

THE GRYPHON

VOL. 20. No. 2
DECEMBER, 1916.

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Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

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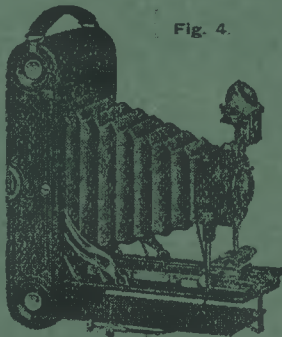


Fig. 4.

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Fig. 5.

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"Leeds Mercury" Photo.

THE CHANCELLOR AT THE UNIVERSITY.

October 2nd, 1916.

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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. XX.

DECEMBER, 1916.

No. 2.

Editor: HARTLEY S. CARTER.

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We print this time the farewell speech of the Chancellor on the occasion of his visit on October 2nd, together with a foreword by the Vice-Chancellor. We think that many readers may like to have the address in this permanent form.

* * *

We publish a new Roll of Honour with this issue, considerably enlarged since last time. The casualty list has grown too, we are sorry to say. The Union is kindly defraying cost of publication.

* * *

We would like to draw attention to a letter from Prof. Rhys Roberts, which we print, regarding the visit of the Classical Association to Leeds in January.

* * *

The next number of the *Gryphon* will be published in February.

Contributions may be sent in up to January 22nd.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt from other Universities of *The Mermaid*, Birmingham; *The Lodestone*, Birkbeck College; *The Journal of Otago University*, New Zealand.

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CANCELLED

The Chancellor.

THE newspapers announce that the Duke of Devonshire has arrived in Ottawa and has begun his new duties as Governor-General of Canada. The University will miss him greatly while he is away. In all important matters affecting the interests of the University, he has given us counsel and help. His experience of public affairs, his intimacy with the Government and his quiet, steady judgment have made his tenure of the office of Chancellor memorable. The University wishes him every happiness and all success in his new work and looks forward to the time when he will once again be able to take an intimate part in our affairs.

His farewell address, when he visited the University before leaving England, was full of confidence in the future and of pride in the service which the members of the University have been privileged to give in connexion with the war.

M.E.S.

We print below a report of the speech delivered by the Chancellor on the occasion of his last visit to the University, on October 2nd.

His Grace said that the thoughts of all must naturally be turned towards the great struggle which was being waged throughout the world. It would be interesting to speculate as to what would have been in the minds of those who first laid the foundations, from comparatively small beginnings, of the great structure which had developed into the present University of Leeds. He thought he would be fully justified in assuming that as far as the University was concerned, earlier generations would be proud and grateful for the action that had been taken. The Roll of Honour of the University was a long and a distinguished one, and they had to deplore the loss of so much that was so promising and full of hope for the future. But, like the rest of the country, they were determined once and for all that the sacrifices which were being made, the loss of valuable life, should not have been made in vain. All were determined, as far as lay in their power, to prevent anything like a recurrence of such a thing.

UNIVERSITY WORK AND FINANCES.

Throughout the whole Empire we had seen a remarkable transformation. We had seen this country transformed from an industrial and a rural country, relying primarily for its protection upon our Navy—a Navy which never yet had failed—we had seen an army equal in comparison, at any rate as far as spirit and equipment, and probably as far as numbers were concerned, equal to any other Continental army. What was perhaps more gratifying was to note the devotion, the self-sacrifice, and the cheerfulness of the men who composed that great army. They had seen this great transformation throughout the whole country, and he hoped that those closely connected with the University had some reason to be proud of the part they had played in that great transformation. From the very moment that the war broke out they, without hesitation, placed their services as individuals and collectively as a University in the hands of the authorities. He believed their buildings, their equipment, their laboratories had been of material assistance in the prosecution of the war; but he hoped he was not claiming too much when he said the most valuable asset which they most unhesitatingly placed at the disposal of the authorities was their organisation, and the brains that controlled the work of that organisation. The list of work which the University had taken part in was a long one. It included many and varied aspects, and such services as they had been able

to render had been thankfully and ungrudgingly rendered, and he would like to emphasise that in whatsoever way their services for the remainder of the War could be utilised they unhesitatingly and ungrudgingly placed them at the disposal of those responsible.

They had to thank the staff, who had done most splendid work in grappling with the new problems as they had presented themselves. They had also to note with feelings of the most lively gratitude the generous support given by Sir James Roberts, Lord and Lady Cowdray, and their old and valued friend Mr. Walter Morrison, who had again shown, as he had frequently shown before, his practical sympathy with the University. These were notable instances of the support which the University had received. That support, he hoped and believed, was an increasing one as it came to be more and more realised that the whole life, not only of the city of Leeds and of Yorkshire, but of the British Empire as a whole, was closely wrapped up with the development of the higher forms of education. Not only had they succeeded in carrying on the work, but he hoped that through the generosity of those he had named they would be able to lay the foundations of further activity and spheres of work when this unhappy contest was brought to a conclusion.

NEW CONDITIONS AFTER THE WAR.

"We shall, indeed," the Chancellor continued, "have to face new conditions and new circumstances. Just as much as the outbreak of the war produced vast changes, so the coming peace will in its turn produce equally great changes and fundamental alterations in many aspects of our public life. But I cannot help hoping that one of the directions in which those changes will tend is a still greater recognition of the value of educational work. There are many problems which will have to be discussed, problems affecting political, social and economic conditions, and in the solution of these problems the Universities will have to take their part. We in Leeds are in many ways very favourably and happily situated for the discussion of those problems. We as a great educational establishment are, from the very force of circumstances, brought into daily communication with civic life. We are also brought into contact with the great industrial undertakings, which are bound to play a far-reaching part in the future not only of this Empire but of the world as a whole. I hope that that close co-operation which has existed for many years between those great leaders of industry and those who have taken part in civic life will become closer and closer, to the mutual benefit of us all."

Though we must recognise that we had a difficult task before us in connection with the war, and that the sacrifices already great, would probably be infinitely greater still, sooner or later we must bring the war to an honourable and satisfactory conclusion that would contain the germs of a permanent and lasting peace. The full strength and resources of the University would be utilised in bringing about that conclusion. But, casting one's mind still further ahead, there would be many other problems to consider, and he hoped they would recognise more and more the value of a sound education, and that they would not only be able to equip the young men and young women who came to the University as students to take their place in the various spheres of life and action, but to do more and more for the formation of that character which was the root of all greatness whether as a nation or as individuals.

One of the greatest mistakes ever made in the history of the world was the mistake which our enemies made in their ideas of the British character. We took a very long time, his Grace proceeded, to realise the magnitude of our task, but he hoped we had now begun to put forth our strength, not as a mere spasmodic effort, but as one that we would continue and maintain. We must take the lessons we had learnt at so much cost and so much bitterness thoroughly and utterly to heart, and there were no better means of doing it than by that combination which could always be found at Universities such as the one in which they were met, not only in the grounding of education, but in that more important work, the development of the British character as a whole. The conclusion of the war would bring many difficulties in its train, affecting all classes, and just as in the preparation for war, he hoped we should see the same sober, broad-minded genius and sympathy in dealing with those difficulties. All desired to see a happier and a brighter country as a result of the terrible ordeal through which we were passing.

A TEMPORARY FAREWELL TO THE UNIVERSITY.

His Grace concluded on a personal note. They were aware, he said, of the high and important honour that was placed upon his shoulders when he was selected for the responsible position of Governor-General of Canada. He must honestly admit that he was never so surprised as he was when the suggestion was made to him. The task was a hard one, and it was difficult for him to follow in the distinguished line of those statesmen who had held that high office. It was especially difficult for him to follow in the footsteps of the man who had done so much both for the development of Canada and for the good relations which existed between Canada and the Mother Country—H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. He could only trust that he would have the power to carry out the duties of that great office in a worthy manner, and bring into closer union the Mother Country and the great Dominion of Canada. He expressed his gratitude to his colleagues for asking him to continue to hold the office of Chancellor of the University of Leeds during his absence from the country. Whether that decision was a right and a wise one it did not rest with him to say, but he desired to take whatever action was conducive to the best interests and prosperity and welfare of the University as a whole. The interest he took in the University would never be abated, and he would always look back upon it with pride and satisfaction.

He knew he would be able to take from England and from the University a message of cordial sympathy and goodwill to the people of Canada. The relationships between the two countries were now cemented for all time, and hallowed and sanctified by the sacrifices all had been called upon to make. He was going to a country of vast resources, and with enormous opportunities, and a country which had already recognised the benefits of well-ordered and regular education from the lowest to the highest degree. During the term of his office many changes would occur both in England and in Canada. A turning point in our history had now been reached; we were either to go forward, or crumple up. We were not going to crumple up. This country to-day was stronger than ever it had been, and the British Empire was also stronger, not only in its individual parts, but as a whole. In saying farewell to them—he hoped only a temporary farewell—he wished them all success and prosperity, and he looked forward on his return to find the University's sphere of influence and work increased. He thanked them for their generous and cordial support since he had been installed as Chancellor, and said he was proud of the part it had been his privilege to take in the University's development.

Reprinted from The Yorkshire Post.

Some of my Books.

BEFORE the days of my youthful ardours were past one of my friends in presenting me with the old-world Bishop of Durham's delightful soliloquy on "The Love of Books," led me into the extravagances through which, I suppose, most book lovers must pass. A few purchases made from a recognised dealer acted like magic and at least for a year or two I must have spent hours a week perusing the columns of catalogues with which I was inundated, marking the works which specially appealed to me, and perhaps too often purchasing books which it was very unlikely I should ever read. But some collector had given me the idea that the simple possession of books led to a knowledge of their contents even if they were never opened; and this eased my conscience.

My married life, however, changed all this. A larger, more interesting and more important life opened out before me with the advent of my children and second-hand information and inspiration gave

place to first-hand experiences with and knowledge of the frail bits of humanity committed to our charge. Then I became conscious of the increase in household duties incident upon keeping up a good library. I realised that the mere dusting of books was by no means a light task and that there were conditions under which the love of books declined into almost a painful duty towards them only—and a duty not always fulfilled. And so it came about that the temptation to look into and mark book catalogues slowly passed from me and I came to the conclusion that a residence near a good public library was the thing to be aimed at and that possibly private collections were a mistake.

How many years my books rested comparatively undisturbed I cannot say, but ultimately the day arrived when, owing to change of residence, they must all be taken from their shelves and reinstated in their new home.

The house to which we were going was but a hundred yards from the old home but every article of furniture and every book had to be brought out and packed into the van as though it had to make a hundred mile journey, and then be unpacked and delivered in a wondrous medley at the new house.

Straight away one of my friends spoilt for me for ever Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness, by saying that the horse yoked to the furniture van, standing for two hours until the van was loaded, in three minutes drawing the van to the new house and then again patiently standing another hour until the van was unloaded, to him typified the lines:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

But the removal was accomplished at last and taking off my coat, rolling up my shirt sleeves, duster in hand, I proceeded to tackle the piles of books surrounding me. I had of necessity, however, to look at their titles in order that I might suitably classify and arrange them on the shelves and all unconsciously I plunged deeper and deeper into certain old friends—at least old friends so far as their exteriors were concerned. Thus it was that my better half coming in expecting to witness the complete accomplishment of my task found me absolutely immersed in Wallace and Darwin with my work barely started. It really came about in this wise:—Among my old Scientific books were certain works upon "Natural Philosophy," linking up the works of the old Alchemists with the more modern Scientific works.

Purely by accident while dusting "The Young Gentleman and Lady's Philosophy," by Benjamin Martin, I opened to and read the following:—

"What Dignity's in Human Nature,
Says Man, the most conceited Creature,
As from a Cliff he cast his Eye,
And view'd the Sea and arched Sky!
The Sun was sunk beneath the Main,
The Moon and all the Starry train,
Hung the vast Vault of Heav'n. The Man
His Contemplation thus began.

When I beheld this glorious Show,
 And the wide wat'ry World below,
 The scaly People of the Main,
 The Beasts that range the Wood or Plain,
 The wing'd Inhabitants of the Air,
 The Day, the Night, the various Year,
 And know all these by Heav'n design'd
 As Gifts to pleasure Human Kind.
 I cannot raise my Worth too high ;
 Of what vast Consequence am I !
 Not of th' Importance you suppose,
 Replies a *Flea* upon his Nose ;
 Be humble, learn thyself to scan ;
 Know, Pride was never made for Man.
 'Tis Vanity that swells thy Mind
 What ! Heav'n and Earth for thee designed !
 For thee !—made only for our Need ;
 That more important Fleas might feed.

Cleon. The great Mr. Pope too makes a perfect
 jest of the giddy, humorous Creature, Man :—

Created half to rise, and half to fall.
 Great Lord of all things, yet a Prey to all.
 Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd ;
 The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World.

Yea, he makes the Angels admire the greatest
 Man no otherwise than we do a Monkey, in these
 Lines :—

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
 Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly Shape
 And shew'd a *Newton*, as we show an Ape.

“Essay on Man”.

From this I drifted naturally into the theories of
 the evolution of Mankind from an even lower form of
 life than a monkey or a flea and following up this
 line of thought I naturally turned to my books on
 “Evolution” and quickly had ranged before me such
 books as I had on this subject, including :—

- “Systeme du Monde,” by Laplace.
- “Malthus on Population.”
- “The Economy of Vegetation,” by Erasmus Darwin.
- “Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.”
- “Antiquity of Man,” by Lyell.
- “Gradation in Man,” by White.
- “Journal of Researches” (Voyage in the *Beagle*) by
 Charles Darwin.
- “Hereditary Genius,” by Galton.
- “Origin of Species,” by Charles Darwin.
- “On Natural Selection,” by Wallace.
- “The Descent of Man,” by Charles Darwin.
- “The Ascent of Man,” by Drummond.
- “Darwinism,” by Wallace.
- “Factors of Organic Evolution,” by Spencer.
- “Social Evolution,” by Kidd ; and
- “Mendelism,” by Bateson.

What an interesting series I found this as I arranged
 the books before me and what memories they brought
 back to me ; Laplace's work—a finely bound and
 beautifully printed copy—I had picked up in Geneva.
 Some I had routed out of the old book stores on the
 banks of the Seine in Paris ; Darwin's “Voyage in
 the *Beagle*,” I had purchased with a hardly earned
 half-crown in my youthful days ; while Erasmus
 Darwin's work and Wallace on “Natural Selection”
 had cost me many hours of anxious searching of old
 book catalogues.

Then I remembered my attempts to pick up some
 of Lamarck's works and also some of the later works
 of Weissman. And I felt somewhat annoyed that
 my collection on Evolution still lacked such notable
 contributions—I almost felt disposed to start again
 in my searches !

Darwin's “Origin of Species” I associated with a
 delightful Summer holiday spent upon the York
 plain when I leisurely perused this masterpiece ; and
 Bateson's “Mendelism” I associated with my first
 visit to Cambridge University when at one of the
 Feasts of “Caius” I had sat at table with Bateson
 and Punnett, with Frazer of “Golden Bough”
 fame, with A. C. Benson and with other heroes of
 my youthful days.

Then I remembered the tragedy started by Hugh
 Miller's “Testimony of the Rocks”—more personal
 to me in that I knew of his grand-daughter now
 living a quiet life on a Scotch Farm ; the debate as
 to the authorship of “Vestiges of the Natural History
 of Creation” now attributed to Robert Chambers ;
 the breaking of the new light into religious thought ;
 the essays of Temple and Jowett in “Essays and
 Reviews,” and the controversies of Huxley and the
 Bishop of Carlisle in the 19th Century. Then I took
 up Darwin's “Voyage in the *Beagle*” and interested
 myself in tracing out in that quiet but pleasing work
 the starting points of Darwin's great contribution to
 Natural Science. And a still closer association with
 the development of the theory of evolution came when
 I went back in my mind to one of Professor Miall's
 delightful lectures—it was on Swammerdam, I
 believe—and recalled a great discussion we then had
 upon the evolution of a water beetle into a land beetle.

And so it came about that with a new delight
 I dived into many volumes while I dusted them
 and finally arranged them in chronological order in
 my newly planned book shelves. And were I to
 come across Lamarck's or Weissman's works I am
 afraid that I should still feel disposed to add them to
 my set. In view of the necessity for War economies
 it is perhaps well that compilers of book catalogues
 have long ceased to forward me their productions.

A.F.B.

O. T. C.

“Fall in.” “Tenshun,” the Sergeant cried ;
 I tremblingly obeyed,
 I knew before my number dried,
 The terrors of Parade.
 We marched and wheeled around the square,
 Each trying to excel.
 The eagle eye was always there,
 And piercing words as well.
 At last, consoling word, “dismiss,”
 My belt felt rather slack,
 When lo ! Command, “fall in for Swiss,”
 The drill that tries your back.
 It proves your joints and tests your pluck
 With twists to shame a monkey ;
 I've lost my appetite, worse luck,
 And found that of a donkey.
 Our Sergeant's sense of drastic means
 Appears to be outraged,
 But where there's will there's way it seems
 And success is presaged.
 And strange, I'm growing daily fit,
 My weight must be a ton ;
 Of course deduct my normal bit ;
 The rest to crush the HUN.

C.

Compromise:
or
The Preacher and the Publican.

A Story without a Moral.

At Tattleton upon the Brawl
There lived a very worthy creature,
A Mr. Simon Aspinall
Who sometimes served as local preacher.
In wealth of language, and in zest
The little man outshone the vicar,
And he was always at his best,
When speaking of the curse of liquor.
An only daughter Simon had,
A girl he thought he could rely on,
Until he found she loved the lad
Of Eli Porter, of the Lion.
And Herbert he returned her love
Despite the fuss that her Papa made,
For Rhoda really was above
The ordinary type of barmaid.
But Mr. Aspinall averred,
Although he did not wish to pain her,
To marry Herbert was absurd,
Her husband must be an abstainer.
While Porter said, he'd rather see
His Herbert starving in an attic,
Than have him always swilling tea,
And wedded to a darned fanatic.
In vain his son in metaphor
Compared his union with Rhoda,
To brandy which is better for
The cooling influence of soda.
In vain would Rhoda call to mind
The well-known words of Paul's epistle.
"The wine was of a different kind"
Her father said, and then would whistle.
And so the two were forced apart,
Since might synonymous with right is,
And Rhoda nearly broke her heart
And Herbert had acute bronchitis.
It chanced that year a passing fair
Clashed with a three days' temperance mission,
And both were in the village square,
And both charged sixpence for admission.
Small blame if Rhoda, who was bent
On hearing Mrs. Sidney Salmon,
Should in the crowd mistake the tent
And pay her foolish court to Mammon.
She soon was dancing light of heart
(The Devil well his pills can sweeten)
Her partner vowed he would not part
Until the supper had been eaten.
She started first on ginger-beer
The strength of which she under-rated,
For when the evening closed, I fear
Poor Rhoda was intoxicated.
Her honest father little thought
His only child, his eye's bright apple,
Had turned his teaching all to nought,
Forgetting parent, home and chapel.

But Mr. Porter chanced to pass,
And seeing time alone could heal her,
Had pity on the luckless lass
And helped her into a four-wheeler.
"A little headache, that is all,
Allow me please to pay the carriage,
After to-night, Miss Aspinall,
I give my sanction to the marriage."
Now Herbert, I'm afraid, had meant
To spend that night in mild amusement,
But he too entered the wrong tent
And asked in wonder what the pews meant.
Yet Mrs. Salmon's voice was kind,
Her arguments so plain that Porter
By half-past ten a pledge had signed
To take no stronger drink than water.
The worthy Mr. Aspinall
Too apt at times to be excited,
Exclaimed, "A lamb has heard the call
That in the desert was benighted."
"Herbert, my boy, I speak of you,
Not of your past which I disparage,
On Sunday you shall share my pew,
I see no hindrance to your marriage."
At length there came the wedding day.
The bride wore silk which looked like satin,
And when at last they drove away
They left their worthy parents chattin'.
They've rented now a little inn
Where daily, conscientious Herbert
With saddened heart dispenses gin
To all who scorn his proffered sherbet.
While Rhoda with a quiet smile
(That girl is still her father's daughter)
Adds daily to their little pile
By weakening the gin with water.
Old Porter, Aspinall's close friend,
(I do not think the man is posing)
Bewails the drunkard's certain end
And gives his vote for Sunday Closing.
And Simon too has changed his views
Since first his little grandchild kissed him.
The Trade he cannot now abuse,
But raves against the Tied-House System.

W.F.H.

My Friend of the Cinema.

AND yet he was very interesting in many respects. I can't help wondering what he'd have made with the advantages of a university education. For he was shrewd and even discerning. His perversion was due only to the untrained mind that you inevitably get in people whose only education is years of desultory reading. I have found it a peculiarity of such people that they are impatient in argument and apt to be blind to broad principles, chiefly citing the doings and peculiarities of kinds of people who are not in the books as it were, and whom one would never think of mentioning in discussing a big thing. So that, by the

The Gryphon.

sheer unexpectedness of their replies, they are apt to break through one's guard. It is there mostly that lack of mental discipline shows itself. I'll tell you for instance of the beginning of our acquaintance.

We were sitting next to one another at a picture-house (I hate the word *picturedrome*) and I begged a match from him. We exchanged cigarettes and a remark or two, and then found ourselves leaving together. I remember just how it began. I said "I always feel silent and thoughtful when leaving a cinema. I suppose it's the quiet, and the restful darkness."

He replied "I always feel silent and thoughtless when leaving a cinema, I suppose it's the cinema."

I glanced at him. "But you don't think that pictures tend to thoughtlessness, surely?"

"If thoughtlessness means absence of thought, I do."

"But no form of art should do that," I said. His reply was typical.

"We're not talking of art. We're talking about the cinema."

"Yes, but don't you see the cinema is a form of art. It is nothing but the dramatic art with speech eliminated." I didn't catch the relevancy of his reply. It was something about a sardine-tin being a box of fish with the fish eliminated. He had an irritating tendency to drag down the level of a topic by a ludicrous remark of very questionable taste. "In fact," I went on, "the cinema is a high form of art. At the high pitch of excellence it has now reached, it combines in itself the arts of the drama, of the painted picture, and of music. It has tremendous possibilities."

"That's what Lloyd George's mother said as she hung over his cradle. But look what he's become. Undoubtedly the cinema has a great future behind it. Seriously I can see a twofold possibility of art in the moving-picture. Firstly in the photography, secondly in the acting. Now there is no such thing as the art of photography. To deny this, is to call a machine an artist, and so to proclaim your egregious ignorance of the first principle of art. Let a Babu run amok with a cinematograph camera, expert in nothing more than the turning of a handle, and he'll come back with photographs of beautiful things. The fact that sometimes beautiful things are photographed, is a tribute to nature, and not to machinery and chemicals. The matter of cinema-acting is one of the greatest delusions riding the world's credulity. I guarantee that you could make a fair to middling picture-actor from every third person, and a first-class one from every half-dozen"

"But what of regular acting in the theatre? You might then, say much the same of Mrs. Siddons or Henry Irving, or Sarah Bernhardt."

"Not at all," was the reply. "Those were actors. These are barefaced and unintelligent people working at a trade. There are a dozen or so rules, just as, when becoming a junior clerk you must master stock-taking, discounting, invoicing and so forth. As thus:—

"I.—Stand perfectly still, intertwining fingers on a level with your waist. Expression of face, as of one trying to locate a suspected flea. Mouth and eyes wide open, focussed on the air. Very suitable for heroines in six reel pictures, as for example, when she is at the villain's mercy and hears him approaching the door, or when The Rosary is being sung. Useful for gaining time for rescue parties on horses, or motors. Very fashionable. For men the same never fails for a supreme sacrifice scene, and will fill gaps in comic pictures if accompanied with a movable moustache.

"II.—The smile sideways. Very fetching. Suitable only for heroes, as it shows openness of character. Very effective with cap in hand and greased hair. Suitable for heroines in gardens or with cowboys. Indispensable preliminary to embrace between reconciled lovers. Provides a moving ending to any film.

"III.—Left-shoulder heave with clenched fist—"

"I don't know how serious you are," I said with a rebuke in my tone; for I was annoyed by his flippancy and his obvious flabbiness of thought. "You must have certain conventions in any form of artistic expression. The true test is, does the result show dramatic interest, emotional play, truth to life? It is folly to carp at the means employed in producing things so convincing as the masterpieces of the art of the cinema."

"And I say that this 'art' which by its nature and technique ought to be the most realistic thing outside of life itself is the holding up of a saucepan-lid to nature. Did anyone in heaven or earth meet people like these smirkers and scrapers, these inspired-looking idiots, these smilers with their hearts on their sleeves? And has not cinema-acting given the lie to the sacredness of beauty of form and face? How is Apollo flouted with a pickle-herring in the face! Suppose Little Tich or Milton, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox had had the fine faces of some of these knights and ladies of the flickers, to what heights could they have risen. As you see on the sheet, a strong, splendid-looking man shaken with a mighty emotion and when he at last, after travail speaks, what earth-moving sentence do you expect? And what do you get, what fatuous remark does he make, and how often set forth in English and spelling that a Standard VI. lad would be smacked for? How often are the critical lip-workings of these shades of men what a self-respecting even semi-intelligent being, would be ashamed to utter, even in a charade?"

You see it was no use arguing with a being who talked like that. So I contented myself with saying, "I fear you would never do for our debating society. I am with you certainly about the childishness and futility of the so-called humorous pictures."

"Of course," he replied "I expected that would be your opinion. It is the opinion of all B.A.'s I have ever met. I regard comic pictures as the very poor justification for the existence of what civilisation will never adequately apologise away to the future generations of the world. Charlie Chaplin is the type of the few who understand of what the cinema is capable and of what it is not. That is why he

never attempts to speak. He is all pantomime several removes from nature. He has realised the exigencies of the cinema, and knows it can no more approach versimilitude than can a scurrilous picture post-card."

And although I had ceased to argue with him, I did not feel justified in letting the matter be violently done to death in this fashion. I said:

"But at any rate you will not deny the value of the cinema as an educational factor. The future will see marvellous developments and I for one, do not despair of one day seeing it installed in our schools, a feature quite as inevitable as the wall-picture of Mount Vesuvius." After his answer I saw it was hopeless to continue the discussion.

"The *possibilities* of the cinema is another story. But can you deny that we have gone backwards? An 'educational' picture once formed part of every cinema programme. But they were too true to life and nature, and they went under. Now, when a director in an unguarded moment allows such a film (probably they are cheaper) to intrude among the soul-stirring dramatic studies, is not the audience openly bored? Have you never heard children for whom the cinema could have been a glorious birth-right, say down your neck 'Aw, another of those rotten things' I once heard a little girl of about ten say to her father in a very loud voice in a crowded tram-car, 'Dad, have you seen A Wife's Crime, and The White Slave Traffic? They're lovely!' So much for your educational value. Why, I could"

But why should I continue? You'll understand the sort of fellow he was, quite typically condemning the greatest invention of the day because he chose to be one of those cheaply superior persons who run down anything that gives pleasure to the people. As I left him, I said "Puris omnia pura"; but the poor fellow didn't understand Latin, so he shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette. I rather pitied him, for though he had that taint of jealousy which such people often get against things academic, yet he had a certain native wit and with good opportunities might have made a sound sort of man. I've often wished I could meet him again.

B.A.

Natural Selection.

I.

I have absolutely no sympathy with the nobleman whose younger son has proved himself a failure. (I am not now referring to considerations of health), When he sends him on a small remittance, payable quarterly, into the heart of Australia, In the hope that he will come back in a few years' time a changed man, more especially as regards the matter of wealth.

2.

Good resolutions, provided of course that due care is exercised as to their choice, can be kept even in Rhodesia;

But then the probability is that they are not, Partly owing to the fact that the general code of morals is distinctly easier, And partly to the fact that the weather in these subtropical regions is so confoundedly hot.

3.

Algernon Massinghame, as a boy, had absolutely no head for figures;

He generally kept me countenance somewhere at the bottom of the school:

So that, when I heard he had been sent by the Government to some island in the Southern Pacific to look after the niggers,

I knew the head of the Colonial Office, or whoever it is who manages these little jobs, was no ordinary fool.

4.

Previous to his appointment, Massinghame had gone into partnership with a man called Humphries, Who held a mortgage on the family estate down in Kent.

The two together had planted about fifty acres with apple and plum trees;

But, before they bore fruit, the whole of his patrimony (and his mother's money too) had been spent.

5.

When he left England, he took with him all the apparatus necessary for the manufacture of cider, As well as eight hundred specially selected apple trees.

The missionaries in their annual report said that Massinghame had supplied a

Long felt want in thus bringing non-intoxicating beverages within reach of the aborigines.

6.

In the letters he wrote to his mother he declared that he had grown quite fond of the unsophisticated savages,

Who seemed to regard Government officials as loved and honoured guests.

Most of his time was occupied in dealing with the unforeseen ravages

Made on his apple orchards by peculiarly obnoxious insect pests.

7.

The grubs of the codlin moth devoured innumerable quantities of vegetable marrows.

He ran about in the cool of the morning, catching the insects in a butterfly net, as they alighted on the fruit.

He was seriously thinking of importing half-a-dozen common English sparrows;

The female moths in the process of laying their eggs had practically ruined his one and only Sunday suit.

8.

The Board of Agriculture sent the sparrows via San Francisco and Honolulu, and after six months the island was peopled by their voracious progenies.

They did their work well but were almost too numerous, Massinghame reluctantly had to confess.

In his letters home he impressed his mother very much by referring to the patience of Diogenes. He described with unnecessary detail how they built under his window and the ensuing mess.

9.

As matters were really getting serious, he cabled for a pair of sparrow hawks from Jamrach's, Since the birds, having devoured all the codlin moths, were alighting in clouds on the natives' fields of early rice.

He feared, from what the missionaries said, that they would shortly have trouble with the damn blacks. He told them that the native pastor's stipend should be raised, but they refused to listen to his advice.

10.

The sparrow hawks came, but, as it was necessary to land them in a surf boat, they got completely drenched with salt sea water.

Jamrach's man having thoughtlessly despatched them in nothing more substantial than a crate; But they picked up wonderfully well, after being fed for three weeks on a diet of palm oil and bananas and soon began to do appalling slaughter.

The only drawback was that, like the codlin moths and the sparrows, they multiplied at a most alarming rate.

11.

I for one cannot blame the missionary for momentarily forgetting himself by exclaiming "The Dickens!"

(He was a Scotch Presbyterian, who spent nearly all his leisure in breeding pedigree Buff Orpington fowls)—

When he found one morning that the sparrow hawks had taken an unaccountable fancy for his chickens.

And had hurriedly to bring the service to a close, as the harmonium could scarcely be heard above their expiring howls.

12.

He was really extremely rude to Massinghame and called him a bandit.

For his own sake I must refrain from mentioning the bitterly unjust things he said;

But he ended by declaring that, if it were not that the Missionary Board in Edinboro' might misunderstand it,

He would sacrifice a year's salary, as well as his pocket bible and hymn book, for the pleasure of punching his (Massinghame's) head.

13.

They settled the matter amicably at last and, as time went on, each began to realize the other's merits.

Massinghame forwarded to the Colonial Office a long and badly phrased official Note.

In which he demanded to be sent immediately (preferably via Vancouver and Rarotonga) a brace of ferrets,

Or, in case these were not procurable, a properly acclimatized weasel, polecat, or stoat.

14.

The clerk in the Colonial Office who selected the animals must have been totally unacquainted with their habits;

For no sooner had they arrived in cold storage and been put down,

Than they began, to Massinghame's surprise (he had looked up the matter in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) to breed like rabbits;

And, what was worse, they showed an unaccountable preference for the native quarter of the Island's one and only town.

15.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the number of geese, domestic animals, and even lambs, the vermin ate;

The indignation of the native Christians knew no bounds.

Massinghame, like the fool he was, introduced foxes in his vain attempt to exterminate, And for six months the unique spectacle might be observed of Missionaries riding to hounds.

16.

Acting on the advice of a medical friend, he sent to Professor Poppemoff for a serum (A Polish scientist and vivisector of almost world-wide repute).

He forwarded, but unfortunately forgot to pay the postage, a small glass tube, containing material warranted to clear them,

And a very large certificate, with copies of testimonials, from the Pasteur Institute.

17.

The foxes, ferrets, and sparrow hawks soon began to perish by the thousand

As if the Professor had placed over the Island a wondrous spell,

But Massinghame was perhaps naturally annoyed, when the sheep and the goats and the cows and one or two of the more influential native converts began to sicken as well.

18.

After ten years, when the population consisted entirely of missionaries, and Massinghame was entitled to his pension,

With the knowledge of a life well spent he reluctantly resigned his official keys.

Shortly afterwards he was raised to the Peerage.

Perhaps I may be forgiven if I mention That he is now engaged on a volume to be published shortly by Macmillan, entitled "With Church and State in Southern Seas."

WHEN YOU DIG WITH A MEDICAL.

You complained of a slight cold in your head —

You visit her at 11.15 PM —



① She brings Quinine & a Thermometer. Your slumbers are consequently disturbed.



② and find her practising the Black Art. She persists in practising bandaging upon your unresisting person.



③



④

An Artilleryman's Letter from France.

I WAS asked to send some "Notes from the Front," but thought that an article on Artillery work would be more interesting to readers of the *Gryphon*.

Before the war there were three branches of the Royal Regiment of Artillery—known as Horse, Field and Garrison; the Royal Horse Artillery [*deleted by the Censor*] was intended for co-operation with Cavalry. At present it is, except in name, the same thing as Field Artillery. From a small number of Regular Brigades with a larger number of Territorial Units we have now created a Field Artillery which can truly claim to have a solid wall of guns, axle to axle, along the whole of the Western Front. The Field Artillery is armed with the eighteen-pounder

gun, just over three inches in diameter. To supplement the work of these, Field Howitzers are attached to each brigade.

Here you naturally ask the difference between a gun and a howitzer. The main difference is that a howitzer fires at high elevations with low charges and correspondingly low muzzle velocities. These advantages make the howitzer a much more mobile weapon than a gun of the same calibre, for the former has not to withstand so great a pressure when fired, and consequently can be made shorter in length. A gun fires with higher charges and has a much flatter trajectory with correspondingly greater weight and longer range. In terms of cricket, a howitzer sends "lobs" and a gun deals fast low "underhands."

In these days one hardly knows what to say of the R.G.A.; it is probably the most composite unit on service at the present time. There are three chief branches—the “Heavies,” the “Siege” and the “Coast Defence”—and since war started “Anti-Aircraft” and “Trench Mortar” batteries have been added. The “Heavies” are nearly all sixty-pounders, drawn by Shire horses and have a long range. Popular opinion places most of the R.G.A. on coast-defence at places like Dover, Malta, Portsmouth, Gibraltar, &c., but in reality these “Forts” where guns and shells are polished and tide-levers manipulated are superfluous owing to our Fleet.

The “Anti-Aircrafts” or “Archies” are here to-day and gone to-morrow. They rush into a position on their motor lorries, fire for a few days and then move away. As for the “Toc-Emmas” as the Trench Mortars are called in reports—these are not now manned by the R.G.A., though half a year ago they were doing useful work with them.

The “Heavies” or “Siege Artillery” are almost entirely the creation of the war. Prior to 1914, siege artillery work was regarded as a sort of harmless pastime for a few cranks at a place on the Kentish shingle, miles from civilisation—but now famed far and wide for its School of Gunnery. All pieces of ordnance with calibres of six inches and over are manned by the “Siege.” The creation of the Siege Artillery—with its stores and the education of its officers and men—is perhaps one of the greatest efforts in this war.

A Siege Battery has motor transport and is a self-contained unit. It acts as its own supply and ammunition column and is independent of all but the larger army formations. It has its own workshop and artificers and is equipped with a wireless station—a composite and marvellous formation.

The work of Siege Batteries is varied. In some positions they are further forward than Field Batteries and can of course shoot far over the enemy trenches.

Our first position was in a very quiet part of the line. After a fortnight we got orders to move, packed our stores and ammunition and the convoy moved shortly after midnight. A siege battery on the road is an inspiring sight, and makes one realise a little the great cost of war. No fewer than seventeen tractors are required for the smallest battery.

Our next position was in an orchard in the village of ——. No sooner had we settled than the Boche took it into his head to shell the village and did much damage to the houses. Of course we retaliated, and as our guns were of heavier calibre, “Fritz” was quiet for a time.

From this village we went into a position in the open and commenced to work on dugouts. The Major had a most interesting time persuading various misers in the A.S.C. and R.E. to part with pit-props, corrugated iron and sandbags. Finally we dug some nice holes and were just going to put on their lids, when one night we were again ordered to move. This fourth position is our present “home.”

We are near a village which the Hun strafes at all hours of day and night. We fire very often, and here, as in all other places the Allies are superior in Artillery.

The most interesting part of an Artilleryman’s life is perhaps observation work. Often we fire by map or with aerial observation, and then only act as mathematicians. The most enjoyable shoots are made on our own observations. I shall never forget the first time I went to an O.P. A certain map square was given me, and was stated to be near the Church. With a few signallers I arrived in the village by way of some disused trenches, and found a heap of stones—lately the Church. An Infantry man showed me a wall a few feet high, with a hole through it and said, “That’s the Church.” So I thanked him and found the “House” in “High Street.” The “House” was three walls of the kitchen, and we scrambled up the chimney to observe. At night we sat on what roof remained.

Two days ago we scattered some Boches building on the skyline, with a dose of shrapnel from the Field Artillery. It is a funny sight to see a fat Boche sprinting for safety.

When we are off duty, once in three or four days, we sit in the dugout and censor letters. When there are no letters, we sit about and eat, drink—and swear. One’s flow of language improves rapidly under war conditions. After this pastime is exhausted we look at the newspapers—or as a last resort write to the *Gryphon*.

The British Tommy is a wonderful chap. He is more than magnificent. In the trenches, on the road, with the guns—looking “fed-up” it is true, but whistling or singing, and cheerful despite hardships. So long as the folk at home send the stores and ammunition Thomas Atkins will carry on.

F.W.

Madrigal.

“Doubt.”

My harmless eyes are “pools of sapphire light,”
 My teeth are “shining quarilets of pearls,”
 One fleeting glimpse of me, “a day’s delight”—
 But does he say all this to *other* girls?
 For from his lips it falls so trippingly,
 With flattery of my most unsunny curls.

Surely such fine perfection can but be
 Result of practice—learned ere he met me?

D.U.R.

Things we want to Know.

- (1) Why a certain distinguished soldier should consider it necessary to warn a lady friend to beware of “those awful Medicals”?
- (2) Whether the matrimonial bureau directed on inspirations furnished by spiritualistic seances is a success—and who was the first victim?
- (3) Which is the most aristocratic branch of the Army? We offer no prizes for an answer. But we know who knows.



Buccaneer Songs.

I.

Outward Bound.

We've crossed the Line, we're heading south,
 To the beautiful under-world again,
 Even Orion lags behind us,
 He's left behind with King Charles' Wain.
 There's not a star that will remind us
 Of Winter nights and autumn rain ;
 There's a different light and a different air
 That makes us sing as if drunk with wine
 For the underworld's ever a wonder world
 And we've crossed the Line, we're heading south.
 Even the King's ships will not find us
 We're far from the tracks of merchant men
 We're back to the underworld again !

We're back to the underworld again
 With its golden cities to loot and plunder,
 Its harbours where our ships careen
 Where never an Englishman has been ;
 Ports that even the Spanish mariners
 Flying the flag of the King of Spain
 Will search for on their charts in vain.
 We're back to the inlets fringed with trees
 That would fit a million ships with spars
 Straight and tall they prick the sky
 Their mast lights are the blazing stars
 That burn to welcome the merchant venturers
 Who have left behind the fog and rain
 To cross the Line and sail down south
 To the beautiful underworld again !

II.

San Diego.

We crept like serpents from our quarters
 From mouth to mouth was passed the news,
 " The Merchants first and then their daughters,
 The ghetto's packed with quaking Jews ! "
 Through the breach and over the breach and under
 Ragged and naked we swarmed into the town,
 Lips all parched at the thought of sack and plunder,
 Eyes lit with lust as we hacked their sentries down.

The carnage in the narrow alleys
 Where all our men were turned to loot !
 The sudden stabs, the maddened sallies
 The reek of blood grease under foot !
 We'd blood on hands and blood on face and clothing,
 We tore the gold and jewels from their shrines,
 Pricked their priests on the altar steps in loathing
 And drowned their palsied bishop in his wines.

We'd white and red wine by the barrel
 And choice of all their merchandise,
 We donned their silks and gay apparel
 And laughed at all their women's cries.
 For Hell was loose and Hell was out and the devils
 Ran with torches setting alight the town
 Danced with us, drank with us, joined in all our revels,
 Laughed when the walls and the rafters tumbled
 down.

III.

Buccaneering.

O, the treasure ship is veering
 And the decks we'll soon be clearing,
 And excitement makes you shiver,
 You're as restless as the deuce ;
 And you curse your heart and liver,
 But there's doubloons to deliver,
 And you feel your heartstrings quiver,
 If you're wanting an excuse.

" Oh, it's fighting, cutting, smiting,
 Stench and smoke and thrusts and passes
 E'er we reach the wine and lasses ;
 Such a life is buccaneering ;
 Yo, ho, ho, for buccaneering !
 Yo, ho, ho, pass the rum ! "

O, the tropic breeze is sighing
 And the flying fish are flying,
 When you're sorting out the treasure
 With the boys at Dead Man's Key ;
 But it ain't no lady's pleasure,
 Nor a hobby for your leisure,
 Sacking Spanish ships for treasure,
 You can take it straight from me.

" But it's fighting, cutting, smiting,
 With the naked steel agleaming,
 And the scarlet blood astreaming ;
 Such a life is buccaneering ;
 Yo, ho, ho, for buccaneering !
 Yo, ho, ho, pass the rum ! "

Translations from Charles Baudelaire.

I.

The Ideal.

(L'Idéal).

Vignetted beauties, pale coquettes,
Frail products of a world's decline,
With buskined feet and castanets,
Will never charm a heart like mine.

I leave Garvarni's pallid dolls;
She does not flitter among those
Whose beauty fills the hospitals;
My ideal flower, my crimson rose!

For darkling women I repine:
A crime-scorched soul like Macbeth's wife;
—A dream of Aeschylus divine,
'Tis such as thou shalt charm my life!

Or brooding Night—whose sinuous charms
Great Angelo gave fire to be
Love's burden for Titanic arms—
Queen of them all shall be for me!

II.

The Ghost.

(Le Revenant).

Like some grim angel noiselessly
I'll glide into your room,
With burning eyes that ceaselessly
Pierce through the shadowy gloom.

More coldly than the pale moon rays,
My dark girl will I kiss,
With dank caresses of the snakes
That in the ditches hiss.

But when the livid dawn shall break
You'll miss me from your side,
And cold and bare shall be the place
Until the eventide.

Others with care and tenderness
Your young love will repay;
But over all your youth and life
By terror I'll hold sway.

ANON.

Nightmare.

It is not often that dreams will stand the test of print or even of oral relation without considerable exaggeration and addition. They are usually meaningless jumbles, mostly forgotten in waking hours. Occasionally they are frightful nightmares, sometimes useful, like Stevenson's solution of the Jekyll and Hyde problem, and very rarely impressive.

Every now and then I dream and very rarely my dreams contain elements of truth. Things that I dream of have sometimes really happened or I have read of their happening, such as seeing a Zeppelin or meeting a runaway horse. But what I am going to relate now, never really happened, yet there seemed at the time, in the night, to be an overmastering reality about it, an uncanny element of practical

politics in it. There was nothing really unusual in its staging. In my dream I talked with a stranger, a black haired dark eyed woman. Tall she was, and slim, yet deep chested—a sort of Satanic Bellona.

It seemed to happen long ago, so long ago, that I cannot now recollect the exact words and phrases of the conversation. When I woke I only remembered a sentence here and there, but what I do remember was so pregnant and apposite that I cannot now forget them if I would.

This thing befell me away back in the days, a few years ago, when I used to take interest in all things weird and bizarre, from Theosophy and Spiritualism and the New Theology to the diabolic dancing of Gaby before she was known outside Paris. In those days I thought I was different from other people. I lived among the new and crude creations of modernism and revelled in the lax discipline of so-called Bohemianism. I didn't do much work and this enviable quality threw me among people who were lazy for very different reasons from mine. In those days I read into law and justice the vicious hostility of middle age to youth. People could not understand that my very idleness signified intense preoccupation, that I was engaged in discovering the world and men and women. It was in those days that I suddenly woke up to the fact that there was a religion apart from the established rituals and that I was no more an Atheist than Charles Darwin was. But I moved among those who were busily engaged in struggling through with their greensicknesses, and my time was not wasted. I learnt a good deal about that congenital form of hysteria which masquerades under the cloak of Bohemianism.

I heard a good many things about men, and about women in particular. I met the type of woman who is always in revolt—the woman with a third rate masculine mind. These women find a curious subserviency about their womanhood and endeavour to earn the advantage of male ascendancy by aping men's methods. This type of woman who flatters herself on her perpetual cleverness and freedom, knows nothing of the complexity of the male mind. The really feminine woman who conquers by her arts and her knowing acceptance of man's crude laws and politics is immensely her superior. This third sex—which is probably nothing more than an oversexed femininity—is never gregarious. It is devoted to a senseless artistic dissipation. It smokes fiendish cigarettes to the abhorrence of any male it may come in contact with, goes in for bad art, and Satanic music it doesn't understand, reads the "Contes Drolatiques" with a fine appreciation of flavour, and will discuss Pragmatism with an Irish Catholic.

At first it struck me it was one of these women I met in my dream. The resemblance was there—but that is all.

On a sultry afternoon in September I found myself wandering through a ripe cornfield studded pretty thickly with scarlet poppies. I remember the poppies because at the time they became inextricably mixed in my subconscious mind with the idea of blood—of freshly spilt blood. Above, the sky was leaden and

heavy, the atmosphere was stifling and still, and seemed to possess unusual refractive properties, so that two or three great trees ahead seemed to take on gigantic qualities as if the earth were mocking the Heavens with phantasmal monstrosities.

Suddenly I became conscious of the woman by my side, and of her voice asking me why I had left my atheistic life for the orthodoxy of rational living.

"I have turned," I replied, "because the rest of the world has become irrational, and irrationality may often mature into criminality. Heretics were once burnt at the stake; nowadays not to be a heretic is to be heterodox. It is fashionable to spend one's time destroying the works of the Creator, who must be grievously disappointed in placing us all here. For, look you, within a mile of this quiet place there are the cities, the towns, where within small areas there are packed together the extremes of humanity. Banquets, deathbeds, the accident wards of hospitals, filthy tenements overcrowded with verminous children the product of disordered passion, elegants lounging in gilded surroundings, women crowding from hot, suffocating theatres with fortunes blazing on their dainty powdered skins, painted creatures roystering in public houses, or slinking leering along the kerb—each life upon the world's stage, individual, isolated, made in the Image, yet collectively the race to destruction—the same goal by different soul destroying paths. These are worse things than blatant profligacy. Modern agnosticism is a menace."

"You mean a menace to the spoken ideals of morality," she replied cunningly. "Morality has been dead since the Exodus from the Garden, so why should it trouble you?"

I looked up at her. Her hair symbolised the blackness of the mouth of Hell; her eyes glittered with the malignancy of a toad's. Her pallid cheeks and high cheekbones gave her face the outline of a grinning skull. Her whole figure seemed to grow monstrously, overwhelmingly shutting out the light of day.

"You see those poppies," I said.

"Yes," she replied.

"There is something symbolical about them. They are red like fire; they are red like blood; their petals are soft; they are the sleep bringers. There is the blood of martyrs, of fanatics tearing at each others throats for the peace of the world. There is Death, "the popped sleep." That colour never flowered out of virtue. It is the symbol of women's humiliation. It is the colour of Love and War. Love a woman and that colour grows brighter. Shed blood and another poppy will spring up. Plunge into the depths of malignancy and hate and the whole world for you is tinged that colour."

But she only replied, "You fail to see clearly. The breaking of the whole ten commandments at once means new life. As goodness struggles feebly through this life of yours—a vague thread of gold by which you set up ideals, so there is another life where Evil is the root and branch of affairs. There is this difference between Right and Wrong—that Wrong is Right."

"Do you see that sunset?" I asked, pointing to the West where the glow was crimson like the poppies. "Does it not remind you of purifying flame?"

"No," she cried, "of a Sea of blood!"

I stopped, startled, and turned quickly,

"In God's name what are you," I shouted. She was not there, but out of the hot air, came a voice, deep tongued like the note of a big organ pipe, "I AM WAR!"

There I awoke, sweating and palpitating, and my hand going out touched a volume of Essays I had been reading before I fell asleep. And that is why this story may seem like a parody.

ANON.

Greek and English Patriotic Poetry.*

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε
ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῶων ἔδη,
θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.

"ON, sons of the Greeks, fight for the freedom of your fatherland, for the freedom of your sons, your wives, the shrines of your ancestral gods, and the tombs of your forefathers. All is now at stake." This is the text of the book and with the skill and enthusiasm of the preacher, Professor Roberts examines each word, each clause in turn, expanding and concentrating; giving each its full significance and drawing from each its power and wealth of meaning. Here is the true lover of knowledge at work, the searcher after Truth; step by step he proceeds; the meaning of each step is clearly stated and the whole seems to centre round the word *ἐλευθεροῦτε*, "fight for the freedom of." This is the dominant note, intensive, because the conception of Patriotism held by the Greeks and ably interpreted by Professor Roberts, is noble and dignified.

The author's knowledge of Greek poetry is almost equalled by his knowledge of English verse and therefore it is not surprising to find in this book extracts from the best of our English patriotic poets. Shakespeare and Wordsworth are largely quoted and with them are linked Homer and Aeschylus—all equal in the loftiness and sublimity of their conception of love of Motherland. Professor Roberts has caught their spirit and with forcible eloquence and passionate earnestness, he vivifies and rejuvenates a conception of Patriotism which, at the present day, commercialism has largely atrophied. Idealists have it still, but ideals are commonly supposed to be the creation of dreams and dreams never come true. Someone has said that in time of war, ideals are the first thing to go overboard and this is a true and wise saying. But probably our low conception of Patriotism is due to the fact that since Wordsworth there have been few, if any, who could justly claim to be patriotic poets. Rather they are cosmopolitan. Kipling is imperialistic rather than patriotic; militaristic, and therefore, interested in organisation and its details rather than in the courage and chivalry of man; jingoistic rather than a true lover of Motherland. Sir Henry Newbolt is an exception. He is of the same fibre as our great patriotic poets; he sings a song not of material conquest but of the glory of chivalry and of the virtue of true manliness.

Professor Roberts' book, then, comes at an opportune time and is all the more welcome. A great part of the book discusses three vital results of victory—Peace, Humanity and Progress. Again, Homer, Aeschylus, Shakespeare and Wordsworth are brought together. Again the similarity of their thought and the nobleness of their ideal is emphasised and vividly portrayed. Here Professor Roberts has some good things to say and we are at one with him in his plea for united action for the common good. We are united now in our determination to end the war worthily, but is unity to cease when peace comes?

* "Patriotic Poetry, Greek and English" by W. Rhys Roberts, Litt. D., LL.D. (John Murray, 3s. 6d. net.)

William Watson in "Wales: a Greeting," speaks of the Welsh people as—

"An ancient folk, speaking an ancient speech
And cherishing in their bosoms all their past,
Yet in whose fiery love of their own land
No hatred of another's finds a place."

This, we think, is Professor Roberts' ideal, and the true ideal, of Patriotism. But it is not the Patriotism of to-day, which is predominant by glorified selfishness. A love of country which excludes admiration for another cannot be love at all for love is essentially just.

ἔλευθεροῦτε, fight for the freedom of, not only, of your wives, of your sons and the shrines of your ancestral gods, but also for the freedom of conscience, expression, ideas and thought and this is hard to obtain in a modern University but still—ἔλευθεροῦτε!

If, at the present day, we have not got the right ideal of Patriotism, we certainly do not know what Liberty is. Freedom is not licence; Liberty cannot exist without order; it is essentially disciplinary. If by Liberty we mean freedom for development, national or individual, we must admit in others what we claim for ourselves. This is where the discipline and order come in, but the common idea of Liberty is "as you like it or what you will." The Greeks had right ideas of Patriotism and Liberty and we would do well if we read our Greek a little more; we should find it regulative and inspiring and we should certainly get a better idea of the things that really matter.

The book is stimulative and invigorating; the notes are full and valuable but probably tiresome to the average reader.

Professor A. G. Perkin, F.R.S.

PROFESSOR PERKIN, who has been recently appointed to the chair of Colour Chemistry and Dyeing on the resignation of Prof. Green, has been on the staff of the Department for nearly a quarter of a century.

A son of Sir William Perkin, the distinguished founder of the coaltar industry in this country, he was educated at the City of London School, the Royal College of Chemistry, Anderson's College, Glasgow and the Yorkshire College, where he successively studied under such eminent teachers as Professors E. Frankland, Mills, Thorpe and Hummel. After holding the position of works manager at the Alizarine factory of Messrs. Harden and Holdens for four years, he was appointed lecturer and research assistant in the Dyeing department, then in charge of the late Prof. Hummel, where for many years he has devoted himself to the study of a variety of interesting natural dyes, a subject upon which he has become a unique authority.

For this work he was elected, in 1903, to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. He has contributed an important monograph on the same subject to Thorpe's Dictionary of Applied Chemistry.

Professor Perkin is perhaps less known to his colleagues on the staff than his long connection with the University would lead one to expect. There are, indeed, many who have come and gone without suspecting that in the remote and somewhat isolated situation of his research laboratory a distinguished F.R.S. has "scorned delights and lived laborious days."

With his accession to the present chair we shall hope to see the new Professor participating more actively in the social life which the various University societies afford, and radiating the warmth of his genial presence outside his own laboratory. We offer our hearty congratulations to the new Professor on his promotion.

Christian Union, General Meeting.

ON October 24th Mr. Paton, assistant secretary of the S.C.M., addressed some seventy students on "The Person of Christ." In an interesting and forceful manner he showed how the historicity of Christ was acknowledged to be true by those antagonistic to Christianity.

Mr. Paton laid stress on Christ's sense of sonship towards God—a sonship which was felt by great saints of all ages—

but they were prevented from realising Christ's joy by their sense of sin.

In Christ there was an identity of will, heart and mind with God. It was this perfect flawlessness of character which was the keynote of Christ's moral grandeur. The purity and meekness of the Son of God, combined with his claim to be Judge make a unique position.

In the death on Calvary was the whole history of His life summed up—for life and death were but the expression of a loving will.

N.

Musical Evening.

ON November 3rd the Freshmen were welcomed, not at a Smoker as in days of yore, but at a musical evening. The lack of talent where once was superabundance, is but indicative of the way in which Leeds University has identified itself with the needs of the war.

But the idea of making the musical evening into a welcome for the Freshmen was a happy one. Mr. Mountford as 'pro-president' welcomed the Freshmen and the evening's programme began. A band of tuneful singers described in song their sensations on 'Rolling down from Rio,' and a wonderful race between a Kangaroo and a Dingo, and most appreciated of all, the Nightmare of a Fresher. This last was a topical song which very cunningly sketched the idiosyncrasies of some of the great ones.

Very fortunate was the Committee responsible for the arrangements in the matter of instrumentalists; Miss Kniveton rendered a mandoline solo and Mr. Levi and Mr. Enna violin solos.

A convincing representation of the sketch 'Make Believe' was given and was very well received. Miss J. Butterfield as 'Sarah' was inimitable, while Mr. Pratt as the pseudo miser added to the mirth and gaiety not only of Lady Vere de Vere and her consort, but also of the lookers-on. 'Bob' and 'Dolly' were as sentimental as could be desired and they sustained their parts with commendable realism. The programme was of a very high standard and the Committee is to be congratulated on its discovery of at least one talented Fresher, whom many of us long to hear again—and soon.

N.

Women's Social.

ON Thursday, October 4th, we welcomed the Freshers in the Refectory. The whole meeting was fraught with a high tone of seriousness; we could not forget that there were others. But the seriousness was not of a gloomy sort for we believe the Freshers felt our welcome and were enheartened to meet the new year which may mean so much not only to a University, but also to the world.

Each Fresher, under the guidance of an old stager in 2nd, 3rd or 4th year drowned her sorrows in a cup of tea and so was fortified for what was to follow.

A Fresher takes whatever comes as the most logical thing—in a Freshers' social—and even the hardened *un-freshers* did not despise the speech making of this year. We were singularly fortunate in our speakers; in all was a note of warning—a challenge to us all to give of our best.

Miss Sampson, whom we are glad to welcome as President of the C.U., was in the Chair. Miss Robertson spoke a few kindly words and urged a purposeful university life of hard work and play. Miss Denison, as President of the W.R.C., welcomed the freshers to university activities and Miss Shann, of the S.C.M., gave a very cordial invitation to the C.U. In an inspiring speech, Miss Shann pointed out that the New England which must be, can only be sure based on a vital Christianity. Her message awakened thought and we recognised its truth.

Speeches over, the Freshers saw the C.U. at play—several of the most solemn—not to say 'high and mighty' ones graciously unbent to perform "Cautionary Tales" for the benefit of an appreciative audience.

The University Song and Auld Lang Syne ended the happenings of an eventful Freshers' Social.

N.

Visit of the Classical Association to Leeds.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

Will you allow me to make it known that the Classical Association is to hold its general meeting at the University from Thursday evening, Jan. 4th to Saturday noon, Jan. 6th? At 11 a.m. on Friday, Jan. 5th, Viscount Bryce will deliver his Presidential Address on "The worth of Ancient Literature for the Modern World." Students of the University, and the public generally, are invited to attend this meeting and that on Saturday at 10.45 a.m., when papers will be read on (1) "The Humanities," by Mr. P. S. Allen, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and editor of the Letters of Erasmus; and (2) "Venizelos and his fellow-countrymen," by Mr. P. N. Ure, Professor of Classics at University College, Reading, and formerly Classical Lecturer at Leeds University.

Any new members wishing to join the Association should communicate with the Hon. Local Treasurer, Professor B. M. Connal.

Yours faithfully,

W. RHYS ROBERTS,
Organising Local Secretary.

University of Leeds. Belgian Hospitality Fund.

JUST over two years ago the great influx of Belgians into Leeds took place and the University Fund was inaugurated with the view of assisting refugees of the better class. Three houses in De Grey Terrace were placed at the disposal of the Committee. Of the families originally helped some have gone to France and some have obtained employment in this country, which has enabled them to set up house on their own account. One of our late guests obtained an appointment in the Army Service Corps of the Belgian Army during the summer; and his family is established in Paris; the house he occupied is now closed.

At present one of the houses is occupied by five sisters, one of whom has a husband at the front; they are gradually becoming more self-supporting, but still require some help. The other is tenanted by a Belgian secondary schoolmaster, whose hobby is the study of English; he is engaged in teaching Belgian children in the Leeds schools, but the salary paid him by the Belgian Government is very small, and the Committee is supplementing it.

Besides this, the Committee has enabled several young Belgians to pursue their education at the University, with remarkable success. The two students maintained for the past session have acquitted themselves with great distinction in their work in the Textile Department. One of them has been awarded a University Scholarship which is sufficient to keep him; the other is continuing his studies until he is called up for service in January. A third student, recommended by the Carlisle Belgian Refugee Committee, is being maintained by the Fund in order that he may attend classes in the Department of Engineering.

In the first year of the existence of the Fund a sum of no less than £800 was raised, of which the students contributed over £180. The second year opened with a balance of £252 2s. 6d.; £202 19s. 5d. in subscriptions and £20 as a donation from a former guest of the Fund, Mr. Jules Vander Heyde, swelled the receipts to £475 1s. 11d. The expenses were £471 2s. 3d., made up as follows: Maintenance £387 7s., Light and Heat £56 os. 3d., Furnishing £25 9s. 3d., Treasurer's expenses £2 5s. 9d. The balance in hand is £3 19s. 8d.

A sum of £250 will, it is estimated, cover the cost of administration for another twelve months, and the Committee is confident that the amount will be raised. It feels that it is

specially appropriate for a University Fund to afford the opportunity of higher education to Belgian boys who, but for the war, would have proceeded to a similar institution for the higher learning in their own country.

The Committee is now composed as follows:—The Vice-Chancellor, Prof. Gillespie, Hon. Treasurer, Rev. R. H. Duncan, Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Cohen, Mrs. Connal, Mrs. Garstang, Mr. C. A. Mountford and Miss Denison, President of the Women's Representative Council.

Debating Society.

THE first meeting was held on October 23rd, the President in the Chair. Mr. Silverman proposed the motion "That a trade war against the Central Powers after the present war is undesirable," basing his argument on moral, political and economic grounds. Miss Goodson led the opposition, urging the necessity for crushing Germany. Mr. Knight and Mr. Birch seconded the pro. and con. respectively, the former appealing to higher motives, and the latter preferring to let sentiment alone. After a discussion, the motion was carried.

The second debate, November 6th, was on the proposition "That Chivalry between the Sexes is an Anachronism." Mr. Stell said that chivalry was as extinct as the Middle Ages, and if it wasn't, it ought to be. Miss Newstead opposed and pointed out the ubiquity of chivalry even in these days. A brisk discussion followed, but the motion was defeated.

Impromptu debates were held on November 20th. The subjects ranged from the hanging of Charles Peace to the Taxation of Bachelors. The meeting was amusing.

Note: The Inter-'Varsity debates will be held next term. Students desirous of acting as Leeds delegates are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secs.

Education Society.

A MEETING was held on October 24th. A lecture was given by Prof. Armitage on "The Origin of the Egyptian Race." Egyptian civilisation arose among the Egyptian aborigines, but was influenced by the life and thought of neighbouring races, introduced into the country by invading peoples. The lecture was limelight illustrated and relics were shown. Miss Robertson expressed the thanks of the meeting to the lecturer. Mr. Monahan seconded.

Miss Mercier lectured on November 24th, on "Education through History," to a joint meeting of the Historical and Education Societies. She declared the great gifts of history to students should be a conception of the growth, development, continuity and unity in human affairs. To her, history is a most "humanising" force, leading to the development of curiosity in human affairs, so much to be desired in these democratic times. It is only possible to cover a small portion of the world's history in schools, yet it is feasible to give the children a conception of the growth and development of human affairs.

E. T.

Literary and Historical Society.

PROF. MOORMAN, on October 17th gave a paper on "Some Thoughts on Contemporary Poets."

On October 30th Miss Cooke gave a paper on "St. Francis of Assisi," which was much appreciated.

A stimulating study of the novels of W. J. Locke was given on November 13th by Miss Munday.

On November 27th, Rev. Dr. Frere spoke on "Sidelights on the Twelfth Century from Yorkshire Charters." His humour and deep knowledge of the subject combined to make the paper very enjoyable.

At the next meeting, December 11th, Prof. Grant will give a paper.

H.T.

Leeds University Union.—Statement of Accounts, 1915-16.

RECEIPTS.			
	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions	400	16	8
Officers' Schools for use of Gymnasium, Pavilion and Field	20	7	6
War Loan Dividend	4	10	0
Penny Bank Interest	3	1	8
Grazing of Field	£5	0	0
Less Stamp	0	0	6
	<u>4</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>6</u>
	<u>£433</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>4</u>

Balance in hand, Oct., 1915	£238	11	11½
Less £50 paid to Retirement and Allowances Fund, Oct., 1915	50	0	0
	<u>188</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>11½</u>
Balance on Year 1915-16	43	1	4½
	<u>231</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>4</u>

NOTE: Of this balance £99 13s. 4d. has been invested in £100 4½ per cent. War Loan, leaving cash balance in bank, Oct., 1916

CAPITAL ACCOUNT (Retirement and Allowances Fund).			
To Amount set aside for retirement allow- ances, Oct., 1915	£50	0	0
„ Dividend on ditto. (War Loan £50) ..	2	5	0
„ Annual Amount set aside, Sept. 1916	10	0	0
„ Allowance to J. Hardy (to be paid after the war) 16 weeks at 5s.	4	0	0
	<u>£66</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>0</u>
By £50 4½ per cent. War Loan	49	16	8
Cash in Bank	16	8	4
	<u>£66</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>0</u>

EXPENDITURE.			
	£	s.	d.
Women's Hockey Club	4	13	10
Net Ball	1	12	6
Gymnasium, repairs, cleaning and painting	£11	10	0
Instructor	58	17	8
Allowances to H. Blanchard, on service, 22 weeks	7	14	0
	<u>78</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>8</u>
Fives Court Repairs	1	2	0
Lawn Tennis	12	6	9
Men's Common Rooms, College Road	15	15	5
Women's „ „ „ „ ..	11	1	10
Piano for Women's Rooms, final instal- ment	8	8	0
Medical School Common Rooms (Men) ..	15	0	0
„ „ „ „ (Women)	1	14	2
S.R.C. Grant	4	0	0
Photographs and framing	1	5	10
Debating Society	7	13	10
Swimming Club	0	10	6
Chess and Draughts Club	0	5	9
Freshmen's Smoker	1	9	9
Musical Evenings	0	14	11
1915 Conversazione, on account of ..	0	2	0
General Union printing, postage and sundries (including Handbook) ..	19	18	1
Pavilion and Field:—			
Horse hire and feed	£7	2	11
Machines repaired	5	12	6
Ashes, Coke and Sundries	4	7	4½
	<u>17</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>9½</u>
Groundsmen—wages	124	5	0
Extra labour	2	16	3
Allowance paid on account of J. Hardy— 16 weeks at 2s. 6d.	2	0	0
Rates and Taxes	26	14	9
Fire and Accident Assurance	£1	17	5
Insurance Stamps	1	2	0
	<u>2</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>5</u>
Tithe Rent	1	14	5
Water, Gas and Electric Light	13	4	6
Paid to Retirement and Allow- ances Account. Annual Amount, 1915-16	£10	0	0
On Account of J. Hardy, to be paid after war, 16 weeks at 5s.	4	0	0
	<u>14</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
	<u>390</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>11½</u>
Balance	43	1	4½
	<u>£433</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>4</u>

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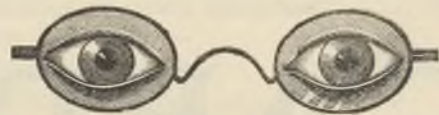
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