

*Prof Barber*

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NEW SERIES.

VOL. 1. No. 4.—MARCH 1920

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

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# THE GRYPHON

NEW SERIES.—Vol. I, No. 4.  
MARCH, 1923.

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## THE GRYPHON.

## THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never speaks but her wings in the season when she hath any silver feathers; yet have we continued to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the carrels which we have ever feared than to the pavilions which we ought to force."—LUCY.*

## Editorial.

On consulting many past volumes of our University magazine, we find that it is customary for the Editor to indulge at least once during his year of office in a sorrowful lament on "lack of copy." Having spent a large portion of the last nine months chasing "copy," and having found it to be as elusive as any will-o'-the-wisp, it is probably time we indulged in the annual "grouse" before the balmy breezes of spring fill us with hope and confidence. Three days before the present number was due to go to press, an examination of the *Gryphon* box revealed a bill for half a guinea, a poem, and a match-box! It will be unanimously agreed that these are totally insufficient materials for the concoction of a sixteen-page magazine, yet even the sight of these gladdened our eyes. For the box is usually empty! Surely with such a large number of students as we have at the present moment, sufficient matter to fill a small magazine should be forthcoming.

The title-role in a continuous "Mother Hubbard" pantomime, with the cupboard everlastingly bare, and the *Gryphon* becoming more and more voracious, begins to get in the end a trifle boring; for in our pantomime, that welcome, beneficent little creature the Fairy Goodwill, who should make her appearance at the crucial moment to prevent our precipitation to "Davy Jones's Locker" or some other equally fearsome place, invariably misses her "cue," and leaves us in despair. . . . The Editor is constantly being informed that the standard of the *Gryphon* is not high enough, that its humour is weak, its articles pointless, and so on *ad infinitum*. Now no-one is more fully conscious of these defects than the Editor himself. Beggars, however, are proverbially deprived of choice, and it is in the hope of bringing about a big improvement in our magazine that we invite

every student and member of the staff to take a more real interest in it, and to write for it.

It was implied above that the contributions received were practically nil. This statement needs a little modification, for as a matter of fact, a fair number of articles and poems IS DEAD, dribble into the *Gryphon* box at times. Some of these consist of poor ideas served up in an attractive form, whilst many more contain excellent and original ideas badly presented. To sift out the best articles from a medley of this description is often pretty difficult, and more often than not, none is found suitable for publication. For example, why will contributors persistently continue to utilise the "Artemus" style? Dozens of articles in imitation of Mr. Arnold T. Mason's clever satires have been received during the past few months. A moment's thought would have convinced the writers that "Artemus" has been worked to death, and have led them to adopt some more original style. Another point is worthy of mention here. It is to be feared that many contributors, on finding that their first article has been rejected, decide not to risk the waste-paper basket a second time, and give up writing. We urge them not to be so easily discouraged, for if their efforts have any merit at all, they must sooner or later find a place in our columns.

At the moment, lack of "copy" is the only "thorn in the cushion of the editorial chair." Even Secretaries of Societies cannot be induced to keep us informed of their activities, and owing to the ever increasing number of societies and clubs, it is an utter impossibility for us to keep in touch with them all. It is sincerely hoped that this appeal for genuine, all-round support for the *Gryphon* will be effective, and that the new Editorial Office in the Union Rooms at 13, De Grey Terrace, will henceforth be kept flooded out with contributions. It will then not be a difficult matter to produce a more attractive and more efficient magazine.

## PROFESSOR STRONG ON RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN SCOTTISH EDUCATION.

IN the past England has learnt much from Scottish Education. It has still much to learn. Scotland on the other hand has gained much from English educational experience. Her appreciation of what is excellent in English Universities and Schools shows no abatement. Late change of experience is beneficial to both countries. For this reason, as for many others the University is fortunate in having as its new Professor of Education a teacher who is well acquainted with English conditions and at the same time unsurpassed in his knowledge of the new movements in Scottish education. This was the subject upon which Dr. Strong gave a public lecture in the Great Hall of the University on February 9th. He took a perspective view of a complicated series of negotiations, conferences and enactments which have taken place in Scottish education during recent years. Probably no other man could have given an account so accurate and so interpretative. As Professor Smithells said at the end of the lecture there was only one omission and that was a reference to the leading and harmonising part which Professor Strong himself took in new movement.

He described it as being fundamentally a teachers' movement which asserted the just claim of the teaching profession to a large measure of self-government and self-direction. He gave a lucid account of the antecedent causes of the movement (Scottish zeal for education, the readiness of parents to make sacrifices for their children, the diffusion of cultured ideas through the four Universities, the educational labours of the Presbyterian Church) and of the recent unification of the organisations of the teaching profession—a unification which has greatly increased the influence of the Scottish teachers in Parliament and with the Education Department. The teachers secured a national minimum scale of salaries in 1918 and a consultative right to be heard when the Department lays down such a scale. They have also helped in securing a concordat upon a new syllabus of religious teaching and have vindicated the principle that spiritual values should not be assessed by mechanical methods. Dr. Strong said that he looked forward to a day when there would be a great annual representative assembly of teachers and laymen (local

authorities, and neutral authorities), legislating for education just as the Churches in Scotland legislate in church matters, such an assembly would be the surest way of bringing about an educated democracy which is essential for national stability.

M.E.S.

## EDUCATION FOR THE NEW ERA.

WHEN a great Headmaster, famous for what he has accomplished in his own school, speaks plainly about the need for drastic changes in the methods of English Education, his words carry a weight which those of no amateur critic can command. Mr. F. W. Sanderson has made Oundle School an influence throughout Great Britain; firstly, by his successful work as a Teacher and pioneer; secondly, through his intimacy with some of the great writers of our time. His address in the Great Hall of the University on February 16th was memorable. What Thring was to Victorian England, Sanderson is to the education of to-day. Both men rank among the prophets. Mr. Sanderson says revolutionary things in a gentle voice; just as Milton, who points revolutionary pictures, speaks with the gentleness of a scholar. He is a man of the world, and also a seer.

His fundamental point was that Education must at all points be in touch with life. Its influence must be consonant with social progress. Society craves for human freedom. Education therefore must prepare men and women for freedom and factory life, as well as schools, must be based, so far as may be, on ordered liberty (respectful of human personality and of individual gifts), not on a theory of dominance and subjection. Mr. Sanderson pressed this idea home. No one but a great schoolmaster could have done it with such authority. Another seminal thought in his address was that methods of school study and of teaching may have a far-reaching influence upon methods of work and upon social relationships in the adult world. Work in schools, he thinks, is ruined by competition. "Tremendous power comes when boys are used for doing something which is, now and definitely, for the good of the community." He gave illustrations of this from what is done at Oundle. "Other schools, please copy," was the ejaculation of some of his hearers.

M.E.S.



THE Aesthetic Revival shows no signs of abating and we are gradually coming round to the opinion that it is the great source of hope for the future.

The Christian Union and the Ex-Servicé Students' Committee have now joined the artistic band.

And yet Prof. G——e says that "modern art is a grotesque absurdity."

We wonder if our V.C. has any views on the subject.

The proposed change in the colour of the University blazer is certainly connected with this matter.

With so many artists in our midst there should be no difficulty in designing quite a unique one. Personally, we favour a Chin-Chow design.

Talking of blazers who was the gentleman who appeared on the Hockey field, wearing a 1900 colour blazer?

We wonder whether by any chance there is a strange epidemic in Blazerland—for we understand that the hockey referee mysteriously mislaid his, just before the official team photograph was taken.

All honour to the Durham Debating Delegate who was not ashamed to acknowledge publicly his friendship with the Secretary of the Union.

The Secretary blushed to the very roots of his moustache—too full for words.

Our readers may be interested to know why the Jolly Miller feels bound to speak at all Debates. He tells us "The ladies always expect me to speak—and bless their dear hearts—I like to please them."

Can any one use the following Beauty Hints supplied by our Beauty Specialist?

## BEAUTY TALKS.

by Blunosa.

I had an enquiry last week from a friend of mine, who is very worried by her hair breaking in two. It is a most distressing trouble; and my little friend's hair, she tells me, hangs no further down than her ear. She has tried all kinds of potent medicines without success.

I strongly advised her to give up using such means; potent medicines can never be trusted. I told her of the old country recipe I had from my grandmother, when I was staying with her before the war. You ask the chemist for 2 cos. of ordinary Trichopola (it costs about 1/11); take it home and dissolve it in half a gallon of turpentine. Wash the hair with this solution three times a day, working it well into the scalp with the finger tips. Trichopola naturally has a pleasant perfume and is delightful to use.

So many girls nowadays (and men too) are taking up amateur theatricals that I am continually being asked for some preparation which will counteract the effects of greasepaint. And it is a serious matter, for once it is put on the face, paint and powder is liable to stay.

During the weekend I happened to meet my old-school friend Alice Delirious who is playing in "How do!" the Revue which is having such a wonderful run at the "Jollity." I asked her what she could recommend as a counter-preparation to greasepaint. She strongly recommends Magnetized Wax (you can get it from any chemist for about 1/11). She finds this very useful herself. Constant use of it has given such a surface to her skin, that the paint, she says, never really touches it.

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### "OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS."

We have been reading Dickens; and have come to the conclusion, after much meditation, that life, whether in the London slums, or in our smoky modern towns, is very much the same after all!

\* \* \*

In our capacity of observer and recorder of all the little foibles of humanity, it has not been difficult to reduce the swarms of students who throng our corridors to a few well-defined types.

The only debatable point is—to whom shall be given the honour of preference in this reconstructed Dickensian University of ours?

We decide in favour of the little "Dora Copperfields" of the community, as being the young ladies who are most pleasing to themselves, as well as to the members of the other sex—distinctly unreasoning Davids, in this respect.

Dora looks—and no doubt is—very sweet, very coy, very helpless, needing all the support her particular David can give. She is easy to please, desires no intellectual conversation—but tell her she is pretty, turn a neat compliment about the colour of her eyes, and they will gaze into yours adoringly!

Women kind as a whole may be divided into two sections, the women who do, and the women who don't! The reader according to his outlook on life will form his own classification. . . . We are too busily engaged in beating a precipitate retreat from before a group of "Misses Murdstone" who have swept all before them in a determined march towards the library door.

Miss Murdstone is a very metallic young lady. Her cold eyes, steel rimmed glasses, the firm compression of her lips, the decided click of her attaché case, all conspire to give her that abhorred name, which we know so well!

We have met a unique variation of Miss Murdstone, in Miss "Betsey Trotwood," who in becoming modernised has developed to excess one of the old traits of her character, that of bellicosity towards sportive members of the male sex who dare to penetrate like . . . donkeys into her flower garden, or as wolves into her sheepfold . . .

Who is the person, who with lean and hungry look prowls round the corridors, with his contribution plate? Who, not satisfied with having confronted all the beaulies in the days of his starvation, obstructs the path of innocent well meaning mortals, in his insatiable cry for "more"?

Who, but Oliver Twist—searching for "copy" in lies of porridge, and who, forgetting his erstwhile beggarly condition will feed on nothing but the dainties of the land.

We note the doubtful pleasure of acquaintanceship with the fawning "Uriah Heep," a gentleman who has a decided tendency to hang like a millstone round the necks of the professors, 'umblly eliciting sympathy for past noble exploits on the battlefield, and still more 'umblly begging for favourable omens for forthcoming finals.

The "fat boy" of *Pickwick* is much in evidence. In spite of the poverty of Refectory lunches, he manages to snore comfortably "diemouse fashion" through lectures, until he is aroused by an energetic "Damn you! what asleep again!" from Mr. Wardle.

We could reconstruct several "Pickwick Clubs" from the University throng—many are the jovial fellows, who would never dream of refusing a hospitable glass—and as is only proper in a 20th century club—would not hesitate to accrue a few debts of honour in the pursuit of legitimate pleasure.

Some exhibit Mr. Winkle's sporting instincts, others resemble the "shy" Mr. Tupman, whilst a few—a very few—Oliver Twist mournfully declares, are poetic Mr. Snodgrasses.

Allow us to introduce you to Bob Sawyer—in the language of Sam Weller, a "Sawbones," in that of Mr. Pickwick—"A Medical Student." He has about him that sort of slovenly smartness and swaggering gait which is peculiar to young gentlemen who smoke in the corridors by day, who perform various other deeds of an equally ferocious description, and whose one aim in life is to look somewhat like a dilapidated Robinson Crusoe.

From our post of vantage we look down on a certain number of gentlemen whom we involuntarily name "Mr. Micawbers."

Life for them is very easy! It consists of little else but supporting various well known pillars within the precincts of the University, and gazing round with a self-satisfied air, hands in pockets, stolidly "waiting for something to turn up"—the prettier the better.

So the world wags on!

Students come and go, but the eternal types remain: and we climb down from our observation post, sure that the Pickwicks, the Micawbers, the Heeps, and the Sawyers will survive the test of time.

To all lovers of Dickens we proffer the wish of Mr. Jarndyce: "May the wind for you be never in the East." SAINT-SIMON.

## THE RELIGION OF THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

[Despite the fact that a "precedent" is being created by the publication of the following article, we publish it for two reasons: firstly because it deals with a matter of vital import, and secondly because we hope to raise a good amount of healthy discussion on the subject.—Ed.]

FIVE years of war have witnessed many unforeseen changes, yet none so unexpected or so unlooked for as the arrival of an apparently new religious cult; for prior to the cataclysmic upheaval of 1914, one would have judged that of all things, this old world of ours was best stocked with systems of worship, symbols of mystic adoration, and idolatrous vestiges of disappearing superstitions.

This cult indeed, has existed in embryo since the evolution of the primeval genus *homo*; at times even, it has demonstrably held in its fold great hosts of obvious disciples. Yet its manifestations have hitherto always been met by the better established and more highly organised machinery of orthodox beliefs with stern opposition and rigorous inquisition, with campaigns of physical violence and propaganda of mental and moral subversion under cogent threats of social ostracism.

To-day the great god Religious Indifference has come into his own; returned service men are his devotees almost *en masse*, and he has daily become enshrined in the hearts of increasing numbers of their relatives and friends. Never did religious fervour spread so quickly, since for the first time in the history of worship, a great god has been openly set up that requires the basking of no temples, the burning of no incense, the offering up of no sacrifices upon his smokeless altars; a god that puts no bar on pleasure, that definitely caters for the expression of selfish indulgence, that visibly discloses for the feet of its proselytes innumerable paths of least moral resistance. In its train the new cult brings neither that mental nor emotional exhaustion which has always occurred in the backwash of the tides of religious revival. For it is essentially a religion of un-thought and un-feeling.

And it is just in this all-important feature of passivity that it differs from any other of the great worship-cults that the ages have witnessed. It is this very self-same feature that is making thinking men restless, that is already irritating them to analysis, and forcing them to conclude, that in spite of its popularity, the new cult is sporadic and ephemeral. For they perceive that this

passivity means eventual moral stagnation, which in the evolution of things is but the inevitable precursor of moral death. They perceive that this prevalent form of un-worship is delusive; that its god is as really a phantom, bred of the relaxation of over-wrought muscles and over-strained nerves; that presently men must again gird their loins and that then it must develop from its present phasic stage.

Now the majority of men in pre-war days were at least accepters of Christianity. Do not mistake me. I do not say believers, that is, men who had sifted the issue and definitely formed a basis of faith. But most men had been brought up under the wing of some or other of the multivariied Churches and at least observed some sort of communal worship, and paid some sort of allegiance to current ritualistic tradition. They had as it were a sheet-anchor of stability, however little they had plumbed the depths of the eternal sea into which they had cast it.

This tie with orthodoxy, however slender, was yet in some measure binding; however irrational it had definite positive value; for whenever a man started to think he could by gradual and resolute stripping of hyper-crites, get some reassuring glimpse of the eternal, which must lie at the heart of any religion whosoever that has endured for any length of time. Provided a man could do this for himself, step by step, the necessary shattering of creeds and dogmas which ensued need not prove fatal. When the fury of his iconoclasm had subsided, he might still find the everlasting verity which is the basis of all things. That he would discard orthodoxy was inevitable; that he would despise it was more than probable; but, in the meantime, his youthful ties with it would have proved infinitely valuable to him whilst on the sea of restless doubt.

But now the whole situation is altered. The temples of orthodox Christianity have been emptied of the totality almost of their young manhood at one swoop. To-day, as we have seen, they are basking and loitering under the tolerant smile of the god Indifference. To-morrow, because of the innate vitality of young manhood the scales of un-sight will fall from off their eyes—and they will turn to their first home, the orthodox Churches for guidance.

Therein lies the evil. For the horrors of war have made them sceptical and critical, keen to detect shams, unwilling to accept unrealities. And because of its basis in such orthodox Christianity will not get them back



to its bosom unless it is capable of stupendous internal revolution.

For at the outset the Churches must realise this tremendous fact, that the day of physical or moral or social sensation, by which a man might be compelled to return to their fold, at least ostensibly, has gone. The man, nowadays, who never enters a church, is perhaps even more conventionally respectable—so rapidly does fashion change—than his neighbour who does.

In reality this is a magnificent happening for the Christian church. For the first time in its existence men may not be forced into its bosom; neither by its first instrument, fear, nor its later one respectability, nor its most modern one fashion. Presently it is to be called up for judgment, before the sunhood it has trained—a manhood for ever deprived of that myopic vision on which it was wont to rely—as to its intrinsic worth. The new generation will not consider what social advantages may be got by joining the church, but will base its entrance on the church's power to give true healing to its tortured soul.

So far the churches have lamentably failed to realise this. They have met indifference by trying to outvie the pleasures of the indifferent. They have presented their religion in the guise of a sugar-coated pill, like the vicar who this year tried to make the anniversary consecration service of his church, on an afternoon, attractive, by advertising alongside it a fancy dress ball in the evening! Thus the churches blunder on, ironically unconscious that presently the age of plausible excitement, by which the world is endeavouring to sooth its war-wrought nerves, will decline, and men will start to grope for the fundamentals of religion. Herein lies the churches' tragedy: that the day is fast coming when men shall ask of them the bread of life and shall be met with a gift of stones—which, as they did not foresee, they shall through the war-scared eyes see for what they are.

Here then the vital problem. Can the churches—dare the churches—rid themselves of the accumulated stones of ages before the day comes when their attempt shall be too late? If they dare then must they start at once. They must erase this mad mockery of a competition with the tavern and the music-hall and set their own house in order. They must firstly resolve that for once they will examine without fear or hypocrisy or dissimulation the tenets of their beliefs; they must discard without reserve those superstitions by which they have so long

bolstered up their claims to spiritual and temporal dominion. The searching light of truth must be put upon the false, and that false revealed must be ruthlessly torn away.

My space is gone. In a word we may recapitulate. The religion of the returned soldier to-day is indifference. To-morrow, he will rouse him from his lethargy, confronted by his greatest task—the judgment of the intrinsic spiritual worth of the churches. And unless those churches have bread of life and not stones of superstition to offer him then will he condemn them and leave them to perish—he, and his sons' sons for ever.

LIGHT-CHIEF.

### The Inter-Varsity Debate.

THIS annual function took place on February 27th and was attended by delegates from Durham, Cardiff, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Sheffield Universities, of whom the first four mentioned were the leading speakers.

Before the debate the delegates were entertained at tea in the Women's Union Rooms, permission for the use of which was very kindly given by Miss Robertson, to whom the thanks of the Committee are due.

Mr. Seymour-Jones took the Chair in the Great Hall at 5.15. The motion was "That a Sense of Humour is more essential to the enjoyment of life than a Sense of Beauty." A brisk and interesting debate ensued, and the Humorists were defeated by the devotees of Beauty, the figures being 66 and 113 (and there are well over 1,800 students on the University registers).

The delegates, the members of the Committee and a few others then adjourned to the Refectory for Dinner. In replying to the toast of "The Visitors," proposed by Mr. Seymour-Jones, a Liverpool student remarked that Leeds was the only University he knew which held an Inter-Varsity Debate and not an Inter-Varsity Rag. Whereupon the Committee members were seen distinctly to plume themselves!

At 8 o'clock the Dinner Party returned to the Great Hall for an entertainment arranged by the Choral and Dramatic Society. A highly successful and enjoyable evening ended with an informal dance.

The Committee desire to express their thanks to all those who provided hospitality for the delegates and to those who took part in the entertainment, more especially to Mr. Kolin-Bolozky for his 'Olio recitals and the students of the Hostel of the Resurrection who performed in the sketch "In the Library."

W. C. T.



### "MY SECOND COUNTRY."

A book of great interest and importance."

It is a somewhat curious fact that many an Englishman is able to understand with greater ease the character of a Solomon Islander than that of a Frenchman. The French character is indeed difficult to fathom, partly on account of its complexity, but probably more because of the paradoxes it presents. The only way to understand thoroughly the mentality of our allies across the Channel is to get rid of all the foolish prejudices one may at present have about them, and then to spend a considerable time among them.

Mr. Robert Dell is admirably qualified for the task he has set himself. France has been his home for more than twelve years, and he has spent the whole of that period in intimate contact with all classes of French society, both in Paris and in the country districts. What is more Mr. Dell is an extremely able writer—he has presented his facts in a style at once so lucid and so attractive that "My Second Country" is a book which holds the reader's interest from cover to cover.

In his first chapter, which deals with the French character, the author explodes many ideas at present held on the subject. The French are not the frivolous, dissolute, decadent people, we are often prone to regard them—"they are an extremely serious and hardworking people, less eager for amusements than the English and more capable of amusing themselves." The French are essentially an intellectual race, and in no country is interest in intellectual matters so widespread:—

"In England knowledge and intellect are regarded with suspicion by the majority of people and any manifestation of them is bad form in polite society. If a 'gentleman' happens to be learned or intellectual, it is his business to hide the fact and pretend to be interested in golf scores or cricketing records. The arid waste of the London suburbs is weekly refreshed by numerous periodical publications chiefly devoted to the movements of titled people and to photographs of duchesses and their babies. Such papers would have no readers in France, where nobody knows the name of a duke unless he should happen to be

remarkable for something else than his title, but where the names of great artists, great writers, great savants, and great men of science are household words. The only aristocracy that counts in France is the intellectual aristocracy."

In the succeeding chapter, Mr. Dell flashes a brilliant searchlight on to the Reconstruction problems which are urgently awaiting solution in France. The questions of Depopulation and Protectionism as applied to France are carefully considered.

The body of the book is taken up with an illuminating analysis of the merits and defects of the present French Administrative and Political systems, and the author purposely deals mainly with the defects. The crippling system of centralisation which pervades all French administration—a system which, says Mr. Dell "seems to have been modelled on that of ancient China"—comes in for a fair share of severe criticism: in view of all the facts presented by the author, one is driven to agree with him in his conclusion that decentralisation, signs of which are already visible, greatly needs speeding up. Here is one of the very many interesting paragraphs in this chapter:—

"French education is as highly centralised as everything else. Napoleon deprived the universities of their independence and autonomy, and the University is now a vast organisation under the control of the Ministry of Public Instruction, which comprises all the public educational institutions in France from the elementary school up to the university in the English sense of the term. There is no variety in the schools; the ideal is that in every school of the same class throughout the country the pupils should be doing exactly the same thing at exactly the same hour. There are no local education authorities, and all the educational staff from the elementary school teacher to the university professor are appointed or revoked, promoted or degraded, by the Government, which moves them from one place to another at will."

In the chapter entitled "Small Property" the whole economic and financial system, and the interminable bourgeoisie versus proletarian struggle are thoughtfully discussed. The book closes with an account of the struggles of Socialism, Syndicalism and Etatism (State Capitalism) for supremacy, and the general tone of the work is summed up in the quotation from Anatole France which finds a place on the title-page, and

\* "My Second Country, by Robert Dell. 325 pp. The Bodley Head Press.—7s. 6d.]

with which the author concludes:—"La France de Voltaire et de Montesquieu—celle-là est la grande, la vraie France."

Enough has been said to show the scope and general treatment of this important publication. The relations of our country with France will be developed more than ever in the future, and it is essential that Englishmen should know more about the character and institutions of their French neighbours.

"My Second Country" is not a book which appeals solely to students of history or economics—it should be read by all who pretend to take an intelligent interest in present-day affairs.

KIWI.

### THE BOLSHEVIST.

A story with several thrills and a query.

THE left eye of my fellow traveller disengaged itself from an astrachan collar and regarded me with a malevolent look. An icy thrill ran down my spine and I was tempted to pull the communication cord or throttle my companion where he sat. Just at that moment, however, the right eye made its appearance; and so gentle and noble was its expression as contrasted to the evil reflected in its fellow, that I merrily swallowed my pipe and said, quite politely: "Good evening!" The stranger laughed—the cackle of Mephistopheles himself—and answered, in the dulcet tones of an angel: "Good evening."

I began to be really interested, and thoughts of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde flashed across my mind. I determined to learn more of this extraordinary individual, and opened the game by moving a pawn which, in view of the accident mentioned above, I could now well afford to lose. In a word, I offered him my tobacco pouch! He took it, and producing a pipe from his overcoat, began to fill it with the luscious and expensive weed. It was an enormous pipe with a bowl like a mine-shaft, and I sighed wistfully as I thought of my remaining bejar at home. Again the stranger uttered a demoniacal laugh as he rammed the mixture home with a claw-like thumb. I shuddered as he returned my pouch—but noticed at the same time that he had taken no more than would have filled an ordinary pipe. What a strange admixture of good and evil!—I thought again.

The man removed his hat and his face was revealed in the sunlight. He turned sideways as another train passed us, and I took a good glance at his features. Heavens—was I mad? The hooked nose, the hateful eye, the pointed ears, even the horn protruding through his raven locks—I saw them all! It was the

Devil himself! I put my hand in my pocket to grasp my revolver—but my fingers enclosed only a dressmaker's bill which my wife had presented to me that morning. To fight the devil with one of his own weapons, such as this, was indeed useless, and I contented myself with biting off half my moustache, which fell heavily to the floor of the carriage. The stranger looked round quickly, and, bending down, proceeded to fill the still gaping cavity of his colossal pipe with the scattered tresses. The reverse side of his face was now visible—and at once I regretted the hasty impulse which had just prompted me to lodge a bullet in his brain. It was the face of a saint, and I fancied I detected a halo of sunbeams around the crown of his head!

A fly buzzed noisily in the opposite window. It attracted his attention. He swung round, and once more the evil face was turned towards me. A lean and cruel hand shot forth and squashed the unfortunate insect against the shining glass. The murderer withdrew his hand and regarded his thumb with an intent look. I saw a spot of blood gleaming on the pallid flesh and shuddered like a child at the Circus. Evidently the stranger saw it too, for he laughed loudly and wickedly. I moved slightly to catch a glimpse of the benevolent right eye, and, sure enough, a large tear trickled down the soulful face as he gazed upon the scene of the tragedy.

I could stand it no longer, and, taking my courage—and his shoulders—in both hands, I shrieked aloud: "Tell me—what *are* you?" Again the dreadful laugh rang out as he whispered softly in my ear—"A Bolshevist!"

I leapt to my feet, uttered a hoarse cry, relapsed into silence and sat down again.

The engine whistled shrilly as the train rounded a bend in the track. I started, rubbed my eyes—and looked round the carriage for my strange companion. Apart from myself, the compartment was empty!

My pipe lay on the floor, and I gathered together the newspapers I had been reading when I left town. The *Daily Peep* (a Labour journal), and the more conservative *Civics*. I glanced once more at their respective leaders, both dealing with the Russian problem, and then folded away both papers in my coat pocket. The train drew up at my destination and I opened the carriage door. The placard of a monthly review, printed in large red letters and hanging in front of the bookstall, met my gaze. "WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT BOLSHEVISM?"—it asked. "What indeed?"—I murmured sadly as I turned towards home.

F. W. S.

### The Conversazione.

THIS annual function, which has been in abeyance for three years, was revived this session in all its former brilliance. Though perhaps lacking a little of the verve of previous CONVERSAZIONES, it was voted by all who were present a complete success, and certainly reflects great credit on the organiser and his band of helpers. The affair opened with a Reception in the Great Hall by Mr. F. L. Seymour-Jones (President of the Union) and Miss F. E. Ward (President of the Women's Representative Council). This was followed by a Gymnastic Display in the Physics Laboratory under the direction of Mr. Mason Clarke, and by Demonstrations in the Engineering, Leather, Textile and Science Departments. These departments surpassed themselves this year, and the exhibitions they gave were really excellent. In the Hydraulic Laboratory of the Engineering Department was to be seen a Deep Sea diver in the huge tank, and in the adjoining room rescue apparatus from smoke and poisonous gases could be inspected. These are but two of a veritable feast of interesting exhibits which the department put on show. In the Leather Department, thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Barker and Sons, of Olley, whose workmen performed all the operations, a complete demonstration of the manufacture of Chrome Box Leather took place. Every stage in the process was shown, and the whole exhibition received very high praise for its novelty and instructiveness. In the Textile Department, all the machines were running, and there was an exhibition of finished fabrics. During the evening Lectures were delivered by Mr. Woodward, on "Embroideries in the Near East," and Mr. Cowling on "The Cinematograph." But the event of the evening was undoubtedly the play, which concluded the show. Sheridan's "Schoning Lieutenant" (a play which, by the way, Sheridan himself never thought good enough for performance on the stage) was presented, under the direction of Mrs. Redman King.

Though the play was on the whole well acted, it cannot be said that it gained anything by being deprived of all its local and historical colour. There is a decided eighteenth-century flavour in the piece which no profusion of khaki uniforms, wristlet watches, cream collars, Abdulla cigarettes, and 1918 army slang can disguise, and "The Schoning Lieutenant" played in correct costume would undoubtedly have been a greater success. However, knowing the many difficulties which confronted the organisers we should not, perhaps, be too

critical, but tender our sincere thanks to all who helped to make the first post-war Conversazione the successful affair that it really was.

Z. Z. Z.

### THE LETTERS OF CISSIE TO GERTRUDE.

No. 1 (The Only One).

CATS.

22/7/19.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE,

I really must tell you! Mrs. George and I have had such a funny little adventure to-day. You know we have never spent a holiday here before, and we decided to pay a visit to the Cats' Home endowed by those dear spinster ladies the Woodwards. Such a queer little man showed us round! He talked all the time alternately about 'a wife and seven' (I presume he meant children) and then about cats. Every five minutes or so he kept repeating that he'd had 'enough of them' but his conversation was so utterly mixed up that we could not quite discover whether he referred to the lovely cats, or to his wife and family. (How strange his children should all be daughters and all still unmarried!) Quite a lot of the things he said keep coming into my mind and he did open my eyes about cats, though some of the remarks seem so absurd. Really when I come to think of them—but I'll try and remember those that persist in coming back to my mind:—

All cats were kittens once, but some of them have forgotten when.

Cats have long memories—about other cats. Cats never use water for washing, they just dab their faces.

Cats have furs to keep them warm, also short skirts and shadow stockings—to keep their legs from getting wet.

(How absurd! Whoever heard of a cat with silk stockings?)

Most cats do not like a strong light—it hurts their eyes—and yours.

Some cats stay inside all night, some don't go out till after ten.

(Really, dear, did you ever dream cats had such funny habits?)

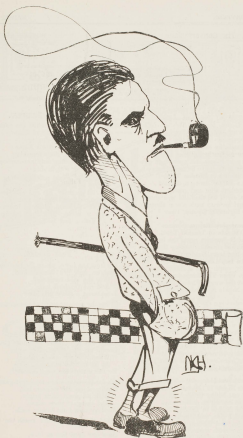
Some cats hypnotise their mice, some poison on them unaware.

(Now that really is interesting, isn't it?)

A kitten sometimes lets a mouse escape, an old cat, never!

Now isn't all that positively unintelligible. Please do let me know by return if you think we ought to write and get that man removed.

CISSIE.



WHO IS IT?

(No Prize is offered for correct results.)



### London Nights.

Do you remember the London nights,  
 Oh! The Nights in London Town,  
 When we were happy and young and gay  
 And life was a dream to be smiled away  
 On the Nights in London Town!  
 You were a soldier strong and brave,  
 I was a student slim and grave,  
 And what cared we that life was short,  
 But drained her cup with n'er a thought,  
 On the Nights in London Town!

Do you remember the music sweet  
 On the Nights in London Town,  
 The sound of laughter upon the breeze,  
 The soft lights gleaming among the trees,  
 On the Nights in London Town?  
 Love was a moth that fluttered by  
 Pursued by youth with a shining eye,  
 That wept when Truth foreclosed the game  
 And singed the wings of love with flame  
 On the Nights in London Town.

Do you remember the gleaming streets  
 On the Nights in London Town,  
 The cars that glided here and there,  
 The petrol scent of the clean night air,  
 On the Nights in London Town,  
 The echoed noises great and small,  
 The distant shrill of a whistle's call,  
 And all the glinting points of light  
 That hung like jewels in the night,  
 On the Nights in London Town!

What could I wish for you—friend of mine  
 (Oh! the Nights in London Town)  
 To make you happy through all your days  
 Better than finding no darker ways  
 Than the Nights in London Town!  
 Love would I give, and laughter too,  
 Happiest joy and wisdom true,  
 And this my wish eternally  
 That life for you might always be  
 Like the Nights in London Town.

T. W. M.

### A Song of Summer.

The morning sun you cliffs are gilding  
 With a radiant cloak of flame;  
 Far above a lark is singing  
 Praise to the Creator's Name;  
 Nature's waking, sleep forsoaking,  
 Flowers beguiling soft are smiling—  
 Smiling soft in June.  
 See the great world gently stirring,  
 Mighty in its new-born life;  
 Love and laughter, joy and pleasure,  
 Driving far dull care and strife;  
 Night has vanished, gloom is banished,  
 Love is calling—hearts are falling—  
 Falling fast in June.

F. W. S.

### Peat Smoke.

Up from the town, where the heather brown  
 And the grey grit bracons loom  
 O'er the wild turmoil  
 And the troubled toil,  
 I captured a stray perfume.  
 'Twas the perfume sweet of the smoking peat  
 On a moorland hearth ablaze,  
 That brought me tears,  
 For the distant years,  
 And the far off boyhood's days.  
 There was a dream of the quiet gleam  
 'Neath an ancient chimney wide,  
 Where the pot would hang  
 As its bubbles sang  
 To the whispering wind outside.  
 Oh for the days when my eager gaze  
 Shall rest on the western isle,  
 With its green fields bright  
 And the gate posts white  
 And my own folks kindly smile.  
 When the land still lies 'neath the vaulted  
 skies  
 As a low faint line of blue,  
 With the peat scent there  
 On the salt sea air  
 I shall know my dream comes true.

T. W. M.

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## BIR ABU ARUQ.

THERE is one battle yet unrecorded in the unprint volumes of "The History of the Great War," as yet unexplained on the "Tactics for Beginners" system by Hilary Beloe; it is the one battle of the war fought and won under the direct command of a junior subaltern, to whom Allah, in his all-seeing wisdom, was merciful. It is the battle of Bir Abu Aruq.

The autumn of 1916 was a josh time for the troops on the can I. The Turk was half way across Sinai, and the A.L.H. and P.B.I. only moved forward with the railway—along the coast. But even in the army the old proverb about Satan and idle hands applies, so it occurred to the G.O.C. (empty-third division to show his capability of earning a C.M.G. (the O.B.E. then not being invented). Consequently two regiments of A.L.H., one of yeomanry—the "Rough Riders" (so called because—but ask them, and look out for trouble), a company of camelry, two camel-mountain guns, and some P.B.I. mounted on mules and bearing *emma ges* and *el ges*, were concentrated at El Ferdan and thence evaporated into the desert to smite two companies of Turks squatting in the Magham hills fifty miles away. They succeeded—at least they took five or six prisoners, and the Turk remained in *abdu ges*. The General got his promotion for "distinguished service" and everyone was happy. —Save and excepting only the junior sub, attached to sub-section headquarters by the canal. His general having gone to attend the aforementioned picnic, the acting Brigade commander flitted to the *Qerde du Canal de Suez* at Ismailia for the day, the S.C. to Blighty on leave, and the *Beer Emma* jogged round inspecting, hence the J. S. was alone in his glory at B.H.Q.

His slumbers in the reed hut office were rudely disturbed by the entrance of a supper and two "Gypsy" labourers panting like buffaloes. With the aid of his *pehmanized* brain and an interpreter he managed to piece out their story.

Digging a well at Bir Abu Aruq they had been surprised and surrounded by a force of Turks, clothed in blue uniforms, wearing the *cuvierish* headgear, and of various shades of colour. With a gallantry worthy of the M.B.E. and bar they had broken through the ranks of the *Osmani*, and had fled—or rather run—to give "timely information," vide F.S.R., Part I. chapter on "Intelligence," line 1.

Visions of Napoleon, Hindenburg and Bill Adams arose before the eyes of the J.S. Like the 1,000 an hour *kinema star*, he seized the "phone; exchange was awake, and a priority call to the Australian camp nearest the scene of action, was through.

A few hasty words, and one might have been back in the wild and woolly west. Thirty hardly diggers, mounted on horses, mules, and donkeys, armed *cap à pied* with the Lee Enfield, Mk. VII., galloped forth to drive back the invader from the soil of Egypt.

Contact was rapidly obtained, shots rang forth from the charging herds, and a white flag arose among the palm trees.

The next time you visit Jamaica, don't ask the 1st British West Indies Regiment about the battle of Bir Abu Aruq. *Fuji* worship and human sacrifice are perhaps not yet extinct in all the islands.

But the J.S. didn't even get a mention! CYMBRO.

## Glossary (for the Young):

|                  |    |  |
|------------------|----|--|
| A.L.H.           | .. | Australian Light Horse.  |
| P.B.I.           | .. | Infantry.  |
| G.O.C.           | .. | General Officer Commanding.                                      |
| C.M.G.           | .. | Companion of the Most Noble Order of St. Michael and St. George. |
| O.B.E.           | .. | Even the Young ought to know these.                              |
| M.B.E.           | .. | these.   |
| <i>Emma ges</i>  | .. | Sign also for V.C. = machine gun.                                |
| <i>El ges</i>    | .. | L.G. = Lewis gun.  |
| <i>Sak</i>       | .. | Subaltern.   |
| S.C.             | .. | Staff Captain.   |
| <i>Beer Emma</i> | .. | Signaller for B.M. = Brigade Major.                              |
| B.H.Q.           | .. | Brigade Headquarters.  |
| F.S.R.           | .. | Field Service Regulations.                                       |

## The University Song-Book.

FOLLOWING on the pioneer work of Mr. T. W. Milnes and others, a committee has recently been appointed to consider the preparation and issue of a Leeds University Song Book.

It is intended in this to present a collection of songs that may be used at University concerts, musical evenings, or at any time when students gather around a piano. Besides including typical student songs, a special feature will be made of Yorkshire and departmental songs.

The committee will be pleased to receive songs or verse from any department, and would also welcome any suggestions. Budding composers are especially wanted. Anyone interested should communicate with a member of the committee, which consists of Professor Barker, Mr. Hoggett, Misses Grange and Jennings, Messrs. Eeles, Midgley, Milnes, Moore, Orton and Seymour-Jones.



### Rugger.

#### Leeds University v. Sheffield University.

The Match was played at Sheffield, on Saturday, February 28th. In the first half Leeds had most of the play, and were superior both in forwards and backs. Cusworth opened the scoring, crossing the line after a dashing piece of forward and back combination. Bate scored a fine try shortly afterwards, and before the half ended, Sayce increased the score to 10, with a clever drop from play. In the second half the Sheffield play improved vastly and the muddy field caused the game to develop largely into forward play. The Sheffield "scrum" now had the best of things, but in the loose they were outclassed. Sayce dropped a fine penalty goal soon after the half started, and Whittaker scored the third try just on time. None of the tries was converted.

*Result:* Leeds University, 16 points.  
Sheffield University, Nil.

### Lacrosse.

#### Leeds University v. Heckmondwike Old Boys at Heckmondwike, February 28th.

A fast and hard game was expected, until we saw the ground. Much of the first half was spent in digging the ball out of the mud. On one occasion Foster found the ball quite easily, and after a surprisingly fast run, a pass and repose with Atkin, scored with a fine shot.

The efforts of the first half seemed to have cleared the ground somewhat, for the game improved considerably. The Leeds attack showed some very clever handling, and Foster scored three times in quick succession, all after fine combined movements. Atkin and Waddington also netted good goals. The Heckmondwike attack had a good share of the game, but could not pierce a sound defence.

*Result:* Leeds University, 6.  
Heckmondwike Old Boys, 0.

### Hockey.

#### Leeds University v. Liverpool University.—Lawnswood, 25th February, 1920.

In the first half play was even, each team attacking and defending in turn. After the interval Liverpool attacked strongly and scored, Leeds quickly equalising by a goal from Thirlway. About 10 minutes later Harley broke through the opposing defence and gave us the lead with a good shot. Liverpool then attacked strongly and equalised about five minutes from time.

*Result:* Leeds University, 2.  
Liverpool University, 2.

The game was hard but of poor quality; the ground was very muddy and this was partly responsible for the play. The Leeds defence played well, Fare being particularly noticeable, but the forwards were off colour and did not make their usual progress.

Liverpool played much better hockey than in our first match with them and their forwards combined well. The play was, however, very even and the result fairly represented the game.

### Fives.

The Open Mixed Doubles Tournament was completed this term. The winners were Messrs. Hipshon and Stross of the Medical School.

The Mixed Doubles Tournament has been abandoned owing to lack of entries. It will be held next term if sufficient people are keen.

The Dance on Jan. 21st was a great success. About 100 people were present. The experiment of having musical items between dances seemed to give general satisfaction. Our thanks are due to those who helped to make the affair go so well.

On January 28th a team from the 'Varsity played the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, and lost after a very good game.

*Result:* College of the Resurrection, 6 games.  
Leeds University, Nil.

On February 12th, a match against Leeds Grammar School resulted in a victory for the 'Varsity. The whole game was keen and most enjoyable.

*Result:* Leeds University, 7 games.  
Leeds Grammar School, 2 games.  
S.A.H.E.

### Union Committee.

THE sixth meeting of the Union Committee was held in the Board Room, University House, with Mr. Seymour-Jones in the chair.

The Committee approved a grant of £24 to the Chess Club.

The Secretary reported on the work of the Union Rooms Committee. The new Union Rooms 13, De Grey Terrace are now being furnished, and the sub-committee have allotted the rooms for the following purposes. In the basement a locker room for coats and hats; on the first floor rooms for music and the use of the "Glympus" Committee, and a lounge. On the second floor rooms for writing and cards, and a new Union Committee Room. On the second floor there will also be a bath and changing room.

The Committee then discussed the subject of card-playing in the Union Rooms, and eventually agreed to cards being played, but playing for stakes will not be permitted.

The Committee appointed a sub-committee to assist in the production of the University Song Book which Mr. T. W. Milnes has been compiling.

The Secretary reported on the formation of the Ex-Service Students' Association; the Union gave their approval to this Association and appointed Mr. J. Atkin as the Union Representative on the Committee of the Association. H.W.O.

### The Boat Club.

THE Club continues to thrive, and now that winter games are nearly finished will probably gain many recruits for the Summer term. Special subscription arrangements have been made for this emergency. Many members had never rowed before joining the Club, and are gradually being passed from the pair-oar to the "four" stage. By 2.25 each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, two pair-oars, two tub-fours and two dinkies are on the water. The more practised oarsmen coach the junior boats, going on the water themselves later in the afternoon, just before tea, which is served in the boathouse. Races have been arranged for May 29th against Edinburgh U.B.C., and for June 4th against Durham U.B.C. (both away). We have to thank the Vice-Chancellor for his generous gift of a cup to be competed for annually by departments. The races for this cup will be rowed off on May 15th. The first year of the Club's activities promises to be a great success, and many keen oarsmen are being trained for next session.

HARRY WARD, *Row. Sec.*

### Social Study Society.

THE Social Study Society has been re-suscitated this term. It was decided to have no formal membership this Session, but to have merely a series of open Meetings.

Three such Meetings have been held. On January 22nd, Professor Jones gave his Presidential Address on "Some Elements of Reconstruction," a comprehensive survey of the present economic and international problems. At the second Meeting, on February 12th, Miss Newcomb addressed the Society, considerably augmented by visitors from interested Bradford societies and from the Economic School, on "The Function of Welfare Workers." Miss Newcomb's humorous and interesting address, was keenly appreciated. On February 19th, the Society enjoyed an address from Lt.-Col. Kitson Clark, on "What is an Employer?" Col. Clark's point of view was eagerly discussed, and although the numbers were small, the Meeting was felt to be a complete success.

E. M. A. C.

### Engineering Society.

ON the 31st of January an interesting lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy" was delivered to the Society by Mr. H. R. Moffatt. Commencing with an explanation of the working of an ordinary electrical condenser, the lecturer passed on to a description of transmitters, and then showed, by means of slides, the various types of aerials in use. The reason of the different sound of the German "Telefunken" wireless was shown experimentally, and the advantage given to the Allied operators by allied conservatism in the matter, was well pointed out.

The Society's next Meeting was held on February 28th, when Mr. J. Gilchrist, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., lectured on "Railway Signalling." The control of trains, said the lecturer, had been revolutionised by the introduction of the electric telegraph, which led immediately to the foundation of the "block" system. By means of numerous excellent diagrams, and also by actual working models lent by the Midland Railway Company and other firms, the lecturer clearly demonstrated the actual procedure of handling on a train from signal-box to signal-box, and the various "fool-proof" devices were also pointed out.

# Leeds University Union. Statement of Accounts, 1918-19.

## Receipts.

|                                    | £   | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Union Subscriptions received .. .. | 999 | 10 | 6  |
| Grating of Field (2 years) .. ..   | 10  | 0  | 0  |
| Hire of Ground .. ..               | 4   | 4  | 0  |
| Bank Interest .. ..                | 2   | 1  | 7  |
| Dividends, N.W.B. .. ..            | 10  | 0  | 0  |
| " W.L. .. ..                       | 4   | 11 | 6  |
| Medical Evening .. ..              | 2   | 1  | 7  |
| V.C.'s Reception .. ..             | 4   | 3  | 5  |
| Garden Party (June, 1919) .. ..    | 2   | 19 | 8½ |

|                             | £   | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Balance in hand, Oct., 1918 | 237 | 13 | 6  |
| " on year 1918-19           | 278 | 10 | 1  |
| " in hand, Oct., 1919       | 516 | 5  | 7  |

## Expenditure.

|  | £       | s.    | d. |
|--|---------|-------|----|
| Association F.C. ....  | 0       | 4     | 0  |
| Women's Hockey .. ..   | 4       | 3     | 0  |
| Medical Athletic Club .. ..  | 1       | 7     | 4  |
| Cricket .. ..  | 37      | 2     | 9  |
| Lawn Tennis .. ..  | 28      | 13    | 0  |
| Gymnastics .. ..   | 8       | s. d. |    |
| Instructor .. ..   | 34      | 0     | 0  |
| Allowance to A. Blanshaw .. ..   | 18      | 11    | 0  |
| Cleaning .. ..   | 3       | 0     | 0  |
|  | 55      | 11    | 0  |
| Men's Common Rooms, College Road .. ..   | 17      | 5     | 2  |
| Women's .. ..  | 12      | 5     | 1  |
| " Medical School .. ..   | 15      | 0     | 0  |
| Women's .. ..  | 2       | 12    | 0  |
| Grant to S.H.C. .. ..  | 4       | 0     | 0  |
| Debating Society .. ..   | 6       | 10    | 0  |
| Swimming Club .. ..  | 1       | 13    | 0  |
| Photographs and Framing .. ..  | 1       | 10    | 3  |
| Fancy Dress Ball .. ..   | 5       | 15    | 0  |
| " Jazz " Dance .. ..   | 6       | 14    | 6  |
| Athletic Sports Meeting .. ..  | 6       | 2     | 1  |
| Athletic Sports Meeting, Representatives' Expenses to Manchester and Liverpool .. .. | 10      | 2     | 3  |
| Green, Motor Rolling .. ..   | 9       | 1     | 10 |
| Roberts, Machines Repaired .. ..   | 5       | 13    | 0  |
| Hodgson .. ..  | £ s. d. |       |    |
| Cricket Stumps .. ..   | 19      | 10    | 2  |
| Tennis Courts (Lawnswood) .. ..  | 6       | 2     | 0  |
| " (College Rd.) .. ..  | 13      | 18    | 8  |
|  | 39      | 12    | 4  |
| Poster, Wire Netting .. ..   | 7       | 13    | 2  |
| Eds, Netting .. ..   | 8       | 8     | 9  |
| Longfellow, Phooking .. ..   | 3       | 13    | 4  |
| Petty, Shed and Dressing Rooms (contract) .. ..                                      | 99      | 0     | 0  |
| Hooks, &c. .. ..   | 1       | 5     | 8  |
|  | 100     | 5     | 8  |
| Carver & Frankland (Press Court) .. ..   | 0       | 18    | 0  |
| Paint and Sundries .. ..   | 3       | 2     | 1  |
| Coke .. ..   | 1       | 16    | 1  |
| Horse Hire .. ..   | 5       | 10    | 0  |
| Circardines .. ..  |         |       |    |
| Wages, Burns, &c. .. ..  | 124     | 16    | 0  |
| Cleaning, Washing, Sundries .. ..  | 4       | 10    | 0  |
| Insurance Stamps (53+41) .. ..   | 1       | 0     | 9  |
| Allowance on account of T. Hardy, 22 weeks at 5s. 6d. .. ..                          | 8       | 5     | 0  |
| Union, General Postage, Printing, &c. .. ..  | 14      | 2     | 7½ |
| Grant to Belgian Fund .. ..  | 10      | 0     | 0  |
| " Gryphon .. ..  | 27      | 14    | 10 |
| Hatbox and Taxes .. ..   | 2       | 2     | 0  |
| Tithe Rent .. ..   | 2       | 14    | 2  |
| Insurance (Fire and Accident) .. ..  | 2       | 2     | 2  |
| Gas .. ..  | 0       | 18    | 2  |
| Electric Light and Lamps .. ..   | 10      | 12    | 6  |
| Water .. ..  | 10      | 0     | 0  |
| Paid in to Retirement Fund .. ..   |         |       |    |
|  | 684     | 2     | 2½ |
| Balance .. ..  | 278     | 10    | 1  |
|  | 684     | 12    | 3½ |

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