

THE GRYPHON

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APRIL, 1918.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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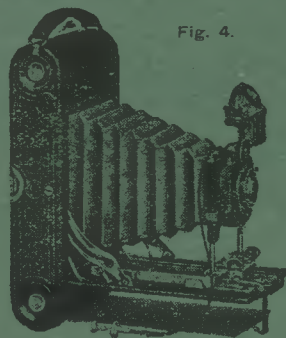


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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

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No. 4.

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The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—*The Sphinx* (University of Liverpool), *The Serpent* (University of Manchester), *The Mermaid* (University of Birmingham), *University College Union Magazine* (University of London), *Floreamus* (University of Sheffield), *The Non-Such* (University of Bristol), *The Students' Magazine* (University College, Exeter), *The Gong* (University College, Nottingham), *Otago University Review*.



IN reference to Mr. Milnes' analytical article on Students' Songs we cannot omit to draw the special attention of all members of the University to his concluding paragraph. It would be a most excellent addition to a Leeds Collection to have representative songs of each of the Departments of the University. To this end we invite contributions to be sent to Mr. Milnes, as soon as possible. Let no one imagine that his or her personal effort is unworthy of consideration. The aim is not to produce a grand opera of world-wide fame; the requirement is rather an appreciation of the true spirit of this University. Suggestions as to Yorkshire (or other) songs suitable for inclusion in the book will be welcomed.

We feel that to every student who has so far entered into the life of the University as to wish to remember his Alma Mater—no further appeal will be necessary, and we therefore leave it at this.

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CANCELLED

A pamphlet entitled "The Woman's Party" has lately been handed to us for perusal, and we are given to understand some numbers of the same have been circulated amongst the women and men undergraduates of the University.

With the essential ideas of the manifesto no difference of opinion can exist. The watchwords of this community are "Victory, National Security and Social Reform," and to such a programme no dissentient voice can be raised; though we feel that these worthy aspirations are not the exclusive property of the Women's Party.

Much attention is directed to "What the Women's Party has done during the War," and undoubtedly the published list of twelve paragraphs is not only a true and modest statement but one which merits approbation in its general claims. Difference of opinion may exist as to the advisability of particular details. Just as the ambitions of this party are not exclusive so also do we feel that many of the forms of war service so effectively rendered thereby have been as capably and willingly carried out by that vast army of women who have not yet acknowledged the leadership of Emmaline Pankhurst, Christabel Pankhurst, Annie Kenney, and "General" Flora Drummond. Too much praise cannot be given to the wonderful spirit of the women of this land and in like manner no words will ever be adequate in referring to the heroism of the soldiers of England. Too great stress must not, however, be laid upon the services rendered by our women; the necessity has also been a privilege, and the most intimate interests of women have been and are being protected thereby, equally with the interests of the remaining populace. As Miss Annie Kenney remarks: "it was a matter of primary importance not merely to have a vote, but to have a country to vote in. . . ."

We shall refrain from remark upon the immature and provocative phraseology in which reference is made to "the vote . . . won as the result of pre-war agitation," "the great celebration of the 'Suffrage victory,'" choosing rather to leave this immaterial acquisition to the judgment of those upon whom the franchise has been thrust. Whilst reiterating the agreement which is, we believe, general as to the worthiness and excellence of the objects of the Women's Party, we cannot omit reference to one paragraph:—

"While the Women's Party is in no way based upon sex antagonism, it is felt that women can best serve the Nation by keeping clear of men's party political machinery and traditions, which by universal consent leave so much to be desired."

In order that no misconception may arise as to the precise claims of the Women's Movement, of which we assume the Women's Party is the self-elected control, we shall define our attitude thereto: "Though married life and its duties form a pre-dominant element in the woman's sphere they are not necessarily the whole of it, and the woman's movement is a struggle for the recognition of equality of opportunity with men and for equal right irrespective of sex. . . ."

The tone and attitude of this admirable passage is hard to reconcile with the aloofness and self-satisfied air of the statement made by the Women's Party. Antagonism can be cultivated by utter passivity as effectually as by considered offensiveness. Since also the Nation must, perhaps very unfortunately, allow the existence of men, if only as a guarantee of that necessary vice, without which virtue would be hard to discern; "the best way to serve the Nation" can hardly be found in leaving the heathen in darkness, and making a dignified entry into Paradise; without interest in those less favoured wretches who, having served their purpose as "door mats" may now uncompromisingly go to the Devil.

We recall the words of a certain minister who ended an impassioned prayer thus:—"And if any spark of grace has been kindled by these exercises, oh, we pray Thee, water that spark."

It is held by some writers that sex is a bar to intellectual co-operation by reason of the psychic differences between men and women. To disagree with this statement is to be modern. We are old-fashioned. An agreement with this suggestion by no means includes an hostile attitude to women's higher education. Knowledge is the true road to happiness; for as is obvious, the cultivation of the mental, that is of the physical and personal Board of Control, must entail an ordering of life so as to produce the best for the organism or its contemporaries.

On the other hand, to believe that intellectual co-operation of the sexes implies an ethical obligation to yield from the one to the other whatsoever may be desired, is to propound an argument for selfishness with which no one will agree.

Unfortunately, there are those who seem to hold this opinion. Like most extremists they fall into well marked classes. The commonest perhaps, the type who, worthy of nothing good, have nothing for which to be grateful. They look down with sorrow on the fallen, and give thanks that light has been vouchsafed to them.

There is that numerous community who, possessed by their misplaced self-esteem, embittered by their animal intellectuality, satisfied by their own perfection "have no use for anything or anyone" save tea and study: "To fight with the interpretations of ignorance is like trying to dispel a fog."

Lastly there are the utterly immature: high-school children who are just matriculated, whose homes "bore them stiff," whose parents are "awfully decent but hopelessly behind the times, you know," who do not possess Fathers and Mothers, but as a favour recognise "the governor and the old lady." At least they are human, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

If then we admit that higher education for women is the basis of health (and we use the word in its general sense), why need we labour the everlasting question of sex antagonism, which having been decently interred, has been so needlessly exhumed by the leaders of the Women's Party? Because we believe

that there is a tendency at present to carry the mis-called emancipation of women to an altitude which entails the extinction of chivalry, and with it a return to a primitive degradation of women which we do not care to picture. For the superior feminists who hold that chivalry and all it means is immaterial we would remind them that the emancipatory ideals of which they are so proud are by no means new, and that the position of women under the earliest extant code (that of Khammurabi in Babylonian Law) was free and dignified, that it was much worse under Mosaic Law; that it had not improved under Roman Law: "*feminae ab omnibus officiis civilibus vel publicis remotae sunt*"; that it vastly improved under Claudius, did not disappear until Justinian, and that it was not until the 19th Century that it was recognised that a state of female ignorance was neither good nor politic. In other words, the position of woman improved with the growth of chivalry, and if we may humbly say so, with the assistance and agreement of that "*party political machinery and traditions which by universal consent leave so much to be desired.*" Woman in this period accepted the divine ideal of helping, where possible accepted the honoured position of advising and, where impossible, allowed their instinct to inform them of their supremacy, which by an unconscious mimicry of Brer Rabbit, became all the more effective.

We quote one of the greatest 19th Century statesmen, Mr. Gladstone:—"The legislative duty is the 'highest of all public duties, for this we admit your (women's) fitness. Executive and judicial duties rank below it, and for these we declare you unfit. . . . difference of social office between 'men and women rest upon causes not flexible and 'elastic like most mental qualities, but physical, 'and in their nature unchangeable." The greater having been thus allowed, a new campaign is opened to obtain the less. Into such hands is "*the great heritage 'that has been handed down to us*" (the women's party) to be placed in order that we (the women's party) may "*hand it on enriched and glorified to the generations to come.*"

This chivalry of which we make so much is not, as some appear to think, a proposition that man should accept every disadvantageous offer which is made to him by every woman; but rather an unspoken offer on the one hand and acceptance on the other of reverence, protection and service, in return for a cultivation of the ideals of gentleness, personal refinement and all those especial graces and virtues that endear women to men. By no means is such a definition a one-sided bargain; least of all is it purely materialistic.

"*To be womanly and feminine from the masculine 'point of view is to be flexible, yielding, amiable, sweet 'in temperament, which means to be weak in character, 'to have no strong opinions, none certainly that do 'not defer to man's, to be clay in his hands that can 'be moulded, to give him tenderness and affection but 'no opposition, to be clinging like a tendril but by 'no means to suggest vigorous health, for the lover likes 'to feel that the girl upon whom he bestows his affection 'has to lean upon him and needs his strong arm.*"

Thus is chivalry unconsciously and erroneously defined by Jane Johnstone Christie in her original book entitled "*The Advance of Women from the Earliest times to the Present*" (1912) which volume ends with the grand rhetoric "*Since God is with 'woman, who shall be against her?*" The answer is Jane Johnstone Christie, and under such a formidable leader one could not be surprised if the Deity had forsaken his tutelage.

Miss Christie seems to have had an unfortunate mental picture of a heroine from the pen of Mr. Wm. le Queux (for whose prolific works we hasten to add we have the greatest admiration—on a long railway journey, or when suffering from a cold in the head). A sort of anæmic "ornament" who can neither cook a meal fit to be eaten, nor translate a foreign language able to be understood, but who spends her whole life growing watercress in a cardboard box, who always looks clean, leaves a faint, lingering perfume of Shem-el-Nessim, and decorates the church at Harvest Festivals.

In moderation we like Shem-el-Nessim, in reason we like watercress, good meals, Harvest Festivals, and foreign languages, but as the *only* feature of womanliness and femininity No. . . . Miss Christie has been reading or thinking too much about "lips glued to lips." There is a certain novelty in reading "sweet in temperament" to mean "weak in character," and a lifelong search for the woman who has no "strong opinions" seems as though it would be fruitless to the end.

In contradistinction to this non-university type Miss Christie bids us regard "*the Roman Matrons: mothers of those stern men who conquered and governed the world for centuries.*" As we have shown, those same stern men did not exactly raise an "earthly paradise for the idealistic Roman Matron." "Or gaze," says Miss Christie, "at the Spartan who could look on a coward son with horror and shame." We are sure our modern followers of Agnodice will hasten to explain the neuropathic origin of cowardice, and anyhow, as we do not admire the Spartans we refuse to "gaze" at them longer.

"If you are not yet satisfied," continues Miss Christie, "behold Queen Elizabeth, resisting ever effort of the minister to involve the country in war." We dutifully "beheld" her, but what we saw was a deceitful, perfidious, vain, coquettish, ingrate, whose country was saved from the Armada, not by its Sovereign, but by itself.

"Now," concludes Miss Christie to perfect your discomfiture, "what shall be said of Queen Victoria? "There you must allow '*No weakness in ruling has ever been associated with that noble woman.*'" Queen Victoria unwittingly replied herself in 1852 when she wrote:—"We women are not made for governing, and "if we are good women, we must dislike these masculine occupations."

No moral obligation exists under which man must admit women to masculine institutions; humanitarian grounds there are and the cultivation of that disposition of mind which makes Chivalry possible is the only key by which the whole world will open to the claims of women and for their entry will prepare a welcome.

"Few know the use of life before 'tis past," and still fewer realise the potential beauty of nature's ordinations till experience has taught how great a comedy life is to those who look on, and how great a tragedy to those who see. Unfortunately, Chivalry and all we include in this comprehensive term is quickly becoming a theme of advancing years instead of the motive force of youth. For this we believe the Woman's Party and its kindred organisations are to blame. We write in no spirit of prejudiced intolerance; there are no greater admirers of the wonderful display of woman power these last three deathly years have brought forth than ourselves; but it has not surprised us. There has never been in our mind the least astonishment that woman should effect every mental, and most of the physical efforts, more usually made by men. Why women should be regarded as "useless" (a word of their own coining) or inferior, or less capable we are unable to see. There appears to us no mental and but small physical considerations why women should not completely supplant man. The question is not one of capability, it is one of choice. The ordination of the world and the foundations of English civilisation rest upon the idea of uni-mental authority—be it good or bad, and for success this must be as defined in the home as in the State. Women's capacity is advisory, she represents the Court of Appeal; hers is the only source of interest which cannot be purchased. We venture to suggest that the withdrawal of that sympathetic and helpful attitude to men, by means of which this Country has been made what it now is, will be the forerunner of a national retrogression in every walk of life.

If the "uplifting" of women entails the alienation of men then of a certainty history will see the utter debasement of women through the removal of their natural and only protectors. The masculine woman is a far greater disaster than the feminine man, and we believe the former type is fast becoming more numerous than ever the latter has been. Whatsoever may be the vocation in which a man or a woman is engaged the unalterable difference remains:—that primarily one is a *man* and the other is a *woman*—not all the knowledge of the world nor the vapourings of Drummonds, Pankhursts or Kenneys will alter this everlasting fact. For ourselves we believe that to forget it is to elect the damnation of an, as yet, unborn race.

"For verily, O my daughter, the world is a masquerade,
And God made thee one thing that thou mightest make
thyself another."

* * *

"We have much pleasure in announcing an engagement between Lieut. R. J. Dyson and Miss E. G. Bolton, both students of the School of Medicine, and we take this opportunity of extending to both parties our hearty congratulations."

It is well known that, at College Road, such happenings are of almost everyday occurrence. That this should be so is not surprising since Languages, Literatures, and even Music (!) are among the daily tasks of the Students there, and as such pursuits are

supposed to be the fountain heads of lofty sentiment no cause for wonder can be occasioned by the fact that the raptures of the students find abundant opportunities for practical application.

When, however, we find such things occurring in an institution whose very foundations are the rugged fields of scientific investigation, whose rude austerity receives no benefits from the arts other than is provided by the banal terminations -us, -a, -um, and where callousness and social disinterestedness are thought to reign supreme, then do we realise that the milk of human kindness can still work wonders in comparison with which all our knowledge of lactic acids and lacteals is as nothing.

We have described our School of Medicine as being beyond the pale of artistic influence,—and its enemies still delight to regard it as the home of infidels. Rumour has it, however, that a dramatic society is contemplated, while it is an established fact that an exhibition of "Shades of Night" has been given by Medical Students alone. It may be possible that the intensely humanitarian character of this little play can have had some slight effect upon the professional austerity of the School, and our suspicions are strengthened by the many young people who have voted the performance a complete success, and whom we feel sure would welcome the introduction of a Society for the purpose of furthering local interest in dramatic art. We shall be glad to publish any suggestions with a view to founding such a Society at the School of Medicine as we are confident that very permanent social benefits would accrue.

REFERENCE was made in the last edition of the *Gryphon* to the Central Parliamentary Registration Association.

At a meeting of graduates of the Universities of Durham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham and Bristol, it was decided to form a Conservative and Unionist Association for the new University Constituency, which comprises the above-mentioned Universities.

It is the object of the Association to do all in its power to further the interests of Education and in particular of Higher Education, and to support those fundamental political principles denoted by its title.

A provisional Committee including the following officers was appointed:—

Sir Maurice Abbot-Anderson, M.B., B.Sc., M.V.O.,
Chairman.

Prof. J. Wemyss Anderson, M.Eng., *Hon. Treasurer.*

Mr. Herbert G. Williams, M.Sc., M.Eng., *Hon. Secretary.*

It is proposed to elect a lady to fill the office of Vice-Chairman.

As no complete list of addresses of the graduates is available, all graduates of the seven Universities are invited to communicate with Mr. H. G. Williams, 130, Ashley Gardens, S.W. 1., stating their University and Degree.

J. S. Bainbridge.

THE sad news has been received of the death in action of JAMES SCOTT BAINBRIDGE, B.Sc. (Leeds), F.I.C. Educated at the North Eastern County School, Barnard Castle, Mr. Bainbridge in 1905 entered the chemical laboratories of Messrs. Rowntree and Co., Ltd., and in 1907 became an undergraduate of the University of Leeds. After three years' study he graduated B.Sc. with first-class Honours in Chemistry, and gained the Associateship of the Institute of Chemistry. After subsequent and important work with Messrs. Rowntree he was appointed in 1915 Research Chemist at the Doncaster Coal Owners' Laboratory and was to have taken up this post in the Autumn of this year. On the outbreak of war he enlisted in the Yorkshire Regiment and went to France with the battalion as Co.-Serg.-Major. In December of 1916, having just accepted a commission, he was wounded and later returned to France as adjutant of the battalion in which he originally enlisted as a private, and maintained his position as Acting Captain and Adjutant until his death. Mr. Bainbridge was a man of charming personality, kindly disposition and great energy, and deeply we as regret his death, we feel that, like unto many others, the example of so successful a career is never lost.

[We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Yorkshire Evening Press* for details.]

A Summer Thought.

It had been one of those years in which the weather always seems to be inappropriate to the month—

"the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries."

The icy grip of winter had remained with us to the middle of spring and then as if by a miracle the buds opened, the hedges seemed to grow green while you observed them. Winter had gone, and in a night Spring was full upon us with her songs of birds and her canopies of flowers.

To-day, as I sit on the edge of the moors, I can hardly believe that I am in the midst of August. In the middle distance beneath me lies the little fishing village with its red-tiled houses—a note of colour in the landscape. Sea pictures that I have seen always paint the sea some shade of blue or green, but to-day it is neither. It is of a greyish hue, flecked with white as the land breeze catches its surface, giving that restlessness to the ocean which is one of its characteristics. About two miles out a bank of white vapour rises, gives a sense of finiteness to the sea. It is a reminder of the sea-fret which has hung dank and clammy over the land for the last few days; now blown away by that "Destroyer and preserver," as Shelley calls the west wind. The sky is grey with patches of white cloud here and there, giving us one of those "grey" days

which we English people miss so much in the lands of the sunnier south. Even as I look, the clouds ahead are just breaking and a ray of sunshine pierces the grey and falls on a little homestead at my feet, then races across the meadows and the ripening corn, across the river, and in a moment the fishing village is a blaze of sunlight which contrasts strangely with the pervading gloom out at sea and the omnipresent bank of fog on the horizon.

I struck a track across the moor to a distant cross on the horizon and felt as if it were against the wish of Mother Nature to trespass further in the domain where she held sovereign sway. The wind blows fierce upon my face and I have to bend my head to face the blast. Here it seems as if Nature, rude and rough, has gathered in her own—the wild and waste places of the earth where she may still wreak her will without the intervention of man. The wind slowly is dropping, but the clouds overhead grow dark and ominous as if preparative to a storm. The rain comes down and the thunder begins rolling in the distance. I shelter in the lee of a bank caused by a stream of water which had in time worn for itself a deep path. The whole atmosphere changes, forked lightning becomes more and more vivid. Patches of white vapour detach themselves and roll over the moor like a white fog, obliterating the boundary-stone 200 yards away, while great gusts of wind blow with an unexpectedness which is almost unnerving. I feel in the heart of darkness, alone, with the elements raging around. How little do we realise the beauty of rain and lightning, the charm of open spaces, the might and majesty of the powers of Nature. M.

Student Song Books.

It is to the credit of the University of Liverpool that amongst the Northern Universities it was the first to compile a Students' Song Book. Manchester, the most musical city of England, was but an imitator, and it is left to Leeds and Manchester to "better the instruction" they have received. Yorkshire, with its wealth of dialect, surely should provide a rich choice of folk-song and ballad out of which a collection, charming to the ear, beautiful to the memory, and stamped with the strong character of the people, could be made. That the right instinct is there anyone who at holiday times has come across some party of Yorkshiremen "singing in the wilderness," must allow. Many an eye has brightened and many a weary step lightened at the sound of such a song as "*On Ilkla Moor, b'at 'at*," struck up by one of our gallant Yorkshire Regiments, when on the line of march in some far off corner of the world. Prof. Pares, during a recent "sing-song" at Liverpool, testified to the heartening effect the singing of their old college songs had upon him in some of the darkest moments of his experience in Russia, and I can never forget the sweet memories disturbed by some old Cornish Ballads sung by a friend of mine at our periodical little "joy nights" behind "the line" in France.

A tremendous influence has been exercised over thousands of boys by the popular songs of our old Public Schools. It is beyond doubt that they are even more loved and prized by "Old Boys" whose memories bring back so well the far off days. There are few old 'Varsity men who do not look back with pleasure to the little gatherings that in long winter evenings, with dissertations and notes for a time put away and with pipes aglow round old "So and So's" fire, voiced their joyous way through the much battered "Scottish Students' Song Book."

The most renowned students' song in the world, and also the most beautiful, is undoubtedly the "*Dulce Domum*" of Winchester College, written about 1650 by a Winchester boy who was kept at school and at work during the holidays as a punishment. To it belongs the historic honour of having been sung for something like two hundred and thirty years in that grand old foundation of William of Wykeham. Every evening, when the scholars assemble, there rings out on the peaceful air of the ancient cloisters those thrilling notes of the ever new "Home, Sweet Home," with its marvellously pathetic tune, and its equally charming words. It tells of the joys of "home" and it is strange that this song, the most popular and grandest of all school songs, has not one word actually in praise of Winchester College itself. The tune was composed by John Reading, who was organist at the School from 1681 to 1691 and is his best memorial.

Though Winchester has her "most famous school song of the world," undoubtedly *the doyen* of the Public Schools for splendid songs is Harrow. The grandest of Harrow's songs is that which has been aptly termed "Harrow's National Anthem," but which is known to Harrovians all the world over as "Forty Years On," written by the late E. E. Bowen, and set to music in 1869 by Mr. J. Farmer. The poem is beautiful, full of charming thoughts and excellent enthusiasm as well as in its memories.

"FORTY YEARS ON."

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play.
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song;
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

CHORUS.

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Till the fields ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men.
Follow up! Follow up!

The Rugby Ode is entitled "*Floreat Rugbeia*," and consists of four Latin verses with a common chorus. It seems to have imbibed something of the old Winchester spirit, but there is more of the "*Floreat*" both in verses and chorus than in most similar songs.

Famous indeed is the "*Carmen Marlboroughense*"—the school song of Marlborough College—not so much for its words and tune, but for the curious scene that accompanies its rendering on the annual day when boys, past and present, gather to renew their vows and chant the praise of Marlborough itself. That

strange climbing over the seats, chairs, or anything that happens to be in the way, so that all the sons of Marlborough College who are present may clasp hands and sing "*Auld Lang Syne*" after the Carmen, is surely a unique occurrence in the customs of our public schools. The Carmen itself does not rise to the lofty heights of poetry that Harrow's beautiful song does, nor has it the pathos of "*Dulce Domum*," but the words are excellent on the whole.

"CARMEN MARLBOROUGHENSE." Verse I.

"Blackboards and grammars go your ways,
O welcome Christmas holidays;
'Tis freedom's hour, we claim our turn
To-night, good teachers, sit and learn."

CHORUS.

"Rise ye men of song,
All good fellows, come along;
Brother following brother,
Celebrate our common mother."

Bradfield boys are very proud of their song, which is somewhat original. It consists of seven verses, each of three lines, the third line bringing in the lesser known name of the School, "St. Andrew's College."

BRADFIELD COLLEGE SONG.

(English Version.)

From smallest seed we know,
A mighty tree does grow,
So may St. Andrew's College.

Falls the house built on sand,
That built on rock does stand;
So may St. Andrew's College.

Divided kingdoms fall,
United hosts prevail;
So may St. Andrew's College.

The serpent's wisdom, love
Of the harmless dove,
Dwell in St. Andrew's College.

The emmit's toil and care,
No hour of light to spare,
Shall teach St. Andrew's College.

If night shall gloom awhile,
Morn soon again shall smile,
Upon St. Andrew's College.

The martyrs' cross our sign,
Our trust the help Divine;
God bless St. Andrew's College.

Space does not permit me more than to mention some of the other great Public School songs. Cheltenham has its "*Holiday Hymn*" and its "*Carmen*." The first verse of the "*Holiday Hymn*" is—

Once more to part, great mother,
Thy sons around thee stand,
To thee with one another,
Uniting heart and hand;
For thee we lift our voices,
For thee we shout our song,
For thee each voice rejoices,
That swells our vocal song.

Haileybury is another school fortunate in possessing two excellent songs, one of which is in Latin and the other in English. The famous Latin song written by E. H. Bradbury and set to music by A.H.S., is a splendid ode to the great school and at once calls upon the muse to look down upon the Devoted Haileyburians singing the renown of their Alma Mater. The English song, too, has got the right spirit of love and faith in the old school.

"HAILEYBURY."

Verse I.

The Romans were a knowing race,
Vivat Haileyburia!
They made a road down to this place,
Vivat Haileyburia!
Romans came and passed away;
Normans followed; where are they?
But *we* are here and here we stay!
Vivat Haileyburia!

St. Paul's has its "*Puerorum introitus*," Glenal-
inaid its "*Carmen*," and Charterhouse its "*Laeti
laudate Dominum*," while Uppingham possesses, after
Harrow, the finest collection of school songs, the best
of which is actually named the "*School Song*," and
all Uppingham boys will remember its first verse:

Ho, boys, ho!
Gather round, together stand,
Raise a watchword in the land;
Stand, my merry craftsmen bold,
Brothers of the crown of gold,
Wrought in stirring days of old,
England's crown, the crown of gold!
Gold of hearts that know no lie,
Gold of work that does not die;
Ho, my merry craftsmen bold,
Work again a crown of gold;
Work it now, boys, young and old;
Gather, gather, near and far—
Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah!

There have been complaints in this Journal from
time to time, that the Leeds University Song is not
up to the high standard of our best public school
songs. This is undoubtedly true, but compared
with the songs of the other new Universities, it must
be admitted that it stands well to the fore.

One has only to be present at the more official
undergraduate gatherings of the University to feel
that already a strong tradition has sprung up round
the singing of the Leeds song.

Something more is wanted, however, and a move-
ment is on foot to begin a collection of Yorkshire
ballads suitable for inclusion in a Leeds University
Song-book. The University of Liverpool has given
us the lead: it is now open to Leeds to show what
can be done.

T.W.M.

A Trilobite Tragedy,

(A Song for Geologists.)

There once was a Geologist, who studied hard at Leeds;
O! listen while we sing to you of his heroic deeds.
He found a brand-new Trilobite, and quickly made
a name

To give the little stranger and to bring its finder fame.

CHORUS.

But alas there was one question
That sorely puzzled him,
"If on its *tummie* or its *back*
A *Trilobite* did swim?"

He'd grasp his mighty hammer, and would sternly
take the field,
Or write a dissertation, on the beast's *cephalic shield*.
He would talk about *Pygidiums* and *Facial sutures* too,
But still there was one question, one thing he never
knew.

But alas, etc.

He went to ask *Producti* that live near Gaping Ghyl,
He turned the leaves of *Henry Woods*, until it made
him ill,
He asked the proud *Cephalaspi* that wag their scaly
tails,
He went as far as *Appleby* to scratch the *Duften
Shales*.

But alas, etc.

Echinoderms and *Gast'ropods* he questioned them in
vain,
He made a great excursion to a place called *Jaw Bones
Lane*.
He'd linger long by *Adel Beck*, then home again he'd
flit,
He got stuck fast in *Boulder Clay* and swallowed
Millstone Grit.

But alas, etc.

The *Neolithic Ladies* too, who lived in *Settle Cave*,
Were quite unable to relieve the situation grave.
They'd never had a *Trilobite* with water-cress for tea,
And that they'd never seen one swim, was evident
to see.

So alas, etc.

But finally our hero bold met with a sad mishap,
Without an umbrella he went up one day to *Shap*,
And there it rained and there it blew, his socks were
never dried,
And so our brave Geologist just lay him down and
died.

If he questions them in Heaven,
Do you think they'll answer him,
"If on its *tummie* or its *back*
A *Trilobite* did swim?"

T.W.M.

The Poetry of Francis Ledwidge.

I was sitting by the Christmas fire, reading a
book, when there came to me the memory of many
happy summer nights, long long ago in Ireland. I
could feel the witchery of that old country, as I did
when I sat against the pale gleam of a white-
washed wall and the dimness of evening made the
melancholy distances and lonely country so enchant-
ing. I was oblivious to all except the sweet smell
of the night air, the silken whisper of swaying "*Sally*"
trees, and the occasional flick of a bat that dipped
past into the mysterious shadows. Yet it *was*
Christmas-tide and I was still in the midst of a great
city. Whence had come my day-dream? Not out of
the red caverns of the smouldering fire—not from the
sighing of the wind in the chimney—not from the
silent fall, fall, fall of the soft and silken snow flakes
outside the window. It came from the book that
I held in my hand.

"Songs of Peace." That is the title of the book
of poems written by a soldier in the midst of the
world's greatest war. Just as there are people who
are always at war even in the "piping times of peace,"
so there are some who seek and find peace even
in the heart of universal chaos. Francis Ledwidge
is one, and if ever you are heart-sick and weary of all
this warring world, take up his book and there will
come to you Peace. Then you will understand the
full significance of his words.

"For hills and woods and streams unsung
I pipe above a rippled cove;
And here the weaver autumn hung
Between the hills a wind she wove
From sounds the hills remember yet
Of purple days and violet.

"Twixt wind and silence Faughan flows,
In music broken over rocks,
Like mingled bells the poet knows
Ring in the fields of Eastern flocks.
And here this song for you I find
Between the silence and the wind."

There is much in Ledwidge reminiscent of Keats. There is a difference, due perhaps to his freer youth and wider wanderings, but the work of both contains that passionate undercurrent of loneliness and longing that Keats has told us, is to be the key-note of Ireland's poetry for all time. That is easily understood if we take Ledwidge's poem to his Mother as a beautiful description of their mother-country.

"God made my Mother on an April day,
From sorrow and the mist along the sea,
Lost birds' and wanderer's songs and ocean spray,
And the moon loved her wandering jealously.

She came unto the hills and saw the change
That brings the swallow and the geese in turns;
But there was not a grief she dreamed strange,
For there is that in her which always mourns."

Lord Dunsany in his introduction to these poems, remarks upon the "irresistible attraction that a lost cause has for almost any Irish man," and attributes to this cause the poems "To Thomas McDonagh," "The Wedding Morning," and "The Blackbirds." But there is something else far deeper and indefinable, something which he later calls the "Swallow instinct," an insatiable longing for the home-land, an inarticulate throb of pain. Listen to the song of the Blackbirds.

"I heard the Poor Old Woman say:
'At break of day the fowler came,
And took my black-birds from their songs
Who loved me well thro' shame and blame.

No more from lovely distances
Their songs shall bless me mile by mile,
Nor to White Ashbourne call me down
To wear my crown another while.

With bended flowers the angels mark
For the skylark the place they lie,
From there its little family
Shall dip their wings first in the sky.

And when the first surprise of flight
Sweet songs excite, from the far dawn
Shall there come blackbirds loud with love,
Sweet echoes of the singers gone.

But in the lonely hush of eve
Sleeping, I grieve the silent hills.'
I heard the Poor Old Woman say
In Derry of the little hills."

This "swallow instinct," this something which brings the spirit home from far places, is the key-note of the book. In the poems written in Serbia, Greece, and Egypt, always and steadfastly are the eyes of the poet looking at the green fields and blue mountains of Meath where he can see—

"Laughing faces in the wild,
Hands that twinkle in the sedge
Bowing at the water's edge
Where the finny minnows quiver,
Shaping on a blue wave's ledge
Bubble foam to sail the river.
And the sunny Lands to me
Beckon ever, beckon ever.
Oh! I would be wild and free,
And with the shadow people be."

There is another characteristic common to all the new Irish Poetry. It is its sweetness. A delicacy of form, a lightness of touch that is almost intoxicating in the fulness of its beauty, like the lingering richness of harp chords as the music dies away. It is found in the longest of Ledwidge's poems, "A dream of Artemus" in "Home coming":—

"Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bill up tight,
And the climbing moon grows small."

But it is the little poems that bring dreams to the dreamer. A little boy who passed the Poet's door early every morning, whistling as he went, and who died just before the war, is the theme of one which I will quote and leave fearlessly in your hands.

"He will not come, and still I wait.
He whistles at another gate
Where angels listen. Ah, I know
He will not come, yet if I go
How shall I know he did not pass
Bare-footed in the flowery grass?
The moon leans on one silver horn
Above the silhouettes of morn,
And from their nest-sills finches whistle,
Or stooping, pluck the downy thistle.
How is the morn so gay and fair
Without his whistling in the air?
The world is calling, I must go.
How shall I know he did not pass
Bare-footed in the shining grass?"

If you would thrill with the feeling of the mountains and the lonely waste places of the earth I bid you read "The Herons."

"As I was climbing Ardan Mor
From the shore of Sheelan lake,
I met the herons coming down
Before the water's wake.

And they were talking in their flight
Of dreamy ways the herons go,
When all the hills are withered up,
Nor any waters flow."

There is another beautiful poem that tells of a little flock of evening clouds that go down the sky.

"Perhaps to weave a rainbow's gay festoons
Around the lonesome isle which Brooke has made
A little England full of lovely noons,
Or dot it with his country's mountain shade."

But one could quote for ever—and the book is at your hand. In it you will find all the haunting sweetness which belongs to a land of dreamy moss-grown places and half forgotten things. I have heard such sentiments called unhealthy, and certainly they may seem so beside the more robust outpouring of English song, but I prefer to look upon the undercurrent of lingering sadness as the essential Gaelic. Without it there would be no Ireland. T.W.M.

Open Letter to the Members of the University Union.

GENTLEMEN,

Some time ago an effort was made by certain members of the University to form a Dramatic Society, and though the attempt never matured the idea was and has been more than justified. There is hardly a Social Evening now held in the Refectory which does not include some dramatic representation. That this is so is no doubt largely due to the art and energy of your President, but more especially must one remark upon the enthusiasm with which these "sketches" are received. No one who has been present on such occasions can be in any doubt as to the very real demand that exists amongst the Undergraduates for such an addition to the ordinary concert programmes, excellent as they are.

Whilst I feel that the formation of a recognised Amateur Dramatic Society must, in order that it may succeed, have an altogether unofficial origin, I believe that the reason for its absence lies in the conditions under which it would have to hold its productions. That it does not lie in lack of talent or enthusiasm I know, and I therefore venture respectfully to suggest the consideration of the following scheme:—

1. That a Sub-Committee (*e.g.*, The Entertainments Committee of the University Union) be appointed to confer with representatives of such undergraduates as are interested.

2. That the Conference should be directed to the question of appealing to the University Union to provide a permanent "fit-up" stage, capable of storage at the Refectory and able to be erected by students themselves.

(I may remark that such a proscenium is quite easily obtained; of small cost, and well within the power of two men to erect.)

3. That a small charge should be made by the Entertainments Committee on behalf of the Union for the use of the stage.

Many points would arise in the practical consideration of such a scheme, but its feasibility and value have more than justified its inauguration at the many institutions in which it has been adopted.

In conclusion, since such suggestions apply as much if not more, to the Women Undergraduates as to the Men, I consider this project to be outside that destructive criticism which denies all progress for the duration of the War.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES A. BOTWOOD.

The University Union,
May 6th, 1918.

Inter-'Varsity Debates.

Inter-'Varsity Debate at Manchester, Feb. 1st, 1918.

AN inter-'varsity debate was held at Manchester on February 1st, the delegates being Mr. T. W. Milnes and Mr. L. C. Bell. The delegates were most graciously entertained. An informal meeting was held by the Presidents of Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Cardiff, at which it was decided to hold a formal Conference of Presidents at Liverpool the following week. L. C. BELL.

* * *

Debate at Birmingham, Feb. 15th, 1918.

Delegates from Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Bangor, Reading, Nottingham, and Leeds were present, Miss Irvine and Mr. Hirst representing Leeds. Miss Jones, of Nottingham, proposed "That the success of a cause depends more on the personality of its leader than upon its inherent justice," stating that mere personality could not make an unjust cause triumphant, whereas personality can do much towards righting unjust conditions. Mr. Ausland (Liverpool), opposing, claimed that the leader's personality was important, but he acquired it from a belief in the justice of the cause he was leading—which justice was fundamental. Miss McGlinchy (Reading) and Mr. Roberts (Bangor) seconded the proposition and opposition respectively. The motion was lost by 134 to 67. H.R.H.

* * *

Debate at Sheffield, Feb. 22nd, 1918.

Delegates were present from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds; Leeds being represented by Miss F. Ward and Mr. C. S. Butcher. Mr. A. Livingstone (Liverpool), proposing the motion, said that history gives us dress which did not require reforming, whereas modern dress had limited usefulness. The dullness of men's clothes, he said, made us a dull nation. (*e.g.*, Socks.—ED.). He suggested an ideal men's outfit. Miss Ward (Leeds) replying, said that modern dress was beautiful, not hideous, and afforded an outlet for self-expression. It was perfectly utilitarian. Miss Walker (Manchester) supported the motion, and Miss Priest (Birmingham) the opposition. The motion was carried by 70 votes to 25. C.S.B.

* * *

Debate at Leeds, Jan. 18th, 1918.

Mr. T. W. Milnes occupied the Chair. Mr. Science (Sheffield) proposed "That poverty as a social evil can be abolished." Repression and extreme violence were useless, but old-age, drink, sickness and bad housing were the real causes, and he suggested remedies for their prevention.

Mr. Crowther, B.Eng. (Liverpool) opposing the motion, said that poverty cannot be abolished unless every person is made to render some service to the community. The thriftlessness of the British working classes and the incapacity of the Government he considered insuperable difficulties. Miss Stone (Birmingham) seconding the motion, declared low wages and bad education the root causes, while Miss Gaukroger (Manchester) advocated complete regeneration of mankind, eliminating selfishness. The motion was lost by 80 votes to 82.

Debating Society.

The Annual Open Debate, March 1st, 1918.

The Pro-Vice-Chancellor occupied the Chair. Mr. E. J. Smith (Chairman of the Bradford Health Committee) proposed "That it is the duty of the Local Authorities to provide for the adequate housing of the Working Classes." He said this industrial era had sacrificed life to money. The death-rate was threatening the community, owing to slum-owners, who were rate-drawers, not rate payers.

Mr. Cheverton Brown, C.C., President of the Hull and District Property Owners' Association, opposed the motion. The misery of the slums was exaggerated. The whole building industry should not be condemned because a minority existed among unfavourable conditions. Dr. Woodcock, Dr. Rabagliati, and Mr. Spencer, of Bradford, and others, carried on the discussion, and the motion was carried by 30 votes to 26.

On March 11th, Mr. Berry proposed "That the World owes more to art than to science," since Art recorded the thought and feeling of man through the ages. Miss Gibson opposed the motion, declaring that the highest forms of Art are merely a source of selfish pleasure to the individual whose emotions are thus pandered to. Science seeks to benefit and preserve the human race—the highest possible motive. Mr. Walker and Mr. Hirst seconded the proposition and opposition respectively. The motion was lost by 11 votes.

A.F.S.J.
H.R.H.

Literary and Historical Society.

DURING the session 1917-18 there have been nine General Meetings of the Society, one of them, that addressed by Mr. Herbert Thompson, having been an open one; six of them have been addressed by present students. We have been glad and grateful to have Professor Grant as President; Miss Robertson and Professor Connal have continued to act as Treasurer and Staff Representative respectively. Three of the papers have been on historical subjects—that of Miss D. Griffiths on "The Port-Royalists," Miss L. Burrow on "Froissart as a Historian," and Miss F. Wood on "Samuel Pepys." A lantern lecture on "The Fore-runners of English Painting: Holbein to Hogarth," was given by Mr. Herbert Thompson, of the *Yorkshire Post*. Miss Nellie Normington, a past student, gave a paper on "Christina Rossetti," and Rev. H. Wheeler Robinson one on "The Pilgrim's Progress in Grace Abounding." The other three papers were on literary subjects—the Secretary's on "Victor Hugo as Novelist," Miss M. Anderson's on "Hamlet and Turgenev's Rudin," and Miss G. Townsend's on "Oliver Goldsmith."

EVELYN R. DOWSON.

Education Society.

Mr. C. H. Moody, organist of Ripon Cathedral, addressed the Education Society on "Nationality in Song," on January 25th. He argued that the individuality of a Nation's song can only find its true basis in the Nation's folksongs. For a while English writers have neglected this basis of work, but England is on the eve of a Renaissance. The lecturer alleged that the reasons for this decline in the tone of popular music have been due to lack of enterprise on the part of public singers, the influence of the London Ballad Concerts, and the apathy of the British Public. He mentioned a few present-day composers who are writing songs truly characteristic of our Nation and in this way add something to the credit side, although as yet it is overbalanced by the debit. Nationality as expressed in song was illustrated by items admirably rendered by Miss Tweedy and Mr. Thewlis, of Ripon. These songs were typical of true English feeling, German completeness, French gracefulness, Russian melancholy and the strong national feeling of Finland.

The lecture was held in the Great Hall and was well attended. Mr. Welpton presided, and the Pro-Vice-Chancellor proposed a vote of thanks in which he exhorted all those present to vigorously carry out the reform of music proposed by Mr. Moody. Miss Dowson seconded the vote of thanks, expressing the warm appreciation and the grateful thanks of the students to Mr. Moody and the Soloists.

S.E.W.

The Union Musical Evening.

THE Union Musical Evening was held on Friday, December 7th, 1917, in spite of certain doubts that it would not take place, and by all who attended was judged a great success.

If the pleasure of an evening depends upon the Chairman, then we owe an immense debt of gratitude to Prof. Barker, who in his constant attendance at student functions always seems to create the right atmosphere. Under his direction, the spirit of Christmas seemed to be abroad, and by the end of the second dance everybody had "melted" most satisfactorily. The programme, from Mr. Metric's opening Piano-forte Solo to Miss Chamley's singing, was excellent, and Miss Scanlan's solitary Recitation was all too short. On some future occasion we shall call for more. The great event, however, was the sketch, written by Miss Guire, and splendidly played under the direction of Miss Bradley. The piece was a revelation as to what can be done with only a few hours' notice. Miss Broderick played her part of the servant maid magnificently, and the greatest credit is due to the whole cast for their fine struggle with unfortunate circumstances.

Finally came the dancing. There is no doubt as to its popularity, sufficient be it to state that more than one minute had to be sneaked from fleeting time to satisfy their inordinate demands. Rumour has it that the Staff got up and did its duty manfully, such was the infection; while old students, of whom we were pleased to see so many present, displayed their infirmities to great advantage in the gentle lancers. The evening was brought to an end by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and the old Varsity song. "And so home," as Pepys would say, "The whole company being agreed, that it was 'Better late than never.'"

[We much regret that pressure of space excluded this report from our last issue.—Ed.]

Education Society.

ON Friday evening, March 1st, Dr. Maud Sellars gave a very interesting lecture to the Education Society on "Mediæval Citizenship Applied to Modern Life." Miss Sellars has done much elaborate work upon the Mediæval Municipal documents of the City of York and spoke from first-hand knowledge. Miss Sellars pointed out the main characteristics of the life of the citizen of the 15th century; how each man had a trade and belonged to a mystery. The Mysteries had two distinct sides, the Commercial

and the Fraternal. The latter served the purpose of a Church to a large extent as each Mystery supported at least one Chantry Priest. The lecturer dwelt mainly upon the Mediæval aspect, as that was less familiar to us than the modern. She brought her lecture to a close by intimating that the present day may learn at least three lessons from Mediæval Citizenship: to have greater pride in our cities; to live in our native city in order to promote its interests as far as possible; and to establish a feeling of fraternity.

Miss Sellars has embodied the result of her research on this subject in a work to be published shortly. In recognition of her valuable services in this direction the York City Authorities have requested her to take charge of their collection of Mediæval Municipal documents of which the City is justly proud.

In replying to the vote of thanks proposed by Miss Cooke, Miss Sellars added that she would be happy to give information about the documents to anyone visiting the Merchant Adventurers' Hall at York. S.E.W.

Ollapodrida.

(Mainly Medical).

[If he be not in love with some woman there is no believing old signs: 'a brushes his hat 'o mornings; what should that bode?]

Satisfactory information regarding the temperament and peculiarities of the Editor can be obtained from the *Gryphon* Committee, and from one Smith, factotum at St. Martin's Church Institute, Potternewton.

* * *

In order to mitigate the anxieties of the women undergraduates in the Faculty of Medicine, it is hereby publicly declared that the Editor is *not* engaged to be married.

* * *

Any offers on the part of the ladies above-mentioned shall receive careful and unbiassed consideration at the hands of a neutral tribunal. [Applicants once rejected shall have no right of appeal.]

* * *

It is rumoured that the researches of a certain Professor of Anatomy are to culminate in a treatise on "*perissology*." Great interest prevails in scientific circles, as the author is known to be an authority on the subject.

* * *

Owing to the exorbitant price of spirits a Temperance Society is to be formed at the School of Medicine. Intending Hydropathists are to send in their names to one R. G-h-m, president of the Society

for the Propagation of Sackcloth and Ashes, and justly famous for recent researches on "Saccharomyces, and its relation to the Cerebral Motor Areas."

* * *

What has happened to make Pat and Reggie such bosom friends; and what is her other name?

* * *

We hear that Anderson has established a home for stray dogs. Can this account for the high regard in which he holds the Liberal Whip?

* * *

News has reached this office that, at a well-known hospital, a satisfactory operation has been performed, in which the heart, lungs, aorta, liver, right kidney, spleen, and cerebellum, together with the whole of the bony framework of the thorax, have been completely removed. The case is said to be one of the least troublesome in the hospital.

* * *

"Medical men who examined the remains found that "in addition to the head and hands being missing, one leg has been cut off at the knee."—(*Evening Paper*.)

Small wonder indeed that the medical course takes five years. Independent research cannot be taught in a day.

* * *

The question has arisen whether the ladies of the Debating Society are prepared to be "handled" in the next air raid.

* * *

Has the "*tea with lantern slides*" recently provided by Prof. Barker for foreign students been reported to the Food Controller, and were some of the Students who partook of the fare really cut up about it?

* * *

What is it—really—that those who are killed in air raids have the consolation of knowing?

Association of Leeds University Students, London.

DURING the past Session two meetings have been held, one at Kew Gardens in September and the other in April, a matinée performance of the operas "*Pagliacci*" and "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" at the Royal Victoria Hall, better known as the "Old Vic" Theatre. The Management there are doing excellent work in producing Grand Opera and Shakespearean Drama at popular prices. Situated as the Theatre is in the densely populated and dingy surroundings of Waterloo Road, it is inspiring to see the appreciation and enthusiasm of the crowded audiences at these performances.

The attendance at the Association meetings, though necessarily smaller than in pre-war times, keeps well up to the average of the past few years. The Annual Business Meeting usually held in Spring is postponed to the Summer Excursion, when there will be less probability of an unduly noisy interruption, than at an evening conference in Town. The good wishes of the Society go with its President, the Rev. B. W. B. Matthews, who is taking up duties as Chaplain in the Navy.

The Secretary of the London Association, Mrs. Chapman, 6, Egerton Gardens, Hendon, N.W. 4, will be glad to have new addresses of Students in London.

Lyddon Hall.

THE Elections for the Students' Committee have now been completed and the representation is as follows :—

President—V. M. Redman King.

Vice-President } M. Ward.
Secretary

Treasurer—A. J. Perks.

Committee Members—C. Saville, P. E. Busby, M. Goyer, D. Pedley.

This Session there are thirty-nine students in residence, of whom five are medicals, one is studying for the Diploma in Social Organisation, and the others are following Courses in Arts or Science.

A. B. MARCHBANK.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

Cricket Club.

A Meeting of the men Students of the School of Medicine was convened on Tuesday, May 14th, with a view to the inauguration of a Cricket Club. Major Lovatt-Evans kindly undertook the office of Chairman, and the following officials were voted :—

Captain : E. R. Woodroffe. *Vice-Captain* : G. Armitage. *Secretary* : C. A. Botwood. *Treasurer* : Major Lovatt-Evans.

In addition to those mentioned above, Mr. G. Winfield, D. I. Curry, and T. H. Elmer were elected to a Committee.

The inauguration of a Cricket Club will, we feel sure, be to all Students a most acceptable feature, and we have no doubt that, in view of the somewhat limited capacity for outdoor sports which the Medical School has hitherto presented, the innovation will receive enthusiastic encouragement and support.

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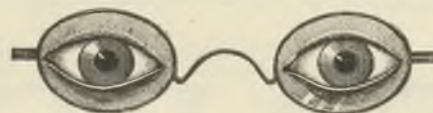
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