

THE GRYPHON

VOL. 22. No. 3.
APRIL, 1919.

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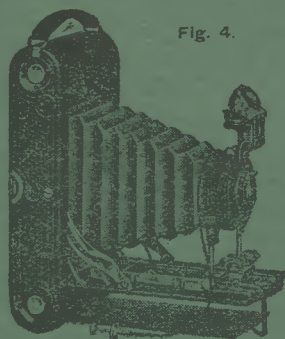


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"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers: yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have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

Vol. XXIII.

APRIL, 1919.

No. 3.

Editor: ELEANOR E. PRINCE.

Committee: Prof. MOORMAN (*Staff Rep.*), Prof. BARKER (*Treasurer*), A. G. RUSTON, B.A., B.Sc., C. A. BOTWOOD, F. W. TRIMNELL, Miss GIBSON, C. S. BUTCHER, B.A. R. S. WATSON, M.A.



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"1. And there stood before me as it were the semblance of a great beast, crimson as new-trod wine. And it had the wing of an eagle, and its body was like to the greyhound.

2. And I looked, and behold! Its face was that of a woman, exceeding fair to look upon.

3. And the grin thereof stretched from one ear even unto the other."

THERE is something infectious about "Artemas'" style. Its quaint old-worldliness adapts itself to any conceivable subject—it glamours the common-place. But alas! it has suffered from an overdose of the sincerest form of flattery—and, regretfully, we have to consign it to the limbo of the "might-have-been-if-it-had'nt-been-done-too-often." Which is at once an explanation and an apology.

* * *

So the vision fades. But the grin, like that of the Cheshire cat, remains, wide and contagious, for the little wooden box, ringing hollow to the knuckles of the careless passer-by, has yielded of late an unwanted harvest.

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So the Gryphon came in from the garden, and abandoned its diet of worms.

* * *

We have not been able to use all the MSS. at our disposal (with what a flourish of the quill we set down the fact! Pity it can't be reproduced in print, that flourish) and yet—

* * *

Who is it that resembles the daughter of the horse-leech?

* * *

Quite so. We know we do. We are a combination of that, and Oliver Twist, and the gentleman who celebrates Samoa. We would'nt be what we are if we were'nt.

* * *

Grasping we may be, but inhuman—no! No contributor need fear to entrust his ewe lamb to the editorial shears. We solemnly assure you that we never criticise—we dare'nt. We get so much of it ourselves that we almost (sometimes wish) we was'nt us.

* * *

April-May-June! Exams. are about the last thing we want to think about, but they have become obtrusive of late. We find ourselves attempting vaguely to formulate a philosophy as the Event descends upon us. "Such things, you know, must always be." Grant that, and how to face it still remains a problem.

* * *

We fled to the Rubaiyât, and probed it to the depths one delirious Saturday eve. In the space of an hour we had fathomed and discarded it—and yet our soul yearned after its *insouciance*.

* * *

Stoicism was approved of our reason—but the spirit was amazing weak. And in the end we gave it up. We had other things to think about—June, for instance. Of one thing, and one alone, we felt assured:—

"The Lord knows what we shall find, dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we shall do."

* * *

One would rather like to know that omniscient sprite, the Deuce. As a familiar spirit, invisible to examiners, he might be a distinct asset in June. Still, his knowledge might not be relevant; it might be unprintable. Pass!

* * *

There is no further mention of the Union Rooms in this number, but the subject has not been dropped. There are rumours, and rumours of rumours, that it is looked on with no very unfriendly eye by the powers that be.

* * *

We are glad to welcome Mr. R. S. Watson onto the Committee, and hope to make good use of his experience with 'Varsity magazines over the Border.

There is reason to believe that the Union Officials have read that pathetic appeal in the Hall. Just turn to the material at the end and see how nobly they have responded. If, in attempting to peruse it, we collapse from nervous prostration, we shall hold them responsible.

* * *

And so we meander gently to a fitting close. The next issue of the *Gryphon* will appear in June, contributions may be sent in up to May 24th.

Cameos.

NOTE.—Jig-Saw is the famous society interviewer for the 'Daily Scandler.' His daily pen-pictures of society leaders earn for him an enormous salary and great fame. You are all familiar with his expressive vagueness and will be surprised to learn that Leeds University had a visit from the distinguished writer some little time ago. He left behind a few of his impressions (he calls them cameos) of our 'Varsity notables—the following we publish (names duly suppressed) in an attempt to afford our readers, who may be fond of caricature, an opportunity for those mental gymnastics so dear to their hearts.—Ed.

I.

HE stepped airily into the room and over a pile of massive tomes, bowing gracefully to the assembled multitude. With a fine air of detachment he mounted the dais, laid down his burden, and advanced towards the lantern. With much crackling and hissing of electric sparks he produced a feeble glimmer upon the sheet, and then prolonged darkness. "Ah!" he murmured sweetly, and smiling up into the roots of his hair, took off his glasses to see more clearly. Again he bent towards the diabolical machine—a like result—a shrug of the shoulders—an inarticulate murmur—an ineffectual protesting wave of the hands—and next moment he was talking of deep abysmal things. Be not surprised! I have seen him sitting in the midst of desolation eating cream cheese with a penknife.

II.

"Er, Ladies, er, and er, Gentlemen," he began, pursing his lips gently and grasping his left hand nervously with his right. Three little steps forward—three backward—and then—[Oh! This is much too easy. Besides, we Jazz and Twinkle now-a-days—three chassées forward, Twinkle, three backward, Boston, lame-duck, Jazz, etc.—Ed.]

III.

"Come in" sounded a pleasant voice as I knocked at the door. "Oh! Good Morning, and *how* are you? Let me see—can I find a chair? You *do* smoke don't you?—have one of these, they are Egyptian—a present from one of my students." For a moment he stretched himself before settling comfortably into an arm chair, then with elbows poised on either arm, and head on one side, he smiled amiably at me through the blue tobacco smoke. "Well now—let me see—" If you have not visited him you should.

IV.

There was something bird-like about her as she tripped along the pavement—something bird-like, too, as she acknowledged my “Good morning,” and turned to gaze at the first spring flowers in a neighbouring garden. How passionately fond of flowers she is!—and the purity of them she carries with her through the years—for she is not young—neither is she old—but she has that indefinable atmosphere of experience that makes her most formidable when thwarted in her duty in the room behind glass doors. Then she will tell you, and tell you truly, just what she thinks of you and your misdemeanours, till you are reduced to microscopic dimensions. But for me she has only a sad look—a look of sorrow for my weakness—perhaps she knows I know about the flowers.

V.

I thought he was a desperado—(you might mistake anybody for a brigand or a Sinn-Feiner in a hat like that)—or perhaps he was an actor of the old school. But no—he was quite rational when I came to speak to him, and except for a slight contempt for constituted authority and kings (especially kings—perhaps familiarity breeds contempt—for he is himself a constituted authority and a most mighty potentate) I found him to be an exemplary citizen. I think the old actor is a better guess, for he would make a good “Sir Peter Teazle” and can stamp his foot in a splendid simulation of wrath. But tremble not—these are but the outward trappings of his state. He is not as old as he looks.

VI.

We found her with her head enveloped in steam, brandishing a wicked knife. “Go away,” she said “can’t you see I haven’t time to be bothered with newspaper men at this hour of the day.” Discretion proving the better part of valour, we retired and watched from afar the flash and play of the deadly knife. I have seen major operations—the cool relentless dexterity of great surgeons—the quiet effective attendance of white-garbed nurses—but never anything like this. Again and again stabbed the vicious steel, again and again we quivered as joints and tissues fell asunder. But the attendant maidens quailed not, not an eyelid flickered as with hair on end and spectacles a-gleam she waved the fearful knife aloft. “No more,” we shrieked—and fled from the stifling chamber into the arms of a howling mob that fought and scrambled round the spoils of her orgie. “One and two—one and two—mine’s a one and four” they cried—but we departed in our terror.

JIG-SAW.

BIRTH.

On January 17th, 1919.—A son to the Rev. and Mrs. William Partridge, B.A., Wesley House, Lockwood.

(Mr. Partridge took his degree last year and is attending the present session for M.A.).

Miles Ingloriosus.

“Are you sure that Pygmalion is the only person who ever fell in love with his own handiwork?”—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE above quotation is gratuitous.

The Editor has asked for contributions, “especially from those who have been, seen, and returned,” but does the Editor realise the complexity of the reconstruction problem, in so far as it affects the vocabulary of ex-service men?

For years past we have expressed the nicest shades of meaning by ringing the changes on some half-dozen qualifying adjectives (still current in the Army). We fear, however, that the currency in the Army is somewhat too base a metal to offer as tribute to the august presence, whose picture, dear reader, you will find on the front page. Thank you. Moreover, this journal is not printed on asbestos.

With a seriousness meet for so solemn a task as writing for the *Gryphon*, therefore, we set ourself a course of reading in the “Hibbert Journal,” “The Pink ‘Un,” Mellor’s “Inorganic Chemistry” (we read the quotations), Venn’s advertisements in the back numbers of the “Bystander,” “Windyridge,” and other literature of the lighter variety. Having served a faithful apprenticeship, we donned the blue spectacles of the master scribe. Then we sat and chewed our stubby pencil, staring blankly at a blank sheet of paper in front of us. We repeated this experiment daily for varying lengths of time, but in no case was there any reaction. Our mind remained blank, the sheet of paper remained blank, and what we said on the matter is best expressed by ——— also.

Of ourself, obviously, we could create nothing, so we resolved to turn Boswell, and immortalise the wit of others. We spent hundreds of hours a day attending First M.B. lectures, carefully noting every word of our Professors, with a view to compiling an anthology of those remarks of sufficient originality as to merit inclusion in these pages. We repeated the experiment with the blank sheet of paper at intervals, but still there was no reaction. Nothing seemed to interest us, or rouse us from our apathy. Inwardly suffering “the boredom of the d——d,” but aggressively cheerful withal, we sang psalms of wondrous sweetness, thinking to incite our Professors to original utterance and lure their minds from the broad highway of Science into the open wild of unclaimed wisdom; but even their acid remarks anent the subject of manners failed to produce an effervescence in our leaden soul. We do not suggest that Professors are incapable of original utterance. As a matter of fact, we *did* write that anthology, but this will be found in another place. We have sent it there!

Possibly, reader, you discern a “most marvellous lack of meaning” in the above effusion. You say that “it is expressive merely of the impotence of the writer to express anything.” What’s that you say? We can’t write? *Can’t write?* D——n you! We tear our manuscript in pieces and fling the pieces in your fat ugly face. Can’t write, can’t we!! What the — —!?!? — has that got to do with you, you — — §!!!% — ?

SPUMATOR.

Things we Want to Know.

Is the vivid hosiery of a certain footballer meant to intimidate his opponents ?

* * *

And does the gentleman in question come from Bradford ?

* * *

Whether the football team gets very much support from the University ?

* * *

What does a certain gentleman mean when he uses the very nasty term "bovine" ?

* * *

Why did somebody try to obscure the light in a railway-carriage (Harrogate to Leeds) with his hat ?

* * *

What Prof. C—nn—l received from his class as a birthday present ?

* * *

Who is the millionaire football enthusiast who can afford a new jersey for every match ?

* * *

And who treasures the remains of one of them so proudly ?

* * *

Did Leslie get the tennis-ball ?

* * *

Since when has Prof. G——ng become a disciple of the Terpsichorean art ?

* * *

And was't it a brilliant idea to enliven his lectures with examples of it ?

* * *

Why do The Six make such queer hyæna-like noises on the tennis courts ?

* * *

Were the pea-nuts in the *Gryphon* Box intended as a present for the Editor, or for the *Gryphon* ?

Daffodil Tide.

The sunlight floods in a welcoming gleam
Each bird-gay bough of each burgeoning tree.
A gipsy of song is the errant stream,
Journeying merrily, merrily,
'Mid Lincoln green
On every side,
Is the faerie-gold
Of Daffodil-tide.

They swing and sway in the April sun
Like pixie bells that are ringing for joy ;
The dimpling meadow is full of fun
Tho' the oak is shy, and the ash is coy.
'Mid Lincoln green
On every side,
Is the faerie-gold
Of Daffodil-tide.

Dorothy Una Ratcliffe.

Nidderdale.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

A Rhapsody.

I OFTEN wonder why I sit down to write. I cannot even offer the time-worn lie of truth proving stranger than fiction, nor can I, with any degree of confidence, beguile the fair dabblers in ink-studies, bring forward any matter that passes muster as literature, or do anything, in short, to pose as a writer. Therefore, gentle reader, bear patiently with me till the drops of ink run dry, or inspiration departs from the upper department, prodigious, but not wonderful, albeit a little romantic, of one who for the sake of inconvenience is called "author."

This story concerns not the youth and village maiden, nor the cottage ivy-laden, but merely the prosaic and somewhat war-worn ex-subaltern, non-promoted-acting-lance-undergrad., unpaid, and a most ordinary brick edifice, situate in the desolate wilds of a slow country town, the name of which the censor no longer suppresses. It is called Loidis. Our central figure, call him what you will, genus male, unknown to either fame or fortune, must of necessity remain obscure, since his spirit may still be said to permeate the sacred walls of his Alma Mater.

No alarums and excursions resounded through the death-like stillness of his native walls. The world was oblivious that yet another actor in the comedy of war had said his lines, stayed his little time, and gone on his way, yea, even rejoicing, for, as it is whispered in the classics, HE HAD WORKED HIS TICKET. In the brick edifice already referred to he found the spirit of the outer world was strong. His compères did not smile, and he, the soul of cheerfulness and romance, wondered deeply. To him, a philosopher, and acquainted with the dread mysteries of life and death, it was inexplicable. In all his former peregrinations below this inverted bowl they call the sky he had seen smiling faces, heard happy "cheer-o's," and, in a piquant way, had even found ennui entertaining.

One frequently hears of the magician's wand, with its hey presto! one wave—*et voilà!* To the end of a dying year he followed his search for another cheerful being. Then the wave, the hey presto—*et voilà!*; in the course of one brief hour the whole world smiled on him, nay, even laughed. Why? 'Tis more than I can tell, but rumour hath it that yet another scrap of paper had been prepared for the world's waste-paper basket. He smiled, he thought his philosophy of cheer was catching, for the smile was not transient. And, to crown his joys, there arrived many of those joyful *objets-d'art*, the trench wallahs. His was not the only radiant countenance, but the loss of the premier position did not worry him. Forthwith he commenced to smile in a perfectly uproarious manner.

Till, in a delicious night of romance, his hour came. Long time he sat, wrapt in wonder. For there were large smiles and small smiles, smiles of every grade, calibre, shade, type, and degree. Surely the Princess of Hans Andersen would have smiled in sympathy.

And he also smiled in return. Such is the fruit of a labour of love. Even the sordid look of the morrow only slightly diminished the glamour of his smile—worn, 'tis true—but still a smile.

But even in this dear land the cloud follows the sunshine, and the grim ogre stalketh in the shadows. Even his philosophy was shaken. He almost thought a smile had no substance, but an altruism does not die or fade. But how, says the critical questioner, does he prove his philosophy to be an altruism? The explanation is simple—he still smiles—for he did not catch the INFLUENZA, but lived to write these wonderful lines.

And now, gentle reader, I bid you adieu. Do not think harshly of these petty philanderings of one whose sole philosophy is to smile through life, and greet the darkest hour with the cheeriest of facial adornments. To Silenus then, oh ye who run and read, lift your glasses, and pledge this life's bumper, for to him only is it worthy. NO₂.

The Leucocyte's Lament.

A Departmental Ditty.

THE leucocyte was in a gland
With inflammation red;
He grasped a comrade by the hand,
And with a sob he said—

“Midst solitary follicles
I went my weary way,
Deep down in crypts of Lieberkuhn—
Far, far from light of day.

“Alas! this aching nucleus
Can ne'er be free from pain,
While tissues hide the beauteous bride
I ne'er shall see again.

“A rosy-red corpuscle she,
The pride of all the spleen,
Her like in this dark gland, I fear,
Will never more be seen.

“A fierce bacillus captured her,
And reft her from my side,
Carbolic oil his plans did foil
But, oh! it slew my bride.

“With pseudopodia feebly bent,
And broken nucleus I
Must turn to pus.” And speaking thus
He wandered forth to die.

Oh lightly they talk of that leucocyte true,
As they label and mount and degrade him;
But little he'll reck, when with aniline blue,
They have stained and in Canada laid him.

Q. U. B.

“Kumati.”

I WONDER how many generations of students who have joined lustily in the 'Varsity war-cry, have any idea what it is, or whence it came.

I imagined that every Leeds man knew that it hailed from Maori-land, until, the other day, I heard a highly-placed Union official admit that he thought it was a Hottentot song, while a lady student shyly confessed that she was in the habit of concluding her letters with the word “Kumati,” under the impression that it meant “good luck.”

In reality it is, of course, the Maori *Haka*, or war-cry, and I doubt whether anyone who has ever heard it properly given by a thousand full-throated, half-naked Maoris about to go over the top, can ever listen, even to our weak travesty of it, without a quickening of the pulse.

I first heard it on the occasion of the visit of the famous All-Black team to Leeds some years ago, when a crowd of students surged onto the ground and welcomed the New Zealanders—who appreciated and returned the compliment, greatly surprised to find that their *Haka* had reached our smoky city.

Even then it was almost a tradition of the Yorkshire College, having been brought here, I believe, from South Africa by someone who had met the N.Z. Mounted Rifles there during the war.

Since then, I have spent some years in Pig Island, both in the cities, where each University and each football club has its own *Haka*, and in the bush where each tribe has its own. I have been in camp in New Zealand with many units, and have heard the battalion *Hakas* there. I heard the *Haka* from the N.Z. Flagship *Maunganui* at Colombo. I heard it again on the Suez Canal, again within sight of the Pyramids when Egypt was declared a British Sultanate.

I suppose the most historic occasion on which the *Haka* was ever given was at Suvla Bay, when the Maori battalion made its magnificent attack and answered the question, often debated in New Zealand military circles, as to whether this, the finest of all black races, could fight as well with the rifle and bayonet as with the old *mere pounamu**. Certainly the Turks at Chocolate Hill dreaded the Maori more than they dreaded the *pakeha*,† and thought that these black giants came from a land “down under” indeed, but more tropical than New Zealand and more sulphurous than Rotorua!

The effect of the *Haka* on a Maori is something amazing. The effect of the pibroch on a Scot will give but a faint suggestion of it. The Call of Race is deeper than any vaneer of civilisation or culture, and this seems to be exemplified to a striking degree in the case of the Maori.

I have it on the highest authority that when Maggie Papakura, the beautiful guide from Taupo,

* Green-stone (*nephrite*) club.

† White man.

brought her troop of poi- \ddot{a} dancers to England, a half-caste Maori lady was sitting in the stalls of a theatre where they gave a *Haka*. She started up in great excitement, and before the cry was over, had torn off her jewels and most of her garments, jumped onto the stage and joined in.

This is merely an illustration, which I give for what it is worth, but anyone who has studied the Maoris could give you numbers of instances of the effect of the cry on people in whose veins runs the blood of the pioneers of the Arawa and the Tainui. §

I wish I could give you some idea of the *Haka* as given in the land of its origin. Imagine, instead of an atmosphere of yellow fog, a clear blue sky and a glorious sun with rays whose warmth you can feel; instead of a background of hideous, smoke-vomiting chimneys, an expanse of evergreen tree-ferns and nikau palms with here and there a gorgeous red-blossomed kowhai. The *tui* (parson-bird) preaches from the branches while occasionally, perhaps, you can hear the lovely note of the bell-bird calling his mate.

In the open space in front of the *wharepuni*, the largest building in the *pa* (village) stands a line of men, athletes every one of them. They have cast aside their blankets of homespun flax, and one can see the play of the huge muscles of chest, arm, and thigh as they join in the rhythmic war dance.

In front is the *rangatira*, a much older man, though still powerfully built; his face lined and seamed with the blue spirals of the tattooist's art; a *tui* feather in his hair; his whole personality bearing the stamp that marks a ruler of men the world over. One can easily imagine him slaying his prisoners in the years gone by, and consigning the juiciest ones to the oven.

In one hand he grasps a green-stone club, in the other a spear, the head also of green-stone, his wand of office, and no conductor ever handled an orchestra with more precision than he handles his muscular band.

They stand with feet widely apart, following his every movement, and the first thing to strike the observer is the absolute precision of the rhythm. Their hands are now beating their thighs, now extended to the right, now to the left. Their naked feet tap the ground lightly at first, but louder and louder until one feels the ground shake to a roar like muffled thunder. Their eyes roll, until nothing but the whites is visible—the whites of a thousand pairs of eyes in a thousand swarthy faces, their tongues protrude, the onlookers, women and piccanins break

‡ Species of castanet.

§ The two canoes in which the Maoris sailed from Hawaiki to N.Z. some 400 years ago.

Note.—Tattooing is almost a lost art among the Maoris, though many married women still have the lower lip tattooed, almost after the style of the Egyptian women of the lower class.

One rarely, if ever, now meets a Maori with the whole face tattooed, though I met one of the last survivors in Rangitikei. He told me some interesting stories of the Maori War and gave me some most amusing anatomical particulars as to the respective delicacy of various portions of the human frame. Some gourmand!

into the same dance, and even the stolid *pakeha* feels his feet and hands, perhaps even his eyes and tongue, instinctively twitching in sympathy.

Then the old man speaks, at first in a shrill, quavering tenor, but his voice gathers strength and depth and he appears to regain some of his youth as the *Haka* continues. "Komate, komate, †" are his first words. "KOMATE, KOMATE" is repeated in a tremendous, deafening roar from a thousand deep chests—not the narrow pigeon-chests of a smoky manufacturing metropolis, but chests that have breathed God's free, fresh air from birth. "Komate, komate" he repeats. "KOMATE, KOMATE" returns the voluminous echo. "Ka ora, ka ora," "KA ORA, KA ORA," "Tenei te tangata," "TENEI TE TANGATA," "Pohuru huru," "POHURU HURU." And so on through the whole cry, the words varying, of course, with the occasion. The rhythmic dance, if dance it can be called, never ceases, dust rises in clouds and mixes with the sweat that pours down every skin, until the *Haka* reaches a grand climax with the yell "AKE, AKE, AKE."

The closing words have a ring about them that always recalls to me the glorious defiance of Waterloo (it *was* Waterloo, was'nt it?) "La Garde meurt, et ne se rend jamais!"

They were used by a chief in the Maori war—which, by the way, was fought with the utmost courtesy and chivalry on both sides. Old Maoris still tell with pride of the many acts of mutual consideration performed by them and their favourite rivals "te hikati pip" (the 65th, a regiment, I believe, from this part of the Old Country).

If I remember rightly, it was at the siege of the Gate Pa, a place that was most strongly fortified, violently attacked and as stubbornly defended. Here took place one of the bloodiest battles in the history of New Zealand. The Maori garrison was completely surrounded, blockaded, and starved by overwhelmingly superior numbers, but the British repeatedly failed to force an entrance. The officer in charge of the besieging troops sent a message to the Maori *rangatira*, offering a safe-conduct for the women and children, and then urging the garrison to surrender honourably rather than lose so many brave men by starvation.

The Maori leader returned an answer of proud defiance, that will live as long as New Zealand history lasts. It concluded with the words "Ka whawhai tonu, ake, ake, ake!" ("We shall fight on for ever, and ever, and ever!")

Even if some staid citizen is shocked by an avowed seat of learning adopting as its slogan the war-cry of a race of savages, I think that many a worse one might have been chosen. Browning may have put it into finer phraseology, but I like the primitive simplicity of the Maori "Fight on for ever, and ever, and ever," "Ake! ake!! ake!!!"

Kia Ora (Good luck).

PAKEHA.

† He is dead, he is dead.

The Leather Student.

A Departmental Ditty.

"There's nothing like good leather," is an ancient saying wise—

(In fact there's nothing like it.)

Its various productions you're unable to despise,

(In truth there's nothing like it.)

The skins of all the animals, of every type and size,
Of Elephants and Dinosaurs, of Snakes and things
that flies,

There's naught we can't make leather of, if so it be
we tries,

So here's to the Leather Student !

The scientific problems of that ancient industry

(In fact there's nothing like it)

Are hidden and mysterious except to such as we,

(In truth there's nothing like it)

Of Erodin and Oropen and Syntan Neradol D,
Of Limes and Bates and Liquors in the working
tannery,

We works 'em all, we solves 'em all, with our ability,

So here's to the Leather Student !

There's but one place in Europe where a University

(In fact there's nothing like it)

Is honoured by the presence of a branch of Chemistry

(In truth there's nothing like it)

In which are taught the ways and means of all things
leathery,

Where problems scientific are expounded easily ;

The place of course is Leeds, Sir, as you know as well
as we,

So here's to the Leather Student !

Before we close this ditty, Sir, there yet remains to
name

(In fact there's no one like him)

The Prof. who first began this show—he's on the roll
of fame ;

(In truth there's no one like him)

So fill your mugs and glasses up, and we will do the
same,

Prof. Procter and his "Principles," to toast we're ever
game,

With him and his successors we will e'er defend our
claim,

There's none like the Leather Student !

F. L. S-J.

 Quotations of the Day.

"Work is the curse of the drinking classes."

First M.B. Smoker.

REALISM is all very well in purely hypothetical reasoning, but the true representation of facts demands impressionistic treatment. Ahem ! Having coughed to draw attention to this remark, we proceed to unburden our soul regarding the events of the First M.B. Smoker, held on 10th February.

The Overture "Kumati!" followed by a pedal symphony, was personally conducted by Mr. Arbuckle Bernstein. Thereafter followed gastronomical exertions on a heroic scale. But the cigars!—"the fume thereof nearest resembling the Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

We enjoyed the concert. Messrs. Buck and Taylor were particularly good. Mr. Buck is what our contemporary *The Yorkshire Post* would term a "born comedian." Buck ! you priceless old—er—dem fine fellah don'tcherknow !

"Up—up—pup—pup" *ad lib, crescendo molto, magno con spirito.*

Our heart wobbled ecstatically at Tubby's rendition of Students' Songs. We were surprised that the choruses were not better known by the audience. We believe, however, that a Tutorial Singing Class is being conducted in connection with the Botany Department, and we cherish great hopes of the next concert.

And then the pianist ! Our philological mind has always associated *Winder* with *Pianer*, and on this occasion Mr. Winder certainly showed he was no stranger to that instrument.

Prof. Priestley enjoyed himself !

Mr. Allen was both wise and witty—we are almost tempted to state that he was "matey."

We liked Mr. Percival's taste in tobacco.

The Smoker warmed the cockles of our heart.

Mr. Webster, in replying to one of the multitudinous toasts, stated that he had come back to the University to find great changes, and he appealed for support in building up new traditions. We cheered him, and vowed we would make the place hum.

Allowing for the exalted state of mind which a Smoking Concert invariably produces, we think that the sentiment is worthy of a better fate than to be relegated to the limbo of the "night before." Traditions do not grow automatically. A tradition is the permanent monument of an honest endeavour.

Speaking of traditions, we should like to know why the Union has not seen fit to recognise a Rugby team in the University, which is playing matches every Saturday, and which is being run by a few enthusiasts, whose efforts were largely inspired by the Union Vice-President's remarks at the Smoker.

The Bros. Bernstein are to be congratulated on the way in which they ran the Smoker.

Mr. W. O. Redman-King, B.A.

By the death of Mr. W. O. Redman King, the University loses a valued member of its staff and a promising career is cut short in its prime. Mr. King, who held a commission for general service, but was attached to the R.A.M.C. for biological work, came to Leeds from London on short leave on February 21st last, unfortunately before his convalescence from a recent attack of influenza was complete. A relapse ensued and pneumonia led with tragic rapidity to his death on February 28th, at the untimely age of 32.

From Oundle School, where he was head of School House, Mr. King gained a scholarship at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, and graduated first class in 1909, gaining another first class in Part II. of the Natural Science Tripos (Zoology) in the following year. In the meantime he had been associated with Mr. Barcroft in physiological research, the results of which were published in December, 1909. Awarded a travelling scholarship, he proceeded to California to work under the distinguished biologist Loeb. A joint paper was published in 1910 on some results of their work which threw new light on the phenomena of dominance in hybrids. His association with Loeb led to Mr. King's translation of two of the former's most striking volumes on the physical aspects of life. On his return to Europe, Mr. King visited the Marine Laboratory at Naples to begin independent research; but he was soon appointed Assistant Lecturer in Zoology in the University of St. Andrews, and in 1912 transferred his services in a similar capacity to Leeds.

In the following year he married Miss Annie Peniston, M.Sc., of Leeds, who shared congenial

interests with her husband in biological research, and the two worked together at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth during the spring and summer of 1914, Mr. King having been awarded the Ray Lankester studentship for this purpose. Here the investigation which Mr. King began at Naples on some physiological aspects of development was successfully advanced, and requires but little to complete it.

On the outbreak of the war, Mr. King threw himself whole-heartedly into work with the O.T.C., but later, in response to urgent appeals, took up expert work under the Medical Research Committee in connexion with the diagnosis of amoebic dysentery at various military hospitals in England and in France. This task, though arduous and monotonous as well as unpleasant, was discharged by him with typical thoroughness, even enthusiasm, and gained for him the high approbation which he deserved.

Mr. King's loss at the present time is doubly tragic, as plans were under consideration for giving to his remarkable clarity of mind and experimental skill a fuller opportunity of useful development. In the Zoological Department we shall long miss his unfailing cheerfulness and helpfulness both in our laboratories and on our field excursions. With Mrs. Redman-King, who has been doing her husband's work during the whole period of the war, and has given generous service in other branches of the life of the University, deep sympathy is felt by all, and not least by her grateful and regretful chief, the writer.

W. G.

In Memoriam.

W. O. REDMAN-KING.

Radiant he came to us and debonair,
 His brow with Granta's laurels proudly dight,
 And saw, among Athene's maidens fair,
 Two stedfast eyes that shone with wisdom bright.
 He conquered, and the glow of happiness
 Lept into flame and spread its warmth around.
 The purple moors shared their delight, nor less
 The woods and dales; and Plymouth Sound,
 With nature's glory girt and human fame,
 Sped their joint enterprise and on their art,
 Now first united, smiled. Then blindly came
 War's ruthless wedge and thrust their lives apart.
 And now, save in the widow'd heart, his head
 Lies low; and all, save love of friends, is dead.

W. G.

Literary and Historical Society.

At the Third General Meeting of the session, Monday, November 18th, the attendance was smaller than on previous occasions. owing to the prevalence of influenza amongst the students. Mr. Laboulle read a paper on "The origins of Municipal Autonomy in Belgium," and showed us what immense powers of self-government are enjoyed by the 3,000 or more municipalities into which Belgium is divided. These powers, of which the Belgians are justly proud, had been struggled and fought for since the early centuries of the Middle Ages, when the nobles robbed the merchants to pay for their wars. Two great events changed the state of affairs—The Peace of God and the Crusades, both of which enriched the merchants, while the latter enabled them to obtain charters for their towns. From the Fourteenth Century the workmen gained a share in the administration, and united with the merchants in the bitter strife which followed against the nobles and from which they emerged as free and undaunted as ever. In spite of their subjection to the French, Austrians, Spanish and Dutch, the Belgians have kept a national spirit which undoubtedly had its origin in love of the communes for liberty.

The Fourth General Meeting was held on Monday, December 2nd. The Rev. D. M. M. Bartlett gave a paper on "The Gipsy Race from a Literary and Historical Standpoint." He showed us that the Gipsies were a race having a language, literature and history all their own. Originally they came from N.W. India, not from Egypt, as that delightful Mediæval chronicler, Andrew Bond, would have us believe. In early fourteenth century the race obtained papal permission to wander for seven years, and in their characteristically free way they have extended the period till to-day. Mr. Bartlett delighted us by recounting anecdotes of Gipsy life and custom, illustrating these with many appropriate photographs.

The Fifth General Meeting was held on Thursday, January 23rd, when Miss Goodson gave her paper on "Francis Ledwidge." Miss Goodson revealed to us her most interesting and original ideas on Francis Ledwidge, who, she showed, belonged to the order of born poets who sing because they must, regardless of their environment. From the age of five Ledwidge had composed poetry, but being secretly ashamed of what he fancied to be a morbid tendency, he destroyed all his work until Lord Dunsany persuaded him to publish. Although he enlisted as a private at the beginning of the war, we find no reflection of the horrors of this war in his poems. The purity of his genius transcended the awful scenes around him and reverted to his old home in Ireland and his beloved fairy folk and the nature he loved.

The Sixth General Meeting was held on Monday, February 3rd, when Miss Kaye read her paper on "Henry David Thoreau." In an able and thoughtful way Miss Kaye brought before us the personality and

views of Thoreau. Although a man of strong individuality, believing that a return to nature was the only remedy for existing ills, and carrying out his theories himself, he yet refrained from forcing his ideas on others.

UNION NOTES.

Re-Union Fancy Dress Dance.

(Official Report.)

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night," and a delightful riot of colour in the Great Hall—whereat even the rainbow had surely blushed for shame. East and west blended harmoniously. Most of the distinctive national costumes were represented. Elsewhere ingenuity was paramount.

Sartorial artists must have had a lively time attending to the manifold wants of those attending this function.

The guests had been announced by the Hall Porter (in full blazonry of office), and received by Mr. Trimmell and Miss Irvine. After a few initial dances the judging of the costumes took place. This onerous duty was splendidly performed by the following ladies:—Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Connall, Mrs. Priestley, Mrs. Redman King and Miss Gunnell. That their task was arduous was proved by the fact that the parade had to be repeated before any decision could be arrived at. In the end the ladies decided upon the following as the best of their particular classes:—

Most Original Costume—

(Ladies) Miss Parker—"The Gryphon."

(Gentlemen) Mr. Scott—"Captain Kettle."

Prettiest Costume—

(Ladies) Miss Knowles—"A Moth."

(Gentlemen) Mr. Saleh—"The Man from the Desert."

The prizes were then presented by Prof. Gillespie.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing, the floor being in quite good condition, and orchestra splendid. The Library provided a haven of rest for those who did not wish to dance, whilst the Physics Lab. was not without its vein of popularity. The hilarity continued till after midnight, dancing finishing soon after 1 a.m. A very enjoyable evening concluded with "Leeds University," "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King."

In all respects the Show has been voted a huge success, and, as a welcome to returned warriors it certainly deserved all possible success. We were pleased to have Prof. Priestley amongst us again, on his return from the Army.

The number of people who attended was between 250 and 260.

The thanks of the Entertainments Committee are due to Prof. Gillespie for the use of the Great Hall, to Prof. Cohen for the use of the Library, to Mr. Allen for the use of the Physics Lab., to the ladies who acted as judges, and to those students who assisted in the preparations.

W. H. SOWREY,

Hon. Sec.

Entertainments Committee.

Mock Military Court-Martial.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I could'nt write you an article, but I *would* like to write up the Court-Martial. It was sweet. But I *do* think it was too bad to try that poor Pte. Hammer-toes for a little thing like drinking the troop's rum, don't you? Or was it the regiment's rum? I'm not quite sure, but it seemed a lot. And Capt. Tomkins looked so cross, although he had the rhubarb just in front of him. I do love kilts, don't you? The prisoner was *too* pathetic on that scooter, was'nt he, though he tried to look brave, poor man. I never knew before that soldiers wore more than one cap. It was *so* interesting to see them come off one by one. The war *has* taught us a lot of things.

But it was'nt very nice of them to put his pipe out with soda-water. It must have tasted horrid afterwards.

As far as I could make out, the poor man (they only seemed to call him by a number, S/29,876,534,201 or something outrageous like that), had joined a ration-party going to Wind-up Dump, and though he had'nt been told to, he helped to carry things—which was rather sweet of him, don't you think? It was two petrol tins of rum he had, and a man called Rationsnatcher had heard gurgling sounds, though that might have been duck-boards squelching, and the tins were empty when he arrived. 'Praps they leaked, someone said. But though Lieut.-Col. Swipit said that the prisoner was a *very nice* man, Lieut. Someother had an aerial photo which showed the poor dear drinking from a petrol-tin. So, of course, they found him guilty. And it seems he'd done some *terrible* things before. He had a dirty bow and arrow in 1066, and had "funked the preliminary barrage" (whatever that may be), at Agincourt, and had a broken bootlace at Waterloo. So they found him guilty and gave him five days' pay, and for something else they acquitted him with two years' imprisonment. But I was so glad that dear Old Bill, the Brigadier-General, said he need only do two extra fatigues instead of all that, which was rather nice of him, don't you think?

FLEURETTE.

A "Howler" from the Arts Department.

(Guaranteed authentic).

"William the Conqueror's horse, stumbling on hot ashes, threw his rider against the *crupper* of his saddle, thereby inflicting severe *abdominal* injuries."

PUZZLE :—Was William comin' or goin'?

A New Society.

THIS term has seen the birth of a new or rather the re-incarnation of a deceased society; to wit—The Choral and Dramatic Society.

As the title shows, the Society is open to both those who sing (or attempt to warble) and those who aspire to dramatic effusions. All will be welcomed.

It will perhaps be just as well to state here the aims and objects of the Society :—

1. To produce, at least once per session, an operatic or dramatic performance.
2. To arrange sketches and monologues for musical evenings, if possible.

Mr. Hoggett is our President, and all intending members should give their names and qualifications to Miss Turner, the Secretary.

Don't stay out in the cold, come in and lend us your talents.

It has been decided to produce early in the Christmas term, Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "The Mikado," and the following Committee has been elected.

President : Mr. T. J. Hoggett.

Vice-President : Mr. B. Rhylands.

Miss Baker.

Miss Warburton.

Miss Anfield.

Miss Webster.

Miss Green.

Mr. L. Bell.

Miss Pedley.

Mr. W. H. Smith.

Miss Schofield.

Secretary : Miss Turner.

W.H.S.

Union Committee.

FOR the benefit of new and returned students, and owing to the numerous additions and appointments on the Union Committee, we again print its composition.

President : Mr. F. W. Trimnell.

Vice-President : Mr. F. Webster, B.A.

Treasurer : Prof. Connal.

Hon. Sec. : Mr. C. S. Butcher, B.A.

Staff Representative : Prof. Gillespie.

Administrative Staff Representative : Mr. A. E. Wheeler.

Swimming Representative : Mr. Sewell.

Refectory Representatives : Mr. Jordinson.
Mr. Bellerby.

Chess and Fives Representative : Mr. Sparling.

Gymnasium Representative : Mr. Exley, B.A.

Tennis and Lacrosse Representative : Mr. Dean.

Mr. Hudlikar.

Mr. Gilliat.

Mr. Seymour-Jones.

Cricket Representative : Mr. Woodroofe.

Mr. Wesley Smith.

Mr. Ward.

Mr. Currie.

Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Chamberlain.

Miss Irvine.

Miss Ward.

Miss Patterson.

The following members compose the Athletics Sub-Committee :—

Mr. Seymour-Jones (*Hon. Sec.*).

Mr. Dean.

Mr. Woodroofe.

Mr. Currie.

President and Secretary of Union, *ex-officio*.

It will be noted that the "correction" in the last issue was inaccurate.

Debating Society.

SENSATIONAL CRIME.

AMAZING DISCLOSURES BY WITNESSES.

Unparalleled Scenes.

(By our Special Correspondent).

THE Great Hall of the University was thronged by a large assembly on Friday, March 14th, to hear a case which has aroused much interest and comment of late, a case of unprecedented enormity.

The learned Judge, Lord Milnes, R.S.V.P., took his place amid a storm of applause (?) which he acknowledged with stately dignity, and shortly afterwards the four prisoners entered in single file, intoning the well-known dirge, "Are we down-hearted?" Their countenances returned an answer in the affirmative.

The charges were as follows:—

That on the 12th day of March now instant at the University in the City of Leeds—

George Dixon Buck, Gentleman,
Arthur Benjamin Hodgson, Gentleman,
Geoffrey Hatfield Sellars, Gentleman,
John Walker, manufacturer of Sodawater,

all of uncertain or no abode,

1. Did unlawfully and wilfully and in a disorderly manner obstruct the free passage of a certain University Corridor, to the annoyance and inconvenience of passers-by, by assembling in such manner as to prevent free passage therein, contrary to S. 293 of the Town Police Clauses Act, 1847.

2. Did unlawfully and of malice aforethought, exhale the poisonous fumes of burning tobacco and paper, combined and called "a cigarette," in a prohibited place, to wit, the Entrance Hall of the said University, well knowing such to be contrary to the law; and by so doing not only damaged their constitutions by inhaling the said fumes, but also attempted to asphyxiate strangers therewith, and placed the most noble and artistic buildings of the said University in imminent danger of fire, against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King.

They were further charged with the murder of a zoological specimen, and, under The Vagrancy Act, of refusing to work, *i.e.*, dissect a dog-fish. Defence, however, agreed to postpone trial on these counts, until further evidence of the paternity of the dog-fish should be produced.

The four prisoners listened to the charges with ill-simulated nervousness and a complete lack of control of their facial muscles. Their voices faltered, but they returned a concerted "Not Guilty."

The Counsel for the prosecution, Sir Frederick Webster, K.C., O.H.M.S., presented the case against the prisoners with the forceful precision which has gained for him a place in the front rank of his pro-

fession, charging them with Disorderliness, Obstruction and Smoking. His statements seemed to present no loophole of escape for the prisoners, whose angle of depression sank through several degrees, and did not rise when the witnesses for the prosecution were called. Mr. C. E. Exley deposed that he had been in the Entrance Hall at 12.30 p.m., on March 12th, and had noticed clouds of red smoke issuing from it.

His Lordship—Red smoke, did you say?

Witness—Yes, your Washout.

It transpired, however, that witness was colour-blind, but in spite of this he had seen the notice prohibiting smoking in the Hall.

Counsel—Where was this notice?

Witness—Near the Hall Porter's office.

His Lordship—What's that about Ale and Porter? This is not a bar.

Counsel—He said "The Hall Porter," my Lord.

His Lordship—The Old Snorter, did you say?

Counsel—That's right, my Lord.

A CONFUSED ISSUE.

Witness said that the accused were obstructing the passage, and moving sideways, not from side to side, but side-ways, from top to middle. The people in the Hall were moving in circles, from end to end. The issue was further confused by various clocks, mechanical and hosiary.

His Lordship—Which clock was it that moved sideways?

Witness—Neither, m'lud. It moved in circles.

His Lordship—From end to end, you said—No, m'lud.

His Lordship (querulously)—This is not clear to me. I don't—no I *don't* understand it.

The next witness called was Miss Noxon. Her address was Woodhouse Moor, Central.

His Lordship—Wait till I get that down.

(Laughter and uproar).

His Lordship—If the court is not silent, I shall have the case tried in Canada (*sic*).

She had also read the notices, and had seen the accused behaving in a disorderly manner and smoking. The smoke had so overpowered her that she caught the 'flu on the following day.

His Lordship—(testily)—What's that about flues? There can't have been flues if there was so much smoke. (Laughter).

Miss Stevenson, B.A., deposed that she had seen accused smoking a cigarette.

Counsel—A cigarette? Had they divided it?—Yes.

His Lordship—Did they use pins?—I did'nt notice. These were lighted at 12.25 p.m. and were still alight at 12.45 p.m.

His Lordship—Ah! then they *must* have used pins.

THE DEFENCE.

Sir Casey Casey-Wilson, K.C., rose to make a strong and able speech for the defence, and called Miss Pickford and Miss Scott as his witnesses. They were subjected to a sharp cross-examination by Sir Frederick, who submitted to the jury that these witnesses were mentally and physically deficient, since they made a habit of lurching at the Refectory.

Dr. Wagga Woola Wolla, Esquimaux, speaking his native tongue, deposed that he was accused's doctor, that they were suffering from shell-shock—

(*His Lordship*—Or Hysteria ?)

and that they were physically incapable of smoking, besides being under age.

SHELL-SHOCKED WITNESS.

Buck, who had turned King's evidence, was next brought into the witness-box. Of the four prisoners, he was the most visibly shell-shocked. It was this shock, we hope, that prompted his vivid pantomimic pursuit of imaginary winged insects, for one is too charitable even to hint at the sole alternative explanation. He peered cautiously over the parapet of the witness-box.

(*From the Gallery*)—Ssh—ssh—ssh—Crrrump!

Prisoner disappeared, and was hauled to his feet with some difficulty by the warders. He was completely unnerved, and stammered badly when asked a question. The sounds from the gallery continued, causing the prisoner to duck convulsively every moment or so, until his Lordship requested "The gentleman in the gallery" to remove his boots.

THE SUMMING UP.

Counsels for the prosecution and defence then summed up. Sir Frederick laid before the Jury the unreliability of the witnesses for the defence. Sir Casey asked that the prisoners' service to King and Country should be taken into consideration, as well as the present condition of their nerves. He had only to strike the table—(Here he struck it)

Prisoners were finally gathered up from the floor and supported in chairs.

The wording of the notice, Counsel continued, should also be considered. "Gentlemen are requested not to smoke." His clients, he was sure, were all too modest to lay claim to the title mentioned, and a request did not imply an order. His Lordship, in summing up, put before the jury that three of the prisoners, having held commissions, had been at least temporary gentlemen, but whether or no this ceased on demobilisation the jury must decide.

* * *

The jury returned a verdict of "guilty" against Messrs. Buck and Hodgson. The others were acquitted. Assuming the black cap, the Judge condemned the guilty pair to a slow death from a diet of Refectory treacle pudding—to be administered on the scene of the outrage.

Inter-'Varsity Conference.

IN accordance with the resolutions passed at the Inter-Guild Conference held February 9th, 1918, a Meeting of University Guild Representatives was convened for, and held on February 8th, 1919, at Liverpool.

Mr. Livingston, President of the Guild of Undergraduates, Liverpool, was in the chair, and delegates from the following Universities were present :—

Aberystwyth, Bangor, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, and Sheffield.

The Minutes of the previous Conference were read, and adopted.

1. The extension of Inter-'Varsity functions was then discussed. It was first suggested that an additional Inter-'Varsity Debate be held at each Guild, but as it was felt that this might cut across purely internal Guild Debates, it was resolved unanimously that Inter-Guild Socials be held during the Autumn Term, the number of delegates being left to the discretion of the individual Guilds or Unions.

2. The question of athletics being raised, it was pointed out that the only Inter-'Varsity meetings amongst the signatory Guilds, were those of the Christie Cup, these being confined to Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester.

It was proposed to extend the Inter-Guild Challenge Cups to include as many of the various Guilds as possible, leaving the original Christie Challenges untouched. It was also proposed that the Northern Universities should hold a Conference of Athletics Clubs, Committees, and Unions, for the purpose of discussion and decision. These propositions met with the support of the Conference.

It was further proposed :—

1. That the Northern Signatory Universities should play the Southern Signatory Universities.
2. That the Welsh Signatory Universities play the English Signatory Universities.
3. That the Christie Challenge Cups be revived this year.

These proposals were carried.

The question of Annual Inter-'Varsity Sports was next put forward. It was first defined that the Conference had advisory rights to Athletics Unions, Committees, and Clubs.

The general idea of Inter-'Varsity Sports was then put forward—the term being here used to mean flat racing, jumping, boxing, etc. It was suggested that the Christie Challenge Cup ring be extended, but no decision was reached.

It was next suggested that Cups or Shields should be competed for by the Guilds here represented.

This was approved. That arrangements be made for holding Inter-'Varsity Sports at Aberystwyth this year, among as many of the signatory Guilds as possible, was approved. It was carried that Aberystwyth be the centre for the transaction of secretarial business. The time proposed for these Sports was early in the Summer Term.

Leeds, Liverpool and Manchester decided to run off the Christie Challenge Cup this year. It was further approved that the Christie Cups for Rugby and Soccer be competed for next session.

The Conference also recommended the introduction into the Inter-'Varsity Sports of Women's events. The exact nature and number of these to be decided by the Athletic Unions, Committees, and Clubs concerned.

The more general idea of Student athletics was then brought under discussion. It was suggested that further encouragement of athletic efforts on the part of the educational authorities was needed, and it was resolved to bring the matter, from the Students' standpoint, to the notice of the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, and Sir Martin Conway, as the Parliamentary Representatives of the Northern University, and of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Lewis, as Parliamentary Representative of the Welsh Universities. It was proposed to send the recommendation through the Senate of each University, but as it was felt that this was splitting the endeavours of the Conference, it was further proposed that recommendations be sent direct from the Conference, after having taken the opinion of the Senates of the various Universities.

The following motions were then put to the Meeting :—

1. This Conference deems it advisable that the Board of Education, and the Education Authorities, should recognise athletics more adequately, particularly in the matter of grants for athletic purposes.
2. The Conference advises each Union, Guild, or S.R.C., to approach its own Senate on the matter, with the support of the whole Conference.
3. The Conference advises that the Parliamentary representatives of the Universities here represented, should be approached directly in this matter by the Conference.

The question of the control of athletics by the University authorities was then mentioned, but left to the discretion of the individual Guilds, and also referred to the next Conference.

3. A letter from Manchester was then read, dealing with Students' Reconstruction Movements in general, and emphasising the necessity of adapting the education in the School and University to the requirements of the students' subsequent professional, commercial and industrial career. The Meeting was

divided in opinion on the necessity of social work being definitely undertaken by students, or courses in social science and political economy being definitely followed. It was suggested that this branch of training was a matter for individual effort. No definite decision was reached.

4. The question of reciprocal membership was discussed.

The broad idea of reciprocal membership, apart from the settlement of any details as to limits, and conditions of such membership, was favoured. It was decided that the production of a membership card of any of the signatory Guilds, would be sufficient to justify membership of any one of them. A short term limit was set at two months. The Conference was of the opinion, that in the case of life membership, and long terms, the membership cards should be transferable.

5. The question of an Inter-'Varsity Magazine was thought to be impracticable.

It was decided that :—

1. The publishing of the report of the Inter-'Varsity Conference in the University Magazine, and
- (2) The exchange of Magazines might fulfil the office of an Inter-'Varsity, or a Conference Magazine.

6. It was unanimously carried by the Conference that self government in Union and Club premises should be as complete as possible, though this was a matter best dealt with by the individual Guilds.

It was decided by the Conference that the Meeting place of the next Conference, if this session, be at Liverpool, if next session, at Manchester.

A vote of thanks was passed to Liverpool for their hospitality.

This concluded the business.

The above Minutes were submitted to the Union Committee and adopted in full, C. S. B.

(The brevity of the above report is due to the fact that our reporter fainted, and had to be carried out.

At one time we feared that we should have to publish it serially (Don't miss our next thrilling instalment!) but we finally managed to include the lot without serious detriment).

Natural History Society.

THE First General Meeting of the Society took the form of a presidential address by Prof. Garstang, on October 18th, 1918. He took as his subject "The Social Life of Birds," and treated the matter in an interesting and entertaining manner. He developed his subject mainly on the emotional side, and showed that in beautiful expression of sentiment, the birds rank very high in the living world.

At the Second General Meeting, held on November 7th, Miss Whitaker gave a lecture on "The Peat Moors of Yorkshire." Miss Whitaker's personal research made her a very able and enthusiastic speaker. Having dealt with the distribution, formation and general characteristics, she took one particular peat moor, and entered into a detailed description.

The Third General Meeting was held on December 5th, when Dr. Hanley gave a lecture on "The Limestone requirements of the Yorkshire Soils." The speaker dealt with the matter in an interesting and not too technical manner, discussing the question from the two viewpoints of the agriculturalist and the ecologist.

The Fourth General Meeting on January 10th, 1919, took the customary form of the Debate, followed by the Reunion Musical Evening.

On February 13th, Mr. Roth gave a well-illustrated lecture on "The Common Wasp." Having outlined the social position which wasps occupy in the insect world, he proceeded to consider the life-history of the wasp, and concluded with a plea on their behalf, pointing out their uses, and offering an explanation for their troublesomeness in the late summer.

Owing to the much-regretted illness of Miss Holdsworth, the meeting for March 13th, was postponed.

Hornsea Fruit Farm.

THE Southorpe Fruit Farm, Hornsea, is being transferred from F. S. Holmes & Co., to Messrs. Endall & Son, who hope that University students will again be able to help in the fruit harvest (June—August). This year's need will be for from six to ten women students, and every effort will be made to ensure their comfort.

MARRIAGE.

THOMPSON—HAMPSHIRE.—April 3, 1919, at St. Mark's Church, Leeds, by the Rev. D. M. M. Bartlett, M.A., assisted by the Rev. C. T. B. Wilkinson, M.A., Frederick Charles, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Thompson, 183, Hyde Park Road, Leeds, to Margaret (Madge), third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hampshire, 5, Kensington Terrace, Leeds.

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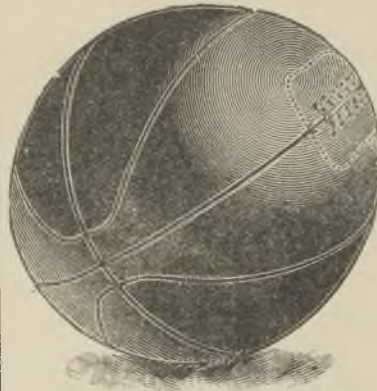
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Words and Music by ALDRED FARRER BARKER.

Moderato.

VOICES.

(Preliminary topical verses to first four lines of the music if desirable)

1. Here ap - pears the great Pro - cess - ion, Mace and Dons and all a - kin,
2. Now we wel - come back to Eng - land, Free'd from In - dia's mag - ic sway,
3. Next we greet our war - rior com - rades, Now re - turn - ed from the fray,

Drums and Orchestra.

5. Shout we now con - grat - u - la - tions, To our fel - low students here,

PIANO.

Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Greet our Chiefs with live - ly din.
 Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Our V. C. who's here to - day.
 Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Sound their praise with noi - sy lay.
 Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Man and wo - man greet with cheer.

Arts and Sci - ence, Med' - cine, Tech - nics, See they come with great dis - play.
 Long we anx - ious - ly a - wait - ed News that he was on his way,
 Lift your voi - ces loud ac - claim - ing Those to us who now re - turn,
 CHEER for those who have suc - ceed - ed, CHEER for those who well have failed;

Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Loud, with gus - to, shout "Hur - ray!"
 Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Now he's real - ly here "Hur - ray!"
 Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Let your ar - dent spi - rits burn.
 Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Be life's sea with cour - age sailed.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY SONG, 1919—Continued.

Softly.

Drum Accompaniment.

4. Sing we soft - ly sal - u - ta - tions, To our com - rades West - ward gone,
 May we in our own lives fol - low, Their ex - am - ple, faith so strong.

The first system consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part includes drum notation (vertical lines with 'x' marks) and chordal accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Softly'.

Very Softly. Listesso tempo.

Without Drum Accompaniment.

May they in their rest so peace - ful

The second system features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part consists of chordal accompaniment without drum notation. The tempo is marked 'Very Softly. Listesso tempo'.

A little slower.

Dream of those they served so well,

The third system consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part includes chordal accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'A little slower'.

In time.

Drum Accompaniment.

Stu - dents fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Peace for ev - er with them dwell.
 Repeat.

The fourth system consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part includes drum notation and chordal accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'In time'.

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