

# THE GRYPHON

VOL. 20. No. 6.  
JUNE, 1917.

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Fig. 2.



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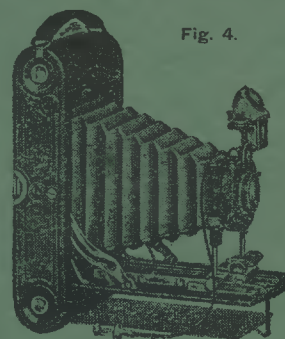


Fig. 4.

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## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XX.

JUNE, 1917.

No. 6.

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: *The Nonesuch*, Bristol; *U.C.L. Union Magazine*; *Floreamus*, Sheffield; *Mermaid*, Birmingham; *Tamesis*, University College, Reading; *The Mitre*, University of Bishops College, Lennoxville, Quebec; *Students' Magazine*, University College, Exeter; *R.C.S.I. Students' Quarterly*, Dublin; *The Serpent*, Manchester; *The Sphinx*, Liverpool; *The Lodestone*, Birkbeck College.



THIS is the last issue of the *Gryphon* for the present session and we should like to take the opportunity of thanking those few who have helped to keep the magazine alive during these times of stress. More particularly are we grateful to W.F.H. for his many and varied contributions.

\* \* \*

The *Gryphon* circulation is still small among old students. The journal forms an excellent link with the Alma Mater, and present students would be doing a service by drawing the attention of "Old Leeds Men" to the duty they owe to their University in keeping up their subscriptions.

\* \* \*

We have received a letter from Mr. Cohen protesting against the reproduction of his drawings without his immediate consent and supervision. We hasten to assure him of our indebtedness to him as artist, and of our appreciation of the aptness of his work, and protest that we had not the remotest intention of being inconsiderate. At any rate, we have "kept his memory green." We speak for our Committee. Our private opinion of Mr. Cohen's letter would have to be printed on asbestos.

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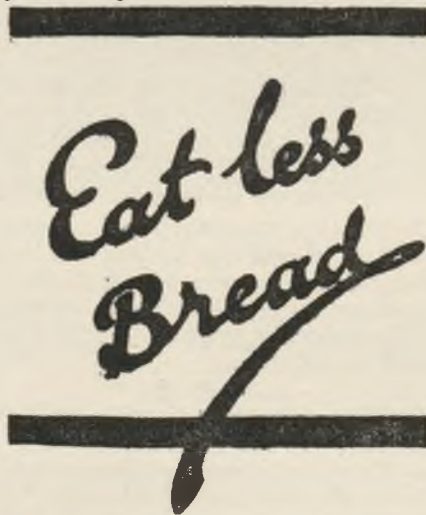
The casualty list grows apace in this third year of war, and among the many members of the University who have been called upon to make the great sacrifice during the present session special mention must be made of Captain Huffington, who was Editor of *The Gryphon* during the session 1912-13. He entered the University in 1909 as an Honours student in the Department of English Language and Literature, he was a prominent member of the Literary and Debating Societies, and took an active share in the dramatic life of the University. It was during his year of post-graduate study that he edited *The Gryphon*, and it was under his editorship that the famous "Cohen Cartoons" of staff and students began to appear. Huffington was indeed a most efficient editor and the circulation of the magazine advanced rapidly under his directing hand. On the outbreak of the War he at once joined the O.T.C., received his commission in the winter of 1914-15 and not long after this joined the Forces in France. He bore the arduous of trench warfare with indomitable patience and courage and promotion came speedily. His death, which took place in France last February, was a bitter blow to those who knew and honoured him, and *The Gryphon* Committee of to-day salute their former chief with the reverence that is his due.

\* \* \*

According to precedent (what crimes are perpetrated in its name!) we publish the annual testimonials to the Presidents of the Union and W.R.C.

\* \* \*

The Food-Controller has pressed us into a service we gladly discharge—



Shelley.

TRELAWNEY tells us of meeting Wordsworth at Lausanne in 1820 and of asking him what he thought of Shelley, and of Wordsworth replying "Nothing." The same writer tells us again of presenting Shelley to some pious Scotchwomen at Leghorn, without, however, mentioning the Poet's name. The ladies, it would seem, required some information about Italy, and Trelawney recommended his companion as a suitable person to inform them. The Poet had a long and earnest talk with them, and left such an impression on them that when Trelawney again met

them they expressed their disappointment at the absence of his companion. When they were told that it was Shelley, one of them exclaimed, "Shelley! that bright-eyed youth, so gentle, so intelligent—so thoughtful for us. Oh, why did you not name him? I would have knelt to him in penitence for having wronged him even in my thoughts. If he is not pure and good—then there is no truth and goodness in the world." These two instances illustrate admirably to us the attitude of the world towards Shelley and his poetry while he was still living. The leaders of public opinion thought nothing of his poetry for the very good reason that they had read very little of it, and the majority were content to take his character on trust from the popular vogue of traduction which then obtained against any man who had the courage to question established institutions. All those, however, who met Shelley soon became disillusioned of their error, and at once fell under the spell of his beautiful personality; and Wordsworth, too, lived to reverse his harsh sentence, and to acknowledge Shelley to be the greatest master of harmonious verse in our language.

What was it, this charm in a daring unbeliever and revolutionary, which compelled love and admiration from the most conventional men and women of that day? Men do not often even admire political or religious opponents for intellectual beauty. Yet men, distant as the poles in mind and temperament, have come from the ends of the earth and have knelt at the shrine of Shelley, and have borne undeniable testimony to his lovable nature. Hard-headed, matter-of-fact Hogg, worldly-wise Trelawney, and cynical Byron have all paid the highest tributes to the half-tangible idealist who moved amongst them more like a spirit than a man. Writers like the author of the "Real Shelley" may ransack the archives of scandal to the "last syllable of recorded time," but the evidence here is too overwhelmingly against them. Byron, who was sparing of his praise to all men, but especially to poets, has said of him, "He was one of the best and least selfish men I ever knew." From the character of the speaker we know that it was no superficial quality that wrung such praise from him.

We, to-day, stand too aloof and too remote to catch the full significance of Shelley's charm, but across the yawning chasm of a hundred years which divides us there lies a sure and indestructible bridge which brings us very close to the "pard-like spirit." In the works of no other poet is the nature of the writer so uniformly present and apparent as in the poetry of Shelley. It is pregnant with the sweetness of his disposition; his gentleness, lovingness, and loveliness are exhaled from almost every line. The very ease and noiselessness of its transitions seem to remind you of the movements of Shelley; and you fancy you hear Mrs. Williams' voice speaking to Trelawney, when at that first interview he looked up and found Shelley gone, "Shelley! oh, he goes and comes like a spirit!"

It is remarkable to think that this revolutionary who strove so earnestly to undermine all the fabric of existing institutions should spring from an aristocratic and conservative stock. Well might it be asked, what good thing could come out of Field

Place? What progressive spirit could emanate from a conventional and commonplace country baronet? The miracle happened, however, as it has often happened, before and since, and although the feelings of a very ancient family were disturbed and outraged by it for a generation, the world is all the richer for it to-day by reason of the beautiful and imperishable song which came from the restless and seeking soul of the truant. The expulsion from Oxford may have robbed England of a very finished scholar, but it very probably helped, by way of compensation, to give her her greatest lyric poet. The disadvantage arising from such a transaction is questionable, and for once the Rebel may have been right and Authority wrong, but at any rate it is safe to say that an "Ode to a Skylark" has disseminated more wholesome enjoyment and delight among mankind than all the learning of the schoolmen.

It is to be noted that the work of all great poets, dramatic poets excepted, generally take a definite colouring or generic quality from the dominant features of the writer's character. In Dryden it is masculine virility; in Burns a certain manly recklessness and spirit of independence; in Wordsworth a restfulness and serenity; in Yeats a meekness of spirit and child-like humility. In Shelley this quality is a gentleness of touch and a delicacy of feeling towards everything in nature; as if out of the depths of patient suffering he is speaking to the world in a spirit of self-sacrifice and infinite love. The tender and lovable soul that Williams, that Hogg, that Trelawney knew stands behind every line; and in no other poetry have I ever found so much altruism, so much self-abnegation, so much of that divine spirit of Christ-like humility and forgiveness.

There are some men, whose writings have interested and even delighted you, whose private life never attracts your curiosity. Egoism, however girt about with genius and with beauty is not a thing to be admired. Shelley does not stand in this category. You follow him eagerly through all the trifling avocations of the day, just as you follow all the other lovable souls—as you follow Goldsmith, or Dick Steele, or Coleridge. You watch him sailing his paper boats on the ponds, peradventure on that same evening when, running short of paper, he consigns, after a great inward but ineffectual struggle, a bill for fifty pounds to the tender mercies of the waters. You linger until the precious document is wafted back to him by a favourable wind, and then come away with a sigh of relief. Perhaps it is on that day when coming out of the University, his head filled with Platonic theories, he stops the woman on Magdalen Bridge, and, taking her baby from her, questions it as to the reality of pre-existence. The child newly arrived from the vast and illimitable sea of existence at this small pond of human life, might be expected to have some very recent and definite news; but no, the trembling mother assures the ardent seeker after truth that her baby cannot speak, that she never heard him speak, nor, indeed, any child of his age. You pass along with Shelley and listen to him sighing deeply, and telling you how provokingly close those new-born babes are; how, notwithstanding cunning attempts to conceal the

truth, all knowledge is reminiscent; the nine Muses were the daughters of Memory, not one of them was ever said to be the daughter of Invention. You follow him into the pawnshop in London and watch him pledging his solar microscope in order that he may give ten pounds to some old man that has brought him a tale of distress. All his movements and actions give you the impression of the "strayed angel," the being living his own idealism with all the uninfected innocence of Eden. He is a child in money matters. Watch him as he brings in the bag of scudi, as he empties it on the carpet, incidentally scattering some of the coins among the ashes; as he takes the shovel and adroitly divides it into three heaps, saying "That will keep the house, that will do for Mary, and that will do for me." In matters of ordinary propriety he is little more than a child. See him returning from sea-bathing in a state of nudity—having lost his clothes by the upsetting of the skiff—and surprising his wife's lady guests while attempting to reach his own room by gliding noiselessly round two sides of the saloon in which they are seated. One of the party has very appropriately been remarking that the naked statues of the Greeks are modest, that the draped ones of the moderns are not, when all eyes are turned towards the apparition by a concussion of glass and crockery, and the exclamation, "Oh my gracious!" The innocent Poet, having given offence by his breach of etiquette, feels it incumbent upon him to explain himself, and so, drawing himself into a declamatory attitude by the side of her who had cast the first stone at him, he defends his case by a spirited oration. He must go to his room for his clothes, and there is only one way to the room, and that by the saloon. He has not changed his hour for bathing, but they have changed theirs for dining. You see him with Jane Williams and her children in the light skiff drifting out to sea. He falls into a deep reverie, and becomes so unconscious of everything but the delectable visions which surround his head, that he fails to hear his companion's voice warning him of their danger. Suddenly his brow clears, and a divine fire lights up the dreamer's eyes. He has evidently evolved some brilliant idea from his dream. "Come," he exclaims, "together we will solve the great mystery!" Alas! that the trifling matter of an appetite for dinner should stand between us and that discovery to which all other knowledge is as nothing. That reply of his very human Miranda recalls the dreamer to earth again, and shatters the glorious fabric of his vision in pieces: "No thank you, not just now; the children and I must first of all have dinner."

We seem to know him as if we had lived with him. The tall, slight figure, the brown hair, the youthful, almost girlish face with its wonderful, large, bright, wild eyes. It is the face of a youth, but in its rapt artlessness and innocence, even when it smiles, there is the slightest trace of melancholy thought. The first intimate glimpse we get of it is from the pen of Hogg, at Oxford: "I happened one day to sit next to a freshman at dinner. His figure was slight, and his aspect remarkably youthful, even at our table, where all were very young. He ate little, and had no acquaintance with anyone. His clothes were



expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day, but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially that air of profound religious veneration that characterises the best works of the great masters of Florence and Rome. I seemed to have found in him all those intellectual qualities which I had vainly expected to meet with in a University." Trelawney's description of Shelley, more than ten years after, does not differ materially from this, except that Hogg alone tells us that the Poet's voice was shrill and discordant. He seems to have remained to the last, despite all the suffering and pain of the intervening years, the same child of fancy and imagination, the same dreamer out of touch with the world.

We have seen of what intangible stuff was the life of Shelley—made up of dreams and abstractions, and the same description applies to his poetry. His fervid and powerful imagination personified all abstractions, and made them assume an individuality of character as pronounced as if they had been the dramatis personæ of a drama. They move and act in his works like sentient beings, and this is surely one of the highest achievements of poetry. It has always been the office of the poet to interpret and make intelligible to mankind the passions, the feelings, and all those abstract things which we call life and motion as distinguished from mere matter—things with which science is powerless to deal. Knowledge gained by the intellect is cold, mathematical, dealing in lines and figures, and if a man wants to know the soul of a thing, the knowledge of it must reach him through the heart. Man at first learns to know himself, and proceeds to a knowledge of all things by following the motto "Put yourself in his place." To do this truthfully and in a supreme sense is a rare achievement, indeed. The man who can enable you to enter into the life of a daisy on the hillside, or of a field-mouse in the furrow, or of a sky-lark in the clouds, has this faculty, and we call him a poet. Many poets have had greater knowledge of the social side of human life, but few, if any, ever possessed this particular power in a higher degree than Shelley.

Every time Shelley comes to nature he brings her a new garment. In his pages she re-appears with a freshness and truth that make you imagine you are out among the elements in motion. The hues and odours of multitudinous flowers, the song of birds, the wave panting upon the shore, the warm wind fanning your cheek, the clouds floating through the pavilion of heaven in calm or driven by the energy of tempest, the earth exhaling fragrance after having drunk the warm raindrops; these are some of the vital things in the world of Shelley's poetry, which, assuming the functions of sentient beings, expound their nature to you with a purity and ease of diction and a wealth and aptness of imagery which have rarely been equalled. Shelley believed it to be the

essence of poetry to use words and images mainly as they suggest other words and images, and in his command over these he is one of Apollo's fairest children.

As a word painter he is easily great, and stands in lone magnificence. With him the tempest is not merely a compound of wind, rain, thunder and lightning. It is an army, marshalled and equipped for battle, coming with the tramp of innumerable feet, with the resistless onset of the sea; with hail for spears, with thunder for the booming of big guns, with lightning for the flash of artillery; and all driven and commanded by the voice of the whirlwind, its captain.

He is the most sheerly inspired of all English poets, and his life seems to have been one long sustained poetic impulse. He is always on the mount of vision, and when he wishes to speak he has not to ascend by slow steps. This will account for the fact that there is so little inequality in his works. He is uniformly figurative, rich and opulent, and he throws around the meanest things the magic of his wonderful language, so that you love them, and, forgetting their crudeness, find unexpected beauty in them. Wordsworth, in his revolt against that ornate and artificial school which preceded him, uses the very bones of language to show you the skeleton of a great truth. To use a figure of speech, he takes you to truth in a vehicle of rigid simplicity, promising you some entertainment at the end of your journey. With Shelley, on the other hand, you are shown vistas of new worlds of ever-changing beauty at every step, and, though you may be promised no great surprise at the end, what you see by the way is so calculated to widen your sympathies and elevate your spirit, that if you do not feel better by having made the journey it is not the fault of your guide.

His utterances have all the fervour of the devotee at the shrine, and even his lyrics have the passionate appeal of an invocation. Listen to Asia as she speaks to the aerial singer:—

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;  
And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside the helm conducting it,  
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.

Listen to him as he addresses the sky-lark:—

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace-tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Listen to him in dejection:—

Yet now despair itself is mild  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

He can be eminently wistful at times, and gives you those suddenly inspired and succinct truths common to all great poets:—

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have  
The worship of the world, but no repose.

Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,  
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

In no other poem have the operations of the mind been so beautifully and lucidly personified as in his "Prometheus Unbound." The same rapture, the same music, the same intangible beauty that runs through the lyrics runs through all his works. When you have read them all and come back to the material things of life, you feel as if you have descended from the pure, clear air of high altitudes to the smoke and grime of cities. He has tried all classes and forms of poetry, and has succeeded in all, with perhaps the possible exception of the sonnet. His discursive and highly lyrical genius seems to have taken ill to the limitations of this form, and he has consequently left few specimens. Of these, the one addressed to Wordsworth, and "Ozymandias" are probably the only ones worth remembering. In the latter he gives you the spirit of the desert at a single stroke:—

Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

He has left behind him a great deal of verse that is imperishable, but by his death at the early age of thirty the loss to our language of what he might have accomplished in maturer years is incalculable. His life, with all its seductive beauty, reads like a tragedy, and when the catastrophe comes, when the waters of Spezia close over him, we feel something of what Mary Shelley must have felt when Trelawney entered the villa Casa Magni after that vain search. There was no hope. The shrewd man of the world turned away without uttering one word, without answering any of the feverish questions, and sent the nurse with the children to her. Henceforward she was to live only for the memory of the past, for those few, brief, brilliant years when she had sat in the dazzling lustre of genius beside the gentlest, the most loving, and most lovable of mankind.

"Adonais" seems more properly his own elegy than that of Keats:—

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;  
Nor, when the spirit's self hath ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

W.R.R.

### The Poetry of W. B. Yeats.

THE difficulty of writing about the poetry of Mr. Yeats lies in the attempt to appreciate the essentially Celtic temperament whose imagination moves so intimately and so strangely in dim half-lit interiors of

melancholy beauty. Happily Mr. Yeats has written much prose also, and in its haunting suggestion of his verse one can find the key note and explanation of the passionate pursuit of beauty that makes him "load every rift with ore." Of Ireland he tells us, "Her poetry, when it comes, will be distinguished and lonely," and in his own work we find a distinction that arises out of what he calls "a subtlety of desire, an emotion of sacrifice, a delight in order, that are perhaps Christian, and myths and images that mirror the energies of woods and streams and of their wild creatures." The loneliness is a chord that finds an echo in the hearts of all exiled Irishmen.

I remember as a child, in my constant journeys backwards and forwards to Ireland, the strain of emotion that always gripped me during the first and last long lingering looks at the glorious isle, and how at times in the English spring time when rambling the country side, some stray scent of a distant peat-smoking hearth has flooded my being with a delicious feeling of sadness, and glorious visions of the sun sinking to sleep behind distant mountains; the silver mist creeping over purple heather, and all the pearly opaqueness of Irish bogland scenery. That is the kind of feeling very common I am sure to the Irishman who is but a casual visitor to his native isle. This feeling Yeats has put into song. He tells in "Reveries over child-hood and youth" how during his sojourn in London he was haunted by the memories of days gone by in Sligo, and how it was always assumed between his mother and himself that Sligo was more beautiful than other places:—

"There was a green branch hung with many a bell  
When her own people ruled in wave-worn Eire,  
And from its murmuring greenness, calm of faery,  
A Druid kindness, on all hearers fell.

It charmed away the merchant from his guile,  
And turned the farmer's memory from his cattle,  
And hushed in sleep the roaring ranks of battle  
For all who heard it dreamed a little while.

Ah exiles wandering over many seas  
Spinning at all times Eire's good to-morrow!  
Ah, world-wide Nation, always growing sorrow!  
I also bear a bell branch full of ease.

I tore it from green boughs winds tossed and hurled  
Green boughs of tossing always, weary, weary!  
I tore it from the green boughs of old Eire,  
The willow of the many sorrowed world.

. . . . .  
A honeyed ringing: under the new skies  
They bring you memories of old village faces;  
Cabins gone now, old well-sides, old dear places;  
And men who loved the cause that never dies."

Again with what strange poignancy of effect one hears the voice singing in "The Land of Heart's Desire":—

"The wind blows out of the gates of the day,  
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,  
And the lonely of heart is withered away,  
While the faeries dance in a place apart,  
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,  
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air,  
For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur, and sing  
Of a land where even the old are fair  
And even the wise are merry of tongue,  
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,  
'When the wind has laughed, and murmured, and sang,  
The lonely of heart is withered away.'"

There you have the visionary dealing with ideas more than characters and giving to them the drifting quality of a dream. But look for a moment at that most perfect of Mr. Yeats' poems "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," and you will find definition added to the visionary producing a loveliness beyond praise.

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the wild bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.  
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes  
dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the  
cricket sings;  
There mid-nights all a-glimmer and the noon a purple  
glow,  
And evening full of linnet's wings."

"I will arise and go now for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavement gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

Sometimes over a fire on a winter's night when the wind is crying in the chimney and the candle alight, or in a sheltered hollow of the hills in late autumn, with drifted leaves in the valley and wind and travelling clouds above, read to yourself the "Wanderings of Oisín." Then you will feel something of the spirit of this poet who luxuriates in images, and in those eternal ideas of personal conquest which no civilisation can crush from the heart of any race and you will be able to understand the trace that still remains in all Celtic blood, of the centuried warrior who talks joyously and rebelliously of the old days. He will have none of Saint Patric's burning floors of hell:—

"Put the staff in my hands; for I go to the Fenians, O cleric, to chaunt  
The war-songs that roused them of old; they will rise,  
making clouds with their breath  
Innumerable, singing, exultant; the clay underneath  
them shall pant  
And demons be broken in pieces, and trampled beneath  
them in death."

Mr. Yeats writes plays of imaginative action which have a curious lyrical movement that is like nothing else in English verse. He informs us in one of his prose works what a delight to the ear is a harp accompaniment to recitation. That delight, as though a new and unexpected appropriate instrument were introduced into the orchestra is felt in many of his own lyrics:—

"The hour of the waning of love has beset us,  
And weary and worn are our sad souls now  
Let us part, ere the season of passion forget us,  
With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow."

There is sheer loveliness in verses such as:—

"When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.  
How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.  
And bending down beside the glowing bars  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains over head  
And hid his face amid a crown of stars."

What need is there to attempt to explain that, until love of beauty be dead? Although his literary influence has, no doubt, been considerable, Mr. Yeats

has had no imitators as becomes one whose individualism is too intense for any hope of imitation. His music is essentially his own, born of the beauty of objective things, and the more illuminating beauty of those things which are unseen and eternal.

T.W.M.

### Lines suggested by the late Frost.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

That's how I felt towards Alderman Brown.  
Even the best of us aren't exempt  
From scorning the Prophet of our Town.

In the olden days men would stone a prophet,  
(Waiting, of course, till they found him alone),  
Go back to work, and think nothing of it;  
Nowadays they turn their prophet to stone.

In other words they erect a statue,  
(They generally do it when he has died),  
And place it in such a position that you  
Could hardly forget him if you tried.

\* \* \* \*

My walk in life is very humble;  
But every day, as I walk to town,  
I find it difficult not to grumble  
At having to pass by Alderman Brown.

I've never seen anything to honour  
In men like him, and I never shall,  
Although for years he's stood upon a  
Seven foot granite pedestal.

Twice an alderman of the city,  
He lived a life of high repute,  
Was Chairman of the Watch Committee,  
And endowed the Mechanics' Institute.

He founded a model reformatory,  
Plenty of work and good, plain food—  
And died, as he was born, a Tory,  
"Worn out in his zeal for the people's good."

All very well, but still no reason  
Why he should stand with double chin  
In season there and out of season,  
Bible in hand, rebuking sin.

Looking as glum as a priest in Lent,  
Always maintaining the selfsame attitude,  
As if he were trying to represent  
An alderman's view of the third beatitude.

\* \* \* \*

Though contempt may come from familiarity,  
I can't help liking Bill Robinson;  
About our tastes there's a similarity,  
Though I'm glad he's my landlady's only son.

For to tell you the truth, he's a bit of a terror;  
And every Sunday his mother prays  
That some day William may see his error,  
Be conscious of sin and mend his ways.

At present his mother does the mending;  
And Billy reaps what his mother sows,  
A harvest of tares; and there seems no ending  
To all the worries that woman knows.

"If only you'd go to School on Sunday,  
Instead of idling in the town,"  
She'd say to her boy, "I'd count on one day  
Seeing you famous like Alderman Brown."

"But you stay in the street playing noughts and  
crosses ;  
You hang on the back of every cart ;  
You'll begin by putting money on 'osses,  
And end by breaking your mother's heart."

\* \* \* \*

March this year came in like a lion,  
And went out too like a frozen lamb ;  
It snowed till you couldn't keep anything dry on ;  
When I went to business, I took the tram.

But one day, walking back home to dinner,  
I witnessed a scene that aroused my mirth ;  
My landlady's scapegrace son, the sinner,  
Was chucking snowballs for all he was worth.

His aim was directed at the statue  
Of Alderman Brown (I might have known).  
Each time he hit him, he shouted "Drat you !  
I'll learn you to leave little lads alone."

And Alderman Brown could only glare ;  
With one eye closed, he appealed for pity ;  
But there wasn't a bobby in all the Square  
To summon the ghosts of his Watch Committee.

And to make things worse, that night it froze,  
And when morning came, he was in a nice pickle,  
With a snowball glued to the tip of his nose,  
And, in place of whiskers, a yard long icicle.

So I tipped young William with half-a-crown,  
A sum that will purchase him endless joys.  
Alderman Browns will be Alderman Browns,  
And boys, thank God, will still be boys !

W.F.H.

### From the Town.

I have grown tired of the heated street,  
And am fain of the broad and singing sea ;  
The jarring, whirring traffic noises beat  
Insistent rhythms in the soul of me.

I wander through the sordid ways and laugh,  
With bitter heart 'mid barren desolation ;  
While Life with all its mingled grain and chaff,  
Clusters about, a hell of dead stagnation.

The blazing thousand lamps with painful glare,  
Split the mephitic mist of sensuous night ;  
And sickly perfumes fill the dark blue air,  
And passing faces look so ghostly white.

The swish of silk and garish strident smells,  
And demi-virgins gliding slowly past ;  
No hope to find, no sign to lead that tells,  
The way from things ill-done that hold us fast.

Could but the simpering dawdling crowd be sent  
To some infinity of stellar space ;  
And there confined in darkest limbos pent,  
To hide its loathsome giggling face !

\* \* \* \*

I am fain of tall grey cliffs all racked and torn,  
By wastes of waters swirling green and wide ;  
Of flaming scarlet poppies in the corn,  
And cool green thickets where the nymph-girls hide.  
Of isles where cloven-hoof prints mark the flight,  
And flute-like, Pan pipes softly down the breeze ;  
And whispering voices fill the perfumed night,  
And hazy heat hangs o'er the rustling trees.

ANON.

### Pastel.

A calm chill Autumn night  
And the flickering flames of the fire,  
Throwing our shadows grotesquely gigantic on walls  
and ceiling.

And the peace and stillness of thoughts  
Too intimate for speech ; and the glow revealing  
Your dark soft hair at my knee.

The flickering ruddy light ;  
The mute fulfilment of mute desire ;  
And the glints of light from your rings as your hand  
seeks mine in the gloom ;  
And the soft white curve of your throat ;  
Your round arm's ivory ; the grey dusk of the  
room

Like a mantle o'er all—and you—then sleep.

ANON.

### A Toast.

When you've lifted your glass to honour  
The latest recruit to Fame,  
Or joined in tumultuous cheering  
At the sound of a hero's name ;  
When you've drunk to those whose titles  
Are blazoned on Glory's screech,  
There's a toast that remains to be honoured—  
The men who didn't succeed !

On many a quest they wandered,  
From many a port they sailed,  
O'er many a sea uncharted,  
The men who tried and failed.  
Stand up ! To the Nameless Thousand !  
Full bumpers, a silent toast :  
Here's to the men who are down and out  
To the Legion of the Lost !

### Moonrise.

Day draws the silent curtain of the west  
Upon the little world of prying men.  
Night bolts the door, the stars at his behest  
Keep watch and ward again.

Then having thrown her creaséd robe aside,  
She lays the morrow's garments by the bed ;  
For morning grey, blue for the hot noontide,  
For eve the gold and red.

Night, all impatient, shuts the wardrobe door.  
"You've caught my nail !" she cries "you  
clumsy loon !"  
She flings the silver paring to the floor,  
And lo, the crescent moon !

### The King who could not Grow a Beard.

HE was known in his capital as Adrian the Good. That was in his lifetime. After his death he was sometimes spoken of as Adrian the Insignificant. The epithet was ill-chosen, as it in no way distinguished him from the seven Adrians who had gone before.

His kingdom (and consequently his kingship) had been preserved by the Concert of Europe for two reasons. It afforded eligible partners for petty German Princes, and added immensely to the interest of school boys and a few quietly disposed citizens by constantly issuing and as constantly withdrawing postage stamps of a gorgeous and complicated nature.

It was owing to the all important question of the new stamps that the King's beard cropped up.

The exchequer was low. The last issue of 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 3½, and so on, up to the magnificent 25 cent. stamp, which accurately depicted a corner of the famous Zoological Gardens of the metropolis, had failed. A great Power, whose sovereign was an ardent philatelist, had intimated to the Postmaster-General through the usual diplomatic channels that Adrian was overdoing it. The Imperial album had already overflowed the twenty pages allotted to his country, and, until the Imperial Printers had inserted the fifty extra pages which a wise foresight had demanded, the suggestion was made (in this case tantamount to an order) that no new stamps should be produced.

And so it happened that for three years Adrian was obliged to confine his kingly energies to negotiating the marriage of two sisters, an aunt, and a second cousin. His efforts were successful, and through the instrumentality of his private secretary, who was an American on his mother's side, he secured a considerable portion of the profits of the Cinematograph Companies represented at the uniquely interesting ceremonies. In the case of his aunt he even revived the ancient service of betrothal. That film, "so full," as the catalogues described it, "of the quaint old-world customs of the Balkans," had an unprecedented success in all the Pictodromes of Europe. At the end of three years the most eligible members of his Royal House had been given in marriage, but, what was more important, the imperial Album had had the fifty extra pages inserted with such extraordinary skill, that only a bookbinder, stationer, or other tradesman could have detected that they were not part and parcel of the original scheme.

The meeting of the Privy Council, over which Adrian presided in person, called to consider the nature of the new stamps, was long and tiring.

The Minister for Education (his post was often regarded as a sinecure), after carefully perusing the State Archives, had discovered that that year was the 250th anniversary of the battle of Avelina.

Adrian was not well versed in his country's history. In order to be the better fitted for kingship, he had received the greater part of his education in Paris.

"What of that?" he remarked.

The Minister for Education tactfully reminded his Royal Master that on that memorable occasion

Adrian the Magnificent had driven back the Turks to the southern bank of the river Dubic.

Adrian yawned. "I know nothing about the river," he said.

The Minister ventured to remind His Majesty of the immense trout, scaling nearly 3½ lbs., which His Majesty had caught in its waters last year.

Adrian recollected the river perfectly.

"It is true," said the Minister for Education, "that the Turks re-crossed the river in the ensuing spring; but, nevertheless, the name of Dubic has always been rightly associated with the golden age of our country. The scene at the ford, with the flower of our chivalry beating back the invader, would make an admirable subject for the 25 cent. stamp. With a long stamp like that we could easily get in both sides of the river."

"For the one cent. stamp," said the king thoughtfully, "we might have the 3½ pounder. It might help to attract tourists. I'm told these English will go anywhere to fish."

The designs for the stamps of other denominations were decided upon with greater difficulty. It was, however, eventually agreed that the central idea of each should be the King's head, crowned with bays.

"It will not be a striking feature," said the Minister for War, as the Privy Council broke up. "None of His Majesty's features are."

That was where the question of the King's beard came in. For the French artist to whom the commission was given was forcibly struck by the weakness of Adrian's chin. It was indeed deplorably weak—abruptly receding. A profile would be impossible, but, if the portrait were full face, the strength of the nose, long, arched, and massive, would be lost. For many days the artist pondered over the dilemma. He thought at one time that, by bringing the bays right round the Monarch's head, the chin would be hidden. He even imagined that, by placing the grand diamond cross of the order of Saint Porphyrian the Martyr (second class) somewhere in the region of the royal collar stud, the effulgence from that jewel might be made effectively to mask the lower part of the face.

Small wonder if, harassed as he was by these contending theories, the despondent artist neglected to shave.

It was on the morning of the third day when, having taken up his razor, he was moodily proceeding to test the blade, that the solution of the problem came to him with all the vivid suddenness of a flash of lightning.

"The King must grow a beard."

The idea was excellent. Seizing a piece of chalk, he made a rapid series of sketches of the august profile. It was magnificent. If the beard was sharply pointed, the face of the monarch became brisk and energetic; if the beard was full and sweeping, it fulfilled the promise of majestic stateliness given by the nose.

That evening André, the artist, obtained a private interview with the Lord Chamberlain and received the assurance of his help.

"The plan is certainly worth considering," said that official. "With a beard such as you have described our king might go far. We must think of posterity too. We could never put up an equestrian statue on his decease, so long as his chin remains as it is."

"I think even that might be managed, said André, who was a man of infinite resource. "You see he could be brandishing a sword, and the sword could have a tassel attached to the hilt, which could effectually screen the lower portion of the face."

"Perhaps," said the Lord Chamberlain dubiously, "but the beard would be better."

"Undoubtedly," said André.

The Lord Chamberlain was a man of consummate tact. He broached the subject next morning, when Joachim, the royal valet, was shaving his master.

"Your Majesty's skin is very tender," said Joachim, who was in many ways a privileged person. "Your Majesty should try a little Creme de Paignon. Your Majesty will find that it soothes the skin, renders it supple and of a velvet-like texture, and promotes the capillary circulation." "Capillary fiddlesticks!" said Adrian testily. "How many times have I told you not to talk to me when you are shaving? What is the use of being a king, if I have to listen to a barber's long-winded nonsense just like any ordinary person? You'll be telling me that my hair is dry or something of that sort next. . . . What is the matter, Count?" "I was only thinking," said the Lord Chamberlain, "that, if I were king, rather than put up with the insufferable process of shaving, I should grow a beard." And he surreptitiously jogged Joachim in the back, who gave his master the cut direct with results disastrous to the blood royal.

Adrian's knowledge of French expletives was both extensive and idiomatic. The Count seized his opportunity, rang the bell, and ordered the lacqueys to remove the offending barber. Then taking from his pocket the large 25 cent. stamp (the one which depicted a corner of the Zoological Gardens of the metropolis), he placed it gently but firmly on Adrian's receding chin. The hæmorrhage having been effectually controlled, he sat down by the King's bed and expatiated at length on the beauty of André's drawings, which he drew from his pocket, dwelling in turn on the shape and texture of the beard, its size, dignity and absolute fitness.

"Oh! All right," said the King at last, "though the whole thing is a confounded nuisance. It means another visit from the Court Photographer. You will have to get round the Queen Consort, Count. I shall have enough to do as it is."

"The thing is done," said the Lord Chamberlain to André that evening. "He has promised to grow a beard. You had better waste no time in getting to work. It is to be the pointed one, that gives the brisk alert look to the face. In later years he will probably adopt the other."

But things were not to proceed as easily as the Count desired. The fierce light that beats upon a throne is singularly ill adapted for the growing of beards. Three days after Joachim's dismissal the King, to his intense disgust, saw in his engagement diary a rough sketch of the head of the Minister for

War, which he had placed there in order to remember that the presentation of colours to the 103rd regiment of the line had been arranged for that morning. A single glance in the mirror showed the manifest impossibility of his attending the ceremony. The Minister for War was summoned. He was most emphatic. The 103rd, his own regiment, would be bitterly disappointed at his absence; and yet, picked men as they were and loyal to the core, they would undoubtedly regard their sovereign's presence in the unshaven state he proposed to adopt as a personal affront. Members of the Diplomatic Corps would be present. They would probably report the matter to their Governments, certainly to their wives. In the former case Adrian's neglect of the ordinary rules of Society would probably be taken as evidence of grave financial embarrassments. They might have trouble with the Pretender.

"But why need I shave?" asked Adrian, angrily. "Could't I ride by at a hand gallop, while the artillery fired salutes?"

"Your Majesty forgets that we are now using smokeless powder."

"Then the thing must be put off."

"Impossible!" said the General. "I have only just concluded the negotiations with the Cinematograph people. They are most anxious to secure a record of the quaint old-world costume of the regiment. Your Majesty would stand to lose something like a hundred pounds."

Adrian rang the bell. "Send for Joachim," he said.

Joachim arrived.

"It is a beautiful morning," he said, as he applied the lather. "The rain seems to have cleared the atmosphere. Your Majesty's skin is just a little tender. Some of this Greaseola rubbed in night and—" "Joachim," said the King angrily from beneath the soap, "another word and—"

With a deep sigh the barber went on with his work.

Very much out of temper with himself and the world, the king presented the colours to the 103rd regiment. The powder was not smokeless after all. The French ambassador was confined to the legation with a cold. The German ambassador had at the last moment misplaced his spectacles.

In the evening the Princess Maria Jaquelina was present with her governess at the Opera House, where the cinematograph film of the morning was being exhibited. She brought back word that poor papa's face was horribly out of focus, but that all the creases in his uniform had come out splendidly.

"I might have known it!" said the King in disgust, as he kicked off his slippers preparatory to going upstairs to bed. "Three days have been utterly wasted and the whole thing has to be begun afresh to-morrow."

"Why not spend a month in Your Majesty's Deer Forest?" said the Lord Chamberlain.

"Because the Shooting Box is horribly damp; there is practically nothing to shoot, except rabbits; and the billiard table wants re-cushioning, to say nothing of the cut you made in the cloth, Count, by the far corner pocket. How the deuce am I to fill in my evenings?"

"The Cinematograph people are very anxious to secure some films showing the quaint old-world costumes of the Royal beaters," said the Lord Chamberlain tentatively.

"How long will it be for?" exclaimed Adrian, resignedly.

"A month should be ample. That is, it should be presentable in a month. Of course it will take a long time to get to the point."

"Of course," said the King.

It was a very slow process and the billiard table was even worse than he had anticipated. Twice Adrian in the course of his wanderings in the Deer Forest was mistaken for a charcoal burner. Once he was handsomely tipped by a representative of Pictodromes, Limited, under the impression that he was a Royal keeper.

The Lord Chamberlain, ever ready to make capital out of the inevitable, tried to start a rumour that the King was endeavouring to learn something of the Social Conditions of his People.

A series of articles, paid for at the rate of advertisements, appeared in the subsidized press of the metropolis under the heading, "Adrian, the People's Friend."

Then the only half-penny evening paper the kingdom produced spoiled everything. One single headline did it. The whole of the front page contained nothing but these three words:—

#### WHERE IS ADRIAN?

It was decidedly clever journalism. The editor acknowledged that it was generally believed that the King was at his Royal Hunting box. Was this true? A pressman had patrolled the Deer Forest for days in disguise. He had seen no King. His Majesty's rooms were guarded with more than usual care. Joachim, the King's confidential body servant, who never left His Majesty's side, was still in the capital. The honest fellow (portrait inset) feared foul play. If the King were at the Hunting Box, let him be produced. The editor concluded his article by calling the attention of his readers to the New Serial Story commencing in that number, the sole rights of which he had acquired at an immense cost. The story was the "Prisoner of Zenda," by Antoine Hope, "who has hitherto been regarded as the greatest master of the art of fiction France has produced. But strange as fiction may be, facts are sometimes stranger still."

The paper was sold out by five o'clock. The stop-press column of the later edition contained the news that the Pretender, Count Albert, had left Küssingen for Homberg. A slight outbreak of fire the cause of which was still a mystery, had occurred in the kitchens of the palace of the Archduke Charles, the King's paternal uncle.

The Privy Council, having hurriedly summoned itself, continued its deliberations until past midnight. At one o'clock their conclusion was reached. The King must shave and return to the capital immediately.

Adrian the Good came back to the metropolis on the following day. He rode through the streets on a snow white charger, accompanied only by the Minister

for War, the Lord Chamberlain, and two equerries. He stopped for a moment outside the quaint old-world offices of Pictodromes, Limited, in order to receive a loyal address of welcome from the mayor. He spoke in his reply of the great sacrifice he had made in thus returning to dispel the unfounded fears of his well beloved subjects. He referred, of course, to the three weeks beard.

If the King was annoyed, André was heart broken. He had been in personal attendance at the Hunting Box, and, foreseeing the course the beard would take, had finished his drawings and had forwarded them to England, where the King's head was at once transferred to the printer's block. He could, of course, cable cancelling the order, but the Lord Chamberlain advised him not to do so; they had still many months before them.

One man only was delighted—Joachim. He introduced to His Majesty a type of safety razor, for which he had become sole agent in Eastern Europe, and was told to go and cut his throat with one for his pains.

The next meeting of the Privy Council was spent in discussing plans. What suggestions were made seemed little to the point. The Archduke Charles proposed that the King should approach the beard through whiskers. He had once had a be-whiskered coachman who, on being appointed to drive the archducal car, had imperceptibly lost his whiskers by shaving off a little more each day. He, the Archduke, did not see why the reverse process should not be equally effective.

"How long would it take to do it?" asked the King.

The Astronomer Royal, after a profound calculation involving leap years and recurring decimals, thought about twelve lunar months. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that would be useless. Whatever happened, the new issue of stamps must appear in eight months' time.

"Couldn't we engineer some sort of a put up revolution for Pictodromes, Limited?" asked the Minister for War.

"Gentlemen, Gentlemen," said the King, "kindly remember that this is not a comic opera!"

"If only we had a coast line, Your Majesty could cruise about in Your Majesty's private yacht," said the Minister for Education fatuously.

"And if only I was Napoleon, I would go to St. Helena," the King sarcastically replied. "What a chance that man missed!"

"I have it!" said the Lord Chamberlain at last. "We must work it through the Church. A vow or something of that sort. You must swear never to let razor touch your cheek, until something or other happens. The Archbishop will tell you what. It will be a popular thing too with the peasants; and the ceremony would be magnificent from the point of view of Pictodromes, Limited—the bishops in their quaint old-world costumes, a hair shirt or two, and something of that sort, you know. Ring the old man up on the telephone!"

The Archbishop disliked telephones and was particularly hard of hearing. It took the Lord

Chamberlain a long time to make him understand the facts of the case. He said he had never heard of any such vows being made. He would look the matter up in the Lives of the Saints, only to-day was Wednesday and the Free Library would be closed.

"That's the worst of Carnegie," said the King under his breath.

"I've got a private key to the place somewhere," said the Minister for Education, fumbling in his pockets.

The plan would have succeeded splendidly; everything in fact down to the hair shirts had been arranged, when the Concert of Europe upset it all. For the chief feature of the Concert of Europe at that time happened to be the British Government; at the back of the British Government was the Great Liberal Party; and the Great Liberal Party was in the hands of the Nonconformist Conscience. At a bye-election at Brackleton the Government candidate was asked whether he intended to give the moral support of England to an Eastern potentate who had reverted to the barbaric practices of the first century of the Christian era. A youthful interrupter shouted: "No Popery." His voice was in the process of breaking, and so no one heard the "No," but the "Popery" part of the exclamation rang through the hall in a high falsetto key and created a profound sensation. The Government candidate was defeated. The Conservative, who pledged himself to have nothing to do with maintaining the integrity of Adrian's kingdom, was returned with an unprecedented majority. A leader in the *Times* spoke of the possibility of trouble in the Balkans in the spring. Adrian's beard was doomed.

Time passed; the stamps could be delayed no longer. Some of the London dealers were already threatening to forestall the issue with forgeries. Then the unexpected happened.

The King became seriously ill. At first he was alarmed. The doctors did not seem to understand the case. But after the first week he smiled the smile of utter contentment. His beard was growing! Yes, it was! He watched it lovingly in the looking glass every day. And it was growing very quickly too!

Joachim attended night and morning with a patent vibro-massage machine, the agency of which south of the Danube he had recently accepted. Three times a day he anointed the royal beard with oil from the quaint old-world ampulla which the Queen Consort had rummaged out from a drawer in the attics, that had been used for storing such little symbolic knick-knacks connected with the coronation.

The Privy Council, the Lord Chamberlain, the Archbishop, the Royal family, everyone was delighted.

As for the disease, it turned out to be appendicitis. An English surgeon of world wide repute was immediately summoned. He brought with him an assistant and an anaesthetist, noted for the meticulous care with which he performed his duties.

On the morning of the operation Joachim came into the Royal bed-chamber. A happy smile was on his face; in his hand he carried a little black bag. The surgeon explained through an interpreter that it would greatly simplify matters for the anaesthetist

if the King were shaved. He wondered at the time why the royal pulse became suddenly jerky.

"Shaved?" said the King faintly. "Shaved?"

"Yes," said Joachim, who had already filled his brush with lather, "the weather seems to be holding up wonderfully, though the papers do prophesy a wet summer."

\* \* \* \* \*

The bulletin, signed that afternoon by four doctors, was most favourable. The royal patient had slept a little and had thought twice before refusing to take beef tea.

But somehow he never rallied.

His thoughts were with his people to the end, or nearly to the end. It is recorded that his last words were: "My beloved country." He certainly uttered the first two syllables; it is possible that after all he may have been referring to his beard.

The stamps, of course, were issued and were a great success. The journals of Europe explained at some length that the head was that of Adrian the Magnificent who died 250 years ago at the historic battle of the Dubic, leading the flower of the chivalry of his country to victory. They pointed out the strong family likeness between him and Adrian the Good, or Adrian the Well Beloved, as he is more frequently called.

A colossal equestrian statue has been raised to his memory. It stands in the Palace Square. The rider, with sword outstretched, looks not towards the city, but back to the castellated walls of that quaint old-world pile, as if summoning the long forgotten dead to follow him. The fact that the tassel on the pommel of the sword partially hides the face of the King has been criticised by some people. Usually they are strangers. They declare that they would not have expected such carelessness on the part of a sculptor of André's outstanding genius. At which André only smiles. You see, he knew the utter weakness of Adrian's receding chin. W.F.H.

## Brass Hats.

(A Letter from Egypt.)

The Editor,  
The *Gryphon*,  
Leeds University.

14th March, 1917.

DEAR SIR,

The two letters in your recent numbers from F. W-bst-r and T. W. M-ln-s have touched me so much that I felt obliged to write you to let you know that that branch of the service to which at present I have the honour to belong, though cursed by all and sundry, suffers at least equal if not greater hardships than the Garrison Artillery or the Infantry of the Line.

To disarm criticism at first, I may say that I was, up to a few months ago, a foot-slogger myself. As such I enjoyed the pleasures of his work, so ably detailed by T.W.M., at Suvla Bay, far from the land of braziers and billets; as such also I sweated in the sun in open fighting in the wildernesses of Egypt, and



for this, why I know not, I was presented with what is commonly known as a "b—y brass hat." I admit it is of the most junior kind possible, but that detracts nothing from the hardships of life entailed thereby.

It is the lot of the staff to work for everyone and to be cursed by everyone as a lazy, swanking, inefficient crowd of people who obtained their positions by influence. Of this you certainly *will* hear. You *may* occasionally hear of some of their work, seeing to supplies, scavenging camel dung, devising fly traps (I write in all seriousness), or collecting and collating intelligence. You certainly will *not* hear of the hours of work during heat, dust storms, and khamseens, endeavouring to do office boys' jobs sweating in the desert—or, if at that sanctum sanctorum, G.H.Q., their confinement to the hot, evil smelling city of Cairo, while their regimental brethren, to whom a red hat is as a red rag to a bull, are free in God's open spaces with liberty to run up for an occasional lazy week end at Sheppard's or the Continental. Meanwhile the much abused staff sweat through the Egyptian summer day in an office, the limit of fed-up-ness.

That there are brass hats of the unspeakable sort usually pictured I would be the last to deny, but I would ask that we be not looked upon as pariahs and a class apart, but rather as sent here as soldiers to take up jobs allotted us, though many—I for one—would rather live the life and suffer the discomforts of the slave of the army—the infantryman.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,

TABS.

### Social Reconstruction.

WE are continually talking of "after the War,"; it is a refrain to every sentence; its value is determined by the way in which the speaker uses it. To some it means a time of hope and happiness; to others a time of despair and terror and yet again there are those to whom it must be a period of loneliness and desolation; harrowing in its intensity; stifling in its heaviness; blinding in its awful cruelty. But, however it may be interpreted relatively, *collectively* it must be an age of creative action. The creative impulse of man must find outlet in great activity; it is in this we see the worth and value of the individual. No one will deny the necessity for building on new foundations, for uprooting the old and sowing the new. If the War has taught us anything at all it certainly has made clear that we are all wrong; that our outlook on life is warped and distorted by our own petty and selfish interests; that we have failed to give of our best because we do not know *how to give*. We have claimed our rights and neglected our duties; called for privileges and shirked responsibility, and because of all this, society, the State, the commonwealth of nations is built on the shifting sands of self-interest, fear and the suspicion that kills and blinds and deadens and atrophies. The world is breaking itself to death because man has not realised his true destiny. We have been wrong and we know it *now*, but what of the future?

We are told to organise for peace, to prepare for a better state of things, to concentrate on the things that matter, to build anew and to create. But no work, least of all that of social regeneration, will be of any avail unless it is based on secure *principles*. Clearness of aim means a profitable determination of method. The value of an action depends upon the value of the principle determining it. To build anew it is necessary to know the why and the wherefore of destruction. If it is necessary to build we must know *why*. The foundations of a new society will be determined by the degree in which it is realised present foundations are wrong. We draw up our plan for the future guided by what the past has revealed to us.

Let us look at present evils and face facts. Man has a right to live, a right to work, a right to leisure. He has also duties. Reason convinces us of this, but present day conditions deny it. The present ordering of society postulates the commodity theory of man; it denies the sacredness of personality; it refuses to allow that man is a thinking and living being, but regards him as an animal from which the maximum of work is demanded with the minimum cost to the employer. The relationship between employer and employed are synonymous with those between owner and owned. The worker is regarded as labour; the concrete is lost in the abstract. He is bought with a price and his relationship to his employer is determined by his economic value. Hence his position is insecure and he is liable to long and sudden periods of unemployment. The effect of this upon character and national welfare is highly demoralising.

Competition fierce and cruel is the order of the day. This means waste—energy, time, money is expended on what really is unnecessary. The wage system with all its evils is the outcome of the almost degrading competitive commercialism now rampant. It has resulted in distrust, suspicion, even hatred, a clashing of interests on the side both of employer and employed. Thus there is continual discontent and smouldering revolt amongst the working classes. But if both employed and employer were to consult their highest interests, cordial co-operation, fellow-feeling and real sympathy would take the place of the present deplorable antagonism.

Present industrial conditions are responsible for another evil—the housing problem, the nature of which indeed is a veritable blot on civilisation. Men, women and children are herded together with disastrous results. Immorality, disease and flagrant violations of the sanctity of humanity abound. A high death-rate amongst infants, a low birth-rate, mental weaknesses and physical deformities, one and all are ultimately due to our wretched system of housing. It is acute in town and country and its evils permeate the fabric of society as a whole, taking away its life and paralysing its activities.

Again the worker has little time for leisure and the healthy cultivation of the mind. Tired and exhausted after a day's work, he invariably becomes depressed and sullen. Self-control vanishes and the sacredness of home life is lost in selfish indulgence. Children born under such a system have little chance

of becoming valuable members of the State. Weak in body and unhealthy in mind, every incentive is at hand for the development of anti-social habits.

The present position of education is almost intolerable in an age which is often called enlightened. Underfed children, huge classes where the teacher seldom knows his pupils, a tired, overworked, badly paid and in many cases badly trained staff, neglect of the child in adolescence, a curriculum which is well nigh unadaptable—these are a few of the crying evils; almost everybody knows more.

Such briefly is the general position. We are now enabled to see the form reconstruction should take. It is necessary to realise the value of man *qua* man. We must grasp the fact that life is more valuable than property; we must insist on the sacredness and dignity of human personality. This leads us to lay down the principle that men and women must live and not *barely* exist. It is fundamental to insist on the need of a decent standard of living. The return for labour given must be such that the worker can *live* and develop his higher faculties in the healthy occupation of leisure. This is a matter of *strict* justice; it is fair dealing between man and man. The co-operative spirit should be developed in industry. The worker must be given a fair share of industrial profits and also a place in the control of industrial conditions. Partnership must take the place of competition and distrust. The employer and the employed must be made to realise their mutual interdependence. It is necessary that the worker should recognise the needs of the employer and the employer those of the worker. We need a tolerant spirit and the abolition of conservative prejudices. Where women are employed and when their work is of equal value to that of men they should be given an equal wage. A woman employée should not be underpaid simply because she is a woman. But we should get rid of the idea that economic values necessarily determine wages. Function and the right use of function should be the basis.

As regards employment increased output should not be the ideal, but *human welfare*. The question of unemployment must be met. Competition and the wage system are largely responsible for it; a solution would probably be found in the co-operation of worker and employer in conjunction with the State.

The housing problem would largely be solved if it were realised that the house is the material framework of the home. If houses were built with this in view and not private profit a better state of things would exist. It is difficult to bring up a family in a hovel where a healthy atmosphere is impossible. The feeling of "house pride" should be stimulated and a corporate responsibility impressed on the community as a whole.

While the recent scheme of educational reconstruction put before Parliament by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher is a happy augury for the future and a big step in the right direction, yet we must not rest in complacent contentment. It's working must be helped and encouraged by a corporate recognition of the value of education and by a willingness to pay

for it. There is a growing appreciation of the importance of education, but we must put our appreciation into a practical form. It must be continually urged that the true end of education is not the production of a great intellect but soundness of moral character and a clear recognition of duties as well as of rights. Again, children must be properly fed and clothed; classes reduced greatly; the number of teachers increased, better salaried and better trained especially in elementary schools; the importance of the teaching profession as a vocation should be strongly emphasised; schools must be situated in healthy districts, and the general environment be of the nature to help the scholar. The years of adolescence are tremendously important; this is the formative period and during this time the scholar ought to receive personal attention; he should be dealt with carefully, tactfully and sympathetically. This is a very vital reason for continued education.

While it is fundamentally necessary to recognise the dignity of manhood and womanhood and to make it the basic principle of reconstruction, and this, of course, means a revolution in the status of the worker, it is equally necessary to press and to inculcate individual responsibility and to awaken and enlighten the individual conscience in regard to his social and civic duties. The sense of corporateness and social feeling must be encouraged. A right presentation of social duties will stamp out antagonism and anti-social habits. Bad-housing, defective education and the like are all against feelings of personal responsibility. Wise and effective legislation will result from the recognition of real responsibility on the part of all, for, and on behalf of all. An enlightened view of womanhood is essentially necessary and this can only come about by giving woman equal facilities for self-expression and an equal share in the making of legislation affecting the whole body corporate as is given to man; by making woman the complement and not the slave of man.

A State wholesome within will express itself in a wholesome way without and what we as a nation can give to the progress of humanity will depend upon how we order things at home. We must recognise the dignity and destiny of man and build on the sure foundation of human brotherhood and not on self-interest and fear.

C.H.L.

### The Unattainable.

From woods all clad in spring's own tender green,  
The Muse of Poetry steps, majestic, fair,  
In clinging robe of misty rainbow sheen,  
A radiant star set in her shining hair.  
Her deep eyes tell of slumber and of fire,  
Her forehead bears the print of calm and stress;  
She ever shakes the world with high desire  
To seek the magic joy of her caress!  
I see the mighty ones of earth press on  
To drink the rainbow light into their soul,  
And with the ecstasy of victory won,  
They kiss her garment's hem and reach the goal;  
But I, a toiling pilgrim, from afar  
Can only watch the shining of the star!

R.S.

## Medicine in the Plays of Shakespeare.

HARVEY'S discovery of the circulation of the blood took place about ten years after Shakespeare's death. Vesalius, the anatomist, died a year or so before Shakespeare's birth. In the interval great advances in medical science had been made. Fallopius, who occupied the Chair of Anatomy at Padua, was recently dead; Eustachius still lived; Fabricius, successor to Fallopius, taught in Padua, and discovered the valves in veins. The systole and diastole of the heart's cycle were described by a physician of Rome. For medicine it was a time of transition. Galen's theories were being called into question. Paracelsus had lived and taught, and the controversies between his followers and the Galenists was prolonged into the 17th century.

The progress of surgery was even more remarkable. Wars being frequent and firearms being increasingly used, more opportunity for observation was given, more correct views on healing sprang up, and knowledge was gained as to the methods of doing amputations and arresting hæmorrhage. This era was associated with Ambroise Paré and Guillemeau his assistant, and Fabricius who introduced a trephine and first used a tube in tracheotomy.

In 1518 the Royal College of Physicians was incorporated. Linacre had established lectureships at Oxford and Cambridge, and was succeeded by John Caius who had studied at Padua under Montanus. Caius was the first to practise dissection of the human body in England, and held demonstrations at the hall of Surgeons and Barbers.

It is small wonder then that Shakespeare was well acquainted with medicine as it then was. In Physiology and Pathology, Shakespeare was conversant with Hippocratic views. For instance, the idea that the liver manufactured blood. Sir Toby Belch says in *Twelfth Night* :—

"For Andrew, if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of his anatomy."

Another passage agrees with Falstaff's belief that wine warms the liver :—

"And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man whose blood is warm within  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish?" *Merchant of Venice* i., 1.

The connection of the liver with love is classical tradition :—

"The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart  
abates the ardour of my liver." *Tempest*, iv., 1.

Shakespeare mentions the Pia Mater :—

"His Pia Mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow." *Troilus and Cressida*, vii., 1.

In many passages the term Humours has a pathological significance :—

"Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep." *Winter's Tale*, vii., 3.

The Rheums and Fluxes were allied to the Humours :—

"I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me  
Lend me thy handkerchief."

Shakespeare mentions many diseases: Ague, Rheumatism, Plague, Fevers, Leprosy, Measles, most frequently, and casually such as Apoplexy, Colic, Consumption, Hemiplegia, Hydrophobia, Itch, Jaundice, &c. There is a catalogue in *Troilus and Cressida*—both medical and surgical :—

"Now the rotten disease of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!"

Macbeth believed in Ague as a factor in warfare :—

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, 'They come'; our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie,  
Till famine and ague eat them up."

John of Gaunt died of Ague. Malaria is recognised in two varieties, quotidian and tertian. Dame Quickly uses in a confused way both terms :—

"As ever you came of woman, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is shaked of a burning quotidian tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men come to him."

Note that both the fever and shivering are alluded to.

Here again we have Rheumatism :—

"Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, vii., 1.

Plagues and Pestilences are often spoken of. Possibly the red pestilence was Typhus Fever, and got its name from the rash. The French knew it as *Le Pourpre* :—

"Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
and occupations perish!" *Coriolanus*, iv., 1.

Infectivity Shakespeare knew of :—

"Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i., 1.

The clinical features of fever are here :—

"Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse."  
"Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous and did tremble."

The death-bed scenes of King John and Falstaff furnish instances of Shakespeare's familiarity with delirium with its babbling of green fields and singing and raging.

Coriolanus mentions Measles :—

"Not fearing outward force, so shall my lunge  
Coin words till their decay against those meazles  
Which we disdain should tetter us."

Leprosy :—

"Make the hoar leprosy adored." *Timon*, ii., 3.

Epilepsy; Caesar and Othello both suffered from Epilepsy :—

*Cas.*: What is the matter?  
*Iago*: My lord is fallen into an epilepsy  
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.  
*Cas.*: Rub him about the temples.  
*Iago*: No, forbear.  
The lethargy must have his quiet course;  
If not he foams at the mouth.

King Lear probably alludes to the globus hystericus :—

"O how this mother swells up toward my heart!  
*Hystericus passio*! down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below!" *Lear*, vii., 4.

Heartburn :—

"How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him but I am heartburned an hour after."

*Much Ado*, vii., 1.

Pruritis and the scratching it causes forms a metaphor :—

"What's the matter you dissentious rogues, That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion Make yourselves scabs ?"

*Coriolanus*, i., 1.

Falstaff had his urine sent to his doctor for examination :—

*Fal.* : "Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ?"

*Page.* : He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water ; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for."

Gangrene is spoken of in *Coriolanus* :—

"The service of the foot Being once gangrened, is not then respected. For what before it was."

Suppuration is evidently the inspiration for this metaphor :—

"Foul sin, gathering head Shall break into corruption."

Venereal diseases provide Shakespeare with a good many oaths, which is understandable seeing that the century previous had seen their rapid spread throughout Europe, following the seige of Naples. Syphilis was known as *Morbus Gallicus* :—

"Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital of malady of France."

*Henry V.*, v., 1.

Rupia is probably meant here :—

"Of man and beast the infinite maladie Crust you quite over."

The contagiousness of specific disease is expounded by Falstaff :—

*Fal.* : You make fat rascals Mistress Doll.

*Doll.* : I make them ! Gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

*Fal.* : If the Cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases ; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Harelip and Squint are mentioned :—

"He gives the web and the pin, squints the eye And makes the hare-lip."

*Lear*, vii., 4.

There is enough reference to midwifery in the plays to make an article in itself. Foot-presentation and pre-natal eruption of teeth are here mentioned :—

"For I have often heard my mother say I came into the world with my legs forward.

The midwife wondered and the women cried O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth."

*II. Henry VI.*, v., 6.

Quickening is described :—

"Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away ; She's quick ; the child brags in her belly already ; 'tis yours."

*Love's Labour Lost*, v., 2.

The altered appetite in pregnancy :—

"Sir, she came in great with child ; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes."

Cæsarian Section :—

"Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely snatched."

*Macbeth*, v., 7.

Very considerable presentations of other matters pertaining to medicine will be found in Shakespeare's plays, but our space is exhausted.

ANON.

## Military Service.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

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

Lieut. P. T. Armstrong	..	Accidentally killed in gas explosion.
Private S. Custance	..	Killed in action.
2nd Lieut. K. C. Horner	..	Died of wounds.
2nd Lieut. E. H. Wadsworth	..	Killed in action.
2nd Lieut. C. M. Pullan	..	Killed in action.
Major H. G. A. Thomson	..	Died of wounds.
2nd Lieut. J. V. Dixon	..	Previously reported missing now reported killed.
2nd Lieut. W. P. Bowman	..	Do. do.
Captain C. Dyson	..	Killed in action.
Lieut. N. H. Hillyard	..	Died of wounds.
2nd Lieut. B. C. Green	..	Killed in action.
Captain H. W. Brooke	..	Do.
Captain D. P. Hirsch	..	Do.
2nd Lieut. H. Scholefield	..	Died of wounds.
2nd Lieut. E. H. Wildon	..	Killed in action.
Captain J. C. Banks, M.C.	..	Do.
Private F. M. Tompson	..	Do.
2nd Lieut. J. C. Stimpson	..	Previously reported missing now reported killed.
Private J. H. Hargreaves	..	Killed in action.
Private H. A. Dyson	..	Do.
Corporal E. Mitchell	..	Do.
Lieut. P. T. Crowther	..	Do.
Captain R. M. S. Blease	..	Do.
Captain. O. Illingworth	..	Do.
2nd Lieut. J. W. Raistrick	..	Do.
2nd Lieut. J. W. Ineson	..	Do.
2nd Lieut. E. T. Archer	..	Previously reported missing now reported killed.
Private T. R. Arnold	..	Killed in action.
Major F. A. Lupton	..	Do.
2nd Lieut. H. Marshall	..	Do.

The following members have been reported *missing* :—

2nd Lieut. A. Boldison.  
2nd Lieut. A. L. Dulton.  
2nd Lieut. J. D. M. Stewart.  
2nd Lieut. K. G. Woodmansey.  
2nd Lieut. J. S. Hill.  
Lieut. A. A. Chapman.  
2nd Lieut. E. S. Fletcher.  
Lieut. T. Hamilton.

The following members have been reported *wounded* :—

2nd Lieut. W. R. Richardson.  
Captain G. R. Nevitt.  
2nd Lieut. E. V. Hardaker.  
2nd Lieut. L. A. Rendall.  
2nd Lieut. F. P. Baker.  
2nd Lieut. W. H. Dean.  
2nd Lieut. H. W. Firth.  
2nd Lieut. J. B. Glass.  
2nd Lieut. G. S. Harris.  
2nd Lieut. H. K. Scholefield.  
2nd Lieut. S. R. Butler, M.C.  
2nd Lieut. R. Bellis.  
2nd Lieut. J. R. Goldthorpe.  
2nd Lieut. W. H. Massie.  
2nd Lieut. W. Kay.  
2nd Lieut. F. E. Knowles.  
2nd Lieut. W. P. Rhodes.  
Lieut. W. H. Roper.  
2nd Lieut. K. Stewart.  
2nd Lieut. A. Haythorne.  
Captain R. Levitt.  
Lieut. P. Hinckley.  
2nd Lieut. W. A. Marsh.  
Captain G. S. Gordon.  
Lieut. E. R. Woodrooffe.  
Major H. M. Hudspeth.  
2nd Lieut. M. Firth.  
Captain C. D. Hannam.  
Captain A. E. Green.  
2nd Lieut. W. L. Oldroyd.  
Lieut. J. L. Wesley Smith.  
2nd Lieut. F. H. Naylor.  
2nd Lieut. T. E. Stubbs.

The following *Military Distinctions* have been gained :—

Captain J. H. Priestley	..	D.S.O.
Lt.-Col. E. A. Wraith	..	Do.
2nd Lieut. J. Atkin	..	Military Cross.
Lieut. F. W. Smith	..	Do.
Captain J. C. Proctor	..	Mentioned in Despatches.
Lieut. F. F. Dutton	..	Military Cross.
2nd Lieut. E. W. Worsley	..	Do.

### The President of the Union.

Our worst fears have not yet been realised.

Despite the hopeless and unceasing drain of war upon our "man-stuff," we have been fortunate in being able to retain just a few of the old school, who have applied themselves manfully to the difficult, and not too congenial task of carrying on.

No small measure of praise is due to our President, Mr. Mountford, for his unflinching energy, and his selfless devotion to all that has had bearing upon the interests of his fellow students.

For the past two years, despite the fact he has largely been engaged upon Research Work, Mr. Mountford has acted as general factotum to the Union Committee,—in fact, the terms Union Committee and Mr. Mountford have become synonymous.

Not that this argues indifference on the part of the "remnant" left

It merely signifies their unquestioning confidence in the sterling qualities of their President.

On the few state functions which have taken place during his term of office, Mr. Mountford has shown himself a capable organiser, fully sensitive to all that the position of President of the Union has required of him.

Further, in his delicate and not unsuccessful management of our intra-mural social affairs, Mr. Mountford has proved himself a diplomat of the first order.

In fine, whatever his hand has found to do, he has done it with his might. What wonder therefore, that in spite of the "Picric" Aureole that encircles his brow, the hair that would otherwise be golden, is prematurely white.

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

THIS last Session has not proved remarkable in any way : it has merely been a quiet steady "carrying-on" of our University life, social and intellectual. We have been, therefore, extremely grateful to our President, Miss Denison, for the way in which she has understood the circumstances, and, entering fully into them, has proved herself a thorough, capable though unassuming "Carryer-on"—a patriot in the true sense of the word : one of those content to abide their time as a mere link of a great chain. Miss Denison has shewn throughout the sure tact and firm reliability of character which give confidence to others. All her dealings with her Committee and fellow-students gave proof of a sound common sense, a level brain and a broadness of outlook for which we all thank her. Not only these qualities do we acknowledge with gratitude, but also that touch of common fellowship with all which did not lessen in the least degree upon her election as President. We have always felt perfectly at our ease with her, knowing her frankly one of ourselves. Her unaffected and unassuming manner added worth to the steadiness and sureness with which she carried out her many duties.

And yet in spite of this opportunity we have had of testing her, we cannot refrain from regretting that this year did not, by some outside opportunity, allow Miss Denison to display more fully the force of energy and the many other qualities which she possesses, but which, because of the comparative inactivity of social functions or burning questions, she has not had the chance to bring forward. We should have wished others to recognise as gratefully and as thoroughly as we do her capability for good influence and the sterling worth of her character. Nevertheless, in spite of this small regret, occasioned merely by the working of circumstance, we appreciate very sincerely the opportunities which we Students have had of knowing Miss Denison as President, and the great benefit which we have drawn from her influence.

M.C.M.

### The Officers Training Corps.

THE end of the third war session is a not inappropriate occasion to record the recent history of the University Contingent of the O.T.C. To do so adequately, we must look back more than a year to the time when the introduction of compulsory recruiting and the formation of Officer Cadet Battalions closed the Contingent, and terminated the series of courses for Junior officers. The work left to the Contingent was the training of medical students and of those under military age, and this considerable shrinkage led to the departure of most of the staff who had been with the Contingent since the early days of the war. Captain Perkins was transferred to a battalion of the Durham Light Infantry, Lieut. Woodhead to an Officer Cadet Battalion, Lieut. Watherston to the Leicestershire Regiment, and the sergeant instructors to various other places of instruction. By July, however, it was found that there was more to be done than had been anticipated, and consequently Lieut. Woodhead and Sergeant Blanchard returned and resumed the training of eligible candidates for commissions. This work has been carried on with the material available in the University and a certain number of extra-mural cadets.

The recruiting regulations have undergone further revision during that period and the conditions under which an O.T.C. cadet may be nominated for admission to an Officer Cadet Battalion have been further restricted, so that now full time training from the age of 17 years and 9 months is necessary and there are very few cases in which active membership of the University can be combined with O.T.C. Training. As the period of training of each cadet is now much longer than in the earlier days of the war, it is possible to carry out the instruction much more systematically, and the rapid change of membership has disappeared. In addition to the normal type of cadet referred to above, all medical students must become members of the Contingent and spend a few hours a week undergoing a special course of training, and membership is also compulsory for certain others of low medical category who are allowed to continue their University work. During the session the total number of admissions has been about 160. Of these six have received commissions in the R.A.M.C., 30 have been accepted for Officer Cadet Battalions, and 25 have enlisted.

The Commanding Officer, who was one of the original members when the Contingent was founded in 1909 has recently been promoted Captain. In February, Captain Perkins, a former officer of the Contingent, was attached as an instructor while recovering from wounds.

The University Roll of Honour, increasing only too rapidly in its list of casualties, shows how those trained in the Contingent have fared in the field. Many honours and decorations have been received, but many, alas, have paid the supreme sacrifice. Among the wounded is Lieut. Watherston, who has, however, now so far recovered as to be taking pre-embarkation leave for the second time. It is now difficult to go to any part of the Western front or to any branch of the service, without meeting somebody with memories of foot drill in the rear quadrangle and field days at Lawnswood, and in all cases the memory is pleasant and grateful, and the reputation of Leeds University is not forgotten.

### Association of Leeds University Students, London.

THE Spring Meeting was held on Saturday, March 31st. After a matinee the party met for tea at the Ashburton Club and an enjoyable evening was spent in games and music. The election of officers and Committee for the ensuing year resulted as follows :—

*President* : Rev. Basil Matthews ; *Vice-President* : Mrs. Thomson ; *Hon. Treasurer* : Dr. F. T. Chapman ; *Hon. Secretary* : Mrs. Chapman ; *Committee* : Misses Dearden, Gray, Hill, Holgate, Savage, and Messrs. Humphries, Hyde and Mundy.

The Secretary's address is—

6, Egerton Gardens, Hendon, N.W.4,  
and she will be glad to hear of any Leeds student in the London District who might be interested in the Association.

M. CHAPMAN, *Hon. Sec.*

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