

THE GRYPHON

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MARCH, 1917.

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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.

MARCH, 1917.

No. 4.

Editor: HARTLEY S. CARTER.

Committee: Prof. MOORMAN (Staff Rep.), Prof. BARKER (Treasurer), Mr. A. G. RUSTON, B.A., B.Sc., C. A. MOUNTFORD, B.Sc., Miss E. BANKS, Miss M. C. MUNDAY.

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The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—*Otago University Review*; *The Lodestone*, Birkbeck College; *The Sphinx*, Liverpool; *Manchester University Magazine*; *The Serpent*, Manchester; *The Phoenix*, Imperial College of Science; *R.C.S.I. Students' Quarterly*, Dublin; *Presidency College Magazine*, Calcutta; *The Mermaid*, Birmingham.



THE *Gryphon* still lacks practical support from its many subscribers. There seems to be no shortage of spring poets, but a very serious shortage of writers of English prose. Were it not for a few faithful souls, the magazine would be mostly blank pages. Rather a pitiful state for an otherwise go-a-head University.

* * *

We notice that Manchester University Magazine has died a painless death from senile atrophy. It is followed by a successor with that name of ancient prestige *The Serpent*, edited by Messrs. Rothkopf and Rosenblum. It has been the custom of the Manchester journal to offer scathing criticism of its contemporaries. We are unable to commend the first issue of *The Serpent*. It is one of those journals in which advertisements are mixed up with the text—rather like a parish magazine. We hope it will improve.

As we go to press the second number of *The Serpent* is before us. It is a great improvement on the first issue. "Billy" and "Reclaimed" are especially good.

The next *Gryphon* will appear early in May. Contributions may be sent in up to April 25th.

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Aubrey Beardsley and Decadence.

ALTHOUGH the advent and meteoric career of Aubrey Beardsley was but an incident of the nineties yet he was sufficiently characteristic of his period to act as interpreter of a fashion which was no doubt a decadence, displaying as it did qualities which have historically been seen to mark the end of great eras. The literature, art and drama of the end of last century were impregnated very strongly with the features which mark the literature and art of decadent Greece and Rome. There was a craze for introspection, an irritable curiosity after hidden things, a search for new beauty, a sort of effort after ultra-refinement, a spiritual and moral viciousness—which Arthur Symons described as “a beautiful and new disease.” Unfortunately although the phase may have been pathological and yet have had beauty, it certainly was not new. At the very best it was a throwback, an effect due to the restraining qualities of an exigent civilisation. In England it was but an expression of revolt and a sign of an awakening of the times. It did not die in the nineties. It is still very much with us, but being used to it we are not disturbed. Decadent movements are always the project of a minority. The great mass of the people has too much to do to concern itself with the explanation of the moods of mankind; is too much occupied with the meaning and use of life to become degenerate, for there is no doubt that degeneracy, moral and physical, is the stepping stone to decadence, rather than the outcome of it. At its worst the descent in the eighteen-nineties was a neurotic, hectic affair, a feeble sort of wickedness, which aimed at parading the perversities of its craft before the astonished eyes of a puritanical *bourgeois*. It took an insane delight in strutting like a peacock, and displaying its immodesties with all the whimsical daring of the “demi-monde.” It was proud of its title to decadence; it revelled in colours, bizarre and clashing, both of literature and art. Its young and hectic poets penned their effusions to the henna and rouge and hydrogen peroxide which form the impedimenta of a most ancient sisterhood; to the frilled *calzoni* of the can-can dancer; to everything exotic and grotesque. The cry was for “Madder music and stronger wine.” Oscar Wilde was decorating the salons of London hostesses with his bon-mots, and his luxuriant personality, that minced through the first half of the nineties and reeled through the last. His epigrams and aphorisms were the talk of town; he dominated London through its dinner-tables. Arthur Symons was declaring that a good poem about a scent sachet was not inferior to one about a flower in a hedge. The people who knew anything about it, lived art for art's sake. And the backbone of the country did its daily work and knew nothing of this Arabian Night's atmosphere of heavy scents and strange sins.

Into the midst of this enervating world Aubrey Beardsley shot like a comet in 1893, and there is little doubt that his coming was the most sensational event in English Art for many years. He had no art training to speak of, and yet within six years his grotesque masses of black and white and his

wonderful line created a public sensation. Beardsley was an expression of latter day decadence; he began with the *Yellow Book* and ended with the *Savoy*. Afflicted with phthisis as he was, he crammed a life into his twenty-six years, lived his days in hours. The beauty of his art is wonderful where it is revealed but it is concealed very often by a malignancy of imagination as relentless as his physical disease. He abandoned himself to his period and at the end of his days threw it overboard.

Beardsley's decadent vision introduced a new form into black and white art. His audacious invention stimulated a morbid curiosity even in the most blasé of the exquisites. His novel style shocked the easily disequibrated emotions of a sensitive public. But his work was never intended for the many, and he drew and created regardless of popular prejudice, and disregarded the conventionalities of art to such an extent, that it was no wonder the average public protested against his upsetting of their comfortable moral notions. The decadence of the latter part of last century can be summed up in two names, Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley. It was a phase of artificiality which has affected the work of young poets and artists to this day. It is but a couple of years since *Gypsy* first made its appearance, stamped all over with the hallmarks of Wilde and Beardsley.

“The first duty of life is to be as artificial as possible” wrote Wilde, and attempted the personal propaganda of the new aestheticism by adopting strange and bizarre clothing, of which his plum coloured velvet suit was an example.

When he was twenty Beardsley drew the famous illustrations to the *Morte d'Arthur*, and from then progressed quickly into his Pre-Raphaelite devotional stage, and thence to the ripe classicalism of the *Rape of the Lock* drawings, which drew praise from Whistler. Within six years he frightened his publisher by his drawings for Wilde's *Salome*.

The first number of the *Yellow Book* was published in 1894 with Beardsley as Art Editor. It contained contributions from Le Gallienne, Symons, Max Beerbohm, Geo. Moore, and four full page drawings by Beardsley, and was the expression of the rococo imaginations of a set of neo-paganists, all more or less with their niches in the “Temple of the Perverse.” After four or five numbers of the *Yellow Book*, Beardsley severed his connection and went to the *Savoy*, published under the Editorship of Arthur Symons, in 1896. The *Savoy* lasted about twelve months and boasted among its contributors Beardsley, Chas. Conder, Phil May, Will Rothenstein and Max Beerbohm. Bernard Shaw also wrote for it—modern, but not decadent.

Decadence in England was really an insular counterpart of that French return to decadence which began with Gautier and ended with Huysmans. In this country it began with *Marius the Epicurian* and hasn't ended yet. Wilde's *Dorian Gray* and Beardsley's erotic prose work *Under the Hill* (in its unexpurgated edition *Venus and Tannhauser*) are examples of the height of the movement in literature. The earlier poems of Arthur Symons and the work of Ernest Dowson are examples of the effete hot-house

poetry of the period. As there may be beauty in decadence so there is beauty in much of this output. But the painful artificiality of it all is very patent. It was the fashion to protest against too much fidelity.

"I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine!
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire;
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion!"

And Arthur Symonds' *Stella Maris*—

"Why is it I remember yet
You, of all women one has met
In random wayfare, as one meets
The chance romances of the streets,
The Juliet of a night?"

With the appearance of the *Yellow Book*, Beardsley became the craze. We had Beardsley posters, Beardsley wallpapers, Beardsley end-papers, and Beardsley book covers. His drawing stood out from the mediocre level of the rest of British art and compelled attention. His work was all idiosyncrasy, all whimsical with the insanity of genius. His methods were so grotesque that he cheerfully drew *Isolde* with a huge Parisian hat, and depicted *Messalina* in a bath robe and a London coiffure or with an ostrich feather in her hat. His drawing was really decorative and all his handling of his figures and backgrounds are made subordinate to the final result. His work was execrated and lavishly praised. Sir Frederick Leighton recognised his wonderful line and wished he could draw. Augustus Harris got a poster and could make nothing of it, even with the aid of Dan Leno, until Phil May came along and casually congratulated him upon his taste. With all the feverishness of those whom the gods intend to die young, Beardsley produced. He persisted in a sort of decoration usually known as rococo, the inspiration for which he sought in theatres, in the Café Royal, the Casino at Dieppe and probably in the Brighton Pavilion where he spent much time as a boy. The Beardsley woman became a feature in art. She is seen typically in his brutal sensuous drawings the *Wagnerians* and *The Fat Woman*. She is a dark sardonic creature, leering at the eyes yet appealing, thick sensual lipped, blasé with life, having tasted all its sweets and still having palate for more. The apotheosis of perversity and aberration, brutal and animal, a terrible caricature of evil. She illustrates the peculiarity of Beardsley's satire—the satire of the satiety of desire turning on itself, a mockery of pleasure denied, a vision out of Dante's hell.

In most of Beardsley's drawings there is this spiritual corruption glaring through the outward coarseness and revealed in beautiful form. He laboured in a perverse ecstasy to produce the aberrations of art born of a complete and devastating knowledge of life. The product of a brain soaked in the *facetiae* and *curiosa* of the second-hand bookseller, and versed in all decadent literature. In his later work he translated the spiritual softness of his Pre-Raphaelite drawing into a grotesque and gargoyle-like sensuality. His masterly designs for the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes are Rabelaisian enough for anybody. He was a Baudelaire of art and uses the same method

to emphasize his thought. Take the *Rose Garden* for instance, a terrible awakening of evil, with its angel bearing a lantern, stepping sandal-clad among fallen roses and whispering through sensuous mouth of the joys of strange sins. Look at his other drawings with their little fat pot-bellied leering dwarfs, and monkeys symbolical of vice, and at the fat swollen bodies of some of his figures distended with voluptuous living. His gardens are full of masked figures representing strange passions and desires; his toilet scenes have the same attendants grinning knowingly. This part of Beardsley's art certainly does not fail for lack of emphasis.

In his unfinished prose work, his description of the toilet of Venus is like his pictures—unimaginable to any but a decadent mind.

"Before a toilet that shone like the altar of Notre Dame des Victoires, Venus was seated in a little dressing gown of black and heliotrope. The coiffeur Cosmé was caring for her scented chevelure and with tiny silver tongs, warm from the caresses of the flame, made delicious intelligent curls that fell lightly as a breath about her forehead, and over her eyebrows and clustered like tendrils about her neck. Her three favourite girls, Papplarde, Blanchemaines and Loreyne, waited immediately upon her with perfume and powder in delicate flacons and frail cassolettes, and held in porcelain jars the ravishing paints prepared by Châtelaine for those cheeks and lips that had grown a little pale with the anguish of exile."

Beardsley has been greatly extolled for the beauty of his line. The Beardsley "line" became a factor in art. It is very well seen almost perfected in the *Peacock Skirt* in *Salome*, and even shows its beauty in his Venus and Tannhauser drawings. But "mass" was rather his forte; great vigorous contrasts of black and white. He depicts life cynically enough in its more animal and brutal aspects. He evidently thought so much of virtue that vice took hold of him. His love of shocking, which was another characteristic of the decadence, made him choose a vicious type, but the exquisite beauty of his line work comes through in spite of his uncompromising subjects. His drawings for the *Salome* and for the *Lysistrata* make the zenith of his power. The colophon to *Salome* is a cynical criticism of the piece. The wonderful expressive power of his line is seen again in the drooping little body which is lowered by a Satyr and a Pierrot into a puff-box coffin. Somebody has said that Beardsley never drew a nude figure naturally. Probably he very rarely did, but his mastery of line enabled him to express his gross as well as dainty effects in a manner which the artist faithful to anatomical rendering could never have done.

He satirised in art an age which had no convictions, but in a way he dealt with immortal things rather than mortal. It is the unearthly craving of soul that looks through the leering eyes of his women. The physical expression indicates mortal satiety in all its grossness; but the soul is insatiable. It craves for new lusts, new passions. Soul cries out from mouths that have tasted the bitterness of the core of things, from little delicate hands and feet that are nothing but vanities.

Beardsley was dead of phthisis at twenty-six.

The other great figure which stood out strongly in the limelight of the *fin-de-siècle* decadence was Oscar Wilde, that exquisite of intellect, manner and dress. As already mentioned shocking had developed into a fine art. Beardsley did it with his pictures, Wilde with his paradoxes and stunning half truths, and Symons and Dowson with their early poems. The influence of Baudelaire and the French decadents was apparent in all. As Baudelaire had influenced Swinburne so he influenced Wilde, but whereas Swinburne's own personality was strong enough to prevent his being swept wholly into the stream of decadence, Wilde the unstable was in it and of it. The latter was never tired of decorating his prose and verse with crimson colour, with epigram and aphorism. Colour became a great factor in the art of the decadence. *Dorian Gray* scintillates like an ancient necklace of barbaric jewels. Green and yellow—both bilious—were the colours of decadence. Wilde described the piles of vegetables in Covent Garden in terms of jade. *The Green Carnation* was published and the *Yellow Aster*. These were the predominant decorative notes.

The decadent style, said Théophile Gautier is "the last effort of language to express everything to the last extremity." *Dorian Gray* is full of passages written in this strain—artificial to the core but brilliant and impudent enough to pass for something new in English literature.

"He had collected the olive green chrysoberyl that turns red by lamplight, the cymophane with its wire-like line of silver, the pistachio-coloured peridot, rose-pink and wine-yellow topazes, carbuncles of fiery scarlet with tremulous four rayed stars, flame red cinnamon stones, orange and violet spinels, and amethysts with their alternate layers of ruby and sapphire."

And again the list of things that Herod offers to Salomé in place of the head of Iokanaan is a strained artificial effect to influence emotions so insensitive that nothing ordinary will affect them.

"I have a collar of pearls, set in four rows. They are like unto moons chained with rays of silver. They are like fifty moons caught in a golden net. On the ivory of her breast a queen has worn it"

I have topazes yellow as are the eyes of tigers, and topazes that are pink as the eyes of a wood-pigeon and green topazes that are as the eyes of cats. I have opals that burn always, with an ice-like flame, opals that make sad men's minds and are fearful of the shadows. I have onyxes like the eyeballs of a dead woman"

This sort of thing was very successful in tickling the jaded palates of those whose appetites were insensitive to anything but novel stimulus. Wilde borrowed heavily from decadent French literature—from Villon, Balzac and Baudelaire, but there was no progressive element in his work. He left English literature where he found it and merely seasoned it with an original and piquant flavour. He was a master of sensation and the melodramatic manner. Very little of Wilde's work stands any chance of survival. Beyond such poems as *Charmides*, *The Sphinx*, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* and perhaps *The Harlot's House* and a few lyrics his writings have not the lasting literary quality.

It was the fashion for the minor poets to follow the Masters. Arthur Symons was Pre-Elizabethan in his early poems,

"Your lips deliriously steal
Along my neck and fasten there;
I feel the perfume of your hair
I feel your breast that heavens and dips
Desiring my desirous lips"

and so on *ad lib*.

Richard Le Gallienne is usually, and not without reason, classed as degenerate in his early work. But Le Gallienne was more obsessed with the decadence of beauty than with the beauty of the decadence. But in his poem *The Decadent to his Soul*, at anyrate he satirises the ultimate state of the decadent mind,

"She sauced his sins with splendid memories,
Starry regrets and infinite hopes and fears;
His holy youth and his first love
Made pearly background to strange coloured vice."

Hitchens in the *Green Carnation* satirised the love of the decadents for outrageous scarlet colouring,

"I am going to sit up all night with Reggie saying mad scarlet things such as Walter Pater loves, and waking the night with silver silences,"

says Esmé Amarynth.

It is curious to note too, the streaks of silver and white that cross and recross all the mosaic of gaudy oriental colouring of the decadence. Perhaps Whistler was responsible for the vogue, or perhaps it was an imitative contrast of Baudelaire's sooty black streak. We have a suggestion of it in this poem of Symons,

"The beauty of no woman to my flesh
Is intimate spirit if she be not pale;
I love not roses that are dewy fresh
If on a cheek they tell no passionate tale."

The Decadence has left its mark upon literary, poetic and artistic taste to this day, as anyone will find who will take the trouble to note the contents of modern libraries. There is still present a sneaking liking for the flesh-pots of D'Annunzio, Zola, Ibsen, and Turgenev, and that the poetic mantle has duly descended, one cannot doubt if one glances through recent volumes of Oxford or Georgian Verse.

Perhaps Owen Seaman, that keenest of critics by ridicule has summed up the decadent movement once and for all,

"The erotic affairs that you fiddle aloud
Are as vulgar as coin of the mint;
And you merely distinguish yourself from the crowd
By the fact that you put 'em in print."

Such, at anyrate, is more or less the story of the decadent nineties.

ANONYMA.

To-day's Great Thought.

W——, if you ever have a daughter and a young man asks your consent to their marriage, ask him to breakfast. If he exhibits a healthy appetite say yes; if he doesn't, say no.

Sir B—— M——.

A True Tale of a False Physician.

THERE used to be in Harley Street a plate of polished brass,
And everytime it met my eye I shuddered as I'd pass.
For there in letters bold and clear unwillingly I'd see
The falsely celebrated name of Dr. Winsmore Leigh.

I'm told the name was not his own ; I heard the other day
His father always spelt the word quite simply L-E-A ;
And Winsmore should be William, for he hasn't any claim,
To quietly appropriate his mother's maiden name.

He had the doctor's manner born ; should he but put his hand
Upon your pulse, you felt at once that he would understand ;
And though you probably disliked the way he thumped your chest,
He'd smilingly inform you that he did it for the best.

His quiet tact with ladies too was voted quite divine,
He'd apologise for asking them to whisper ninety-nine ;
He always asked them, " Does it hurt ? " and if they said it did,
The nurse would then inform them they must do as they were bid.

He was fond of using phrases like " incipient catarrh,"
" A blocking of the bronchial tubes," " a sudden nervous jar " ;
And since the greater maladies command the greater fees
He honoured indigestion with the name of heart disease.

Though all these little tricks ensured a measure of regard,
By better class practitioners poor Winsmore Leigh was barred ;
And if he asked the reason why, they surlily would say
" It's individuals like you who give the show away."

Now Winsmore was ambitious ; he had always longed to see
A neat brass plate in Harley Street, and on it Dr. Leigh.
He'd stand in his consulting-room and calmly stroke his chin,
While quiet menials in black would show the Duchess in.

One memorable morning he was called to see a case ;
The man was quite a stranger, but Leigh said he knew his face ;
He was a Mr. Ballinger ; for many months he'd lain,
A victim of some strange disease, that caused him ceaseless pain.

Leigh smiled to reassure him, and then sat upon the bed
But found that he was sitting upon Ballinger instead.
The foolish fellow howled with pain, declaring with a curse
He'd never met a doctor yet who hadn't made him worse.

Ignoring with consummate tact this piece of silly spite,
The doctor rubbed his hands and said, " We soon shall put you right."

He placed a small thermometer beneath his patient's tongue,

And then began to auscultate the apex of each lung.

The pulmonary system he at length pronounced was sound,

But on examination of the spinal cord he found
A pseudo-hypertrophic change in all the vertebrae,
Together with an increase of the reflex at the knee.

Three interesting features were an anaesthetic zone,
An area of tenderness above the frontal bone,
And a vertical nystagmus strangely rhythmical,
though weak ;

In fact it was a new disease ; the case was quite unique.

The " Scalpel " had an article by Dr. Winsmore Leigh
Entitled " Nervous changes in the case of Mr. B . ." ;
A footnote by the Editor contained unstinted praise,
While for the mode of treatment he suggested Rontgen Rays.

A celebrated specialist took up the case and wrote,
" Why don't you try the serum of a paralysed he-goat ?

If after a fair trial you have cause to fear the worst,
We know that every case like this is hopeless from the first."

A second instance followed where the symptoms were the same,

Physicians clamoured everywhere for some distinctive name ;

At last Professor Banks declared that cases such as these,

Should ever afterwards be known as Winsmore Leigh's disease.

He rented rooms in Harley Street ; he figured on the Staff

Of seven London Hospitals ; the " Morning Telegraph "

Declared the nation owed a debt to scientists like these

Whose lives are spent in combating incurable disease.

A classic work on Leigh's disease, with eighteen coloured plates,

Was offered to the public at most reasonable rates ;
A chairman of a hospital endowed a special wing,

And he and Dr. Winsmore Leigh were knighted by the King.

At breakfast on the morning of that memorable day,
A hurried note from Ballinger was handed in to say,
His lawyer had advised him to refuse the doctor's fees,

Until the strange complaint was known as Ballinger's disease.

He wrote, " I did not mind so much your letters to the Press,

Although you carefully withheld my name and my address,

But since it is a question now of money and of fame,
I think in common decency I have the prior claim.

"The vertical nystagmus and the anaesthetic zone,
The area of tenderness above the frontal bone,
The pseudo-hypertrophic change apparent in the spine,
All these without exception are unfortunately mine.

"Inventors are protected by elaborate patent laws,
Extending very properly beyond their native shores ;
My case is very similar ; I do not want to fight,
But you hav'n't any business to infringe my copyright.

"I'm told the profits from the book you wrote on
my disease
Would help my wife and family to live in moderate
ease ;

A compromise is possible, so wire what you'll give
For your assistant tells me that I hav'n't long to live."

Next morning Ballinger received a bulky envelope,
And all the little Ballingers were seized with sudden
hope ;

It came from Leigh's solicitors, the firm of Jones and
Short,

Their client spurned all settlements arrived at out
of court.

A very youthful barrister, whose unexpressive face,
Together with his stutter was enough to lose the case,
Was pitted against leading men like Phelps and
Buncombe Rea

And Ballinger was made to pay the costs of Winsmore
Leigh.

A few weeks later Winsmore Leigh received a hurried
scrawl ;

It was from Mrs. Ballinger beseeching him to call.
She told him that her husband now was sinking very
fast,

And wanted to be reconciled to Dr. Leigh at last.

He went, and as the dying man had almost ceased to
breathe

They heard him whisper gently, "Henrietta, I
bequeath

All future claims to my disease to Dr. Winsmore
Leigh,

Whose patient skill and tactfulness have meant so
much to me."

That evening as the Specialist was sitting all alone
A slight degree of tenderness came o'er his frontal bone,
And as he rose to ring the bell for James to bring the
wine,

He felt an unexpected jar run right along his spine.

He hurried to the telephone and rang up Dr. Hirst
(Of all our nervous specialists he easily ranks first).
He carefully examined him, then said, "One seldom
sees

A more beautiful example of your famous new disease.

"The vertical nystagmus is at present very slight
But that should gradually increase, we soon shall put
you right,

Just as a routine matter I will auscultate your chest
And take a sample of your blood for Higginbottom's
test.

"I'd like to try the serum of a paralysed he-goat,
In any case you'd better use this gargle for your
throat ;

Avoid a heavy diet, you can take a little fish,
Some chicken or a bowl of soup or anything you
wish."

With Autumn came a weakening of every vital force,
The pseudo-hypertrophic changes followed in due
course ;

A month before the doctor died he managed just to say
"My father always spelt his name quite simply L-E-A.

"My name was really William, and provided there is
room

I'd like a line to that effect engraved upon my tomb ;
And if it isn't yet too late, oh, listen to my pleas
And let this malady be known as Ballinger's Disease."

W.F.H.

Decadence.

1815.

GAILY he ran down the path, drawing on his gauntlet-
gloves as he went, to where his impatient steed pawed
the ground. Its scintillating trappings shook with a
laughing jingle ; its sensitive nostrils quivered as it
snuffed the morning air ; it tossed high its sleek and
glossy head as if to say to the waiting trooper sitting
rigidly on his own horse, "If my lord be not quick we
will away to battle without him."

My lord was an Ensign in the —th Queen's Own
Hussars, and to-day he was out to make good.
Wellington was here to lead his men to victory, and
my lord knew the trust which the Iron Duke reposed
in his cavalry. For which and for the reason that the
keen air whipped his blood to action, my lord stepped
gaily up to his mount, his spurs a-jingle, and his sword
clanking rhythmically behind him. Ne'er a button—
and there were many—showed one spot of dust in its
whiteness ; ne'er a hair was out of place in his
shimmering busby. In very truth he was fit to do
battle for his country, with his lady's gage pinned to
his breast, whilst in his eyes shone a wondrous light—
the light that shines in each man's eyes who fights
for England !

1917.

"Pass my blinking gum-boots, Smith. Where the
blazes is my confounded tin hat ? There ! Am I
right ? S'pose I must go round these blessed lines
again, though why the dickens they don't provide
'Submarines, army, trench' from the blessed R.E.
I don't know."

With which, and many mutterings he stumped
heavily up the stairs from the dug-out, into the
cold and clammy night, cursing the gas sentry at the
entrance for falling into a sump-hole at that very
moment, and splashing his already muddy trench coat.
A light went up at that moment and he was visible
for a few seconds. Over his trench coat was an old
torn oilskin—caked with mud. On his head was a
mud-covered tin hat. Round his neck was slung his
respirator, and about his waist was girded a revolver.
In his hand he carried a useful weapon, a long pole
intended for revetting, but jolly useful for propelling
oneself along the trench, using a grid as a raft !

Of course he was a Subaltern. He had been a
student at a provincial University till Fate took him
and made him into a Mere Blot—neither useful nor

ornamental except for threading the lines at night and cussing poor Tommy for not throwing him the orthodox challenge.

Having got his pipe going in the Platoon-Sergeant's dugout, he gradually assumed a less aggressive air, and in fact he was in quite a good temper when he stopped to speak to Rifleman Jones, 1524, gas sentry, and even became so optimistic as to suggest that the war might end in a draw before 1922.

Suddenly the gas alarm was given, sounding like a ringing of joy-bells. The Mere Blot quickly adjusted his mask, and jumping on to a fire-step, bagged the first rifle he could lay his hands upon, and started pumping lead for all he was worth into the advancing cloud, shouting as well as he could for his men to do the same, and in his excitement cursing some for their tardiness. But could one have lifted his mask one would have seen that in his eyes shone a wondrous light—the light that shines in each man's eyes who fights for England!

R.D.

Quod scripsi, scripsi.

The other night from quiet sleep,
I found myself on sudden hurled
To realms where dismal spirits weep,
To be exact, the lower world.

I walked amid the sulphurous air,
Until at last I did espy
In distance dim a granite stair
That seemed to me to lead on high.

But when I thitherwards did turn,
I saw a shining angel stand;
His brow, though beautiful, was stern,
He held a note book in his hand.

He told me of a happy land,
And then when he had ceased to talk,
He placed within my open hand
A piece of common blackboard chalk.

"If upward you your steps would wend,
Inscribe a sin you have committed
Upon each step that you ascend,
Or else you cannot be admitted."

I started with an easy mind
But yet it did appear at last,
That on those stones I left behind
A dismal record of the past.

And then about me and before
I saw a host of kneeling mortals,
But none of those I knew of yore
Were making for the golden portals.

But after I in mute despair
Had scanned the face of every creature,
There suddenly came down the stair
A man I knew in every feature.

For as he quickly did descend,
By his old gait, half walk, half run,
I recognised my dearest friend
In William Henry Robinson.

"Oh, happy man, so soon," I cried.
"This awful task to have completed,
While I in Purgatory bide
You will among the Saints be seated.

For while I lived like one debased,
It was a holy life you led;
But tell my why this needless haste?"—
—"More chalk, more chalk," was all he said.

The Traveller.

He passed at noon a little hill
Where stood a rotting gallows tree;
He shivered in the sun, for still
The malefactors' chains swung free.

The uplands round him seemed to burn,
The August heat hung everywhere;
And every time he chanced to turn,
He saw the gallows standing there.

And so he took the lower track
That led into a distant plain;
And presently when he looked back,
The hill was lost to sight again.

He felt no more the strange remorse,
That secret sadness, cutting keen;
Instead he saw the glowing gorse,
The children playing on the green;

The slowly plodding country folk,
The golden light on vane and spire,
The steady pillar of blue smoke,
That rose from many a cottage fire.

But once again he changed his way,
And homely scene and landscape kind
Now softened by the parting day,
Reluctantly he left behind.

A lark was singing overhead—
It dropped to earth as if a stone;
Nature her very self seemed dead,
And he was left alive, alone.

He crossed a shrunken river bed,
The thirsty waters of whose stream
Flowed round the boulders bloody red,
As in a murderer's dying dream.

And far beyond the barren heath,
Long after sunset he could see
The mountains rise like jagged teeth,
And blood was on their ivory.

He turned; against the eastern sky
There stood the hill he passed at noon,
And on its top the gallows high
Black-barred the blood red harvest moon.

W.F.H.

A Voyage in the Balkans, 1912-13.

(Concluded).

LET me tell you a little about the people I walked along with. Of course they were simple and ignorant, but on the other hand they were so hospitable that one couldn't help liking them immensely. Naturally, those who have never seen the Bulgars in their own country will consider them as being great barbarians, but—that is my impression of the people in Sofia—I don't think that it is right; because the Bulgars send their young people to the schools abroad, and although they never learn a germanic language very well, they seem to pick up what they want very quickly, and as far as I was able to find out, the Government pays for them. Then, of course, in the middle of the country, where they can walk for three days without seeing a railway, the modern ideas of civilisation have not been able to wake up the peasants, but remember that is a *Slav* people. Their food is some rather weird stuff, but not bad, except for the fact that I had to eat dogs' meat, and lungs and things like that. But that is, as everything, only a matter of habit. When we were lucky, somebody would catch a sheep, and our Russian actor, who by the way had played Hamlet, and therefore thought he knew all about Denmark, was an excellent butcher, and we roasted the meat on our bayonets (which was a very silly thing), moistened our dry bread (we only lived on bread and water for six weeks) and warmed it at the fire, and then—I say! Some meal!

But surely the food question at those times must be of minor importance at the present time; and therefore I will stop recalling memories, which I fear I shall get revived presently, if the war does not stop.

Sitting at my desk, with all the memories of that time coming back to me in an endless chain of thoughts, I can hardly pick out those, which would be the most suitable for the distinguished patrons of the *Gryphon*. What is it to relate a small incident, which fills me with joy, because the circumstances were just tuned for it; perhaps it is really nothing to tell, that when entering a small village, where we found nobody, and went to a house for the night, then, when making up a fire, we sometimes had to get out as if a certain man was in our heels, because we had set the house on fire, or because some silly Turks came and disturbed us.

There was a nice man, that I liked immensely; when he talked to me at first, I remember, on a beautiful eve when we were marching over the marshes, then he told me about his wife and children in America in such a simple way, that it could not but touch one. He had a funny speciality; when we had been fighting with the Turks, he invariably caught a donkey; I don't know why he did it, but he did without a failure, every time. It was rather useful up in the mountains where it was constantly pouring down. I remember, all the peasants we met, had umbrellas, and they told me, that they always had to use them there. The donkey then had to carry all our things, poor thing, till we discovered, that we had nothing to eat, whereupon we were ordered to take them off again.

Having marched about ten days, we came to Gümüldschina, where I saw for the first time the actual life of the Turks. In the meantime, I have forgotten to tell that, we had several fights, just small, against the Turkish soldiers that had run away from the army and now made a small war on their own. We didn't lose many men, because they had no good guns, such as we had, but I remember that one of our men was shot right through the breast, but, by Jove, two days after he walked amongst us again, as if nothing had happened. In one of these fights I saw a man run for his life, a thing which I have never seen before; we were walking up in the mountains, and in the valley was a nice river with small sand banks distributed in it; suddenly it was, guns loaded, and then we rushed through the bushes down in the valley, where a Turkish caravan was resting, both men and women. They started shooting at us immediately, the girls too, and then we had to do the same (which we would have done in any case). One of the men, seeing the others falling round about him, started running as fast as he could, jumped out in the river and ran on the sand banks till a bullet fetched him down. Some sport, I thought; now, alas, I have altered, and I weep when a turkey is slaughtered.

In Gümüldschina we had a comparatively nice time; I remember how glad I was to see the "Skipper" sardines as a sort of compliments from home. And I ate two boxes of them, worse luck, because I was rather bad afterwards. But what a meal, when your food has been bread and water for nearly two weeks. And sweets à la Turk, with ripe figs (green) and sweet lemons—'nuff said. You won't appreciate it as I did.

From Gümüldschina we were going to Dedeagatsch, where we should meet some of the regular troops and take that town. We marched for three days, and then we began to "smell" the water, as Mr. Kipling says. Didn't we cry 'Thalassa', and didn't we shout, sing, dance, shake hands and all that? Yes, you bet, we did. And fine it was, too.

We did not cool down a bit when we were told, that down there, at the coast, was Dedeagatsch, which we were going to take, as soon as the regulars joined up. So in order that we should not come too early, we stayed in the mountains, in a charming country, about one-half day's march from Dedeagatsch. Our Russian actor entertained us the best he knew, and the other Russians gave a sextett, in which the Bulgarians rapidly joined in: Shuma Maritza, the Bulgarian national anthem (I think), a very nice tune. The Russians had charming voices, to which it was a real pleasure to listen. We stayed in a village, typical Turkish, smoking, singing, and—that was the chief feature after six weeks bread and water—ate meat.

I do not think for a moment that the Bulgarians are cowards; the Bulgar himself is no traitor either, as you under the present circumstances might think. But there is the curious point about the Slav people, that they do not trust each other. That is why Russia is so badly governed, and no doubt that is

the reason, too, that Bulgaria attacked Serbia in 1913. Although I don't defend the Bulgars on account of this behaviour, I can't help liking them, because I had a very decent time, when I was there, and they are so immensely hospitable, as all Slavs are. And just fancy, these men came from America, just to fight for the "just" cause, to throw the Turk out of their country; and they marched there, day after day, just waiting for chance to get a real fight, marching in rain each day for a week's time, and never grumbling; only getting bread and water during six weeks, and the bread sometimes had to last for a week. But always were they the same men; always willing to help you, always letting you get the best and warmest place over night, when resting. All this done voluntarily, without getting payed, without robbing anything whenever they fought.

I should have liked to be able to describe the capture of Dedeagatsch. But I am not a good writer, and in a foreign language the difficulty is doubled. So let me rather tell what that town is like.

Dedeagatsch, although a small and dirty place, is pretty. It always makes me think of Mr. Kipling's stories from India. If you go down and sit at the shore of the Mediterranean, and then look to the left, then you will see palms along the coast, and in the dusk that looks more than lovely—quite romantic, you know. Then, if looking to the right, in a morning when the sun is shining on the water, you will see an island, just like one big mountain, with snow on the tops of the rocks. That is, I was told, Samothrake, but only the picture of it, because it vanishes when the sun comes higher on the sky. This, of course, will remind you of the beautiful little work, "Nike from Samothrake." At least, I came to think of it. The town is entirely Turkish; the food is bad, but the tobacco good, which is convenient, and then you get ripe lemons and green figs, which you can pluck yourself (if nobody sees it).

You will no doubt have read, that the Turk is a fine soldier, and we experienced it; although Dedeagatsch was no fortress, it had a rather strong garrison and was well defended. When we got in, after two days consideration, we found 1,400 dead people and dead horses and cattle swimming around, not a pleasant sight; the soldiers (enemy) were buried much in the style that Jack London's "Sea-Wolf" buried his mate; the only words he remembered of the ritual was those: "and the body shall be thrown into the sea."

The Bulgarians, however, were "really" buried; and it was funny to see a field service. There was the priest, mentally supported by two men, who sang most pathetically through their noses; and every time the priest said the word "Gospodin" (which means the Lord) the soldiers made the sign of Cross four times. Imagine these big, rough fellows standing there like small school-boys.

We stayed in Dedeagatsch about four days, and had a ripping time. Fancy, eating in a restaurant with the officers *every day*. And wine as much as we liked, and tobacco, and comfort. Just like heaven.

Thence we went to Dimotika, where there was cholera, and from there to Lule Burgas, where the Turks were in very strong positions. The newspapers will surely have described the violent fighting there, and surely it was violent. The Turkish soldier is a fine soldier; where he stands, he does stand, and is difficult to move. You have to use quite a lot of striking arguments to convince him that you really want him to move. And then, even, he will not, sometimes.

My Danish pal was wounded, and I therefore left, with superior permission to bring him to the hospital, where he stayed for a week's time. In the meantime I was busy with my other duties, and they were not altogether pleasant. I began to get fed up, and as I thought that I had got enough stuff for my paper, I began to think of going home; and as Xmas was approaching rapidly (and that is the time where every Dane tries to get home, when possible), I proposed to pal, that we should go both of us, and he agreed. So we obtained permission to leave (so we can't have been worth much) and went down to Dedeagatsch again. From the German Consul we got tickets for Constantinople, and after having altered our uniforms so that we might be considered as English tourists, we got on board, and with that my adventure stops. Suffice it to say, that I stayed in Constantinople six days, to see the town, and went home over Constantza and Bucharest with the "Orient-Express" to Berlin; by the way, I had the pleasure of meeting the English Correspondent of the *Morning Post* (I have forgotten his name) who was kind enough to tell me that Denmark was a part of England, and for which information, which was really astonishing, I am extremely grateful, since it has been the source of much mirth to myself and my friends.

Of course I wrote a rotten article to the "Daily," as you can imagine after having read this; I am afraid that no paper will offer me a similar position, unless the *Gryphon* wants a special correspondent in South Africa?

FINI ENNA.

The Salt of the Earth.

"THEY had no salt in to-night."

Kitty looked up in mild remonstrance. "Salt, blow salt. Have you got any sugar?"

"Yes, they've given me a pound till next week. But suppose salt gets scarce too. What are you going to do then?"

"Well, what if it does? I'd sooner go without salt than sugar, any day."

"But, my dear, you don't appreciate the gravity of the situation as—as Lord Devonport does. Now while I was waiting for the car I was thinking how we should face this new crisis. Do you realise, Kitty, that you can do without sugary things, but you can't do without things that must be salted? Try your meat and vegetables cooked without salt, or your bread made without it, to say nothing of the Scotch people and their porridge. You can't start a no salt with eggs cult like the people who don't take sugar in their tea."

"Well, at any rate, it's unpatriotic to eat eggs in wartime," interrupted Kitty.

"It's the wounded soldiers I was thinking of," I said, with a pained air.

"So sweet of you, but I'm sure the Government will issue them a special hospital-blue-coloured ration for use with eggs. Don't worry about them," and Kitty began to look fittingly serious. "Where does salt come from?"

"Inside the earth," I replied promptly. "Places that end in -wich and their houses sink in when they get the salt out of the foundations. There's rock salt and Cerebos salt and . . ."

"Oh, and the sea. I once saw a book called 'Salt of the Sea,' but I didn't bother to read it as I wasn't interested in salt then. And there's that fairy story about why the sea is salt. That mill will still be going on grinding it out, so we shall be all right." Kitty seemed so provokingly relieved that I was constrained to say impressively: "My dear Catherine, there is plenty of salt somewhere we all know. The thing is, that there isn't plenty in the grocers' shops. Hence we shall have to cut down our daily consumption—I believe that is the official phrase for such occasions."

"And all this bother about a thing like salt," sighed Kitty. "Do you remember Mother once telling my brother how much salt he wasted on his plate, and he gave her a halfpenny and said that would pay for all the salt he had for the next five years."

"How long ago is that?" I asked hopefully. "We might get some out of him yet if you could swear to the date."

But Kitty was already off on another tack. "I'm beginning to understand what Cordelia meant," she murmured pensively. "I always thought her a little prig, but evidently she was only one of those unfortunates who are in advance of their generation. If it had only happened a few hundred years later, Lear would have understood at once what a high value she set upon him, and all that family unpleasantness would have been avoided."

"If you are going back into all the might-have-beens, you might have a good word for Lot's wife," I suggested. "I've often wondered what became of her . . ."

"And the pillar of salt." Kitty's voice was full of sympathy. "Especially the salt. It would have been so useful just now. I wonder if any of our friends have any stored away."

"Well, you might go round enquiring for Attic salt, of course, but I doubt whether you'd get any. I'm afraid it's as rare nowadays as the kind you put on a bird's tail, and the navy's keeping all that for the German submarines. There's another thing that's making us short. If you once come to look into it, anybody can understand why there's going to be a shortage."

"Anybody that's worth their salt, that is," said Kitty.

VIDEO.

The Swaling of the Moor.

Oh! Moorland in September
To love and to remember.

The air is still and sunlit,
The moor's a russet bed,
The bracken's turning beryl,
The whortle leaves are red.

Here stand five sister pine-trees,
Gold-nimbused by the sun;
And near, a slender rowan,
Its scarlet reign begun.

A runnel near is singing
A song of liquid glee,
A saucy, joyous blackbird
Tilts bubbling notes at me.

Then in a magic circle
Seven thick white smokes upcurl,
And forks of flame triumphant
Like crimson flags unfurl.

They rise with grace, and slowly—
Flower incense from the ling,
Repaying summer splendour
With Autumn offering.

Oh! Moorland in September
To love and to remember.

D.U.R.

Things we Want to Know.

- (1) The name of the individual who, being taxed with giving half-a-crown to a poor man, replied, "one must do something to live down one's nationality."
- (2) What is the nationality of the above philanthropist?
- (3) Why does ——— wear a wrist-watch on each arm? Is it so that he may seize opportunities with both hands?
- (4) The name of the cove who smoked a clay pipe in the refectory.
- (5) Have the professors sold their trouser-stretchers for the benefit of the War Loan, or are baggy pants the masculine equivalent of peg top skirts?
- (6) If anyone at the "Hostle" received Valentines and who sent 'em?
- (7) Who was the brainy individual who said, "the War is all over bar fighting"?
- (8) After the War, who is going to empty the sand-bags?
- (9) If the Editor of the *Gryphon* is supposed to write the whole of the magazine himself?

The Turnip Fly.*

HE was an old man, or at least those portions of him that were visible gave an impression of age; he walked briskly and perhaps his stoop was due to his heavy load, and his white hair due to a life spent in study. Be that as it may, I shall call him an old man and leave him to be pleased or offended if by chance these lines come to his knowledge.

I saw him in the road close to Garforth and as he trudged cheerily past me I had opportunity to examine such pieces of his apparatus as protruded from his garments or from the tins and boxes suspended from his shoulders. Later on I overtook him and my good nature forced me to introduce myself with a view to rendering first-aid, but fortunately I had mistaken the symptoms, and I had merely succeeded in making the acquaintance of the old man. It took only a small amount of tact on my part to draw from him a few of the elementary details of his work; and I propose to repeat here some of the astounding discoveries I made in that conversation. Returning to the symptoms referred to above, I think I may be excused for experiencing some surprise when on rounding a corner of the road I saw lying in the field next the road my good friend, the old man. He was lying in the centre of the field, his apparatus still on his back, except for a few detached articles spread about in his immediate neighbourhood; his head was out of sight among the grass in the field, and a closer inspection showed that his attention seemed attracted by a hollow or small well in that portion of the field. In this hollow he was either studying natural history or committing suicide; my opinion inclined towards the latter diagnosis until a closer inspection showed that his hand grasped the gramophone horn which I had previously seen disporting itself upon his burdened back. A stifled exclamation on my part attracted his attention, but a facial contortion on his part hinted that I was an intruder. I prepared to retire but a further contortion indicated that I was again wrong, and I stood my ground till the old man arose and greeted me.

He was not offended by my interference but had been obliged to finish his semi-subterranean work before he could reply. Then came the explanation. In a neighbouring field there grew and flourished a crop of turnips; from the spot where we stood a pipe ran to the centre of this field, carried underground at a depth clear of the plough and rising in the centre of the field at the base of the most glorious of all those glorious turnips.

"The trap!" he explained, exhibiting a small midge-like fly and pointing with a chuckle to the said glorious turnip, "that is the first capture to-day and when I started the game I used to take anything up to five million, the record is 5,347,862 within twenty-four hours."

"Yes?" I said, and waited for more.

"You see that turnip?" he said, and in reply to my nod he continued, "it is not a turnip. It is a plaster of Paris decoy."

My attitude of silent wonder forced a further explanation. "The turnip fly in spite of its name is

fond of turnips but it is only satisfied with the very best, hence the decoy must be larger and finer than any other in the field. When in springtime the fly makes its appearance—the singular form is almost literally correct just now—its one and only object is to discover the largest and finest turnip in the neighbourhood. At that season my decoy is the obvious solution and becomes temporarily the home of the fly in that district. As you see its form and size are perfect or more than perfect, a fresh coat of paint pleases the eye, and most important of all, a supply of synthetic turnip leaves and synthetic turnip juice applied with lavish hand, leave nothing to be desired by any fly inhabiting the plant. So far the fly has it, and if left at that would flourish at my expense. But then I come in and demand my pound of flesh."

"Listen!" he said, and handed me the gramophone horn, "this is my insectophone."

I obeyed and a slight movement of his mouth was accompanied by a sharp chirping sound from the insectophone which I now held pressed against my ear.

"And, look!" he went on, presenting me with a sort of microscope and holding out the captive turnip fly held securely but unsquashed between his finger and thumb.

A repetition of the vocal performance threw the fly into a state of wild perturbation, its legs, still available for the purpose, were thrown about wildly and its eyes stared in terror as if some calamity had been announced to the struggling captive.

The old man smiled; it had taken him fifteen years to perfect his instrument, and he had a right to be proud of his work.

"That call is 'Cave' in the turnip fly code," he said, "and all flies will hide at the dread sound. There you have the scheme. I call 'Cave' at this end of the pipe and the fly or flies in the decoy look for cover. I arrange the other end of this pipe to represent a bird-proof dug-out and in an instant it is filled or at any rate it has its one occupant. The period of fright is soon past and a whiff of the sweetest essence of turnip assails the nostrils, wafted from that little reservoir by means of a gentle air current through the pipe. That does the trick; the fly or flies are coaxed along the pipe leading to me and their destruction. As each head emerges it is seized and bagged."

As he spoke he released his captive and appeared to cheer its departure by some fly sound inaudible to my unaided ears.

"All right," he said reassuringly, in reply to my look of astonishment, "the days of the pest are past, and if I should kill that fly it is possible that the species might be extinct. And if such an event should happen all the skill and money spent in this apparatus would be rendered useless."

He paused a moment and appeared lost in meditation. I left him to his thoughts and as I turned away I heard him mutter,

"Five million, three hundred and forty-seven thousand, eight hundred and sixty-two."

ANON.

* With apologies to the author of a recent paper on the same subject.

"Billeting."

It was all because of that abominable recitation that it happened. For the last half hour I am afraid that the mess had (in the classic phrase of George Robey) waxed excessively convivial. That was not to be wondered at with an early prospect of a sojourn on the Somme in front of them, but there was no excuse for the Assistant Adjutant's taking advantage of our condition. The Major had disimburshed himself of some of his pet stories, the printing of which would require too much red ink and therefore be far too expensive for the present straightened circumstances of the *Gryphon* Committee, while B. too, in a far away dreamy voice had sung his inevitable Scotch song, accompanied by W. on his jew's harp and a triangle that D. had found in the ruined cellar. So it fell to my lot to keep the ball rolling and I had perforce to fall back upon that most ancient of classics, that for generations has bored Leeds students to tears, "Ze Rugbee Feet-ball." As I finished, there came into the eyes of the A. A. a gleam that I might have known foreboded little good to me. I soon forgot that, however, in the dreamy happiness, brought blissfully to my hazy brain by the burblings of E. singing his old Cornish songs.

I was in bed, how? I do not know, for the sweet strains of the "Floral Dance" were still meandering through my mind, and I seemed hardly to have been asleep. What had wakened me? Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! at my door. "Wake up sir, you are wanted immediately at the Chateau," this last, was in the well known voice of my platoon sergeant. What could be the matter? Hastily I donned my uniform over pyjamas and without belt slipped out of the bedroom. Two o'clock in the morning, and Euh! G-r-r-r- cold. Yet even at that early hour, Monsieur was up and about and handed me a cup of coffee before I moved off into the darkness. The Chateau, too, seemed all alive and in the Grand Salon, the Colonel was sitting by his stump of spluttering candle writing. "I hear you speak French," he remarked, turning towards me suddenly, and then I knew what that look in the A.A.'s eye had meant. "The billeting officer is on leave, you will proceed to L—with an interpreter and billet us there." "Very good, sir, when do I start?" "At once, the car is at the door and you have exactly 40 minutes to get to S—, and some other people to pick up on the way. Good Morning." So in a trice I was bundled, pyjamas and all into a field ambulance car, and before I was properly awake we were bumping along the French *pavé*. Ever and anon we stopped, and another sleepy bundle was thrust into the midst of our ever increasing company. When we arrived eventually at the station, the train was standing placidly waiting for its engine, which somehow had got lost up the line, and there succeeded in evading discovery for upwards of an hour. In the meantime we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the cleanest carriage we could find. Later we discovered it to be the compartment of the O.C. train, but no amount of vituperation from that highly incensed official was sufficient to awaken us from our innocent and well-merited slumbers.

But the train did. It is impossible to sleep, for long, on the twelve inch seat with a hard upright back, that in these parts is designated *Wagon-de-luxe*, so I sat up and looked around. It was about 5 a.m., just light, and we had been jogging along some time. I felt dreadfully hungry but had not had time to bring any food with me. Nor had anybody else got anything to eat. Alphonse, it is true, had had a raw egg in his pocket, but on investigation it was found that in his endeavours to look as much asleep as possible when the O.C. train was clamouring at the door, Alphonse had sat on it. Alphonse's pants had to come off and were hung outside the carriage window to dry, while he with nether limbs clad in the flimsiest of undies sat shivering in a corner wrapt up in a great-coat. It was shortly after this that we drew up for a space alongside a huge prisoners' internment camp. There they were, behind the barrier, large, round and well fed, greedy, corpulent and indulging, while we poor wretched strays gazed hungrily from outside. It was beyond the bounds of human endurance and we did not endure long. McSwiney took the law into his own hands, and with the long lean strides of a stalking panther approached the commandant's hut. Breathlessly we waited, then with a feeble cheer fell upon him as he emerged triumphant, bearing aloft a loaf of bread, a hunk of cheese, and a real raw Spanish onion of gigantic dimensions. Some poor Hun had lost his day's rations. The bread was good, I never tasted finer, the cheese, was even better, but that onion—oh!!! Sufficient be it to say, that the horrid thing had reduced poor Alphonse to tears long before some daring person had the temerity to cast it forth from the window and fling it down into a group of captive Huns working by the railway side. One I know got it in the neck and I afterwards heard that there were many other casualties from its virulent and pestilential odiferousness.

In this way we passed the day, 'till Alphonse having donned his trousers we arrived at C—. It was now 2 p.m. and we had come 40 kilos. from S—, and still had some seven or eight to go. We set out and commandeered a bus. The bus shed was in charge of a huge negro N.C.O., who seemed to take a delight in marching his platoon of Bosch prisoners past all the officers he could find in order that he might give them a loud "Eyes Right." The prisoners did not like it but Sambo's smile was ear to ear. He gave a special display for our benefit. In due course we arrived at L—and after a good feed of omelette, coffee and a final "muscat" we set about our job. We were given a list of houses by the "Town Major" and began our canvas. It is no slight task housing 800 men and 27 officers, with all their baggage, especially when the inhabitants like those of L—are none too pleased to see you. "Madam is ill, and can do with but two soldiers," "Monsieur is quite unable to provide a mess for M. Le Colonel." "But no, the pump is *reservé pour la maison*." So it goes on and sometimes it is necessary to call to one's aid "M. Le Maire" garrulous and gesticulating, or the "Town Major" who with true British choler, barges through difficulties and objections, like a small hurricane on wheels. By the time it is all

finished the transport (in advance) has begun to arrive and we go down to the little market place to meet it. What pandemonium reigns in the once quiet village! as with creaking wheels, neighing horses, and loud cries of drivers the long line of vehicles moves in. Through it all the old village beldames drag their little bunches of reluctant milch kine on four or five strings and peace is inextricably mixed up with war.

It would take too long to tell you all that happened to me in the long wait for the Battalion. They were to arrive at 11 p.m., but did not come; then at 4 a.m. next day, but again did not come, until finally at 11 a.m., word was passed that they were not coming at all, and I must proceed to M—. Having handed over my good billets to the R.S.F.'s, I departed, and procured tents for my people in a wood at M—.

There in the pouring rain they joined me at 4 p.m., having taken exactly 28 hours to travel 30 miles by train and 14 miles by road. No wonder the "new one" lately out from "Blighty" wanted to know when the etc., etc., we were going to etc., etc., get *there*. B. looked at him, smiled and with a grunt turned in. So did we all and I having missed two nights' rest was soon oblivious to the grateful chorus that ascended in five different keys from the noses of my companions. What was that? The startled voice of the "new one" woke us all up by the strange tone it had. We listened—a little to our right—softly at first, then louder and louder it came, shi ---- shi ---- shiu ---- shiu ---- sheu—ishou—ishoo, ishoo, ishoo, plonk! C---ash!!! The wood rocked with the final noise. "Nothing to be alarmed at, kid" answered B. "We're only *there*," and chuckling he tucked his sleepy head under the blankets again.

T.W.M.

Treatment.

[Epsom Salts is probably the most commonly used drug in the pharmacopœia.]

Have you a fractured ankle?
Have you bunions on your toes?
Have you lost your young ambition?
Have you warts upon your nose?

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And the wild and weary wilderness will blossom like the rose.

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Have you spots before your eyes?
Have you corns upon your conscience?
Is your wife a booby prize?

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And you will read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

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Have you got a Monday head?
Is your reputation ragged?
Are your conjunctivæ red?

Try Mag. Sulph., Try Mag. Sulph.!

And you'll trail in clouds of glory with a halo round you shed.

BELLE FAST.

The Soul of the City.

PEOPLE commonly talk of "smoky, dirty, grimy Leeds," but it never seems to occur to them that underneath it all there is a soul which is, in its own way, just as beautiful and fascinating as the Soul of Nature; but because it is not so obvious, it is the usual thing to be disdainful about the "blatant, bustling" City. If you think the "Soul of the City" is a far-fetched term, go up on to Woodhouse Moor or any other high ground, some evening in the gathering dusk (it is always in the twilight when the material body is less visible that souls recognise one another most easily) and as you look down on the darkened city, you are conscious of a great presence, utterly different from that which comes to you on a wild moorland or by a stormy sea, and if you are very responsive to your surroundings you can feel the folds of the city's mantle about your face. The blackness before you is not a void but is alive with the throb of the City's heart, and you feel yourself a tiny atom, but part of an immense whole. In the daytime too, if you have sympathy and discernment enough, you can see the Soul of the City in every brick and stone and factory chimney, and in the humanity that flows unceasingly through its streets. When you pass by its offices and shops, you see not only the uninviting exterior, but the energies within, each of which is a beat in the pulse of the Universe, and the buildings you look upon are no longer inanimate things, but are alive and active. Every happy-go-lucky schoolgirl with her satchel of books, every whistling racketing schoolboy, every alert-looking clerk with columns of figures in his head, and even the plodding beaten-looking sandwich-men each and all are part of the Soul of the City. It may sometimes leave an impression of cruelty lurking beneath the surface, but it is no more cruel than the soul of nature which shows such an alluring face, whilst the lower animals are mercilessly preying on one another in the innocent and fair-looking woodland.

If you chance to stand in City Square or at Boar Lane Corner and watch the crowd, there comes to you a sense of Infinity, of something high and wonderful which you cannot define. It is the greatness of the Soul of the City that seizes you, and your thoughts follow each of the passers-by to his home or his work, and you feel the endlessness of human activities. To those who are attuned to it, there is something arresting and intensely alive in the streets of the town, and it is no longer merely a place of smoke and grime. The buildings speak of the hands that made them and the brains that conceived them—hands and brains which are lost now to the world, but have left behind their mark. The very tramcar in which you travel every morning is the materialisation of somebody's thought, and it does not need much imagination to see in the mind's eye, the construction of it, piece by piece, and the final perfected mechanism.

"Leeds is a big dirty place, isn't it?" said a woman in the car the other day, but like many others, she failed to understand that the outward aspect is not the symbol of the inner. A labourer coming home from his work, begrimed and dishevelled, may

have a fine soul, and so it is with the City. It is so easy to acquire the attitude of the scornful Birmingham man who said that Leeds was an ugly city, and the people the ugliest things in it. For him, the town only meant a bustling crowd and black buildings, and he was so much the poorer for not having the "inner vision" that recognises the thought behind the object and the cause below the effect. The oft quoted "God made the country and man made the town" has too frequently been made a handle for sarcasm, but it would have been ridiculous for man to attempt the impossible, and the city should be rather regarded as a visible result of his progress, forming a great channel for his activities. Probably the country would not appear so outwardly beautiful were it not for the contrast of the town.

Verb sap. Don't "run down" the City but try to cultivate the inner eye, and you will become conscious of that stupendous thing—the Soul of Leeds!

R.S.

Triolets.

To Kitty.

I.

At the close of the day
I was flirting with Kitty;
It was ever this way
At the close of the day.
O'er my heart she held sway,
She was sweet and took pity;
At the close of the day,
I was flirting with Kitty.

II.

There was no one to see
When she pouted and kissed me;
So what harm could there be
There was no one to see.
Such a darling was she
When she might have dismissed me;
There was no one to see
When she pouted and kissed me.

III.

There is wine in the kiss
When the kisser be Kitty.
Oh, deny me not this,
There is wine in the kiss.
Should I feel the same bliss
Were my love half so pretty?
There is wine in the kiss
When the kisser be Kitty.

To Cynara.

I.

Her Hair.

A glorious fleece
All sun-shot with gold.
In rippling release
A glorious fleece.
Its beauties increase,
Its shadows unfold!
A glorious fleece
All sun-shot with gold.

II.

Her Teeth.

They flash in her smiles
Like pearls among poppies;
She has no need for wiles,
They flash in her smiles.
And my heart she beguiles,
And a kiss but a sop is;
They flash in her smiles
Like pearls among poppies.

More Gleanings from the Notebook of a Cynic.

A SNATCHED kiss is not a kiss at all; it is a vulgar assault.

* * *

Diplomacy is the oil in the salad of success.

* * *

It is popular opinion that the bore is a dull dog; but he may be very clever and should remember that a diet of pearls is very wearying to the swine.

* *

The woman who will accept any man's present, very often has a past.

* * *

The clock strikes twelve for not a few Cinderellas, but very few of them nowadays can wear the matchless slippers.

* * *

In this year of grace there are more tender feet than tender consciences.

* * *

Why is it that very often a vulgar shallow little letter is treasured as if it were an impapyrated kiss?

* * *

You may marry a girl, but within a very short time you'll find that you're living with a woman.

* * *

There are some folk who display their disabilities before the world, but the wise man never shows a wound except to a surgeon.

* * *

If the war has taught us nothing else, we have at least learnt that autocracy is incompatible with democracy.

* * *

War is a violation of the law of the survival of the fittest.

* * *

If there were really such a thing as free education, Universities would be as full as ragged schools.

* * *

The average flapper is a very green apple.

* * *

Progress is often decadence in disguise.

* * *

The specialist is always a man of limited intelligence.

* * *

It is impossible to be thoroughly virtuous on an inadequate income.

* * *

If we would scrap obsolete ideas as readily as we scrap worn out machinery the advent of the millennium would be considerably hastened.

* * *

We are all servants in the sense that we are all more or less dependent on one another.

* * *

Modern cheap reading has a lot to do with making woman theatrical and hysterical.

ANON.

Nutshell Novels.

The Knife.

[NOTE :—This novel as originally sent to us contained about half-a-million words. By a feat of condensation we have reduced it to fill our spare column, without much loss. Our critic says it is big—a big thing, by a big man, a man with big ideas, a big head—the whole thing is of a bigness almost unimaginable. Wonderful but horrible. It made us shudder to contemplate its vastness.]

I.

Sir Anthony Hœmoblast was the greatest abdominal surgeon in the world—including the antarctic continent and the German colonies—perhaps. The greatest abdominal surgeon—though when it came to the pituitary, Pillsberry of Princetown, Pa., was his master. Yes, certainly Pillsberry had Anthony in the pituitary, and likewise Nüchemberg of Nineveh had him in the neck. But in the abdomen Anthony was IT.

II.

'Twas not ever thus. Anthony had been a student. Cambridge, Guy's, Vienna, Heidelberg, Moscow, Hong Kong, San Francisco, Timbuctoo. He took the highest honours and fourteen gold medals in Medicine, Surgery, Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, Gynæcology, Solo, Vingt-et-un, Banker, Poker and Auction Bridge. His career was meteoric, cometic! Surgeons had been known to come from Christmas Pudding Island to watch him operate—and play Poker.

III.

In these early days Anthony fell in love with the lovely Diana Plantagenet Poitiers—who at that time shook down the thermometers in the Hellespont Hospital for Incurable Hottentots. They flirted desultorily. When he left the hospital he lost sight of her till chance encounter in London brought them in contact again. She was married—to Sir Isaac Guggenheim—who had made thirty-nine fortunes and lost forty by manipulating South American Rails.

IV.

Diana Plantagenet Poitiers Guggenheim was childless. The dark eyes, the fierce passionate heart had wasted their splendour on Sir Isaac.

V.

The awakening—always inevitable—occurred at this chance meeting in London. It was the one purple patch in Sir Anthony's austere life. They parted—final and definite, annoyed at their folly.

VI.

One evening the specialist sat alone—gazing at his portrait of Diana which he wore tattooed on his left biceps. [He ought to have married her. The old hope and disappointment surged—surged—and ebbed; ebbed and flowed.] The telephone rang: "Yes, I am Sir Anthony Hœmoblast. A boy of fifteen? Son of Sir Isaac Guggenheim. What address? Yes, a million to one chance. I will come. Ten thousand guineas—what?—yes."

VII.

Hastily reviewing his life, and whistling gaily the Dead March in Saul, Sir Anthony threw a few indispensable instruments into a bag—scrubbed up his left biceps—leapt into his 300-horse power Ford, and in precisely thirteen and a half seconds was deposited in the Guggenheim drawing room.

VIII.

He was received by Sir Isaac. A rustle of skirts—"Ah, here is my wife! Diana, Sir Anthony Hœmoblast." She had not changed. The superb bust and shoulders looked even more wonderful in her low cut evening dress and diamonds. The same regal head set on the ivory column of throat. But the eyes had lost their passionate longing. They looked satisfied. "Sir Anthony"—it was the same rich voice (*it always is*), "Dr. Meadowlark wishes to speak to you. Everything is ready."

IX.

The greatest surgeon proceeded with the operation with the dexterity born of long practice and large fees. A slight change in the breathing made him glance sharply at his patient's face. The boy was handsome—his mother's delicate lips—but the light curly hair the open brow, the freckled nose; was this a Guggenheim? No (*it couldn't possibly be*). In that fleeting glance Sir Anthony saw himself at that age. HE WAS OPERATING ON HIS OWN SON. He remembered the purple patch fifteen years ago—

X.

For a fraction of a second the exquisitely trained eye and hand hesitated. The knife slipped—a fraction—only a fraction of a millimeter. It was invisible to the unpractised eye. But Diana saw it. She hadn't trained at Hellespont for nothing. A million to one chance—his own son—and by his faltering—

XI.

Sir Anthony stayed to the end—after stipulating for another ten thousand guineas. Diana gave no sign. The boy died at dawn.

XII.

Once more the passionate heart must go on its quest. Sir Anthony held her hand—it was cold, and her fingers were not fingers. She raised her eyes—deep as the "Unplumbed, salt, estranging sea." "Our son, Anthony, and you who alone could save him—faltered. Anthony—the one chance and you failed me" Sir Isaac died childless.

[NOTE.—We here omit ninety-seven chapters in which Sir Anthony lived down his mistake—and wooed Diana afresh.]

XIII.

Young Anthony Poitiers Hœmoblast is six years old now and uses his father's old scalpels for dissecting worms. Young Diana Plantagenet Hœmoblast is four years old, and has her mother's ivory throat—when it's washed!

[NOTE :—It was a big thing—bigger than we thought—but we've done it. This story is the biggest thing we've ever met—absolutely.]

ANONYMA.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Literary and Historical Society.

At a General Meeting of the Society held on January 29th, Miss Hunter read a paper on "Some Modern Dramatists." After speaking upon the characteristic features of modern drama, Miss Hunter gave illustrations from the plays of Ibsen, Bjørnsen, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Maeterlinck and Granville Barker.

On February 7th an open meeting of the Society was held in the Education Room. Mr. Perceval Graves gave a comprehensive account of Irish Poetry from the sixteenth century to the present day, and concluded his lecture with the delightful rendering of selected pieces of Irish poetry.

Miss H. Simpson read a paper on Francis Thompson at a General Meeting held on February 12th. The paper dealt with Francis Thompson as a mystic and a lover of children and a sympathetic interpretation of Thompson's works, both poetry and prose, was given.

The last General Meeting of the session was held in the Physics Lecture Theatre on February 26th, when Professor Grant gave a lecture on "Some Italian Pictures." The lecture, which was illustrated by lantern slides, was refreshing and interesting; we offer our hearty thanks to Professor Grant.

H.T.

Education Society.

A VERY well attended meeting of the above Society was held on January 22nd, when Mr. Pear of Manchester University, spoke on the subject of "Modern Psychotherapy." The lecturer gave a sympathetic account of the treatment of soldiers, suffering from shell-shock and other nervous troubles, and he pleaded for an extension of this valuable work to civilians who need it. In this respect England ought to follow the example of Germany and establish suitable medical clinics for the purpose.

E.T.

Old Leeds Men.

THE name of Dr. H. D. Dakin is among the list of recommendations for Fellowships of the Royal Society.

Dr. Dakin is a former student and graduate of the Leeds University and an Exhibition Scholar. He was for a time demonstrator at the University, and worked at Heidelberg under Professor Kossel, and at the Lister Institute, afterwards being appointed assistant to Dr. Herter, of New York, publishing for his laboratory a number of important researches on physiological chemistry. Since the outbreak of war, Dr. Dakin has devoted himself to the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and has published a series of monographs in which the application of a sodium hypochlorite preparation and the new antiseptic chloramine is described. He also introduced a new and convenient electrolytic cell for the preparation of hypochlorite from sea water for the disinfection of hospital ships. These methods have proved of considerable value.

Dr. Dakin graduated at Leeds, with First Class Honours in Chemistry in 1901, and was awarded the Doctorate in Science in 1909. At the Lister Institute he worked on the proteolytic action of kidney enzyme and published a paper on the selective hydrolysis of lipase. In Kossel's laboratory he discovered the new enzyme "argenase."

We offer him and the University our sincere congratulations.

News for the Blind.

WE have received a letter from the Vicar of Bishop's Sutton, Hants., announcing that blind scholars have now an opportunity of reading the Old Testament in the original Hebrew. With the help of the Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portugese Jews' Congregations, Mr. McNeile has arranged a code of Braille symbols for Hebrew script.

Any blind scholars who are interested in this announcement are invited to communicate with Rev. Hector McNeile, Bishop's Sutton Vicarage, Hants.

The code is now published in English Braille, so that blind scholars may study it for themselves, as well as in a form for sighted readers. The volume also contains a Hebrew Grammar and Glossary, the earlier portion of the grammar edited by the Professor of Hebrew at Edinburgh University. It is hoped later to issue Gesenius's Hebrew Dictionary also in Braille.

Military Service.

SINCE the last issue of the *Gryphon*, report has been received of the *death in action* of the following members of the University:—

2nd Lieut. H. W. Airey	..	Killed in action.
2nd Lieut. A. H. Hodgson	..	Killed in action.
Captain T. Huffington	..	Died of wounds.
2nd Lieut. E. Wynn	..	Died in hospital behind the German lines.

The following members are reported *missing*:—
Private J. Hardy.

The following *Military Distinctions* have been gained:—
Lieut. H. W. Orton Military Cross.

"He displayed great courage and initiative in reinforcing and holding the most advanced points reached in our attack, thereby checking an enemy bombing attack. He was wounded."

2nd Lieut. J. R. Bellerby	..	Bar to his Military Cross.
Capt. W. L. R. Wood	..	Military Cross.

The following members have been reported *Wounded*:—

2nd Lieut. R. J. H. F. Watherston.
Sergeant G. H. Efron.
Lieut. C. N. Cheetham.
2nd Lieut. S. Barrand.

Summary of Roll of Honour.

	University Staff.	University Students.	Extra-Mural Members of Leeds University O.T.C.	Total.
Commissioned Officers on Active Service	62	675	275	1012
Men Serving in the Ranks ..	8	349	123	480
Total Number on Active Service	70	1024	398	1492
Fallen on Active Service ..	2	106	29	137
Wounded on Active Service ..	10	164	55	229
Commissions obtained through Leeds University O.T.C. ..	10	339	275	624
Military Distinctions gained—				
C.B.	1	1
C.M.G.	3	..	3
D.S.O.	2	2	..	4
D.C.M.	1	..	1
Military Cross	2	29	8	39
Mentioned in Despatches ..	7	42	5	54

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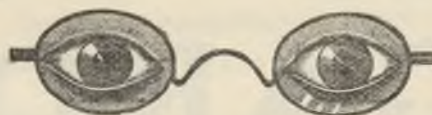
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