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WINTER TERM, 1915.

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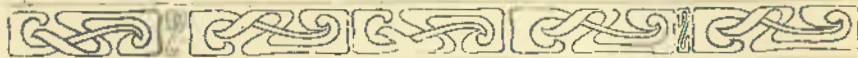
**26, OTLEY ROAD,  
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THE HOUSE FOR OLD & NEW STUDENTS.

## Our College Magazine

Is to be a Magazine for the whole College, men and women, residents and non-residents alike; it must have contributions from the pens and purses of all. It shall ignore no class and injure no individual; it shall serve all interests which bind us together as members of one college, and shall itself become one the strongest of those bonds; and when in the fullness of time, the present fledglings have become Old Birds, the Owl shall still tell them of the old College and the new brood.

Long life and prosperity to  
"The Owl."



### Magazine Staff:

Editor ... .. Miss G. E. SNOWDON.  
 Sub-Editor ... .. Mr. H. WOODHEAD.

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## Editorial.

And we have it to rewrite and reconstruct—that editorial, written for the non-forthcoming Christmas number! Such a comprehensive editorial it was too!

Our first duty this issue will be to offer apologies for the missing number. Its postponement was unavoidable. We had all the matter ready, when the Principal, who was making an exhaustive list of past men students and their work during the present crisis, informed us of the great difficulty of getting particulars. After some delay, the issue of the magazine was definitely cancelled. But we are attempting to make up for the loss by the issue of a double number this term. We hope that it will serve both as a record of past students and as a memento worth keeping.

The men's side of the quadrangle is now depleted and only forty-two students left. All the rest have joined the colours. Even this is not without its blessing, for lectures in the Grange, the Union Room, and Cavendish Library every morning and freedom in the afternoon is a decided improvement on the old system of dreary car rides and sleep periods at Thoresby.

We will avoid the mention of the names of those who have enlisted from college, leaving that for the Principal's article. Nevertheless we must express our sorrow at the loss of Messrs. Harrison, Moulden, Jarman, Lloyd, Relton, Lacey and Westwood-Taylor, all of whom have gone either to fight or work on some important national service. We wish them God-speed and a safe return.

We are also having to wish farewell to Miss D. Walford and Miss Partridge, but under happier circumstances. The whole college joins in wishing them every happiness in their new state of life.

Miss Clapham and Miss Matthews are welcomed by all and we trust they have now settled down and feel at home in their new positions.

We are delighted to see a revival of the orchestra, and trust that it has come to take a prominent part in college life. We have been privileged to have selections and accompaniments from the band of enthusiastic members at the singing lessons and at the excellent concerts provided by the Men's Dramatic Society. A full report of these concerts will be found in this issue.

During the past year we had the honour of a visit from His Majesty the King, but under very unhappy circumstances. We were also to have the pleasure of a sight of Viscount French, but the snow prevented his visit.

We must congratulate our contributors whose articles are all of decided merit. We would, however, like to see more variety and originality of ideas. Now juniors, your turn to write, please—the seniors will soon be gone.

EDITOR.

## The College and the War.

By The Principal.

My high appreciation of the great part played in this war by the City of Leeds Training College and by its students, prompts me to write a few notes as preface to the magnificent Roll of Honour which appears in this Magazine. It is impossible, however, in a short article to deal exhaustively with the subject, but I think all students will be glad to read in a brief form, how the College was transformed from an Educational Institution to an up-to-date Hospital, and also to have as complete a list as possible of the Units to which our Old Students are attached, and by this a means of uniting or re-uniting all Old Students who may happen to find themselves in the same or proximate Units.

At the conclusion of the Summer Term of 1914, some 20 of the junior students along with myself and four members of the staff proceeded straight from the period of School Practice to a camp at Austwick, on the slopes of Ingleborough. After a delightful week of work and pleasure—but it was all pleasure—we proceeded to a School Practice Camp composed of 120 Industrial School boys which was located at Scalby, near Scarborough. This Camp was being carried on as an educational and holiday experiment and had reached the second week of its course, when the outbreak of war caused its disbandment and an urgent telegram brought me back to Beckett's Park to find the military already in possession of the educational block of the College. For the remainder of the holidays all my energies were given to the Military Authorities and to the re-organisation required to meet the new conditions brought about by the loss of the College and three of the Halls of Residence—Fairfax, Caedmon, and Priestley. Within a few days of the declaration of war, all desks had been cleared from the lecture rooms, benches from the Science Laboratories and Workshops, books from the Library, furniture from the Tutors' rooms, and 500 beds had been set up in readiness for the first batch of wounded from the front. Modifications continued to be made for several weeks, and ultimately the institution developed into what is considered to be one of the best equipped and most up-to-date Military Hospitals in the country.

Of course, a good many of the rooms are taken up with work connected with the administration of such a great Institution. The table given below will give Old Students information with regard to the use of the rooms other than those which are occupied as wards, and the illustrations will convey an idea of the appearance of the rooms as used under Hospital conditions.

## GROUND FLOOR.

COLLEGE USE.	HOSPITAL USE.
Principal's Room.	Officer in Command.
	Col. Littlewood.
Administration Room.	Registrar's Room.
Office.	Orderly Room.
Mr. Holgate's Room.	Matron.
Metal Work Room.	Medical Store and Pathological Laboratory.
	Bath Room.
Men's Cloak Rooms.	Store.
Men's Gymnasium.	Linen Store.
Women's Gymnasium.	Barber's Shop.
Women's Cloak Room.	Bath Room.
Miss Birdsell's Room.	Dental Room.
Miss Owen's Room.	Major Knaggs. Divisional Surgical Officer.

## FIRST FLOOR.

Preparation Room (Physics).	Ophthalmic Dark Room.
Physics Laboratory.	Mechanical and Electrical Massage. Known amongst the Tommies as the Chamber of Horrors.
Mr. Kerr's Room.	Sick Officers' Sitting Room.
English Tutors' Staff Room.	Medical Board Room.

## SECOND FLOOR.

Women's Music Room.	Operating Theatre.
Modelling Room (Women).	Now divided. One part Sterilising Room and the other X Ray Room.
Men's Art Room.	Operating Theatre.

In October of last year the War Office made a demand for more hospital accommodation, and after consideration, it was decided to erect wooden structures capable of holding 700 to 800 additional beds. £30,000 was subscribed locally in support of this scheme and a magnificent temporary addition to the existing Hospital was thus provided. An idea of its position and arrangement will be obtained from the plan which—by the courtesy and permission of Lieut.-Colonel Littlewood, the Officer commanding the Hospital—I am privileged to enclose. With this increased accommodation provision is now made on the Training College Estate for some 1,300 to 1,400 military patients. This is exclusive of the accommodation required for the large army of nurses, the officers, and the R.A.M.C. Unit, who are housed in Caedmon, Priestley, and Fairfax Halls.

Now it would be idle to deny that the acquisition by the Military Authorities of our magnificent educational block just at the time when the College was firmly established, has not meant a great loss to us. But everybody has ungrudgingly acquiesced in the position, knowing that the institution could not have been put to a more sacred and noble use. The fact that during the last eighteen months, over 12,000 patients have been admitted to the Hospital, and that of these there have only been 99 deaths, should make us forget our inconveniences and feel proud that our College has proved such a great asset in this period of national struggle.\*

But what can I say of the great part played by Old Students? When this great war is over, there will be an opportunity of placing on permanent record an account of the patriotic response shown by

\* For purposes of comparison it is interesting to note that the rate of mortality in Leeds Infirmary for the same period is slightly over 5.5%. Had the rate of mortality for the College Hospital been the same, there would have been nearly 700 deaths. The remarkably low rate for Beckett's Park is striking testimony to the efficiency of the Hospital and its staff.

Old C.L.T.C Students. It is impossible, however, to deal with this now, but I think it will be admitted that we have just reason to be proud when we know that in two years of students every man in each year volunteered for service, in four other years there are only three at the most who have not done so, and of the total number of students who have passed through the Institution and who were in England at the outbreak of war, over 97% have offered their services to the Country. A great many of these are now serving abroad—in France, Belgium, Egypt, Salonica, India, Africa, and from the large number of promotions to commissioned rank which have been obtained, there is ample evidence that our students have not forgotten the spirit of "playing the game," which was fostered in the playing fields of the Training College.

At the end of these notes I give the names of students—arranged in years and in alphabetical order—who have volunteered for service, together with the unit in which each one is serving and the rank held. Space does not allow addition of details of experiences, but when I state that since September, 1914, I have received nearly 7,000 letters from old students serving with the Forces, and have written myself even a larger number to such old students it is evident that it is lack of space and not want of material which prevents me adding particulars of great interest.

According to the latest information, five of our Old Students have given their "all" for King and Country.

Lance-Corporal Sidney Wilson, who was in College in 1907-09, and who on the outbreak of war enlisted in the 4th W.R. Regiment, was killed on the 14th June, 1915. Sid. Wilson was one of our first men, and no one did more as man, student and sportsman, to create the early traditions of the College.

William Pemberton, who was a student with us in 1913, joined the 7th East Lancashire Territorial Unit on the outbreak of war, and was sent out to Egypt at the beginning of September, 1914. From there he was transferred to the Dardanelles, was wounded in action and died in Hospital. To the newer generation of students, Pemberton was known as a man of quiet force and sterling character.

Corporal Fred. W. Jones was killed in action in France on the 10th July, 1915. Jones was a student in the College in the years 1909-11, and as he was a member of the Territorials when war broke out, he joined his Regiment—the York and Lancasters—and went to France in March, 1915. A letter from one of his comrades says, "He did his duty to the last, helping others who could not help themselves, and died a hero's death. It was during a fierce bombardment by the Germans, that his regiment had to retire to the second line of trenches. Jones and two other N.C.O.'s remained in the trenches to the last, when a shell came through the parapet killing the three."

T. F. M. Rowe was a student with us in 1911-13. Early in the war he joined the 10th Scottish, King's Liverpool Regiment, along with W. S. England of the same year. A letter received by me from the latter at the end of last June stated that after an attack on 16th June, in which the regiment took part, Rowe was missing. He has now been recorded as killed in action. To the men of his year, he will be remembered as a man of high character, gentlemanly instincts, and courteous bearing. I myself shall always remember him as one of a very fine Liverpool trio, who entered the College in September, 1911.

Private Joseph Cowen. Early in the war he joined the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, went to France in September, 1915, and towards the end of the year was transferred to the Mesopotamian Expedition. He was killed in action on the 7th January, 1916. Cowen was a student with us in 1912-14. During this period he earned the respect and good will of everybody associated with him. Although I knew him intimately as a student, it was not until I spent a week camping with him on Ingleborough, that I was enabled to appreciate to the full his quiet but sterling qualities.

But let it not be thought that only the men of our College have been doing valuable work during this national struggle. It is true that they figure more in the limelight than do the women, but the full value of the services of the latter can never be appreciated. Apart from the assistance they have rendered in registration work, recruiting offices, efforts on behalf of Red Cross and other War Funds, Flag Days, etc., they have been, and are privileged to carry on the great work of Education—the most important national work of all—and this responsibility they have accepted most willingly. Two of our Old Students are doing active work in the campaign, Miss Madge Woodhouse (1910-11) is, along with her sister, serving as Nurse in No. 11 Stationary Hospital, B.E.F., France, and Miss Fannie Nesbitt (1907-09), is a Nurse in the Military Hospital at Carlisle.

I have not made special mention of the part played by members of staff in this great war, as I was not anxious to distinguish between a member of staff and a student, or between a major and a private, either in amount of personal sacrifice or in the value of services rendered to the nation; but I am sure all Old Students will be interested to learn that ten of our staff now occupy honourable positions in His Majesty's Army. While making mention of staff I should like to take the opportunity of referring to another individual—F. Kornerup Bang—who though not definitely associated with the College will be well remembered by all students of the last four years as the standard bearer on the occasion of the visit of the Danish Gymnastic Team in 1913. How much he appreciated his English welcome is shown by the fact that shortly after the outbreak of

war, he came over to England, volunteered for service in the British Army, and has for some time been fighting shoulder to shoulder with Englishmen in the French trenches. Fine athlete as he was, there is no wonder that he has gained the reputation of being the champion bomb-thrower of the British Army.

Finally to those Old Students who are not permitted to take a more active part in this struggle for national existence, don't forget that in your educational work you "are guarding the line" of communication between the present and the future," that to you is given the task of keeping the system of education going. What task could be more honourable?

To those who may be called upon to meet the dangers of battle whether on land or sea, Good Luck in all your undertakings! Remember that you are not forgotten by those of us who are doing our best to keep the flag flying in your Mother College, and that "Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with you, are all with you."

### STAFF.

Fitzgerald, G. J. G.	Captain, R. G. Artillery (Anti-Air Craft)
Harrison, E.	Lieutenant, R. G. Artillery
Hamnett, E.	Staff-Serjt. Artificer, Woolwich Arsenal
Jarman, R.	Staff-Serjt. Instructor, Cameron Highlanders
Kerr, R.	Lieutenant, Army Ordnance Corps. Was in France last year. Now at Wee-on, Northampton.
Lacey, H.	Supervising transport of Munitions.
Lloyd, E.	Inns of Court O.T.C.
Malone, J. B.	Major, Northumberland Fusiliers. Now in France.
Moulden, J. W.	2nd. Lieut., 5th. Northumberland Fusiliers
Relton, F. E.	Inns of Court O.T.C.
Taylor, Westwood	Serjt., 1st. Garrison Batt., Royal Scots Fusiliers, Jhansi, India.
Connolly, Robert	Private, 3th. King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Been in France since September, 1915.
First Report	Lieutenants East Africa.

### STUDENTS.

**1907-9**  
 Addison, Wilfred, Volunteered for service, Unit not known.  
 Bates, Thomas C., Serjt., Army Service Corps. Now with Mediterranean Expedition. Went through school of instruction at Aldershot.  
 Beahan, James P., Corp., Army Service Corps. Now in France.  
 Brew, George L., Serjt., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.

Clark, Fred Wm., Serjt., 3rd East Lancashire Field Ambulance.  
 Cordingley, Clement, Volunteered for service. Refused by doctor.  
 Deighton, Henry W., Lce.-Corp., 30th Service Co., Army Ordnance Corps. Now in France.  
 Dunn, Edward, Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Fowles, William, Gunner, R.F.A.  
 Gibson, Walter, Royal Navy.  
 Hainsworth, George C., Volunteered for service. Has not yet joined Unit.  
 Hill, Rowland B., Acting Q.M.S., 8th Batt., Manchester Regt.  
 Hitch, William, 2nd Lieut., 13th (Service) Batt., Essex Regiment. (Now in France.)  
 Holme, Laurence, 29th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.  
 Jessop, George N., Has been in Stockholm. Now Staff Serjt. Instructor, Army Gymnastic Staff.  
 Johnson, Arthur E., 35th Coy., Royal Army Medical Corps  
 Kitchen, James, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Knowles, Tom, 2nd Lieut., 10th South Staffs., Bayonet Instructor.  
 Leary, Henry W., Volunteered for service two or three times. Rejected each time. Doctor advises removal of right eye as it is affecting the other eye.  
 Mahony, Gilbert T., Staff Serjt. Instructor, Army Gymnastic Staff.  
 Parkinson, Ernest, 2/2nd West Riding Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.  
 Redpath, Robert, Serjt. in Worcestershire Volunteer Corps. His not recovered from a cycle accident in summer. Volunteered for service but cannot take up duty.  
 Rambow, Edward C., Serjt., 42nd Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C. Has been in France since July, 1915.  
 Reed, Harold, Royal Flying Corps.  
 Richards, Albert J., Volunteered twice. Rejected each time by Army Doctor  
 Ridley, Arthur, Volunteered. Unit not known.  
 Rife, John A., 2/7th West Yorks. Regt.  
 Sagar, Frederick, 5th East Lancashires.  
 Umpleby, Ovid, 2nd London Sanitary Co., R.A.M.C.  
 Wignall, Richard H., Volunteered for service. Rejected by doctor.  
 Wood, Shirley, Volunteered for service. Rejected by Army doctor. Mother a widow. Only brother now serving in France.  
 Wilson, Sidney, 1/4th Batt., West Riding Regt. Killed in action, 4th June 1915.

### 1908-10

Arnold, Joseph, Corp., 14th Manchester Regt.  
 Powden, John E., Troop Northumberland Hussars.  
 Bracewell, William A., Married a few months ago. Joined Royal Engineers. After short service discharged by doctor.  
 Chambers, Sydney, Volunteered, Feb., 1915. Refused. Underwent operation to make fit for service. Volunteered again in January, 1916. Again refused.

Child, Samuel. After four unsuccessful attempts to enter an active fighting unit, volunteered for service in 1st London Sanitary Section, R.A.M.C.

Cobb, Horace J., Private, 4th West Yorks. Regt., Signaller.

Coultas, Reginald, In Army. Unit not known.

Cunliffe, Thomas B., Ship's Steward's Assistant, Royal Navy.

Fletcher, Arthur, Volunteered for Service (Group 31) Married.

Gardiner, Robert, Volunteered for service (Group 35) Married.

Garratt, Joseph, Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.

Goffin, Frederick S., London Rifle Brigade.

Hart, Samuel W., Gunner, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Hardwick, Alfred S., Volunteered, November, 1915. Joined Army in March, but discharged.

Holmes, Richard, Royal Army Medical Corps. Now stationed in Malta. After several weeks in St. George's Military Hospital, Malta, invalided to England. Now in Birmingham Military Hospital.

Jagger, William H., Volunteered for service (Group 32) Married.

Judson, Richard C., Pte., West Yorks. Regiment, Attached to B Coy., 4th Manchester Regiment.

Knaggs, Herbert, Corp., 2/1st West Riding Field Ambulance.

Nickols, Reginald, Volunteered, October 22nd, 1915, and January 21st, 1916. Rejected by doctor each time.

Niman, Nathan, Army Service Corps. Now serving in Africa.

Peck, Thomas A., E Coy., No. 4 Depot, R.G.A.

Payne, G. C., Volunteered. Accepted for Home Service only.

Reid, John, Motor Cyclist Despatch Rider, Royal Engineers.

Richardson, Richard E., R.A.M.C. Now serving abroad.

Roberts, Harry, In Army. Unit not known.

Schofield, James A., In June, 1915, underwent operation for appendicitis. Has volunteered for service. Unit not known.

Simpson, Charles H., 9311, A Coy., 10th South African Infantry. Now serving in East African Campaign. Chosen as sniper.

Smith, George E., Volunteered for service, Group 32.

Thomlinson, Frederick Wm., Royal Army Medical Corps.

Walker, James A., Has been on Admiralty work several months. Joining the Royal Naval Air Service.

Waterhouse, Hubert A., Sergt., 15th West Yorks. Regt., France.

**1909-11**

Adamson, Chas. Wm., Yorkshire Hussars, B.E.F., France.

Barracrough, Sydney, Bombardier, Royal Horse Artillery.

Bateman, John Wm., Artists' Rifles.

Black, Albert M., B Coy., No. 4 Depot, R.G.A.

Carter, Harry W., Sergt., 6th West Yorks. Now in France.

Child, James, 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.

Cohen, Benjamin, Private, Expeditionary Force Canterus.

Dickinson, Robert, Lce.-Corp., 22nd Durham Light Infantry.

Gibson, Harold E., Royal Naval Reserve.

Heley, E., 3/1st West Riding Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.

Heywood, James K., Volunteered for service twice.

Hillecoat, Thomas, 1st West Riding Field Artillery.

Hobson, Frederick, Placed by Tribunal in non-combatant service. but has volunteered for service on a Mine Sweeper.

Ibbotson, Cecil, 12th Batt., York and Lanes. Regt.

Jones, F. W., Corp., 5th York and Lanes. Regt. Killed in action in Flanders, 10th July, 1915.

Jones, Wilfred L., Royal Army Medical Corps.

Kale, John, Joined Army, December, 1914. Discharged medically unfit, January 22nd, 1915. Underwent operation, Leeds Infirmary, February, 1915. After convalescence again attempted to enlist, but refused. Is now enrolled under Derby Scheme.

Kitchen, Harold B., 3/6th West Yorks. Regt.

Mann, Geo. Wm., Sergt., 1st Garr. Batt., West Yorks., Malta. Volunteered early in War, broke leg, and therefore rejected for service at the front. Placed on Garrison duty in Malta.

Nettleton, Albert, Corp., 7th Batt., West Yorks. Regt. In France since April, 1915. Four brothers are fighting in Army.

Nuttall, Ernest R., 1st London Sanitary Co., R.A.M.C.

Pearson, Fred H., 35th Co., Royal Army Medical Corps.

Postlewaite, Wm., Corp., Machine Gun Section, 16th Batt., Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Now in France.

Pilling, Harry S., Volunteered for Service. Unit not known.

Shaw, Richard J., Corp., Royal Engineers. Left for France, 9th August, 1915. Been 'gassed' and in Hospital.

Smith, Alexander, 3/4th East Lancashire Regt.

Smith, Cyril G., Volunteered for service twice. Rejected by Army Doctor both times.

Smith, Percy R., No. 7, Officer Cadet Batt., The Curragh, Ireland. Commission offered in 35th West Yorks.

Tunncliffe, Harry, In Army. Unit not known.

Wilkinson, Willy, Sergt., Army Service Corps. Serving abroad.

Wilson, John E., Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.

Woffinden, Harry, Volunteered for service. Not passed for Foreign Service. In R.A.M.C.

Woodhead, Ernest W., 2/2nd Field Ambulance, South Midland R.A.M.C.

**1910-12**

Appleby, T., Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.

Barker, R., Lce.-Corp., 2/6th King's Liverpool Regt.

Boyes, J., Motor Transport Division, A.S.C. Now in Africa.

Cameron, T., Gunner, 141st R.G.A. (Heavy Battery).

Cartwright, H., Sergt., 21st West Yorks.

Chester, A., 18th Service Batt., Durham L.I. Now in France.

Cox, J., Lce.-Corp., Royal Army Medical Corps.

Day, A., Royal Flying Corps.

Dickinson, C., Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Ewart, H., Volunteered, Nov. 1914. Rejected medically. Joined Inns of Court O.T.C. Now 2nd Licut., 32nd Northum'land Fus.

Fairhurst, H., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Frankland, N., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Frapce, H., Staff Sergt., Instructor in 3/6th Seaforth Highlanders.  
 Gedling, T., 7th Durham Light Infantry. Now a prisoner in Germany. Block 4, Chambre 12, Gefangenen lager, 2, Renbahn Camp, Minister in Westphalia, Germany.  
 Gilbert, H., Sergt., 2/6th Batt., Essex Regiment.  
 Gill, W. After leaving College, took up appointment in Russia. Now Lce.-Corp., 14th Cheshire.  
 Glegg, G. Royal Army Medical Corps. West Riding Div. Sanitary Section. On Active Service.  
 Goldberg, M., Volunteered for service. Unit not known.  
 Hall, C., 2nd West Riding Field Ambulance.  
 Halliwell, T., 31st Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C. Left for Dardanelles, July, 1915.  
 Hrap, A., 13th Reserve Batt., West Yorks Regiment  
 Hesketh, R., Volunteered for service. Unit not known.  
 Huggins, Claud A., Gunner, 153rd Heavy Battery, R.G.A.  
 James, Philip G., 49th (West Riding) Divisional Train, Army Service Corps. Now in France.  
 Kenyon, C., 1st East Lancashire R.F.A.  
 Kiernan, Owen, Gunner, Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 Little, Thomas G., 29th Batt., Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Batt.). Now in France.  
 McCalvey, Charles J., Volunteered for Durham Light Infantry and R.A.M.C. Refused by Army doctor both times.  
 Marsden, Frank K., Sergt., Instructor Grenade Work, 2/4th West Riding Regiment.  
 Morgan Thomas, 2nd N. Riding Field Ambulance.  
 Myers, Gilbert, County Batt., Durham Light Infantry.  
 Newby, John Robert Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Pattison, Claude. Has been unable to work for two years, but volunteered for service. Rejected by doctor. Has a brother serving in Egypt. Remaining brother killed in Flanders, August, 1915.  
 Pinder, Herman, 50th (Service) Company, Army Ordnance Corps.  
 Poll, Alexander Wm., 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt., France.  
 Rhodes Tom, 2nd Lieut., 3/7th West Riding Regt.  
 Robinson, Hugh L., Staff Sergt., West Riding Divisional Sanitary School. Senior N.C.O. in Unit.  
 Scarborough, Haydn, 12th Batt., York and Lanes. Regt.  
 Seanor, William A., Lce.-Corp., R.A.M.C., 2nd Northern General Hospital, Beckett's Park, Leeds.  
 Shaw, Edwin, Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor. Now engaged in Education Office at Brighouse.  
 Smith, Seth, Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Smith, Sydney Edgar, R.A.M.C. Now in Egypt.  
 Southworth, Tom, Royal Navy.  
 Stott, Laurence R., 2nd Lieut., 11th Yorkshire Regt. Now in Egypt.

Taylor, Joseph H. S., Staff Sergt., Royal Fusiliers.  
 Todd, Arthur, Joined 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt.  
 Turner, Leonard, 3rd West Riding Duke of Wellington's Regt.  
 Waller, John Wm., Lieut., 19th Durham Light Infantry.  
 Watkinson, Lawrence E., Serving in Army. Unit not known.  
 Weldrick, Wilfred, Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France, Machine Gun Corps.  
 Wilde, William J., 21st West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 Wolton, Francis W. G., Joined King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Now serving with Legion of Frontiersmen in British East Africa.  
 Wright, William C., Lieut., Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Now in France.  
**1911-13**  
 Allen, Tom H., Volunteered at outbreak of War. Refused by doctor. Now in 54th Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.  
 Armour, George C., 9th King's Liverpool Regt., Staff Sergt. Instructor in the School of Musketry, Western Command.  
 Battlett, Henry S., Lce.-Corp., 7th Northamptonshire Regt. Been in France since 1st September, 1915.  
 Benjamin, Joseph, volunteered and rejected by doctor, but ultimately accepted in Army Service Corps, Motor Transport Corps.  
 Beaumont, Herbert W., 3/7th Manchester Regiment.  
 Bell, Thomas M., Corp., 2nd Northumbrian Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.  
 Brown, Arthur, Volunteered for service with 18th Durham Light Infantry. Refused by Army doctor. Doing work as assistant to Recruiting Officer.  
 Brown, Charles H., Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks.  
 Butterworth, Fred, R.G.A., 30th Siege Battery, B.E.F., France.  
 Carlisle, Robert, Lce.-Corp., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Cheesman, Fredk., In the Royal Navy. H.M.S. "Powerful."  
 Crosby, Thomas, Sergt., 19th Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 Clark, James L., 2/1st Northumbrian Casualty Clearing Station.  
 Cook, Percy, Corp., 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt., France.  
 Dunn, Herbert R., Enlisted in 4th West Riding Howitzer Brigade, R.F.A., at outbreak of War. Disabled. Discharged, May 15th, 1915. Given pension. Now teaching Blue Coat School, York.  
 Durrans, William E., Attempted to join Cavalry Regt., but rejected by Army doctor.  
 Elvin, Joseph H., 3/4th Lincs. Regt.  
 England, William S., Liverpool Scottish, B.E.F., France.  
 Firth, Arthur, King's Own Scottish Borderers.  
 Garner, William, Staff Sergt. Instructor, Army Gymnastic Staff.  
 Gibbins, Claude S., Volunteered for service. Not passed for general service and therefore remains at school duty. (Army Council Instructions, No. 274.)  
 Halliwell, Hubert S., Lce.-Corp., 2/5th West Riding Regiment, Signal Section.  
 Harrison, Edgar, Captain, 2/4th Black Watch.



Harrison, Frederick H. H., King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.  
 Haslam, William, Royal Navy.  
 Hemingway, Harold, Corp., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.  
 Henry, Charles, 3rd Line Lancs. Hussars.  
 Hindle, Thomas B., Royal Flying Corps.  
 Hirst, Roger B., Corp., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.  
 Holmes, H., Staff-Sergt. Instructor, Army Gymnastic Staff.  
 Horner, William H., Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks., Egypt.  
 Horsfield, John H., 40th Division, Royal Engineers.  
 Howard, Joseph, Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Hopkinson, Ernest, 9th A.V.C., B.E.F., France, since April, 1915.  
 Last letter says, "Fit as a fiddle, sure to be at the next Reunion."  
 Jackson, Norman W., 18th D.L.I. Left for Nr. East, 3rd Dec. 1915.  
 Jackson, Samuel, Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.  
 Jackson, Reginald Wm., Army Service Corps.  
 Jennings, Dan, R.F.A. Been in Flanders several months.  
 Jones, David J., Lce.-Corp., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.  
 Kendall, Arthur, Royal Army Medical Corps. On the strength of Beckett's Park Hospital. Left for Gallipoli, Midsummer, 1914. Was a dysentery patient in Hospital at Alexandria, Egypt. Invalided to England, Manchester Hospital. Now on duty at Beckett's Park Hospital.  
 Kay, Jabez, Royal Naval Artillery. No. 1626, Room 38, Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth.  
 Kennedy, James L., 24th Royal Fusiliers, B.E.F., France.  
 Kershaw, Lewis, Volunteered several times. Refused each time by Army Doctor.  
 Knowles, Frank, Lce.-Corp., 49th Batt., Liverpool Scottish.  
 Lapping, George S., Lce.-Corp., 24th Northumberland Fusiliers. Now in France.  
 Leason, Thomas H., 2nd Lieut., K.O.Y.L.I.  
 Leckenby, Albert C., Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Lindow, William, J., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.  
 Liversedge, Albert, 2nd Lieut., 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt., France.  
 Lockwood, Albert, R.A.M.C. Went to Gallipoli in Sept., 1915.  
 Lockwood, Arnold, volunteered for service. Now on Training Ship "Cornwall," Purfleet, Essex.  
 Luke, Leonard P., Royal Field Artillery.  
 Lupton, Cyril T., In Royal Navy. H.M.S. "Powerful."  
 Macfarlane, William K., Joined 7th West Yorks., Dec. 1914. Transferred to Royal Engineers, August, 1915, and in that month went out to France.  
 Margerison, Leslie A., 21st Batt., Royal Fusiliers.  
 Mason, Eric, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Meeks, Edgar, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Mercer, Sylvester, Volunteered for service. Unit not known.  
 Mitchell, Ernest, Wireless Operator, Royal Navy.

Nichol, William, 9th Royal Scots (Highlanders), Machine Gun Corps.  
 Parker, Robert J., Attempted several times to join Army. Refused each time. Underwent operation in Halifax Infirmary to make himself fit. Finally enlisted in 21st West Yorks. Regt.  
 Parkinson, Ernest, Sergt., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Phillips, Louis R., Signal Section, 1/6th Cyclists' Batt., Royal Sussex Regiment.  
 Pinder, George R., Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Quarmby, Harold, Has been absent from duty—ill—since October, 1914. A letter sent to 20, Peel Street, Marsden, near Huddersfield, will reach him.  
 Rowe, T., 10th (Scottish), The King's Liverpool Regt. Killed in action.  
 Renton, Henry W. H., Corp., 1/6th Seaforth Highlanders, B.E.F., France. Left England, 30th April, 1915.  
 Richardson, Frank, In Army. Serving in France.  
 Roberts, Henry F., Lce.-Corp., West Riding Field Ambulance. Has been in France 10 months.  
 Robinson, Charles T., Lce.-Corp., 2nd West Lancashire Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Sandland, Harry, 15th West Yorks., France.  
 Sarson, George H., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Shaw Henry C., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Smith, Oscar Wm., 21st Batt., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 Spall, John H., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Stockwell, Albert E., 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt., France.  
 Stott, Sydney R., 2nd Lieut., 11th Yorks., Green Howards.  
 Sugden, Herbert, Bombardier, Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 Tait, William, B Coy., 3/7th Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.  
 Tomlinson, Samuel, Sergt., 151st Brigade, R.F.A. Now in France.  
 Varley, Frank, Corp., 31st Divisional Cyclist Co.  
 Walworth, James H., Private, 2/2nd Monmouthshire Regt.  
 Watterson, James, Volunteered at outbreak of War and several times since. Refused each time. Offered to undergo operation to render fit.  
 Wright, Herbert, Corp., Royal Engineers. Gassed in the attack at Vernelles. Invalided to War Hospital, Huddersfield.  
 Ycomans, Kenneth J., Durham University O.T.C.  
**1912-14**  
 Allen, Henry J., Corp., 17th Batt., Royal Warwickshire Regt.  
 Bailey, Fred, 2nd Lieut., 12th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 Bartord, William, Volunteered in R.A.M.C. at outbreak of War. In training several months. Broke down in health. Invalided to Beckett's Park Hospital. Received discharge from Army. Again engaged in School Work.  
 Beevers, Charles E., Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Best, William, Gunner, East Riding Royal Garrison Artillery.

Bland, Robert, Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.  
 Bouch, Thomas J., Corp., 2/5th Batt., The Border Regt.  
 Bretton, Alfred H., 3/1st Yorkshire Mounted Brigade, Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Briggs, Arthur, 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt., France.  
 Briggs, Harold, 12th Durham Light Infantry, November, 1914. Discharged, June, 1915.  
 Brook Bertie, volunteered for service. Unit not known.  
 Brook, Harry, Has been absent from duty for six months in consequence of illness. Now recovering. Volunteered, but refused by doctor.  
 Carnaby, Arthur, Engaged at Nautical School, Heswall, Cheshire. Volunteered for service.  
 Cattliff, John E., 1st Scottish Horse Field Ambulance, British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. Has been in the Dardanelles Campaign.  
 Cogan, Aloysius, Sergt., 180, Special Co., R.E., B.E.F., France.  
 Cook, Alan L., 2nd Lieut., 10th Northumberland Fusiliers, B.E.F., France.  
 Cooper, Arthur Cyril, Corp., 231st Field Co., Royal Engineers.  
 Cowen, Joseph, 1st Seaforth Highlanders. Went to France, Sept. 1915, and towards end of year to Mesopotamia, where he was killed in action, 7th January, 1916.  
 Dalby, George V., Trumpet Major, Lovats Scouts.  
 Davison, William M., Corp., 113th Brigade, R.F. Serving in France since 29th September, 1915.  
 Dawson, Harold, 2nd Lieut., 2/7th, The London Regiment.  
 Dixon, Andrew S., 2nd Lieut., 19th P.W.O. West Yorks. Regt.  
 Dixon, James Ralph, Coy. Q.M.S., Army Service Corps.  
 Dougherty, Hamilton S., Corp., 13th Batt., Highland Light Inf.  
 Ellis, Herbert E., Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Entwistle, Henry, Signalling Section, Royal Naval Reserve.  
 Fox, Henry G., Private, D Coy., 3/4th Northants.  
 Frudd, Francis G., Sergt., 15th Batt., York and Lancs. Regt.  
 Gibson, Harry, Army Service Corps.  
 Gillet, Albert, Joined P.W.O. West Yorks. on outbreak of War. Discharged on Medical Report, December 1914. Joined Royal Flying Corps, January, 1916.  
 Godfrey, Haydn, Gunner, Royal Horse Artillery. *Egypt*  
 Gradwell, Charles E., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Haigh, Norris, Machine Gun Detachment, 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regiment, France.  
 Hancock, James E., Sergt., West Riding Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.  
 Harker, Tom, 2nd Lieut., 9th Batt., Durham Light Infantry.  
 Harlington, Oscar, Twice Rejected in consequence of defective eyesight, but now Sergt.-Instructor, Army Gymnastic Staff, Royal Fusiliers.

Harrison, George H., Volunteered three times for service. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Haycock, Horace, Joined 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt. on outbreak of War. Invalided out of service.  
 Hedley, John A., Sergt., 28th Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 Heslop, William, 2nd Lieut., 11th Durham Light Infantry.  
 Holliday, Henry L., 4th Batt., Royal Naval Division. Severely wounded in the Dardanelles Campaign, 13th May, 1915. Now Signaller, 2nd Royal Naval Brigade.  
 Hollis, Sydney, 2nd Lieut., 14th Batt., Notts and Derby Regt. (Sherwood Foresters).  
 Hunt, A. E., Private, "C" Coy., Royal Scots.  
 Jackson, Harold L., Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt., France.  
 Jennings, Clement, Volunteered for service. Refused by doctor.  
 Killick, Henry P., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Kirkby, Albert, 14 months with 1st West Riding Field Ambulance. 7 months in Belgium. Promoted 2nd Lieut. in 14th West Yorks. Nov., 1915. Has been in Beckett's Park Hospital with injured knee.  
 Laverick, Robert F., Army Service Corps, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, Egypt. Sailed for Gallipoli, May 14th, 1915. Since July 13th, 1915, attached to General Headquarters Staff.  
 Leigh, Robert, 2/6th Manchester Regiment, 199th Infantry Brigade.  
 Lunn, Herbert, Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry.  
 McCubbin, Percy G., Royal Engineers.  
 Marsden, George, Volunteered for service. Passed for Garrison service only. Returned to school duties. Passed into Army Reserve.  
 Martin, Frank H., East Anglian Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C. In hospital at Cairo—ill.  
 Masters, Tom, 130th Field Ambulance.  
 Matthew, Edwin F., Lieut., Northumberland R.F.A. Now in France.  
 May, Oliver, 28th Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 Miller, George G. S., 50th Divisional Supply Column, Army Service Corps, B.E.F., France.  
 Mossop, Matthew H., Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks., France.  
 Neal, Arthur N., Joined Army on outbreak of War. Serious riding accident brought about discharge from Army. Joined Royal Flying Corps beginning of November last.  
 Parker, Joseph H., Joined the Forces, 27th January, 1915.  
 Pemberton, W., East Lancashire Regt. Died of wounds received in Dardanelles, 13th January, 1915.  
 Pickard, Edward E., Volunteered for service seven times. Refused by doctor each time.  
 Poole, Charles P. B., Staff Sergt. Instructor, Army Gym. Staff.  
 Pougher, George A., Royal Naval Sick Berth Reserve.  
 Powner, Frederick, Volunteered for service. Unit not known.  
 Richardson, Joseph S., 50th Divisional Supply Column, Army Service Corps, B.E.F., France.

Roberts, Angus, Co. Sergt.-Major, 16th Service Batt., Northumberland Fusiliers.

Robinson, Albert, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Robinson, Harry B., Enlisted in 28th Batt., Royal Fusiliers. After short period of training at Epsom, discharged under medical report.

Ross, Arnold B., Recovering from serious illness. Volunteered for service. Refused by doctor.

Seddon, George, 22nd Durham Light Infantry.

Shaw, Sidney, Sergt.-Instructor, Army Gym. Staff, Lancs. Fusiliers.

Smith, Allan, Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.

Smith, George Wm., Staff Sergt. Instructor, Army Gym. Staff.

Smith, Harry, 3/1st Yorkshire Mounted Brigade, Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps.

Stone, Ernest, 6th Batt., R. Fus. Attached to Machine Gun Corps.

Tate, George E., Royal Army Medical Corps.

Teale, Nathan D., Coldstream Guards. Would have been in France, but detained six weeks in hospital with damaged leg.

Taylor, Herbert, Royal Naval Division, Signal Section.

Taylor, Hubert, Mechanical Transport Section.

Toon Adrian, 2nd Lieut., 6th Northumberland Fus., B.E.F., France.

Walker, Arthur, Army Service Corps.

Ward, Arthur B., Sergt., 15th Batt., West Yorks. Regt., France. (Signalling Sergt.)

Watkins, Thomas J., Sergt. Instructor, 2nd London, R.A.M.C. (T).

Webster, John I., Corp., Mechanical Transport, Army Service Corps, Staff Car Driver.

Wilkes, Jack, Company Sergt.-Major, 3/5th Lancashire Fusiliers, Regimental Instructor in Musketry.

Williams, John, 2nd Lieut., 22nd Durham Light Infantry.

Williamson, John Y., Sergt., West Riding Field Artillery Brigade.

Wilson, Arthur O., 3/1st West Riding Division, A.S.C.

Wilson, J., Sergt., 5th K.O.Y.L.I. Badly wounded in front of Ypres in April, 1915. In Torquay Hospital for four months. Now at Officers' Training School, Cambridge.

Wood, Thomas G., Royal Navy.

Wright, John C., 43rd Provisional Battalion.

**1915-15**

Abell, Ernest I., Volunteered for 4th Lincolns. Refused medically.

Addison, Thomas G., Volunteered for service, Easter, 1915. Refused by doctor.

Ainsworth, Thos. H., Sergt., 5th East Lancashires. At Luxor, Egypt. Joined forces on outbreak of War.

Bailey, Wm. B., Royal Navy.

Ball, Thomas, Quarter-Master Sergt., 14th Batt., West Yorks.

Barrett, Josiah, Sergt., 62nd Divisional Train, A.S.C.

Birch, Harold C., Lce.-Corp., King's Royal Rifles.

Blakey, James H., Royal Navy. H.M.S. "Tipperary."

Booth, Arthur, Private, Army Service Corps. In France.

Bradley, James, Royal Navy. H.M.S. "Conqueror."

Butcher, Reginald, Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.

Callard, Geo., Volunteered for service. Refused by Army doctor.

Campkin, Percy S., Sergt., 12th West Yorks., B.E.F., France.

Carr, George A., 21st Durham Light Infantry.

Chorley, Harold, Corp., 12th Batt., West Yorks., B.E.F., France.

Clayton, Ben. C., Sergt., 16th Durham L.I., B.E.F., France.

Collins, Joseph H., Gunner, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Copley, Watson, Royal Fusiliers, Public Schools Batt.

Croker, Herbert, 21st Durham Light Infantry.

Crosland, Ernest E., Gunner, 149th Heavy Battery, R.G.A.

Crossland, Lawrence Arthur, Wireless Operator, Royal Navy.

Davis, Bernard S., Has been in Inns of Court O.T.C. Commission offered, but Regiment not known.

Dodgson, Thomas, 26th Royal Fusiliers.

Eling-Smith, James Wm., 2nd Lieut., Highland Light Infantry.

Evans, Alfred, C Coy., 2/6th Durham Light Infantry.

Fisher, Wm., Durham Royal Garrison Artillery.

Fishwick, Arthur, Rifleman, 21st King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.

Flintoff, Francis R., 16th Northumberland Fusiliers. Wounded in France. Now in No. 3 General Hospital, France.

Foster, Thos. H., Rifleman, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.

Francis, Idris T. T., 4th Durham Light Infantry.

Gibson, George H., Sergt., 14th Batt. Yorks. Regt.

Gould, Clarence, Coldstream Guards. Three brothers in Army.

Grace, Alfred H., Corp., 3rd York and Lancs. Musketry Instructor.

Grace Leonard, R.G.A.

Graves, Harold, Bombardier, 147th Heavy Howitzer Brig. R.G.A.

Griffiths, E. T., Motor Transport, Army Service Corps.

Hainsworth, Joseph A., Wireless Section, Royal Engineers.

Hancox, John, Gunner, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Harrison Wilfred H., Seaman, Royal Navy.

Harrison, Wm., Gunner, West Riding Howitzer Brigade, R.F.A.

Hatfield, John A., Ship Steward's Assistant, Royal Navy.

Hawley, Joseph, Pte., 21st King's Royal Rifles.

Helm, Wm. John, Warwickshire Yeomanry.

Hodgson, Moses, 14th Batt., West Yorks.

Holt, Harry, Volunteered for service four times. Rejected by Army doctor each time.

Howes, Albert, Volunteered for service. Refused by doctor.

Johnson, Henry E., Pte., Royal Army Medical Corps.

Joy, Leonard, Royal Field Artillery.

Ladkin, Wm., Lce.-Corp., 21st Batt., West Yorks. Regt.

Lawson, George, Volunteered for active service. Refused by doctor. Has three brothers on active service.

Leach, Chas. T., Bombardier, Royal Garrison Artillery. In France.

Liddle, George, Pte., Honourable Artillery Co.

Lockwood, Tom, Volunteered for service. Unit not known.  
 Logan, Andrew, Corp., R.A.M.C. On Foreign Service.  
 Manley, Wilfred, Royal Navy, H.M.S. "Benbow."  
 Mellor, John, Bombardier, Royal Field Artillery.  
 Moore, Ernest R., Divisional Cyclists' Coy.  
 Moul, John F., 2nd Lieut., Highland Light Infantry.  
 Nash, Joseph, 4th Durham Light Infantry.  
 Nettleton, Fred, Joined 1st Life Guards. Now in Scots' Guards.  
 All the sons, four, now in Army. Three are at the front.  
 Newton, Thomas, Corp., Army Service Corps.  
 Osborne, Wm., Volunteered for service. Refused by doctor.  
 Pattison, Joseph, Corp., 12th Royal Warwickshire Rifles.  
 Poppleton, Alfred, Volunteered for R.G.A., A.S.C. or R.A.M.C.  
 Refused medically.  
 Priestley, Chas. H., Inns of Court O.T.C.  
 Pybus, Robert, 2nd Lieut., 8th Durham Light Infantry.  
 Radcliffe, Wm., 3/7th Northumberland Fusiliers. Brother killed  
 in War.  
 Rawding, Reginald T., Yorkshire Dragoons, Queen's Own.  
 Rigby, Alfred, Lce.-Corp., 3rd Batt., King's Regt.  
 Roe, Dudley, Seaman, Royal Navy. Brother killed in War.  
 Russell, Robert F., Army Cyclist Corps.  
 Sanderson, George, Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 Schofield, Leonard T., Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 Senior, George F., 3/7th Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 Skull, Lewin, Joined 3rd Batt., Sherwood Foresters. Now in 2/8th  
 Batt., Royal Scots.  
 Stancliffe, Wm., Trooper, Yorkshire Hussars.  
 Sugden, John Wilfred, Corp., Highland Light Infantry. To France.  
 July 29th, 1915. Was in Hospital, Havre. Left Marseilles for  
 Mesopotamia, 8th December, 1915.  
 Swift, Arthur C., Corp., 21st King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Temple, Robert G. A., 2nd Lieut., Highland Light Infantry.  
 Turner, Albert T., Volunteered. Refused by Army doctor.  
 Wake, Ralph, Seaman, Royal Navy.  
 Warrington, Harold S., Sergt., West Riding Brigade, R.F.A.  
 Wickens, George, Pte., Honourable Artillery Coy.  
 Wilkinson, Joseph W., 17th Durham Light Infantry.  
 Wimpenny, Ernest F., Volunteered for service. Refused by doctor.  
 Wind, Frederick, 2nd Lieut., 14th West Yorks.  
 Winspeare, Hugh, Lce.-Corp., 3/5th Yorks. Regt.  
 Wolstenholme, Harold, 5th East Lancashire Regt.

## 1914-16

Anderson, George, Corp., Northern Cyclists' Batt *Chagness*  
 Ashworth, Gilbert Wheelhouse, Volunteered for service. Refused  
 by Army doctor.  
 Barraclough, Percy, Volunteered for service. Refused by Army  
 doctor.

Blomeley, Frederick George, Sergt., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles.  
 Now in France. *Released in Big Push on Somme*  
 Blunt, George, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Brown, Fred, Sergt., 95th Field Ambulance. Now in France.  
 Brook, Cyril Arthur, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Burton, Joseph, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Carss, H., Durham Light Infantry.  
 Chapman, Richard Mason, Volunteered for service. Refused by  
 Army doctor.  
 Coward, John William, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit after  
 Final Examination in July.  
 Dean, Norman G., Volunteered for service. Rejected by Army  
 doctor.  
 Dixon, Albert, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit after final  
 Examination in July.  
 Dixon, Thomas Featherstone, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit  
 after Final Examination in July.  
 Dodson, Wm. Augustus Baines, Royal Navy. Joins in July  
 Evans, Oswald Richard, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Fawcett, John, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Frankish, Frederick George, Served in Army at Aldershot a short  
 time. *4 days*  
 Garrood, Harold, Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in  
 France.  
 Gibson, Wm. Joseph Arthur, Volunteered for service. Refused  
 by Army doctor.  
 Gladwin, Percy George, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Goddard, William, A.S.C., Motor Transport Section.  
 Goldberg, Herbert, Lce.-Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles.  
 Now in France. *Killed in Action.*  
 Hair, Frederick, K Company, Scots Guards.  
 Hanwell, Herman, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Harker, John, 2nd Lieut., Durham L.I. Now in France.  
 Harrison, James Henry Herbert, 29th R.F., Public Schools Batt.  
 Hartley, Solomon Herbert, Royal Engineers.  
 Hartley, Walter, Royal Navy. Joins after Final Examination in July  
 Hey, Claud, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Heyworth, Thomas Cuthbert, Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 Huddart, George Alfred, 3/4th Border Regt.  
 Hughes, Owen Lloyd, Served in Royal Navy a short time, but  
 ultimately rejected by doctor.  
 Jinks, S., Duke of Lancs. Yeomanry. Now in Egypt.  
 Jones, Rufus Acurin, Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now  
 in France.  
 Keighley, John, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Kershaw, Thomas Erskine, Royal Garrison Artillery, B.E.F., France.  
 Leadbeater, Percy, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.  
 Levison, Chas. Robert, Volunteered for service. Rejected by Army  
 doctor.

Lewis, Benjamin Hughes, 29th Batt., R.F., Public Schools Batt.  
 Lewis, Edward William, Volunteered for service. Rejected by doctor.  
 Lister, Frank, D Coy., 11th Yorks. Regt. Now in France.  
 Moornouse, Cecil Walter, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit after  
 Final Examination in July next.

Morgan, Stephen Jenkins, Royal Army Medical Corps.

Naylor, G. R., 4th West Riding Howitzer Brigade.

Nedderman, Arthur, Royal Army Medical Corps.

Needham, John, Sergt., 95th Field Ambulance. Now in France.

Parkinson, Harry, 2nd Coy., 3rd Durham Light Infantry.

Phillips, Gomer, Gunner, 33rd Reserve Battery, R.F.A. *French. Mor. France*

Pyrah, Gilbert, Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in  
 France.

Rawlin, Arnold Walter, Lce.-Corp., 1st Garrison Batt., K.O.Y.L.I.

Robinson, F. S., King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Rushion, Cecil Starkie, K Squad, ~~1st~~ Ycomanry.

Rushworth, A. R., Royal Field Artillery.

Rushworth, Arnold Stuart, Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles.  
 Now in France.

Seddon, T. F., Volunteered for service. Joins Unit after Final  
 Examination in July.

Shaw, John William, 2nd Coy., 3rd West Yorks. Regt.

Shaw, Norman, 3rd Cameron Highlanders. Went to France in  
 Autumn of 1915.

Slater, Walter, Seaman, H.M.S. "Galatea," Royal Navy.

Sutcliffe, Harry, 29th Royal Fusiliers, Public Schools Batt.

Sykes, Arthur, Served in Army at Aldershot a short time. *Some service in days*

Tindall, George Edward, Lce.-Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles.  
 Now in France.

Tolson, Herbert, Royal Navy. H.M.S. "Pentstemon"

Unwin, Frederick Evelyn, Volunteered three times for service. Re-  
 jected each time by doctor.

Walker, Ingham, Lce.-Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles.  
 Now in France.

*James* Walker, James, Bombardier, West Riding Howitzer Brigade, R.F.A.

Walsh, Henry Eric, Royal Naval Division. H.M.S. "Thunderer."

Walters, Fred, A Coy., 2/5th K.O.Y.L.I.

Ward, Harold T., Corp., 4th Buffs, East Kent Regt.

*Perhaps!* Weavers, Maxwell Escott, Joins Unit after Final Exam. in July next.

Whittle, Claud, Royal Navy. On "Royal Sovereign."

Williams, Fred Stanley, 21st batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now  
 in France.

Williams, William John, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit after  
 Final Examination in July, 1916.

*Milly.* Williams, William John, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit after  
 Final Examination in July, 1916.

Womersley, Fredk. Wilton, Royal Field Artillery.

Woodhead, Herbert, Volunteered for service, August, 1915. Re-  
 jected by doctor.

## 1915-17

Bakes, Irvine Rusby, Volunteered for service. Rejected by doctor.  
 Burnill, Charles Ernest, Volunteered for service. Not yet of  
 military age.

Craig, Douglas, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit in July.

Davies, Thomas Henry, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit in July.

Evans, William Rees, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in  
 France.

Foster, Walter, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.

Futcher, Ernest, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit in July.

Garside, John William, Volunteered for service. Not yet of military  
 age.

Gill, Harry Marshall, Volunteered for service. Temporarily rejected  
 by doctor.

Graham, John, Scots Guards.

Hemingway, Harry Blackburn, Volunteered for service. Not yet  
 of military age.

Johnson, Walter, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit in July.

*Not in Coll.* Lambton, Percy Evelyn, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now  
 in France.

Lister, Alfred, Volunteered for service. Rejected by doctor.

Lund, Walter Sidney, Volunteered for service. Rejected by doctor.

Moses, Albert Frederick, Volunteered for service. Not yet of  
 military age.

Preston, James Graham, Volunteered for service. Not yet of  
 military age.

Preston, William Carvell, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit in  
 July.

Priestley, Holder, 3rd King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Scrowther, Algernon, Lce.-Corp., 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles.  
 Now in France.

Smith, Norman, Volunteered for service. Not yet of military age.

Taylor, Solomon, Volunteered for service. Not yet of military age.

Thorpe, Sam, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.

Tiffany, Leonard, Volunteered for service. Joins Unit in July.

Turner, Albert Victor, Volunteered for service. Not yet of military  
 age.

Vann, Clarence Leonard, Volunteered for service. Not yet of military  
 age.

Wallace, Thomas William, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now  
 in France.

Weston, Andrew, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in France.

Widdowson, William Henry, Coldstream Guards.

Wilkinson, Lawrence Albert, Volunteered for service. Rejected by  
 doctor.

Wood, James William, 21st Batt., King's Royal Rifles. Now in  
 France.

Should an Old Student wish to communicate with any other Old Student, the Principal  
 who possesses addresses of all Students, will be glad to forward any letters sent in to him.

## Senior F.

Of A, B, C, D, E, F, G,

That hopeless class which can it be?  
Ask the tutors, then you'll see,

It's Senior F.

Of course, the men we don't include,  
With them, at least, we have no feud,  
It simply is a case of mood

With Senior F.

Which class chatters all through Art?  
Till tutor yearns from it to part,  
And lists for gong with heavy heart?

Why! Senior F.

Tutors! Why around us lurk?  
Sure! the chat's about our work,  
For that's a thing we never shirk,

Swear Senior F.

Why are our results so low?  
E'en in Fah, Soh, Lah, Te, Doh,  
Why disappoint the tutors so?

Oh! Senior F.

But once we got a word of praise,  
To the skies we this must raise,  
"Industrious Division"! Handwuk says

Of Senior F.

Therefore it must be a fact  
We're not approached with any tact,  
"On a psychological moment act,"

'Vise Senior F.

To talk like this it is a crime,  
And certainly a waste of time,  
But where to find another rhyme?

For Senior F?

Perhaps the Editor will show it,  
Then kind reader don't say "stow it,"  
For this is from a humble poet

In Senior F.

## Seth Bede.

I can never read "Adam Bede" without feeling a genuine sorrow for Seth Bede. He is a character in this novel in whom we can find no fault. Dinah Morris is almost divine, yet we do not quite agree with Adam Bede when he says "She's too good and holy for any man." We love her for her tenderness to Lisbeth, but we would have preferred her to have given Seth Bede a direct answer from the beginning.

With Adam we also have to find fault. Having failed to obtain the love of one who almost breaks his heart, his love rekindles for another, and thus he takes away his brother's only love.

Seth Bede is the character to whom, I think, we owe a debt of gratitude. Courteous to everybody with whom he comes in contact, equable in temperament, unobtrusive, open-hearted, showing a hatred for everything underneath, he is in every sense a true-born Midlander. His career resounds with the sincerity of his beliefs and his actions are in unison with his professions. His sincere tenderness of heart, especially for his mother stands out conspicuously in his character. How many could pass through the ordeal that Seth did, without feeling a hidden, deadly desire for revenge? When his brightest hope, for which he has patiently waited, is blighted and Dinah wed's his brother, I cannot help loving him for that loyalty of affection he still continues to bear. Dinah, undoubtedly, would have found in his manly nature a sterling complement to her endowments. This, however, was not the reward he was to receive, yet I cannot but believe that Seth Bede will reap a just recompense for his devotion, and will obtain that peace which the world cannot give or take away.

## A Fragment.

(A long way after W. B. Yeats).

(The scene is laid in a large, bare room, lit only by a flickering fire, which casts weird shadows round the walls. On the ashstrewn hearth stands a kettle from which steam slowly rises. Strange wooden frames, over which towels and swimming garments are cast, make grotesque forms in the firelight. Cupboards, with shut doors, stand along the wall to the left. A creaking of boards is heard, the door opens, and two dim forms enter quietly, closing the door behind them. They are stewdents, carrying strange shapeless bundles. (They put these in front of the fire and then sit on them.)

1st Stewardent: As we came along this corridor, did you hear the boards creak as though evil spirits had trodden them before us?

2nd Stewardent: It's yourself is too fanciful, your mind is crammed with old tales and legends of bygone days.

(A voice is heard outside the door. They both start. The door opens and three more stewdents enter. They also have bundles which they cast down and sit on).

3rd Stewardent: Draw near the fire, for it is a cold night. Has the kettle boiled?

2nd Stewardent: Ere the lights gong chimed, it's steam rose up to heaven so I took it off the fire, lest it should betray us.

4th Stewardent: Oh, you are old and wise.

1st Stehwdent: Where are the biscuits, and the extra cup? We will have all in readiness lest that strange spirit, which has its resting-place near this room, should chance to be our guest. An old legend says that once, while some were feasting in the night, the spirit joined them, and feasted with them. Shall we cry on the spirit to enter?

The Others: No, no. You are foolish. It is not wise to deal with such.

2nd Stehwdent (aside): It is well that I hung the blessed quicken wood on the door post as we came in. She saw it not.

1st Stehwdent: And yet—and yet—the image of that lone one—

5th Stehwdent: Peace! Where is the cocoa, and oh (she begins to keen, while the others wail and rock to and fro in sympathy) where is the sugar? What have you done with the sugar?

(3rd Stehwdent rises, goes to the furthest cupboard, and takes from it quaint, odd, cups. They each contain cocoa and milk. She puts them down on the hearth and pours water into them from the kettle.

4th Stehwdent also rises, goes to a cupboard and returns with a bag of biscuits. They eat and drink).

5th Stehwdent: But where is the sugar? Early this morning after swimming in that brown pool behind the Coll. I needed food and drink. I went to Felsecafé and there I took some sugar lumps.

1st Stehwdent: Do you hear that tramping of feet?—it is the lone spirit that—

The Others: Peace!

(They all listen as heavy footsteps are heard ascending the stairs).

2nd Stehwdent: Perhaps, if we are all silent, the spirit will pass by our door.

1st Stehwdent: But she is gracious—heard you not the tale—?

The Others: Peace!

(The footsteps draw nearer. Then they recede and a door bangs. The Stehwdents give a sigh of relief and sink once more into easy attitudes).

1st Stehwdent: Would that she had entered!

4th Stehwdent: You are young and foolish. The young love to listen to strange tales. Know you not that she would have scattered us; driven us from our cocoa, down the corridors like the pale ghosts that haunt this place, craving unceasingly permissions that are never granted.

1st Stehwdent: It's yourself is foolish; have you not heard how—

3rd Stehwdent: Let us return. It is nearing that hour when all who retired before the lights gong chimed, awaken for their second sleep. Strange things happen then.

(They put the cups back into the cupboard, and prepare to go).

2nd Stehwdent: As we came first we will go first. (The fire flickers and dies down). We have a long way to go, and it is very dark.

1st Stehwdent: You will hear our footsteps echoing along the silent corridor till they slowly die away. I would not go—and yet—and yet—! (she sighs and turns to go). Farewell!

The Others: Farewell!

(A pause, while footsteps are heard dying away).

5th Stehwdent: I will go first as it's yourselves that made all the noise in coming.

(She goes out; the others cling together till her footsteps die away in creaks. Then they cast a lingering glance at the fire ere they too depart. Once more the boards creak protestingly, then there is deep silence.)

The curtain slowly falls.

— LEIGHTON.

## An afternoon in Deptford.

It was Wednesday afternoon. The shops were closed, and the buses were crowded as we journeyed east. The bus deposited us a few minutes' walk from our destination. Presently we found ourselves, after passing down a dingy street and through an equally unpretentious doorway, standing in an old-world garden, in one corner of which, the Duke of Wellington is reputed to have taken tea.

We came upon a very different scene. There were about a dozen babies, in charge of a cheerful nurse. Some were peacefully sleeping, others gazing with surprised eyes at the stranger or crying a little as babies sometimes will. There was a covered shed in one part of the garden, where, protected from the rain, but without a wall in front (a canvas sheet providing protection when necessary), the wee mites, ranging from one month to one or two years, soon begin to show the effects of fresh air, regular and good food and attention. A little further off, in a similar erection, were some children ranging from three to five years, who, after a morning under Miss Mc.Millan's care are enjoying their afternoon sleep. Twenty or thirty of the older children—boys and girls, armed with spades, watering cans, etc., were busily tending "their" gardens, for many of them have their own little plot, while others help in a general way by weeding, watering or something equally exciting! The vegetables, even rose bushes, spoke well of the efforts of the young gardeners.

The tables and chairs made the room of the older girls look what it is during the daytime, lesson room and dining room in turn, while the camp beds scarcely tucked away in apertures near the roof, did not disclose the fact that at night it is also a dormitory, at least during normal times, war conditions have necessitated changes.

Baths adjoining, with plenty of hot and cold water, complete what this is intended to be, nursery as well as school.

The boys have similar accommodation on another part of the premises.

At the clinic the doctor was examining eyes, ears, teeth, etc.

As we walked round we made the acquaintance of Peter. His father is at the war, and as his only relation seems to be an aunt in America, who does not want him, he would be a very lonely little person were there no Camp School.

Teddy's father is always out of work. He has three or four brothers and sisters and a mother, who somehow manages to keep things going. He is quite happy in his surroundings.

Peter, at nine, is a mechanical genius. His rare halfpennies are devoted to buying bits of material with which he constructs such ambitious things as magic lantern slides; pieces of tin, odds and ends, are all turned to purpose.

And so on; as we go round we realise something of what the Camp School is attempting to do—provide a nursery for the slum child, where he is studied as a whole, and bodily needs and ailments as well as lessons receive attention.

X

## Seven Weeks' Holiday!

Many of us will have cause to remember distinctly our only Summer Vac. at College. It is distinctly gratifying to know that the C.L.T.C. students in large numbers doffed their coats and proved that they were able to work with brawn as well as brain. They did it for the country. Some farmed, some were kitchen boys for the Y.M.C.A., one at least proffered to work in a wholesale fruiterer's to relieve a would-be recruit, whilst some donned the smock and "laboured" in munition factories. Of the adventures of six of the latter, I write.

For two weeks had we striven to "get a labourer's job" through the Labour Bureau. Of our adventures and entanglements with yards and miles of red tape there, a volume might be written. We left college with nothing definite arranged. But two days' rest and T—y issued a communiqué announcing his decision to proceed to Barrow-in-Furness and apply at the great shipyard of Messrs. Vickers' Ltd.

for a situation. Now J—k, J—y, and I were chary, as we had neither money nor lodgings. Yet we went. Fortune favoured us, and within two days all of us had a job for Monday and comfortable digs. J—gy was our director. He lives near there.

Monday came and T—y and I must rise at 4-15 a.m. to "go to work." The others were to start on night work.

How sheepish we felt with a dinner can, rubbing shoulders with weather-worn smocks, tramping down the shipyard with thousands of others! What would the manager be like? What shall we be set to do? What a sensation to call out a check number and be passed forward by a policeman and a sentry into a huge shell factory!

Who is this villainous looking Irishman, T—y? Our foreman. He motions us, as talking is well-nigh useless. Round us are piles of massive blocks of steel. We dare hardly stride over them. We follow down streets bounded by lathes and paved with shells. At last we reach a bench and are given mops and a bucketful of naphtha. "Clean those," the foreman yelled and he was gone.

We did what others did and pushed our nasty, evil smelling mops into the shell case and rubbed. "Ugh! mind the oil and dirt." "Mind my shirt sleeves and hands with your mop." This was at 6 a.m. At 9 a.m., would you believe it T—y and I actually were "washing" our hands in naphtha, and our faces showed signs of forthcoming black measles, or the like. Moreover, we ate our breakfast like that.

Soon, we found we could hear each other if we shouted into each other's ears. "What a simple game!" T—y cried. "A girl," I said. I saw some of our men putting an electric torch into the shell-case to examine the results of their rubbing. I did the same and saw that much remained to be done. Soon a kind, interested foreman came to see what "these 'ere college fellows" could do. He emphasised to us the importance of every particle of rust and oil being removed ere the shells were enamelled inside.

And so we strove until 5 p.m., and so did J—gy, J—y, and J—k strive all night.

Next day, we were less excited and realized how monotonous our job was, and so we told the foreman. Before the week was out we were all promoted and given a more responsible work to do. J—y worked a machine, J—k and J—gy were made gaugers, whilst T—y and I were sent to learn how to enamel the inside of the shells.

Perhaps the censor would not like me to describe this process, and so suffice it to say that all the high explosive shells are varnished and enamelled inside before the charge is added.

When T—y and I changed into this department we worked straight off thirty-six hours with only meal intervals. Just imagine—as many hours as we work (P.S. included) in a college week. What made our work most interesting was the fact that in this department



were five tutors from the Science department of Watson College, Edinbro'. They knew "Upidce" and how gaily the hours flew to its tune and rhythm.

We stayed seven weeks and were not proud to draw a wage sufficient to keep us and save ten shillings per week! In addition to this we saved enough for a lovely week round the Lakes. And what a holiday it was! How singularly lovely it is to rise at seven a.m. (first-bell-time mind).

Altogether it was worth it—we saw lots we might never have seen. Big guns—(bigger than any mentioned in the newspapers)—submarines—airships—torpedoes—gun carriages and warships.

It was the "short course" on general knowledge lasting seven weeks.

T—y, J—gy, and J—k are now in the Army. Yet we were all made brothers in that short time, and ties were made which no war will ever sever.

MATT.

## A Watery Grave.

Not a sound was heard, but the corridor creaked,  
As this swank to the bathroom we hurried;  
Not a senior discharged his farewell shout  
O'er the bed of the victim we bann'd.

We seized him sharply at dead of night,  
The clothes with our ready hands tearing;  
By the filtering moonbeams misty light,  
And the flashlight weirdly flaring.

No useless covering enclosed his breast,  
Not in blankets, but pyjamas we bore him;  
But he went along newly wakened from rest,  
With the ghostly ones hovering round him.

Few and short were the prayers we set,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was wet,  
Oh! did he not wish for the morrow?

We thought, as we seized his peaceful bed,  
And disturbed his nice warm pillow,  
That he soon would bow down his proud head,  
Beneath the cold, watery, billow!

Strange things will happen if spirit is shown  
And in the cold water "immerse" him,—  
But little he'll say, if we make him remain  
In the bath where a Cymro has laid him.

But half our arduous task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and sounding tread  
Of the Tutor with step awe-inspiring.

Slowly and sadly we led him back,  
From the scene of his bath, wet and dripping;  
We scaped just a line, and we raised just a groan—  
But we left him alone to his stripping.

G.E.M.

## The Palingenesis of Art.

I have come to the conclusion that undertaking to write magazine articles is the most salutary thing I know. Nothing is more efficacious in knocking the conceit out of a man or in convincing him of his mental poverty and intellectual bankruptcy. Please notice that I say "undertaking to write," for the effusion that flows spontaneously from the pen of him afflicted with scribbler's itch is a vastly different affair from writing to order. Having let myself in for a literary contribution (my financial obligations are already discharged) I decided after much cogitation to sing the woes of the common-room piano as a parody on *Hiawatha*. I have always understood that *Hiawatha*, though very difficult to imitate well, is the easiest thing in the world to parody; the adoption of this model obviates the tedium of hunting for rhymes, and certainly it lent colour to the belief when I considered how numerous were the parodists from Lewis Carroll downwards. I fared rather badly, in fact the job beat me all ends up; I still think that belief has something in it, but seemingly I have no talent for versification, so I make you a present of the idea, and if you work it successfully the editor, I feel sure, will receive you with open arms.

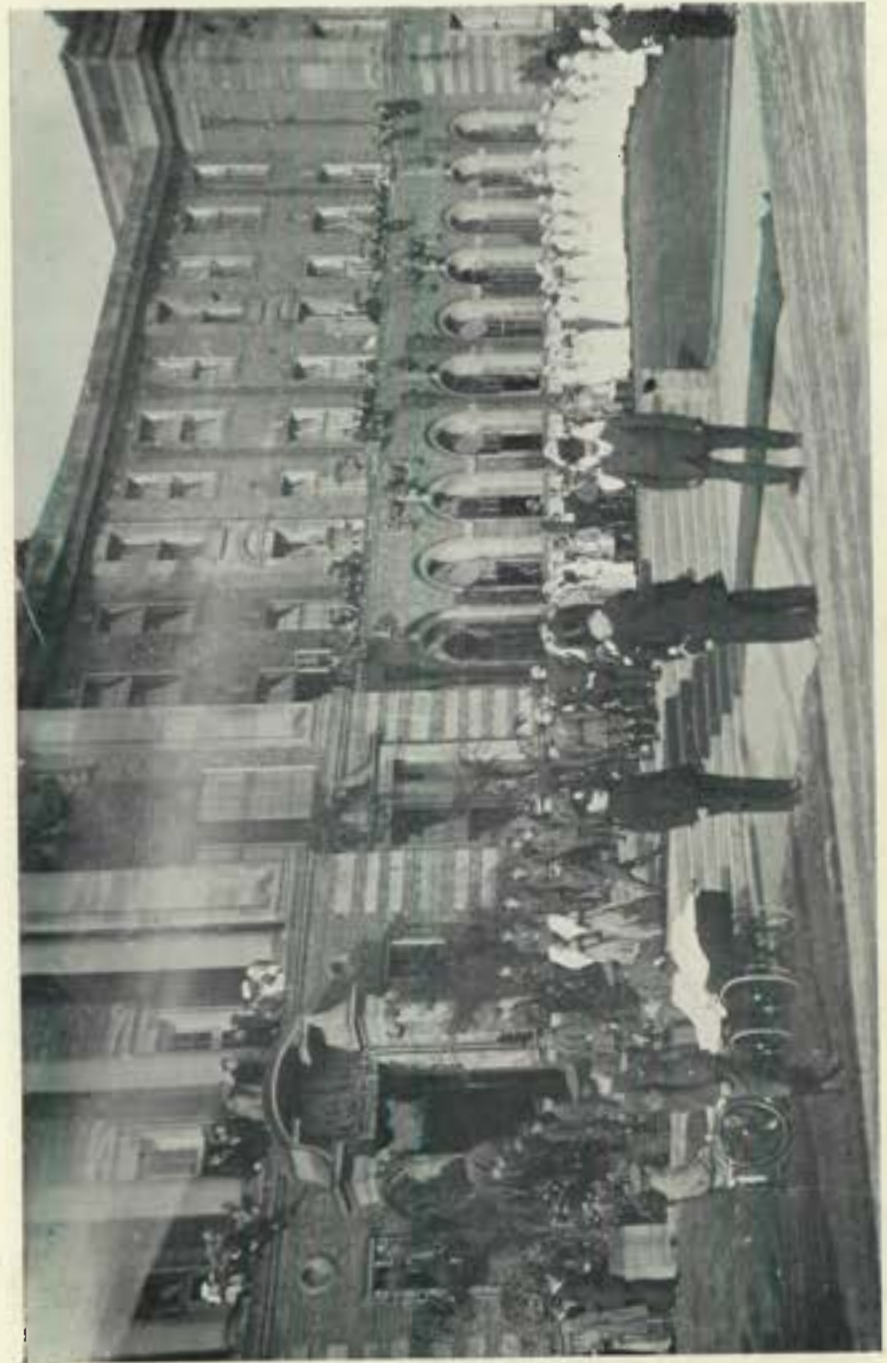
Undismayed by this failure I made my next essay, an attempt in the language of the Arabian Nights to satirise people who attend classical concerts. I chuckled over this idea immensely, it was so patently feasible; to get the satirical mood I would wait for a bilious attack or dip into Swift, Butler (the Erewhonian, not the Hudibrasian), and Whateley; as for the language, I could scatter such ejaculations as "Wallah el nebi" and "Allah Kebur" and the thing was complete. The originality of the conception set me glowing with self-satisfaction, so at it I went with a light heart and racing

pen. Pride goes before a fall; after scribbling some five hundred words I was rather disappointed with the result and doubted whether it would make a palatable article. Something within me urged me to give it a fair trial; I accordingly jogged on steadily for another five hundred words and read it again. My doubts were forthwith dispelled, for it was saliently obvious that I was dishing up a rechauffe of half-remembered phrases from Maryat's Pacha of Many Tales. I immediately performed that operation known colloquially, if somewhat cryptically, as "putting on the kybosh," and began yet again.

I have long had the secret conviction that I could write a play; I believe such delusions are not uncommon. Why not write a one-act play and publish it in *the* magazine? If it proved a success I could smilingly step forward and claim the honours. There was money in plays and it might prove the first stroke toward liberating my fettered soul from the shackles of pedagogy. If it failed, I was safely screened behind the veil of anonymity; I decided on a one act play drawn from low life. You will excuse me not flying my kite higher, but my associations with the aristocracy have been hitherto somewhat limited. Should it be a comedy or a tragedy? A comedy is easier, for if the audience don't laugh with you they'll probably laugh at you, so you have them laughing either way. A tragedy, on the other hand, gives me all the vast field of their emotions to work in, and I have Thackeray's malleable recipe, "kill a baby": I started a tragedy.

At first all went as merry as the month of May, but after a while insidious doubt returned; I read my manuscript, which seemed perplexingly familiar, and I thought hard. I came to the conclusion that I was a sort of literary chameleon, taking my colour from the nearest thing to hand. I might have bamboozled other people but I couldn't delude myself; to me the facts were clear, I had stripped the dialect from Massfield's Nan while the accusing volume stood on a shelf beside me. I judged myself guilty of plagiarism, the sentence was "*ad flammam*," so into the fire went my third and latest attempt to write a magazine article. I was now feeling very chastened, as indeed I well might. Thrice had I trundled the Sisyphean rock up the laborious ascent, only to see it go crashing unceremoniously to the bottom, leaving me to start anew. "The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on"; the calendar solidly ticked off an arithmetical progression with a common difference of one; the day of publication drew nigh; and here was I destitute of ideas, played out, effete, sterile. My account stood thus:—Liabilities, an obligation to write an article; assets, nil.

The mother of invention proverbially cares not a dahn (worth two denarii) for law; there was only one thing for it and with the shameless amorality of the superman I decided unscrupulously to pick somebody else's brain. Accordingly I went round to see Herbert; I like talking to Herbert, or rather, I like him to talk to



Visit of His Majesty King George V., September 27th, 1915.



Assembly Hall as a Ward.



ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE.

King George V. conferring D.C.M. on Sergt. Hogg, Royal Scots, Sept. 27th, 1915.



Blackboard Room as a Ward.



Assembly Hall as a Ward.



Library as a Ward.



Women's Music Room as an Operating Theatre.

ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE.  
King George V. conferring D.C.M. on Sergt. Hogg, Royal Scots, Sept. 27th, 1915.



Flat Roof as an Open Air Ward.  
L-Corp. Seanor (1910-12) standing in doorway.

Inner Quad as an Open Air Ward.



me. He screws himself into an armchair, adopts grossly uncomfortable attitudes, and propounds grotesque theories with such disarming naivete that I never know whether he is whimsical or serious. He has a delightful knack of delivering himself of universal propositions with epigrammatic brevity, such as "all art is self-expression." I like to hear people talk like that, it sounds so clever, and makes me feel clever to listen to it; next to feeling good I think I best like feeling clever. On this occasion he began *a propos de bottles* by asking me whether I had observed that the basis of popular art was changing. I couldn't say that I had, but perhaps I am not very observant, or I lack the analytical faculty. He assured me that it was so and launched out. "The basis of art is life, which fundamentally is twofold, comprising the necessity of love and the necessity of hunger, female and food."

"What about religion?" I queried.

"Religion," he retorted, "is not basic, but secondary. In the lower races it is mere ancestor worship, pure anthropomorphism; in animals it doesn't exist."

I doubted whether he could prove this, but as I certainly couldn't prove the contrary, and as he was fairly embarked on an epexegetical discourse I refrained from interruption and he continued.

"Between these two themes art must oscillate as a balanced beam oscillates above and below the dead level that denotes stagnation. The one—love, than death itself more strong—has already been largely drawn upon. It permeates our novels and our stage-plays; it is the basic impulse of innumerate sonnets and poems of passion that line our library walls; pictorial art is saturated with it; musical comedy wallows in it. What are the popular pictures as indicated by that infallible barometer, the Christmas annuals? Love Triumphant, Love Locked Out, A Labour of Love, etc. What is the popular music as shown by the drawing room ballad and music-hall song? The Indian Love Lyrics, the Pigrim of Love, Love Me and the World is Mine, All that I ask is Love, and so on *ad nauseam*."

"And you think you see signs of a change?" I asked.

"I do, indeed," he replied. "The balanced beam will tip the other way, love as an inspiration will be replaced by hunger. Have you noticed how many modern plays have an eating scene? The classical precursor is *Macbeth*, Act. III., Sc. 4; but to-day we have any number of them—*You Never Can Tell*, *The Younger Generation*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *The Great Adventure*, *The Devil's Disciple*,—they all depict eating; it is the thin end of the wedge. Later on, the whole play instead of dealing with love will deal with food, and the audience will join in, just as they used to join in the choruses."

There was certainly some truth in all this. Do not the pittites nibble chocolates and the "gods" suck the succose orange?

"Look at music," he continued, "The Roast Beef of Old England is as juicy as ever, and the Caller Herring' as savoury. More

recently someone has sung the praises of Boiled Beef and Carrots; Mr. Whittle has unceasingly exhorted us to have a banana; Wilkie Bard has extolled the unsuspected merits of stewed prunes; and the populace has emphatically announced its partiality for a nice mince pie. The literature of the subject is already begun; Mrs. Beeton takes her place (on the kitchen shelf) beside Charles Garvice, and Pett Ridge's latest work is *Mixed Grill*. In the applied arts more women can manipulate gas than gaso; in hero worship Lipton is more popular than Lippo Lippi, and Lyons than Leonardo. I admit that painting lags a little behind music and literature, though even there signs are not wanting. These may be only straws but they show which way the wind blows. And now, my boy, you can go home and become a modern Milton or Tasso by writing the first Epicurean epic."

I came away and wrote this article instead. Why have I called it the palingenesis of Art? Well, it's the most repulsive title I could think of, so you've only yourself to blame for reading it.

## Defence of Becky.

Becky Sharpe, as a character, is perhaps more misunderstood and maligned than any other in the realm of fiction. She is set down as selfish, worldly, wicked and ungrateful, whilst other and stronger adjectives are also often applied to her. Why is this?

Well, in the first place, her early life and training was against her. It is stated—and with perfect truth—that she had grown up devoid of a mother's care, among a set of wild Bohemian art students; and it is confidently assumed that Becky has responded to her environment. The truth is never suspected. Becky, throughout her life is striving against her upbringing; striving against circumstances; striving against a malignant force which dogged her whole career. And who shall deny she put up a good fight against all these adverse conditions?

She herself said, and I take it, with perfect sincerity, "Had I been born with £500 a year, I could have become a Sunday school teacher." Here we see the gentleness of her disposition, which all the years of poverty and worry in the Student's quarter—of drudgery and servitude at Mrs. Pinkerton's "Select Academy" could not eradicate. Poor, misunderstood, condemned Becky!

She left Miss Pinkerton's academy and went forth alone into the cruel world as a governess—a most thankless, yet noble profession. By her diligence and ability she soon became indispensable to Sir Pitt Crawley, and by attention to his business in the capacity of secretary did much to keep that ornament of the aristocracy in

a state of solvency. Was it love for the work that caused her to do this? No! It was a sense of duty. She realised that the noble house of Crawley was dwindling to ruin for the want of a strong guiding hand. At much personal inconvenience she plunged into the work and placed the family once more on a firm footing.

Then consider the manner in which she was worshipped by Jos. Sedley. Could a woman win the affections of a man like Jos, unless she were a good woman? A nature like his would have shrunk from anything wicked or selfish. Almost with his last words Jos testified as to Becky's innocence.

Look again at her devoted attention to Miss Crawley when that lady was ill. Then look at Mrs. Bate Crawley's conduct under similar circumstances. The result of the latter lady's ministrations was a severe nervous breakdown on Miss Crawley's part which almost resulted in her death.

I suppose that not even the most prejudiced person will deny that Becky was an accomplished musician. Now Addison is credited with saying:—

"Music is the greatest good that mortals know,  
And all of Heaven we have below."

In this regard then, Becky was a glimpse of Heaven.

Again Savage Landor says:—

"Music is sunshine to the mind."

What a fount of golden light must Becky's mind have been!

Becky has often been criticised for her treatment of Rawdon junior, her son. She did not give him a mother's love. This fact is indisputable. But we must not impute the fault to any vice in her character. The utmost we can convict her of is ignorance. She herself had never known a mother's love, and did not know what it meant. How then could she realise a mother's duties?

Becky was disgusted with the hollow worthlessness of the society, amongst which she moved. When at the zenith of her power she said to Lord Steyne in her honest, straightforward manner—"I wish I were out of it. I would rather be a parson's wife and teach in a Sunday school." Poor Becky! She had considered it her duty in life to work for her fellow creatures, and inexperienced as she was she thought that this could best be achieved by first attaining a high position in society. What a shock it was when she found herself in the centre of a haughty, narrow-minded set, who thought only of themselves. Her one hope was Lord Steyne. If she could get him on her side much might be accomplished. She risked everything and failed. That was her great fault in the eyes of the world. We admire success and detest failure.

When once down, it was the duty of the world to send her lower still and this they attempted to do with great vigour. She went to Boulogne and attempted to do her best for sailors who had lost their all by shipwreck for the foreign missions and other religious societies.



about India and Indian life than any number of geography books could ever teach us. I believe I shall find that book a source of unmingled enjoyment as long as I can see to read it. And this in spite of the fact that Kipling throughout it wilfully avoids one greatest interest—that of love. That interest, on the few occasions when he uses it, our author touches with a rare reverence and yet with singular power and insight. He keeps true love almost always in the background, thrusting it aside for duty, and yet makes it grow in power and might under all hard conditions. Still in "The Light that Failed" we see how it killed poor Dick Helder, while in "William the Conqueror" and "The Brushwood Boy" we find that it is the full reward of noble men and women who chiefly interest us in these stories.

Kipling's schoolboys are specially effective. Of such he has given us Kim, and the American boy in "Captains Courageous," and the three heroes of "Stalky & Co." "Captains Courageous" tells how the spoiled pampered son of an American millionaire falls overboard from a liner on to a small schooner engaged in cod fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, and how the crew of that vessel set him to work for his living, and how it does him a world of good. This book has always appealed specially to me, for I once spent a fortnight amongst those fishermen in their great port Gloucester, Massachusetts, and marvelled always at their skill and courage, just as you will marvel when you read "Captains Courageous."

"Stalky & Co." is a story reminiscent of the writer's own school-days at the United Services College at Westwood Ho in Devon, and the author himself is that member of the Company whose nickname is Beetle. I have heard schoolmasters say that the boys are unnaturally clever, my answer is that that cleverness makes them exceptionally interesting. But whatever may be said of the boys' truth to life, the masters are certainly the very men themselves, held up to the laughter of men and boys adorned with all the little pet weaknesses which they believe to be their very greatest strength. When I first read these stories as they were issued month by month in the Windsor Magazine, I was myself a resident master at a somewhat similar school, and I sometimes felt that Kipling must have been sitting unseen in our common room, listening to all our talk of our own cleverness, our brilliant repartee, and of the awe with which we inspired our pupils.

I think our author's earliest popularity in this country was due to his Soldier Tales. What a strange thing it is that no author before him had successfully described the private soldier in his habit as he lived, shown us at once, as Kipling has done, Tommy's courage and panic, chivalry and brutality, joy and sorrow, unmerited hardships and illicit delights, his strange ignorances and wilful misunderstandings. Tommy Atkins is worth knowing, and he could hardly appear in more attractive and convincing guise than in that of Mulvaney, the splendid Irishman, Ortheris, the little fox-terrier of a Cockney, and Learoyd, the huge, slow Yorkshireman. These three

are better friends and closer comrades than Dumas' Three Musketeers, and their code of honour and of morals is considerably higher. Their respective dialects are reproduced with delightful accuracy, and each man presents the special characteristics of his own birthplace, and so, rightly enough, the Irishman, the wise, valiant, tender-hearted Mulvaney, is the most attractive figure of the trio. These three do all manner of things together, from buying beer up to turning defeat into victory, or masquerading as a Hindoo God, and they do it all with the most humorous individuality; one really gets to love them, to think their thoughts and even at times to speak their language.

And now that Kipling has come back to England again, and made a home for himself and family in Sussex, that county has in turn been found to possess beauty, humour, and history of intense interest to the world at large, while his motor car stories make us thankful for the existence of motor cars. He has lately discovered the modern Navy man, both as type and individual. Now there has hardly been a real living vivid naval character since the days of Captain Marryat's "Midshipman Easy" and "Peter Simple"; yet our nation cannot afford to let go its love and knowledge of the warren whose floating batteries are as necessary to our safety as were the old wooden walls of Nelson's time, those gallant seamen whom we have long regarded with romantic interest and affection, inspired largely by the excellent novels which have been written about them.

I consider that Kipling excels in the delineation of children, and especially of little boys. The early parts of "The Light that Failed" and "Kim," and the short stories in the volume entitled "Wee Willie Winkie" would be proof enough of this, but lately in his Sussex home, our author has written "Puck of Pook's Hill," and I am sure these stories are written straight to and of his own children, much as Charles Kingsley's books, "The Water Babies," and "The Heroes" were written; and something similar may be said of Kipling's "Just So Stories."

G. C. D.

## Those dear children.

It has often been said that children and fools speak truth, and though it is hoped that truthfulness is not confined to these two classes of the community, children certainly have a knack of blurted out truths at inopportune moments. To realise this we only have to think of the lady who had prolonged a morning call, hoping to be invited out to lunch, at last, on rising to go, asked the little daughter of the house if she would go with her to the station, and immediately received the reply "I'm afraid I can't, because we are going to have lunch as soon as you've gone."

No doubt with her abilities she would have founded a league for slum workers or something of that kind. What a power for good might she not have been! But the world said "No, this must not be. She must be ruined." How she struggled! How she fought to retain her hold on that which was noble and good! How she longed for her husband to protect her! How misguided he had been to abandon her!

How she shines in comparison with Amelia, whose whole world was her home. Amelia made few mistakes in life; had few down-falls—because she attempted nothing. Becky had a mission in life, an object to accomplish. She failed! To whom is the honour due;—need we ask?

"'Tis better to have worked and lost,  
Than never to have worked at all."

Becky was a twentieth century gem in an eighteenth century setting.

WHITE-WASH.

## Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling was born somewhere about 50 years ago, and while still a boy joined the staff of an Indian newspaper. He learned very early to observe and record what lay around him, and to observe and record it in a most interesting manner. After the first reading of a few of his books one is inclined to think "What a lucky man he was to be always seeing such interesting things; no wonder his books are popular." But when we have read more of his writings, and some of the old ones several times over, our feeling begins to take this form—"How fortunate it is that these things have been seen to us by such an interested and interesting man as Kipling. For though India, and Tommy Atkins, and steam battleships, and most other things, except motor cars, existed long before Kipling began to write, it was not till his writings were published that they became interesting to so many people in so many parts of the world.

I believe his chief gift was, at first, that of getting up and writing up a subject. A skilled journalist is like a judge or a barrister in this respect, he must be able to acquire in a few days an apparently exhaustive knowledge of any subject with which he has to deal in the course of his professional engagements. Most journalists do this by skilful use of reference books, but I always feel that Kipling, instead of using books, uses the very men who know most about the things themselves. His descriptions and narratives smack always of actual experience, not of mere second-hand knowledge. For example, in his poem, "McAndrew's Hymn," he writes in the person of a chief engineer, whose love of his engines has become almost a part of his

curious Calvinistic creed. We see the very man before us, know just how he walks up and down alongside the main hatchway, just how he smiles when his trained ear tells him that the propeller is putting in two extra revolutions a minute, because the second engineer is newly-married and wants to get back to his wife and his home. McAndrew's meditations seem to lay bare the very soul of machinery, and we feel at the end of the poem that we have been shown the whole of a man and the whole of his craft. Now we assume that it is the duty of a poet to show us the man, but the craft we regard as something extra and gratuitous. But it does its appointed work; it enables McAndrew to display his mind and nature, and it leaves us wondering when we finish the poem "Now how on earth did Kipling get to know all this?" Well, my answer is that when Kipling was crossing the ocean he spent many an evening quarter-decking with McAndrew, and while the latter was telling him all about the engines, our author learned a great deal about the engineer, and I find that the knowledge so gained about the engineer remains with us when we have forgotten all the details he told us about the engines. I think Kipling has learned, since that time, to be less technical and more human.

I have just been re-reading "Kim." It is a story of a little Irish boy, who has been left an orphan, quite unprovided for, in a great Indian city, and who manages to rub along very happily, like the street Arab in "The Rose of Persia," by earning his nickname of Little Friend of All the World. Like Sam Weller, he has sharpened his wits and gathered a large amount of useful information by running loose in the streets, and like Sam Weller, too, he finds a learned, noble-hearted, simple-minded friend in an old Tibetan lama or priest, who is wandering about India in search of a wondrous river which is to free him from all sin, and make his soul one with the Infinite. Kim feels that this is the most marvellous man he has ever seen, and therefore accompanies him as his disciple, protecting the guileless old man from rogues and providing for his simple wants by the way. Between the two arises a very beautiful affection, and when Kim is claimed by the chaplain of his father's old regiment, the Lama has him sent to one of the best schools in India, where he is trained for the Indian Secret Service, to which he has already rendered very valuable assistance. Every vacation, however, he goes off wandering about India with his old friend the Lama from Tibet, or with Mahbub Ali, another trusty ally of our hero. At 17 years of age, he starts work for the Secret Service in company with a Baboo or educated Bengalee, a most delightful and interesting character, and the book ends in a way which suggests that some day we may hear more of Kim's adventures in the Secret Service.

Such a story as this appeals, I think, to every legitimate interest but one; here we find character, adventure, mystery, new and strange matter, wonderful scenes and setting, humour, pathos, and affection, and all the time we are learning in a most delightful way much more

Who can deny the wit of a child (not very young) in describing Henry VIII as a professional widower; the zebra as "a donkey with a football jersey on"; or the confusion deduced from the moral "Ten virgins" as "Shouldn't we always be on the look out for a bridegroom."

It is also very well known that children are observant, and that their eyes are very sharp. Therefore it is not surprising to find little seven-year-old Bob, when writing to his aunt in England, his impressions on India told her "The moon here is larger, and much better polished." Again the boy of eight must have been both an acute observer and a splendid shopper when shown baby sisters, he remarked "Ab! mother's been to the sales again."

Again the conversation took place between Mary and Alice when at a loss for a game, "Let's play at being 'at home'" said Mary, "we'll have a day." "What's a day," asked Alice very stupidly, to which Mary replied "Well God's day is Sunday, but mother's is Thursday."

## Drumcranaghy.

A glorious August day was drawing to its close as I clambered down the mountain path leading to Drumcranaghy. My first impression of the place was a feeling of sympathy for the inhabitants in their loneliness and isolation. The village was hemmed in on three sides by a rugged bleak mountain chain, the bareness of its sides unrelieved save by a few stunted bushes overhanging deep ravines, down which the water rushed with unceasing roar.

The only signs of life were the grunting of pigs and the occasional "cluck, cluck" of a few chickens seeking their evening meal. I wondered at this for as a general rule the inhabitants spent the evenings around doors in fine weather. I looked about in vain for someone to direct me to the house to which my friend had sent me with a basket of invalid dainties. Finally, I spied a window containing a few anæmic looking sweets and a mottled cardboard box of Quaker Oats. Above the window was a signboard with the name "O'Flaherty, Grocer." I entered the shop and an old woman was busily knitting behind a broken-down wooden counter. "Can you tell me which is Michael Doran's house," I said. "Och sure, miss, it's just a wee bit further up the strate till the left, yez can't miss it, for there do be a queer lot o' folk up there, the night." "Oh," I said, "I came to visit his wife, who is ill. Is she so much better, then?" "Sure, miss, and yez is too late, for the poor craythar died last evenin'—God rest her soul"—and she crossed herself devoutly. "They do be goin' to have the wake to-night, yez'll just be in time for it, miss." "Oh, thank you. Good evening," I replied. I was greatly astonished and grieved to hear of the poor woman's death,

for she had been a faithful servant to my friend. I certainly was not going to the wake, for although a newcomer I had heard a great deal about the wild revelry of these feastings held upon the occasion of a death.

However, I thought I would find the house and leave the basket before returning home. Sure enough I had no difficulty in finding it, as a crowd of people gathered round a door, on which was hung a piece of black crape, showed me the place of death. I enquired for Mr. Doran, and one of the number brought him out of the house. He thanked me for my visit, and, wiping his eyes, asked if I would go in and see her as "she looked just lovely." I knew an Irishman too well to refuse, especially at a time like that, and I entered the cottage.

A huge peat fire was burning on the hearth and a large black kettle hanging from a crook was singing merrily. About ten or twelve people were talking in groups round the fire, in subdued voices, and they eyed me curiously, but gave me a civil good evening. The husband led the way to the furthest corner of the kitchen, where something white was stretched on a bed. By the dim light from the oil lamp I could scarcely make out the figure, but guessed it to be the corpse. Michael drew back the sheet and I saw the pallid features; the hands were clasped together in an attitude of prayer. She was enveloped in a brown shroud and a large crucifix had been placed on her breast. Several candles were burning at the head and foot of the bed. "Doesn't she just make a lovely corpse," whispered Michael, in awe, "God rest her soul."

A few moments later I turned away, and Michael invited me to take something before I went home. I noticed a couple of bottles of whisky and several porter bottles on the table. Michael cut into a large cake and brought me a piece, expressing many regrets that I would not have something to drink. A popping of corks began, and the conversation became less subdued as the whisky did its work. A jovial, burly farmer entered, and was greeted with "Hallo! Pat, come on, have a drink, and tell us wan o' yer stories." He accepted the invitation and soon the assembly was roaring with laughter. In spite of the incongruity of time and place I could not help smiling, as the tales were told in a rich brogue, laden with Irish wit. Presently a grim-faced man whose eyes were always searching the ground for something he never could find, chose to correct the story-teller in his narrative. The point was whether Micky Doolan's new pig did fall down the mountain side when returning from market, or whether Micky's friend's dog had mistaken the pig for an enemy and killed him. It is an extremely unpleasant feeling to be interrupted and corrected publicly at any time, but it is especially so before an admiring audience who are hanging on one's very words. Consequently, Pat resented the interruption, and informed the intruder that "he'd better hold his tongue and not till spoil a brave story." Unfortunately the grim-faced man stuck to his point that the pig had been killed by the dog, and said that Pat was not telling the story correctly.

Last August Bank Holiday in the rôle of a comic Frenchman clad in baggy trousers, excitedly shouting in broken English, fighting preposterous duels with swords and pistols and blasphemously sporting the name of an "Immortal"—Alphonse Daudet, I trod the boards of melodrama, an outrageous and unblushing burlesque of our gallant allies. A few days previously I had undertaken to supply the place of "a straight comedy man" in a company of actors touring in the district where I happened at the time to be wielding the ferule. On account of the war "professionals" were almost unattainable, and the stage, after a military parallel was obliged to fall back upon its last line of reserves, the amateurs. And so for four or five days I lived a double life. In daytime I was to be seen at the Council School of K—h, a beneficent tutelary spirit radiating light to its young. At night Dr. Jekyll shrunk into Mr. Hyde and on the lower levels of melodrama, Alphonse Daudet, ministered to the crude delights of the theatre-goers of the neighbouring village of Cr—ll.

The transition was effected in a conveyance known in polite circles as a "governess car," but familiarly denominated at the farm, where I camped out, as "the tub." And so for three nights a chance traveller on the country road that separates Cr—ll from K—h beheld the spectacle of the modern Diogenes not inhabiting, but travelling in his tub.

No one knew me in Cr—ll that I was aware of, a fact which suited well the first-class London Company, with whom I was appearing, in "The Broken Years." My first meeting with them was on the Saturday night preceding the Bank Holiday, and after a preliminary rehearsal in a back parlour of the "Rose and Crown," kept by one Shakespeare, who came to remind us of closing time, it was decided I should stay the night in Cr—ll, and devote the Sabbath to further rehearsal. This I accordingly did. I had avowed as my intention that I should repair on the morrow to the nearest bye-way or hedgerow to con my part. And at 7 a.m. on this Sunday I emerged from the house where I was put in company with the "juvenile man," with this idea in my head. But as it came on to rain I sought shelter in a certain band-stand situate in the centre of a grass quadrangle ranged round by model miners' dwellings. There I stayed, sitting on the floor, to be out of sight of any chance passer-by, and for the space of an hour and a half steadily coned my part.

After this concentrated effort I was not too fastidious over my breakfast, which I shared in company with the juvenile man and family. He apologised for the absence of his wife, who, he assured me, would have made me more comfortable. She also was in the company being the "heavy woman" of the piece—heavy, of course, not from the point of view of avoirdupois, but by virtue of the dire weight of her villainous deeds. Her husband informed me that she was for the moment away at Doncaster, where their luggage had been delayed in transit. This explained, he continued apologetically,

the dilapidated condition of his wardrobe. I had noticed the night before, that though quite warm, he wore a heavy theatrical-looking overcoat. Next morning threw light on this exceptional summer wear. His trousers were torn at the knee and the overcoat afforded charitable shelter.

His wife, he continued, would have kept his two little boys, who sat at table with us, in better order. They on their part, seemed quite happy without her, and were looking forward with great eagerness to a ride in a milk float, which the boy of the house had promised them. They were healthy, pretty, well-grown children for their years, and incidentally, the father mentioned, the elder one (aged 6) had already earned £3 per week as a cinema actor. When questioned about their education he said he aspired to placing them in some suitable school before long. A truly excellent man was this member of the troupe, and he was much piqued at my "cynicism," as he rightly called it, when I commented somewhat jeeringly, at our announcement on the playbills as a "First-class London Company touring at Exorbitant Expense." For after all was not that a perfectly legitimate puff, and, as he remarked, quite usual?

The rest of the morning and most of the afternoon were spent in rehearsals. My exertions on the stage were somewhat strenuous; I was still clad in the heavy walking boots in which I had walked from Mansfield to Clipstone Camp the previous day. And in such attire the "volatile Alphonse" was almost as heavy work as the sham bayonet charge which I had attempted under the guidance of a cousin stationed at the said camp. But it proved excellent physical training for the journey that was before me. I had yet to return to K—h, left the previous morning, and there were no trains or other vehicle conveniently available. I therefore walked; and I covered the distance at an excellent pace. For in forty minutes I had covered rather more than three miles, uphill walking. It was twenty minutes to four when I left the Elektra Theatre, Cr—ll, and at twenty minutes past four exactly, I had passed the sign-post at Clowne, intimating "8 miles to Cr—ll," and was already leaving behind me the water lilies that cover the pond at that township's northern extremity.

## II.

With Monday came my actual début on the melodramatic stage. I arrived in good time in the dressing-room of the Elektra Theatre, and found I had two mentors in the art of make-up in the persons of 'Arry, a Cockney, with whom as Alphonse I was joint wooer of the hand of a certain grisette, Lola; and Loski, a faithful servant, whose fidelity to his master was a large factor in the ultimate mending of "The Broken Years." I knew Loski, in private life. I had often seen him about bill sticking. And a chat with him on

The argument waxed hotter and several others joined in. The two combatants helped themselves to more whisky to moisten their throats and assist speech, while the remainder of the company began to take sides. Carried away by their eloquence both rose unsteadily from their seats and faced each other, Pat grasping his blackthorn firmly, and the other, clenching his fists. I had been feeling rather nervous for some time, but now becoming genuinely alarmed, I slipped unnoticed from my chair and made my way to the door. I hurried up the mountain path as quickly as I could and did not feel safe until I had reached the road once more.

The next day I heard that the point had been settled quite satisfactorily behind Michael Doran's house, with nothing more than a few cracked skulls, broken noses and black eyes.

X. Y. Z.

## October.

A country tramp in October in Autumn! Only one who loves both Nature and the fall of the year can realise intensely the magic of those words. But autumn days vary: at times the season of fruitfulness is fully revealed by rich orchards, clear blue sky, and a golden haze of leaves: Again, we have a "sad" day when Nature seems grieving silently—"The stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home," and each fall seems as the dropping of a tear.

One of these latter times, it was, when a party of us set out across country for a Saturday ramble. But the sadness did not penetrate far into our mood. How could it, when the joyous sense of freedom was all predominating? Free from the toil of lectures, rules, and gongs: free to run, to dance, or sing just as we willed, children once more, revelling in the space of earth and sky. And perhaps Nature forgave us that we recked so little of her mood; for, with her great rolling plains, so wide, so free, she must surely be a large-minded mother with room for joy and grief!

A rocky place on a river's bank was that chosen for the eating of sandwiches. Below us, the ground sloped down to the water, beyond which the further bank rose gently, trees growing thickly on either side. A fat, red-faced, jolly policeman who was keeping guard over a water-supply insisted on making tea for us. Steaming hot tea on a cold autumn day is not a thing to be despised; and we were truly grateful, showing our appreciation by its rapid disappearance.

Then came the most wonderful part of our day! Leaving the hospitable policeman, we clambered down the river's bank, threading our way between the tree trunks, and hearing as we went the swish, swish, of the fallen leaves. Arriving at the little river we found it

flowing gently along, a grassy bank on either side. One of our Optional geography people found a "particularly large spur," which, to the ordinary eye, looked like a soft, green mound: but we did not bother to disagree: time was too short and there were many things calling us. A slender plank across the stream was the next object of interest; this we all crossed safely (and in some cases even gracefully!)—and then, we were in a dense wood, the spirit of Autumn enveloping us, bidding every voice be still. We could only gaze, and listen, and wonder.

A stillness pervaded all nature, and though the river here formed a little waterfall, its music was solemn, and but served to deepen the quiet of the woods. The birds were silent: the trees were still, save, where in the distance, could be seen the ever quivering poplar. By the waterfall the river divided, and, in the centre, rose a flight of old stone steps covered with the glory of autumn leaves; a veritable golden stair-case guarded at the foot by two slender trees, rising sentinel-wise from the water, and guarding as surely their entrance to the wonders of the wood as ever did the angels guard the gate to Heaven. (But this was surely Heaven, too!) Turning from the river, our gaze wandered to the gently-sloping bank behind. Surely, never was there more wonderful colouring! A carpet of leaves, not gold, nor bronze, but red, covered the earth, and from this red expanse rose black trunks of trees, and black crags. Further up we looked: there seemed no end, but earth and trees and sky merged into one autumnal haze.

Silently we stood there, trying to absorb all the beauty and finding ever some fresh loveliness; now it was a patch of light gleaming among the blackness of the water; now a leaf slowly falling to join its sisters. Dusk came: the colours changed their brightness, gradually fading into the all-pervading twilight, and slowly we retraced our steps taking as an eternal gift the beauty of that day.

## "The Broken Years."

I.

There was a flavour about this title which roused my imagination from the moment I made its acquaintance. What a wealth of suggestion there was in that phrase "The Broken Years!" I thought of men whose lives are broken by misfortune, by the shattering of their ideals: or of countries in the years when war lays them waste. And in such a title, the "romantic Russian drama," in which I made my first professional appearance in the "buskin'd sock," I considered to be particularly fortunate.

one occasion had revealed to me his connection with the profession. He had boys who attended the Council School. Of one of these, the elder, now at work at a watchmaker's in Sheffield, he was fond of speaking. In the intervals of his appearances on the stage he would enlarge on the subject of his boy:—How he bought such and such books—part of an encyclopædia and "Nicholas Nickleby" for the sum of one shilling at an auction sale; and how clever that boy had been at drawing when at school; and would I call and see him when I returned to K—. I promised to do so.

Arry, the Cockney comedian, with whom I also shared the dressing-room, was an old stager. He was switched on whenever required. He had, indeed, a repertoire of parts in the one play. In an early scene he was head of the Moscow police, was shot dead and had to remain dead a considerable time, until the scene was changed, before he could be moved. Then and not till then did he rise like a Phoenix from his ashes, and in the new rôle of cockney, amuse an unsuspecting house. When the exigencies of scene-shifting required it he had also to sing songs, or rake up some past accomplishment, such as hat-spinning, of his acrobatic and juggling days on the halls. He had a novel method of affixing moustaches. He carried with him a cake of glue which he licked and rubbed across his upper lip, on which he then fixed the moustache. I followed his example one night, but apparently not with sufficient thoroughness, for my moustache fell off just as I was on the point of making love to Lola.

This latter lady was the wife of the "heavy man," the villain of the piece, who "out-heroded Herod" in his mouthing, and cursing and shouting. "Lola" made him a good wife, I believe, and could on occasion, as I discovered from personal investigation, cook an excellent welsh rarebit.

The leading lady was somewhat conspicuous for her somewhat fragile, personal beauty and her clear articulation. This latter is especially noteworthy, seeing that so many heroines in melodrama appear to suffer from adenoids. It was particularly exhilarating to see her, after enduring with martyr-like patience unspeakable taunts from that out-heroding villain, strike him across the face with her glove, and enunciate in clear and ringing tones that thrilled to the farthest corner of the theatre, "You vile cur!" There was no doubt that our leading lady was a great success, and I fully appreciated the obvious pride with which she announced one evening when I was in process of demolishing a portion of Lola's welsh rarebit, how, in the Siberia scene, she had reduced the whole of the two front rows to tears!

### III.

I have said nothing of the story of "The Broken Years," owing to the fact that it was but a garbled version of it, that I gathered

from dressing room and wings. What my connection was with the plot I never did discover. I had my exits and my entrances, my cues to pick up, and comic relief to supply. For the villainy of the piece was dire, and its virtue melting. The heroine's effect on the front two rows of our audience has already been related; and the villain's curses made even Cr—H's hair stand on end.

But what did never from the start evade me was the significance of the title. To that I could attach my own interpretation. "The Broken Years" never was in my mind a plot, or a melodrama. It suggested to me rather phases of life and character. When I returned to my capacity of tutorial Dr. Jekyll after my brief incursion as a mimetic Mr. Hyde into the realms of melodrama, the phrase "Broken Years" even fitted itself in my mind to an educational problem.

For, in accordance with my promise to Loski, I sought out the boy, who had been the subject of our conversation in the wings. I found him, a little fellow, less than the average in height, pale-looking, jaded, and overworked. He left home daily at eight o'clock to travel by train to Sheffield, where he worked till evening for a watchmaker, well-known for cheap repairs and sweated labour. Here was a boy lost in a "blind alley" occupation, a boy of intelligence and refinement, as his face fully testified, who with proper training would make a healthy and efficient member of society; who in four or five years time, at his present rate, this boy, too early discharged from his school, with parents too poor to look after him properly, exploited by his employer, will be weak in health and jaded in intelligence. By that time he will, of course, have left the watchmaker's, where he will emphatically not have learned the trade or anything that was of the slightest use to any but his employer, and will be cast adrift amongst the flotsam and jetsam of unskilled labour. With no trade in his fingers and physique undeveloped, he will, on the other hand, be debarred from the organised ranks of labour, in the shape of a trades union, and on the other will not pass the medical test for admittance into the Army. At 18 or 19 the odds are against this boy's being any use either to himself and the community, as a skilled and healthy member of it, or to his King and Country even as "cannon fodder."

When I saw Loski's boy with his pale face and sad eyes the full significance of "Broken Years" dawned upon me. For here before me was a child already harnessed upon them. The years that go between childhood and manhood, what are they, even in this enlightened twentieth century, to many such as Loski's boy but a period of thwarted aspirations, of hungry longing, of broken hopes? They are the years when a boy's soul should thrill to all that is best and noble in life. It is a time when he is most apt to learn with and brain, and when his body will most benefit from freedom and healthy recreation. Yet the education of a boy like this stops at 13, and he is cast by a heedless country to the Moloch of cheap commercialism: and at 19, if national military service still continue.

what is left of him may enter upon the only definite training he ever had as a soldier, to become a drilled automaton, and most likely on some alien soil before yet he has time to develop his soul, to yield it up from a torn and mangled body to the Lord of Battle.

As I stood in Loski's little shop talking to this derelict child, more than ever before did I see the vista of broken years that this war was opening out before him: in the threatened collapse of education, the first sphere of the State activity in which retrenchment is proposed, in the depletion in the ranks of male teachers, in the insensate and purblind utterances of commercial pachyderms grown old and past military age, in the ignoble service of trade and lining their own pockets, who, on City Councils, point a stodgy finger at our training colleges and ask if these young men, the few remaining there, pledged to the most difficult of state services, are among the halt, the maimed and the blind.

No destruction, it seemed to me, that war could cause, was so terrible as that of the future manhood of the race at the present moment so recklessly jeopardised, and however long or short the war might be, only at our extremest peril should that future be left unprovided for, or even one year of young life be left to count amongst these broken years.

## History Exam.

(1793 - 1846).

The B division is young and fair  
 (Bother old Nap. and command of the seas),  
 The B division has all kinds of hair  
 (Oh, why should I give them such questions as these?)  
 They stare, and they sigh, and they hang their heads down  
 (Bother old Peel and the Bedchamber Ladies!)  
 There's nothing to see but the fringe and the frown  
 (Tout and York Powell, I wish you in Hades!)  
 Now they feel better, their pens fly along,  
 (Bother the taxes, the customs, and bounties!),  
 Sorry they'll be at the sound of the gong,  
 But soon they'll be off to their various counties.  
 Good luck to them all, for they all do their best!  
 (Bother the Castlereaghs, Pitts and Tierneys!)  
 Pleasure awaits them, and they'll bring the zest  
 (This Friday's lucky for starting on journeys).  
 Some heads are auburn, and some heads are black,  
 (Bother old Washington, Howe, and Cornwallis!)  
 Why should they trouble Miss Heap and Miss Slack,  
 What should we care about them and their follies?

W.E.H.L.

## PERCY LEONARD SHUTTLEWORTH.

(DECEASED).

Old students will hear with regret of the demise of Percy Shuttleworth.

He went to Natal in July 1914 in quest of health, and was appointed to a school on the high-veldt where the dry thin air has put new life into thousands.

However in March 1915 he had to lay aside his work, owing to ill-health. From that time to the end, on August 20th, he was fighting a losing battle.

It will be a consolation to past students to hear that two of his college pals were with him during his illness and up to the time of his death in a strange land.

Charlie Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Blakeley were the only mourners to see him put to rest in a peaceful and shady corner—'neath African skies.

As we go to print we receive the sad news of the death of M. de Vos, our Belgian friend. We offer the family our heartfelt sympathy.

## COLLEGE SPORTS.

### Rugger.

We were greatly handicapped last season, but we have been in a still worse position this season. Considerable difficulty was found in arranging fixtures, and even those that were arranged were confined to two colleges, York and Hull. Four fixtures were arranged with Hull, but unfortunately these were cancelled.

Owing to reduced numbers of men we have been unable to run a second team.

On October 9th we played York, at home, and defeated them by 20 points to 18.

The "Star" match was played against Otley Rugby Union team on Nov. 20th. The proceeds of this match were given to provide Xmas comforts for the Otley soldiers at the front.

The following extract from a letter received by Mr. Parsons from R. F. Oakes, Esq., a one time international player, and one of the greatest living critics on Rugby Football, will adequately show the merit of our team:—

#### Yorkshire Rugby Football Union.

88, Clarendon Road,  
Leeds, 21/11/15.

Dear Mr. Parsons,

I was very sorry to have your note yesterday, that you were unable to get to Otley. You missed a really good game, the score of which by no means represented the play of your team. They really gave a very good display—far and away better than ever I expected.

You have a rattling set of forwards who can dribble and tackle. They were up against a jolly good eight, all of whom are recognised "first teamers," and I could not say your lot had the worst of the play.

You have also a most promising little half, who, Hamilton admits, did not allow him much latitude, and Hamilton is one of the best backs playing, and a good judge of a player.

I thought your three-quarters should have shown a little more confidence, thrown the ball about quicker in their passes, backed each other up better when they started to handle the ball, and gone stronger and more resolutely for the line.

Your full-back is very good indeed, but he ought to get out of the habit of jumping when kicking—a full-back, or any back for that matter, should always have a firm grip of the ground.

You say you had one or two men crooked. All I can say is if you can put a better side on the field, you have to-day the best team the College ever had. I am only sorry we cannot provide some good "Wanderer's" games for them."

B. A. JONES, Hon. Sec.  
G. TINDALL, Captain.

## Soccer Report.

The fixture list for the present season was a much depleted one, which was only to be expected under the present conditions. Our first eleven therefore have not had much opportunity of showing their capabilities on the "Soccer" field, but if these can be judged from the results of the matches played up-to-date, we can congratulate the team on a very creditable performance. We have played four

matches so far, three of which have been victories, while in the other match we were defeated by the narrow margin of three goals to two. College v. Bradford Technical School, Oct. 16th.

At Bradford.—Result: College 1; Bradford 0.

College v. York St. John's, Nov. 6th.

At Leeds.—Result: College 3; York 1.

College v. Huddersfield, Nov. 13th.

At Huddersfield—Result: Huddersfield 3; College 2.

College v. Sheffield T.C.

At Sheffield—Result: College 8; Sheffield 0.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	For...	Ag.
First Eleven	...	4	...	3	...	1
				...	0	...
					14	...
						4

H. PARKINSON, Hon. Sec.

I. WALKER, Captain.

## Men's Swimming Club.

We tender our heartiest thanks to the past Captain and Secretary for the splendid work they did in making last season such a success.

For the first time in the history of the College the Darnell Trophy was won. It behoves us all to make a great effort to repeat this performance.

Great enthusiasm has been shown in Water Polo, and it is much to be regretted that matches with outside teams are so scarce.

Up to the present two matches only have been played and resulted as follows:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Agst.
2	1	1	0	6	3

We were unsuccessful in both Squadron Races.

It is a pleasing feature that some good talent has been discovered among the Juniors.

The Bronze Classes are proceeding very favourably and every indication of success in this direction is present. Although the Examination is yet to come on we feel sure that the number of successful candidates will be quite up to the average.

The following men have been awarded colours:—

W. DODSON.

H. GARROOD.

J. H. HARRISON, (Capt.)

H. GARROOD (Sec.)



## COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

### Orchestra.

At a meeting of the members of the Orchestra held on November 19th, the following officials were elected:—

President	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. PARSONS.
Vice-President and Musical Director	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. STONES.
Hon. Secretary	...	...	...	...	...	Miss E. A. SAWTELL.
Hon. Treasurer	...	...	...	...	...	Mr. H. GOLDBERG.

A Committee was arranged to include all the members of the Orchestra.

Last year there were no rehearsals of the Orchestra, but at the beginning of this term arrangements were made so that practices could be held every Wednesday morning in the Students' Union Room.

The number of members is rapidly increasing, and as the present orchestra already compares favourably with previous ones in the College. Some good work should be done before the year is over. There are still vacancies for a few performers on wood-wind or brass instruments. Learners of any instrument will be welcomed at the practices, but should first of all approach the Secretary, who will willingly furnish any information. Our chief study is to be "Hiawatha," of which we are hoping to make a huge success.

The Orchestra are fortunate in having such a keen and enthusiastic leader as Mr. Stones. We feel a debt of gratitude to him for the very enjoyable practices already held.

E. A. S.

### The Art Club.

President	-	-	Mr. PARSONS.
Vice-Presidents.			
Miss MERCIER.	-	-	Mr. PARKER.
Miss GREY.	-	-	Mr. LACEY.
Miss STAINSBY.	-	-	Mr. KERR.
Miss BIRDSELL.	-	-	Mr. HARRISON.
Miss D. WALFORD.	-	-	Dr. SADLER.

The session opened with the Annual Exhibition. Mr. Pearson of the Leeds School of Art kindly judged the exhibits, and the prizes were awarded as follows:—

### WOMEN'S SECTION.

Landscape	-	-	Miss HEYES.
Nature	-	-	Miss AGAR.
Still-Life	-	-	Miss HEYES.
Architecture	-	-	Miss WHITTON.

### MEN'S SECTION.

Architecture	-	-	Mr. DEAN.
Still-Life	-	-	Mr. RAWLIN.
Object-Group	-	-	Mr. NEDDERMAN.
Nature	-	-	Mr. LEVISON.

Miss Gray's prize	-	-	-	Miss HEYES
Miss Stainsby's prize	-	-	-	Miss WHITTON.
Mr. Parker's prize	-	-	-	Mr. LEVISON
Mr. Lacey's prize	-	-	-	Mr. DEAN.

On October 22nd Mr. Parker gave a most interesting lecture on "The Development of Florentine Art." The Members of the Browning Circle were invited to this meeting.

Mr. Coombe, on November 12th., gave a paper on "Greek and Roman Architecture," which was greatly appreciated.

It is hoped, during the term to have several more papers on the Architecture of different periods.

M. HEYES, } Hon. Secs.  
C. R. LEVISON. }

### The Browning Circle.

President - Miss THOMLINSON.

This session of the Browning Circle opened under better conditions than in the previous year. An extension of the time allowed for the meetings was obtained, and as a result the papers may be longer, and the discussions more sustained and more interesting.

Oct. 12th. Mr. Lacy gave the opening paper on "Life in Medieval Florence as shown in 'Fra Lippo Lippi.'" The lecture was illustrated by copies of the works of Lippi and his contemporaries, and an interesting discussion followed.

In connection with this lecture, the secretary of the Art Club invited all Browning Circle members to their next meeting, when Mr. Parker gave a most interesting lecture on "The Development of Florentine Art."

Oct 26th. Miss Thomlinson gave a comprehensive paper on the Love Poems, and a good discussion followed which might have been further prolonged had time permitted.

Nov. 9th. Mr Walsh gave a paper on "The Grammarian's Funeral" which evoked a most interesting and lively discussion

There is a full programme of papers for the rest of the session.

H. E. WALSH, (Hon. Sec.)

## Women's Christian Union.

President - - - Miss MAC GREGOR.

We had our opening meeting on Oct. 5th. when Miss Mc Kinnor, our travelling Secretary gave a very interesting address about Swanwick.

It helped our juniors to realize what we are trying to do in the Christian Union and made us all feel a greater interest in the work.

The meetings of the various circles have been very helpful. This term we are doing Bible Study. Mr. Darbyshire of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, gave a very helpful lecture on Sunday Nov. 7th. He spoke about the better aspects of the War.

D. STANSFIELD (Sec)

## Bronte & Macaulay Literary Society. 1915-1916.

President - - - Miss WATSON.  
Vice-President - - - Miss CORDUKES.  
Secretary - - - Miss HINDLE.

### Committee.

Miss GIBBONS. - - - Miss KAYE.  
Miss SNOWDON. - - - Miss STRAWBRIDGE.

### MEETINGS.

Oct. 1st. Readings by  
Miss ARCHBOLD. - - - Miss HEAP.  
Miss HINDLE. - - - Miss KELLY.  
Miss MILNE. - - - Miss N. WILSON.

Oct. 8th. Recital - - - Mr. WILKINSON.

Oct. 22nd. Life of Mozart - - - Miss CORDUKES.

Nov. 5th. Women of C18 and C19 novels - - - Miss ANNAKIN.

Nov. 19th. Stories by:—  
Miss JOHNSON. - - - Miss KELLY.  
Miss BAKER. - - - Miss WHITTON.  
Miss LILLEY. - - - Miss PURDON.

Nov. 27th. Mixed Debate:—"Are Picture Houses Educational?"

Dec. 3rd. Mark Twain - - - Miss GIBBONS.

Dec. 17th. Christmas Customs - - - Mr. LACEY.

## Torrifon Literary Society.

Oct. 1st. Debate:—That Britain should retaliate by fighting Germany with her own weapons.

Affirmative - ELINOR DYER  
KATIE ASTLEY.

Negative - DORIS HOLE  
ETHEL WHITTON.

Oct. 8th. Registration Work.

Oct. 15th. "The Colour Green." - - - ELINOR DYER.

Oct. 22nd. Inter-debate with Spring Bank:—"That Co-operative enterprise is prejudicial to the Common Good."

Affirmative - WINNIE SCOTT, (S.B.)  
ELINOR DYER, (T.)

Negative - FRANCES PEARCE, (T.)  
WINNIE FLETCHER, (S.B.)

Nov. 12th. "Poetry of Alfred Noyes" - LAURIE CHILDS.

Nov. 18th. Russian Music, - - - Miss S. A. FOSTER.  
with illustrations

Nov. 19th. Magazine Night - - - Editor: HILDA HARGREAVES.

Nov. 26th. "Kipping." - - - D. WOOD.

Dec. 3rd. Inter-debate with Old Torrifonians:—"That the Voice of the People is the Voice of God."

Misses F. ROBINSON and E. D. GRAHAM.

Dec. 17th. Shakespeare's Heroines. - MARY BRIGHTON.

The debate of October 1st. resulted in an overwhelming majority for the negative. Nothing could have exceeded the animation with which the debate of Oct. 22nd. was conducted. It resulted in 37 for the affirmative and 18 for the negative. The juniors are to be congratulated in the active part which they take in the proceedings.

A. L. H. CHILDS. (President.)  
K. PIDDUCK, (Hon. Sec.)

## Men's Education Society.

President - Mr. T. P. HOLGATE, B.Sc.

Vice-presidents—Mr. HEYWORTH, Mr. RUSHWORTH.

Treasurer - Mr. BARRACLOUGH.

This society shows every sign of continuing its last year's popularity, and an interesting programme has been arranged for 1915-1916.

At the opening meeting Friday, Nov. 22nd. there was a very pleasing attendance to hear Dr. Jarvis speak on "Education for Leisure."

Mr. Dean was the speaker for Friday Nov. 5th. and in an excellent paper on "The Educational Value of the Boy Scout Movement" painted in glowing colours the aims and high ideals of that well known organisation "The Boy Scouts."

Another very interesting paper was given on Friday Nov. 19th by Mr. Woodhead. The title of the paper was "The Social Status of the Elementary School Teacher," and a large meeting showed its lively interest in the subject.

One of the most pleasing features of the Society's meetings is the discussion to which so far the papers have given rise. At time of going to press members are looking forward to Dec. 3rd when Mr. Walsh will speak on "Moral Instruction in the Elementary Schools."

F. G. FRANKISH. (Hon. Sec.)

## The New Poetry Society.

President - Miss WHITTON.

Vice-Presidents - Miss MATTHIAS, Mr. DENT.

Secretaries - Miss ATWATER, W. J. WILLIAMS.

This society has been formed for the purpose of reading and discussing the works of modern poets.

The first general meeting was held on March 28th in order to elect officers. Mr. Parsons explained the purpose of the society.

At the Committee meeting held on March 29th, it was agreed that the meetings should be held on alternate Tuesdays with the Browning Circle in the Bronte Library.

On April 4th Mr. Chapman gave an interesting paper on "Rupert Brooke," illustrated by selections from his works. This proved an entertaining and enjoyable meeting as much discussion was provoked.

We are now looking forward to a paper to be given by Mr. Dent on "Rudyard Kipling."

During the summer session we hope to discuss the works of Alfred Noyes, Wilfred Gibson, Sir Henry Newbolt, and Walt Whitman.

A.A., W.J.W.

## The Men's Dramatic Society.

Extract from the "Yorkshire Journal," April, 1916.

We are delighted to see that an attempt has made to revive some of the dramatic works of Sheridan, who did so much to purify the English Stage and to supplant clean English humour for the low French comedy which was in vogue at the time. Its reception indicates an opening for some dramatist who can supply us with a substitute for the vulgar farcical revues of to-day.

Very peculiarly the Men's Dramatic Society regained its feet when there were fewer men in the College than there had ever been. Of course there was a great incentive to the practicing of the dramatic art due to the departure of so many of their friends. They were all filled with regrets which found an antidote in that humorous play of R. B. Sheridan's "St. Patrick's Day."

The play which has been submitted to the censorship of literary and dramatic critics of one hundred and fifty years needs no comment save that it does not contain the best work of the author. Its production, of necessity involved many stage difficulties which had been ably overcome by Mr. O. L. Hughes and his assistants.

This was not the first attempt at producing the works of this humorist, for five men gave a delightful scene from the "School for Scandal" towards the end of last summer term. We must again compliment them on their choice, for the characters were cleverly reproduced in every instance. Each one is a study in itself and the men are to be congratulated upon the amount of thought and careful study that had been put into the characters. The embarrassing situation due to the introduction of two female characters was happily overcome.

Lieutenant O'Connor was well suggested by the impersonation of Herbert Woodhead who was seen at his best in the character of the bold, dashing, fire-eating but lovesick officer. The many disguises which were essential were well designed and carried out in a most life like manner. He was apparently quiet at home in the role of the half witted yokel Humphrey Hum, and also in that of the German quack who expressed himself in home-made Latin.

Dr. Rosy the sentimental moralist who had the difficult part of tinking up the various plots was well represented by Chas. Levison. No one who knew Mr. Levison in real life would have considered him capable of the soul rending pathos with which he expressed his devotion for his late lamented wife, "Poor dear Polly."

Dick Chapman has appeared in many forms of dramatic work but those who saw him as Justice Credulous are unanimous that he played the difficult and trying part with marked ability.

Mrs. Credulous was discovered in the second scene serving out snubs, tea, and sarcasm "with as ready a grace as if she had been born to it." Norman Dean who scored a great success as Lady Teazle, excelled himself as the wife of the Justice. Though "he admires no woman" he is evidently a careful student of their mannerisms, many of which he portrayed in a most vivid manner.

Jim Preston made a very sweet girl in the part of Lauretta, the Justice's daughter. His love scene with the Lieutenant was conducted in a manner which told of hard practice and experience.

\* Fred Unwin, Bill Williams, Irvine Bakes, Harry Gill, Lawrence Wilkinson and Harry Hemingway performed their various parts as soldiers, non-commissioned officers, servant and countrymen very ably.

Our correspondent in a chat with Madam Credulous after the play was asked through the medium of our paper to convey to the Brontë girls her sincerest thanks for the delightful boquet which was presented. It formed a token of luck for a successful season.

## Manager's Notes.

We think some form of apology is necessary for the late publication of the magazine. This however was a matter over which the management had little command for in spite of strenuous efforts the Principal's article could not be completed until quite recently. We waited from day to day anticipating messages which never arrived, but we now feel that the delay has been quite worth it for our Roll of Honour is undoubtedly a gratifying and praiseworthy record.

Although this magazine has been withheld for such a long time we still intend to produce a summer issue, and hope that Old Students, Seniors and Juniors will make every effort to submit articles at our next Magazine Committee Meeting which is to be held on Monday, 19th June 1916. If everybody will keep this date in mind it will assist matters, for this is an exceedingly short term and any delay with the articles will make publication very inconvenient.

Norman G. Dean.

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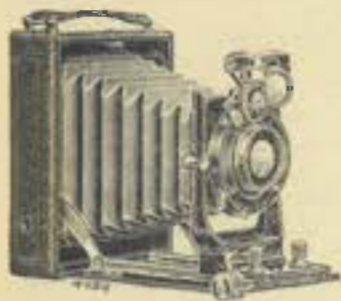
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