

# THE GRYPHON

VOL. 21. No. 1.  
NOVEMBER, 1917.

THE UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY, LEEDS  
CANCELLED  
UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

A-0.01

# REYNOLDS & BRANSON, Ltd.,

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in every description  
of Scientific Apparatus and Chemicals.

British-made Glass, Porcelain, Nickel Ware, & Filter Papers.

GRAND PRIX AWARD FOR SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, TURIN,



Fig. 1.

New Set of Dissecting Instruments (as supplied to the Zoological Department) in roll-up wallet, lined with Chamois leather, containing 2 scalpels, 2 forceps, 2 pairs scissors, 2 needles and 1 seeker (fig. 1) **£0 13 5**

New Case of Dissecting Instruments, with which is combined a simple dissecting microscope ... **0 8 6**

Student's Microtome, as used in the Medical Department (fig. 3) **0 4 0**



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

Beck's "London" Microscope, with 2 eyepieces,  $\frac{3}{8}$  rds and  $\frac{1}{4}$  th objectives, double nosepiece and Abbé Condenser in Mahogany case ... **£7 18 6**  
Ditto, Ditto, larger Model, with 3 eyepieces,  $\frac{3}{8}$  rds,  $\frac{1}{4}$  th and  $\frac{1}{2}$  th objectives (fig. 2) ... **15 17 6**  
Watson's "Praxis" Microscope, with 1 in. and  $\frac{1}{4}$  th objective **6 15 0**  
Swift & Sons' Histological Microscope, with 1 eyepiece, 1 in. and  $\frac{1}{4}$  th in. objectives, sliding adjustment ... **5 5 0**  
Ditto, Ditto, with rack and pinion adjustment ... **6 15 0**

AGENTS FOR WATSON, BECK, SWIFT, SPENCER, BAUSCH & LOMB AND ALL THE LEADING MAKERS.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS.

HAND and STAND CAMERAS IN GREAT VARIETY.



Fig. 4.

The "ENSIGN-POPULAR" REFLEX CAMERA, for  $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate pictures. A new Reflex Camera of superior quality with reliable self-capping Focal Plane Shutter. Particulars on application.

"CARBINE" CAMERAS for daylight loading films, from 30s.

KODAKS (as Fig. 4), VEST POCKET KODAKS AND "ENSIGN" CAMERAS, for daylight loading films.

"KLITO" FOLDING CAMERAS, for glass plates, from 21s.

"RYSTOS" STAND CAMERAS and other designs.

THE "RYSTOS" CONDUIT DEVELOPING TANK. For use when developing photographic plates by the Time or Stand Method, with conduit for circulating the developer by inclining the tank at intervals, thus preventing uneven development. With light-tight lid and removable rack.

Size.	To hold	Price in Copper.	Price in German Silver.
$\frac{1}{2}$ plate	6	9s. 0d.	11s. 0d. } Post
5 by 4	6	9s. 6d.	11s. 6d. } Free.

Other Sizes at proportionate Prices.

Colour Photography, Plates, Screens, etc. in stock. Photographic Plates, Films, and Papers of all makes.

"RYSTOS" DARK-ROOM LAMPS.

No. 1. Gas Lamp with bye-pass tap for ruby and white light. Dimensions,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  by  $7\frac{3}{4}$  in., **12s. 6d.**

No. 2. Gas Lamp do., do. Dimensions,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in., **17s. 6d.**

No. 3. Gas Lamp, with vertical front, Dimensions,  $8\frac{3}{4}$  by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in., **8s. 6d.**

No. 1. Electric Lamp, with semi-circular front and switch for ruby and white light, flexible cord and plug. Price complete, **15s.**

No. 2. Electric Lamp, do., do. (as Fig. 5). Dimensions,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. high,  $7\frac{3}{4}$  wide. Complete **£1 1s.**



Fig. 5.

"RYSTOS" SEQUENTIAL DEVELOPING TROUGHS.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -plate—3 copper baths and dippers and light tight box with 4 spaces... **10s. 6d.**  
 $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate—Do. ... **14s. 6d.**

Other sizes at proportionate prices. Special Advantages.

1. A single plate may be developed.
2. Great Saving of developer.
3. Plates can be arranged sequentially so as to give a longer or shorter development as required.

## CATALOGUES.

Post Free to Customers.

Chemical and Physical Apparatus and Chemicals.  
Ambulance Requisites and First Aid Lantern Slides. Illustrated.  
Apparatus for Mackenzie and Forster's Theoretical and Practical Mechanics and Physics. 8 pages.  
Apparatus for Teaching Mechanics Machine Construction, Building Construction, and Drawing. 22 pages.  
Balances and Weights. 25 pages. Illustrated.  
Electrical Apparatus, &c.  
Laboratory Fittings and Furniture.  
Lantern Slides. 20,000 Slides for Sale and Hire, including Technical Slides; also Geographical Slides for Standard I.-VII.

Mathematical, Drawing and Surveying Instruments. Illustrated. 16 pages.  
Meteorological Apparatus. Illustrated. 24 pages. 3rd edition.  
Microscopes, Microscopical and Bacteriological Apparatus, Dissecting Instruments, &c. 5th edition. 53 pages.  
Opera and Field Glasses, Telescopes, Prismatic Binoculars, Spectacles, &c. Optical Lanterns. Including Stroud & Rendell's Science Lanterns, Compressed Gases and Accessory Apparatus. 40 pages. 10th edition.  
Photographic Apparatus, Materials, &c. 104 pages. 28th edition.  
Radiographic Apparatus. Illustrated.  
Aerated Beverages of Guaranteed Purity.

GLASS BLOWING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

SPECIAL DESIGNS EXECUTED ON THE PREMISES.

Well-equipped Workshops for METAL and WOODWORK.

14, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

# Messrs. TRUMAN & KNIGHTLEY, Ltd.,

EDUCATIONAL AGENTS,

158 to 162, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

Telegrams: "TUTORESS, OX., LONDON."

Telephone: No. 1136 MUSEUM.

This Agency is under distinguished patronage, including that of the Head Masters and Head Mistresses of many of our leading Schools.

## ASSISTANT MASTERS and ASSISTANT MISTRESSES.

University men and women seeking appointments in Public and Private Schools can be assured of prompt and careful attention by stating their qualifications and requirements to MESSRS. TRUMAN & KNIGHTLEY, who have always on their books particulars of a large number of vacant appointments.

There is no charge for registration, and no fee of any kind is due unless an appointment be obtained through their Agency, when the terms are most reasonable.

*Prospectuses, References, and full particulars will be forwarded on application.*

Established 1837.

Tel. Central 5497.

# HENRY WALKER,

NEW AND OLD BOOKSELLER,

37, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

University Students can rely upon receiving prompt attention to orders by post or given personally.



Inspection invited to the Second-Hand Department, irrespective of purchasing.

TEXT BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH.

AGENT FOR

"THE STUDENT SYSTEM" OF LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOKS.

FOUNTAIN PENS BY BEST MAKERS.

TELEPHONE 3240.

# BENTLEY & CO.,

MILITARY AND CIVIC TAILORS,

*21, Woodhouse Lane, LEEDS.*

---

EVERY Uniform produced by us is characteristic  
of the Best Class of Military Tailoring. ———

CORRECT IN DETAIL, SMART IN CUT, and with SOUND WORKMANSHIP.

---

Ladies' Costumes from £4 4s. 0d.

---

# T. LONNERGAN,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

DAY AND ELECTRIC LIGHT STUDIOS,

1 & 3, Woodsley Road, LEEDS.

*(Junction of Woodsley Road and Hyde Park Road.)*

TELEPHONE 2559 CENTRAL.

## ***Special Terms***

To HOCKEY, FOOTBALL, and  
ATHLETIC GROUPS.

---

---

***Every Care taken in  
the Photography of  
University Students.***

---

---

PRICE LIST SENT ON RECEIPT OF POST CARD.



## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Vol. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1917.

No. 1.

Editor: CHARLES A. BOTWOOD.

Committee: Prof. MOORMAN, (Staff Rep.), Prof. BARKER, (Treasurer), A. G. RUSTON, B.A., B.Sc., C. A. MOUNTFORD, M.Sc., B. G. FLETCHER, B.A., H. S. CARTER, Miss NELSON, Miss GIBSON.

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL NOTES .. .. .	1
ON SOME TRICKS OF SPEECH .. .. .	4
VERSES .. .. .	4
"THE EMMA-PIP" .. .. .	5
THE IMPOTENCE OF FORCE .. .. .	6
POEMS BY FRANCIS W. SMITH .. .. .	7
THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S VISIT TO INDIA .. .. .	7
THE PRINCE .. .. .	8
EGYPTIAN SKETCHES .. .. .	10
OBITUARY .. .. .	11
CAPT. DAVID PHILIP HIRSCH, V.C. .. .. .	11
CASUALTIES .. .. .	11
MILITARY DISTINCTIONS .. .. .	12
MISS THOMSON: AN APPRECIATION .. .. .	12
WOMEN'S REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL .. .. .	12
MEETING OF CHINESE STUDENTS' UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND .. .. .	12



ONE of the late Masters of Trinity College, Cambridge, is credited with the following remark: "You must remember, sir, that we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest," and it is only with a blind trust in the respect obtaining to sincerity, together with a belief that the Biblical quotation, "The meek shall inherit the earth" was intended to have a special application to Editors of University Magazines, that we dare attempt to follow the progressive literary successes which so deservedly have attended the late Editor of *The Gryphon*, Mr. H. S. Carter. There are but few readers of *The Gryphon* who know how greatly they are indebted to Mr. Carter's untiring efforts in maintaining the Magazine during the past year. His personal contributions have been continuous, indeed without them, there would have been many blank pages. We trust the forthcoming volume may have the honour of containing a further succession of articles from his facile pen, and we know this hope will be echoed by his many admirers.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contemporary:—*The Gong*, University College, Nottingham.

UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY  
LEEDS

THE UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY, LEEDS  
CANCELLED

## The Gryphon.

We extend a warm welcome to all those who for the time being are entitled to the wholly honourable title "Fresher." The position of the Fresher is a particularly happy one. His academic career is in its cradle stage. He has no University past of which to repent or be proud. He represents the most wonderful thing on earth: an "infant," so far as his Alma Mater knows him. *Older members of the University will recognise the responsibility of their position!* From them the Fresher will observe, with profit to himself and to his University, the truth of a maxim he has probably often met already, "Quo quis sapientior eo beatior." In this connection we remember with profit the words of the Archbishop of York in reference to the relationships of student and professor, and student and student, so sympathetically presented to us by Dr. Lang in his speech at the University in 1914 on the "Opportunities and obligations of University Life."

It is hoped that all who join our little world this session will realise that each exerts a direct influence upon his fellow-students, and that the honour of his University is a matter of much greater importance than the question of his personal opinions or private tastes. Only by the progressive cultivation of this attribute in the academic life of our University can we achieve the fulfilment of that national responsibility which rests upon us more heavily now than ever.

\* \* \*

We would that the times permitted a more exuberant greeting to our older students than that which we can offer, but in these days a grip of the hand and a word mean more than a smack on the back and a song; and we therefore extend the wish of health, clearness of thought, and courage, throughout the coming Session.

\* \* \*

This issue of *The Gryphon* commences the fourth volume published since the beginning of the European War. As previous numbers show, and our memories only too poignantly remind us, the part played by our University therein has been by no means a detached one.

The position of students in relation to obligations of citizenship has been the subject of much discussion, and has been modified by divers forms of Army Council instructions. The University has, however, to her everlasting credit, as doubtless the sister Universities can also claim, the fact that the flower of her manhood of reliable physique was found ready and anxious at the crucial time three years ago, when the need of courage and the demand for strength was perhaps more acute than now.

None the less are those who remain with us exercising themselves, each to the height of his capacity—bodily and mental—to aid the effectiveness of his more capable comrades.

Grounds of criticism have certainly existed on the question of the use made of such. The attitude of many Government Departments, and more especially of some Recruiting Medical Boards, has been the reverse of patriotic; if Patriotism may be defined as doing one's best, intellectually and physically for one's country. Individual experience

bears out our remarks, and has lately been publicly confirmed. The degeneration of some sections of our national press, certain unsavoury episodes in connection with our legislature, miserable histories of the abortive and financially costly effects of our most ancient army heirloom, "Red Tape," (interesting only as a relic of the days when one "good old Duke bravely led his soldiers up the hill and as bravely led them down again," and none the less because he was well paid for both journeys), and the exploiting of individual patriotism for unworthy ends; all these, and many others have been matters of just remark. Nevertheless, we submit the basic and instinctive ideal in every *man's* mind—be he undergraduate or (with respect) professor—has been one of protection to women and children, of maintenance of that essentially British code of honour, which has raised men from the condition defined with such unconscious personal introspection by a German writer, as "*tool using animals*," and of support, without count of personal cost, of the weak against the organised forces of educated bestiality, persecution and wickedness.

That many grades of effectiveness exist amongst us we know. It is indisputable that physical rather than mental considerations are the primary attributes of the present time, but we believe that that spirit with which men have been endowed by a differentiating, yet essentially unchanging, Nature has been the vital force of the past three years of University life. We feel further that there are no University women, believing in the ideal and interchangeable condition of Complement and Supplement,—as applied to themselves and their male contemporaries, who would have this God-created instinct diminished in any sense. As in every phase of life, so in our University career; woman as mother, wife, sister, or ideal, is the incentive to the highest efforts on the part of a *real man* in work and in play. This belief has been more conclusively proved than ever by the history of the immediate past and is supported by the most casual examination of the lives of the world's great men, or as the Prime Minister would prefer to put it, the "world's small men."

It follows then that the longer these days of grief are with us the greater becomes the responsibility of woman. The interests beloved and fostered in the past in mutual sympathy with her now more active partner are for the time in her sole keeping. We believe in her safe keeping. The much misunderstood question of Women's University life has, as the result of compulsory, quickly becoming voluntary, co-operation, lost its claim to the unfortunate title of Not Understood. Men and women together see a little clearer than in the past, and both in mutual sympathy have come to realise each other better, and to feel that at last both are nearer being Understood. Those characteristics particular to each are, we believe, in no danger of being lost or changed as was once feared, and perhaps not without some slight foundation, but rather will the future see a greater differentiation than ever between our men and our women, and at the same time a far closer union and mutual recognition than the past has ever known.

We have mentioned a dream of the future which is even now becoming fact. An association of ideas reminds us—if reminder be needed—of the nightmare of the present. With this comes a repetition of the unspoken, yet never forgotten, question “When shall we see Peace?” Let a few hours be snatched and an excursion made to the hills surrounding the noisy town in which we work. Let us walk among them in the evening when not a leaf is stirring, and the very grass seems tired with the energy it has stored throughout the day. As we turn our eyes on the sun, slowly sinking in its infinite distance, our hearts say “There is no war, there is a phase of world-wide madness, and valour is but a synonym for ferocity.” *Here at least is peace.* And then if we direct our gaze on to nearer hills, whose relation to us is finite, we suddenly come to earth again; and remember that the sun dare not tell us what he has seen, but rather that there is a war, that valour is a protest against wrong, and the seal to an alliance with Truth. *In our hearts there is no peace.*

A rock in the distance, huge and perpetual in its isolated dignity, may give us courage in its symbolic and awesome reminder that “Whoso’ can look on Death will start at no shadows.”

Yet peace will come. Probably with great suddenness than otherwise. Perhaps one number of this volume of *The Gryphon* may have the glorious privilege of welcoming back to our midst those—our brothers and our friends—whom, in our hearts, we have spared so ill, and with whom our thoughts have ever been. We realise, and for the moment we wish ink were not so inert and passive an intermediary, that when that time comes there will be many, very many who, whilst adding to the joy of re-unions around them, will themselves have the memories of their University career perpetually saddened by the thought of “So many coming days for ever marred.” To such there will remain the great responsibility of seeing that those ideals, which have been bought with death, shall be altogether fulfilled by whatsoever authority may exist.

In the meantime, we cling to the memory of Carlyle’s words “Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope; he has no other possession but Hope, this world of his is emphatically the place of Hope” and by their eternal freshness and their individual application give our souls, which at best are very weary and very sad, some comfort and refreshment.

\* \* \*

As our Readers are by now aware the subscription to *The Gryphon* has been advanced to half-a-crown. Single copies of the Journal may be obtained at sixpence each. On the one hand we regret the necessities of the times which have caused this; on the other, we feel that the question of value for money (a phrase we have heard used in this connection) is not applicable. It does not represent the spirit in which the University Magazine should be received: nor indeed, from the purely commercial point of view; is this the ideal we set out to fulfil? The *Gryphon* claims by its subtitle to be the Journal of the University of Leeds, and as such we conceive its value to lie more particularly in its records of passing University events and its topical application.

Its functions should be to give publicity to affairs of University life, and to act as a medium for the expression of the views of Undergraduates for Undergraduates. We therefore regard the subscription more in the light of a donation, than as a payment for which calculable value alone must be given. The increase has been occasioned by the high advance in price of paper and printing, and was instituted as the alternative to discontinuing the Magazine.

In any case half-a-crown a year is not a serious sum; and as some gentlemen for whom we have always had the greatest respect, said, “This is not a Correspondence College.”

\* \* \*

It has also been found necessary to reduce the size of this and the following five issues. Each copy now costs nearly twice as much as it did a year ago. By decreasing the number of pages we have succeeded in bringing the total expenditure within the limits of the estimated income *from all sources*. We can only hope that the interest of our readers, and the measure of their support, may be in inverse ratio to the size of the Journal.

\* \* \*

Lieut. Francis Smith, M.C., well-known to Students of the University, has very kindly forwarded a copy of a small book of Poems (of which he is the Author) entitled “The Great Sacrifice.”

With his permission, we have much pleasure in printing three extracts from the same.

The beauty of these determined verses will be apparent to every reader, not only for their craftsmanship, but also for the directness and purity of their expression.

“A Bit of Advice” possesses a graceful Gilbertian rhythm (reminiscent of “Merrie England”) which all lovers of the greatest operatic librettist will specially appreciate.

We congratulate Lieut. Smith on an altogether delightful booklet, and cordially recommend it to all members of the University.

Copies may be obtained, price 1/- net, from Messrs. Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., Malory House, Featherstone buildings, London, W.C. 1.

\* \* \*

It is with very real pleasure that we publish a contribution from Mr. F. L. Seymour-Jones. In the course of an exceedingly kind letter he says, “In answer to the plaintive and ever reiterated plea of the Editor, in his Editorial, I enclose some efforts . . .” If Mr. Seymour-Jones on the G.H.Q. staff in the East has time to remember *The Gryphon*, how much more then . . . ? We hope Mr. Jones will bear in mind there are six editions each year.

## On Some Tricks of Speech.

BY A DWELLER IN A GLASS HOUSE.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us;  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion.

THERE was a story told in the Victorian era concerning a certain M.P., who once complained that his speeches in the House were not reported *verbatim* in THE TIMES. The editor of that august paper (for so we deemed THE TIMES in days gone by) replied that the honourable member had really no grievance. The gentleman's speeches were treated like those of other orators, a concise and accurate account being given of the substance of the speech, which is all that the average reader wants. He added that very few speeches ever are reported *verbatim*, very few would bear it, and a certain amount of condensation and editing very much improves them. The complainant was unwise enough to retort that his speeches *would* bear being reported just as delivered, and something in the way in which he reiterated his complaint provoked THE TIMES to quench him finally by reporting his next speech *verbatim et literatim*, with every false start, repetition, and *lapsus linguæ*. It was a painful revelation and a salutary lesson to all speakers. The M.P. was presumably a man of good education who wrote very good English, and would have been quite capable of revising his own proof and bringing it up to THE TIMES standard.

The point to which we are coming is this. If any one of us were subjected to the same test we should probably fare no better, and this might be especially the case if the report were taken not of our set speeches but of our ordinary conversation. It might be a salutary experience to hear ourselves as others hear us. Let us consider a few examples which are not wholly imaginary. Mr. A. on looking over a *verbatim* report of yesterday's conversation might be surprised to find, what his friends have long noticed, that he cannot get through a sentence without introducing the phrase "I mean to say." He is a good speaker and always talks good sense, but he might strike out about 90 per cent. of his "mean to says" with advantage.

Mr. B.'s speech is everywhere besprinkled with "You know" or "Don't you know?" I heard him a short time ago say it thirteen times in four minutes. The stage Englishman in America is expected to say "You know, don't you know" as consistently as we expect the stage American to "guess" and "calculate."

Mr. C.'s characteristic phrase is "as a matter of fact, practically speaking." These are good grammatical phrases, but obviously need not occur in every sentence.

Mr. D. is one of many to-day who cannot dispense with "sort of" or "kind of." "I sort of feel it's going to be wet, and I kind of want to stay at home."

Some time ago I heard Professor E. conducting a *viva voce* examination. (It was not in Leeds.) He had a comical trick of using the interrogative "Um?" (pronounced without opening the lips). This was the effect produced; "What plant is this. . . um?"

To what order does it belong. . . um? Where does it grow. . . um? What are its commercial uses. . . um?"

The *verbatim* report of our conversation would of course reveal our favourite objurgation. Do we say "Great Scott" or something worse? What do we say when any one treads on our corn or when and if we fozzle the golf ball?

Tricks of speech are part of the stock-in-trade of the novelist and dramatist. Spoonerisms and Malapropisms and the like come in here. Doctors use the word *aphasia* for a morbid inability to find the right word. Mrs. Skewton, in *Dombey and Son* is a case in point; "There is no what's-its-name but Thingummy and what-you-may-call-it is his prophet." Cousin Feenix's after-dinner oratory (in the same work) is another good example of incoherent speech; "Present," repeated Cousin Feenix, "with one who . . . that is to say, with a man at whom the finger of scorn can never . . . in point of fact, with my honourable friend Dombey."

In my boyhood, I knew a worthy tradesman who was a sort of deacon or lay-preacher. He was famous for his constant use of qualifying or limiting phrases. Perhaps he did not say everything that was fathered on him, but he is reported to have once exclaimed, "My dear friends, if you don't repent of your sins, as it were, and turn over a new leaf, comparatively speaking, you will all be lost to a certain extent, and go to perdition, in a measure."

These are but a few examples of what our readers can multiply indefinitely. A friend assures me that such tricks of speech are incurable. No, it is not so bad as that. When our attention is directed to our failings by candid friends, especially when we are still not too old to learn, great improvement may follow. Hence this article may not be wholly useless.

## Verses

sung to the accompaniment of a concertina by a former member of the Salvation Army, who was removed by the police in a slightly intoxicated condition, from a tavern in the Waterloo Road.

\* \* \*

When Shem and Ham and Japheth went sailing  
on the ocean  
(Put your trust, my brothers, in the Lord),  
The first thing they decided was to vote upon the  
motion  
To chuck the Food Controller overboard.

That was the reason they'd rump steaks for breakfast,  
Hot rolls at luncheon, and muffins for tea,  
Sausages and cheddar cheese just before retiring—  
Those were the days of the prophets and patriarchs,  
And those were the days for me.

In the time of old Elisha they'd an awful drought  
in Canaan,  
(Is it well, is it well with thy soul?)  
They had'nt any water, and they hadn't any  
rain, an'  
So they sacrificed the Liquor Board Control.



That was the reason they abolished Sunday Closing,  
 Anyone could get a licence who applied.  
 Free drinks were going with snacks at the counter  
 —Elisha was always a great hand at miracles,—  
 Everyone was sorry when he died.

When Nebuchadnezzar gave Daniel to the lions  
 His code of morals might be lax ;  
 They'd a different sense of humour in Babylon  
 from Zion's,  
 But they'd no entertainment tax.

The lions were all conscientious objectors,  
 Absolutely harmless except for their roars ;  
 But Nebuchadnezzar who was always a sportsman,  
 Announced to his people in a speech before the  
 curtain,

That they'd get their money back at the doors.  
 When Jonah sailed for Nineveh to preach repentance  
 He talked such a lot that he was tried,  
 And the skipper of the barque pronounced the  
 sentence,

" Drop the blighter over the side,  
 It's my belief that the man's a pacifist."

And next time the prophet was seen,  
 He was somewhere down in the Mediterranean,  
 Climbing from the belly of the earliest pattern  
 Of a German submarine.

David had a hatred of Socialists and rebels,  
 And they always aroused his wrath ;  
 So he went with a sling and a pocketful of pebbles,  
 And he slew Goliath of Gath.

It was rather rough on the poor old giant,  
 For though used to war's alarm,  
 He saw no possible way to reconcile  
 The action of his young antagonist  
 With the spirit of the twenty-third Psalm.

\* \* \*

The singer at this point was removed by the police.  
 On appearing before the magistrate it was found  
 that he was an absentee, and was handed over to  
 await an escort.

W.F.H.

### " The Emma-Pip."

It all began with Fenn's going to the Transport.  
 He hadn't been a bad M.P., but with that lack of  
 acute sorrow noticeable in these circs. he resigned.  
 Of course, you know what an Emma Pip is? It  
 has just struck me that there *are* some fellows who  
 are not in the Army. Jove! I had almost forgotten  
 the Ladies! Of course, there must be some, some-  
 where—*vide* the Picture Papers! (I am in France.)  
 Well, an Emma Pip, in the Line, fulfils the duties  
 of Wife, Mother, Comptroller of the Household, Chef-  
 de-Luxe, and Drinks Specialist.

In fact I am surprised at what I am. For I am one.  
 You see when Fenn went, I, as Coy. Junior Sub.  
 (owing to my infancy and a short-sighted War Office),  
 took over!

Perhaps the grub had been poor. But the Drinks!  
 Fenn was a Connoisseur, and to be a Connoisseur  
 requires constant attention to the Connū, so to speak!

That's very well, but Fenn was Some Connoisseur!  
 We shared the Drinks' bill.

And some of us [mirabile dictu] were T.T. There-  
 fore, when I took over (in spite of much pressure  
 I did NOT buy up the bad debts), we decided on  
 " Economy in War Time."

My first Mess Cpl. went " out " to La V——— to  
 purchase Hooch. [Our allotted economic, weekly  
 supply had failed us in two days. The Padre had  
 been to lunch!]

The Cpl. was gone exactly 10½ hours. He had—  
 " hic—ha " mishforshun—um—breakabollela—hic—  
 whisky. Shniped by couple—hic—Whishbang,  
 Shir!"

He went.

Next came a Yank. by emigration. Good man.  
 Never worse for drink.—Could " hold it " ! Good  
 accountant. Dambad Balance!

He went!

In desperation I promoted the Cook.

One duty of an M.P. is to carve the joints at  
 Mess. You may or may not have seen an Army  
 joint, according to your sex. To realise its splendour,  
 it is necessary to know that the Cavalry Johnnies are  
 trained on the whole carcass. [I refuse the obvious  
 joke on " Kadavar! " ] At a given Executive Word  
 of Command, they charge the defunct beast, and  
 hack it in pieces, much as the real War Winners  
 charge a sack with Winkle-pickers.

Naturally the hog is the popular target.

All pieces are carefully gathered together and  
 labelled according to shape.

By careful bumping in a Sandbag up Commn'.  
 Trenches, a piece often resembles somewhat the  
 joint its label shamelessly tells the World it is!

This is cooked, according to " Ins. in K.R." or  
 something.

Anyhow, it arrives on the table in G.H.Q. dugout  
 (The " Mess! ") in a more or less edible state. With  
 due ceremony the M.P. rises.

He bumps his head.

Interval.

He assumes a quasi-sitting posture, propped-up  
 behind his bent knees by the edge of a wire bed: he  
 takes up a threatening attitude with knife and fork:  
 [Complete, folding, officers-for-use-of.]; with an  
 air of comprehension he examines the grain. Then  
 he proceeds to hack off hunks of dried-up meat.

He misses a comfortable Blighty, or a D.C.M. for  
 self-inflicted wound, by the breadth of his epidermal  
 hairs and the Providence that arranged a blunt knife:  
 he incurs the Skipper's lifelong hatred for shooting  
 the whole sticky mess into his (the Skipper's,—con-  
 found the pronoun!) lap, and usually finishes up by  
 sacking the whole Mess Staff.

Anyhow, I did!

I was NOT a success!

I got seconded to R.E.'s.

Why? Well—Think it out!

R.J.D.

### The Impotence of Force.

By THE REV. BERNARD O. F. HEYWOOD, M.A.,  
(Vicar of Leeds).

M. HENRI BERGSON has declared of the Great War that it is a contest between "the ideal of force" and "the force of an ideal." It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that when I entitle this article "The Impotence of Force," I am using the word "force" in the sense in which it is to be understood in the former half of Bergson's epigram. It may seem to some that this is the wrong time at which to write on such a subject, a time when munition factories spring up like mushrooms—when we read of one army using in a single day a million shells, one of which may knock a house to pieces or drive a deep hole in solid concrete; and indeed, no one can doubt the potency of T.N.T.—but the very circumstance that we are surrounded and almost overwhelmed with the evidence of material force tends to obscure the fact that in order to ensure a decent world, something has to be done which explosives are unable to effect with the added result that in this particular direction activity is checked. We all hope for peace, but just as light is not the mere absence of darkness (although darkness is the absence of light) so peace is very much more than the absence or cessation of war. Like all good things, peace is positive, not negative. Peace is a quality—or rather a relationship; and neither peace nor any other virtue will be the product of violence.

In Lewis Carroll's memorable work there is a verse which runs:—

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
All the king's horses and all the king's men,  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again."

That seem's to be exactly true. Humpty Dumpty has a great fall, and in the face of such a situation—Humpty Dumpty's lapse—the cavalry regiments are impotent. True, they could complete his physical destruction—they could make an omelette of him, in fact—but they cannot restore him. For this task, other than military forces are needed.

So the schoolmaster who said, "Boys, you must be pure in heart, and if you are not I will flog you till you are!" had at least established a theory of eternal punishment. Physical violence, in fact, cannot constrain the will.

"This impotence of force" is illustrated in Charlotte Brontë's novel when Jane Eyre refuses to marry Edward Rochester, and he finds himself powerless. "Never," said he, as he ground his teeth, "never was anything at once so frail and so indomitable. A mere reed she feels in my hand!" (And he shook me "with the force of his hold.") "I could bend her with my finger and thumb: what good would it do if I bent, if I upthrew, if I crushed her? Consider that eye, consider the resolute, wild, free thing looking out of it, defying me, with more than courage—with a stern triumph. Whatever I do with its cage I cannot get at it—the savage beautiful creature. If I tear, if I rend the slight prison—my outrage will only let the captive loose. Conqueror I might be of the house, but the inmate would escape to heaven before I could call myself possessor of its clay dwelling-place. And it is *your spirit*—with will and energy and virtue and purity—that I want: not alone your *brittle frame*. Of yourself

"you could come with soft flight and nestle against my heart *if you would*: seized against your will, you will elude the grasp like an essence—you will vanish ere I inhale your fragrance."

Now it is evident that for a decent Europe in the future, the wills of a great many people in the Central Empires (and, let us add, among the allied nations) must be changed; but it is equally evident that many people are indulging the pathetic hope that if only we on our side can secure an enormous mass of explosive and other similar forces, we shall succeed in effecting this change of will. Recently a very prominent ecclesiastic said, in effect, that it seemed to him that the War must go on until more evidence of their possession of the spirit of Christ should appear in our opponents, the implication being that that spirit could be induced by force of arms.

Now I am not in the least inclined to overlook what force can do. By force you can keep a man out of your house; by force you can keep a nation of men out of your country—and at a distance; and most people are agreed that under certain circumstances force may be usefully employed in this task, as when such an incarnation of evil appears as that with which we are confronted; but to expect that when the smoke of an exploding shell or mine has drifted away you will discover, as the result of the explosion, some spiritual quality, such as justice or mercy or brotherhood, is to indulge the vainest of vain dreams.

My purpose, then, is to urge that so long as we are only making big noises and blowing men and houses and fields into fragments—however immediately urgent such occupation may appear—we are neglecting one of our supreme tasks. Much that needs to be done can never be so done; and surely it is for the members of an University, as it is indeed for the members of the Church, to be foremost in this other patriotic task.

If the question be asked, "What exactly is to be done?" the answer is more easily felt than intelligibly expressed, but, briefly, if influence is a real force (though "unsubstantial") and if every man's influence is the result of what he is, the outcome of his mind and spirit, then as soon as there are enough people who care intensely for justice and liberty, for mercy and brotherhood—hating their opposites—so soon the world's spiritual output will be adequate to its need and the problem of international relationship, which to-day seems insoluble, will find its solution.

If men have wills—I do not say "free wills," for the expression, as Locke has pointed out, is redundant (as if we should speak of wet water)—if men have immaterial wills as well as material bodies—and experience insists that it is so—then the forces which will really determine character and conduct (the outcome of will) must be psychic rather than material. About the origin and operation of such psychic forces there are unsolved mysteries, but none can doubt that they are generated by active thought and desire, nor that men and women could multiply the supply of such forces indefinitely if they cared enough to do so.

To that task we seem to be called—and let it be remembered that in any crisis the measure of the responsibility of the individual is to be discovered in the supposition that he stands in the breach alone.

## Poems by Francis W. Smith.

## Courage.

. . . . . To combat innate fear  
 With noble thoughts and grim determination ;  
 To put self last when self is threatened most,  
 To smile when danger's near, with false elation  
 That others, too, may smile, perhaps forget  
 The impending horror—This is true Courage.

\* \* \*

## Rue de Quesne, 1915.

I walked amidst a worldly world—a man-made hell,  
 Where rest might not be found ;  
 Only the jangling discord of fierce-clashing arms—  
 Of harmony—no sound.  
 But lo, the troubled waves, the stormy deeps subside,  
 Hushed is the mighty blast ;  
 A moment only—but a sweet Eternity it seems—  
 For here is Peace at last.  
 A little farm—no more, but in my eyes a gift  
 Wondrous, divinely given ;  
 For here's a lull amidst the heated battle's roar,  
 A gentle breeze of Heaven.  
 And those who dwell within this earthly Paradise,  
 Sweet haven of God's love,  
 Fear not the terrors of war's grim machinery,  
 But seek their help above.  
 As I, refreshed by this sweet, all too-shortlived rest,  
 Far from all worldly taints,  
 Go forth once more into the vast Unknown, I pray  
 God keep these safe, His Saints.

\* \* \*

## Reflection.

As I stand silent on a moonlight night,  
 Gazing upon the wonders of the star-lit sky,  
 I seem to rest upon a chasm's brink—  
 Infinite space above, around, below,  
 An endless void, one vast eternity ;  
 Then does the Earth assume her own true form,  
 A little speck in the great Universe,  
 A little star among a countless host.  
 How petty then appear the schemes of men,  
 Rash thoughts in an immense philosophy  
 Which none can comprehend nor understand ;  
 Yet do some boast the power—aye, criticise  
 The noble works of an unseen Creator.  
 Vain fools, when will ye realise the truth  
 That God, and only God, is thus omniscient ?  
 His power ye cannot fathom nor explain ;  
 Accept all humbly then ; gaze ye around  
 With eyes of simple Faith and not your own.  
 When ye shall see yourselves for what ye are—  
 Poor weaklings—yet, because ye are divine,  
 Of priceless value. Rise ye once more,  
 Garbed in the precious robe of sweet Humility.  
 Go live your lives anew, let discord cease—  
 And Earth shall ring with happiness and peace.

(Midnight : Ypres Trenches, 1915.)

## Visit of the Vice Chancellor to India.

As will be known to most students at the University, Dr. Sadler has been appointed Chairman of the Calcutta University Commission, and is now on his way to India. Associated with the Vice-Chancellor are :—Dr. J. W. Gregory, F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the University of Glasgow, Mr. Philip Hartog, C.I.E. Academic Registrar of the University of London, Professor Ramsay Muir, Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester ; together with three eminent educational authorities resident in India.

Education has made great advances during the past ten years in the Orient and without doubt Dr. Sadler's valuable advice will be of material assistance to the authorities in their purpose of rearranging Indian University organisation in the light of the higher educational needs of India and Burmah.

The terms of the Commission are :—"To enquire into the working of the present organisation of the Calcutta University and its affiliated Colleges, and to recommend any change of constitution, of administration or of educational policy which may appear desirable." (*Yorkshire Post*.) Attention will also be directed to a consideration of, "at what places, and in what manner provision should be made in Bengal for research for persons above the secondary school age, and also to make suggestions as to the qualifications to be demanded of students on their admission to the University."

It will be allowed that the qualifications demanded of students for admission to our English Universities is at the present time on a sound basis ; though probably compulsory Chemistry and Physics in the Matriculation for students entering Medicine might be added with advantage. At the same time, it is no exaggeration to say that Research Work—which is the basis of educational progress—receives but scant Parliamentary encouragement in this country. The regrettable, but still undeniable, advance of Germany may be largely credited to the Governmental support afforded in that country. If one may assume that the personal factors of concentration and perseverance are equal for an Englishman and for a German, one need not think deeply to understand the handicap of education in this country. Ideals being the same, methods being similar ; unity of purpose which can only be secured by official acknowledgment, is the sole requirement for original advance.

Dr. Sadler will be greatly missed in the University. Without the least intention to be fulsome one may say Dr. Sadler represents more here than an overshadowing Power which may expend itself on any luckless head. He has, within the knowledge of the writer, been a very real friend to more than one student, and his forethought and concern for the progress and welfare of undergraduates is recognised and appreciated. Members of the University will as a body, and as individuals, join in wishing the Vice-Chancellor God-speed on his journey, health during his sojourn in India, and a quick return to Leeds.

### The Prince.

(A Nightmare).

(The Author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to sundry very old manuscripts).

In ancient days before the dawn of civilisation upon Western lands, there lived a young and valorous Prince, son of a most mighty sovereign and his fair queen.

Now it happened on a day when darkling night began to fade and the crimson sun rose to gladden the heart of man, that this puissant Prince arose, and having donned his glittering armour and grasped his trusty sword *Splitchine*, he mounted his fiery steed, and followed by his gentle squire, they set forth in quest of adventure. Towards noon, the sun being now high in the heavens, they entered into a thick and darksome forest, where their steps were encumbered by thorns and trailing plants, and much annoyed by toads and serpents.

The Prince hewed his way until peradventure his trusty blade *Splitchine* striking a rock, immediately the darkness of the forest became light, and they found themselves in an open land, very fair, but still surrounded on all sides by the forest. And in the midst thereof, was a great and lordly oak of most hoary age, and beneath it sat a beauteous and comely damsel decked in gold and bespangled with silver stars. The Prince was saluted modestly by the maiden and most gladly received by her. So he placed her behind him upon his fiery steed and together (with the gentle squire) they journeyed until they came to the borders of a lake wooded round with many goodly trees very pleasant to behold. And the banks of the lake were gaily decked with flowers fretted in gorgeous colours and spreading all over the plain.

As they proceeded at a gentle pace beside the lake, the fiery steed by chance struck his hoof against a stone. Suddenly the damsel vanished. The sky became dark and a great noise was heard. A mighty wind blew and dust and smoke rose from the earth, and in the midst appeared a fearful Giant, most horrible to behold. He was clad in armour from head to foot and mounted upon his favourite dragon. Now the Giant began to growl and the sound was as far off thunder, and was most annoying to the Prince. So this valorous and puissant man of war, mounted upon his fiery steed, couched his lance and with great hardihood drove it through the Giant's throat, and with his trusty sword *Splitchine* did cut off the left leg of the Giant, who fell to the earth roaring with pain and dolour. Then the Dragon waved his tail and smote the Prince right sorely upon the *mazzard*, but he with his trusty blade did harry the dragon right heavily, and did strike off his tail so that the beast sank down with passing great pain. And the Prince's fiery steed snuffed the air and did prance and curvet most furiously upon the prostrate dragon. And the smiling plain was all blood for a great way.

And fatigue overcame the Prince so that he swooned; and behold, immediately all the blood and darkness vanished and the beauteous damsel again stood before him. She sprinkled his face with water, uttering strange spells the while. Then, mounting her favorite Griffon, she disappeared into the air, crying in a shrill voice "Votes for Women."

The Prince having recovered from his swoon, arose, mounted his trusty steed and followed by his gentle squire, pursued his adventure. Having reached the end of the forest he did espy a beautiful Lady riding a milk-white steed and attended by six buxom damsels dancing and playing pleasant music. And her dress was of blue, wrought with birds and flowers.

No sooner had the Lady perceived the Prince, than she sent one of her maidens, who advanced most courteously, curtsying the while. And the Prince was greatly astonished at the beauty and comeliness of the Lady and of her following. And the Lady received the Prince as her Knight and he journeyed in her company. In a while they came to her father's court and were right royally received, and the Prince was presented to the Lady's mother, the Empress, for know you, gentle reader, the lady was a Princess. The Empress wore a great crown most gloriously surmounted with jewels of great price, and was clothed in ermine and purple, and in a kirtle bemotted in gold. Her shoes were like unto stained-glass windows. And all around her (and the Emperor) were the Dukes, Earls, Barons, Knights, and all the ladies and damsels of the court.

A goodly feast was prepared in the great hall of the palace, and everything was going right merrily, when a messenger burst in upon the company in great disarray and all out of breath and panting, declaring that a great and horrible Giant was coming to claim the hand of the maiden Princess in marriage. And behold, everything was in confusion and the harps and mouthorgans of the minstrels ceased their pleasant sounds, and the Princess was much distressed.

Now from the mighty and marvellous strength of the Giant, all the Knights and Barons shrank afraid. None dared to combat with him save the valorous and chivalrous Prince, who arose without fail, put on his glittering armour (which he had removed for his stomach's sake) seized his trusty blade *Splitchine* and mounting his lusty steed, went in quest of the Giant. He found him in the grounds of the Palace, armed with a great club and a small dagger, and with his Thermos flask sticking out of his belt. The Giant, who cared for no man, advanced with lowering visage, and with a mighty shout struck at the Prince mighty blows upon his shield, which produced dreadful sounds, so that several of the palace windows were broken. But the Prince recovering, spurred his trusty steed and with his trenchant blade ran furiously upon the Giant and smote him sorely so that he fell mortally wounded and did presently die.

Soon the joyful news of the death of the Giant reached the Court of the Emperor and the Prince was greeted by all the company with great joy. And the Princess, most peerless among damsels, welcomed him with many sweet sounds of pleasant music. And the Prince removed his armour, and having washed his hands, partook of the feast again right heartily, the Princess, fairest among maidens, waiting upon him and ever and anon replenishing his goblet with beer.

Now it happened a few days later, the Prince being still in the same place, that a right fair damsel did arrive at the Court, wringing her hands, and with her eyes red with weeping, to demand aid for her Lady (another one) against a Giant (another Giant) who had

seized her and all her retinue and had most wrongfully detained them, to furnish food for his hungry maw ; so that each night for supper he devoured a right buxom damsel, and each day for dinner a right valorous squire. And the Lady he was reserving to the last, and so little was the remaining food supply, that if she were not rescued within three days she must be doomed to death.

The damsel having told this woeful and piteous story, up rose the Prince and another Knight of the Court, who bore upon his shield azure, and a guinea-pig rampant between seven stars argent. But the Prince upon his shield, bore only a portrait of the most peerless among Princesses.

Now the Prince and the Knight and their gentle squires and the damsel with the weeping eyes, having taken leave of the Court, set forth in quest of the imprisoned Lady. They journeyed a great way, many miles, until they reached a great mountain, and as they proceeded upon it, lo, the earth lifted up and fire and smoke gushed forth and sorely beset them, and the earth quaked fearsomely. But they pressed on, and presently espied in the ground a large stone having a gold ring set in its midst. When with great labour they had raised it, they found many steps rudely cut, leading down into the earth.

Now the Prince and his company having dismounted and having first dropped lighted matches into the hole to see if the air was pure, descended the rudely carved steps and found themselves in a subterranean passage. This they followed until they came into a large chamber hollowed in the solid rock and lighted with splendid and beauteous lamps of gold, and in the midst thereof ran a transparent stream, whereof the trickling made a murmuring sweet sound. And gold and silver fishes disported themselves in the crystal water. And all about the chamber flew birds gorgeously coloured and plumed, warbling most harmonious music.

The Prince and his company, enchanted and enraptured by so much that was beauteous, were amazed, and being full weary with the length and hardship of their journey did rest awhile, they and the damsel, beside the stream.

Anon they arose, and the damsel uttering strange words and making weird faces did advance to the wall of the chamber, and suddenly a door of beaten gold appeared in the rock. And on this door the damsel knocked twice and breathed thrice, and it flew back disclosing a most splendid hall, the walls of which were covered with most beauteous wallpaper, and ancient tapestry all brodered in red and gold. And the ceiling was of oak and carved deeply.

Now as the Prince and his company stood admiring all this, a great noise arose and the hall vanished. Again they found themselves outside on the mountain, and close by, tethered to a tree, were two lusty chargers for the Prince and the Knight, and a white palfrey for the damsel, and mules for the gentle squires. And the heavens were overcast and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning arose.

Proceeding on their journey through a land which resounded with the fearsome howls of wild beasts, and which was beset with brambles and thorns, they pursued their adventure till evening.

And now the silver moon, rising out of a stormy sky, chased Phœbus to his bed and ushered in the night.

After journeying a little further, the valorous Prince and his retinue came to a mighty rushing river, the width so great that man might not see across. But the Prince and the Knight, with the fair damsel, swam across on their strong steeds (albeit several gentle squires were drowned). No sooner had they crossed than they perceived a great castle, and on the top the forlorn Lady, who in her sorrowfulness was ringing her hands and weeping bitterly. As soon as she perceived her champions however, she straightened her hair and waved her soddened handkerchief to encourage them.

Now as the Prince, advancing first, came nigh the gate of the Castle, he perceived the Giant creeping out from the tradesman's entrance. And he was horrible to behold, with a great mouth and huge yellow teeth, which he gnashed continuously. And his eyes were three, like unto burning glasses, and his nose like the spike of a portcullis.

No sooner did the Knight of the Guinea-pig perceive the Giant, than he ran furiously upon him with couched lance, but was unable to pierce his armour. And the Giant raising his club, smote off the Knight's head. The good red blood spouted forth from his neck. It was a dolorous spectacle.

Now the Prince having espied his companion's fate, advanced warily, and the Giant, seeing him, mocked him, saying, "I am an hungered and verily I will eat thee with stewed onions."

But the Prince, drawing his trusty sword *Splitchine*, struck a blow at the Giant and made a dent in his armour. Then the Giant lifted up his club, but the Prince eluded it. It fell with a doleful noise and raised a great dust. Thereat the Prince dismounted from his golden steed, and with a most puissant stroke cleaved off the legs of the Giant so that he fell, and falling against the Castle, knocked off some of the battlements. Then did the Prince leap upon him and with his trusty blade did split him to the chine.

Now after this was all over, a great darkness fell, and the air grew thick with kites and vultures, which in a little while cleared up the mess, and the darkness disappeared and all was smiling and beauteous again.

And the Prince advancing broke open the doors of the Castle dungeons and liberated the woeful captives, whereof there were but very few left, and restored the Castle to its lawful Lady.

And now Phœbus, following hard upon the heels of Aurora, having once more risen in the heavens, banished the silver night. The puissant Prince pursued his way back to the Emperor's Court, taking with him the head of the Giant which he had rescued from the birds of evil. On his arrival he removed his battle-stained armour, and did again sit down to the feast which was still in progress, and was again waited on by the most peerless of Princesses, to whom he related the story of his quest, omitting nothing. And when he had finished, the Princess made speech, saying, "O most puissant and noble Prince, let us be gladsome that we are here and not devoured by the Giant ; merry and not mince-meat. And it being leap year wilt thou not marry me ?"—and many other pleasant words. But what more they did or said is unrecorded. The head of the Giant, the Princess keeps, embalmed in a cunningly carved alabaster box, that she may gaze upon it and marvel at the prowess of her most puissant Prince.

ANON.

### Egyptian Sketches.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

FATTAH! ya ibn el kell! A dirty black-garbed Egyptian woman, with her two equally dirty boys, suddenly realises she has walked diagonally across the pavement and nearly bumped into your spotless drill tunic. Unkempt, filthy, in the everlasting coarse black garment of her class, sack on head and graceful of movement, she sidles away. Her boys, unwashed for weeks, if not years, suffering as all do from ophthalmia, their eyes covered with flies, run off after her.

But she has gone far enough, and calling them to her, squats down on the pavement—there is no law against loitering in Egypt, or, if there is, it is a dead letter—and placing her bulky sack down, she sets to work. For it is now eight o'clock, and time for breakfast, since they have been up and about since four that morning.

The sack is opened, displaying what the civilised, over-educated Britisher terms rubbish, garbage if you will. But it will provide them with breakfast, and doubtless dinner and supper too. It represents the work of two hours, the sorting out of the rubbish tins and ash bins of half a dozen houses. It contains—but perhaps its contents had better not be too closely described. To the fastidious Englishman they represent stuff fit at best only for pigs.

A heated discussion ensues over the apportionment of the spoil. I know of no language like Arabic for power and variety, and the result is much cursing and scolding. The woman proceeds to divide up the heap; a bone and a turnip top, salted with ashes for Mohammed, some cabbage leaves and bacon rind for Mustapha, while the choice morsels, fish heads and the like she reserves for herself. The ubiquitous pariah dog sits patiently by, waiting his turn.

Being new to the country I can stand no more, and hurriedly pass on. But—thanks be to God and Mohammed his prophet—three poor bodies are saved from starvation for yet another day.

#### II.

"Seek and ye shall find."

IN the foreground are row upon row of big stone mangers, a broken down house, a concrete road, and a mud hut. Half a mile away, majestic in their immensity, stand the pyramids of Cheops and Cheophren, and on the sand hills to the right are a small group of fellahin.

It is worth while to look around and size up the situation, for on this ground the first Australian division was encamped from its arrival in Egypt till its departure for the hell of Gallipoli. After that episode was over, a territorial division for a time occupied the area. To-day, save for the pariah dog, an occasional visitor, and the patient fellah, it is deserted. It is Mena Camp, under the shadow of the great pyramids.

But my attention is drawn to the knot of Gypies busy over there by the tent sites. There they squat, day after day, busily and patiently sifting the sand

through their sieves. Whether from the occupation of the highly paid Australians, or whether from stories of hidden treasure, I knew not, but a tradition has sprung up among the fellahin of the neighbourhood that here money is to be found. From early morn till the cool of even they sit there, alternately sieving the sand for piastres or sleeping in the shade of the mangers or of an adjacent tree. A donkey boy affirmed to me that he had found much feloos there, two piastres in fact. And for a fellah much can be bought with that!

So even as in past ages the patient fellah toiled for thirty years with huge blocks of stone to build a fitting mausoleum for Egypt's king, so to-day the same patient fellah sifts the sand in the shadow of his previous creation with the hope of amassing riches. Even so, God the all-merciful has ordained it.

### "Wales in Egypt."

THE story is told out here that in the days of party politics, pheasants and mangels, and the like, a discussion arose between the Marquis of Tullibardine and the "little Welsh attorney," now Prime Minister of Great Britain, as to the origin of the Welsh nation. The latter maintained its purity of descent from Celtic sources, while the former expressed his belief that it was descended from the lost tribes of Israel. Time passed and found the nation at war and such things forgotten. However, one day a battalion of Welshmen on canal defence duty out here were, true to type, passing the weary hours in the desert by singing. The noble marquis, post commandant at the time, heard them, and, despite the language, recognised the song. Whereupon he remembered the old argument and wrote his whilom opponent to tell him he now had conclusive proof that he was right. For had he not heard Welshmen marching in the track of Moses, singing "The land of my Fathers"?

Be this as it may, ever since the great Druidical sword was drawn in answer to the thrice repeated question with its reiterated answer, "Is it peace?" "No, it is war," the national hymn of Wales has been sung by her soldiers from Calais to Bagdad, from Seres to Sari Bair, and not least in Egypt.

It is an everlasting source of wonder to the unsophisticated Australian Light Horse Trooper to find a body of troops talking Welsh. He knows they are not Indians; nor, small and dark though they be, can they be Gurkhas. Scotties do talk English, though with a flavour of their own, but this heathenish tongue, not unakin in sound to his untrained ear to Arabic, is new to him.

A propos of this, during the last Turkish attempt on the canal during August, 1916, at Romani, we had to have "liaison officers" with the Scotties. That is, to each Welsh battalion a Scotch signaller was attached, and vice versa. After conversation on the telephone, evidently unintelligible, one would hear, "Ach y fi! Buzz it, man. I don't understand your English whatever!"

But by now most of Egypt knows us. From Flint to Caermarthen we are here. From Sollum to Ismailia, from the Wadi Natnin to Gaza we have wandered. Some, alas many, have fallen by the way, and in many a desert grave lies a man reared by the snows of Eryri, bred in the shadow of Cader Idris.

Yet we have our limitations, and being a small country with our men scattered over so many fields of war, all is not Welsh that is so labelled. Thus the famous "Welch band" (*vide* small bills), which has delighted Cairo for over a year, has but one Welsh member, and he the man who wields the big drum stick. Again, at a concert by a "Welsh" choir only a week ago, a soloist with a painfully Cockney accent sang, "When you come to the hend of a perfect day" with anything but a Welsh voice. No, it is away at the sing-song in the desert, or rather now in the beautiful land of the Philistines, that you must go to find the pukka Welsh; where the battalion or field ambulance choir enlivens the evening air with the old melodies; where many a heart turns homeward at "Llwyn on" or "Ar hyd y nos." It is the "hiraeth," the nostalgia, the yearning for the homeland, for the rugged mountains and deep valleys of Wales.

But more ribald airs strike up: "Sospan fach" and "Y mochyn ddu," till the time comes again for work, working parties perhaps, for in the trenches united song is impossible. And once more Wales settles down to do her task of strafing the Turk. So she will continue till once more the question be asked and the answer given, "Ar oes heddwch?—Heddwch," Is it peace?—It is peace."

"CYMRO."

#### ADOLPH BROADFIELD COHEN.

With feelings of profound sorrow we have to add the name of Lieut. A. B. Cohen, son of Professor Julius B. Cohen, F.R.S., to the list of those members of the University who have died of wounds received in the War.

Mr. Cohen received his early education at Moorland School, Headingley (1901-1906), subsequently at Bootham School, York (1906-1911), and in the October of that year entered the University, graduating B.A. in 1914.

The month after war broke out Mr. Cohen became a member of the University Officers' Training Corps and was gazetted to the 17th Battalion of the "Leeds Bantams" in December, 1914.

During his three years' intimate connection with the University he endeared himself to all his contemporaries, did honour to his Alma Mater, and utilised his personality in all ways for the general good. As Editor of *The Gryphon* in 1913-14, he wrote of "Cliques," . . . "they are the very antithesis of all that is desirable in the Social Life of the University, and a discomfort to everybody." In that sentence lies the keynote to the late Mr. Cohen's influence in all Departments. He was himself an individualist, and he believed in, and assisted, the cultivation of personality in whatever position he found himself. His interest in the York Road Working Men's Club was intense, whilst his love of the Mid-day Musical Recitals set an example which many copied, to their enjoyment. One need not add any appreciation of Mr. Cohen's sympathetic and gentle disposition. The memory of his spirit remains with his friends: an inspiration and an example.

The sincere sympathy of all students will be respectfully extended to Professor and Mrs. Cohen.

#### ROBERT HENRY ROE.

STUDENTS of the University, and more especially Medical Students in attendance at the Medical School, will read with deep sorrow of the death of Mr. Roe in August, after a long and painful illness.

Educated at Hymers College, Hull, Mr. Roe registered as a Medical Student in 1913 and at the time of his decease was about to sit for the Second Examination of the Conjoint Board. From the early years of his life he was of a delicate constitution, which began to manifest itself more seriously in September, 1916. Of a quiet and thoughtful disposition, he was highly esteemed by his fellow-students, whilst by those who knew him intimately he was thought of with affection.

Mr. Roe will be remembered with that regard which is the reward of a true gentleman.

#### Capt. David Philip Hirsch, V.C.

CAPT. D. PHILIP HIRSCH joined the Leeds University O.T.C. as an extra-mural Cadet in December, 1914, and was gazetted in April, 1915, to the Yorkshire Regiment. He went to the Front in March, 1916, and was given a Captaincy in November, when only 19 years of age. After going through the campaign of last winter without injury, he was mortally wounded on April 23rd. Whilst recording the great honour bestowed upon this gallant soldier our congratulations on his distinction are saddened by the thought that the award is posthumous. Capt. HIRSCH will be remembered by many members of the O.T.C. for his high ideals and sincerity of purpose, and the deep sympathy of his friends will be extended to Mr. and Mrs. H. Hirsch.

#### Casualties.

SINCE the last issue of the *Gryphon*, casualty reports have been received as follows:—

*Killed in Action.*—2nd-Lieut. G. C. G. Macaulay, 2nd-Lieut. A. Ingle, 2nd-Lieut. J. A. S. Wood, 2nd-Lieut. C. R. Smith, Lieut. G. Inchbold, 2nd-Lieut. J. C. D. Denby, 2nd-Lieut. L. J. Mann, Lieut. G. B. L. James, 2nd-Lieut. E. E. Laing, Lieut. E. Horsley, Lieut. A. V. Riley, 2nd-Lieut. H. Hoyle, Capt. G. C. Turner, Lieut. H. King, Lieut. G. T. Goodman, Signaller E. Bridson, Pte. J. P. Wade, Capt. C. Butler, 2nd-Lieut. J. S. Bell, P.F.O./J. M. Dawson, 2nd-Lieut. V. J. Woodcock, Capt. R. M. Pinder, 2nd-Lieut. A. L. Dutton.

*Died of Wounds or Sickness.*—Lieut. A. B. Cohen, Capt. R. Levitt, L.-Cpl. J. E. Muff, Lieut. H. Wharton.

*Wounded and Missing.*—2nd-Lieut. J. Exley.

*Wounded and Prisoner.*—2nd-Lieut. J. D. M. Stewart.

*Wounded.*—2nd-Lieut. H. S. Ackernley, 2nd-Lieut. D. T. Currie, 2nd-Lieut. R. J. H. F. Watherston, 2nd-Lieut. J. S. Bainbridge, 2nd-Lieut. H. R. H. Garnett, Lieut. E. E. Calvert, M.C., 2nd-Lieut. A. H. Metcalfe, 2nd-Lieut. Appleyard, Capt. E. Billington, 2nd-Lieut. W. H. Porritt, 2nd-Lieut. H. Simpson, Capt. H. R. Partridge, M.C., Lieut. H. R. Wright, 2nd-Lieut. R. J. Dyson, 2nd-Lieut. H. Johnson, Lieut. H. P. Armes, 2nd-Lieut. F. B. Whalley, 2nd-Lieut. R. L. Pickard, Lieut. G. S. Smith, Lieut. H. Lee, Lieut. W. F. Pogson, Lieut. E. R. Woodroffe, Capt. G. A. Hodgson, Capt. J. R. Bellerby, M.C., Lieut. Stanley Thompson.

## Distinctions.

C.M.G.—Lieut.-Col. H. Lattlewood, Lieut.-Col. T. P. Legg.

D.S.O.—Major Christie.

M.C.—Major Rodwell Jones, 2nd-Lieut. D. Chippendale, Capt. C. J. Smithells, Capt. A. Hamilton, Capt. A. S. Hebblethwaite, Lieut. W. F. Jackson, 2nd-Lieut. H. W. Firth, Lieut. J. de V. Hazard, 2nd-Lieut. A. Shaw, Capt. A. E. Green, 2nd-Lieut. S. A. Smith, Capt. C. M. Gozney, 2nd-Lieut. F. Muff, Lieut. E. Myers, 2nd-Lieut. D. H. Macgregor, Lieut. R. S. Butterfield.

## Miss Thomson.

### AN APPRECIATION.

THE Women Residents of the University, indeed the students of all departments, have sustained a great loss in the departure of Miss THOMSON. In this respect it is nevertheless pleasant to reflect that she has left the foundations of a great work firmly laid.

The provision of a Hall of Residence for Women Students had been long felt to be an urgent need for the rapidly-growing Teachers Training Department of the University, and it was a great event in the annals of the movement for the higher education of women when Miss THOMSON took the matter in hand. In the summer of 1911 there were fourteen resident Women Students; there are now about one hundred.

This rapid growth made continuous and ever increasing demands on the Warden, but Miss THOMSON met every emergency with unremitting zeal and devotion, and adequately replied to every call on her initiative and patience.

Her ideal of self-government, based on a fundamental belief in the response of students to a charge of responsibility, was conceived in a spirit so transparently magnanimous as to win the loyalty and regard of the strongest individualist amongst the students under her care. Her aim was always to lead undergraduate women to realise their opportunities, and to rise to their responsibilities.

Miss THOMSON's gift of organisation was only equalled by her remarkable capacity for sympathy, sympathy with a keen Debating Society, with Social Study groups, with all interested in outside public lectures, with those devoted to music, with those in touch with art, with the lovers of good plays, and above all, in these days, sympathy with those having some special burden or great anxiety.

At all times her personality was one of cheerfulness. *Therein lay her power.* It was this attribute that united the Hall into one household, and made that household redolent with real comradeship.

All students who enjoyed the privilege of living with Miss THOMSON will unanimously voice a heart-felt wish of health and happiness to her in her new sphere, and will look forward to those times of re-union which, it is hoped, the future will bring.

"AN OLD STUDENT."

### MARRIAGE.

RAISTRICK—COATES.—On Sept. 25th, at the Primitive Methodist Church, Pudsey, Mr. Harold Raistrick, B.A. (Cantab.), M.Sc. (Leeds), A.I.C., to Miss M. Louie Coates. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. R. Wilkinson, brother-in-law of the bride.)

## Women's Representative Council.

THE following is the result of the Annual Election, May, 1917:—

### SENIOR STUDENTS.

Elected :—	L. Emsley	..	..	..	107
	{ M. Anderson	..	..	..	75
	{ L. Billam	..	..	..	75
	{ R. Denison	..	..	..	71
	{ K. Nelson	..	..	..	41

### FIRST YEAR STUDENTS.

Elected :—	M. Paterson	..	..	..	54
	J. Irvine	..	..	..	49
	{ C. Gibson	..	..	..	35
	{ N. Wilson	..	..	..	33

Result of Bye-Election :—

	N. Wilson	..	..	..	37
	C. Gibson	..	..	..	32

The following is the result of the Presidential Election :—

Elected :—	L. Emsley	..	..	..	73
------------	-----------	----	----	----	----

## "Chinese Students' Union of Great Britain and Ireland."

THE Annual Meeting of the Chinese Students' Union of Great Britain and Ireland was, by the kind permission of the Vice-Chancellor, held in the Refectory of the University of Leeds on the 23rd and 24th of July.

The ordinary business of the Union occupied the first day. In the evening a Smoking Concert was given by the Leeds members. Representatives of the Universities of Cambridge, London, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Durham, Glasgow and Edinburgh were also present. Songs, games, Chinese riddles were indulged in, and a very enjoyable evening was passed.

On the 24th July, English-speaking members of the University were invited to meet the Chinese Union. Amongst the guests were Prof. Kendall, Messrs. Wheeler, Brumwell, Thompson and Stelfox of the University staff; Misses Eastwood, Guy, Charnley and Cox, Messrs. Martin, Sjöblom, students; and Messrs. Brunton and Bottomley, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlton, of Leeds.

The guests arrived about 4.30 p.m. when a group photo. was taken, after which tea was served. After tea, Mr. F. T. Lee, in a short address, welcomed the visitors and expressed regret at the absence of the Vice-Chancellor and others. Prof. Kendall, Messrs. Wheeler, Charlton and Y. S. Tsao (the representative of the Chinese Minister in London), in turn spoke in friendly and inspiring terms. A cup was then presented by the Chinese Union to the Students' Representative Union of the University of Leeds, as a token of appreciation and friendship.

A concert followed. An excellent selection of music was given and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The instrumentalists were Misses Walker, Johnson, Bauerkeller, and McClure. The vocalists were Misses Charnley, Walker and Changs, and Messrs. Thompson and Martin.

During supper some informal but interesting and humorous speeches were delivered by several of the guests.

After supper a sketch in four acts entitled "After Many Years," was produced. This was written by Messrs. C. M. Low, F. C. Lee, and C. U. Lee. The performers were Mrs. and Misses V. and B. Changs, Messrs. F. C. and C. U. Lee. All were excellent, especially the ladies.

A bouquet was presented to Mrs. Changs and chocolates to the Misses Changs, after which the meeting closed with the presentation by Mrs. Changs of prizes for tennis and other games.

Altogether a delightful evening was spent.

F.T.L.

### NOTICE.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the next issue of *The Gryphon* should be sent in not later than November 30th.



# FOOTBALLS

*As used in International, County  
and Best League Matches. . .*



Hand-Sewn Cowhide.

International - 10/6  
Klipspringer - 10/6  
Champion - - 8/6  
Special Match 7/6  
Match - - - 6/6  
Practice - - 5/6

IN RUGBY  
AND  
ASSOCIATION.

Boots 4/11 to 12/6; Knickers 1/- to 2/11;  
Hockey Sticks 2/6 to 10/6; Golf Clubs 2/6, 4/6, & 5/6.  
Chess, Draughts, Dominoes. Danish Gymnastic Shoes.

AT

**HARRY HAYLEY'S,**  
YORKSHIRE ATHLETIC WAREHOUSE,  
Telephone 56. 12, King Edward Street, LEEDS.

# GARD & CO.,

## TAILORS.

Court Suits.

Military Uniforms.

**University and Municipal Robes.**

---

---

Civilian Tailoring in all its  
branches, at moderate prices.

---

---

**22, Commercial Street, LEEDS.**

Telephone 849.

Telegrams:

"GARD," Leeds.

# FIELDS,

CATERERS . . .

— AND —

CONFECTIONERS

Telephones 3166 }  
3577 } Central.

333 Headingley.

10, HYDE PARK CORNER;  
37, BOAR LANE;  
84, OTLEY ROAD, HEADINGLEY.

HOME MADE CHOCOLATES.

## F. SADLER'S

STATIONERY AND BOOK STORE,  
CIRCULATING FICTION LIBRARY,

201, Woodhouse Lane

(St. Mark's Street Tram Stage).

Loose Leaf Books. Card Indexes.  
Ingersoll Watches, full range.

Come and Look Round the Book Shelves.

☛ SPECIAL VALUE IN ☛

WRITING TABLETS & EXERCISE BOOKS.

THE UNIVERSITY FOUNTAIN PEN, 2/11.  
THE TELEPATH FOUNTAIN PEN, 7/6.  
WATERMAN AND SWAN from 10/6.

## W. B. SEATON,

TOOL DEALER  
AND CUTLER,

19, County Arcade, Briggate, Leeds.

PLEASE NOTE THE LAMP.

SAFETY RAZOR SPECIALIST.

All kinds of Safety Razors stocked from 1/-  
to 21/-.

Razor Strops, Lather Brushes and Shaving  
Soaps in great variety.

The best selection of Pocket Knives in the City.

Faber's Calculating Rules kept in stock.

Section Cutting Razors and Razor Hones  
kept in stock.



## HENRY MANLEY

(For over 10 years with Messrs. Thos. Armstrong & Bros.  
Opticians to the Royal Eye Hospital, Manchester).

Optician & Spectacle Maker,

8, County Arcade, Briggate, LEEDS.

(Same Arcade as Lyons' Cafe.)

PERFECT FITTING SPECTACLES & EYEGASSES.

Made for every Defect of Vision. All the Latest Patterns.  
Oculists' Prescriptions carefully executed. Moderate Charges.

FIELD, MARINE and OPERA GLASSES,  
Prices from 10/6 to 100/-

Agent for ZEISS PRISMATIC BINOCULARS.  
Drawing Instruments. Barometers and  
Rules, Scales, &c. Thermometers.

GOOD SELECTION. REPAIRS IN ALL BRANCHES.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:—

**HENRY MANLEY,**

8, County Arcade, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

Telephone 34x Central.

**W. BRIERLEY,** *Educational  
Bookseller,*

**33, Bond Street, Leeds.**

---

UNIVERSITY TEXT BOOKS

SUPPLIED AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

EDUCATIONAL STATIONERY and REQUISITES.

---

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS.

---

FOUNTAIN PEN DEPOT. :: ::

---

All the New Publications at **BRIERLEY'S BOOKSHOP.**

---

*JOWETT & SOWRY,*

**Commercial and Artistic  
Printers, Lithographers,  
Stationers, Bookbinders,  
Account Book Makers.**

*ALBION STREET, LEEDS.*

Telephone 3142.

Established 1838.

# MUSIC

The most complete Stock of all descriptions.

# PIANOS

By Leading Makers, English and Foreign.

## **REPAIRS and TUNING**

By Experienced Workmen.

ESTIMATES FREE.

**SMITH & WHINKUP,**  
89, COOKRIDGE STREET,  
**LEEDS.**

# UNIVERSITY BOOKS

At lowest discount prices.

Second-hand Books kept in Stock.

GOOD PRICES GIVEN FOR

SECOND-HAND COPIES OF

UNIVERSITY TEXT BOOKS.

**J. W. BEAN & SON,**  
17, Boar Lane, LEEDS.

FOR OVER 50 YEARS THE LEADING PIANO HOUSE  
IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

# ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN, Ltd.,

HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF  
BABY GRANDS,  
DRAWING-ROOM GRANDS,  
CONCERT GRANDS,  
UPRIGHT PIANOS, and  
PLAYER PIANOS  
IN THE PROVINCES

INSPECTION INVITED.  
CATALOGUES FREE.  
Instruments of every  
description taken in  
exchange and Best  
Prices allowed.

SOLE DEPOT for the  
**Cecilian Pianos**

and **Cecilian Player-Pianos,**

The Player-Piano on which you can obtain the  
Greatest Expression with the least possible effort.  
**SEE AND HEAR IT!**

**PARK ROW, LEEDS,**

103, New Bond St., LONDON,  
and Numerous Branches.