

2nd ed.

THE GRYPHON

2nd copy
VOL. 19. No. 4.
MAR. 16, 1916.

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Vol. XIX.

MARCH, 1916.

No. 4.

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THE University has now lost the greater part of its men students. Many have left us, some sacrificing careers which can never be taken up again, and the number increases of those who have made the greatest sacrifice of all. Meanwhile the traditions of the University are in the hands of those who remain. We should endeavour to carry on those traditions, not by being indifferent to what is happening around us and in our midst, but with that newer and greater sense of unity which the war has impressed upon us, so that when the normal tenor of college life is resumed, we shall better be able to advance towards our ideal. Amongst other institutions the *Gryphon* struggles bravely on. It is from the women students above all that we expect support in these trying times. Let them remember that it is they who form the larger part of the student community at present, and let them hasten accordingly to give that support which is their duty and should be their pleasure.

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By the time these lines appear in print, the numerous figures in khaki who have formed such a large part of our University population for the past eighteen months will have disappeared. The War Office has adopted a new scheme for training young officers in cadet battalions. This has involved the abolition of schools of instruction and a very considerable curtailment of the work of O.T.C. contingents. The Leeds University Contingent now consists almost entirely of medical students, who have joined while completing their studies with a view to receiving commissions in the R.A.M.C. It is not anticipated that any of the present staff will be retained. At the beginning of the disintegration Sergeant Gordon, who has been very prominent since the beginning of the war, received a commission in the 4th West Riding Regt. and is now at Clipstone. The remainder of the staff which has gradually accumulated to meet the various developments of training, will probably be distributed between service units and the various training formations in the Northern Command. A large number of cadets have already been posted to cadet units at Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere, and the remainder are now out of uniform either awaiting their call to cadet units or joining with their groups. The officers' school will close on March 11th, and after that date it is expected that except for something less than the usual peace time activity, there will be no military training at the University of Leeds.

Further Reminiscences of an American University.

STUDENT life in an American University is a very vigorous affair. Not a few of the men, at any rate, actually work their way through college. Many of them act as waiters in fraternity houses and students' boarding houses; others as laboratory attendants in their spare time. Some have been known to sell papers, stoke engines and engage in other such pursuits; and many during the long summer vacation earn enough money by teaching, or in agriculture, to carry them through the coming year. The college year in California starts in September and is divided into two long terms or "semesters," lasting, with a break at Christmas, till well on into May; so that the summer vacation coincides with the gathering of the harvests, when good money may be earned.

When I was at Berkeley, the pathological department was carrying on an investigation for the government upon the effect of preservatives in food, in connection with the Pure Food and Drugs Act. For this purpose they had obtained the services of a number of students, who, for a certain stipend, were willing to live under a definite régime and diet for the purposes of the experiment. These fortunate (?) individuals, living at the expense of the government were known as the "Poison Squad." [I believe that such experiments in this country would come under the ban of the Vivisection Act!]

The college day in California starts at 8 o'clock, and goes on until noon, when there is an hour's break for lunch. To the Californian, a 9.30 lecture would be no hardship.

The college course lasts four years. It must be remembered, however, that most of the students arrive fairly immature, and the first year is practically the equivalent of a final year at our secondary schools. Students in their first year are known as Freshmen, in their second year as Sophomores, and in their two final years as Juniors and Seniors respectively. Each year is known by some distinctive mark of dress, though these are not universally worn. At Berkeley, the Freshmen wore small caps (like our cricketer caps), of various hues, the colour indicating the particular school in which the student was working. The Sophomores wore broad-brimmed felt hats with a leather band. The Juniors sported bluish grey felt hats emblazoned with devices in yellow, symbolical of their pursuits: thus, for example, an engineer's hat would show silhouettes of various machines. The Seniors affected battered "toppers" decorated with coloured ribbons.

Sports are as popular in an American University as here; but there seems to be far more specialisation and new talent is carefully looked out for, segregated and trained.

Baseball, known briefly as "ball," takes the place of cricket, and besides this there are athletic sports, tennis, and football. In California they have forsaken the American game of football for Rugby (a change fairly recently made in the interests of humanity!); they also play Soccer. These games have been popularised in San Francisco by a large British element in the population, and there are several good clubs.

Football is played on a grassless expanse (grass does not wear well in California). On either side of the ground are enormous tiers of wooden benches known as "bleachers." The trainer (a professional) and his satellites watch the game from the touch-line. When a man is put out of action—which is not infrequent—the trainer and satellites rush up with huge bottles of water with which they seek to revive him. If the injury does not permit him to continue, a reserve takes his place, each side being allowed three reserve men.

All through the game, a crowd of students upon the bleachers keeps up an almost incessant noise. This procedure is highly organised and is under the control of a "yell-leader," who conducts the shouting by motions of his arms and body. There is a great variety of college yells and songs. Berkeley possesses a particularly magnificent cry, starting "Oskey wow wow," which works up to a fine climax. One of the yells, the "Axe," commemorates an incident in the rivalry with Stanford University; the yell runs:—

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe!
Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe!
Give 'em the axe!
Give 'em the axe!
Give 'em the axe!
Where?

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck !
 Right in the neck, the neck, the neck !
 Right in the neck !
 Right in the neck !
 Right in the neck !
 There !!

Repeat *fortissimo* and *accelerando*.

The story runs that at one of their first Inter-Varsity games, Stanford produced a huge axe, at the same time evolving the cry, which was uttered at intervals during the game. Stanford won, and the axe was borne in procession round the grounds and then round the Campus. But a band of Berkeley men wrested the axe from them by violence and took it in triumph to Berkeley. Since then they have managed to keep it and have appropriated the yell. At first the axe was hidden in various fraternity houses under a guard during vacation. One night a band of Stanford men broke in, overpowered the guard, and searched high and low for the axe, but without success. The axe was hidden in a piano ! After that it was placed in a strong room. Every year a Keeper of the Axe and one or two subordinate officials are appointed, and once a year the axe is brought out and carried in procession round the town.

The yells and songs are practised whenever students meet together. Every month there is a mid-day gathering of students and staff in the gymnasium. Yells are given, college songs sung, and the meeting is usually addressed by some professor, often one who has been travelling during the vacation, or his sabbatic year.

Several times a year "Rallies" are held. A "Rally" is a sort of organised rag, often ending up with a procession and a bonfire. There is, for instance, a "Pyjama Rally." The men assemble in the gymnasium, the majority clad in more or less gaudy pyjamas, and otherwise disguised. There is much fooling, college cries and yells, musical items, among which the mandoline orchestra, and the college Glee Club are prominent, and then a procession is formed, torches and lanterns are lit, and so to the bonfire.

An interesting feature is a co-operative society run by the students. They have a fairly capacious "store" on the Campus, at which can be obtained practically anything a student can require for the day's work or play. Such things for instance as stationery, drawing instruments, college pennants and tokens, class pins, watch fobs, chocolates, ice cream and various other edibles. All the serving and general management of the store is done by students, who can keep the store open all day long. I suppose that with a student body of some 4,000, it is comparatively easy to find a sufficiency of relays of workers.

What may be considered a by-product of the above, is the publication of a daily paper. This deals almost exclusively with college news, and there is always a large number of advertisements, which, being American, and addressed to a student public, provide (to a European) piquant reading.

There is also in connection with the University a kind of cadet corps. It affords a preliminary training that may be useful later in the State Militia, which many students afterwards join.

Every student, male or female, on entering college is thoroughly examined by the college medical officer. The details of height, eyesight, etc., which are gradually accumulating will form a most interesting anthropometrical record. The university authorities have provided also a small hospital in which sick students can be treated.

The end of the college year comes with "Commencement," the equivalent of our "Degree Day." The name implies that though it is the end of a student's university days, it is only the beginning of his active life in the world, for which he has been training during his four year's course. Many festivities are associated with "Commencement." The ceremony of the conferment of degrees takes place out of doors in the Greek Amphitheatre in its grove of eucalyptus. Happy California that can always depend on summer weather being propitious.

From the Trenches.

I.

A Wet Night in the Trenches.

RAIN ? Never, it seemed, since the days of Noah had there been such a deluge. We crept into our dug-outs, expecting to find there, at all events, some shelter from the ever increasing downpour. But alas—even roofs of tarpaulin, corrugated iron sheeting and sandbags were unable to resist the penetrating raindrops, and we crouched helplessly in dry corners, watching the steady drip-drip of water from the leaking roof. Outside a torrential stream poured madly down the trenches, in which the sentries, like some wave-buffed islands, stood motionless, knee deep in water. The Siamese, it is said, believe that rain is caused by the overflow and splashing as angels have their baths. If this is true, surely this night had been reserved for the special "annual" of the lost hosts ! The night was black as pitch, and the "Very" glares resembled nothing so much as matches flickering unsteadily and suddenly dying out with a damp splutter just as you think your pipe is alight when it isn't ! A fatigue party—carrying rations into the firing line—splashed by, swearing softly as it went. "Where's Ike ?" asked one of them in gentle solicitude for the welfare of a diminutive cook straggling somewhere behind. "They're still dragging for him," laconically replied his companion as they passed by our dug-out and stumbled forward once more.

Even the bullets seemed to feel the gloom and despondency which possessed us all. "That beggar sounds down-hearted" muttered the nearest sentry as one of them, nearly spent, passed over the parapet with a dismal wail !

Occasionally the boom of a big gun could be heard in the far distance as if protesting against the foulness of the night. A wounded man being carried to the rear groaned piteously as one of the stretcher bearers lurched forward in a sea of mud.

One of our number, hoping to cheer us, attempted to describe some of the comforts of home life. He spoke of a cosy, well-lighted room, a warm fire, an easy chair and a thick hearthrug. He murmured something about a pipe of good tobacco and the prospect of a hot, steaming dinner before one, but his effort aroused no enthusiasm. How for instance, could a man conjure up a vision of steaming rabbit-pie while a stream of water—with a constancy as eternal as time itself—poured gently past his great-coat collar, down his neck—and from thence, down, down further still into regions which, at all events in times of war, no man may wash save at bathing parades—and these, as everyone knows, are few and far between? Of course the rains did cease eventually—and the doors of Heaven close again—but I agreed when someone gave it as his opinion that the keeper of the said doors did not deserve his place among the blessed! However, on second thoughts, I suppose something may be said for him—for his ultimate action, however delayed, most certainly saved us from complete annihilation.

We are now drying clothes, and oilsheets, cleaning and oiling rifles, and awaiting a German attack—or another downpour—with calm, unruffled complacency.

II.

Tea-Time in the Trenches.

"ANOTHER egg would have made all the difference in the world to this cake," remarked Brown, as he gave a vicious tug at his army biscuit. "I will remind mother next time—but to go on with, try a little jam," I said, holding out a tin. He looked at it suspiciously. "It's quite quite alright—not more than three flies in it," I added. "Righto, hand it over," he replied with a glad smile. We had a small tin of condensed milk as issue for the day—and the tea, disguised by its aid, and for once really drinkable, was exercising a cheering influence over us all. Jones, the delicacy of whose palate did not permit of his imbibing anything hot, raised his mess-tin to expectant lips. "Now that mine is cool—and yours vanished," he said to us—"just watch me!" A German sniper's bullet, at the same moment, cutting through the top of a sandbag—a common meal-time performance—released a considerable quantity of loose earth. It fell with a clatter into Jones' tin. "Strafe you," he muttered when the laughing died down—and he had placed the tea upon the firing step to allow the undesirable ingredient to settle. "Some lettuce would go down very well just now," remarked Robinson, wiping away a bead of perspiration caused by his late exertions at the cook's fire. "Or some celery," I remarked, rather wistfully. "Personally—I prefer salary!" said Brown, whose weaknesses were punning and the losing of much money at "House." "'mph," retorted Jones, still nettled by his late misfortunes—"it isn't a salary *we* get—its a tip!" We all agreed. "Its an extraordinary thing," began Robinson later—"but look there." We gazed in the direction indicated by his finger, where several "coal-boxes" were bursting in the vicinity of a

ruined house behind our lines. "Nobody inside," he added, "never has been—and yet they waste about five times the original cost of the house in shells every day. What can you make of it?"

"The fact is"—Jones volunteered—"the Bosches have no imagination." "No," said I, pointing to his mess-tin—"nothing but an occasional saving sense of humour!" A biscuit missed my head by inches—and only one who expected such a missile could have escaped. I was silent for a time. A British shell screamed over our heads. "Souvenir for you, Fritz," yelled Smith. "Somebody will be getting hurt if he isn't careful," remarked Brown grimly as the sound of the explosion reached us. Jones, who was always doing mad things, could not resist having a peep over the parapet. "Right in their trench," he muttered with a grin as he got down. A bullet cracked past where his head had been. "Nearly in your head, ye mad idiot," growled a sergeant, McPherson by name, who was passing by, "It'll no be the V.C. ye'll be getting for madness like that. T'will be the white cross for ye—I'm thinking—the wooden one"—he added cheerily.

* * * * *

The sergeant was not altogether a true prophet, for three days later, during an attack on the enemy's trenches, poor Jones, by an undying act of bravery which cost him his life—gained both.

EXPLORATOR.

The Little Brown Skylark.

A little brown skylark at dawn's first peep,
Rose from its nest in the cornfield deep,
Singing of happiness sweet and long;
We listened again to the heavenly song

Which rang through the air. It seemed to say
"Awake, ye men to a new-born day."
"Little brown skylark," I whispered low,
"'Tis little you reck of man's daily woe,

The sorrows of sin, the cares of the world."
The gay little songster his wings unfurled,
Fluttering higher, I heard his voice—
"Faint not, O mortals, rejoice—rejoice."

"Little brown skylark," I said again,
"You know not of suffering, grief or pain."
He answered—a tremulous note it seemed—
"Yea—I have suffered, when mortals dreamed

That sorrow was theirs; I too have grieved;
Are ye of your dearest alone bereaved?"
"Little brown skylark, sing on"—I cried;
"I tell of sweet happiness," he replied.

"Heaven bids me sing—'Let God be heard
E'en in the voice of a little bird';
Sing then of blessings so richly given
And ye, too, shall rise on swift pinions to Heaven."

F.W.S.

Vanitus Vanitatum.

A Plea for Candour and Commonsense.

It is easy, all too easy, to pick holes in our social fabric. Yet with good cause I yield to the temptation.

Some diseases require the surgeon's knife (which I cannot supply). Others cannot resist the influence of penetrating rays. The powerful rays of publicity may help in curing our social maladies.

Let this then be my apologia.

THE most prevalent of our ills is a subtle one, and is the more dangerous because it appears to us in an attractive guise. In our blissful ignorance we welcome it, nourish it and cherish it in our breasts. The symptoms are many, but the cause is one—auto-hypnotism. One meets it in private and public, it obtrudes itself, and passes unnoticed. Encouraged thus it spreads itself until it threatens the national health. Will no one take heed? Despite the sophistries of my elders and the views of conservative friends, yes, and in the midst of this monstrous international imbroglio, I state without reserve, we are living in an age of self-deception!

It is among the conventional lies of our civilisation that the germs of this strange disease find their breeding-ground. Conventionality becomes its worthy ally. Fragile but infrangible laws of social observance become piled up according to whim, until those hackneyed queries everywhere are heard, "Is it correct?" "Is it proper?" That which should serve us gradually assumes command, that which at best should be an ornament attains the power of a bond that fetters our every movement. The dictates of fashion require that man shall live in this jerry-built superstructure, and in his abject blindness to the truth man obeys. He becomes the slave of his own creation, and, mistaking the shadow for the substance, is dazzled by the glare of the superficial trivialities that surround him, that are nothing in reality but a worthless dross, a base alloy in a flimsy casing.

Under such conditions, self-deception thrives, as well it might. Being satisfied with small beginnings it makes its first move in the lighter side of life, in "Art" and its satellites. Here let me remark that these lines are not directed against the bona fide devotees of Art; for them I entertain the greatest respect. These words are penned by the most philistine of philistines to those who in their self-delusion (I shall not call it hypocrisy) make their humble obsequies at the shrine of Pretence, merely because they know no better.

Who has not witnessed in the galleries of a salon a throng of men and women alternately engaged in criticising the critics and talking small talk? The individual is the foreigner, also a subject for discussion. When a personality does emerge, then it is "the thing" to follow in his train. Modern Society (with a

medium and a large S) cannot tolerate competition hence the tyranny of individuals.

As we are deluded in the domain of pictorial Art, so do we deceive ourselves in the realms of Music and Drama. A new musician makes his *début* and happens to be the subject of eulogistic paragraphs in the columns of the dailies and fashionable weeklies. Immediately hosts of patrons struggle to hire the services of the parvenu. Whether his tunes are tuneful or his melodies melodious, whether he can *please*—this does not matter; he has a *name* and this, not his talent, provides the draw. It is human nature that the plastic audience thinks *en masse*, or rather, acts. It may be that the musician is a true artist, and perhaps there are some among the auditors who really do appreciate his rendering. The scene is familiar. The few applaud, and like Mary's lamb the remainder follow, persuading themselves that they have enjoyed the recital. And what is lamentable, they soon believe that they have.

The same phenomenon of unconscious make-believe occurs among the ranks of theatre-goers. A Shakesperian revival is mooted. The wags begin to talk, their dupes follow suit, and long before the first night of the presentation the audience-to-be are ardent worshippers of Him of Avon. Or it may be the case that Shaw's plays are in vogue when the word is passed round that his works are unwholesome and that the man is a sham. Perhaps they are, perhaps he is. The crowd, however, does not stay to inquire. Shaw for them has become "impossible." Is he ostracized? Not a bit! Irony of ironies, while the author is decried by all, his comedy-dramas play to more crowded houses than ever.

In the world of literature, too, is this ubiquitous auto-hypnotism to be found. We all, at some time or another, have asked, What is a classic? The usual answer has been, Go consult the verdicts of generations and "those who know." We need not trouble. "Classics" are thrust upon us before we have time to find them for ourselves. We read them, and because they are deemed so, well, they *must* be so. No serious harm would be done if the matter rested here; but it doesn't. We stifle whatever we may possess of the power of self-decision, and, meekly accepting the dicta of others, approach the status of brainless automata. When we come to "criticise," we are actuated by false criteria. Style, like etiquette, should be a mere ornament. Once again the trees are mistaken for the wood. Substance and interest are made subservient to the all-important style. As plays are written to conform with the merits, or demerits, of a particular actor, so are subjects in literature often chosen because they are suited, say, for the "grand style." How often have we seen the words: "If X had not been a stylist as well as a thinker, his works would never have lived." It so happened that Z, who wrote a lot and said nothing, picked and chose his words for their euphony, maintaining all along a beautiful balance of phrase. His works are *belles lettres*, a model for would-be *littérateurs*. I have an editor friend who is loth to refuse the poetry of a certain prolific contributor because

it is *possible* that some day in the dim and distant future a second William Archer will discover merit in his writings. Similarly in other branches of literary Art. The worthy practice of conciseness has developed into the cult of paradox. Matters must be in a sorry plight when, upon "G.B.S." declaring "I am a typical Irishman; my family came from Yorkshire," the abundant "G.K.C." must enter the arena and tie himself into figurative knots in the endeavour to explain his contemporary. During this empty display of crackling fireworks, we look on, see wisdom where none is meant, and exclaim, How clever!

Self-deception is characteristic of every walk in life. To the demagogue the proletarians are angels and the "upper ten" bloated monsters; meantime the latter regard with disdain the clamouring providers of their luxuries. Unsophisticated, unenlightened *they* are the cream of the world. "What is democracy?—an aristocracy of blackguards!" Such is self-hypnotism. The "practical" man in commerce and industry whose views are well-known affords a similar instance; yet those who scoff do not benefit from the moral.

The truth is that as a nation we are suffering from this pernicious disease. So is Germany. Not deliberately but unwittingly we blind ourselves to the realities around us. To do this has become second nature. We are at war with the Teutonic Powers; *ipso facto* we are a race of saints, the Teutons a tribe of devils. We claim to be fighting Prussianism; in the process we are being Prussianised. We decry German Kultur, and in our smug self-satisfaction include everything savouring of German advancement under that spurious shibboleth. Self, self, self, nothing but self. Only candour and commonsense can keep the issues clear, rid us of this sickening atmosphere. Then, perhaps, will intelligence regain supremacy over intellect. Egoism is at the root of the problem. Let us bear in mind that the more a man fosters his Ego, the more is he liable to lose it.

O for a Social Reformation!

PHILISTINE.

Love of Life.

I am in love with life—no whit ashamed
To bear affection for a gift divine;
Thirsty for all life gives—shall I be blamed
When nectar freely poured from Heaven is mine.

I wish to live—the dregs of age to sup;
So, when the days of youth and strength are past,
And Time puts forth his hands to snatch the cup—
I would contrive to drain it to the last.

Then should I willingly have known it all,
From helplessness to helplessness again—
The rich red wine of life—the bitter gall;
The mysteries of happiness and pain.

F.W.S.

Illusions!

It has taken people so long to understand that "Life is real, life is earnest," that in their eagerness to impress upon the backward world this new-found truth, they are ruthless in their denunciation of anything which does not produce immediate practical results, or lay bare some glaring actuality. They laud to the skies an outlook on life which, in its attempts to see everything in true proportion in relation to the world, becomes nothing more than a sordid, narrow utilitarianism, an interpretation of life shorn of illusions. He who analyses feelings, motives, actions—everything, on a basis of truth and utility, is bound sooner or later to develop into a cynic, for happiness itself is bound up with illusions. We may cherish them until they become realities, or cling to them in wilful self-deception, persuading ourselves that our rose-coloured dream-world really exists, and still not shut our eyes to more vital matters. Let us see the world as it is, let us meet it as it demands, but let us keep our Paradise of Fools, be it only for moments of transient felicity.

Who has not revelled in make-believe? If you have not, then I pity you, for you have missed the most *real* pleasure of childhood, and one of the most comforting joys of maturity. A child, you deck yourself in window-curtains, and thus adorned, lose your own personality, become blind to the ordinary, everyday facts of existence, and strut about, a court lady in all her splendour. Or you lie stretched upon the sand, shutting out the rest of the world, and imagine you are Robinson Crusoe on his desert isle—not that you really envy for one minute the glory of the one or the prolonged solitude of the other; the joys you search for even in childhood, are the joys of the illusion. Older, you mix with people with whom you have nothing in common, surround them with an imaginary halo of interest, or bestow upon yourself qualities you do not possess, and become convinced that you are enjoying their society—a less romantic, but none the less effective form of make-believe—and what is the result? You imagine you are happy, and happiness follows. The critical, analytical disturbing factor is lulled into oblivion; the imagination in itself a limitless field of happiness, reigns supreme.

Who, if asked seriously whether he believed in fairies or no, would not laugh condescendingly and give an emphatic denial? They are an impossibility, a figment of childish superstitious minds in the early stages of civilization, a relic of the undeveloped, unawakened past; yet I would not shatter one of my dream-castles, or cut off one joyous realm of realistic phantasy, by refusing to answer Peter Pan's appeal, or by daring to admit, even to myself, that there are no such folk as fairies.

Then what can be more comforting than illusions about one's self? You may be ordinary, "respectable," inane, in the eyes of the world, but to yourself, looking through the magic glasses of illusion, which ignore perspective, you appear perched on the pedestal of originality, initiative, uniqueness and, importance, and are spared the misery of the realisation of what others would call truth. Yes! I pray Heaven that I for one, may keep some of my illusions.

BARBARA.

The Toll of War.

THE section of the Roll of Honour which contains the names of those who have sacrificed their lives for their country has been very considerably increased since the last notes were published. The publishing of adequate biographical details is becoming more and more difficult owing to the absence on service of most of the acquaintances of those who have fallen. The names referred to here are merely those who have been most recently among us or who are best remembered owing to prominence in University life and affairs.

Lieut. C. G. WESTON, 7th Yorkshire Regiment, was here some five or six years ago as a student in the Chemistry Department. He joined the O.T.C. and took the work seriously, obtaining both Certificates A. and B. He was one of the first to apply for a commission when the war broke out and became an officer in the First Hundred Thousand. He accompanied his battalion to France and was one of the first of its officers to fall.

Captain F. M. LANG, 6th Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, was a student about the same time in the Leather Department, being one of a succession of young Scotsmen who have come to carry the unique training given there into the leather industry of the Glasgow district. He was a resident of Lyddon Hall, where he was very popular and always ready to help in public works. He had already been four years in the Territorial Force at the beginning of the war and was soon promoted captain.

Second-Lieut. S. E. PEIRCE was a young Colonial, who having gained the 1851 Exhibition in Australia, was attached to the laboratory of Professor Bragg, where he had been working for some time when war broke out. Having had a good deal of training in Australia he joined the O.T.C. at once, and soon obtained a commission in the 2/4th K.O.Y.L.I. He afterwards joined the first line and proceeded to France where he died of wounds received about Christmas, in the assault that was then made under cover of gas on the line near Ypres.

Sergt. E. GAILLE will be remembered by many former Textile students as a prominent member of that Department and as a keen athlete. He went to the Colonies after completing his course and came to Europe with the 1st New South Wales Contingent, and was killed in action in Gallipoli on August 7th, 1915.

Second-Lieut. P. A. MARGETTS, 9th Lincolns, and Sergt. S. P. SHIPPAM, 4th K.O.Y.L.I., were contemporaries in the Department of Education some years back. Both joined the Army early in the war, Shippam joining his local Territorial unit, and Margetts a service battalion of the Lincolnshires. Margetts received his commission before going to the front and Shippam had been nominated when he was killed about Christmas.

Private A. C. J. COOMBES was a student in the Leather Department at the outbreak of war and a cadet of the O.T.C. Shortly after the outbreak of war he joined the 19th Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Battalion) and fell while serving with them in France.

These and several others have added lustre to the name of their University and their deeds will be an inspiration to those, who knowing that our national need has become greater are now taking their places, making possibly even greater sacrifices in the interruption of careers on which the welfare of relatives were staked. With all these go our very best wishes and our confidence that they too will remember in their strenuous hours the inspiration of our growing corporate feeling.

Fables from Flanders.

I. The Fiddler of No-Man's-Land.

I.

ACROSS the sky the wind tossed fleecy clouds, unveiling intermittently the moon that drifted along like a lotus-bloom. A sentry, chill and weary, gazed outwards towards the enemy's lines—gazed now at the dark silhouettes of shattered trees against the horizon and now at the darker indefinite shadows between. Star-shells were rising before him in mournful ellipses, breaking the black harmony of the night. Harsh occasional shots rang out and jarred on his tired nerves.

Another hour to run yet, he reckoned. How almighty tired he was. Never mind! There'd be a spoonful of rum for him when he came off duty, and that warmed a man like nothing else on earth That damned moon and the flitting shadows—they made a man so jumpy. He'd seen the shadows flit like that before, but across the broad spaces of his native moors, in the fresh, sweet light of spring

He didn't know at what precise moment he became sensitive to the music. For a time it was interblent with his thoughts. But now he realised it—realised it with an acute, awed feeling. It never came to his mind to give the alarm; there was no sudden shock; only a seductive appeal wavering in the night air. And soon he knew it to be no trick of his tired senses, for now it was actual in the song of a violin.

He felt his way into the dug-out near by him, and called to his corporal to come out and listen. Others, awakened, followed. They listened in silence, their commonplace souls gripped within a vortex lifting them to divine, eternal things.

II.

He was perched like a vulture upon a mound of tangled wire and upturned earth, surrounded by the debris of battle. He stood with bared head beneath the sky, his eyes bright with star-light and ecstasy. Gently, like a tree in the breeze, he swayed to the motion of his violin.

And out of the enveloping dark, silent figures came and crouched beneath him. From all sides they came, friend and foe, cheek by jowl.

In the vicinity shots no longer rang out through the stillness. Star-shells no longer lit the scene in mournful flickering glows. The moon had sunk

ungloried in the west. Now only the music came throbbing and soaring, its song a quest and an enchantment, making men forget for a while the consistent chains of their flesh

Soon the dawn was breaking cold and gray, revealing the entranced—some prostrate in dreams, others standing with crossed arms, their unseeing eyes lost in vision of the skies.

A machine-gun rattled, staccato and metallic. Like fairy princes from an age-long sleep, the group slowly awoke to reality. Their hearts were flooded with the old fears, so that they fled through the misty dawn-light.

H.E.R.

At the "Ref."

II. Odder Impressions.

THE "Ref." is, indeed, "an omnium-gatherum of human miscellanies." The more one visits it the more successfully it outrivals a third-railway-compartment for the variety of mortals it contains. The "Ref." has its types, types that find their counterpart in various grades of society, types that congregate here to be looked upon and scrutinized at will. As a mere undergrad whose time should have been engaged by more serious occupations, I have spent hours at the "Ref." in doing little but regard my fellow habitants of Leeds, observing their appearances and marking their traits and foibles, sometimes favourably, often critically, but always, I trust, sympathetically. Would that I had the power of description, "without or with offence to friends or";—but there are no "foes" at the "Ref."; everything is as calm as the atmosphere of an examination-room. [I must apologise. Since writing the last word I have had to remonstrate with a couple of veritable kids who were audibly solving their Euclid]. Generally speaking (blessed word!) there is peace, high-perpetual peace.

* * * *

The Old Man is a class apart. A constant figure at the "Ref." he is to be met with in different guises and circumstances. There is the very elderly gentleman, who, judging by the time he has expended over the tomes of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, ought by now to have read every word of that elevating work. Yet he never makes progress. Note him when next he appears. Muffled up to the eyes, he enters the library with slow gait, and almost unconsciously makes his way to the open shelves that contain his favourite literature. Gently he subsides into the nearest chair, and, having adjusted his spectacles, nonchalantly turns over the leaves of the selected volume until he finds his place. Mark him again a few minutes later; he is still at the same page and his head has fallen a little; he is asleep. Never a sound until an hour later he stirs himself, fastens his home-made gloves (he has doffed nothing at all), replaces his book, and wends his way towards the sanctum of the lift-attendant. He is the afternoon visitor.

Another Old Man is rather different. He does not find his requirements on the open shelves but solicits the services of the assistant librarians. Apparently he suffers from an auricular affliction, for his instructions to these obliging ladies are audible, to say the least, all over the room. Totteringly he reaches a seat and eagerly commences to read and take notes. One wonders whether he is happy in his dotage; his speciality is chap-books of nursery-rhymes.

A third member of this genus finds his literary food in the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal*. Knotted and wizened, he is always to be seen devouring the columns of these journals, advertisements and all. By the numerous tracts on the back of which he makes his ample summaries, he would appear to be slightly religious. Some day he may benefit from his researches by realising that Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

* * * *

The Young Woman furnishes another type of "Ref." frequenter. This time, as is inevitable, the subdivisions are distinct and various. Some are industrious, others do not hide their frivolity; some are ever transcribing the opinions of men of letters into their essays, while others openly employ the "Ref." as a meeting place. The diligent ones can always be distinguished in the midst of a pile of volumes and scribbling-pads; their less serious sisters literally demand one's attention by the childish exuberance that obsesses them.

There is a dear person of the unfortunate sex who regularly visits the "Ref." on certain evenings. Apparently she comes hither after attending classes at some evening-school, for a sheaf of papers and questions invariably precedes her as she enters through the swinging doors. She has no need for the City Corporation's choice selection of literary tit-bits; she carries hers with her, a formidable text on book-keeping and accountancy. Prodigious sums are juggled with the greatest ease by this gifted lady, who knows her debits and credits, her balance-sheets and consignments to a T. Occasionally a few odd thousands go astray, and then begins an exciting chase through endless columns of black wriggles and puzzling hieroglyphics. At last the delinquent, hiding behind a mass of ledger figures, is found, and with a dexterity worthy of Derby and George the "books" are made right to a nicety. Once, however, she was not so fortunate, and the present writer almost forgot the bounds of convention in his desire to offer his assistance in the treasure hunt. The poor lady finally grew desperate. Plunging into her satchel she rummaged about for a second or two while the onlooker waited expectantly. Triumphantly there emerged from the bag of mysteries—not an ink-rubber or a ready-reckoner, but a wholesome confection of Cadbury. Happiness at one side of the table, disillusionment at the other!

Snugly tucked away in the extreme corner of the room is a young woman deeply engrossed in a shabby volume bedecked with quondam-gilt letters and frayed edges. Expectations aroused. Perhaps it is *Aurelius' Meditations* or *Spencer's First Principles*?



More disillusionment! Evidently a patron of the Lending Department below, she is following with keen zest the breathless adventures of one of Garvice's heroines.

* * * * *

To be frank, the Man is more interesting, that is to say, more human. His literature is varied and his pursuits are legion. Each seems to have had a history. One has obviously been severely buffeted by Fate; his expression affords the clue. Another presumably has no other desire than "to see life steadily and see it whole"; placid self-contentment is his trait.

The "Ref." is the resort of the inventor. Frequently is there to be observed a possible genius, scanning the columns of the rolls in which are entered particulars of the inventions of innumerable predecessors. The expression on the searcher's face is tense if not pitiable. Note the swift indrawn breath as he recognises, or thinks he recognises, a familiar drawing. Suppose he should have been anticipated! The regarnder conjures up visions and feels sorry for the man. With a gesture of relief, however, the inventor passes on to the next number; a crisis is passed. There must be instances where the man who has devoted his time and cash to the discovery of some fresh process finds that he *has* been forestalled. I am glad that I have witnessed none.

A couple of chairs away a Man is sitting for whom, in spite of his appearance, one must have respect. He cannot be called imposing, collarless and unkempt as he is. Too poor, probably, to provide himself with glasses his eyebrows almost brush the surface of the pages. Rousseau and Tolstoi, Hardie and Hyndman, I have seen them all, at one time or another, displayed before his bulging eyes. Last time I watched him he was re-reading the immortal chef-d'oeuvre of Marx. Now and again he would lower his book and look longingly into space as though he saw already signs of the wished-for Millennium. Laugh if you like, this man is the wronged victim of the Destinies which too seldom cast their fortunes where they can be employed for the good of humanity.

These are a few, and there are many. The Art student with his works on cathedrals and anatomy, the ordinary student whose characteristics are too well known, the simpering maids from the tertiary schools, teachers themselves out to see the world—the list could be extended indefinitely. But I had better be careful. The *Gryphon* is kept on the magazine shelves of the Reference Library and occasionally is peered into. As I do not want to get the Editor entangled in a libel suit, I think I shall here desist.

PHILISTINE.

Marriage.

BARKER—NICHOLSON.—On the 24th February, at St. John's Church, Bradford, Harold Wood Barker, Major, 6th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, to Margery Nicholson.

Rags.

No, this is not a dissertation on what filled an important and pleasant part of University life before the war: it is merely a few impressions gathered from Ragtown, a hole situated not very far from Leeds.

Ragtown-cum-Porkville is its full title, gained from the first impression it made upon K. and me as we gazed round from rag warehouse to pork shop, and from pork butcher's to rag merchant's. The question to all who enter Ragtown is, "Shall I butch or rag?" I rag.

Now the rag trade is very subtle. The gentleman who comes round to the back door, and offers cracked pie-dishes or coloured balloons in exchange for what I will call domestic rags, is only on the fringe of the trade. Its very terms mystify one for weeks. One soon gathers that stockings form the basis of the trade—black stockings, red stockings, blue stockings, rose stockings, fancy stockings, but I have yet to learn where all these tons of the coloured varieties come from. The only possible solution that enters my mind is drawn from a background of Grand Opera, filled with crowds of Tyrolese youths and maidens in gay attire. Otherwise I leave the problem unsolved.

My first thought was that the founder of the rag trade was a reformed criminal. I decided that rags were what Frank Richardson ought to have tilted against, not whiskers. What is one to make of a trade where one associates daily with bodies? Merino Rippers only carry out the gruesome idea until one hardly shudders when confronted with skeletons. Waterflock shows the means, and one has visions of a dock scene at dead of night; one hears the blows and the victim's shrieks until the stagnant water receives the body for ever.

The word "mungo" puzzled me till quite lately. I decided it must be a kind of soil dressing, but am now in a position to offer both a definition of the article and an explanation of its name. Once upon a time some ragers came to a Ragtown rag merchant and told him his stuff was too coarse to go through the machine. "But it mun go," he said, and it went. And it went on wenting ever afterwards so that mungo, or very coarse shoddy, is a leading product of Ragtown.

It is a revelation to find what a large part rags play in the world. A rag merchants' directory shows that they rag even in Serbia and Turkey, at least they did before the war, but one hardly expects rag merchants in poetic, beauty-loving Italy. Yet Michael Angelo A. and Dante B. are in the trade to-day, and a meeting on paper with Son-of-David C. leads us to conjecture that Praise-God-Barebones originally came from Italy.

There is much in Ragtown to interest the explorer, though I will admit that on first viewing it my opinion was that the only hope for it was a visit from a Zeppelin well provided with incendiary bombs. Subsequent acquaintance has somewhat modified my views, and I now see a better remedy—two Zeppelins.

Ragtown's neighbouring or rather Siamese twin town (I cannot yet tell where one begins and the other ends), has a little more ambitious scenery to offer. Two things I must record. It has a more varied collection of railway stations, all on top of one another, than are to be found elsewhere outside of Bradshaw, and it sells the best and cheapest hairpins it has yet been my pleasure to meet. It also offers life membership of a circulating library for sevenpence, but in view of the increasing price of paper I fear it will be raised to 7½d. before I have definitely sampled it. Whilst on the subject I will add that its 1½d. car fares have now been changed to 1¼d., but it is still possible for Ragtowners to buy for sixpence, packets of chocolates that now cost sevenpence in Leeds.

This practical hint will perhaps have rewarded you if you have got so far. The Gryphon's call for munitions has brought us time-expired people back to active service, and one can only hope that a commercial flavour (and incidentally I would say that business life is intensely interesting) will not be resented. If you have any Rags to offer, I shall be glad to hear from you. Kindly send a post sample, stating weights and lowest prices.

And oblige,

Yours truly,

VIDEO.

The Inter-'Varsity.

NATURALLY, being the Committee, we heaved a sigh of relief when it was over, in spite of our insatiable passion for hard work. Hard work has its reward occasionally, too, and on Friday, February 18th, the male members of Committee had their recompense in admittance to the holy of holies—that luxuriously furnished room where the women students hang out. The comfort of that room makes any man mad with envy for at least a week, until he recollects Manchester and Liverpool, and realises that our women students may have aspirations too.

After tea—a process interrupted by spasmodic arrivals of snow-laden delegates and by a seeming outbreak of the spring-cleaning epidemic in the direction of carpet and furniture removing—we adjourned to the Great Hall. There we allowed the delegates a quarter of an hour in which to appreciate the clock, the curtains, the lamp-shades and other distinctive features of the place, a further five minutes in which to settle down, and the Debate began.

We have, of course, forgotten the motion; we always do. It was something to do with democracy, whether it could or could not furnish a satisfactory form of government. Mr. Williams of Liverpool, proposed the motion, but we really forget what he said, our minds being concentrated on the food which was past and on that which was to come. Miss Overend, of Birmingham, opposed, and talked a lot about Greek political thought which, unfortunately,

was flatly contradicted in the discussion which followed. Miss Woodall seconded the proposition, and Mr. Walker, of Sheffield, seconded the other side. He began by telling us that he did not know much about the subject, and then proceeded to show the falsity of his statement, by a very lucid speech.

The Chairman and the Secretary were meanwhile engaged in an ecstatic conversation as to how to bring the Debate to a close before 6.45. This was really important in relation to supper, which, as everyone in their heart of hearts agrees, is the more vital part of the proceedings. The anxiety of the hungry was allayed however, by the close of the Debate, and after a temporary separation, we re-assembled in the Hall for what we most inaptly term a Musical Evening. To most people that designation suggests intellectual studies of classical composers, but to our college students it has evolved a special meaning of its own—a pot-pourri of anything in the form of entertainment, administered to an audience duly "mixed" and "melted" around sundry small tables, which, by the way, upset on the slightest provocation. Streams of water and floods of cream usually add excitement to the proceedings. On this particular M.E. we really had music, ranging from mysterious strains of melody proceeding from behind the curtain, to bold notes produced unabashed in full view, in the midst of the (very) stage drawing-room. A most adaptable drawing-room that was too, doing duty first as an Early Victorian background for some very charming and rather naughty Early Victorian young ladies, and later as a modern West Kensington setting for a beautiful aesthetic youth, his captivating innamorata, and her much-to-be-congratulated husband.

Supper did come in somewhere, though we forget precisely where. Anyway, we hope everyone had a good time.

Heroes All.

Oh, poets may rave of the fighters of old,
How heroes once strove for fair Helen;
But give me, for Hector, a Welsh Fusilier,
For Ajax—say, Private Llewellyn!

They may point to the Greeks of a far distant age;
And take as their model a Spartan;
I'd rather face twenty such men in a fight
Than one Scottish lad in his tartan.

Leonidas, too, against terrible odds
Fought well, with right valiant exertions;
And yet, had an Irish battalion been his,
I'm convinced he'd have beaten the Persians!

The legions of Caesar were brave men and strong,
Their valour made Rome a great nation;
But supposing his troops had been English, I swear
He'd have conquered the whole of creation!

F.W.S.



"THE PROOF OF THE RAZOR."

The Coward.

IT WAS Rest-time. That meant that it was about eleven o'clock, the most beautiful moment of a beautiful day, and that Jill had to tuck her brown scratched legs up under a hot coverlet in the Room-next-to-the-Dining-room, and try not to mind. Jack, being a year older, *and* a boy, was somewhere out in that hot blazing sunshine, climbing trees and now and then whistling merrily, much to her annoyance; and the heavy scent of pine trees and gorse bushes came through the wide open windows into the Room-next-to-the-Dining-room together with the drowsy hum of bees and other insects that buzz and croon in Summer-time; and from time to time a top-heavy looking butterfly fluttered past the windows as if it were ready to drop, from the heat. It was the very best and most exquisite time for a bathe, the sea was just uncovering the breakwater ready for dives, and at the same time receding from the pebbly part of the beach to a soft flat part where, if you tried to swim under water and your eyes insisted upon keeping shut and you bumped your nose at the bottom, it would only be on sand after all. The worst of it was that you couldn't very well play truant even for a short time, for mother and father were in the Dining-room and the walls of the Bungalow being only of match-boarding it was impossible to move without being heard.

Jill heaved a deep sigh—deep enough to be heard in the Dining-room. But nobody ever seemed to notice that kind of noise—except when you made it too often, and then sometimes you got packed off into bed for the rest of the day. Jill reflected that she didn't want to go to bed altogether just yet; it was bad enough resting. . . . She raised her eyes to the ceiling in an expressive pantomime of resignation, and it seemed as if they had suddenly become glued fast to one particular spot. There, slowly making his way round the room, *via* the angle made by wall and ceiling, was a big, fat, pale-green, hard-backed, long-legged—cricket! And, what was worse, he was fast approaching the portion of ceiling which over-hung Jill's bed, and Jill . . .—well, Jill wasn't very fond of crickets. She watched it draw nearer with fascinated eyes. She was sure it would lose its hold and drop just as it passed above her. Very rigid and still she lay in her bed and watched. At last, as it drew closer and closer into line with the head-rail of the bed, she crept as quietly as she could on to the floor, and standing well away, trembling, her attention divided between the dining-room door and the little green gentleman up aloft, she waited until the danger should be passed. Suddenly a bare, freckled head with tousled hair thrust itself in at the window, and Jack's voice taunted mockingly, "O-o-Oh! Coward." He had been watching for some time already, and was enjoying himself. Jill, red with fury, seized her pillow and flung it at him, but the freckles were gone and the pillow only landed on to the window sill with a soft "squidge" and stuck there helpless, wedged in between the two halves of the open window, whilst a hasty step in the Dining-room and a hand

trying to open the door warned Jill of danger from another quarter. With one last agonising glance at the cricket she gave a mighty leap into bed and plunged down under the coverlet, and the bed was still creaking and swaying gently as mother came in.

The culprit, very hot and stuffy beneath the clothes, hoped desperately that mother wouldn't notice the absence of the pillow, or, rather, its strange attitude between the two halves of the window, and breathless, waited the result if she did. Mother, as it chanced, noticed not only the pillow, but also Jill's holland overall which somehow, in her scramble, had got dragged over her head and lay now upon the place where the pillow ought to be, the only sign left, besides that convulsive little bundle under the coverlet, of the bed's inmate. There was a long pause while nothing seemed to happen. Then came the sound of a shutting door. But Jill was an old hand at dodges; that door *might* have been shut from the inside and not by someone who had passed through beforehand. On the other hand the room might be empty again, and so long as Mr. Cricket was well on his way and had passed the danger-zone, it was probably safe to uncover one's head. She began wishing she had not ducked down beneath the clothes, it was so *very* hot and stuffy, and besides, one couldn't see what was going on. At last, with an heroic effort she thrust a hot head of tangled hair into the light and sent a wild glance towards the cricket. He was a good distance off now, and she sat upright. Her elbow came in contact with something cool and soft. She turned round. Her pillow! So mother *had* found it then! She must have been feeling very lenient . . . As a matter of fact she had been laughing too much to scold, but Jill did not know that.

When the cricket reached his second round his victim called out mournfully (from a safe position on the floor) to find out whether she could get up yet. On receiving a reply in the negative she went over and sat on the window sill and thrust her head out into the sun and watched butterflies and bees. She was becoming quite daring. It was a long distance from the window to the bed. The next time someone came into the room there was no one in it at all, its former inmate having started so greatly upon hearing the intruder that she had fallen out of the window. Once out, she crouched beneath the sill panting, and listened to her heart beating an extraordinarily quick march in her throat. The invader, however, was only father, and he was not aware that she was supposed to be resting there at all, and having found what he sought returned again. Quietly Jill clambered thro' the window, and finding the cricket once more on neutral territory, crept back much subdued, to rest.

At last a welcome voice cried out permission to get up. Jill's warm soles found the oilcloth cold for a moment, but in a few seconds she had crossed the floor and was outside in the sunlight, the gravel underfoot burning hot and dry and all the live things of the summer calling for her to come. . . .

After lunch she said to Jack, "Are you coming to our 'usual places' with me?"

Jack looked superior. "No," he said, "I'm going fishing with Bobby." (Bobby was a lighthouse keeper's son).

Jill sidled up and asked timidly, after a pause, "Can I come too?—please!"

Jack looked bored, and cast about in his mind for an excuse. Then suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. "No, *you* can't come!" he answered, "You'd be afraid of the worms, silly! Who was it frightened at the cricket this morning? Who—"

But Jill had fled. She felt rather sore about that cricket. . . .

A short while afterwards she paused—a disconsolate short-frocked, long-legged creature with tangled hair—at the top of the hill overlooking Portelet. Somewhere down in that blue and gold bay Jack and Bobby were fishing! . . . Then resolutely, she turned her back on them and plunged through the heather, which stung her bare legs as she passed, towards the bare bleak cliffs at the opposite side of the island, and the cruel flashing waves which cut them into jagged shapes. Down—down the rolling hillside until she reached the place where the heather and grass, like a fringe, stopped short, and warm brown rocks showed themselves beneath, and little smooth rabbit-paths on the very edge of overhanging ledges looked temptingly safe and fairylike. Far out into the treacherous sea a strangely malevolent cliff thrust itself. Sheer and smooth descended its sides to the water; and above, it tapered into a ragged, tooth-like edge. Up to this very summit ran a confiding little rabbit-track; and into the centre of it a little burrow led, dug deep in a triangle of earth that had somehow become wedged and stayed. Jill set her bare feet carefully one before the other along this path until she reached the jagged summit. As she sat astride a pointed piece of rock she could see below her on either side far, far down the smiling sea. Suddenly on her left a pair of wings flapped, and quite close to her rose gracefully a large black sea bird, with a small tuft of feathers on its head. That was what she had expected. Carefully clinging with hands and feet she clambered a little way down the precipitous side of the cliff. At last she found the nest—a terrible stench as of rotted fish arose from it, and countless bits of crab-shell and bones picked dry were caught in little crevices around it. The nest itself, made of woven seaweed, was about the size of a soup plate. But alas! it was empty.

Jill hung there a few moments, in mid-air, in order to lose nothing of the sight. Then she turned homewards. She did not know that nesting time was over; she only knew that somehow or other the nest was empty.

And as she ran down the path leading homewards she remembered the cricket.

M.C.M.

Ronsard.—"A Helene." (*Translation*).

My sweet, when you are old, and, grey your shining hair,
You spin beside the fire in flickering candlelight,
You'll sing my songs and say, with wonder and delight
"Ronsard sang thus of me when I was young and fair."
Ah! then no maid of yours, half slumbering in her chair
Bent o'er her work, but at my name will wake outright
And praise you as I praised, her eyes with rapture bright,
And, drawing close to you, will all your memories share.
I shall be in my grave, and sleep, a lifeless shade
Beneath the myrtle trees of some lone burial glade:
You, huddled to the fire, will while the hours away
And, old, regret my love and all your proud disdain:
—Wait not to-morrow; live! regrets are more than vain.
Come, gather now of life her rosebuds while you may!

M.C.M.

Drinking song for "Medicals."

Drink to me only with thy Drugs
And I'll respond with mine—
Or leave a "tonic" in the cup,
And I'll not seek Quinine!

Boast not to me of ruby Port,
Or Sherry's cooling river,
There's nothing quite like Colchicum
For stirring up the liver!

Oh, childhood's days, life's golden hour,
When I knew nought of Jenner,
Oft did I quaff thee to the dregs,
My Epsom Salts and Senna!

O, Zingiber and Cardamoms,
They comfort Stomach sore,
That I may eat of roasted Pork,
And never feel it more.

Pledge me a cup of Iron Wine
And lace it with Strychnina,
Then I shall quite immortal be,
No razor shall be keener.

O, some may praise the Beer of Bass
And some the wine of Cadiz,
But I will sing of Chlorodyne,
That keeps me out of Hades.

The Nightriders.

Their mounts are the lowering stormclouds at night,
Swiftly they speed overhead;
Past the long lines they ride furiously on—
See them—the ghosts of the dead.

Over the battlefield dreary and lone,
'Midst clouds are their shadow forms lined;
Silent, magnificent, terrible, they
Speed on the wings of the wind.

Through the long night, in the depths of the sky,
Countless they sweep on before;
List to their cry as the Universe now
Thrills at the deep thunder's roar.

But lo, daylight breaks; far away in the East
Steals the pink flush of the morn;
The shades of the dead, with black night, disappear,
And Life—like the sunshine—is born.

F.W.S.



DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Literary and Historical Society.

THERE have been three Meetings of the Society since the last publication of the Gryphon:—

On Monday, January 31st, Miss Simpson gave us a very optimistic account of Henry Newbolt's work and read some interesting quotations to illustrate Newbolt as a Patriotic poet. There was an interesting discussion.

On Monday, February 14th, Dr. Figgis gave his lecture on "Jane Austen." Dr. Figgis is well-known in the University and great things were expected of him, and it is a pleasure to record that our highest hopes were realised.

On Monday, February 28th, Mr. Ives read his paper on Oscar Wilde. As this paper was written for the Ripon Prize—Mr. Ives found it necessary to cut much out of the paper in order to bring it to the normal length. It was a sympathetic and searching study of Oscar Wilde's career, and, as was to be expected, provided much food for discussion. Several members voiced their views on the subject and but for lack of time there would have been many more speakers.

Will members please note that Miss Hunter will read a paper on "The Decadence" on March 13th in the place of Mr. Cowling, who had promised one on "Charles Dickens."

W.J.H.

Natural History Society.

Two meetings of the Society have been held this term. On January 20th, Mr. Odling gave a lecture on "Geology and Mythology." He stated that many of the popular myths can be explained on scientific grounds. He dealt with the scientific aspects of classical legends, of fables connected with giants, of lost continents, and the superstitions connected with various stones. He concluded by giving evidence in favour of the view that there actually was a Flood in Noah's time.

The Inter-Varsity Meeting took place on February 11th, an event which only occurs at Leeds once every five years. After tea in the Zoological Department, a debate was held in the Great Hall on "Is Climate the principal factor in the distribution of Flora and Fauna?" Miss Crabtree (Manchester) proposed the motion. Miss Nash (Liverpool) led the opposition. The former was seconded by Miss Whitaker (Leeds), and the latter by Mr. Odling (Leeds). The debate was followed by a Musical Evening.

M.H.

Social Study Society.

On January 28th, Mr. Lambert ably led a discussion on "Child Labour and the War," dealing in turn with the lamentable conditions in agriculture, and the dubious state of affairs in industry generally. The suggestions that the school-leaving age should be lowered for the duration of the war called forth especially strong remarks. The discussion that followed was, in the absence of restraint, free and easy, to say the least.

Councillor P. Horner addressed the members of the Society on March 3rd. His subject was "City Councils," treated from a socialist point of view. Municipal undertakings in gas-and-water-supply, education and housing were effectively described, critical comments not being at a premium. Incidentally we learned a little concerning the inner-workings of a City Council. Unfortunately, Mr. Horner did not advance much beyond *practical* socialism, which, as the President remarked, was little removed from ordinary business.

Education Society.

ON the 25th February, Dr. Lewis Williams, of Bradford, gave an interesting account of the medical supervision of the elementary school children of his City. One of the most hopeful aspects of the work is that it provides not merely medical inspection, but also treatment; and not only medical cures, but also common-sense ways of prevention, removing the necessity for remedial treatment, such as free dinners to necessitous children, and a more rational system of lighting and airing the recently built schools. It appears that Bradford children are trained in cleanliness not by writing essays thereon, but by a weekly deluge, scrub and dip. With all the excellent organisation of eye, ear, dental and surgical clinics, in addition to the other advantages, the rising generation of the Bradford lower class population should be a very healthy set of men and women. Will they be content to go on living huddled together in bathless houses in drab streets, working ten hours or more a day in hot, stuffy mills and workshops, for a wage insufficient to maintain a decent sized family, and so repeat the same old story of being dependent on public or private benevolence for the things every child has a right to receive from the community into which it is born? Will they be thus satisfied? And if they will, are we setting a higher value on many healthy bodies than on some courageous minds? And if they won't, is all this work merely the sweetening of the mouth of a sewer which is bound to be thoroughly cleansed by-and-by?

Debating Society.

THE Old Students' Debate was held on Thursday, January 20th, when Mr. N. C. M. Coley proposed the motion "That the Future Development of Europe would lie along the International rather than the National Ideal." Mr. W. C. Thomas led the opposition, beginning his oration with a story which he hoped was not a chestnut—but it was!

Miss Dykes and Miss Evans seconded the proposition and opposition respectively. A good discussion followed and the motion was won by a large majority.

The Home Inter-'Varsity Debate was held on Friday, February 18th, a full report of which appears in another column of this number.

With regard to the Away Inter-'Varsity Debate:—Mr. B. G. Fletcher at Liverpool seconded the opposition to the motion "That the humiliation of the German Nation would be a blow to civilization."

At the Manchester Debate Miss E. Banks seconded the motion "That the large scale introduction of women labour into industry would have a deteriorating effect on the British race." This Debate can only be described as a tremendous rag and we have evidence that it quite upset the nerves of the "Manchester Guardian" reporters.

Mr. W. T. Moody at Birmingham seconded the opposition to the motion "That the War will strengthen the political position of Women."

Christian Union.

SUNDAY, February 27th was observed by the World's Student Christian Federation as a Day of Universal Prayer. At Leeds about a hundred students representing the Christian Unions of the University and Training College, held a simple and impressive Prayer Meeting in Emmanuel School, kindly lent for the purpose by the Rev. J. F. Phillips. The service, which lasted about an hour and a quarter, was conducted by the Rev. Bernard Horner, C.R., who gave a very helpful address on Prayer in which he pointed out that its infinite power lay in the surrender of the human will to the Will of God. The conditions of prayer were fellowship with others and perfect union with Christ, obtained by entire, unconditional and irrevocable personal surrender. Though prayer was boundless in power our limitations were great, owing to our neglect of past opportunities, our ignorance of God's Will, and our proneness to self-deception.

After the address Thanksgivings and Intercessions were led by Fr. Horner for the progress of the Kingdom of God among students throughout the world.

J.N.Y.

Cavendish Society.

It was with great interest that we awaited Dr. Woodman's paper on "The Hero as Chemist" on January 18th. In an address full of interest, Dr. Woodman confined his attention more particularly to the chemists of old, and then proceeded to show that the scientist in general has played an important part in the world's advance, and as one of the agents of civilisation ranks with Prophet, Priest, Poet, Man of Letters and other typical heroes of Carlyle. The life and character of Priestley were described, and it was shown how, although of humble origin, he was destined to change the whole course of a science. Others such as Scheele, Dalton and Faraday were instanced as men, who, amid great difficulties industriously pursued chemical inquiry, and made great discoveries known to all students of science.

On February 1st, Miss M. Hind read a paper on "Chlorophyll." The lecturer discussed the difficulties with which workers on chlorophyll are confronted, with special reference to its extraction and preparation. Attempts to synthesise chlorophyll have as yet failed; also the way in which it is formed in the plant is unknown. The part which Chlorophyll plays in photosynthesis has been a subject of much controversy, and although theories have been advanced, none have as yet been universally accepted. The meeting was indeed a remarkable one, for the women students turned up in great numbers and joined in a little discussion.

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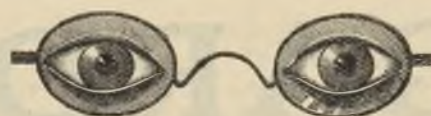
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