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Fig. 2.



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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.

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No. 3.

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THE aims of the *Gryphon* as a representative journal of a modern university have been so often stated, that it seems superfluous to make further remarks on the subject here. We do indeed welcome "live" articles, such as a new critic sighs for, and we like our facts, our dreams and our humour to be supplemented, though not supplanted, by ideas and original thought on matters of vital present day interest. Yet it is for students themselves to help the gratification of their tastes by means of their own contributions, now, alas! far too scanty. There is one minor, nevertheless important, point of which we would remind contributors—the necessity of enclosing their own name, though not for publication, with anything which is sent in. One or two MSS. have been excluded from possibility of consideration because of this omission.

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We feel that all students will approve of the decision of the Union to hold no *Conversazione* this year. Though an appreciable and enjoyable institution, which has hitherto been part of our "corporate collegiate life," it is one of the functions which can be dispensed with at a time like the present.

* * *

A new Roll of Honour accompanies this issue. All will be glad to see that so many of our members have achieved military distinction. We are pleased to be able to publish a most interesting letter from Captain de St. Pæer, who has recently been honoured with the Military Cross.

Tolstoi: Reformer.

FIVE years ago (it seems but yesterday) a never-ending throng of wailing Russian peasants paid their tribute to the mortal remains of Count Leo Tolstoi. They were indeed orphaned, they had lost a counsellor and a friend, a father who had sacrificed earthly pleasures so that he might live the life of his children, that by precept and example he might strive to ameliorate their lot. Well need they moan over his grave. Yet though the flesh is transient, the spirit of Tolstoi lives on in his teaching, a bequest to the world's humanity, "fatal if false, a message of peace if true."

* * * * *

Religion was the essence of the man, it was the beginning and end of his doctrines. Not the narrow, man-made, conventional religion, not the formulated creed with its rites, rituals and hollow ceremonies; but the pure radiant convictions that arise from the soul itself. Tolstoi regarded the complexity in religion as a mark of its degeneration. Simplicity is desirable in everything that a man does, and especially urgent is it in what he believes.

"I believe in this: I believe in God, whom I understand as Spirit, as Love, as the source of all. I believe that He is in me and I in Him, I believe that the will of God is most clearly and intelligibly expressed in the teaching of the man Jesus, to consider, and pray to whom, as God, I esteem the greatest blasphemy. I believe that man's true welfare lies in fulfilling God's will, and His will is that men should love one another, and should consequently do to others as they wish others to do to them. . . . I believe that this leads man, even in this life, to the establishment of an order of life in which the discord, deception and violence that now rule will be replaced by free accord, by truth, and by the brotherly love of one for another."

From this it is evident that inseparable from Tolstoi's religious ideas is his social philosophy. The one is the logical outcome of the other. He agrees with Shelley, whom he quotes at the beginning of his essay on *Government* that "the most fatal error that ever happened in the world was the separation of political from ethical science."

Before freedom in Spirit can be attained, bodily ills must be cured. Tolstoi, unlike many other would-be reformers, accepts this common-sense dictum. Whatever charges may be levelled at Tolstoi, it cannot be denied that his philosophy was progressive.

The vast majority of men have been reduced to the level of slaves. Admittedly, Tolstoi when he wrote was influenced by the despicable conditions in Russia, but he is ever reminding us that his strictures apply also to the countries of Western Europe and the New World. What do we find at present? Land, the source of our economic welfare, in the hands of exploiters; the tillers of the soil akin to slaves. "A true Christian cannot claim any rights of property." The factory system with its excessive industrialism, only benefits the few, the few who batten on the produce of their slaves.

It might be contended that while these evils are deplorable they are inextricably bound up with industrial advancement. From this fatalistic standpoint poverty and destitution would appear to be the inevitable result of the workings of a natural law. Now Tolstoi is not blind to the advantages accruing to social progress; he only exhorts us not to abuse them. Thus, in his vigorous essay *The Slavery of Our Times*, he comments on the two extreme uses of "division of labour."

"If one peasant occupies himself chiefly with boot-making, and his wife weaves, and another peasant ploughs, and a third is a blacksmith, and they all, having acquired special dexterity in their own work, afterwards exchange what they have produced—such division of labour is advantageous to all, and free people will naturally divide their work in this way. But a division of labour by which a man makes one-hundredth of an article, or a stoker works in 140 degrees (Fahrenheit) of heat, or is choked with harmful gases—such division of labour is disadvantageous because though it furthers the production of insignificant articles, it destroys that which is most precious—the life of man. And therefore such division of labour as now exists, can only exist where there is compulsion."

If the truth were known, Tolstoi probably preferred a *media via*, an ideal condition of affairs in which mechanical inventions could be employed for the good of all, and not, as is the case to-day, in the interests of one class and one class alone.

The Russian seer did not view with favour the usual schemes of social betterment, which only play with the problem and never touch bedrock. Typical is his reply to an English friend who ventured to eulogise the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission: "If you are going to do so much for your poor you must have robbed them pretty thoroughly first."

Emancipation, on the other hand, can not be brought about by force, which to Tolstoi was anathema. Nothing good will follow in the train of a bloody revolution. Violent coercion is to be avoided even more than servile submission (for the policy of "non-resistance" may have its uses). It is partly on these grounds that Tolstoi refuses to sanction Governments and any artificial institutions of officialdom. "The essence of legislation is organised violence."

In what directions, then, must we look for reform? The development of an altruistic nature should be the first care of those who wish to improve the position of their brother men. The practical application will be under such circumstances not a matter of sacrifice but a veritable pleasure. So long as people safeguard their own interests they are lacking in pure social

responsiveness and are delaying the blessed day. Life in all its phases must be simple. Economy is urged, not so much with regard to monetary gain as with a view to the minimising of employment which so lends itself to servitude.

"There are three means of alleviating the conditions of the labourers, and of setting up brotherhood among men.

1. Not to make people work for you ; . . . not to need such articles as demand extra labour—all objects of luxury.
2. To do for oneself, and, *if possible*, for others also that work which is tedious and unpleasant.
3. Not in reality a means, but the result and application of the second, to study the laws of nature and invent processes for the alleviation of labour—machinery, steam, electricity. One will invent what is really needed, and nothing superfluous, *only* when one invents in order to lighten one's own labour, or at least labour which one has oneself experienced.

"But at present, men are engaged in applying only the third means, and even that incorrectly, for they keep aloof from the second, and not only are they unwilling to employ the first and second means, but they do not wish even to hear of them."

The sceptical reader may here object that all this is idealistic, Utopian, and impracticable. True ; but ideals must precede action. And Tolstoi does not rest content with mere generalisations ; he proceeds to specific reforms.

Land, to repeat, is at present monopolised by the gentry. Steps must be taken to make a more equitable distribution. The Single Tax as forwarded by Henry George seems to afford a panacea in this respect, and Tolstoi enthusiastically gives it his support.

Education, too, should be improved—but on the right lines. One individual must not be shaped as another individual desires ; the child must be allowed to develop according to its own bent. "The sole basis of education is freedom—the freedom of the people to organise their own schools, and of the pupil to make up his own mind as to what he will learn and how he will learn it." Otherwise the child will get "educational indigestion," and all efforts will then be in vain.

In conclusion, one or two popular misconceptions concerning Tolstoi may be cleared. Tolstoi was not a Socialist, though he sympathised heartily with what he considered the misguided leaders of the people's cause. State Socialism, he held, would merely substitute one form of slavery for another. Though he does not expressly state them, Tolstoi anticipates the arguments of the critics of "State Capitalism." When asked whether Socialism was not a preparation for an ideal State, he replied :—

"No, indeed not, it is just the contrary. It will regulate everything, put everything under law, it will destroy the individual, it will enslave him. Socialism begins at the wrong end. You cannot have anything until you have individuals. . . . The modern labour leader wishes to liberate the masses while he himself is a slave."

Nor was he an Anarchist in the strict sense of the word. He differentiates between the self-imposed autocratic Government, which behaves like the terrible old man of the fable, who once implanted on the traveller's shoulders, mocks and insults the latter with impunity—and that *natural* form of Government

which is bound up with any social activities. The former is based on force which represses by its very violence the proper development of human motives. Institutions that arise spontaneously from a community of human beings are natural, and as such are to be preserved.

"The absence of the brutal power of Government, which is needed only for its own support, will facilitate a more just and reasonable social organisation, needing no violence. Courts of justice, and public affairs and popular education will all exist to the extent to which they are really needed by the people, but in a shape which will not involve the evils contained in the present form of government."

* * * * *

We may not agree with Tolstoi ; we may wish to exile him from our thoughts as a fanciful dreamer of dreams. But his teaching is too vital thus to be banished. Until it is proved conclusively false, his message can never be ignored.

"*Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*"

H.A.S.

Going Out to Portelet.

THE great day had come at last. A pile of odds and ends were heaped up in the passage just inside the back door whilst everyone anxiously awaited the arrival of Mr. Topp and Jenny. At last they appeared—late as usual. Mr. Topp, tall, bony, and red-haired, a man singularly lacking in sense of humour, sat angularly in his van and drove Jenny, sedate and of unruffled demeanour, up to our door. Then the loading up commenced. First of all a pram, then a wickerwork cradle, then a hamper of provisions, a few books, some table linen, a bundle of clothes, a small table, and the hens with their legs tied together, occupying two big market baskets, covered by a cloth. By this time the front half of the van was filled, and Mr. Topp was mopping his brow. Jack and I set off at a run and brought the goats along. They had realised that something was in the wind and had bolted down the road, dragging their chains and staples behind them. The hedge of the Richmond Hotel, however, managed to retard them, being of some greenery peculiarly dear to their palates, so that by the time they reached the grocer's shop at the corner we had caught them up and, helped by nearly all the small boys in the neighbourhood, brought them back in a triumphant procession. One by one they were lifted into the back of the van and tied to it. Faith, Hope, and Charity went in first (Hope so-called because she gave no milk and some day we hoped she would), then the Demon, biting and bleating plaintively all the while. Next the maid, Jane, with Baby in her arms, climbed gingerly up at the front and took half of Mr. Topp's seat. Lastly Jack and I mounted in the rear to keep guard over the goats. Jack already wore his sailor blouse and knickers, and a little white linen hat set jauntily over one ear. Then, with a cheer from all the ragamuffins standing around, we started. Father and Mother waved "Good-bye" from the door, knowing very well they would arrive long before us on their

bicycles, and we turned a corner which hid them from our sight. Jack and I sat on the jolting back edge of the van and gave ourselves up to rapturous speculations. Now and then we passed small acquaintances who stared after us openmouthed. The children, goats, and furniture of the Director of Education for Guernsey, jolting out to Portelet in the full blaze of publicity! However we didn't mind much. Only nine miles to go—nine miles in nearly three hours! For Jenny, as I said before, was sedate, very sedate. She always took her time. Besides, there were one or two interruptions en route. The Demon started eating the wickerwork cradle and had to have her head tied down, Faith made a sudden convulsive demonstration against captivity and got her hind legs over the back of the van, hanging by her neck. Charity, in accordance with her peaceable disposition, laid herself to rest upon the baskets containing the hens. Baby began to yell and we had to ransack the luggage for her bottle, and Hope, during the stoppage that ensued started eating a branch part of which she swallowed, the rest of which refused to part from its trunk until Mr. Topp, still very sullen, severed it with his penknife. After all these trials he announced that he must really wet his throat. So he clambered down at a small corner store and disappeared. Near the store was the abode of a certain gentleman very well known in Guernsey circles. He owned a chemist's shop in town, and posed as a weather-prophet and eminent scientific expert. Every evening we read his weather forecasts for the next day with stifled merriment. They generally ran thus, "Wet to fine: breezy, or fall of wind probable." "Slight change expected: some rainfall in small quantities, or dry."

Occasionally he became daring and ventured to predict "Stormy, rainy with thunder" in which case the sun invariably shone serene and not a breeze ruffled the surface of the sea. Once a skeleton was dug up during some excavations and our chemist made good speed to the spot. After much profound deliberation he pronounced the skeleton, which was in perfect condition, to be that of some animal, now extinct, previously common to the island. A new animal! The skeleton was finally despatched to a London museum with great care, a neat little placard around its neck describing the circumstances of its discovery: but alas! in a few days came a curt missive from the museum authorities announcing that the bones were merely those of a common or garden—pig!

After Mr. Topp had refreshed Jenny with a big pail of water we jogged on again. Trees and bushes clumped themselves along either margin of the hot, dusty road. Beyond them stretched green fields, shimmering in the heat, and further, in a valley, tinkled a small stream, washing through reeds and purple and yellow iris roots. Here and there a lazy cow, splotted tan and white, lay in the dappled shade and chewed the cud reflectively. Now at last we topped the hill. Far, far below us stretched the yellow road winding like a dusty ribbon until in one sudden grand sweep it merged into that endless flat track—the coast road. And beyond, the rocks shone

reddish brown, the sand blazed copper colour and the sea gleamed deep and blue. Jack and I shouted out a lusty "Hurrah," but Jenny did not seem to care, and shambled on in her monotonous jog-trot until it seemed we should never reach the sea. But soon the smell of it was brought to our nostrils, and ragged little fisher-children, bare-headed and bare-legged, burnt brown by the sun and with tangled locks and merry eyes came running after our equipage, their bare feet making no sound on the soft, warm road, shrilling out their eager cry "Penny please, sir! Penny please, sir!" It was always "sir"—probably those were the only English words the little ones knew. Their own dialect was an old Norman French absolutely unintelligible to one unacquainted with it. When they had followed us in vain for about half a mile they drew up, not the least bit out of breath, made a few faces at us, called out a few rude remarks, and turned back, laughing, in a tattered joyous throng, to meet the next conveyance that should come their way.

Jenny meanwhile ambled contentedly along the coast road. It was a bit cooler at last, and the goats had subsided, the smell of their breath rising warm and mingling with the sweet hay-like scent of dried grass from the fields on our left. To our right was the sea-wall, and beyond that—the sea. Here and there at our left were tiny cottages, outside which sat fishermen or their wives, busily weaving crab-pots from long yellow pliable cane, or mending an old stained fishing-net and scolding their numerous offspring whenever they remembered them. The coast road was bound to twist and turn many times, so slavishly did it follow the line of the sea, but at last a sharp curve brought us to Rocquaine Bay—a wide glorious sweep, at the other extremity of which nestled Portelet, its red roof shining hospitably from out the little green shelter of pine trees. Only two more miles now! And slowly—slowly we crept around the bay . . . But there is an end to all things. Jenny, staid and unruffled as ever, drew up by the entrance to Portelet, green and overgrown with tangled weeds. Mr. Topp got down stiffly from his perch and helped to lift down Baby, awaked by the stoppage and yelling once more. Jack and I unloaded the goats and tethered them out, and unpacked the hens—this was especially difficult as they had a habit of flying away with their legs still tied up and roosting in a tree for the night, far from our ken. Then Mr. Topp was given some tea and sent home, still grumbling, and after we had made a good meal, Jack and I took off our shoes, stockings and hats and gingerly started revisiting usual places. Ruefully Jack rubbed his white towny looking legs and at length with a wild shout charged down to the sand and grabbing a tangle of wet brown seaweed started scrubbing it up and down his calves. The sticky brown fluid refused to adhere, however, and one or two fisher-men's boys came up and laughed at us, so slipping away to find our little boat which Father had just re-launched, we tried to deaden our sorrows baling her out and fussing about that everyone might know she belonged to us.

And that night we slept with the sound of the sea in our ears.

M.C.M.

From the Front.

Wednesday,
3/11/15.

MY DEAR BOSS,

It seems a long time since I last sent you an epistle ; and as I have a few moments before I ought to " tuck in " to bed, methinks I'll say " How d'y do " to all you jolly ones at No. 16.

For the first time for three days I feel really warm and comfy.

The rain doesn't " raineth " here—it damn well " rains." Excuse the language, but my patience has been sorely tried to-day ; and I'm fairly ripe for battle, murder and sudden death.

At the risk of boring you, I'll give you a true, unvarnished and untouched account of a few incidents in my day since 6 a.m. For three days and nights it has rained as it only can rain in Flanders. Flanders—think of the word ! I believe our word " flounders " must have been born in Flemish mud. *What* a deal of feeling dear old Henry VIII. must have expressed and *meant* to express when he was so taken aback by Anne of Cleves and called her a Flemish mare !

At 6 a.m. I was ruthlessly driven from my bed by dripping water.

On three different occasions my roof had been " made right, Sir ! "

In disgust and in extremis I decided to do it myself—with the aid of my orderly. From 6.15 to 8.45 a.m. we worked in the rain. Then I shaved, washed, and breakfasted.

Took parade here in the horse lines, and detailed the day's work—very simple ! Simply " fight the mud." This means :—

- (1) Scrape mud off the horses.
- (2) " " the horse lines.
- (3) " " the paths.
- (4) " " yourself and your dugouts.

Amen.

That's the only consolation of being a Captain here and having horses, equipment, casualties, and ammunition to " run."

No brain strain is imposed, for one has only to think in terms of mud, its alloys and compounds. I've always had " unâme de boue " (as Voltaire called it), so I'm fairly well suited to my new duties. The only fly in the mud is that the poor Captain gets all the kicks and none of the happences !

At 9.45 an urgent message came for me to go to the Battery.

I jumped on a bike and hurried. Result—two bad skids and one collapse in a ditch ! Consequence—wet inside as well as out ! Advantage—language blasphemous enough to keep me warm : Found poor old Major at his wits' end, and convinced that in this benighted region water flowed up-hill. Battery almost out of action, for the guns had water up to axles. All dugouts flooded, and men wet through during night and in process of drying. In three hours

water had risen 3½ feet on position. As I was wet and disgusted, I entered a dugout to rescue kits, &c. Up to waist in water, and whilst bending down to grope on bottom the bowl of my pipe got under water. It was empty and I was sucking it in my struggles. Water evidently thought I was a human syphon, and I had a mouthful of muddy water flavoured with paraffin—an oil stove had upset... I shall *not* become a slave to drinking paraffin.

One of the Sergeants stripped and came in to help me. He tried to light a candle and to float it on a cover of a tin. It " turned turtle," and I had to laugh when he apostrophised it thus : " Oh, go to Hell. You're a damned U boat, you are ! "

Finally we retrieved everything, including a clock from Ypres.

We eventually found that by digging a ditch 2 feet deep for exactly 525 yards, we got a drop of 8 inches.

The boys are truly marvellous. Whilst B—— and I were in the dugout (the water was 14 inches off the roof), a wag outside said " When are you going to send out the dove, sir ? "

After I had dug sufficiently to warm myself—and incidentally to drain myself—I changed into borrowed plumes and went to lunch in Major's socks, pants, vest, shirt and breeks—and Howarth's boots.

After lunch I had to go forward, as our O.P. (Observation Post) had collapsed and our communication trench to it. Whilst there, the Infantry Adj. sent for me, and I had to go up to the firing trench to see him.

This was truly " Hell." The poor brave infantry ! They are supermen ! Standing up to their waists in water for four days and nights.* Red-eyed, dead beat, many had their feet actually *gangrenous*—this is true. The wounded could not be taken back until night.

One man was dying, had been for six hours (shot in the head). Four had been killed by dugouts collapsing. Two had broken legs and been lying there for three hours, and seven others were wounded. All caused by a trench mortar bomb. Luckily I spotted the devil which caused it, and four rounds H.E. paid dominoe to him and his crew.

Our only consolation is that the Bosch trenches are as bad as ours, for they are pumping and baling all along the line. Of course *all* our line isn't as bad as this—for this is the worst bit held by our Division.

I returned to the Battery at 5.30 p.m., had tea, went out to swear at a Belgian gendarme who refused to allow our men to take bricks from a ruined house. When he saw me he appeared delighted, appealed to me as " Mon Capitaine," &c., &c. He had to sustain the dignity of his position, &c., &c., &c., &c. . . . However, *we* got the bricks ! I then played Major a game of cribbage, and commenced to cycle back here, 2½ miles. Proceeded merrily with only one tumble in E——— (shelled daily) over a beam which had fallen from a house. Rather plumed myself on my skill as a cyclist. Too soon, however,

* This letter was written some time ago, since when arrangements have been made by which the infantry in the trenches are relieved at more frequent intervals. A. E. W.

for I met a convoy of six motor lorries. The bike slid into the ever present ditch—one becomes obsessed with ditches here. The only consolation was that I was wet through before I met the ditch.

Got out and mounted again. Hadn't gone 200 yards before a Red X van sent me into the ditch again.

No more excitement, and I reached here at 9.30 p.m. Wonderful bikes are the B.S.A.—most docile too!

Have changed into pyjamas and am drinking hot tea with a wee drappie of rum in it—Doctor's orders, honour bright!

Am now at peace with the world, and am endeavouring to clear up much owed letters.

Must tell you this, though—even at the risk of boring you still more. Extract from Brigade Orders of to-day.

“Rations and Forage. C.R.O.

The following extract from C.R.O. No. — of the — is published for general information. Copies are to be placed in prominent positions in *barrack and recreation rooms and dining halls!*

(The italics are mine!) Now do you understand why we laugh occasionally?

We have finished paving our “standings” for the horses and have erected wind screens of hop poles and oat sacks; we are now busy on putting some “top cover” on. One feels sorry for the dumb brutes—although ours are in excellent condition, and we've only lost three since we entered France. This is a good record, especially as one died of sunstroke. My dear old mare, Molly, is as good as gold still—and in fine fettle.

The enclosed snaps were taken out here. Forgive the awful expression on one of them—this was after the Hooge bombardment, and I'd had a “bellyful” of work and gas bombs. The snap was taken the following day just before I was sent back for three days' rest—my eyes were strained.

Please give my kindest regards to all at the University and my respects to the Vice-Chancellor.

Ever yours most sincerely,

EMILE.

Aeroplanes.

A dragonfly
In the flecked grey sky.

Its silvered planes
Break the wide and still
Harmony of space.

Around it shells
Flash;
Their fumes
Burgeoning to blooms—
Smoke-lilies that float
Along the sky.
Among them darts
A dragonfly.

H.E.R.

Ypres.

I.

With a chill and hazy light
the sun of a winter noon
swills
thy ruins.

Thy ruins etched
in silver silhouettes
against a turquoise sky.

Lank poles leap to the infinite
their broken wires
tossed like the rat-locks of Mænades.

And Desolation broods over all,
gathering to her lap
her leprous children.

The sparrows whimper
amid the broken arches.

II.

Sunset
licks the ruins
with vermeil flames.
The flames rise and fall
against the dusking sky—
Against the dusking sky
flames fall and die.

Heaped in the black night
are the grey ashes
of desolation.

But even now the moon
blooms
like a cankered rose
And with a soft passionate light
kisses
the wan harmonies of ruin.

H.E.R.

Inward.

Pale hands beating
Like moth-wings in the dark . . .

Urgent to lay bare your essential self
I would unfurl
The white rose of your soul—
Would watch the white petals fall
Gently to the brooding earth,
Like wild gulls to a still sea . . .

Till there lay disclosed—

*Carved in Babylon long ago,
Olden, graven with age-long woe,
The strange impassivity,
The latent ecstasy
Of suppliant love.*

H.E.R.

Erik.

A Saga.

'Tis on nights like this that the trolls are abroad, and the little folk come up from their caves to see great men die. 'Twas just such a night when Ethelwulf the Nidderling came to claim his wife. Ah! the trolls were there, I could feel them pulling at my beard and stroking my hair, and I drank deeply, ah! too deeply, to drive them away. We all drank deeply, else had Erik the fair Gudruda unto this day. But Freya works her own designs, and the Norns weave the destinies of men. For those were the days before Thangbrand Witibald's son preached the white Christ in Iceland, and our work was war, and our good swords drank the warm blood of men.

I watched the two grow up together as children, and methought them wondrous fair, and many a good wife wagged her head and said "When Haraldr and Brandr join hands, a fine breed shall rule," and we thought of the days to come when Erik the Golden-haired, and Gudruda the Fair should sit together in the great hall at Gardarshaf. But there came a time when Haraldr and Brandr had a lawsuit and together they went up to the King. Those were the days near Yule when men sat snug by their own fire-sides. Now as they journeyed, a great storm fell on the land, and all was dark so that no man could see his neighbour, and in that storm Theygn the son of Haraldr was lost—men said that Brandr had slain him in the dark, taking him for his father, for Brandr's dagger was wet with blood. Now when this news spread through Iceland all the folk were distressed for Theygn and enraged against Brandr, for the lad was well known in all the north, both for his beauty and for the strength of his arm. And when after many days the warrior appeared not, there arose a great murmur against Brandr, throughout all the land. "Get thee hence, murderer, for thy hand is stained with the blood of thy neighbour, foully slain; no longer now shalt thou stay in our midst, get thee into exile." Thus was Brandr sent into exile, and he came hither to Orkney, he and all his men, for Haraldr and his son Olaf Blackbeard has sworn to kill Brandr, and Erik, Brandr's son, should they ever again set foot in Iceland.

But as for Brandr, his days were short, for as he sailed southward a-viking, a great storm overtook him, and he and all his mariners were swallowed up in Ran's net.

At that time Erik was sixteen summers, and the fairest child in all Iceland, and well loved for his deeds of daring, for he had sailed many a viking cruise with his father, and many and strong were the warriors he had sent down to Valhalla to feast there, till the evil Loke breaks his chain and the Twilight of the gods falls upon the world. Gudruda was wondrous fair, and many were the rich kings and bold warriors who sought her in marriage, but she turned away all for she loved Erik, and him alone would she wed. And when they parted, Erik took a golden cross which he had brought from the south, and breaking it in twain said "when four snows have melted on Hekla I come for thee, wait thou therefore."

Then he kissed her as she clung to him, and loosing her arms from round his neck he strode through the surge to his dragon laughing merrily, for he would not that men should see that his heart was pained. As the wind caught their sail they sped like a swan towards the Westman Islands. And Gudruda stood on Snæfell, and watched the dragon till the light faded on Erik's helm, and as the last rays went out of the sky, heavy at heart she turned her face towards her father's hall.

Thus it was that though many and brave men came to Gardarshaf, she would wed none. Yet one there was, a certain Ethelwulf, a man of large wealth but small valour, whom because of his wealth Haraldr had chosen as son-in-law, and night and day was Gudruda begged to name a day for her marriage. Now the four years were ended, and at last she gave her answer, "When the next snows begin to fall on Hekla I will marry Ethelwulf," for she thought to be far away south in the Orkneys, and Erik's bride.

And it came to pass that when the winter was drawing to a close, and the warm winds began to blow, that a thrall of Erik's came secretly to Iceland to Gudruda, bearing Erik's love token, with the words, "This day month I will meet thee on Snæfell." So Gudruda waited, and everyday stood on Snæfell and looked over the sea longing for Erik's return—for now report said that he was a great viking and one strong in war, and full fair to behold, and much sought by the women-folk. Albeit the thrall, against Erik's orders ate with Haraldr's folk, and when the cup went round he drank deeply and was drunk. Then was his tongue loosed and he told tales of his master's prowess and how he purposed to come to Iceland to claim his bride. And these things came to the ears of Olaf and he told his sire Haraldr who called the thrall, who being faced with death and sore afraid told them all. Then was Gudruda confined to her chamber, and armed men awaited Erik on Snæfell. But as his dragon approached Iceland, a great storm arose and the snow fell thick and fast so that he knew not where to steer his boat. Soon he perceived that he was near the shore, and though the storm blew loud and high he grounded his ship, and together with his servant Thorgrimmr the Baresark he waded ashore. Then knew he that he was past Snæfell, and fully an hour's journey from Gardarshaf, and fearing to waste time, though it was night they set out on foot for the hall, lest by chance they should be caught, and Erik should lose his bride. Now when they came there they found that all was deserted, for news had come that Erik's dragon had been driven ashore, and all the people had gone to take part in the slaying. So light at heart he ordered Thorgrimmr to saddle the horses, and he himself entered the hall. At the sight of his great form and shining helmet the women folk fled away crying, "It is some great warrior from Valhalla come to receive the body of Erik slain." But Gudruda knew him and flew into his arms.

But the women carried the news up to Snæfell and many of Haraldr's men started in pursuit and Erik was hard pressed, for the men had the best horses. Then Thorgrimmr turned, and bidding his

lord farewell and urging him to make the greatest haste, he rushed back upon the pursuers. Then was the Baresark fit upon him, and in the narrowness of the way, with his great axe he slew six men before he fell dead in the snow.

So Erik Goldenhair sailed away from Iceland taking with him Gudruda the Fair. And on his way south he met a dragon of Haraldr's men, and although they fled before him, yet he pursued them and rammed them so that all the warriors were drowned. When news of this reached Gardarshaf, Haraldr swore that he would slay Erik and that Gudruda should yet marry Ethelwulf before another snow fell on Hekla.

Erik sat in the high seat in his hall in Orkney and Gudruda sat by him, for it was their marriage feast. The cheer was good and men drank deep (that night), and their minds were steeped in wine. Ah! what a night, I felt the trolls walking on the wind, I felt them loose the peace strings of my sword and I knew that soon the blood of men would flow where now was red with wine. Erik had drunk deep of mead that night and was merry, but Gudruda was pale as death and her heart was heavy, and often did she turn her eyes towards the door where the drunken guard was sleeping heavily by the barrel, while the brown ale trickled round him. Now Erik had pledged her in the bride cup, now she lifted the cup to her lips. But something drew her eyes once more towards the door. There sat the keeper, his eyes bulging with terror, as he opened his besotted mouth to speak. Men looked in wonder, and then they heard the song of the arrow as swiftly it sped through the air and nailed him to the doorpost by the throat. Still holding the cup to her lips, Gudruda watched, and there appeared her father Haraldr who had sworn to be avenged on her lord; there stood her brother Olaf the Blackbeard, and there stood Ethelwulf the Nidderling who was to be her husband. Then was she fey and laughing loudly turned to Erik and said, "I pledge thee Erik my husband, and thee whom alone I love in life or death I pledge in this cup, and may thy arm be strong to-night, for black treachery hangs over thee." She drained the cup and turning to the company at the door cried "My father, shame on thee that thou would'st wed me to that fox, that Nidderling who knows not how to wield the sword, but I say unto thee that Erik is my man and Erik will be my man for ever—and you, ye warriors, with whom I have played when a child on the snows of Swinefell, get ye back to Iceland, or blood will be spilt, for my lord's arm is strong, but as for thee, my father, never again shalt thou see thy lofty hall at Gardarshaf, for the god-kind have prepared the hell-shoon for thy feet." Then did Olaf Blackbeard laugh and jeer at his sister Gudruda, and taking something dark and round in his hand, he flung it up the hall. It fell at the feet of Erik, and all men stood amazed, for it was the head of Thorgrimmr the Baresark. Erik picked it up, and looked at it "Hail, Baresark!" he said, "Hail, old friend! well foughtest thou in that last fight of thine. Many times have we stood back to back, when sword and axe have flashed and men have fallen around us. Never more shalt thou guard my back with that great axe of thine, but I have

one more service for thee, one more enemy for thee to slay." While men watched he took it by its long hair, and swinging it thrice round his head he flung it from him. Across the hall it flew full into the face of Haraldr, so that being old he fell back by the force of the blow and his neck brake. He was the first warrior to tread Bifrost Bridge that night, and many were they that followed.

Then Erik taunted Ethelwulf with bitter words and called him maiden nidderling and coward before all men, yet even then he would not fight. At last Erik grew weary, and laughing his great laugh he turned to Olaf. "Brother-in-law," said he, "well know I that thou art a brave man, come let us see who shall have thy sister, thou or I." Then the folk stood round while Erik and Olaf fought, and Gudruda sat alone on the bride seat all pale. Long fought they and no such fight took place in Orkney either before or after; yet little by little was Erik driving Olaf before him, nearer and nearer approached Erik's sword to Olaf's head, till the last blow was descending, and the light shining on its blade was reflected in Erik's eyes, when men again heard the swift flight of the arrow. Straight it came, striking Erik full in the eye, so that the blow missed, and the great sword fell harmless to the earth. Ethelwulf the coward, Ethelwulf the Nidderling whom the Gods hate, whom Valhalla has refused, whom the trolls and wizards of Hell hunt like a fox from world to world, that Ethelwulf had shot the arrow, so that noble Erik fell like a bull, and Olaf would have raised his sword to slay him, but the folk closed round him and drove him back. Then a great fight began, but Erik's men were drunk with mead and fought but ill, so that Olaf's men won and Gudruda was dragged down from the bride-seat, and given to Ethelwulf, and when men had departed Olaf sought long among the piles of slain for the body of Erik but found it not, for Helgi the Half-Witted had carried him to a cavern or Horsefell, where many thralls joined him. There through many long months did we nurse Erik till his strength came back to him, for though the wound was sore, he had not died.

Now Erik's hall was burnt to the ground and Gudruda was carried away to Iceland and wed to Ethelwulf. And after some months a child was born and men said, "Behold another coward, another shooter of arrows," for they loved not the Nidderling. Yet the lad was beautiful and brave and had golden hair like Erik's, not black like Ethelwulf's, that folk said "Behold he is no son of the coward, he is Erik's son," and in their hearts they were glad, though they said nought openly. Moreover the lad's name was Thorgrimmr, as his mother would have him named after a brave man, for she bore no more children. When Erik heard these things from his thralls up on Horsefell he called for his shield, and looked at himself. Ugly was he now, with but one eye, and hair already turning grey, and when he saw this his face became hard as is the face of a norn. "Erik the Fair, Erik Goldenhaired, thou once wast. Erik the troll, Erik-one-eye shalt thou be." And he sailed a-viking and many were the deeds he performed which

are sung unto this day. Now the skalds sung them in Ethelwulf's hall, and Gudruda wondered.

Many years had passed, and Thorgrimmr had grown up into a great warrior, and everyday he became more like Erik. Gudruda watched him and saw his great deeds with pride, for now that her love was dead, her child was all that was left to her. Yet often when the nights were dark and the winds blew up from the south-west and the south-east, and the sea was rough, there came that spirit which was herself in the shape of a sea-mew, and whispered in her ear that Erik her lord would come again, that his own child should bring him, and that once again Goldenhair should lie in the bosom of Gudruda. Moreover she believed the little spirit and waited her lord's return. And Ethelwulf was minded to visit Orkney and together with Thorgrimmr he sailed south in his long ship, for although it was the winter season the seas were unusually calm.

Now it came to pass that Erik sat in his hall far away in the south, for it was the time near Yule, when the days were short and no ship put out to sea. For when the days were warm and the seas fair, Erik would sail a-viking afar down the coast of France, but during the winter his ship was pulled up high and dry on the shore, and folk sat round their fires, and drank the red wine of the south. Albeit though he should have been merry, Erik's heart lay heavy within him, for a certain thrall had come from Iceland bearing news of how Olaf was dead, and Ethelwulf ruled at Gardarshaf, and that Gudruda was still fair to look upon; so Erik's heart longed for home. And there was a certain night when Erik tossed on his bed, for his sleep was troubled, and behold there flew as it were a sea-mew, and settled on his pillow, whispering in his ear and bidding him see his fate and it seemed to him that he saw the three Norns weaving the dooms of men, and their web was red with man's blood. Then one of them laughed aloud and her laugh was as the wind moaning through the pines, and pointed to the web. There Erik saw a sea full stormy and a great war dragon labouring through the gale. At the prow stood Erik's self, and before the ship, walking on the waves, was the wraith of Gudruda, her golden hair streaming like a meteor in the wind, and she beckoned towards the ship and it followed her, though no man rowed, and the wind blew against her. And as he watched, a great golden swan came from the breast of the wraith of Gudruda and flew swiftly towards Erik and beat its wings in his face, till he fell dead on the deck. Then the wraith uttered a terrible cry which pierced to the very stars, and the picture faded from the web, and all became like as it were the glare of a funeral pyre. Now the Norns began their song which tells of the destiny of the world and of men, and taking their web they tore it asunder, and Erik awoke; the sea-mew was gone, the night was dark and the wind howled. Behold his blood froze in his veins, for he perceived that this was witch-work, and he was sore afraid for his love Gudruda. So he arose and put on his arms, and fitted his golden helm on his head and strode down to the shore where lay his ship, for men had prepared her for the spring voyage. The sea was rough and there was sleet in the wind, but

Erik saw only the face of his love, and his heart beat again in him, as it had done when a boy on Snæfell. So he returned to his hall and woke his thralls and when they came wondering he spoke, "Prepare ye the ship, for at dawn we sail to Iceland." Thus was it that Erik bade farewell to the southern land, for though men grumbled, they dare say no word openly.

For many days we sailed northward through the fog and snow over a raging sea, and ever Erik stood in the prow, his eyes strained as he tried to pierce the mist. But at last the storm bated and the weather cleared, and we continued our course until one day we sighted a long war ship—for we could see the shields on her bulwarks—making towards us. Then Erik ordered that we should prepare for battle for we knew not who the stranger might be. As the galley approached we saw its banner; it was a black-raven, it was Ethelwulf's dragon. Once again Erik's eyes sparkled with the light of war, once again the light glittered on his sword as he drew it from its sheath. Straight along came the black raven for us, for Ethelwulf was minded to attack us as we were a sorry sight, and much battered by the gale. And as the boats sped to meet each other Erik cried, "Ho! Ethelwulf Nidderling and coward, who hoped to slay me foully and hast robbed me of wife and home, come now let us fight for Gudruda the Fair." Then was Ethelwulf sore dismayed, for he thought Erik dead, and feared to meet him face to face. But as soon as the boats touched, Erik on the prow flung across the grappling hook, and the two dragons were locked together. Then sword in hand and followed by some score of his warriors he leapt on Ethelwulf's deck, and fought his way through the throng till before him stood his old enemy. Then men saw the great blade shine in the air, and like a flash of lightning it fell, biting through shield and uplifted arm; through his golden helm it sank, and buried itself in his brain, so that his knees were loosed and he fell to the deck dead, while all wondered at the stroke. Hardly had Erik time to draw his sword from the dead Ethelwulf when behold Thorgrimmr, terrible to see, rushed upon him, bellowing like a bull. Then was a fight such as no man has ever seen on any long ship, for Thorgrimmr was full a match for his sire, whom he knew not. Yet Erik knew him, and long did they fight, for Erik hoped to wound him, but not to take his life. Now Thorgrimmr was weary and was minded to end the battle, so he raised his sword and smote deep into Erik's shoulder, so that he fell. Then feeling that death was upon him, he shouted "Let every man cease to fight," and turning to his son he took his hand and said, "Son, accursed art thou of the Gods, for thou hast slain thine own father. I am Erik thy sire, Erik the Unlucky, slain by the hand of his own son. Turn thou now thy prow, I would fain see thy mother, I would fain die on the breast on Gudruda the Fair," and he closed his eyes, for the pain was sore.

Gudruda sat in the great hall at Gardarshaf and watched the two dragons sail slowly across the bay. Erik had come, and her heart longed for him, for the little troll in her heart had whispered that Erik sailed Ran's back to Iceland. She saw the galleys

anchored, she saw the piles of dead, and her own son seize a wounded man gently as a mother would a babe, and jump into the waves. Through the surf he struggled, across the sand and up the hill. Then did she understand how Erik had come home.

Once again the great warrior entered the hall at Gardarshaf, and once again he lay on the breast of the fair Gudruda. All night long he remained thus, while the bright northern lights played in the dark sky. Long they talked and earnestly of the days when they had been children together, and how on that same floor they had played their children's games. There he lay and this was the end of all things, but he struggled hard, for he did not want to die. Then she took him tenderly in her arms, as she would a child, and smoothed back his hair, and kissed him gently on the lips. He opened his eyes and would have embraced her, but his strength was spent, and his arms fell back and that was the end. There on the breast of Gudruda his new-found love, Erik died, while over him like a guard stood his own love-child Thorgrimmr who had slain him.

When morning was come Gudruda arose and bound the hell-shoon on his feet and ordered that men should prepare his war dragon, and that they should pile on it the arms and bodies of the slain. Then when the sun was setting she brought him out and placed him on the great pyre. In his hand he held his mighty sword, and his pillow was the breast of the slain Ethelwulf. But remorse and the madness of the Gods had entered into the heart of Thorgrimmr that he was fey, and would not leave his dead father. Then when night had come Gudruda cut the rope, and Thorgrimmr lit the funeral pyre, and taking the helm of the ship steered it towards the south.

Through the whole of that night Gudruda stood on Snæfell, and watched the red glow of the burning ship which was carrying away Erik her love, and her only son. And when the dawn came she left the height and came down again to Gardarshaf, for as the Norns will, so must all things come to pass, and who was she to murmur?

Such is the fate of Erik called Goldenhair, Brandr's son, of Gudruda the Fair, the daughter of Haraldr, and of Thorgrimmr the accursed, who unwittingly slew his own sire.

W.

Entrance.

Outside
I hear her steps . . .
And when she enters
Her questing eyes will roam
The blue dusk of my room
Till suddenly they are lit
With the brightness of stars.

H.E.R.

Autumn Lament.

O all the world is wet with tears
and droops its languid life
for lack of love.

H.E.R.

Paracelsus.

THEOPHRASTUS BOMBASTUS VON HOHENHEIM, or Paracelsus as he came to be called, was born in 1493 at Maria Einsiedeln near Zurich. When he was nine, his father, who was a physician of repute, removed to Carinthia, and here the youthful Paracelsus received instruction in chemistry from a Benedictine monk, the Abbot Trithemius, Bishop of Wurzburg. Later he learned the physical properties of minerals and metals and investigated mining methods. Very little else is known about his early education, except that he travelled and studied in the Universities of France, Germany and Italy.

Whilst still a student he developed a taste for a bohemian mode of life, and is reputed to have gained a living during his wanderings by psalm-singing, chiromancy, by the sale of astrological prescriptions, and even by the practice of the Black Art. He was very keen on acquiring information regarding the popular remedies and nostrums of the countryside, and would seek knowledge from travelling mountebanks, barbers, wise women and all sorts and conditions of quacks.

In 1526 he returned to Switzerland, and was appointed professor in the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University of Basle. He was a violent revolutionary in the medical art, and taught doctrines of his own, denouncing the prevailing medical science as derived from Hippocrates and Galen and claiming for himself a predominance and supremacy over all other teachers and writers.

According to his view, Philosophy, Astrology, Alchemy and Virtue were the four corner stones of Medicine. He constantly urged Medical Students to make that courageous return to common sense which was so bitterly opposed by the medical hierophants of the day. The latter hurled name after name at Paracelsus, calling him the "Luther of Medicine," "the necromancer," "the vagabond who assumed the title of doctor." He was not slow in retaliation. He wrote:—

"The doctors take more trouble to screen their movements than to maintain what concerns the sick, and the apothecaries cheat the people with their exorbitant prices and demand a gulden for messes not worth a penny."

He lost no opportunity of denouncing the character and conduct of the practitioners of his day, an act of extraordinary heroism, considering they were the very men who frequented his lecture room.

Paracelsus taught, and afterwards published in his book on the "Greater Surgery," the three "qualifications which a good and perfect surgeon should possess." The first of these concerns the character of the physician himself, the second and third deal with the knowledge of anatomy, physiology, materia medica, and treatment which he should have.

To the first qualification he devoted six or seven particulars—

(1) The physician shall not consider himself competent to cure all cases.

(2) shall study daily and learn experience from others.

(3) He shall treat each case with assured knowledge and shall not desert or give it up.

(4) He shall consider the necessity of the sick rather than his own, his art rather than his fee.

(5) He shall take all precautions which experience suggests not to be attacked by illness.

(6) He shall not be an executioner, an apostate, or belong to priestcraft in any form.

There is a surprising modernity about these aphorisms as to the rules of professional conduct.

“A doctor should be full of experience, not hung about with red coats and spangles. Physicians should stick to physic; master and mastery.”

It becomes difficult to reconcile his undoubted ignorance and superstition, his crude notions and erroneous observations with his grasp of organisation and method and his lofty ideas of the scope and possibilities of Medicine. Among the mass of humbug and charlatanism which he foisted upon a credulous people, can be found incisive and epigrammatic criticism of men and motives and much lucid statement.

After being at Basle about a year the wanderlust seized him again, and he again travelled, frequenting taverns and spending whole days and nights in carousal with the lowest companions.

Paracelsus believed that it was reserved for him to indicate the right path in the Medicine of his day. In fulfilling this rôle he exhibited such a colossal amount of conceit and indulged in such virulent abuse of his fellow practitioners, that he became an object of hatred and persecution and was driven to lead a permanently unsettled life.

His doctrines taught that man is a little world or microcosm, and in his body are to be found all the elements constituting the larger world or macrocosm. Some diseases, he thought, required earthly remedies, some aqueous and others igneous. He was thoroughly imbued with the cabalistic and astrological theories of his time, and traced analogies between stars and various parts of the human body, and his extravagant zeal for novelty is displayed in the character of an invisible agent, whom he said was specially appointed by the Creator, for the purpose of finishing and controlling his most perfect work, man.

His fame as one of the greatest charlatans of all times seems to rest in a large measure upon his influence over people's imagination by the supposed mystical power of high sounding words mostly beyond ordinary comprehension. His system has been described as one of dogmatic and fantastic pseudo-philosophy.

Paracelsus was probably the first to promulgate the theory of the magnetic properties of the human body, maintaining that this latter was endowed with a sort of double-barrelled magnetism of which one portion attracted to itself the planets, and was nourished by them; whence was evolved wisdom, thought and the senses. The other part attracted to itself the elements, out of which union came flesh

and blood. He also asserted that the attractive and hidden virtue of mankind resembles that of amber or of a magnet, and that this virtue may be employed by healthy folk for the cure of others. This looks uncommonly like the theory upon which was based the animal magnetism theories of Anton Mesmer two hundred years later.

Paracelsus died in Austria in 1541.

He was the prince of quacks. Probably no man ever talked more loudly or ostentatiously or made vainer pretensions. He was truly a most knavish practitioner of Medicine, and as Thos. Fuller, the divine, put it, a master of the art of puffery. Whatever real talent he may have possessed, he placed himself among those who have been ready to achieve notoriety and riches at the expense of character and reputation.

The system of Paracelsus was founded upon mysticism and fanaticism of the grossest kind. By a judicious blending of mysticism and therapeutics he sought to create a false science and cast influence over simple folk.

According to cabalistic and mystical doctrines, various events of life and most natural phenomena were due to influences exerted by gods, devils, and stars. Each principal organ of the body was supposed to correspond to some planet or group of planets. These ideas were spread all over the Germany of that time.

Paracelsus maintained that life is a perpetual germination controlled by a mysterious officer he named “Archæus,” or vital force, supposed to preside, over all organic phenomena. The chief “Archæus” (the term was probably invented by Basil Valentin, the alchemist) he supposed to reside in the stomach, but subordinates were set apart to guard the interests of other organs. Nature, he taught, was sufficient to cure most ills, but when the internal physician became tired or incapable, some remedy was needed to antagonise the spiritual factor of disease. Such remedies were known as “Arcana,” and were alleged to possess marvellous efficiency. Their composition was a profound secret, but some of the constituents of the “Arcana” of Paracelsus, were mercury, antimony, lead, iron, arsenic, sulphur and his “laudanum.” Among his other specifics were crabs' eyes, powdered pearls, and unicorn's horn. Here is a physician's preparation of his day.

R

Rex Metallorum (gold)	..	½ oz.
Powder of lion's heart	..	4 oz.
Unicorn's horn	..	½ oz.
Ashes of whole chameleon	..	1½ oz.
Bark of witch hazel	..	Two handful
Lumbrici (earthworms)	..	Twenty
Dried man's brain	..	5 oz.
Bruise wort	..	} half a pound
Egyptian onions	..	

This concoction, after digestion and distillation, was supposed to be excellent in treating complaints the nature of which was not “open to the eye.”

Another of the beliefs of Paracelsus was that a man who by abstraction of all sensual influences, and by childlike submission to the will of God has made himself a partaker of Heavenly intelligence, becomes thereby possessed of the philosopher's stone. Such a man is never at a loss in life. All creatures on earth and powers in heaven become submissive to his will. He can cure all diseases, and can live as long as he likes, for he holds the elixir of Life which Adam and the early patriarchs before the Flood held and used to attain their longevity.

Credit is due to Paracelsus for proving the safety of many of the ingredients of his "Arcana"—powerful remedies, some of them, which bigotry or timidity had before strenuously opposed.

He was foremost among a group of extraordinary characters claiming to be representative of science in the Middle Ages. They were of a bold and inquiring nature, and with all their faults, which were not few, made for the widening and increase of knowledge.

Paracelsus amassed a huge store of facts and learned much of the actual practice of Medicine amongst various people, during his wanderings to Colmar, Nuremburg and other places. He flouted Galen and Avicenna and is said to have burned their books in public. He denied all the tenets most firmly adhered to by the faculty, repudiated the pseudo-Aristotelianism of his day and turned with sympathy to Neoplatinism and the Cabalists, and ended by proclaiming himself greater than Celsus.

He is supposed to have written some three hundred treatises, mostly in Swiss-German, which was but another gibe at his fellows who employed the historic language of Medicine—Latin. The critics however admit only twenty-four of these works, believing the rest to have been written by his disciples, the Paracelsists.

For sticking to the alchemy of his day he cannot be blamed, and a certain amount of credit must be accorded him for discarding many antiquated theories. His methods tended to more direct observation of Nature and to the encouragement of independent research and observation.

At his death he was so much execrated that his enemies said he had poisoned himself, and his friends said his enemies had poisoned him.

Paracelsus was the outstanding type of the men who wrote and worked in the tradition of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The story of his life depicts—as Browning shows—the fall of the logician and the ultimate collapse of one who strove entirely for the things of the mind. The science of the Middle Ages and of Paracelsus was a flower garden full of strange exotics, compared with the useful kitchen garden of the science of modern progress.

"No doubt these dogmas fell not to the earth
For all their novelty and rugged setting."

H.S.C.

The Night After the Battle.

The Sun sinks down in a blood-red sky
'Midst dark and gloomy clouds ;
Faint wreaths of smoke hang listlessly
Like dank, encircling shrouds,
Where the great guns have thundered forth
Their mighty song of war ;
But evening falls, and the great fight
Which late hath raged, is o'er.

Hark to the groanings of the wounded, now,
Cries of the strong in pain ;
List to the rumble of the wagon-wheels
A down yon cobbled lane,
The bark of rifles and the bullets' whine,
And, softly, in the trees,
The old familiar sound of rustling leaves
Stirred by the evening breeze.

Far, far away, a distant boom of guns,
But here they are asleep ;
Yet through the darkening gloom one seems to see,
Amid the shadows deep,
Wan, moving forms—a world of throbbing life,
Faint outlines o'er the plain ;
And once again the still night air is rent
By hideous cries of pain.

But now the sky is overcast with clouds,
A misty rain descends
Like to a fine-spun cloak of silver thread ;
And where the long line bends,
See the dim flicker of the star-shells' light,
And lo, amidst the sky,
The mighty hosts of those who fell to-day
Ride gloriously by.

F.W.S.

On Leaving the Trenches.

Weary and slow the tired men go,
Their march is the old trench' crawl ;
And they bow their backs 'neath the dragging packs,
As the night shades softly fall.

Their mouths are grim 'neath the sad eyes dim,
For dead is the guiding mind ;
And they pass no jest, though they're out for rest,
And the trenches fall behind.

With unfaltering breath they have gazed on death
And some of their pals have gone ;
And they've suffered hell 'midst shot and shell,
Yet still they stumble on.

The whole step drags as they light their fags,
Yet the Sergeants speak no word,
For they know the noise would distract the boys
And their orders rest unheard.

Weary and slow the tired men go,
Their march is the old trench' crawl ;
And they bow their backs 'neath the dragging packs
As the night shades softly fall.

F.W.S.

The Star-Man.

A Phantasy.

THIS is the story of May and Blossom and Me. At least, it is the story of Blossom and myself, because May was afraid when we came to the tower and we left her sitting on a mushroom kissing butterflies.

Blossom was very brave for a girl; of course she was one year older than me. We had been playing Make-Believe House in a pine tree all afternoon. We made a beautiful nest amongst the cross-branches, and the sun came in between the green spiky stuffs and made the twigs smell of sleep, and the wind came rushing and washing through the tree-tops, and swayed our nest about. On and on as far as one could see was an interlacing mesh of green. But Blossom grew tired and said we would play at Knights and Ladies and go in search of adventure. I was to be Knight Great Heart and she would be my Lady, and May was to be the Page.

Off we started down a wet green path with heart's tongue fern and soft mosses all along. Blossom would march in front though it was not right at all, because she was only the Lady. And then quite suddenly we found the Castle. It was just a round tower with little windows up the side—three of them, one above another, and a door at the bottom, small and old and studded with nails. The trees grew very close up to the tower, and their branches met across the top. It all looked very dark and gloomy. I wanted to go back, but Blossom said no, and pushed the door open a little. It fell in with a great crash and showed a flight of dark steps leading upwards. May was frightened and began to cry, so we took her a little way back and put her on a high mushroom so that she could not run away. Two white butterflies came flitting through the trees when they saw her, and she smiled again.

It was very dreary inside the tower, the steps were wet and slippery, and it was dark. Blossom and I held hands and climbed on and on until we came to a door. It was closed. For a little while you know, we did not dare to open it. It was so creepy and we were so very far from the ground. We both sat down and I said I thought I heard May crying, but Blossom said it was a little noise inside the door, and she pushed it open ever so little and peeped round the corner. Then she pulled me to peep too, and what do you think I saw?

There was a room of course, dusty and cobwebby, and littered with great books, in piles and heaps, in ones and twos and threes; brown books, black books, books of all shapes and sizes. In the middle of the room was a table scattered with books too, but with all kinds of glasses and strangely shaped things upon it besides. But most important of all there was an Old Old Man in the room leaning over the table and doing something there. His back was to us, but it was an old back, one could easily tell; and we were not afraid any longer, for it was a kind back too; so we walked in.

The Old Old Man turned round and looked at us over his old big spectacles. His beard was so long

that it trailed on the floor and a baby mouse was playing with one of the curly ends. Besides, there was a big cobweb across it, half-way down, with some poor little dried flies, and a fat spider in it. He smiled at us—

"Oh, come in, my dears," said he.

"Thank you, Old Man," said Blossom, "we have done."

"Its very kind of you to call."

"Do not mention it, Old Old Man," said Blossom, "we are in search of an adventure."

"It is one hundred and fifty nine years and a half since anyone came to see me before," said the Old Man.

"Really!" said Blossom, "how very old you are then. Please what are you doing?"

He told us that he was the Star Man and had made all the stars. It was so wonderful you see! And now he was making a new star. He had been trying to finish it for years and years but there were so many things to put together, that he had to give all his time to it, and never had time to go to sleep and comb his beard. He made the stars of all the beautiful things in the world mixed together, and sometimes, every thousand years or so, he went long journeys to find precious treasures. He had a big bowl in front of him and he stirred and stirred whilst he talked to us. And he had a big book open at his side. There were only two things to be added now, he said. He looked at the book, and the first was a dew-drop taken from the heart of a rose at dusk. He had that ready in a little flask. And the last thing—oh the last of all he read to us and it was—what do you think? Why, the smile of a little girl!

So Blossom leaned above the big bowl and smiled, and the dark mixture became clear and white with something whirling and blue in its midst. This blue whirled and spun and became brighter and bluer, bluer and brighter, and so sparkling and radiant that we hid our eyes at its glory. But the Old Man did not hide his eyes. He laughed and sang strange old songs and at last, when the new star was so bright that all the room was lit with splendour, with outstretched arms he bore the bowl to the window and flung open the casement—a sudden streak of blinding light up—up through the pine branches, up—up through the quiet pearly sky and—

"Oh look! look! look!" said Blossom, "my star, my baby star!"

Up in the sky a tiny blue star was dancing.

We had to go at last, because the Old Old Man said that he had not slept for ten years and he now felt very drowsy. He kissed Blossom and said we must come again. We never did because we never could find the tower, though we searched and searched.

May was fast asleep under the mushroom. The wood was growing dark and full of shapes and quietness, but we were not afraid, because the little blue star smiled at us through the branches.

"What a beautiful adventure," said Blossom.

PERSONNE.

The Song of the Bullets.

LIST to the song of the bullets:—

I am the angry one: shrieking I go,
Skimming the parapet sand bags, you know;
Many's the unwary head I've laid low:—
I am the angry one.

I am the murderer, one of fifteen:
To mow down battalions, no sickle so keen,
When the cry's "Rapid Fire," then its business I
mean,
I am the murderer.

I am the dum-dum of round blunted lead:
You hear my sharp crack as I pass over head,
And my victims are bloodily shattered 'tis said,
I am the dum-dum.

I am the ricochet, screaming with glee
As I glide off a bayonet, sand bag or tree;
Invisible, no one can hope to dodge me,
I am the ricochet.

I am the spent one—yet men fear my cry
As I pass o'er their heads with a lingering sigh;
Yet many my whistle may hear ere they die,
I am the spent one.

The song of the bullets rings loudly to-day
'Midst the stillness of night and the heat of the fray;
Yet many must learn ere the singers draw breath,
That ever the song of the bullets is—DEATH.

F.W.S.

The Optimist.

When it's raining night and morning,
And the mud's up to your waist;
When the dug-out roof is leaking,
And your bed's a slimy paste;
Though caked up to the shoulders
And soaked through to the skin—
He doesn't growl like most of us,
But murmurs with a grin:

"I would I were a gondola
Or some such kind of boat;
Then in this trench, like Venice, I
Would elegantly float!"

When the bill of fare is scanty,
And bully beef is stale;
When army biscuits break one's teeth
And leave their eaters pale;
He'll get his mess-tin on the fire
And, adding morsels few,
Will shortly from its depths produce
Anæmic looking stew:

"I'm glad I have an appetite"—
He chuckles in his glee,
"It's just like mother makes it, boys,
Who'll try a bit with me?"

When nights are cold and cheerless,
And the wind cuts to the bone;
When one's feet are wet and leaden,
And enthusiasm's gone;
When rum is issued sparingly
In doses small and rare,
He doesn't toss his off like us,
And then begin to swear:

"I would I were a tall giraffe—"
He chortles, with a wink,
"With such a neck as his, you know,
'Twould be a longer drink!"

F.W.S.

Correspondence.

December 20th, 1915.

Dear Editor,

The "Contributor" who desires a more literary magazine is himself helping to make bad journalism by misquotation. It he wishes to "play Hamlet," he should at least quote correctly therefrom, and speak of "shreds and patches." Assuming that "Contributor" meant shreds and patches, it may be remarked that a University magazine in wartime, is of a necessity somewhat "shredlike," when staff and students have so many other important interests. The columns of Society notes do not appear wasteful to a past student as I am, for the reports of various meetings are the only medium by which one can learn what is going on in the University. "Contributor" must remember that past students cannot consult the notice board or minute book at will.

Again, one hardly expects to see "notes" (whether of the Medical or any other School) at the beginning of a magazine. That "place of dignity" is surely intended for literary contributions.

Perhaps "Contributor" would define what he expects in the nature of "literary articles," and we would try to attain to the evidently lofty standard. It seems to me, however, that contributions such as we have had on Henley and Middleton, as well as the Portelet sketches and "A Dream Story" are sufficiently interesting and literary, as to meet even "Contributor's" requirements. The poetry, of course, is a matter of individual taste.

Yours sincerely,

A PAST STUDENT.

The Editor of the *Gryphon*.

DEAR SIR,

"Contributor" strikes the correct note when he asks for more "interesting literary contributions," and in this respect the present writer unhesitatingly agrees with him. The word "literary," however, is a vague term, and may lend itself to various constructions. Of these we may for our purpose consider two.

There is in the first place the product of those whose sole aim, apparently, is to be "literary" and nothing else. Need we add any more? The periods may be faultless and the words in complete harmony; but sense and intelligibility are sacrificed before the shrine of form.

Secondly we have the "literary" medium that serves as an expression of thoughts and opinions. If *Gryphon* contributors would aim more at this, the tenor of the journal would be appreciably raised. After all, the *Gryphon* is a magazine for undergraduates and to justify its existence must conform with their requirements. The so-called "educative" element is all right in its place, but *interest* should not be lost sight of. Why are not articles on living topics more to the fore? Why should social and worldly questions be ignored?

It is when "Contributor" suggests that we leave the humorous and journalese attempts to *Punch* and the *Daily Mail* that one must dissent. Healthy competition should not be despised. Besides, a University magazine should be representative, and this necessitates variety. By all means, dear Editor, confine "Answers to Correspondents" and the like to a Nursery Column, if you desire, but should a good caricature in words or line be submitted, please don't turn it down because certain persons with lofty tastes prefer other food.

In short, what is required is something on the following lines:—

- (1) More *live* contributions;
- (2) Less "dreamy" essays which appeal, and then very rarely, to the aesthete;
- (3) A more judicious selection of the reams of poetry that are submitted; and
- (4) An Editorial, on a subject of general University interest, which would go far to rectify the journal's present incoherence.

Very seriously yours,

'REVLIS.

Marriages.

KERR—WOODCOCK.—November 10th, 1915, at St. Mark's, Woodhouse, Leeds, Second-Lieutenant Alexander A. Kerr, of the 3/2nd West Riding Brigade, R.F.A., to Catherine Marjory Woodcock.

COWLING—WILSON.—January 8th, 1916, at the Parish Church, Darlington, George Herbert Cowling, M.A., to Muriel Margaret Wilson, B.A.

GRIFFITH—GULSTON.—January 11th, 1916, at Adel Church, Lieutenant David Griffith, R.A.M.C., to Grace Gulston.



DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

A GENERAL Meeting of the Union was held in the Education Lecture Room on Friday, December 10th, 1915. Professor Connal presented the Balance Sheet for Session 1914-15, which was accepted.

At a Meeting of the Union Committee held on Monday, January 24th, it was decided that the *Conversazione* shall not be held this year. C.A.M.

Mid-day Services Committee.

THE services arranged by this Committee were initiated in 1905 by certain members of the University, with the hearty co-operation of the Vicar of Emmanuel Church (the Rev. J. F. Phillips), with the object, so far as is possible in a University of this type, of founding something in the nature of a University Service. It was hoped that the sermons might be helpful in the corporate life of the University. Though held in Emmanuel Church the services have always been of as inclusive and comprehensive a nature as possible, and are such as to emphasise the points of fundamental agreement among all Christian people rather than their differences. The Committee is elected in the Third Term of each Session at a General Meeting of University students in sympathy with these aims, and membership of the Church of England is in no way a necessary qualification for election to the Committee. The services are held on Fridays in the first two Terms of each Session at 1.15 p.m., and last about forty minutes.

Last term a much appreciated course of sermons was given by the Rev. Bernard Horner of the Community of the Resurrection, the subject being "The Power of the Living Christ."

This term the preachers will be—

- Jan. 21. The Rev. G. W. Butterworth, M.A. (Leeds).
 Feb. 4. The Rev. S. H. Elliott, B.A. (Leeds).
 Feb. 18. The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.
 Mar. 3. The Lord Bishop of Stafford.

This is the first time that former students have been asked to preach to us, and it is hoped that members of the University will show their appreciation of the fact by turning up in good numbers.

J. N. YARROW.

Men's Christian Union.

TOWARDS the end of last term a series of three lectures was given by Dr. Frere on Man, "Whence?" "Whither?" and "How?" to good gatherings of men and women students. At the end of each lecture an opportunity, of which the students gratefully availed themselves, was given for asking questions and discussing difficulties. In a most intelligible and interesting way, Dr. Frere explained the principles of natural and revealed religion and the Christian belief of man's relationship to God; but perhaps the most helpful part of the course was the treatment of questions and difficulties, many of which melted away in the light of Dr. Frere's quick insight and mature experience, while the rest took on a more hopeful aspect before his suggestive lines of thought and investigation. It is to be hoped that the C.U. will be able to secure Dr. Frere's help on this side of student-thought another year.

Literary and Historical Society.

THE meetings of the Society were well attended during the past term, but the majority of members had little to say when the papers were thrown open for discussion. It is to be hoped that a greater effort will be made in this direction during the present term. Will members please make a careful note of February 14th when Dr. Figgis has promised to deliver his lecture on "Jane Austen"?

On Monday, November 29th, Miss Evans read a paper on "Puritanism of the Restoration," giving her hearers a first class account of the subject. Where were the History Students on the Monday in question?

On Monday January 17th, Mr. J. B. Wilson, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, gave an enthralling lecture on "Poetry and the Child." Members will be glad to know that Mr. Wilson has promised to publish the paper, which will be appearing in print very shortly.

W.J.H.

Education Society.

THE unusually large gathering of the Education Society met on Friday, the 21st of January, attracted by the knowledge that Miss Fogerty was to tell the "Story of the War in Verse," was certainly well satisfied and extremely appreciative. Poems ranging from the sublime to the rollickingly funny, from the battle-field exultation of Rupert Brooke to the Pipes of the Gordon Highlanders, splendour, terror, majesty, anguish—all were interpreted with that rich sympathy and subtle skill that found a ready response in the hearts of all the listeners.

The recital ended with the prayer of the new age—"God save the people." Why do we still retain our present national anthem when we have at least two hymns far and away superior—"God bless our native land," and "God save the people"?

Social Study Society.

AN open Meeting of the Society was held on December 3rd, 1915, when Mr. G. D. H. Cole of Oxford, delivered an effective address on "The Labour Movement." Political, co-operative and trade union activities were adequately dealt with, the speaker pinning his faith almost exclusively to the last. Some of the audience might not, and did not, agree with Mr. Cole's sentiments, but the freshness and ease with which he handled his subject impressed every one there, friend and foe alike. The discussion that followed was unusually keen.

On January 14th, Miss Farmer (Board of Trade) read an interesting paper on "Labour Exchanges." Various aspects of their useful work were clearly presented by the speaker, who considered in turn conditions abroad and those at home in peace and war. We were agreeably surprised to learn that the Labour Exchanges *had* effected so much.

Cavendish Society.

MEETINGS of the Society have been held as under:—

On November 23rd, Dr. J. Kenyon read a paper on Some Optically Active Compounds of Simple Constitution. Methods were described for the preparation of inactive secondary alcohols and the conversion of these into acid esters. The details of the fractional crystallisation of salts derived from the esters and various optically active alkaloids were given, together with the difficulties the lecturer had experienced in carrying out this process.

It was shown that there is a special exaltation of rotatory power in the case of those alcohols which contain within the molecule, a normal chain of 5 or 6 (or 10 or 11) carbon atoms. This is accounted for by the stereochemical configuration of a normal chain of carbon atoms which all but returns on itself when the number of carbon atoms is 5 or 6 (or 10 or 11).

On December 7th Dr. H. M. Dawson gave a lecture entitled the "Conservations of 19th and 20th century Science." The address was delivered with characteristic clearness and our hopes of a very interesting and critical paper were fully realised.

Attention was directed to the three fundamental principles—the Conservation of Mass, Energy, and of the Elements. With regard to the last, radioactive phenomena distinctly show that there is a process of atomic disintegration going on, but it is a change which cannot be controlled in any way. Hence the view that elements are stable bodies is no longer tenable. With regard to the relation between mass and energy no experimental evidence of a definite kind is forthcoming. That changes in mass do accompany changes in energy when these energy changes are sufficiently great seems to follow from recent measurements of atomic masses of elements in the radioactive series.

C.A.M.

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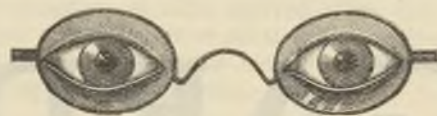
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