the Hall was nearly full of women students, because almost all the men have gone on active service. They then looked through the photographs which Mr. Ruston has taken of the work of the University through the war, and noticed that all its members, men and women alike, have borne their part in the great crisis of the nation's life. And at the military hospital in Beckett's Park they saw something, under Colonel Littlewood's guidance, of the service which the members of the Medical Faculty are giving in connexion with the war. They will never forget that hour with the wounded soldiers in the wards. The news had just come that Kitchener was drowned.

Our guests, welcomed by Council and Senate at the Refectory and next day entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor at the Town Hall, made friends with Leeds. What, they asked, must be done to deepen the acquaintance thus formed and to bind the two countries more closely together in the future alliance of peace? First, a much greater effort must be made on both sides of the channel to bridge the gulf made by the difference of language. And furthermore the Governments of the two countries should provide for a constant interchange of teachers between the Universities of Great Britain and of France.

M.E.S.

## Fables from Flanders.

### III. The Ruins.

As the day grew short the Visionary Fighter climbed a hill from which he could view the ruined city.

The ruined city lay like a heap of wooden bricks at the feet of a child.

But in the opalescent dusk, the ruins begun to assume mass and from chaos to win form and colour. Huge monolithic blocks of pearl and of purple loomed to immensity.

And as the Visionary Fighter gazed, his soul grew still. He felt the impress of mass and instinct urged him to retreat: his senses concentrating, vibrating,

became shrill in their appeal for withdrawal. But his reason was inert, hypnotised by the opalescent harmonies of dusk.

Slowly his senses relaxed. Now they are normal. But soon they extend, they penetrate, they emerge.

If you could visualize them they would assume the form of proboscis unrolling from a butterfly's mouth.

They have left the domain of reason and now they fling out like whip-lashes towards the purple blocks rising immense in the night.

There they hesitate, feel, and finally cling.

Then immediately his mind was tremulous with the song of the ruins, a song of the glory of the past, of dynasties and of hierarchies, their lords and their priests:

*We were the palaces of kings: the haunts of power: the presence of beautiful women.*

*We were the temples of God: the arks of contemplation: the sanctuaries of thought.*

*We were the cathedrals of praise and of worship, the wonder of men. Amid our archways and aisles we held captive man's soul. Dim lights, the splendour of ritual, the sanctity of time—all these we made divine in the eyes of men.*

And the chorus swelled in infinite pride:

*We were things, created of man, supreme over man. Man existed to glorify us. All humble, he crawled like an insect amid our sublimities.*

*But woe! We sing of days gone by. We sing a song of desolation, of the tribulation of pride and vain glory. Man hath created things, other things, things to destroy, to make us the scenery of dreams. Woe! Woe! Woe!*

Their voices died away in the night.

The senses recoiled in sorrow.

But the Visionary Fighter gazed into horizons and the senses stretched into the future.

And he heard the voice of a new city—a city of crystal and fantasy, bright with pure colour. He saw men joyous in the creation of things and things ministering to the needs of men. Man was beautiful because the mould of his existence was beautiful: and the more beautiful man became, the more beautiful became the mould of his existence.

The divine was an atmosphere, ubiquitous yet intangible.

And the soul of the Visionary Fighter was still to hear the song of this crystal city and its joyous men. The ecstasy of it flowed along the tendrils of his senses, flushing his soul with light.

The tendrils become incandescent.

They etherealize.

But the instinct is still in the future.

Harsh nasal tones jar upon the tympanum, gradually approaching and intensifying.

The Visionary Fighter sees two tourists. One has a hollow face and gaunt figure; the other is indefinite, flabby, the folds of his chin echoing in the vulgar bestiality of his corpulency.

Their voices become distinct :

*Guess it required some pistol to demolish these structures.*

*Some pistol.*

*Now what strikes me most forcibly is the lack of business organisation displayed by the Government of this de-generate land. These ruins want boosting. No ordinary boost, mind you! Oh no! But a real top-rung bombastic boost. Then the little yellow ones would simply roll in. Oh, gee man! It fair makes a feller giddy.*

*No ordinary boost, that!*

They blink placidly.

But the soul of the Visionary Fighter becomes a house of discord. Slowly he raises his body and dominates the ruins with his presence. Then he lifts his head like a baying hound and emits a crescendo of horrid laughter.

The ruins echo the laughter and grow pallid with dawn.

Soon the laughter becomes a sinister diminuendo and at length there reigns a silence which is the portent of a shattered soul.

H.E.R.

## Truth for a Change.

### An Epilogue to the Fables.

#### I.

Such a lad as Harry was  
Isn't met with every day.  
He walked the land like a god,  
Exulting in energy,  
Care-free,  
His eyes a blue smile  
Beneath his yellow curling locks ;  
And you'd wonder where a common labourer got  
Those deep Rosetti lips  
And finely carven nose . . . .  
I saw him stretch his arms  
Languid as a dozing panther,  
His face full to the clean sky—  
When a blasted sniper laid him low :  
He fell limp on the muddy boards  
And left us all blaspheming.

#### II.

After the carnage of the day,  
And in the dank weary dusk,  
A man came crying,  
" A spade ! A spade !  
Could ye lend me a spade ?  
My mate has got it in the neck,  
And up our way  
The folks'll be main glad  
To hear he's buried in a decent way."

We followed his sobs  
As they died away.

H.E.R.

## "Good-Bye to Portelet."

JACK and Jill were bathing in Portelet harbour. Now you must not for one moment suppose that because I say "bathing" I mean just ordinary everyday sort of bathing. Jack and Jill never did things in the usual way, they always had "patent ways" of doing things that were quite original and that no one else ever thought of. Even bathing, you might think, could not possibly consist of more than swimming above and below water, diving, jumping and hanging on to the stern of the little flat-bottomed boats and churning the water with your legs like a paddle so as to propel the craft forward. But there you are wrong. Jack and Jill had a patent way by means of which you could spin out the joys of a bathe and make it last all the morning. They did it by means of two circular enamelled hip-baths. Jill had made a proper paddle for hers out of an old broomstick, on each end of which she had nailed a cross-piece of wood ; Jack, not because he was less ingenious but because there wasn't another broomstick and Jill had bagged the sole and only one first, contented himself with a small spade, with which he made grand sweeps first one side, then the other, of his craft. You started out quite dry, let your bath down into the water from the breakwater, and gingerly stepped into it—clothed in bathing things, of course. Then you paddled about. If you lost your balance the bath tipped and filled ; then if you were wise you let go your paddle, grasped the handle of the bath, and started swimming to shore, towing the submerged bath behind you. I say let go the paddle ; in Jill's case of course it floated ; Jack's spade, however, sunk ; yet still it was wiser to let that go and save the bath than to let the bath sink entirely and to have to dive for it.



You could spend hours over such a bathe ; but somehow this time something seemed wrong. Jill paddled about forcefully and rather savagely, as though she wanted to waste not a minute of the time. Jack frequently forgot to look where he was going and bumped into a boat and upset. They both looked rather cross. At last he got such a sudden and unexpected ducking that when he reached firm land, still choking, with his craft, he looked back and called out " Ji-ill ! going in ! " Jill nodded



silently and followed. Something certainly was wrong . . . . .



After lunch Jill's heart was feeling heavy and she said to Jack, coaxingly, "Do come just for the last time to all our Usual Places."

But Jack was not of a sentimental turn of mind.

"I'm going crab-hunting," he said, "Go by yourself, can't you?"

"Oh! Jack, you might just come to *one*"—and so Jack assented.

Together they crept beneath the gorse through a perfect labyrinth of twisted rabbit-paths, past bracken stalks and twining dodder, till they reached the largest pine tree. Right up in its topmost branches was a swaying eyrie, from which one could look down over Portelet and the bay and the sea, and watch vehicles crawling along the coast-road and the smoke at the far end of the bay rising from the burning seaweed or "vraic" out of which Guernsey people made iodine. Jack and Jill climbed up and sat for awhile in ecstasy, and the tree-top swung backwards and forwards, and prickles from the blackberry hedge below pricked brown legs that dangled. Then there was a jerk, and Jack slipped down to earth, eel-like. Jill's face, disconcerted, peered down through the pine-needles after him. "I'm going," he announced, "There's Bobby down at the breakwater waiting. *You* needn't get down; girls don't go crabbing, you know; besides Bobby didn't ask you to come."

So he swung off, and Jill climbed carefully down, wandering disconsolately back to the bungalow. But mother was packing up, and didn't want to be disturbed; besides there was a pile of town clothes on the bed; stockings and gloves and a hat and a coat—and Jill couldn't bear to think of putting them on again soon. So she turned her back on Portelet and the bay and started climbing the hill. Faith looked up from a luscious grass patch and chewed a thistle with her mouth askew and her eyes fixed blankly on Jill's face. Further up Hope was trying to stand on her hind legs in order to reach the lower branches of an apple tree, her front legs pawing wildly in the air. The Demon bleated elfishly from a position three fields away, having broken loose from her pitch on the Portelet ground. Charity surveyed the scene majestically from an eminence beneath which nestled "The Nook," one little room set apart

in a corrugated iron building, used as a study, a bedroom, or a nursery.

Further up, the path got squelchy and the warm mud squeezed itself between Jill's bare toes as she neared the little spring, overhung with willows. Here the boundary of the "estate" ended, marked by the dark line of pines that enclosed it all, and a low wall separating it from a neighbouring field above. Jill climbed over the wall and breasted a steeper grassy ascent. On her left dipped a miniature valley, and rising from it another hill; right up at the brow of this hill were large brown holes, earthy and very numerous; the entrance to a perfect medley of rabbit-warrens.

Jill turned to the right as she reached the top and made for the "Out-of-Bounds" rock. There, leaning up against its warm rough surface, poised almost horizontally out over the slope which fell away beneath to Portelet and the bay, one could shout and sing as lustily as one would; for it was the magic mark of safety. From there no sound reached the bungalow, that little red-roofed dot far far below—and there it was Jack and Jill's custom to shout and scream at the very topmost pitch of their voices in an attempt to "let off steam," or as Jill said "To get uncorked a bit and let out what's inside us, instead of bottling it all up like at home."

Jill lay against the sun-warmed rock for so long a time that the little bunnies she had disturbed came back to the slope beneath her with a frisky flop of their little white tails, and played anew in a tumbling romp; whilst one or two red ants climbed up her bare legs in order to explore. She brushed them off and went on, humming the while, "Over the hills and far away." There had always been a wonderful magical charm and poetry in those few words for her; they seemed to contain so much; all the wild desire of a young creature for solitude, all the curiosity to see and find out, all the yearning after the Unknown that is the chief interest in life. First she crossed the "Mushroom Field" where, in early mornings as the sun rose she had often gathered mushrooms and drenched her holland overall in dew; then over the hedge across a turnip field, where turnips stuck up hard and nobbly and bumped your shins if you stumbled and between them the ploughed earth was soft; then over a crumbling wall on to a wide bare grassy rolling slope down to the cliffs. Far over to the left a single ruined house stood in dreary loneliness; Victor Hugo had once put it into his "Travailleurs de la Mer" as "The Haunted House" and ever since the good Guernsey people had forsaken it. It stood there with its blind windows looking out to sea, and the roof fell in and the walls fell to ruin, and the desolation of the place was complete.

But Jill's way led down a steep valley to the cliffs, and soon her feet felt the warm rock beneath them, and above her the seagulls whirled, and below the waves hurled themselves crashing against the land—it was never calm on the North-West side of the island. Bare feet are the best things in the world with

which to cling to ragged rocks, and soon they led her to the Souffleur. In itself it was not worth a glance except when "blowing"—but to one side of it perpetual storms had worn out a hollow that was a dreamland of delight. The rocks were quite smooth and rounded, and here and there a wonderful pool, deep and a perfect oval in shape, held mysteries dear only to the initiated; sea-weed coloured crimson, mauve, pale green and dark purple; blood red velvety jelly fish with long clinging feelers; and lining the whole pool up to the mark where, the tide being out, the high water line settled, a kind of shell-pink lacquer. Above, smooth rocks met and formed a threatening arch, shutting out the light except in one place where a long natural tunnel showed a glimpse of blue; all around were the dark smooth walls, and over towards the opening of the cave the sea came tumbling and roaring, so that the hollow place was filled with thundering. Jill looked for the last time down through the limpid water of the magic pools; it was not yet time for the Souffleur to blow, so she stood awhile in the sun on a ledge of rock where the salt spray sprinkled her refreshingly, and then turned homewards. At the top of the hill she paused. What a difference! Portelet, cosy and snug, blue and golden, fair and without blemish lay on the one hand, with its heavy perfumes and drowsy summer sounds; on the other wild bare rocks, the sea, the seagulls and the open sky, which she loved most she could not tell. She only knew she loved them both, each with a different part of her nature, and that after to-day she would see them no more. Surely there was something wrong in the world!



She looked back. The far horizon was a streak of intense blue; all the ripples of the sea were tipped with silvery sunshine—all the rocks shone warm and ruddy, and the seagulls gleamed vivid white. Oh! to carry away the memory of it in her mind, so that she could turn again and again to it when her heart was weary and refresh her very soul with its pictured beauty! Then as she watched suddenly a bar of

shadow fell across the sun and laid its finger upon all the earth. Jill shivered. Then she saw a purple haze hanging over a dull sea that heaved and seemed to sigh with a hollow rushing sound as it swelled and sunk in the mouths of the caves; and the seagulls had all turned grey, wheeling with strange discordant cries; the rocks looked sullen now and cruel, and the grass was no longer warm under her feet.

After one last look she fled. The sudden change had appalled her; it almost seemed symbolical of some impending evil, and a dread foreboding pressed upon her heart. Why couldn't the sun always shine? It made such a difference!

That, really, was Jill's farewell to Portelet. The packing-up and locking of doors and shouting of "Good-bye, Portelet!" didn't really count to her. She had said farewell before—up on the hill that had been sunny and where all had swiftly changed, and it was a farewell heavy with tears.

M.C.M.

### Compromise.

"There must be right on either side,"  
A little band of angels cried  
When mighty Satan fell.  
"The whole dispute's a sad mistake,  
A policy of give and take  
Would have avoided Hell.

"Do both great parties realise  
The constant need of compromise,  
Its saving common sense?  
Handled with firm yet kindly tact,  
This rupture might have been in fact  
Healed without violence.

"Think what it costs this vast array  
That guards our walls from day to day!  
The matter only shows  
We angels should be always meek,  
Prepared to turn the other cheek,  
Lest we should come to blows.

"All use of force we deprecate,  
'Tis better far to arbitrate,  
In calm impartial mood  
Let us attempt to emphasize  
The underlying unities  
Beneath both ill and good."

They ceased, but as they preened their wings,  
The mighty gate of Heaven swings,  
And they were swept to earth,  
Where through unending centuries  
They propagate their various lies  
Much to the Devil's mirth.

W.F.H.

## Ireland, 1916.

THE *Gryphon* is hard up for matter. Your Editor descends so low as to demand something serious. I am not responsible, neither is Jim. But, forgive me, I write under difficulties. If you sat on a damp brick floor with little brutes in league with the Sinn Feins doing their bit to the destruction of your equanimity, you too would feel aggrieved. In this modest imitation of a Turk's interior economy, Jim and I sat to discuss the only topic that never wearies: leave. I have heard it said that a Sub. is purely remarkable for the way he angles for leave. Rot! In the present instance, for example, it had been denied us; even the "undoubted weekend" at Easter had not come off. So we sat and groused. It is pitiful that you should not know Jim. He's never been to a 'Varsity, but he somehow got a commission in the Blankshires and can now hold an inquest on murdered reputations as well as anybody. Sober, he is amiability itself; tipsy, a perfect wit—and he is usually witty. Now Jim and I had set our hearts on *Blighty*; but it was denied us. So we sat and groused. This is the first picture of Ireland.

The second scene takes place a week later at 1.30 in the morning. Jim and I had just fallen into the sleep of the just when in stalked Mac and kicked us out of it, for which he received due thanks. Justly indignant, we demanded to know instantly and at once whether his young pup had again broken loose and bit him, or whether he intended to charge us with the theft of his gramophone needles. But he made us shut up and follow the Crowd. Mac is senior sub.: an Irishman and Fellow of Trinity, Dublin, to boot. He gained something or other for gallantry at Suvla Bay: but if you did not find out that for yourself, Mac. would never enlighten you. He is simply the most adorable little fellow in the world, with a *penchant* for 'Slippery Sam' and No. 1 Bass. I can do no more in memory of his great littleness (he is now in Flanders) than quote these simple lines. They were composed on Guard by an Hons. Englishman from London, and can only be execrable: but they describe Mac.

"There was a little man,  
And he had a little warm,  
And his face was very, very red,  
A jolly good sort,  
And a d—d fine sport  
From the soles of his feet to his head."

At 1.30, behold us groomed and fully equipped for the fray, from the articles of the Christmas Tree down to the humble *hipe*. For the benefit of the unenlightened, it is essential to add that 'hipe' is a rifle. In the best circles one never roars, "Slope guns" or even "Slope arms." Of course not! It's not the thing. In the Guards and in *our* regiment, we always scream: "Slo-pe-hipe"! Hence the name. The first thing that met our injured eyesight was an armoured train, obviously prepared for our reception. One somehow never realises what an unromantic thing an armoured train really is until one sees it. A few grey carriages lacking the ventilation and comfort of a cattle truck, one gun before and one

abaft, an engine distorted beyond recognition by its covering of sandbags—this is an armoured train. We forgot to wipe our feet before entering. Follow us travelling to an unknown destination eight hours in this low-down affair, pouring over a railway map to decide whether we were going to Timbuctoo or to Berlin. But all things have an end, and in due course we arrived at—anyhow, the place does not concern us. In Ireland, every place is either a Bally something or a railway junction. Thence we marched under a blazing sun to nowhere in particular, where my caravan rested. It was about this time that the Feed Department suddenly remembered that we had had no grub since the previous evening; so it wisely and magnanimously decided to work off a few surplus tins of Bully Beef upon us. One tin of Bully and two biscuits per Sub. was our portion. To open your Bully is a problem, and still more to eat it, but those biscuits were a sheer joy. Huge, sustaining, scintillating in the sunshine, as wholesome as Spratt's and nearly as big—whose inspiration was it to hurl the discus with them! Join the Army, and you will realize a lot of things. I once thought that the tea of a Lit. and Hist. Meeting was the best thing on earth next to showering the ladies with cakes and leaving the bread and butter for oneself. But give me real tea now, the tea of the Dischke (familiarly and lovingly known as a 'Dixie'), smoky, greasy, succulent. As much as you want. Joy to the first comer, and plague take the hindmost! We bivouaced in a grass field (which was, as usual, of a green colour), my company being the one selected to face the wind. In this situation we were expected to sleep. That was rather unfortunate, for Jim and I had left our blankets behind us. Not that we had not been warned. But blankets are notoriously heavy to carry; and one somehow expects a Hotel at the very least. So, thinly wrapped in a Burberry and innocent slumber, we dedicated our souls to Morpheus, and talked sweet nothings to his attendant nymphs.

I remember having read in some romance or other, that a hero usually makes his will on the eve of battle. But Jim had not yet come to that pass: it would have shocked my sense of decency. I can still see his manly form towering above a shaving mirror, and torturing itself into every conceivable convulsion so as not to surprise the Sinn Feins with the sight of an ungroomed Englishman. About this time, we heard our objective was E—of Vinegar Hill, 1798, and Horne Sook fame: you know your history better than Jim, I hope. He swore that the monuments of long trousered youths with pikes and the inscription 1798 had something to do with Nelson and Trafalgar. Of course, I was in a position to assure him to the contrary, having taken English—and anyhow, we had to drive the beggars out. So we counted our sins before we slept, and arose at two the next morning en route for E—.

No doubt, by this time, you wonder what a Sinn Fein looks like. Believe me, a very ordinary person. He parades in mufti, and talks like you or me. Sometimes he affects the uniform of the Irish National Volunteers, but you do that party the biggest injustice to associate it with him. Jim saw several

hundred of them ; and they were, for the most part, young men up to twenty-five years, armed with anything from a re-sharpened pike of 1798 or a Daisy Air Gun to the most perfect automatic pistol of to-day. They were all harmless under supervision, sang rounds, played roulette, and had their little joke (which was, incidentally, to take off Jim). Beaten, they are good : victorious, then run amock. I remember one who shot at his wife to test his aim : yet he was the most peaceful man under the sun when we cornered him. This is the spirit that wrecks Dublin and murders the R.I.C., the best constabulary force on God's earth. The average Irishman does not care a brass farthing for the Sinn Fein. To him they are martyrs in prison and damned fools into the bargain. To-day it is us : yesterday it was he. Tomorrow it will be the next man who rouses Ireland from the boredom of living. Both of us will then be forgotten, and nobody will care a rap for either show. Naturally, this does not apply to the towns that actually experienced the rebels. Take E— for instance. No one was allowed a hundred yards from his own doorstep without a permit signed by the " Republican General Staff." All shops were closed at certain hours, and served with requisitioning orders to the amount of anything up to £5. It is significant to note that the poorest rebels chose the most expensive articles. I remember reading one " Proclamation " to the effect that any person seen communicating with the police would be shot on the spot. By the side of this paper was the written declaration of a leading citizen to the effect that he possessed no arms and had therefore not fired on the Sinn Feins from his windows. His life was not worth a toss till we came. There was the case of a constable who was shot in his own room, and shot again as they carried him from the ambulance to the hospital : of the District Inspector who was mangled by a shot gun fired at ten yards range ; and of all the ghastly murders of the R.I.C. for which Ireland is infamous.

In this town, therefore, we received a welcome. It struck Jim rather forcibly then that it was much better for the old women to throw cigs. instead of brickbats at our heads. E— had been occupied by the Republicans for over a week ; and they made hay while the sun shone. It took two charges of dynamite to destroy one of their barricades. But we knew better the next time : the Sinn Feins removed the obstacle. Jim can still see their flag of truce in his mind's eye : he has been reading Hamlet lately. A private rushed into lunch with news that a white flag was approaching. Bully was left without a murmur and out we plunged pell mell (with our kodaks, of course). Behold the Deputation of the Irish Republic : a donkey cart holding a few men and women, with a child's pinafore stuck on a pole to represent the white flag.

When finally we marched into the place, every shop was closed as if some great calamity had happened there. But in an hour, it was business as usual : and we ate our Bully Beef as regularly as before. The stronghold taken, it merely remained to round up the leaders. This is quite simple : sport and a joy ride combined. All you have to do is to tour

the countryside in a car, whilst the attendant constable points out to you the haunts of the wicked. These you enter and order out the Capitaine at the point of the sword—by means of your revolver. It reminded Jim of the misty days when he read the Police News. He swears he'll be a constable after the war. In the meantime, he has ceased to worry : he is sure of a good time. Besides, as I have ever told him by way of consolation, only the good die young. The inhabitants have been jolly decent to us all the way through ; and they have now given us the free use of their golf and rowing clubs. So Jim is quite content. I missed him a few hours yesterday. Finally he turned up with a self-satisfied grin. I demanded to know forthwith what fresh hotel he had found. But he shook his head with an air of mystery ; and then graciously condescended to read me the following ' poem ' which, he informed me, was a parody of the Flying Dutchman song from ' Miss Hook of Holland.' Of course, I shook my head, and told him he was rapidly shifting to the dogs. But I have still a warm corner in my heart for Jim. He wants to see his ambitious effort in print : so I quote it in loving memory, etc., etc.

You've heard of the ' Flying Column '—  
And the wonderful things they do :  
There was Mac and me,  
And what's more, the T.O.C.,  
So no wonder the rebels flew.

They marched us on through W—  
To the only place they knew.  
But the grub that we had  
Was so fearfully bad,  
That no wonder the Column flew.

We stayed at E—  
I'll tell you the reason why :—  
We succumbed to the charms  
Of the *Portsmouth Arms*,  
So the Column could'nt fly !

Don't think I regard these lines as final. But forgive Jim : his muse is homespun.

E.H.



### The President of the Union.

THE University has been exceedingly fortunate, in that, despite a hopeless and unending depletion in the number of its members it has been able to retain one who, as President of the Union, has so ably upheld the traditions of the past. Mr. Lambert has in every way proved himself a worthy successor to Mr. Milnes.

Coming up to the University two years ago, from the outset he took a lively though unobtrusive interest in the activities of the Social Study Society and Christian Union.

Nor was it long before our Debates at home and abroad revealed to us the fact that in Lambert we had a fellow student who was capable of discharging effectively the functions of any office we might be happy to confer upon him.

When Mr. Milnes left us early in the session to take up his duties in the Army, Mr. Lambert was enthusiastically hailed as his successor.

Succeeding events have fully proved the happiness of the choice.

Though in consequence of the condition of things the scope of student activities has become more and more confined, whatever duties have fallen to our President in his term of office, he has discharged fully and well.

On all occasions keen and alert, he has always carried with him the unqualified support of the Union Committee, exercising over its members an infectiously inspiring influence by his sympathetic and diplomatic bearing.

His boundless energy in office we fear has in no small measure precipitated the indisposition which has necessitated his temporary withdrawal from amongst us.

We are happy to know, however, that he is progressing as well as can be hoped. While thus expressing our high appreciation of his unselfish devotion to the welfare of his fellow students we wish him every joy and success in his future work, assuring him that though now the Presidency must needs suffer a temporary lapse, our traditions, enriched in him, will be strong to bridge the gulf until the wished for day when we may herald a worthy successor to him.

### Cynara.

"Sun-shot hair and a heart of gold  
Surrounded by a deepening roseate glow  
Of Colour; Andrea-del-Sarto  
Would have limned—angel aureoled!"

"Early Spring in her smiling glance,  
The rising sap and scent of early June,  
The silver radiance of a crescent moon  
Casting shadows of leaves that dance."

"Something of cloudless southern skies,  
Of day and night, mystical and dark  
Alternating shades; 'tis there to mark  
In the brave laughter of Cynara's eyes."

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

THE Presidential Election a year ago proved conclusively that never had the women students realised so unanimously who was most fitted to take the lead in their college life. Few students had given as ungrudgingly of their time and energy as Miss Woodcock had done: her work as Editor of the *Gryphon*, as stage-manager of the *Conversazione*, as a member of the Belgian Committee was well known to everybody: her constant and untiring help in all the social functions of the preceding year was gratefully recognised by the harassed people behind the scenes.

Perhaps there has never been a year when the work of the women students has been so important: that the session 1915-16 has proved an *Annus Mirabilis* for them is chiefly due to the fact that Miss Woodcock has been President. In considering the many important questions which have this year come before the W.R.C., Miss Woodcock has shown throughout a clear sound judgment, a readiness to receive and adopt suggestions, followed by an enthusiasm in action which has transmitted itself through her committee to all the women students, and called forth a ready response to the many demands made upon every one.

This year we have had no *Conversazione*, at which in previous years the women students have admired their president in the rôle of gracious hostess: but it has been our privilege to see Miss Woodcock occupying to perfection many positions much more difficult. During the long vacation, when the organisation of National Registration work fell upon her shoulders, and throughout the session when she has presided at various important meetings of the women students, Miss Woodcock has shown herself not only as a leader of great skill and wisdom, but also of exceptional sympathy and tact. Never shirking any responsibility herself, and always ready in spite of her own innumerable duties, to give help and advice, she has yet shown a perfect restraint where others would have overstepped their prerogatives: and with characteristic thoughtfulness has always been unstinting of the praise which others have well deserved.

Everyone in the University has recognised the perfect manner in which Miss Woodcock has carried out all the duties devolving on a president: it is the women students who have been especially privileged to know her as a leader, a fellow-student, and a friend. Her relations with everyone have been supremely happy. Her influence will last long with us: we are confident that in the future it will be as beneficial wherever it is exerted, as it has been at the University: for her we can only wish that her life may be a continuation of the happiness which she has so richly deserved, and, we believe, gained, from her work here.

## A Letter.

DEAR MISS EDITOR,

Perhaps you wont take it amiss if I ask you to print this. I am the father of a lady-student who's had poetry printed in your magazine before to-day. She was in a sweat to get me to give up the idea of sending it: but when she saw I meant it, she said she'd look it over for me and right the wrongs in spelling and such like that I never was much of a hand at.

I'm a plain man and I don't hold with notions that take a lot of talk to bolster 'em up. I like a thing that's plain to see and long words only make my head ache. And it aint as though long words and big talk counts for aught either. I say I'm a plain man and am fond of plain people (not but what I couldn't get the other if I'd a mind). Well I used to study when I was young, and figure it out that there's a lot of things going, that don't mean aught to a plain man, and he can't help feeling that a big side of things is going to waste. There's books and histories and all that doctors and philosophers know that's Double Dutch to a plain man. While you're buying your evening paper perhaps a gent buys a journal that costs half-a-crown that might be in Russian for all the likes of me understands of it. Many a time I've gone into the public library, and out of curiosity as you might say, I've looked through rows and rows of such things, all with fruit-coloured backs and all the tales and things about what nobody who comes to our chapel can understand anyhow. Not that a man can't live a long life straight and do the right thing by a big family and know not a rag of such things to his dying day, mind you. Only it sets a man thinking that if its true that many a one reads such like in his chair for all the world just as I read my *John Bull* or my *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, then isn't a man starving his understanding as you might say? You wonder if you've not made a fist of your life after all, living on bread and fat when there's delicate feeding for those that want to smell it out. Then you're given to questioning another time if these highflying ones aren't fooling with nothings, instead of working cheerful at the things God gives a man that are plain to see. But you've only to see how they look down their noses at the likes of us, as a man might at a grown cat trying to catch her own tail to know what they think about it. It makes a man feel that someone's been unfair to him, and yet, I don't know.

Now I sent my lass to college: for I say what does a man live for if it's not to give his bairns a better start in life than he had himself? If there is anything that matters besides the meat trade, then she's not going to be an outsider if money can get her a place. Now I said to myself, we'll see if getting airy learning makes one unlearn how to look his fellowmen in the eyes and give him credit for paying his dues both in honouring and kind, as you might say, to all the world that deserves it. We'll see as she gets her learning, if she becomes something so extra grand that she gets above living for the things that are good enough for her own flesh and blood father. I don't mean only the putting

on of extra airs, because folks do enough of that without being your betters; but really because she's come to see things in such a way that she's cocksure that folks are living in the world for better ends than to get through the day's work honest and tired, to sleep it off and start again, to feed well, and to pay his insurance money and have a tidy balance in the bank at the end of the year's working.

Well my meaning is that she's not. She's a good girl and my heart warms to her. I'll never deny that, and it's a pleasure to live with her. But for all she reads fat books, with terrible titles, she's just like me, if you see my meaning. Her words come off her tongue right comely and she uses many a word that's Greek to me. But as for real understanding of things, dang it if I don't still beat her easy for all her studying and wise looks. The likes of her have got a canny way of talk and make a big business of arguing the point about things that a man who's been hard put to it to make ends meet in his time, would be ashamed to waste two words on. They talk about things that only live in words, if I may say so, that have got no shape nor size, nor meaning too, to a plain man with an eye for the rights of things. It's not that I'm not willing to learn. We've had many a talk together that I wouldn't have missed for a fiver. She's taken me to the theatre to see Shakespeare's plays and what not, and I've loved sitting beside her in the pit among the jolly girls in their white blouses with their bonny hair uncovered and the jolly young men from the colleges. But I can't see aught in it all, though I've tried till my head's gone groggy. What I say is that a play's a play, not a sort of sermon on a stage, where you pay a shilling and come away miserable. They laugh very loud at a poor joke because the man what made it died a long time ago, and they listen very hard to long talking that sounds like a page out of the almanack. Mind you I like a good sermon: but this is all about life and death and fate and conscience and a mort of such like that these young sparks that listen have no truck with, or will have for many a long year. At their age, I was working at double entry instead of mooning and trying to get squeamish in the midnight by saying old-fashioned language in a choking voice.

"Ah, you don't understand," she kept telling me, "this is great art." "Oh, go on with your great art," I'd answer. "You don't reckon aught to the plays I used to take you and your mother to. Melodrama, you call it. But many's the time I've been so moved that I've been glad the lights have been out, and your mother sniffing by your side, aye, and you too, if it comes to that. Those plays meant more to me than these high-sounding Shakespeare's do to you, great art or not. You don't hear people swallowing all the time and see red noses all around you when the lights go up at Hamlet and such like, for all your great art. What I mean to say is, art aught to make people happy. All your classical music by foreigners, your poetry by fellows that are worm-eaten to the bone years ago, and all your high-class painting that's all clots and zig-zags is meant to please people. And who deserves and needs the

pleasure most? It's the people there are most of; its those that keep the world going round in a manner of speaking, the man that works hard all day and wants a rest at night for his body and mind, its the average man, the man in the street. Well, if all your art leaves such folks cold, ay, and a bit riled, then I've got no use for it, that's all I can say. Only a few are philosophers, and if it's only the philosopher people who can understand it, then I say it's wrong."

But she only smiles and talks about getting educated up to it, and I mustn't get excited, and disciplining your mind, and a lot of other stuff that's neither here nor there.

But there, I've had a let-out and I ought to ask your pardon. But its bothered me a long time, and maybe, some of your readers might be able to put me right. I'm not above learning, even from young ones. I can't figure it out myself at all.

Very respectfully,  
F.W.

### Ballads of my Lady.

#### I.

Oh! my lady walks in her garden  
From dawn till the world awakes,  
She steps oh! so swiftly and lightly  
That never a flower-stalk breaks.

Oh! my lady walks in her garden  
From ten of the dial till noon,  
The flowers bow down from their border  
Caressing her silvery shoon.

Oh! my lady walks in her garden  
From five till the sun has set,  
The flowers are tired of watching  
And her hair with the dew is wet.

#### II.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,  
And every little part of you is lovely to behold,  
Your wrists are fit for bangles and your neck for  
precious stones,  
But your little slender fingers are too slim to carry  
gold.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,  
But a crown is far too weighty for your graceful  
little head,  
And heavy robes of purple silk and stiffened gold  
brocade,  
Would drag your fragile shoulders down as tho'  
they were of lead.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my lady, my lady,  
Too daintily to rule the land and bear the cares of  
state,  
Methinks you will grow tired in a little span of years,  
And wish your old life back again, when wishing is  
too late.

M.C.M.

### Artemus Ward on Doctors.

#### A newly discovered fragment.

MR. EDITOR,

Bizness being scarcely middlin, it is with grate joy that I take my Pen in hand to rite an artikle fur yure papur. It is long since I rote fur the papurs, but nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the under-signed is ded. On the contry, I live, and I have disided after grate thort to give yu my machured opinyuns about the Medikal Perfesshun. Therefore reders listen and be silent that ye may here.

Meny barked arrers of slandur has bin leveled at this nobul boddy of men, but wen I have done, I hope no man will be able to rise and get up from his footstule and say truthfully that I hav not done my best to vindikate my perfeshunal Kolleagues, fur as Shakespeare sez in the Pilgrim's Progress

"Poits is borne, not made"  
and so it is with Doktors and Showmen.

It is a thort wich makes my buzzum swell with joy that I myself hav bin the menes of perviding meny Medikal men with their foode and raiment punktooally and without no grumblin.

My fust akwaintance with the perfesshun, as the popular noospaper frase runs, wuz on my burthday, when our family physishun havin removed the silver spoon which wuz found embeded in my mouth, held me up by the eels and slapped me jovially on the bak, so that I burst into a loud laf, wich wuz followed by a delooge of tears, so that I brethed. In after yeres he has told me that I wuz a sikly childe then, but always an amoosing little cuss and komic, and that I wuz the best he cud do fur the 5 dollars that my doating pairunts cud afford to pay him.

I next met with a dissiple of Galen wen I wuz about three yeers old. I develloped an orful cof, and my lungs wuz weezing like the belloze of a church organ. The doktor this time wuz a yung chap who wore a stovepipe hat in wich he kept his stethyskope as well as his hed. As fur as I remember he wuz very perfishent at his bizzness. He tapped me all over my buzzum and bak with his middel finger, and telly-foned to my innards with his stethyskope. Then he pinched my cheke and nose with his finger and thum, dangled a four dollar imitashun goaled kronomiter before my buljing ize, ordered a plarster fur my chest, sed he wud send round the medisn and departed with a heavier puss and a lite hart.

I rekoovered.

Agen, wen I wuz arrived at man's estate, having a year ago bin made one with Betsy Jane, and the fust joy havin bin added to the house of Ward, also the Show havin enlarjed and then consisting of three Bares, wax figgers of all the most celebrated piruts, boccaneers and murderers in history, "ekalled by few and exeld by none," and that amoosin little cuss the Kangaroo, I thort it my dooty to perfect my vallyble life agens the hills that flesh is hair to. The insewerance man havin referred me to a Mediko, I kalled upon him. Havin bin admitted to his presense, I

wuz about to hand him wun of my perfessunal kards, wen he interrupted me and rasing his hand sed, " Ah, Mister Ward, oo as not herd of you ? " I replied grashusly, " Ah, oo ? "

Havin herd my reson fur vizitin him, he rubbed his hands, and flikking a stray mikrobe from his sleve, sed, " Well, Mister Ward, if you will remove your koat, shirt and wastekoat I will eggssamine yu."

I removed, and he, razing my chin and turning my hed so that my breth shud not ruffle his heir, plased his hands on my sholders and gazed long and thortfully at my buzzum. Wen he come too, he kommened to tap me all over ; this dun, he plased his parms upon me and sed, " Say 99, Mister Ward." " 99," sez I in a sepulkral voice. Then he wipped his stethyskope and applyed it to my ribs and sholderblaid and lissened like a Delaware injun on the war traile.

" Ah, Mister Ward," sez he, stepping bak and givin me a harty blo in my kardiak rejun, and anuther in my soler plecksus ! Then he walked rapidly to the windo and gased out, wistling the Ded march ; then turning he saw me about to rize, and leping upon me with grate ajility, he smoot me between my ize, yanked me quikly into an uprite poschure, and sed quikly, gasing down my throate, " Say ah, Mister Ward." I ahed. Now, whirling me round and pushing me down into a chare, he axed me the follering queschuns.

" Did you ever hav the measels, and how many ? "

" Did you ever hav rhewmattick fever ? "

" Air you marrid ? "

" Do you swet regler ? "

" Do you smoak terbacker, if so hav you got eny ? "

" Wots yore fiting waite ? "

" Air you trubled with biles ? "

" Air you blind, deaf, imbecilic or got the staggers ? "

" Do you take treackle with yure bakon ? " and meny others.

But it didn't work on me. I flu into a vilent rage and plasing my clos over my arm stalked out of the surjery. " Yu air a fust class life, Mister Ward," belloed the Doktor. " Verry likely," sez I ; but wen I take ercashun to kall on won of youre perfeshun agen I shall kum in male and bring a bowie nife." That quietened the pussillanermus idjit and I stroled out, konvinced hartily of the sweet and luvly natur of the perfeshun. But fur me, giv me raythur a snaik in a zewlogical kollekshun. It at enyrate is harmliss and under subjekshun.

Yures respectively,

WARD (Artemus).

P.S.—I sined the pledge ten minits arter I wuz born.

### Mrs. Malaprop Up-to-Date. III.

(Her views in War-time).

" IF it isn't Louisa. Well, I do declare."

" Me or my ghost, Mrs. Malaprop. And how's the world been using you this long while ? "

" Well, I don't say I've much to grumble at, though it's a queer world nowadays. What with Zeppelins and Daylight Saving and no Whitsuntide holidays I'm sure I don't know what we're coming to. To think we were once all as happy as kings. As Dorothy says it doesn't seem two years ago, and then next thing came the automobilisation everywhere, and the girls were all Home Aiding for the Avalanche Corps, and the men were off to fight or joining the Odyssey. I'm sure I often wonder at the way we've settled down to it all : we might have been at war all our lives now. If anyone had told me when Dorothy went to Germany that in a year we should be at war with them I wouldn't have believed it. It makes my heart go pit-a-pat now to think of her there all alone, though at the time I was more discerned with the food she was getting. I'll never forget her writing her home about them cutting a roast goose up with a pair of scissors—you could have knocked me down with one of its feathers. It was bad enough her not seeing tea till she'd been there a month, and then it was for supper in glasses without cream, but when I heard about them eating raw smoked fish and bacon, I wrote off at once to her to come home : I wasn't going to have her turning into a cannibal. I only hope our soldiers get on all right with the French food, but I'm always mistrustful of these foreign contraptions myself. Not but what they seem to like that Hong Kong Cordial well enough, and a drop of it will warm them up nicely in the cold weather, poor things. I'm sure it's cold enough for Christmas, even even though it is summer and we're Daylight Saving so that the Zeppelins can't see our bedroom lights."

" You've got used to it now then, Mrs. Malaprop ? "

" Oh, yes you can reconcile yourself to anything nowadays, and all the difference I can see is that we go to bed later and get up earlier. It puzzled me at first though. You see Mr. Malaprop was away, and Dorothy and I couldn't decide whether to set the clock an hour later or put it on an hour, so what we did was to put one clock on to twelve and put the other back to ten till next morning and we could hear the Church bells.

And I was glad to hear them that Sunday I can tell you. I'm always glad to wake up in the morning and find I'm not dead, but I didn't want to die that night least of all and me not even knowing what time it was, and the Zepps are fond of coming at the weekend too. I'll never forget that Sunday night they came. The first thing I knew about it was my sister Fanny (you remember her, Louisa, the one who married an undertaker who went to the war as a Flying Corpser). She popped her head round the door : ' Zepps are come.' ' Oh, well!' says I, ' come in and we'll be blown up together,' and I'd hardly got the words out of my mouth before in walks my other sister and her husband all in their best things



after Church, her with the best silver tea-pot<sup>er</sup> and spoons in her muff, and him with his golf clubs. 'Why, we're quite a family party,' I said, 'we might as well have a bit of supper while you're here, if it is our last. Bring up the spice cake, Mary. I was going to save it while Tom's birthday, but we'd better make safe of it while we can,' and then when twelve o'clock came, we'd a nice little game of cards, and I can tell you we'd a rare old time that night, Zepps or no Zepps.

There'll be some queer happenings for us to look back on one of these days, for I can't see the war going on for ever. I told Dorothy to have a look at Old Moore's Almanac for me some time when she was up at College, but she says it isn't in the Library: they never do have anything a body can take a bit of interest in. I wanted her to report it to the Union Committee, but after all I don't see they can do much. You know if things hadn't gone up so this year I was going to give them an inscription to their Union fund, not but what I hope they'll never get that far. Still you never know, and it must be a comfort to them to feel their own Union's always there to keep them if they can't get work.

Not but what the girls at any rate are earning good money now at teaching, at least Dorothy is, though it makes me smile sometimes to think of them setting out to teach now after all the years they were learning, and I wonder how they've the face to punish their children for not doing their lessons. I couldn't help laughing at Dorothy the other day. She often meets a friend who comes in later by train, and she was saying these nights really were a godsend to her as they were the only time she could keep her boys in. Other nights she always wanted to be off herself.

But I tell Dorothy she really ought to be careful with her money and buy some Chequered Bonds to help the war. I'm doing what I can myself, even though I did get a new Whitsuntide hat out of the interest I got last week, but it's a new-old one you understand, as I only got my last year's rejuvenated. But there, things have gone up so much while you have to look twice before breaking into a pound note these days. Why, Fanny's husband says you can't even die now without it costing you two shillings more for the mourning coach, and I'm not sure but what a Zeppelin's the most astronomical way out after all.

And when you do buy things at the bigger price, they're not the same. Dorothy brought me some chocolates the other day that were just filled with some chocolate stuff. Why, I'd as soon have bacon and eggs all bacon as chocolates stuffed with chocolates."

"And isn't it hard to get things, too, when you do order them?"

"Isn't it just. How have you been managing about coals, Louisa? We had such a to-do at one time, but we've got them now. I was reading the other day too that in a hundred years' time our coal reservoirs will be exhausted, but of course that doesn't matter

so much now so many people are using gas fires. Still I like to see a bit of fire in the grate myself. But you'll be dying for a cup of tea, Louisa. You shouldn't have let me go on so long. You know what I am when my tongue runs away with me; nobody else gets a word in edgeways; but it was such a comfort to have a real good conversazione with you again."

VIDEO.

### The Call of Spring.

(An Episode, May, 1916.)

The morning's work had just begun  
And keen and glad were we,  
A thousand tiny motes of sun  
Laid fingers small on me.

They clung with warm soft touch, and tried  
To coax my mind astray,  
And turn my busy head aside  
To watch them all at play.

I heard a thousand voices call  
With lilting haunting cry,  
—I let my pen and notebook fall  
For in their spell was I.

The bell rang once; the students fled  
Their bosom friends to greet,  
Again: they all returned, and said  
"Behold one empty seat!"

For I had cut; the magic call  
Was heard by me alone;  
I slipt across the sunlit hall  
—And Spring had won her own!

VAGABOND.



## Correspondence.

WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE,  
ROTHERHAM,  
YORKSHIRE,  
*June 1st, 1916.*

DEAR SIR,

I appealed some time ago through the Yorkshire Federation of Women's Union Associations for support to the Camps' Library, which has done such splendid work for our soldiers in the Trenches and everywhere at home and abroad, by sending them regular supplies of books and magazines, etc.

The result of my appeal was very good, but I hear from the Honorary Secretary, The Hon. Mrs. Anstruther, that they cannot have too many books and magazines, and that if they are to meet the demands for literature made by the Army, they want many more than they have got.

I venture, therefore, to make this definite suggestion—that every Mayor and every Chairman of a Parish Council or Parish Committee should take immediate steps to secure the services of somebody in every district and in every village who will undertake personally to collect all books and magazines, etc. They can then be handed over the counter of any Post Office, unwrapped and unaddressed, when they will be forwarded free of charge to the Camps' Library, 45, Horseferry Road, Westminster, London, S.W., which is the Official Depot recognised by the War Office for the distribution of books and magazines to the Troops at home and abroad.

I can testify from my personal knowledge the immense demand there is for these books. When the men come out of the Trenches to rest, there is of necessity very little in the way of amusements, and they value, more than it is possible for me to describe, a regular supply of literature. If our people in Yorkshire could see for themselves the pleasure which the receipt of books confers on the soldiers, I am sure they would answer my appeal.

In every house in the Country, there must be, I am confident, books and magazines to spare, and if only somebody in each town or village would make it his or her business to see that these are despatched, we ought to get thousands from our County. There are numerous Yorkshire Battalions and Regiments fighting most gallantly in all parts of the world, who will all participate in these gifts, and I most sincerely hope that Yorkshire people will do their best to see that the supply is at least equal to the demand.

Would anyone in any village or town who is willing to help in collecting books and magazines, write to the Hon. Secretary, Camps' Library, 45, Horseferry Road, Westminster, London, S.W., stating how many circulars he or she would be willing to distribute in their immediate neighbourhood. The circulars will then be sent to the address given.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed), MAUD FITZWILLIAM.

## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

## Union Report.

It is always a pleasure to be able to report progress, and a still greater pleasure to derive the benefits which of necessity must follow from any real advancement. Yet one is not disappointed to find that Union matters for Session 1915-16 have been more or less at a standstill. Attention has been directed more particularly to meeting the exigencies of the times rather than to advancing any new schemes. Little need be said about the effects of the war; all are only too well known to all of us; of the thirteen men students originally elected to the Committee in May of last year, eight have taken up military duties. It has therefore fallen to those left behind to carry on the Union work in accordance with the best traditions. The departure of Mr. Milnes for military training in the early stages of our history was very much regretted but Mr. Lambert has proved, as we had little doubt he would, a worthy and capable successor.

At the beginning of the Session the "Gryphon" Committee approached the Union Committee to consider the question of the cost of publishing the Roll of Honour, the outcome of which was an appeal to the various Societies for financial help. The privilege of helping to defray the extra expense incurred was accepted by the Agricultural, Cavendish, Education, Literary and Historical, Natural History and Social Study Societies and the Textile Department. Thanks have already been expressed to these Societies for their generous assistance.

At the seventh meeting, the Women's Athletic Committee were authorised to form a Net Ball Club and a grant of £2 was made to the club. At the same meeting it was unanimously decided not to hold the *Conversazione*. As was the case last year, all the men's sports have been abandoned.

The Committee accepted the charge of the laurel wreath which the Vice-Chancellor had placed in the Entrance Hall to the memory of the members of the University who have fallen in the War. The committee take this opportunity of thanking all who have helped in connection with the wreath. The thanks of the Committee are particularly due to those whose kindness has been in providing leaves and to the Women Students who have willingly devoted much time to the making of the wreath.

It has been decided that there shall be no publication of the Freshers' Handbook next session.

What was hoped to be an Annual function in the social life of the University was the inauguration in 1914 of the Union Garden Party on Degree Day. This year, however, the Union Committee resolved to give the women students' the opportunity of promoting some social function, the proceeds of which will be given to the Star and Garter Hospital. We understand an American Tea has been decided upon. Old students are given the usual annual invitation and it is hoped that as many as possible will attend and make the Reunion a great success both financially and socially.

It was manifestly impossible, under the existing circumstances to conduct the usual General Election of the Committee for next session. The matter was discussed in detail by the Committee with the result that a General Meeting was called to consider steps to be taken with regard to the management of the Union. At this meeting the Union Committee were given power to make all arrangements which were thought necessary for carrying on next Session. Appointments will be made before the end of term.

A report of this kind would be incomplete without a reference and a recognition of the work of Professor Connal, whose advice and guidance have been of the greatest value in a year the like of which is unprecedented in the history of the Union.

C.A.M.

### Old Students' Association.

#### (Women's Branch).

WE would remind those women students who are about to leave the University that there is an Old Students' Association with a membership of nearly three hundred. As the success of the Association depends on the membership being large and representative, we hope that this year, as last year, students will join without delay.

The aims of the Society are—

1. To maintain friendly intercourse amongst former students of the Leeds University, and between past and present students.

2. To provide a loan fund.

(a) To enable any present student who is in need of pecuniary help to continue her course at college.

(b) To aid members of the Association who through illness are temporarily incapacitated for work.

On three occasions students, while still in residence have been granted loans amounting in all to £50. These sums have now been repaid. As to the carrying out of the first aim, efforts are made in two directions, (a) by the holding of reunions twice a year in addition to co-operating with the Union in any Degree Day function, and (b) by means of a Handbook (edited by Miss Findlay) which is issued on Degree Day, and which especially serves to keep our more distant members in touch with each other and with the University.

The Annual Subscription of the O.S.A. is 2s.

The Life Subscription of the O.S.A. is 15s.

Last session, the University Hall Association was affiliated with the University Association and a joint annual subscription was fixed at 2s. 6d. and a composite life subscription at £1 2s. 6d.

All students who become annual members in the first year after leaving college may become life members during the ensuing year by paying the difference between the annual subscription and that for life membership.

Should any student be in or near London she will

find there also a flourishing London branch which can be joined provided that the applicant is a member of the parent association, and we now learn that there are possibilities of a second branch being formed in Manchester.

Our members are widely scattered throughout this country and as far afield as India, China, America, and the Cape, but wherever they are found, *there is exemplified the motto of our Association:*

*"Veteris haud immemor vinculi."*

E. M. BLACKBURN,

*Hon. Sec. and Treas. to the Old Students' Association.*

### O.S.A. London Branch.

The London Branch of the Old Students' Association held a successful Re-union at the Ashburton Club, Red Lion Square, W.C., on Saturday, March 18th, when eighteen members were present. The annual election of Officers and Committee resulted as follows.

Mr. Mundy, *Pres.*; Mr. F. T. Chapman, *Hon. Treas.*; Mrs. Chapman, *Hon. Sec.* (6, Egerton Gardens, Hendon, N.W.)

*Committee:* Miss Armitage, Miss Savage, Mrs. Thomson, Miss S. E. Wilson, Mr. Gray, and Rev. B. W. B. Matthews.

### Education Society.

Officers for Session 1916-17.

*President:* Miss Robertson.

*Vice-Presidents:* { Miss Blackburn.  
Mr. Welpton.

*Committee:* { Miss Newstead.  
Miss Rhodes.  
Miss Anderson.

*Secretary:* Miss Tesh.



**Women's Representative Council.**

Result of Elections for Session 1916-17:—  
ELECTION OF COMMITTEE.

*Senior Students.*

<i>Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>	<i>Not Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>
H. Simpson .. ..	79	E. Tesh .. ..	34
E. M. Bell .. ..	66	R. Moore .. ..	32
D. E. Birch .. ..	62	C. Carr .. ..	31
E. Banks .. ..	56		
R. Denison .. ..	38		

*First Year Students.*

<i>Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>	<i>Not Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>
L. Billam .. ..	69	D. Gregson .. ..	29
L. Emsley .. ..	55	K. Nelson .. ..	26
M. Anderson .. ..	35	D. Bairstow .. ..	25
		D. Griffiths .. ..	25

## ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

<i>Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>	<i>Not Elected.</i>	<i>Votes.</i>
R. Denison .. ..	52	D. Birch .. ..	32
		E. M. Bell .. ..	24
		E. Banks .. ..	12

*Miss H. Simpson, eligible as one of the five senior members of the W.R.C., withdrew her name from the list of candidates.*

*Scrutators:* { NELLIE BROWN.  
WINIFRED KIRKWOOD.  
HESTER E. WOODCOCK.

**Natural History Society.**

Two meetings of the Society have been held this term.

On May 4th, Mr. Ruston gave an exceedingly interesting and entertaining lecture on "The Plant as an Index to Smoke Pollution." He showed the enormous influence which smoke exerts on the vegetation of a district. An important feature of the lecture was the number of lantern slides with which it was illustrated. A short discussion followed the lecture.

The last meeting of the session took place on May 18th. After the election of officers for 1916-17 had been held, Miss Rimmington gave a paper on "The Power of the Enzyme." After dealing briefly with the history of the subject, she described the action of some of the most familiar ones. She then dealt with the part enzymes play in the most important process which goes on in living matter, namely respiration. The lecture finished with a short account of the use of enzymes in industrial processes.

The following officers have been elected for 1916-17—  
*President:* Dr. Wager, F.R.S.; *Vice-Presidents:* Mrs. R. King, Miss M. Hind, Mr. Gilligan; *Secretaries:* Misses E. Whittaker and J. Wilson; *Committee:* Misses A. Bradley, F. Brown, H. Guy.

M.H.

**Men's Christian Union.**

VERY little real work among the foreign students has been attempted this year owing to the war.

We had to start the Session without any very definite idea of what had been done in the past, but we received very helpful suggestions from the Vice-Chancellor and from the Foreign Secretary of the Movement (Mr. R. P. Wilder). Mr. V. J. Woodcock, the Secretary of the Anglo-Foreign Students Committee also rendered invaluable services.

Letters have been received from nine people living in or near Leeds who have kindly offered to help us in our work among foreign students by giving them hospitality, etc. We have especially to thank Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Whiting, of Headingley, and Mr. R. Webb of Virginia Road for the help that they have already given us in this direction.

The Vicar of Leeds is anxious to call a Conference of any Leeds citizens interested in foreign student work. If any member of the University could help this work personally, or knows of any people willing to do so, would they kindly communicate without delay with the President or the Secretary of the Men's Christian Union?

J.N.Y.

**Mid-Day Services Committee.**

THE annual general meeting of members of the University in sympathy with the aims of the above Committee was held on Wednesday, 24th May, the Rev. R. H. Duncan in the Chair.

After the usual preliminary business a resolution was carried unanimously that in future the Executive Committee should consist of the Vicar of Emmanuel Church (the Rev. J. F. Phillips) and the Vice-Chancellor, ex-officio, four members of the staff, five men and five women.

The following were then elected members of the Committee for next Session: Misses Cooke and Thomson, Prof. Moorman, the Rev. R. H. Duncan, Misses Birch, Pickles, Gregson, Taylor and R. Moore, and Messrs. Caiger, Crowther and Richards. Power was given to the Committee to co-opt as many men as should be required next Term to make up the full number.

At a subsequent Committee meeting it was resolved that the Rev. W. H. Elliott of Leeds Parish Church should be asked to preach a course of Sermons next term.

The short services of Intercession for the War will begin again on Thursday, 5th October. It is to be hoped that as many members of the University as possible will attend both the Sermons and the Intercession Services.

J.N.Y.

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1915-16.



HESTER E. WOODCOCK,  
PRESIDENT OF THE W.R.C.