THE GRYPHON

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

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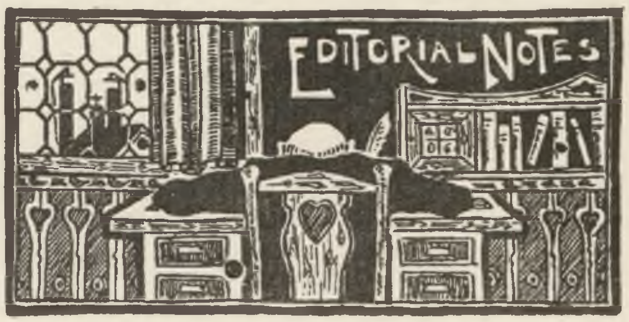


WHEN the moon veils her pale face and the sky is clothed in grey; when nature has rolled a misty garment o'er her bosom, and all is hushed, then do men's minds become retrospective. Memories steal out, a varied company from the dim recesses of the past—ghosts that pass Time's milestone with us; and then vanish—aye! may be to be lost for ever.

* * *

Doubtless we are egoistic and puffed up with our own composition, but a memory is suggested by our first paragraph, a memory of first University years. Most of us nowadays, having sat at the feet of Gamaliel, have seen retrospect weighed in the visionary scales of well and ill-manicured complacency, and rolled in sonorous periods floating to the thirsty air. And when words have failed, have we not seen the shrug, the gesture, the placing of oneself in parenthesis, the out-breathed personality that does the rest?

Have we not seen the young men take notes in breathless haste, and sketch these mannerisms; have we not again rejoiced with the ecstatically-hysterical few of the safe and dark back benches? But these last are not the true pioneers seeking the pearls that are ceaselessly cast.

* * *

But we must restrain ourselves. We should love to write of the great men and their foibles, but sentiment forbids. The moth must be chary of the candle. It is enough that our repertoire lies in our feet, and for the rest, did not Sancho say, "That to do good to the vulgar is to throw water into the sea"?

* * *

And this language of Romance—what memories too, are here awakened! How they are one, that language of Romance and our everyday tongue! Do not the Fates weave them into a never-ending chain of idiom, gold-dappled by the wisdom and experience of life? But alas for our heart-strings. Science has taught us to call them *chordæ tendineæ.*

* * *

We have many memories of our own proper things. We have our O.T.C., and its Medical Section—the more important part just now.

> "We hear their feet on the cinders, the feet of the men what drill."

We have our Lieutenant—that "glass of fashion and the mould of form, observed of all observers"; and our Sergeant for whom we feel an anxiety, lest like the lad with the trumpet, he, "blow his whole being into the great hole at the top, and ooze away at the keys."

* * *

And now a memory warm and sweet, with the glamour of women rises before us. Beauty smiles upon us! Need we say we mean the ladies? Their presence may be objected to by some, but do they not leaven the lump? At least they bring the titter, the giggle, that is the spark to the powder of the young men's emulation. It is the Spanish who have a proverb, "If the dove-cote lack not bait it will never want pigeons."

* * *

We are at war now, and the 'Varsity is in the War and of it. But, shade of memory! have we not in nights of the past seen the young in arts with beauty on his arm, and expectation glinting in his fiery eye, draw near the supper room, and "sniff the tainted gale"? This is the time when he turns from Love's trifles to Cook's, from Nectar to Phosferade, from lips to tongue! Eheu! but it is also pleasant to have done with a rout. In the homegoings the cheek that robs the pillow of a kiss may not be over prodigal elsewhere.

* * *

But have done with reminiscing; this is an editorial. During two years past the editorial chair has been occupied by women. Now for the first time it finds an occupant among the Medicals. To the latter the magazine has long seemed like a man with one lung gone and the other reaching for its hat. We hope to add to its sadly diminished prestige among them. We have pestered them for contributions, but alas, the word is not in them.

* * *

The fact that we have received exactly three unsolicited literary contributions does not speak well for the ability and willingness of the University to produce a magazine. None who reads the quotation at the head of these pages, need be afraid of trying his virgin efforts upon us. We have lost our blue pencil and we have no W.P.B.—we use the fire instead.

* * *

Seriously we appeal thus publicly for help. The Editor is prepared to swim in any flood of literature that may be launched against him. We want wit if we can get it. We would like to cultivate the orthodoxy of the moderns, which is unorthodox.

* * *

Occasional verse we crave for—but let it be light and airy—and you lovers, not too much of Eros!

* * *

The next issue will be published in December. Contributions may be sent in up to about the end of November.

Atavism.

I made a little god of wood
  With eyes of yellow ivory.
Upon its feet it firmly stood,
  This little god was made by me;
At morn I carved the wild boar's tusk
  At noon I felled the forest tree;
I gouged the eye holes in the dusk
  And then I saw in front of me
A little god, a god of wood,
Bone of my bone, blood of my blood,
  My god of wood and ivory!

At morn and eve the blood of kids
  I place before it, in the sight
Of those two eyes whose wooden lids
  Have never yet been closed at night.
When jackals wake me from my sleep
  And when I through my fingers peep
Night after night I always see
Those little eyes of ivory;
  Those eyes that once were made by me.

I will not let it come to harm;
  At noon I keep it in the shade
At night I see that it is warm
And yet I sometimes am afraid.
  I am afraid because I see
Those little eyes of ivory
That ugly face of ebony
  And know that it is part of me.

W.F.H.

Down Under.

In one of the greatest of English sonnets, Keats has given us the pith of the poetry of discovery. He speaks of his wonder on first finding the poetry of Homer, and compares that wonder to the wild surprise of Cortez the Spaniard as he stood on a peak in Darien gazing, silent, upon the Pacific. There in place of the land he had expected to see stretching away to the horizon was a vast ocean, unknown, unexplored.

The poet and the discoverer are of one kin. The patient pathologist who, after years of research, discovered the true nature of malaria and saw in his hands a new weapon to fight against the armies of death; the doctor-explorer obeying the imperious call of the antarctic, both alike found expression for the feeling aroused by wonder of the unknown in verse.

It would be interesting to know what part the challenge to the imagination has played in the history of discovery. What first set the tide of migration westward? Was it search of food or iron alone? Was it fear of foes pressing on from behind? Or was there not perhaps mixed up with these the desire to follow the setting sun below the horizon's edge to a land of daylight. The appeal of the sunset-sky—the idea of following the sun, of going with it and leaving a world of twilight which Wordsworth has so beautifully embodied in "Stepping Westward"—may be as old as the race itself.

As Will Ogilvie has it:—

"West of the World all true hearts ride
To a further bourne than the best have trod,
Till they cross the last creek gleaming wide
And wave their hands from the last divide.
Ere they drop their load at the feet of God—
West of the World!

West of the World all dead hopes drift
On the heaving heart of the hiding day
To the clinging shadows that show no rift
With a lingering step that is all too swift.
For the eyes that follow their trackless way—
West of the World!"

Tales of discovery have often been rough metal for poets. In the marvellous poetry of the Tempest, what echoes there are of adventurous talk in London taverns of mariners of the Spanish Main, the A.B.'s, not the grandees, the men of the foc'sle inspiring the king of poets.

And there was something of the stuff of poetry in the discovery of Australia, the great southern Continent dreamt of by Dutch navigators weary of mapping out their islands of cloves and spices in the East Indies.

Tasman sailed, and named his island and his capes, one after his Dutch sweetheart. And then came Captain Cook and the fringe of the unknown was plotted on charts that are still used by sea captains of to-day. Reefs and islands, capes and bays from Botany Bay to Thursday Island still recall to memory the happenings of that great voyage.

Having done their work the mariners departed to chart other unknown seas. But still Australia offered riddles for the venturesome to solve. Away beyond the outermost fringe of cultivation, past the last boundary fence, beyond the last boundary rider was the unexplored calling to men. They sailed the mouths of mighty rivers, but where were the rivers fed? What arid desert or what fertile plain lay hid beyond the mountain rim?

"There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation;
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so
"Something hidden, Go and find it, go and look beyond the Ranges
'Something lost behind the Ranges, Lost and waiting for you. Go!'"

Australia is rich in tales of struggle and adventure met with in conquering the unknown.

Go into St. James' Church in Sydney, and there in the grateful gloom you can read the simple tablets put up in memory of the men who died to find the greatness of their inheritance. Go into the Art Gallery at Melbourne and you will see the town bred Australian boys gazing in silence at the poignantly tragic figure of Burke, the explorer, painted by Norman Lindsay of the Bulletin. After a journey of incredible hardship, Burke and his companions had crossed Australia to the Gulf of Carpentaria to find on their return, weak and starving to the base where the supporting part should have welcomed them, nothing but the signs of a camp recently deserted and a tree with the date April 21st, 1861, and the one word "dig" cut in the bark. They dug, found a scanty stock of provisions and a letter. The supporting party had grown tired of waiting for four long months. They had left, and by one of the tragic coincidences of history on the very day that Burke and Wills reached the Camp.

"Still with its secret to Man unimparted
Still with its beckoning wealth unattained
Lies the dim goal that has never been charted
Down the long Road that has Never been Chained.

* * * * *

Westward and Nor'ward! and fainter behind them
The roll of the waggons, the roar of the whips.
The towering red dust storms that waltz down and wind them
The blue mocking mirage that lies to their lips;
Beyond the last camp of the furthest-west drover,
Beyond the last team track, the last rotting steer,
Beyond the last foot pad the camels crossed over,
Beyond the lone grave of the last pioneer.

* * * * *

Westward and Westward! Out past the last horror
Of thirst and starvation, of lorn lives and lost;
The bleaching white bones of the boldest explorer,
The scrubbs and the plains that have never been crossed,—
Where the heat haze no longer in mockery dances
Where no more the sand drift whirls brown on the blue,
Where the pitying sun lays at rest his red lances
With white flags of truce where his war banner flew."

The days of Burke and Wills are over. The telegraph wire stretches from Port Darwin southward across the Continent. You can get from Brisbane to Adelaide by rail and in a year or two the Queensland mails will be sent overland to Fremantle. But there is mystery still in the heart of Australia. Writers of sensational magazine stories can still make their over curious heroes discover in the Northern Territory secret settlements of Japanese preparing to sweep down upon the cities of the seaboard. Are there not tribes in North Queensland who can count no more than three, who are using the stone instruments that our ancestors fashioned thousands of years ago?

The explorers, the men who blaized the track, are not likely to be forgotten. To every generation of school children they are something more than names, they are heroes of their own flesh and blood who fought with their country against the fearful odds of drought and famine for the secret she kept hid, heroes of the saddle and stock whip who faced the unknown as they faced death, not in battalions but singly, slipping out into the grey desert one by one.

We fight on far tracks unknown;
  We ride the way of the rover,
Each with a line of his own;
  Our banner the blue sky over.
Our bugle the bushwinds' tone.

We charge where no red squares kneel,
  We ride with no helmets glitt'ring
We carry no gleaming steel;
  But our reins are foam to the bit ring
Our spurs are red to the heel.

We slip to the earth and lie
  Clay cold in the golden grasses
White faces turned to the sky;
  And the last of our longing passes
The last of our dreams goes by.

But the drums beat, year by year,
  And men from the wings close round us,
And men ride up from the rear
  To win—where no smile has crowned us,
Or lose—where it costs no tear!

The days of the earliest pioneers were the days when Australia was used by England as a penal settlement—a sort of dark cupboard where broken lives could be stowed out of sight and out of mind. But it would be hard to say that these thousands of men shipped out in convict ships like cattle did not bring to the nation something of value even if it were only an instinct for adventure that a cruel civilization had in many cases perverted into an instinct for crime.

There were opportunities enough for adventure when in the '50's came the first discovery of gold. One would not at first suppose that the days of the diggings would leave their mark in Australian poetry, though the novels of Ralph Boldrewood and Henry Kingsley are their outcome in prose.

Iron is poetry's metal rather than gold, the iron of the sword and the plough. But the rush to the diggings was something more than a scramble for wealth. Those long years of hardship acted as a sieve for men. The weaklings, the infirm of purpose went under; the strong remained to claim the wages that they had more than earned with the sweat of their brow. Up at the diggings all sorts and conditions of men were brought together; the peer's son toiled side by side with the ship's cook, the lawyer with the ex-convict. Men of all nationalities met in a strange comradeship; characters were crushed and hammered out as well as ore, and every day were tested by sudden failure and sudden success. Then there was the constant moving from one place to another, the turning of the hand to every sort of job that gives to the old miner something of the character of the old sailor. And often, too, behind the noisy foreground with its rattle of bucket and winch, with its blows of pick on stone, was the silent beauty, the magnificent monotony of the blue bush covered mountains. Henry Lawson has given us a picture of it in "The Last Review."

"Sunrise on the diggings (Oh! what life and hearts and hopes are here)
From a hundred pointing forges comes a tinkle, tinkle clear—
Strings of drays with wash to puddle, clack of countless windlass boles,
Here and there the red flag flying, flying over golden holes.

Picturesque, unreal, romantic, chivalrous, and brave and free;
Clean in living, true in mateship—reckless generosity.
Mates are buried here as comrades who on fields of battle fall—
And—the dreams, the aching, hoping loving hearts beneath it all!

Rough built theatres and stages, where the world's best actors trod—
Singers bringing reckless rovers nearer boyhood, home and God;
Paid in laughter, tears and nuggets in the play that fortune plays
'Tis the palmy days of Gulgong—Gulgong in the Roaring Days."

And still to-day in many a lost valley the old echoes linger. I remember well one valley that runs up into the heart of the ranges. It is deserted now by the young men who have gone out to seek their fortunes in Sydney or Melbourne, or who have passed up northward to Queensland to take new land, or westward in search of new gold fields. But there are still men of the older generation left at Parson's Flat though there are less than a score living where forty years ago there were thousands—a roadside inn, a deserted school-house, where Pat O'Keefe lives (there were sixty children taught there in the great days of the diggings) one or two tumble down homesteads with rabbit swarming paddocks surrounding them, and by the river flats the grass grown mounds and pits and shafts that mark the feverish haste of a passed generation.

Pat O'Keefe still prospects, for he still believes that some day in the ranges he will peg out a claim richer than any he has yet seen, but he is a philosopher and he is content to bide his time. In the deserted school house where he lives—the walls are covered with numbers chalked up by rabbit catchers to record their night's work—he talks in the evening of the great days, how he deserted when he was a boy from his ship, fearing a second passage of the angry Horn, and came up to the diggings. He talks of the men he met, his mates—the Pole who understood about astronomy, whose first act after pitching his tent at night was to cut down the gum trees that shut out the sky, so that he would be able when lying awake to tell the time by the stars as the constellations slipped slowly westward. Then there was the Irishman who told him all about Josephus and the Jews, and the man who loved the classics and the old tales of Homer, the rebel who handed on by word of mouth the challenge of Byron. And so there was born in him through his living companionship of men a love of books and of great men long dead. When the young men would be off to Melbourne to see the Cup run, he would ride down the valley sixty miles to the nearest township and read all day long in the library, Gibbon, Carlyle, Lecky, Burke. He would study one subject at a time, reading every authority that he could lay hands on, and everything he read he remembered. One evening he would be sketching with his pipe on the ashes on the hearth the disposition of the troops at the battle of the Boyne; the next night he would be declaiming in fierce hatred against Castlereagh, " a man as black as the horse of Pontius Pilate " he would say in memorable phrase. Pat has a great love of poetry that had come to him late in life, born of the friendships he had made and the work that he had done. Tucked away in his pocket would be little slips cut from the Sydney Bulletin, some verse that had caught his fancy, some phrase that seemed to express exactly what before had been indefinite.

I remember his telling me the story of his dog. It was a wonderful dog that he had bred and taught until it had become more than a companion to him. Then on one of his journeys he had been obliged to leave it behind. The dog had got hold of some meat that had been poisoned for dingoes and when poor Pat returned the animal was dying. He held it in his arms until the last convulsion had ceased and then buried it by moonlight in the bush. Then over the grave of his faithful companion the miner recited the lines which the lonely Byron had written in memory of his Newfoundland dog.

" Ye who perchance behold this simple urn
Pass on, it honours none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Such was Pat O'Keefe's dog. He kept a lock of its rough hair in an envelope. He has never had a dog since.

But he is not as lonely as many dwellers in the towns, for he is a discoverer. While daylight lasts there is the search for ore hidden in the high hills, and after night-fall there is the finding of gold in the books of great men dead.

W.F.H.

On Nothing in Particular.

As Chesterton says somewhere it is easy enough to write essays if one will only try. The difficulty arises from our habit of going about with our eyes shut. We scarcely see things. It is not every day one meets a man who can describe his own doorknob or write intelligently about his garden fence. Yet will he by instinct find his own house in a London fog or a bibulous maze, and he knows very well the inadequacy of his fence against slugs. The truth is this is not a thinking age in the matter of small things. We do not really see a quarter of what passes before our eyes.

As the reader of the *Gryphon* lets his gaze wander, doubtless with much relief, from these words, his eye may catch an impression of something, maybe his alarm clock or his trousers thrown carelessly across his bedrail. But he will not stop to think. He does not realise the enormous influence of alarm clocks and trousers upon the progress of civilisation and Christianity. These articles of everyday use suggest nothing to his slumbering brain. Does he know what alarm clocks and trousers mean? Does he ever reflect upon their indispensability? Does his mind connect up certain links as: " Trousers—common dress of our early Parents—First efforts at differentiation—Kilts—Trousers, the Symbol of Kingship—Creases—Sir George Alexander " and so on. Has he any views whatever about alarm clocks beyond the common notion that they are an unmitigated but necessary nuisance?

The truth is, as I have already pointed out, none of us thinks nowadays; we pay men £400 a year to do it for us, and with the aid of the halfpenny press fondly delude ourselves that they are wearing themselves to shadows in the process.

What I really want to write about though, is not trousers or clocks, but dictionaries, or rather a dictionary, which I picked up from an old book-box in the Charing Cross Road for threepence. It is a slim octavo published in 1822 and is entitled the " Man of the World's Dictionary." It purports to be a translation from the French of the " Dictionnaire des Gens du Monde," which origin perhaps accounts for the amount of wit sandwiched between its two covers, for while the Englishman likes depth and solidity in his reading, the German melancholy, the Frenchman with his volatile temperament loves flashes and strokes of wit, ingenious sallies.

It reads very like a compilation of borrowed plumes, but as the author in those days had no fear of being hampered by the laws of copyright, he could afford to neglect the awful warning of the jay in the fable who was stripped bare of his feathers when the other birds came to claim their own. As the unknown author ingeniously remarks, " What then can be the harm of collecting them into one cheap and commodious book, where one stroke follows another without being connected by a tedious chain? When we are pleased with the perfume and colours of a nosegay, do we enquire in what gardens the flowers have been gathered? " Now that last sentence is very pleasing—although there are nosegays and nosegays, as the immediate associates of the man who went to the " Bal des Quat'z'Arts," arrayed simply as a " Stink," clad in a loin cloth and with his body anointed with garlic and onion juice, probably found out.

In these days of modern journalism nearly all the best things can be bought for a few coppers, with the exception, of course, of such desirable things as the sun, stars, thunder showers and lightning, and the wind on the heath. These we may get for nothing, or next to nothing. But the general principle is there. On the seashore one can get a donkey ride for a penny; and if you will glue your nose to the windows of the meanest restaurant you know, you will realise if you are hungry, how many desirable and highly spiced odours can be inspired free of charge. Similarly much enjoyment can be obtained at little cost by rooting about in second-hand bookshops. That is if you are not particular about dust. The delicious smell of mouldering calf and russia can be enjoyed for nothing, and for threepence you may take home some forgotten book which will give you hours of pleasure.

To return to our dictionary. Some of the definitions might have fallen from the pens of the modern prophets. Take for instance Declaration of War: "An act by which frequently two men condemn two hundred thousand to death without appeal, for some caprice, or for a patch of land." Bernard Shaw didn't have this in "Commonsense about the War," but it would pass very well as an extract. Really it is as old as the hills, for did not Horace write "*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi?*"

The definition of England is evidently Napoleonic; "The land of philanthropy, most of whose inhabitants would lay the world in blood to sell a yard of ribbon." This is nearly as good as the saying of some Italian, that England is a country where nothing is polished but marble, nor any ripe fruit but roasted apples.

An "Eyewitness," according to our author is a person who represents himself as having witnessed a great many things. "One who has seen actions of the advanced guard whilst seated on a baggage waggon." Could we only take this to heart how much less salt we should need with our breakfast Beach Thomases!

The definitions of this lexiographer are obviously prepared for the man in the street. But then they were compiled for Frenchmen, and in the Street the Frenchman is on his native heath with its boulevards and cafe-chantants. He feeds in the street and where it is possible no doubt dies in the street. His house has no front garden; the street is his grass plot. His art he shuts up in galleries, it is true; but he opens them on Sundays.

Talking of art leads one to sculpture, and sculpture to statues, and statues—to Voltaire, "a statue of bronze. A multitude of insects die in attempting to gnaw its feet." One wonders if the author is referring to the statue of the scraggy Cynic in a state of nature which is to be seen in the Institut. And one wonders again if our own Voltaire, Mr. Shaw, received inspiration from this source when he submitted himself *au naturel* to the photographer. Speaking of Shaw as the modern Arouet is going to lead us on to debateable ground, for G.B.S. is so much of a superman that he is far ahead of Voltaire. Voltaire said, "*Que j'aime la hardiesse anglaise! Que j'aime les gens qui disent ce qu'ils pensent!*"

One cannot imagine Shaw endorsing that, for he is the only person who says what he thinks in this country, and he's Irish. No, Shaw has out-Heroded Herod. The gibes of any ordinary cynic are like halfpenny squibs compared with the high explosive of a serious and aspiring buffoon like Mr. Shaw.

This essay is getting already too long and discursive, but it proves one of the definitions of my dictionary to be true, that a journalist is a man who makes the columns of a paper out of the pages of a book. And this is what the Editor of the *Gryphon* has to put up with when people won't write for his journal. Are there no subscribers who have the profession of literature in view? Of course I know the choice of a profession is difficult. If you wish to be a lawyer you have to know law, which is a drawback. To be a doctor you have to know medicine, which as Mr. Mantalini might have said, is a "demmed horrid grind." To be a teacher—but one has seen so many of them. It is difficult to choose, as I have said. If one could only be a buccaneer or the Prince of Wales; but neither of these latter commend themselves to educational authorities. One reads in the biographies, of course, of those who in tender years have felt the great call to a life work. Most of them are pathological—poets or bacteriologists or some such. They leave their marks on their era, like a man with wet snow shoes on a new linoleum.—— And as I began, it is easy to write essays—just maunder on!

NICK.

Lines written by one Thomas Bottlenose,

a notorious drunkard and evil liver, in praise of drinking and the Angel Inn.

I don't like the Independent, or the Baptist, or the Quaker,
But their star's in the ascendant, they would make a man like me
Go to chapel or to meeting, glut my appetite in eating,
Slake a thirst which God has given with no stronger stuff than tea.

They would close the pubs at seven, they would drive us to their chapels,
They would talk to us of heaven, come to grapples with our sin;
But we've heaven here already if the ale is old and heady,
And you have no need for angels when you're at the Angel Inn.

Let them have their secret ballot, let them have their votes for women,
Give me wine to wet my palate, beer to swim in, I'm their man!
All I want a chair to sit in and a blazing fire to spit in
And a bed beneath the table when I've swallowed all I can.

They have lecturers who tell me that my stomach's turned to leather,
They have little tracts to sell me asking whether I am saved,

With a story of a drinker who repented and turned thinker,
And then soon grew sleek and wealthy and his children well behaved.

No, a dozen uncorked Bass's are the children that I care for!
Old wine's better than young lasses, and its therefore my belief
That the man who spends his wages in the solace of the ages
Leads a life that all may envy, free from care and free from grief.

Send the prigs and the abstainers to Ceylon and Orinocco
To their lands of tea and cocoa, we'd be gainers one and all.
And we'd toast their better thinking in a bout of honest drinking
And remember them more kindly when they'd gone beyond recall.

There is nothing like the craving that a strong man has for liquor,
And in spite of all the raving of the vicar it's a fact
That you feel more human kindness when the eye is dimned to blindness
To the man who pays the landlord than the man who lends the tract.

I will follow the example of Tom Bates and Jimmy Allen
Who could down their second gallon and find ample breath for song.
Why the present generation calls a tavern a temptation!
So it may be for the weakling, it's the saving of the strong.

Then as long as we are able we will pass the brimming tankard
And when underneath the table we are anchored for the night,
We shall bless intoxication for the sweet annihilation,
With its freedom from the senses, hearing, taste and touch and sight.

So let youngsters waste their leisure at their dicing and their dances,
I'll be faithful to the pleasure that enhances all the rest.
No misfortune and no change'll make me traitor to the Angel
For I've tried all other taverns and I know that it's the best.

Life on a Hornsea Fruit Farm.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and but for the war, the women students of the University would have missed an experience at once interesting and beneficial.

Two months ago the five pioneers in this enterprise assembled on the platform of Leeds station with such an amazing collection of trunks and bags that the porters looked aghast. Their surprise would have been ten times greater had they known what that luggage contained. It was a most heterogeneous collection of pans, plates, basins, jugs, which rattled at every bump, and tinned meats, tinned fruits, custard powders mixed ingloriously with sunbonnets, and print dresses, whilst old shoes were jammed in every available corner.

Leaving our friends weeping with joy on the platform, we entrained, and ultimately, as is usual, arrived at our destination.

Our caravan was situated in the middle of the fruit fields about a mile from the station, and during our stay the road between the two was frequently the scene of struggles between weird figures in sunbonnets and refractory luggage, for every day somebody had to bring up the rations. The caravan we called "Liberty Hall" or variously "Strawberry Villa" and "Peace and Plenty." It had a little watch tower, built almost entirely of glass, perched on the main portion, which proved very useful as an observation station for Zepps., which noxious creatures favoured us with their attentions almost every night. This little top storey was approached by a perpendicular ladder, and was known as the "drawing room," and provided the weather was suitable (for when it rained we got free shower baths) it was quite a cosy corner.

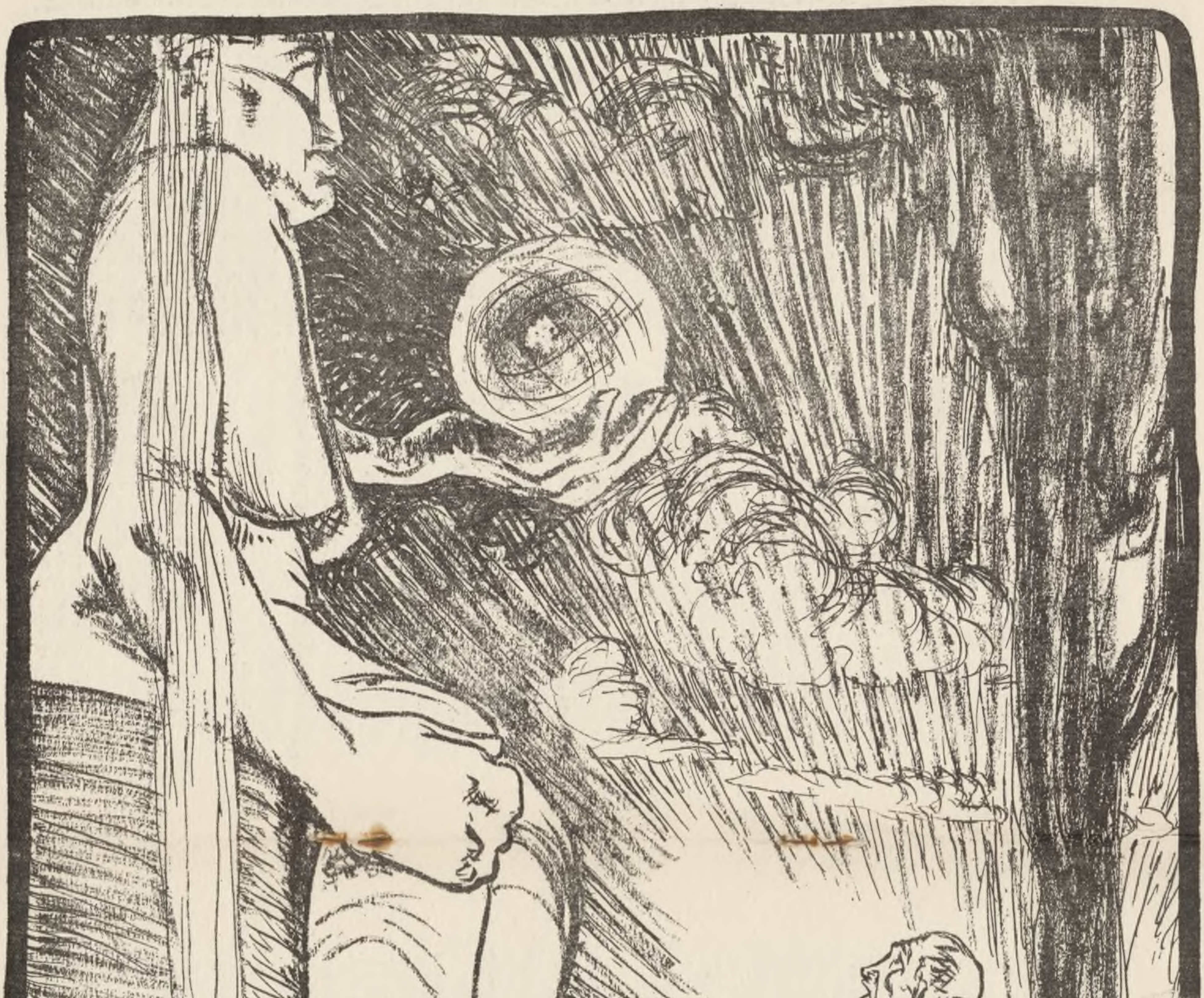
The Caravan itself was our dining and living room, until we put up the tent. The latter however, gave too free ingress to creeping and crawling creatures, to be comfortable as a sleeping apartment, so we used it solely as a dining room. Here, round an old wooden bedstead with a peculiar tendency to lean on one leg, assembled the weary and famished fruit gatherers, and waited with what patience they could command for their daily bread.

It was just as well we brought no valuable crockery, for at the end of a month, cups and saucers were a negative quantity, and jam jars were eagerly pressed into service.

In the caravan we made our living room charming with white curtains and jars filled with roses. It is true it was well ventilated, and cracks in the floor made a shovel unnecessary. Night saw great changes in this room. The faint and weary war workers swathed in army blankets slept upon straw-mattresses until their alarm clock awakened them in the early hours.

The cookhouse was level with the ground and we did all our cooking on an oilstove, with a remarkable tendency to get out of order. There, sitting on a gridiron, sometimes even at 3 a.m., might be seen a sleepy figure stirring a large pan of Quaker Oats, whilst during the day the cook meditated on the problem of cooking potatoes, stew and pudding, in one pan, on one stove.

Our work itself, to come to the main point, consisted in picking strawberries, blackcurrants, raspberries, cutting out old bushes, and raking up straw. Four o'clock in the morning was our earliest start, and at that time the dew which soaked through everything kept us comfortably cool. By noon we had



Tell me what you are, that my husband should die that you might live.

backache, and it was comical to watch stooping, prematurely crippled figures heading for the caravan. Early afternoon saw us at work again, and we usually strove to forget our fatigue by singing. "Kumati" and "Little Brown Jug" were our favourites. However, we often wondered which was the greater evil, the backache or the warbling.

Bed was always welcome, and once or twice we enjoyed sleeping in the open field, although our slumbers were disturbed by rain, and once by our little dog finding a hedgehog.

When work was slack, we had a morning dip in the sea, or if we felt very industrious, we springcleaned or had a washing day.

Wet weather was of course a trial to us, but provided it was fine we were happy, and came home looking like gipsies.

Our war work taught us more than anything, what the rigours of a soldier's life are like, and we learned to appreciate letters and home comforts as we had not done before.

Before we returned we were beginning to love our open air life, where we could appreciate the glory of sunrise and sunset, and in spite of our little worries, we were all sorry to leave, and to see once more the chimneys and smoke of Leeds.

THE KERNEL.

The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling.

MOST of the critics say that Kipling cannot write poetry and that he will live entirely in his prose. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is a dictum of those who have been nurtured in the shadow of the great names of Keats, Shelley and Swinburne. But it is a literary falsehood. It is true that Kipling is often journalistic, is more than often slangy. His lines very often do not rhyme, his materials are crude and coarse. He has been called the poet of the music-halls—genius vulgarised. But against all this, which is perfectly true, what about the rhyme and wonderful rhythm of much of the work in the "Seven Seas"? Is there a living poet with his command of wonderful metaphor and simile? He is a greater master of onomatopœic effect than Swinburne. He has dabbled in weird metre; he has widened the English language with an extensive vocabulary of Indian and African words, with the jargon of the canteen and of the barrack room, with the professional slang of the men who roam the Seven Seas. His range of words is remarkable. He can write with plaintive intensity, with religious fervour, with scathing satire, with sardonic skill in portraiture.

Kipling began work like a seaside pierrot, by blacking his face and strumming a banjo. Many years ago in the *Idler*, he contributed an account of how his first book was introduced to the world:

> "So there was built a sort of book, a lean oblong docket shaped, wire stitched volume to imitate a D.O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured round the middle with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all Government officials, and among a file of paper would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. . . . . . We made some hundreds . . . . . . and posted them up and down the Empire from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount . . . . . the money came back in poor but honest rupees and was transferred from publisher, the left hand pocket, to author, the right hand pocket.
>
> . . . .
>
> Each edition grew a little fatter and at last the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back. . . . . . But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with pink string round its stomach."

The "brown baby" was "Departmental Ditties." This first volume is rich in satirical reference to red tape and bureaucracy, and as a literary effort is almost negligible, were it not for the fact that amidst all the parody and flippancy, at times a note of genius is struck. For the most part these poems are imitations, more or less clever, of contemporary spritely magazine verse, and frequently remind the reader of the light and airy trifles of Locker-Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum." Some of them are undoubtedly funny.

> "Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.
> Stands at the top of the tree
> And I muse in my bed on the reason that led
> To the hoisting of Potiphar G."

These first poems are nearly all parodies. He imitates Poe in "As the Bell Clinks":—

> "She was sweet," thought I, "last season, but t'were surely wild unreason
> Such a tiny hope to freeze on, as was offered by my star."

And here is Swinburne's metre:—

> "Have I met and passed you already, unknowing, unthinking and blind,
> Shall I meet you next session at Simla, oh sweetest and best of your kind?"

He imitates Fitzgerald's quatrains in the "Rupaiyat of Omar Kal'vin," and here and there can be detected the influence of Bon Gaultier and C. S. Calverley.

In "Pagett, M.P." he fulminates with impatience against the fatuous fools who make armchair and fair weather studies of the East, and scoff at the Anglo-Indian's strenuous life. Pagett didn't believe in the Indian Summer:

> "We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court at noon,
> (I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett went off in a swoon.
> That was an end to the business; Pagett the perjured fled
> With a practical working knowledge of "Solar Myths" in his head."

It cheers one considerably to think of the dilettante idiot delivered into the atmosphere of sand flies, dysentery, cholera, fever and heat stroke.

The ballad of Jack Barrett will bear reading; he was the lawful owner of the Bathsheba of the case and left his wife in Simla on three-fourths his monthly screw. "Certain Maxims of Hafiz" are very concentrated and epigrammatic. They are packed with breadth of teaching.

> "If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoofslide is scarred on the course.
> Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth for ever Remorse."

The best poem in the whole collection is probably the "Grave of the Hundred Head," with its quaint flavour of old-worldliness and modernity:

"There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done."

"A Snider squibbed in the jungle—
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head."

"Barrack Room Ballads," which Kipling published in 1892 widened very greatly the circle of his readers. Several of the poems in this volume are no doubt "caviare to the general," but there is a go, a catchiness and a swing about many of them which was then quite refreshing in English poetry. This book was more widely read than any verse of the year. It was a popular success, which is saying a great deal. Therein the author displays himself as a master of the ballad with rattling chorus. The dedication to Wolcott Balestier is poetry if nothing else in the book is:—

"Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled—
Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world."

But even the critics welcomed this volume Even they were not blind to the wonderful effects obtained by this workman in crude and coarse material. The rhythm of many of these verses is compelling. There is a vividity about "Mandalay." It is a splash of colour none the less impressive because the marks of the artist's brush can be seen upon it. "Gentlemen Rankers" shows the pathos of the punishment of those who cannot live correctly and circumspectly in the light of civilisation. It is a grim song.

"To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrow over seas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six horses.
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the ready tin,
But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind."

Kipling knows the soldier inside out. He has recognised his love of nicknames for everything and everybody. He has seen that the soldier's training makes him full of wonder like a child. To the soldier every place he is quartered in, every new object that sails into his ken, means a new outlook upon life. He is the most impressionable of creatures.

Frederick Niven once said something to the effect that if Kipling were mentioned to the average reading man, he would immediately begin to spout "Mandalay." "Mandalay" is inspired doggerel, but it is not poetry, although it was one of the numbers gushed over by the critics. It is fine, but inaccurate. Mandalay is, as somebody once pointed out, a mosquito-ridden, cobra-haunted place; and there are no flying fish in Mandalay. But the charm of the verses remains.

Kipling is often accused of brutality, and the evidence quoted against him is generally "Snarleyow":

'Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was very plain
'For Gawd's own sake get over me, an' put me out o' pain.'
They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they judged that it was best,
So they took an' drove the limber straight across 'is back an' chest.

The Driver 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt,
But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to 'Action Front!'
An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Monday head
'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case began to spread."

It is both brutal and ghastly, but justifiable. Great artists are always virile and outspoken. "Snarleyow" is the impressionism of the slaughter house; it is an apotheosis of the bloody misery of war. Many more terrible happenings must have occurred on the Flanders front in the present war.

It has been said that it is hard to find a woman who is a Kiplingite. I am not so sure that it was true when it was said, and it certainly is not nowadays. It is said also that Kipling exhibits no reverence or feeling for women in his works, but what about the pathos of "Mary, Pity Women" in the "Seven Seas"? And that oft-quoted couplet

"A woman is only a woman
But a good cigar is a smoke"

is not really contemptuous. It is intended to emphasize the fact that a true woman would never make such an absurd stipulation as did the heroine of the poem. Kipling knows too that the soldier and sailor is not commonly given to monogamy, and his employment of barrack-room reflections about women implies no disrespect. He is portraying his man, and like a great artist he is faithful to his subject.

"I've taken my fun where I've found it;
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earts,
An' four o' the lot was prime."

But for all that, this shows that his knowledge is not altogether one sided, for

"The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins."

The title of the "Seven Seas" is said to have its origin in one of the quatrains of Fitzgerald's "Omar":

"When you and I behind the veil are passed
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last;
Which of our coming and departing heeds
As the seven seas should heed a pebble cast."

In this volume Kipling reaches his height. His command over rhyme and rhythm is nowhere better displayed than in these poems. The artist creates from the flotsam and jetsam of the Seven Seas, and great are the finished products. Consider old M'Andrew praying to God to forgive him his deviation from the straight path in Gay Street in Hong Kong. The devil-may-care opening of the book implies mastery.

> " When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
> He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea ;
> An' what he thought 'e might require,
> 'E went an' took—the same as me ! "

The " Seven Seas " is the song of the Empire, and is but little spoiled by the hint of the smug-faced Jingoism of the later work.

> " Fair is our lot, O goodly is our heritage."

Seldom has Kipling done better than the " Mary Gloster'.' There is nothing finer in its particular line in the whole of Kipling's work than the old man's dying speech.

> " Mary, why didn't *you* warn me ? I've allus heeded to you
> Excep'—I know, about women ; but you are a spirit now,
> An' wife, they was only women and I was a man. That's how
> An' a man 'e must go with a woman, as you could not understand ;
> But I never talked 'em secrets. I paid 'em out of hand.
> Thank Gawd I can pay for my fancies ! Now what's five thousand to me,
> For a berth off the Paternosters in the haven where I would be ?
>
> . . . .
>
> I'm sick of the hired women. I'll kiss my girl on the lips !
> I'll be content with my fountain, I'll drink from my own well,
> And the wife of my youth shall charm me,—an' the rest can go to Hell ! "

One might think from the harum-scarum qualities of Kipling's verse, that the words flowed from his pen. It is not so. He has explained somewhere that he has to expend great labour and consideration over every line he writes. He tells how the " Recessional," that poem of Hebraic fervour, came to be written. He was commissioned by the *Times* to write a Jubilee poem, and had tried scores of combinations without success. The *Times* people got anxious and wrote for copy ; as time got shorter they wired frantically. Kipling began to get desperate and shut himself in his room and reviewed his efforts. Out of all he had written he found one pleasing line—" Lest we forget " —and out of that he built " Recessional," the hymn which has perhaps carried his reputation further than all the rest of his work put together. And the writing of it certainly gave him more trouble than anything else he ever wrote.

From the way in which he uses the Bible as a hunting ground for phrases, one would expect to find a religion in Kipling. His creed is the creed of Drake and Sir Richard Grenville :

> " Help me to need no aid from men
> That I may help such men as need."

There is something of the mystic about him.

It is impossible to read much of Kipling's verse without remarking upon his strange passion for weird and wonderful words. He always finds the most vivid combination and in his search for effect has developed a stylistic mannerism—a cult of heavy, unwieldy, hyphenated words. M'Andrew's hymn, which is more like Browning in quality than anything he has written, is full of these double-barrelled eccentricities—skylight lift, slam-banging, spar-decked, &c. But whatever form of words he uses, the poem pulsates with the throb of engines.

The sardonic quality in Kipling is most obvious in " Loot " and " The Ladies."

> " If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back,
> If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
> If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
> You will understand this little song o' mine."

and

> " The more you've known of the others
> The less you settle with one."

Kipling's last volume of poems was the " Five Nations." His later collection of " Songs from Books " we shall not consider. The " Five Nations " is a lesser " Seven Seas " and contains fine work. But the book is tainted with the methodistical-jingoism which permeates it. When Kipling is the imperialist in the best sense, he is really great, but he spoils himself by admitting the Jingo element. If there is a creed which truly expounded cannot be shaken ; if there is a dogma which cannot be questioned, it is the true Imperialism. And Kipling had he liked, could almost have materialised it as a religion. But he bows to the rant and the rabble.

Still, if " Kitchener's School " is one of his worst efforts, it has been very popular, and for the sake of " Sussex " and " Boots " we can overlook it.

For the rest, Kipling's is no new doctrine. It is as old as the hills. It is the doctrine of elemental energy. He writes of the will-o'-the-wisps, of the ne'er-do-wells, of the cries true and false which are raised to lead men. He spoilt his chance of the Laureateship with the " Widow at Windsor "

> " Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor
> For 'alf o' Creation she owns :
> We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
> An' we've salted it down with our bones."

As each new character appears upon his stage, he displays him with amazing subtlety of insight, and his vividity is at times blinding. There can be no doubt about the genius of his poetry. His work is great as a whole, but his verse in particular is a dazzling array of side-shows. It is a far cry from " Fuzzy-Wuzzy " to " Recessional," and in his work he covers the whole warp and woof of life. He has never been so fine an artist as to let his poetry override his philosophy. As a poet he is faithful to his creed and to his imaginative creations, and artistic motive is secondary. Many times he achieves both, but never does he sacrifice strength to rhythmical monotony. His aspirations are perhaps summed up best in his own " Envoi."

> " When earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
> When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest Critic has died ;
> We shall rest, and, faith we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
> Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew !
> And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame ;
> And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
> But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star
> Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They are."

H.S.C.

Impression.

To C.F.

You look on the world and see with those clear eyes
With longing in your heart and dream of days;
Alone you go, your feet in the safe ways
(O, but the rose-strewn path, and your heart of ice!)
You walk in the world and drink old Omar's lies,
Yet with your brave and patient gaze
You see the filth and grime and still can be
Mystical, white as the crest of a surging sea.
What sorrows you have, what pleasures and tears
I know not; but the swift and changing years
Have strengthened your growth, and the pruning knife
Has swept the weeds from your garden of life.
You are back to the thunder and beat of the seas
To the cleanly tearing of wind through the mighty trees!
And yet you live on your life amidst grief and pain
That leaves you doubting the world be mad or sane.
And many the nights before your bed you prayed
Is there a God in the darkness over me laid?

You walk in the world and see with those strange eyes
Sunset and star-rise over this Garden of Lies.
You hear the cries of those who have gambled and lost
Wailing of home-flying spirits, whirlwind tossed.
And your soul looks out of your face and understands
And great is the peace in the touch of your soothing hands.
Yet you have gaunt grey hours when all things fade
And Love seems covered and lost in a Stygian shade;
And in the night-hours the old tongues mutter aloud
And you weaken and let your soul drift as a cloud.
But what shall be, and why, and the end of desire;
And why do Life's roses plucked blossom with fire?
Then you hear a new song which arises out of the void
And you leave the footpaths of men and the love that cloyed.
For the seething blue of the sky vaults over and seems
To furnish your wearied soul with desire of dreams;
And the moon glints coppery shafts in your amber hair
And your mouth is tremulous soft and your face is fair.

Ballads of my Lady.

III.

Oh! I met my lady a-walking in the wood:
  "My lady, my lady, when shall the wooing be?"
"Oh! hush! never ask it, I do not think you should,
  For surely the wooing's between my love and me."

Oh! I met my lady, a ring upon her hand.
  "My lady, my lady, when shall the wedding be?"
"When ten nuns have woven my robe of silken strand,
  And five thousand horsemen have sworn me fealty."

Oh! I met my lady the day before she wed,
  "My lady, my lady, when shall your heart be gay?"
"To-morrow they set me a crown upon my head
  And give me my true love for ever and a day."

M.C.M.

To a Friend.

On receiving from him an account of a recent pilgrimage to places redolent of many historic and literary associations.

As one who dreams on shore, with wayward heart,
  Stirring the crucible of backward thought,
I hear of thee far-off, roaming apart
  The ocean of enchantment that I sought.
I cannot touch with you the sacred shrine,
  Nor breathe the incense of the haunted air;
Yet can I inly dream of things divine
  More than Reality might suffer there.
And, as with sunder'd hearts, the widow'd one
  Goes out in richest worship to that Heaven
Where moves his spirit's mate: so you being gone
  Among strange temples, by love's passion driven
I fall upon these altar steps and make
  My vows more fervent even for your sake.

W.R.

Correspondence.

We have no intention of running either now or at a future date a correspondence column for those perplexed in love, but being in receipt of the following letter, accompanied by a postal order for sixpence, we think it only right that we should print as a warning and consolation to others, the advice given by our expert to the young man in question. Our expert is, we may say, very old in wisdom and the ways of women; in fact—he was born quite a long while ago and is still going strong.

Here then is the letter.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It is with great trepidation that I write you about a matter which has been troubling me for some time past. For about twelve months I have been the recipient of very marked attentions from a young lady. She has called upon me almost daily, and has latterly often brought me little presents, such as fruit and flowers and cigarettes, and has frequently asked me to accompany her to places of amusement or worship. I have been very careful not to give her undue encouragement and have always insisted on mother going with us, for I would not care for her to say to me anything which mother would not like to hear. Of late she has become more persistent and has often held my hand during the sermon for as long as ten minutes at a time. It is very difficult for me, because I do not know whether I ought to accept her presents, although I may say in confidence, that I like her very much. Recently, however, I saw her motor outside Willie Smith's house, and I am perplexed as to the course I ought to take. Of course, I wish to act honourably. I may say, her age is seventeen, mine is nineteen————"

On receipt of this we "saw our duty plain" and submitted the letter to our "Amor," whose reply we print below.

My Dear, Dear Lad,

Your letter has quite touched me. In fact it has touched everyone in this office. The postal order we have had framed.

Now let me talk to you freely, and as soul to soul about the difficult questions you raise. If you cannot quite understand all I may say to you now, never mind; in years to come, or at the end of the war, you will appreciate it better and will be very grateful.

Evidently in the fulness of time it has come to pass that you have found grace in the eyes of a maiden, and you think her fairer to look upon than all the other fair daughters of your city, now don't you?

You must always remember that if a girl is to possess your heart she must be worthy of you. Never lose sight of this. Remember that the days of false modesty are past and do not hesitate to ask her frankly and quietly what her intentions are. If you feel you cannot bring yourself to do this, ask mother to do it for you.

When you are with her let your eye be modest, for recollect that when expectation dances in your eyes, Victory dances in her heart, and then she will read the secrets of your little soul and you will grow eager to read hers. Remember that even honey is sometimes poisonous in the gardens of Perditas, and, my lad, shun all this as you would shun flowers of evil, for a woman in need is often the devil indeed!

Someday she may say to you she is plain, and wonders why you take notice of her. Then beware, for she is waiting for you to say it is not so. She is waiting for you to cool your fevered brow and bathe your tired eyes in her rare loveliness. For you she intends to become the flowers and colour of a song, the red hibiscus blossom, the perfume of a wheat-field at even, the yellow daffodils, the slaty-blue wild hyacinths with their odour of Spring. You will begin to think as the wisest man in the world thought, that her little feet are as lilies set upon slabs of ivory; that she is softer and more soothing than the drug laden poppies. You will begin to see her as a red, red rose, gleaming in the dusk like the lamp outside your father's door. But be not deceived, lad; it is not so. Remember that to women, a man is as a chalk mark on a wall, to be rubbed off at will. Beware the summer hammock, and the winter cosy corner. Beware the rustic seat in the heavily scented conservatory.

Better confide in father, lad; he has been through it.

Beware, I say, of this dear confiding girl. "For a woman's word is like water," and Cupid is not the blind little rascal he looks. He knows very well how to put one and one together.

Remember that a woman spends half her life deceiving herself and the other half deceiving mankind. Above all, never write her love letters. They are so much spilt ink, and you may cry over it.

But, as I said before, confide in father. Put your arms round his neck and have a heart to heart talk with him about her. Remember that it is woman makes all the trouble in life, and take no heed of those who say she makes life worth the trouble. If you do you may be bitterly disillusioned.

And whatever you do, my lad, do not kiss her. Suspect her when she is silent. Never ask her to forgive you—she will refuse to and be supremely happy.

If she has Titian hair, you must be much more careful. Sometimes when your innocent heart is least expecting, it will fall like a wall of gold and look like a sunflower striving towards the sun. And at this time you will see the deep, deep blue of the night sky shining in her pools of eyes. It is time to go home then, laddie, or in a twinkle you will be comparing her sweet red lips to a crimson azalea or the blood red seeds of a bitten pomegranate. Never let her soften your heart with tears; let none of these rain drops make an impression on its marble walls. Do not sell the strength of your intelligence for the scent of her hair, for in this matter the perfume of a thousand musk-pods can be obtained for very little at the neighbouring apothecary's. In your sight her laughing eyes may be more lovely than a narcissus. Resist the feeling—they are not really so; it is your eyes that are intoxicated. Beware, sonny, for no woman is as fair as she is painted!

Remember also, that if you wish to resist her and get a little of your own poor wounded heart healed, never give her the chance to say "No." For to say "No" to a man, makes a woman joyous for quite a week.

Never be led astray by the wiles and ways of a guileless flapper. Remember when she keeps you waiting long past the hour of appointment, that the only sure thing about a woman is her uncertainty. See also that her mental equipment is thoroughly efficient, for she must have a mind worthy of yours. How would you like to be married to a girl who could not enunciate the fifth proposition of Euclid?

And, my lad, never forget that although she is seventeen and you nineteen, yet in the business in which you are associated, she is as old as Eve, and you are a puling infant.

I gather from your letter that you are a tiny bit jealous of Willie Smith. Beware of jealousy. It usually means you have fallen in love, for it is the foundation-stone of affection. In any case, lad, do not attempt to visit your displeasure upon Willie by blacking his eye (or by paternally chastising him with your razor strop). Remember it is not Willie's fault; it is the fault of the "rag and the bone and the hank of hair," just as it is in your case.

But to return, if her beauty troubles you for a moment, as the moon does, coming from behind a cloud, when she is with you in your father's orchard, remember that beauty passes away as a stone falling through the air, and will only leave you longing.

Therefore, my lad, harden your heart. Rather seek the door of the tavern and comfort yourself with flagons, than make a fool of yourself for a kiss from her lip which you dare not take.

This letter is already long, but I feel you deserve it. Let me urge you above all things to be brave, and tell it all to father. He will understand where mother wouldn't.

AMOR.

"RETRAC."

Professor Schüddekopf.

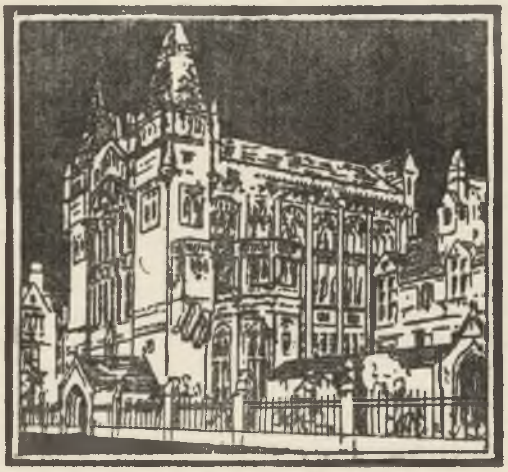
It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Professor Schüddekopf, which took place in a Harrogate nursing-home on September 11th. For over a quarter-of-a-century Profeeor Schüddekopf had charge of the German studies in the University, and to his students past and present, as well as to the teaching staff, the sense of loss is most profound. A ripe scholar and an inspiring teacher, he won the confidence and affection of his students, while his clear vision and sound judgment were deeply appreciated by those who, as members of the Council, Senate, or Board of the Faculty of Arts, listened to his views on education and university administration. Preeminently a philologist, he was at the same time keenly interested in literature. He had made a special study of German translations of Shakespeare, and for some years he contributed every fortnight an "English letter" to one of the leading German literary journals; during the last year of his life he was engaged in the study of the poetry of Richard Wagner. In the years immediately preceding the war his sphere of influence as a teacher was greatly widened, as he found himself called upon to lecture upon German life and institutions to large and appreciative audiences all over the north of England. The underlying idea in these courses of lectures, and the purpose which lay nearest to his heart, was the fostering of a better understanding between the country of his birth and the country of which he had become a loyal citizen and to which he was attached by a thousand intimate ties.

The war was the tragedy of his life—a spiritual tragedy, in which he saw his aims shattered and his highest hopes overthrown. Forced by circumstances, over which the University had no control, to abandon for the time being his work as a teacher, he retired to Harrogate and lived courageously for the future when he should be able to take up again the task that was dear to him. What cheered him most of all in those dark months were the letters which he received from his students, who longed for his return.

The war has levied a heavy toll upon the members of the University; but whereas our grief for those of our members who have died heroicly upon the battlefield is tempered with pride, our hearts know no such relief when we contemplate tne tragedy of Professor Schüddekopf's death.

Our sincerest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Schüddekopf and her son. Generations of students have associated Mrs. Schüddekopf with all that was most festive in the social life of the University, and our gratitude to her for the great services which she has rendered to our dramatic and musical activities enhances our sympathy with her in this time of sorrow.

F.W.M.



DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Medical School Notes.

The opening of the new session at the School of Medicine was attended by the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University, who presided and distributed the prizes.

His Grace observed in his opening remarks that tribute was due to the work of medical men during the war. There was nothing, he said, that appealed more to our sympathy and admiration than the medical work which was being carried on now.

The Hon. Rupert Beckett delivered an address dealing with after-war problems. He thought that there would certainly be a burden of taxation on this country which would press heavily for two generations. After the Napoleonic wars, he observed, there was a great regeneration of industrial activity owing to the rapid progress of invention, but he was afraid there was no likelihood of any such trade or social revolution after this war. He thought that we should have to rely upon better methods of output and distribution, and upon co-operation between competitive businesses. This country, he said, in contrast with Germany, was built up by individual enterprise, but with regard to this he thought we should have put our house in order and turn to co-operation.

In conclusion, Mr. Beckett dealt with the relationship of Medicine and the State. He, personally, hoped that State control of the Medical Profession would never come, for it would tend to destroy individuality. He pleaded for more adequate recognition of the needs of research.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Beckett was proposed by Sir Berkeley Moynihan and seconded by Mr. W. F. Harvey.

The American Tea.

On Degree Day last an American Tea was held in the University Refectory in aid of the Star and Garter Fund for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors. The tea was promoted by the joint Committee of the old and new Women's Representative Councils of which Miss Woodcock and Miss Brown were President and Secretary.

The good cause for which the effort was made, did not fail to appeal to large numbers of students and friends and in spite of most unfavourable weather the whole of the proceedings passed very enjoyably. As is customary at an American Tea visitors contributed gifts of fancy articles, cakes and sweets and these were put up for sale on the stalls. A special feature of the sale were the silhouettes of several professors and students, drawn by Miss Munday and sold in aid of the fund. There were two side-shows of Palmistry and fortune-telling conducted by Miss Grier and Miss Kitson, and these were largely patronised. An excellent tea was provided by the Refectory Staff, and the Committee tenders its thanks to Mrs. Beck and her helpers who so willingly gave their services.

As a result of the Tea, Miss Woodcock was able to hand over to the Star and Garter Fund a balance of £17 4s. 6d.

Books.

Prof. W. Rhys Roberts has expanded into a book his address on "Greek and English Patriotic Poetry," delivered last session to the Literary and Historical Society. It is published by Mr. John Murray (3/6 net).

The author is devoting his profits to War Relief Funds.

Old Leeds Men.

The Degree of D.Sc.Lond. (Engineering) has been conferred on Mr. F. T. Chapman for a thesis entitled "The Airgap Field of the Polyphase Induction Motor" and other work in Electrical Engineering.

Dr. Chapman was Leeds City Council Scholar and Senior Brown Scholar at Leeds University from 1897 to 1901.

Marriages.

Rowe—Cockburn.—On August 15th, at Headingley Hill Congregational Church, by the Rev. Professor Duff, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Frederick Maurice Rowe, M.Sc., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rowe, of Stroud, Gloucestershire, to Mary Nield Cockburn, youngest daughter of Sir George and Lady Cockburn, Headingley, Leeds.

Rowell—Cooper.—On September 6th, at Christ Church, Doncaster, Lieut. and Adjt. Henry Snowden Rowell, R.G.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowell, of Newcastle, to Maud Louisa Cooper, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cooper, Doncaster.

The bridegroom was assistant to Prof. Goodman until July, 1914. He has served through the Mesopotamian Campaign, and also in Egypt and France.

Casualties.

Sergt.-Major Fear.—It is with deep regret that we have to report the death of Sergeant-Major Fear who was killed in action early in July last. As colour-sergeant instructor for four and a half years to the Leeds University O.T.C., he was known to large numbers of University students, and liked and respected by all who have been on parade under him.

Sergt.-Major Fear joined the 1st West Yorkshires in 1894 at the age of 20, and served 14 years abroad, including ten years in India. In 1904 he re-engaged for 21 years, and for five years before his transfer to the Leeds University O.T.C. he had been on the permanent staff of the Territorial Forces (8th Leeds Rifles). He received the Long Service Medal in 1912. A few months after the outbreak of war he rejoined the West Yorkshires with the rank of regimental sergeant-major, and shortly before his death he had won the Military Cross.

Sec.-Lieut. H. A. Wyllie, who was killed in action in August last, is the second member of the University teaching staff to give his life in the service of his country. Mr. Wyllie was the son of a tenant farmer in Dumfries, was trained at Glasgow University, and was appointed as Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Agriculture in 1913. At the outbreak of the war he joined the Officers' Training Corps, from which he obtained his commission in the West Yorks.

Leeds O. S. A. London,

On the last Saturday in September, ten members met at Chingford and had a very pleasant walk in bright weather through Epping Forest to Wanstead. Here the party enjoyed the kind hospitality of Mrs. Thomson (Miss Florence Turner) at Elmgarth.

The Gryphon Balance Sheet, 1915-16.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Sales	27	8	4
Advertisements (paid)	15	16	0
Special Subscriptions to "Roll of Honour"	11	14	0
	54	18	4
Advertisements (still to pay)	6	19	1
Total	£61	17	5

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Jowett & Sowry	60	6	9
Dean Engineering Co.	1	13	1
Gilchrist Bros.	0	9	4
Hall Porter's Gratuity	1	10	0
Receipt Books, &c.	0	4	2
Editor's Postage	1	12	9½
Treasurer's Postage	0	4	6
	£66	0	7½

	£	s.	d.
Balance from last year	10	0	2
Deficit on year	4	3	2½
Balance in hand	£5	16	11½

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