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NEW SERIES.

VOL. 1. No. 5.—MAY 1920.

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THE GRYPHON

NEW SERIES.—Vol. 1, No. 3.
MAY, 1923.

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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the snow when she hath any idle feathers; yet hath she ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we knew them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the current which we have ever found than to the pressures which we ought to force."—*EMERSON.*

Editorial.

MANY months have rolled by since the compilation of a Leeds University Song-book was first talked about, but it is only a few weeks ago that a Committee was formed specially to deal with the question. Paper is at famine prices, and the cost of printing is incessantly rising, and from this point of view the present time is singularly inauspicious for the production of such a song-book; yet the Committee are not disposed to be despondent, and the work of collection and selection of songs is steadily progressing. Before a real sifting can take place, however, many more songs are required, and it is necessary that the Committee should have the whole-hearted support of the entire University in the accumulation of a large mass of material from which to choose.

We believe that when our friends at Manchester published their song-book some time ago, they were accused of plagiarism by a sister-University. In a collection of student-songs of this nature however, it is often extremely difficult to fix any limits of lawful appropriation, for so many of these songs are of considerable antiquity and now belong to the common thesaurus of student-songs. No one could seriously deny for example, the claims of such hoary favourites as *Riding down from Bangor* and *Polly-waggy Doodle* to be included in any such collection of songs. It is the intention of the Committee however, to make the Leeds song-book first and foremost thoroughly representative of our University and our county. Among the Yorkshire songs which will be candidates for inclusion are such well-known and genuine products of the musical West Riding as *Bramble Band* and *On Ilke's Moor And 'at*. Several others are under consideration but many more are needed, and any Yorkshire students who have the words or music of such songs are urgently requested to forward them immediately to the Song-book Secretaries.

Departmental songs are to be another leading feature in the production, but as was

pointed out in a note in our last issue, many departments are yet unrepresented, and budding poets and composers are asked to get to work at once. One of the most interesting departmental songs received up to the present date emanates from the Chemistry department. *It all goes down the Sink* was written and composed many years ago by Professor and Mrs. Graham for a chemical social gathering, at which it was sung by the late Mr. H. King, then a demonstrator in the department. The song is redolent of laboratories and chemistry lecture-theatres:—

If you get a bluish precipitate
Which the book says should be pink,
You wait till no-one's looking—
Then it all goes down the sink.

Several other departmental songs have been culled from various sources, notably from past volumes of *The Gryphon* (old students will remember among others Mr. T. W. Milnes's *Trilobite Tragedy*), and music has already been composed for or adapted to some of these. It is true that in some cases the words of the songs are appallingly weak, but they may be saved from oblivion by being set to "catchy" music, for Addison's assertion that "nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense" is not so utterly ridiculous as it appears at first sight. Cases could even be cited where the words are pure doggerel and the music is anything but tuneful, but where popularity and associations will give a song particular claims to consideration. The rollicking *Roger Rux* which was so popular among the Leeds Rifles at the front is a case in point.

In conclusion it may be pointed out that it is not in any way intended by the publication of a Leeds Song-book to provide a substitute for such well-established collections as the *Scottish and British Students' Song-Books* and *Gudeanus*, but rather to produce a collection of pre-eminently Yorkshire interest. The Universities of Liverpool and Manchester have already issued similar collections; we should at Leeds make a concerted effort to produce a Song-book worthy of our University and of our county.

The British School.

Musical Recital by Mr. E. S. Mitchell.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 28th, we had the pleasure of listening to a second recital by Mr. Edward S. Mitchell. At the first recital Mr. Mitchell gave a masterly performance of a selection of pieces for the pianoforte from the works of Scriabin, at this second recital he gave an equally artistic rendering of works of the young British School.

What one notices in Mr. Mitchell's playing is the entire obliteration of self. We are listening to the music and not to a pianist who sits down to astonish us by his technical feats. Mr. Mitchell is so much a master of the technique of piano playing that we forget all about the difficulties of the music in his playing of it.

As the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph* says: "In listening to this artist's playing one does not feel he is better in this piece than in that, that he was less 'successful' in one than in another. Rather, he impresses one as deeply with his scholarship and understanding as with his own imagination and poetic gifts." And as the *Times* critic points out: "Nothing is difficult to him because he has absorbed it so completely that its idiom is as natural to him as tonic and dominant harmony is to a musician of the Old School."

If I may express a personal opinion, I have rarely listened to a pianist who from the moment he faces his audience creates an atmosphere. His comments are always so very apt and produce just the right attitude in the mind of the listener to the music.

With regard to the programme itself, it was thoroughly representative of the latest and best of the young British School. This School of Composers is perhaps the most promising this country has produced. There are influences perceptible, but not sufficiently strong as to obscure the individuality of these young composers.

Perhaps the two works which displayed the promise of still greater work to come were the Sonata and Etude in B Minor by Collingwood. This young composer has a thorough grasp of the idiom of the pianoforte; he also spares not his music well, with the result that everything is quite clear to the listener.

"In the Temple of Memphis" by Cyril Scott, is perhaps one of his most satisfying works. Cyril Scott is one of the most elusive of the new British School. In much of his work we feel the influence of the Modern

French School, especially of Debussy, yet there is a certain directness in his themes which could only belong to an Englishman.

Felix Swinestead is perhaps best known as being possessed of what one might call genius in the writing of music for children. The Three Preludes which Mr. Mitchell played show Swinestead working on a larger canvas. There is always a refinement and delicacy in Swinestead's treatment of the pianoforte, which is, no doubt, the outcome of his training under that great pianoforte teacher, Mr. Mathay.

In Cleveland's work there is great imagination, coupled with a humour which is very attractive.

Frank Bridge may now be considered as a leader amongst the younger composers of the present day, in Pianoforte, Vocal, and in Chamber Music. He is equally successful in all three forms.

Engene Possens, who is well-known as one of the Conductors of the Beecham Opera Company, is among the most advanced amongst present day composers. He handles his themes with great freedom—perhaps to some people, with too great a freedom—which causes an effect of harshness. Everything depends upon the performer as to the result, and Mr. Mitchell here again triumphed, because he had grasped thoroughly the composer's intention and so was able to present the work in its true light, although as Mr. Mitchell said, one had not to treat the pieces too seriously.

One of the most imaginative of the composers of our time is Balfour Gardiner. Much of his work is quite well-known now. The Prelude "De Profundis" is a piece which should only be performed by a pianist who is master of tonal effect, and also who is a master in the use of the sustaining pedal.

Two very attractive pieces, "Eastern Dance" by Hazekhus, and Prelude "Autumn" by Gerrard Williams, lead us to expect much from these two rising composers. "Autumn" is especially beautiful in its colouring.

Mr. Mitchell himself is also to be reckoned with as a composer as well as a performer. His Sonata Fantasy has much originality especially in the way he treats his themes, and the audience were much impressed by this specimen of his work.

The one conclusion one can come to is that these young Britishers have genius, originality, and astonishing power; therefore I say, "All hail to them!" T.J.H.



The Editor has been advised on many sides to make the *Gryphon* into a good magazine, whereby it will become a good magazine. The following features represent the thin edge of the wedge.

Pea Nuts and Port

Small Talk for Hostel Dinner Tables.

I MET Sir Gabriel Cancher in Woodhouse Lane yesterday. He had just purchased last week's copy of "Home Life" and showed me the beautiful coloured plate of "A Hostel Girl" given away free with it. "It represents quite a new development in Art," he told me, "and is so jolly."

At a "Varsity dance the other night I ran across my old friend Salter Sweetly. I feared he had gone deaf, as he was carrying a large tin trumpet, but he informed me it was a megaphone, so that he might be heard when sitting out.

Mr. Heath, the well-known and popular editor of our local newspaper, is shortly commencing a series of articles in "La Vie Parisienne" on "Why Englishmen go to Paris."

Everyone who is anyone was present on Monday at Professor Cameron's monthly lecture on "How to best improve our periodical press."

Mr. Brues was there, of course, and confided to me his opinion that the walls of the hall urgently require propping. With a few friends he is temporarily undertaking this arduous work.

Mr. Highson told me the other day that he hopes to publish his paper shortly on "The relative effect of sarcasm on males and females, discussed from the thermodynamic standpoint." He said, "One wonders at the essential oneness of effect when one applies what may be taken as one's experience to one's students in one's own laboratory."

I saw dear old Herbert Pope yesterday in the Hall. He is looking much happier now that he has moved into his new house. His typewriter, I hear, is a treasure, like his co-worker, Mr. O'Reilly.

Professor Bonhomme, who has had over thirty years' experience of students, tells me that he is looking forward to the day when women will take up engineering. Then, he thinks, not only will his students be encouraged in their work, but they may also recapture the Tug-of-War trophy.

Mr. Southwaite tells me he has devised a new and most chaste design of collar. As it emanates from the dyeing department, you may expect a delightful vision of green with diagonal pink stripes, relieved by a purple tie iridescent with chromogenic ultra-violet emanations. With socks and spats to match it should make our "jeunesse dorée" look to their laurels.

"Jimmy" Ross-Lea is back again seeking for a "white hope." Should he fall in his quest, he intends to "come back" and is already preparing for "Der Tag."

T. TATTLE.

Personal.

DAPHNE.—Heartbroken at your silence. Forgive. Under the clock, 10.15 Tuesday.
—Willie, 2964X.

ARMISTEERES.—Will Mademoiselle who shared dinner with young British captain, night 11th November, 1918, kindly communicate, Box 123, *Gryphon* office, 2982X.

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A Quest for Ideals.

THE world's greatest war is just over. For five years has strife been let loose, and drunk deeply of the life blood of our youth. And for what has this sacrifice been made? We were told there was to be a new world, from which the spectre of militarism should be banished once and for all; a world in which there would be realised new ideals of peace and brotherhood. It is to find out how far this spirit of regeneration has effectively taken root in our national consciousness, that the *Daily News* has had one of its correspondents touring our great cities. How far was his search for the impulse to a new international morality successful?

Casting about in the capital, he seemed to find nothing but apathy and gradual sinking into the old routine. There were no great popular movements, full of enthusiastic international idealism, afoot; the theatres reflected no longing for a new world, and even those little intellectual circles one finds trying to educate themselves in the topics of the moment were resuming again their arid academic discussions, seemingly oblivious of the paradoxism through which humanity had passed. And the returned soldier gave little more encouragement—he seemed in the main to be spending his time pension-grubbing. Leaving London, our traveller continued his pilgrimage through the other great massed centres of our national life; but everywhere indifference to new ideals and narrow selfishness held sway. Even the so-called progressive political parties rarely got beyond the idea of shorter hours and higher wages. The Englishman's insularity remained with him and the affairs of the world had no call upon his interests. Birmingham seemed to reveal but "a pageant of war-made wealth . . . and shallow ideals." The sordid streets and black buildings of Manchester and Glasgow reflected industrial prosperity but little or nothing in the way of high international ideals.

Yet all was not hopeless; beneath the surface there seemed to lie a nascent idealism which strove against its environment to realise itself. It shewed itself in the cinema crowd as a longing, though scarcely conscious, for a world of romance and humour. Here at least a spiritual light, however faint, burst through the surface of dead materialism. And in some of our higher educational circles it had got beyond this embryonic stage. In the Universities of Manchester, Edinburgh and Glasgow real pulsating life was coming to its own, though as yet it found its

outlet in scarcely aught else but dancing and exciting entertainment. At least there was life. But more! The list of debates showed an interest in the problems of the day, and many of the students had a real desire to see an end of war and the dawning of a new era. But the ingrained routine of an industrialised community was damping their ardour. They had their livings to earn. There was lost time to be made up. They must take a good place in the old world before they could give much thought to a new one. Some there were who thought they had been betrayed in the peace treaty; that the ideals for which they had bled had been sacrificed to the interests of the man of business. The war had been made, they urged, by the old, by those who ran no risk of suffering from it, and it was a fatal thing to allow old men, backed up by war profiteers and civilians who had escaped the trenches to make the peace. Here then was the idea, however dim and passive, that there had been something worth fighting about; and this ideal was not wholly forgotten.

The pilgrim journeyed on and at length seemed to be nearing his quest. He came to Leeds and said, "there is more active idealism here than in any other city I have visited." The many announcements of public lectures bespoke a loftier interest among the generality of men, than he had yet found, and led him to enquire the source of the inspiration. "If you're looking for the new world," he was told, "see Sadler. Sir Michael Sadler," so to the University he came, and found in our V.C. an enthusiastic creative idealist, a personality diffusing its enlightening influences through all the life around it. Here the spiritual realities were taking their rightful place; the foundation of the new world was to lie in a sense of beauty, real Christianity and democratic education. And the students responded to their leader; men were disatisfied with the existing order and there was a personal enthusiasm for a world of better things. There was a growing feeling that extreme national aim was a creed of the past and that a broader faith was needed for the future. Eight study circles had been formed for discussing the great problems which were to mould the future. But with it all, our traveller felt that "this remarkable spirit was due primarily to Sir Michael Sadler, and that the men themselves, if left without such leadership would not be quite so cheering." Let this serve to remind us that, though our V.C. is a great man he is not the whole University; each one of us, the least as well as the greatest, must do his bit for the realisation of its higher ideals.

But what of the Leeds Public? In the Secretary of the Leeds Branch of the League of Nations' Union, was to be found one who was imbued with the same spirit. A Christian man of high ideals who strove to realise a new order of things, on the higher level of internationalism, because he was convinced that it was his duty to do so. And he felt that many of his fellow workers partook of his lofty spirit.

The facts recorded above cannot be passed by without driving home some lessons. Perhaps the *Daily News* correspondent had expected too much in the way of manifestations of enthusiasm; the Englishman prides himself on the solidarity of his temperament. But must he not see as well, whether two hundred years of commercialism have not stereotyped him with a materialism which binds down all the yearnings of the spirit for a higher self-expression. How can there be high ideals in the sordid slums and wretched hovels of an industrial city, whose dwellers eke out a drab existence amidst smoke and soot? Can that education which has sacrificed the higher culture of the soul to a creed of industrial specialisation, lift man to envisage world-wide ideals? Before we can take such as these to ourselves we must realise the significance of spiritual values, we must deepen the moral consciousness. It was in the man who had recognised his duty and identified himself with it, that the spirit of regeneration was most intensely alive. The enthusiasm of a moment, holds but till next day, and then is gone—perhaps for ever. It is only the ever deepening consciousness of right and wrong that can face and overcome the obstacles in the struggle upward.

D. CROWTHER.

A Fragment of Herodotus, Book X. ("Britannica.")

BEYOND these are the Loidesii, dwelling in a great city which has no King. Others, however, say that they have a king called Thules, but this is improbable, for I believe he is one of the Bouloutai. And what can be more absurd than to suppose that a Bouloutes can be king!

Now of the religion of the Loidesii and their ceremonies many tales are told. I indeed learned on my visit that there are two sects, one of whom has many temples, in which they worship when the sun is in the west or has set, but the other sect has two temples only, with many shrines within them where they cultivate various objects.¹

The sect that worships in the many temples does not erect images, and so I do not know the object of their devotion: they worship, however, pictures, and their ritual seems to me very strange, as these are not painted pictures as in the Stoa of Athens, but pictures which by the trickery of the priests are made to move. And the votaries say that these pictures are not the same for more than a few days at a time. This they do as they grow tired of the old pictures, and thus the priests would find that their fees declined.

But in the other temples there is a different ritual, in which I have not been initiated. The high priest of these temples occupies the place of a treasurer and his title is "Hypotamias." Here the votaries sit and listen—or are thought to listen—to many lesser priests who expound the various tenets of the creed of the Goddess Episteme.² But they do not sit all day before one priest but move from one shrine to the other. The priests, however, do not move, nor do their discourses seem to change. And I heard another strange story that as the worshippers move from one shrine to another they offer burnt sacrifices in the corridors of the temple, not as do the Greeks burning the flesh of animals, but burning a certain herb which gives off fumes. Some indeed cover it with papyrus in a small roll, but others place it in a larger tube, and all alike draw smoke into their mouths. This then the men do openly, but the women who worship here do not burn this herb in public. Whether they do so apart I am unable to say, for men may not know the mysteries of the women's ritual in this matter.

Now the air of the City of the Loidesii is not clear, and they say that in the winter the sun cannot be seen for smoke. This I do not wonder at seeing how much smoke arises in the temple from their burnt offerings.

This then they do by day, but it is said that at night they worship the Goddess, not the men only, but men and women together, with new rites, clad in other robes. These rites, which resemble dances, were introduced from other tribes when Ephippiotes was Hypotamias for the 8th time. Whether as some say they were adopted from the Indians I do not know, but at least it is reported that he himself visited them, and I believe that is the origin of these rites.

So much then for the worship in these temples on six days out of seven, but on the seventh day the temples are closed for reasons which the priests forbade me to mention.

K.L.O.

¹[Subjects? Ed.] ²[Dr. 'Scientia'.]

Correspondence.

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*,

SIR,

Regret that the University Dramatic Society has not been able to produce "The Mikado" as promised must be general among students, and the members of the Society must be keenly disappointed that the efforts made have so far had no result.

While not wishing to minimise the many excellent qualities which "The Mikado" undoubtedly possesses, may I venture to appeal to the Society to attempt something on a higher artistic level next year? During last term at Oxford and Cambridge were produced Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts," "The White Devil" and Purcell's Opera "The Fairy Queen." "Comus" is to be presented this term. I am aware that Oxford and Cambridge possess many advantages which we in Leeds do not possess, not the least important of which is probably a very deep purse. Such pieces as the above are probably (but not necessarily) impossible for us, but I am sure that a less ambitious programme could be carried out in Leeds and yet an artistic level higher than Gilbert and Sullivan maintained.

To those who would defend "The Mikado," I would like to point out that an opportunity of seeing this opera is generally given at least once a year in most provincial towns, whereas there are many plays, both classical and modern, which no ordinary theatrical manager would ever dream of producing. We in Leeds are barren of both Repertory Theatre and (apparently) Repertory Season and the onus of producing these plays must necessarily fall on the amateur societies such as our own.

A critic recently remarked in *The Athenaeum* that the future of English dramatic Art depended to a large extent on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. I would suggest that their more modern sisters, by the production of first class plays, would also be helping to form a powerful section of public opinion which, in a few years time, would have no small effect in increasing the demand for plays different from those with which the public is served to-day.

The performance of the sketch at the C.U. Bazaar last term shows that there is talent in the University. Is it too much to ask that this talent may be expended on pieces which would help to mould and maintain a high artistic tradition for our own University?

Yours etc.,

H.S.P.

Some Reminiscences of the Medical School in Park Street.

By an Old Student.

As you walk up Park Street you see in the distance the south elevation of the present school, but if you halt opposite the fire station you see in front of you on the west side a semi-gothic building over the door of which is the inscription:—

SCHOLA MEDICINÆ LEODIENSIS RENOVATA A.D. MDCCCLXV. INSTITUTA A.D. MDCCCLXXV.

The "Schola instituta 1830" was at first lodged in some inconvenient apartments in the old Dispensary in North Street. It was transferred in 1834 to No. 1, East Parade, which was purchased and modified for the purpose. It was but a minute's walk from the old infirmary in Infirmary Street. The "Schola Renovata 1865" was the first building in England which was built primarily and expressly for a medical school, and it was considered at the time to be very perfectly adapted to the requirements of medical education. Here the writer was a student from 1871 to 1875.

It is no part of the purpose of this article to consider how inadequate it would be found half a century later for modern requirements. It is 26 years since the new school was opened and already it has been found necessary to annex an adjoining building to meet the ever growing demand for class room and laboratory accommodation. In fact the Leeds University always reminds one of a rapidly growing schoolboy whose garments speak of accommodation insufficiently ample.

The Park Street building contained one lecture theatre, one laboratory, a really fine museum, a library which is now used for the meetings of various societies, a dissecting room, prosector's room, rooms for resident curator and caretaker and some smaller apartments. It was the private property of the members of the staff, who divided the profits between them. The medical department to-day is staffed almost wholly by consultants and specialists, but the School of Medicine was founded and staffed originally by general practitioners. They made a brave beginning and bailed better than they knew. The academic institution which they then founded has by various developments and incorporations come to form part of the University of Leeds, of which it is the oldest department. We old students regard the University very much as a man who has reached manhood may regard a much respected step-mother younger than himself.

The University is not our *Alma Mater* but our *Alma Mater*, if that be a correct expression.

In the writer's day the school was in a transition stage. Amongst the leading spirits of the acting staff three or four stand out in prominence.

Mr. Claudius Galen Wheelhouse was Honorary Surgeon to the Infirmary, an accomplished man, a graceful operator and an excellent clinical teacher and lecturer. He had a finished style of speaking and it was a treat to listen to him. In his day he did much laborious and valuable work for the school. Mr. Pridgin Teake, who is happily still with us in hale old age, was a most skilful operator with exquisite manipulative technique and with a keen care for all minute details such as the success of surgery so much depends on. Mr. T. R. Jessop was a bold and successful operator, and a good clear lecturer. He was a man of great weight in council and he had a judicial manner in announcing his opinions which made a great impression on his patients. Dr. Clifford Allbutt (now Sir Clifford) was a great clinical observer and teacher and was master of a brilliant classical style in writing and speaking. Sir James Crichton Browne, lecturer on mental diseases and head of the Wakefield Asylum, was one of the best lecturers we ever heard and his hospitality and charming personality made him universally popular in the profession. One must not forget Old Sam Hey. He was nearing the end of his working days, but he was the kindest of men, with a pleasant smile for all, and he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. There were several more whom it would be invidious to particularise.

I can remember the first lecture on pathology ever given in the school, and I still possess one of the first microscopes ever supplied to a Leeds medical student. When I wished in after years to change it for a modern instrument the makers refused to allow me anything for the old one. And what of the students of those days? There were more facilities for the slacker then than there are now. The chief stimulating motive which leads the average student to work is the series of examinations which beset his path. To-day the matriculation examination necessitates some degree of sustained industry before a man can even begin his medical curriculum. In those days anyone who sought an easy entrance might avail himself of the preliminary examination held by the College of Preceptors. To-day a

student cannot enter the dissecting room till he has passed through a course of chemistry, physics and biology. In those days there was no preliminary scientific exam. for the average man and he began to dissect the first day. To-day a student cannot begin to walk the hospital till he has passed his anatomy and physiology and by this time he has been linked into something in the shape of a student. In those days there was no exam. till the end of the second winter and he attended the wards as soon as he joined the school. Thus it came to pass that if he chose to idle most of his first year there was no serious obstacle to his doing so. There was therefore a sprinkling of men about who devoted their energies to rows and mischief, and they needed one or two good pluckings to bring them into line. I am not optimistic enough to say that this class is wholly unrepresented to-day, but the slack and rowdy men were much more in evidence then, and an unreflective public were apt to think that such were the only sort. Charles Dickens has immortalised the type in Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen. Dickens was given to see one side of things and to caricature what he saw. But even in Dickens's day, all persons were not like Stiggins and Chadband, nor all lawyers like Dodgson and Fegg, nor were all medical students like Bob Sawyer of Guy's or Benjamin Allen of St. Bartholomew's. Dickens must have known something of the really great men that Guy's and St. Bart's were turning out in his day and these were not evolved from the Sawyer and Allen class. I sometimes wonder what would happen to worthies of this class if with their exaggerating gait and dirty hands they should appear in a modern operation theatre and propose to assist at an operation. The shortest way to the door would be certainly pointed out to them with a request to postpone their return *sine die*. Medical students have not hitherto been divided formally into "pass" and "honour men" but such a division practically exists. Men of the latter class, who start with a good general education, lay a fair foundation of general science, master their anatomy and physiology, and then throw themselves heart and soul into clinical work, take their degree or Fellowship and hold one or more resident hospital posts are some of the most valuable products of a modern university. The great hospitals of the land are staffed by such men, and the leading positions in private practice are taken by them.

J. E. H.



Sir Nicholas Nobbler, Knight.

A Modern Hugh'e-di-brass.

THERE is much complaint abroad that the art of satire is dead. If it is so, it is a pity, for never was an age more ripe for its chastening influences than the present. Certainly it is strange that amidst all the topsy turvydom and vagaries of the days following the war (a war which was faced with a fortitude owing much of its strength to an almost universal strain of satirical humour amongst the fighting men), no great master of the art has made his appearance. Well written parodies such as the books of Artemus and "The History of the Great Warre" by the new Pepys, seem to be the greatest efforts of satire that the war produced, and now amongst our rejuvenated political turmoils—our aspiring women M.P.'s—our creaking deans and melancholy bishops—our outrageously dressed women—our dance mad youth—and above all our profiteers, we await breathlessly the coming of the master satirist who will hold up the mirror to our follies of 1929.

Meanwhile some attempts are being made, and one of the best of them is that of Mr. W. E. Francis, the title of which heads this article. The author has taken as his hero a type very common these days, when a Lancashire cotton operative accused of slacking can turn round upon his foreman with the words, "Who's 'ta talkin' to—ah bowt this 'ere mill last net." Sir Nicholas Nobbler—Knight, is a profiteer of the worst description and his portrait should be of especial interest to the student at Leeds because of the rich dialectical medium in which it is presented. In Leeds and Bradford, Dewsbury and Huddersfield, in Batley and Pudsey and above all in the borough where the great Liberal Leader himself was born, Sir Nicholas is often to be seen. It is his proud boast that—

"Though Nic'las Nobbler rash, J.P., Kt.,
When ah war a lad, ah drove a ragbairt—ME I
Till ah war seven year and, ah went to school,
Ah' left afore ah'd learnt to be a fool."

He very early embarks upon his business career, by a somewhat shady transaction

with a cripple lad whose penknife he covets. The knife is worth at least two shillings and by guile he succeeds in trading his penny tin whistle for it, and gets a doll for his sister into the bargain.

Now he is worth his millions and still believes—

"What's lost by honesty's won back by guile."

The author is at his best however, when he deals with the political ideals and machinations of his hero. Sir Nicholas makes no bones about voicing his opinions upon that great mass of the unthinking proletariat which plays such an important part in party politics and would vote for a table were its legs painted the correct party colour, and as for the intellectuals—

"Progress must pay for waste," says one
dandied ass!

What's good o' votes to us if they get t' brass?
The Publicans' most 'at can't prevent 'em,
An' Liberal Clubs is nix to circumvent 'em."

One would naturally expect our belated profiteer to agree with the scornful Yorkshire opinion that "Eddication's nowt but muckment—sanitation's just a stink," but some of my hero-worshipping, degree-hunting readers may be a little shocked at his ideas upon University degrees, although they are much more generally held than one likes to suppose—

"Ah ails them degrees wor gon for beginin'
An' not for frightin', polin', table turnin';
But t' Private Sec. says any owerk'll do
For Varsity ads, t'c' pages of 'Who's Who'."

Such are the opinions of Mr. Francis' hero and although they cannot be regarded as exclusive to the "County of Broad Acres," garbed in a wealth of sturdy dialect they present to us a striking if not too kindly picture of West Riding character. To the student of dialect the work will come as a greatly appreciated contrast to the warmer and kinder aspect of Yorkshire life which the late Professor Moorman made so much his own. It is a pity that that more facile pen were not here to write of it and to assign to Sir Nicholas Nobbler, J.P., Kt. his proper place amongst the worthies of Yorkshire dialect literature. T.W.M.

"The Final Disillusion?"

This title (minus the inverted commas and mark of interrogation) and the review embodying its meaning, led us the other day to a very interesting work probably already familiar to many readers of *The Gryphon*. Mr. Trotter's "*Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War*" (Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net). The author's thesis, brilliantly developed, is that the four dominant instincts of all gregarious animals, including man, are self-preservation, nutrition, sex and "the herd"—the last being that infinite suggestibility to whatever influences are brought to bear on the individual creature by association with his own group. The existing imperfectly organised life of individuals and communities consists of reaction to the stimuli of all their instincts, crossing each other continually and creating—whether it is realised as such or not—lasting and fierce conflict between one another. Freud's discoveries in the realm of psycho-analysis are, of course, the foundation of this theory, but Mr. Trotter ably points out that their implications can be only partially evaluated as long as the individual, as distinct from the community, is made the unit in all investigation, and while the atmosphere of the consulting-room and the mad-house clings round the formulated system. It is not the beings conveniently labelled "abnormal" who are the infinitely suggestible victims of repressed instinctive impulse; it is the living creature as such which cannot escape from his instincts, and least of all from the specific sensitiveness of the gregarious mind.

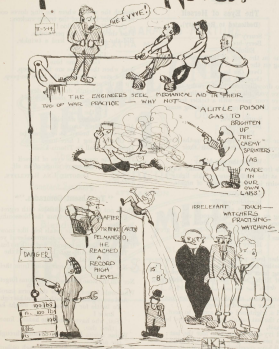
This position our reviewer, stating the conclusion that "belief in morality, religion, politics and what not . . . are products merely of herd suggestion" labels the Final Disillusion. He sees in it—as with each successive advance in the material available for scientific generalisation a certain number of people always do see—the disappearance of objective truth. It is, unfortunately, more necessary to be certain than to know; every day we have to act and "risk it"—for of no act can we foresee with accuracy a single consequence; it is in every case a lesser or a greater leap in the dark. And naturally we justify our proceedings on lines which will appeal to us and to our "herd." But sometimes, surely, if only by a miracle, we are entitled to say "we were right"? In fact, we have here the old, old confusion between origin and validity. As well maintain that because we learned to enjoy roast pork when our house was burning,

roast pork becomes simply guinea-pig the minute it is roasted another way! Or that love, which originated in sexual attraction, has no longer a claim to that title when it persists until, and after, Darby follows Jean to her grave. Mr. Trotter, a scientific man, or observer of the sequences of phenomena, is not called on to discuss the objective validity of our experiences, judgments, or beliefs, and very properly makes no attempt to do so. Though he will doubtless maintain that the power of veto we imagine ourselves to be exercising in favour of a higher purpose as against a lower (when both are tempting us) is simply our response to the suggestion either of the herd or of some other dominant instinct, why is it necessary to assume that the terms "higher" and "lower" therefore become meaningless? Our problem as human beings is surely to apply them justly: in other words, to get into the most adequate herd available at any given period for our choice (and, we may add, *never to stay there too long*).

The whole of Mr. Trotter's book is an admirable tonic for any whose minds are agitated by the tendency of modern psychology to refer everything to the first three, or egoistic, instincts. "Man," says he, "is altruistic because he must be"—it is implied in that world of herds into which he is born. Yet, let us get back to Aristotle: man is a political or gregarious animal, he is infinitely suggestible, and it is not too much to say that for the majority, possibly the whole, of our race, every belief, opinion and act can be referred to some herd suggestion, acting upon, and submitting to modification by, his own original set-out of instincts and faculties, the brute metal of character. This in no way alarms Mr. Trotter. He wants us to recognise it and "act according"; he wants statesmen to see to it that intolerable repressions are not imposed on the young by the existing tangle of conflicting, unorganised suggestion and instinct, and that herds should be organised not against one another, but in pursuit of some common ideal.

What else is this but a plea for rightly conceived Education? What else but to repeat the advice Professor Bateson so eloquently urged in his inaugural address to the Yorkshire Natural Science Association (perhaps that very instant assuming the leadership of a herd which sprang into being at his voice!—"Make the world your public, and supra-national interests the thing"?)

TRAINING NOTES.





The Eyes of Herself

(Dedicated to Rosemary).

"Scurry down,
Berry-brown
Elfin all!

Come on the back of the curdless squall,
Wing on the echo of Oberon's call,
Over the burn,
Over the fern,

Who drowsily nods in the rushy tarn.
Leave your play with a cowslip ball,
Leave your game with a tickler fern,
When Oberon sings his gathering song.

Scurry down,
Berry-brown
Elfin all!

Come by pools where night moths stray,
Where rainbow trout with their shadows
play;

Where the pop-in-jay
Calls from the wood to the Milky way;
Up at the Hall where twinkle lights
A bairn is born this night of nights.

Scurry down,
Berry-brown
Elfin all!

Wing on the echo of Oberon's call:
Before cock-crow we all must say
Whether her eyes shall be brown or grey;
Elfin! hop to my roundelay,

Hurry now,
Scurry now,

Gather from pines the hazel-brown,
Gather from holly its shining green,
Bring from the valley the dusky crown
Of Night, when she rules the whisp'ring
dew."

Titania came, and she stamped her foot,
Her anger aroused a sleepy coot.
And a frightened owl awoke to hoot,
"In the last bairn's eyes you dropped beech-
moss,
And ivy-dust in the one 'fore the lost;
This new-born girl, by my butterflies!
Shall have speedwell-violet-hyacinth eyes.

Up the vale,
Up the vale,
Gather me blue!

Harness the ferrie horses of dew;

Search the woods where the ring doves coo,
Search the haunt of the tramp cuckoo;

Hallo! Hallo!

Find the heart of the periwinkle,
Bid the speedwell to lend a twinkle,
Up the vale,
Up the vale,

Gather me blue!

And when the nurses are fast asleep,
And a star is teaching the babe bo-peep,
Up to the cradle, fairies, creep,
Drop the hyacinth dust and dew
Into her eyes: they shall be blue!

Up the vale,
Up the vale,

Gather me blue!

All the children around I see
Have eyes as brown as eyes can be
So Oberon King I here insist
These eyes shall be Titania-kissed."

That is the reason the eyes of Herself
Are blue as the azure wings of an elf.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

Stoddart.

"To Absent Comrades."*

Think not of our lost comrades with regret!
For though untimely from the blossoming
Rose

In cruel showers the petals fell, like snows
Blighting the Spring—he is remembered yet
That those we miss in pride, and with no fear
Through Honour's gate have reached the
common goal.

Nor Death, but Honour, gains from their
swift toll;

Nor will the Rose her shattered blooms forget.

Who could forget, who saw the storm unroll
And every generous youth demanded his right
To battle for a cause whose weight he
knew!

You, who have shared the hazard, know
their due,

Whose spirits flame like beacons through
the night—

Hail, Guy! Hail, Bobby! Hail! each gallant
soul!

WALTER GARSTANG.

* Recited as a toast at the Reunion Dinner of the Leeds University contingent of the O.T.C., December 12th, 1918.

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THE ANNUAL SPORTS.

AFTER one postponement, caused by inclement weather, the Sports were held on Saturday, May 8th, and the gods shewed their favour by withholding the rain for the afternoon. Owing to the fact that the Christie sports are this year being held at Leeds, a new departure was made in that the Women's and Men's events were all taken on the same afternoon. A long programme resulted, which it was impossible completely to carry through. There was quite a fair attendance.

The atrocious weather had prevented much serious training and also made the track sodden and very dead for running and take offs. All the same it was gratifying to find seventy men and over forty women competitors. It should be pointed out though, that over two-thirds of the male entrants hailed from the Faculty of Technology. With the editor of the *Gryphon* of May, 1914, we might say "What has happened to the Science and Arts Departments? Do their members really think that they represent the brain of the University, while the Technicians are its bone and muscle, or is it sheer unadulterated slackness!"

In the men's events, undoubtedly the best performance of the day was that of Holmes, who won the 100 yards in 10½ seconds. Llewelyn certainly proved himself a good middle distance runner. His time for the half-mile was good, while he will be capable of getting comfortably within five minutes for the mile when really pressed. Plummer, too, should be able to add several inches to his high jump. Our "future Olympic champion," Preston, put up a very good show, winning the quarter and long jump, and being placed both in the 100 and 220 yards; he only missed the championship by one point. Blease is undoubtedly a good sprinter, and has acquired the very useful accomplishment of starting well—witness his magnificent lead early in the 220 yards, which he succeeded in maintaining throughout. The number of competitors for the three miles was most satisfactory when compared with last year.

In looking back it must be regretted that neither Bollerby nor Craven were able to compete. One also missed the spectacular shot-putting of Smith of the U.S. Army, who cleared the pit.

For individual performance, Holmes must be congratulated on carrying off the championship; he is a very fine sprinter. The

Dyeing and Leather departments deservedly took the departmental championship, as well as retaining their hold on the relay race trophy, but not a little credit is due for the keenness shown in organising the departments for the sports. The Agriculturals with a hefty, well trained team, succeeded—I believe for the first time—in winning the tug of war—a creditable performance, necessitating eight pulls during the course of the afternoon.

Credit is due to the Secretaries, Messrs. W. W. H. Sowerby, W. W. Wilson, J. F. Marsland and Miss Penn for the arrangement of the Sports, as well as to the numerous judges, starters, and other officials. If suggestions for improvements may be made, one essential is a rope to keep the audience off the track; it is bad, not only for the turf, but also for the tempers of stewards and audience. Further, sand should be provided in the jumping pit, to be fair to the contestants' ankles. A slanting start for the 220 yards is also desirable otherwise the inside man has an advantage of five to ten yards start. A board for the edge of the shot-put circle is also required, to avoid the frequent "no putts."

The thanks of the Sports Committee are due to Lady Sadler for presenting the prizes. Everyone was also delighted to see the Vice-Chancellor there during the afternoon. To some people it seems that he possesses the secret of creating time, so ready is he to assist at any student function despite his many public and University calls.

RESULTS:—

100 Yards—1st, F. B. Holmes (Fuel); 2nd, R. G. Blease (Science); 3rd, H. M. Preston (Dyeing); Time, 10½ seconds.

220 Yards—1st, R. G. Blease (Science); 2nd, F. B. Holmes (Fuel); 3rd, H. M. Preston (Dyeing); Time, 20½ seconds.

Quarter Mile—1st, H. M. Preston (Dyeing); 2nd, J. A. Hall (Science); 3rd, W. S. Flowers (Medical); Time, 28½ seconds.

Half Mile—1st, T. F. Llewelyn (Dyeing); 2nd, G. M. Miller (Arts); 3rd, B. Garside (Arts); Time, 2 minutes, 15½ seconds.

One Mile—1st, T. F. Llewelyn (Dyeing); 2nd, G. M. Miller (Arts); 3rd, T. S. Hare (Science) and A. Lykes (Arts); Time, 5 minutes 30 seconds.

Three Miles—1st, A. Henshaw (Medical); 2nd, W. W. Wilson (Arts); 3rd, T. F. Llewelyn (Dyeing); Time, 17 minutes, 20 seconds.

120 Yards Hardball—1st, F. B. Holmes (Fuel); 2nd, A. F. Plummer (Dyeing); 3rd, M. H. Thirbaey (Dyeing); Time, 20½ seconds.

High Jump—1st, A. F. Plummer (Dyeing); 2nd, H. G. James (Science); 3rd, T. H. Craven (Science) and T. F. Llewelyn (Dyeing); Winner cleared 5 feet 1 inch.

Long Jump—1st, H. M. Proton (Dyeing), 19 feet 6 inches; 2nd, M. H. Thirway (Dyeing), 18 feet 4 inches; 3rd, R. Sayce (Agriculture), 17 feet 10 inches.

Putting the Shot—1st, F. L. Seymour-Jones (Leather), 28 feet 2 inches; 2nd, E. Barber (Engineers), 27 feet 6 inches; 3rd, G. Barker (Textile), 25 feet 6 inches.

Inter-Departmental Relay Race (Half Mile)—1st, Dyeing and Leather; 2nd, Engineers and Fuel; Time, 1 minute, 30 seconds.

Trophy War—1st, Retail, Agriculture beat Dyeing and Leather 'B' (2-0); Engineers 'A' w.o.; Engineers 'B' withdrew; Dyeing and Leather 'A' and Textile byes.

2nd Retail, Engineers 'A' beat Dyeing and Leather 'A' (2-0); Agriculture beat Textile (2-1); Final, Agriculture beat Engineers (2-1).

Shot Race—100 yards—1st, Mr. H. W. Thompson; 2nd, Sgt. Buckley.

Champion Athlete—F. B. Holmes (Fuel), 25 points; Warner-up, H. M. Proton (Dyeing), 24 points; 3rd, V. F. Llewellyn (Dyeing), 23 points.

Departmental Trophy—Dyeing and Leather, 80 points; Engineers and Fuel, 40 points; Science, 27 points; Arts, 18 points; Agriculture, 12 points; Medicine, 12 points; Textile, 2 points.

The Women's Events.

When compared with that of last year a most decided increase in interest was displayed this year both by women competitors and spectators, and as a result the women's performances at the Annual Sports, held on May 8th showed an improvement both in form and spirit.

The Inter-Hall and Day Student events were a huge success and though partisan spirit ran high, everyone felt that the keenness engendered was of the sort to be encouraged. There is a strong feeling that an Inter-Hall and Day Student trophy would help considerably.

The Women's Championship Cup was won by Miss W. Towers (University Hall) by a score of forty points. Miss E. Toes came second with twenty points. Obviously a fine all-round athlete, the Champion was particularly noticeable for neatness of movement.

RESULTS OF WOMEN'S EVENTS—

High Jump—1st, W. Towers; 2nd, F. E. Ward, 100 Yards—1st, W. Towers; 2nd, M. Brown.

Half Mile—1st, E. Toes; 2nd, F. Hornwith.

Quarter Mile—1st, E. Toes; 2nd, F. E. Ward.

220 Yards—1st, W. Towers; 2nd, M. Geyer.

Long Jump—1st, Senior-Smith; 2nd, W. Towers.

Hurdles—1st, F. Hornwith; 2nd, W. Towers.

Keg and Spoon—1st, E. Walker; 2nd, D. Fleet.

Shipping—1st, D. Fleet; 2nd, A. Swaine.

Tug of War—1st, University Hall; 2nd, College Road Hall.

Relay Race—1st, University Hall; 2nd, Lyndon Hall.

Championships—1st, W. Towers, 40 points; 2nd, E. Toes, 20 points.

F.L.R.-J., F.E.W.

Honorary Degree Day.

On Friday the 7th of May, the University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on the following gentlemen:—

The Rev. Canon Dalton, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., M.A.

Mr. P. M. Evans, M.A.

Mr. John Bickerteth, M.A.

Mr. W. H. Barber, B.A.

The occasion was that of the visit of the Worshipful Company of Drapers to the University, and in honouring the Rev. Canon Dalton, who is the master of the Company, the University honoured the Company which has done so much for the foundation of our University.

To the other gentlemen we also owe a great debt of gratitude for services rendered to the University, which although founded only sixteen years ago, has already taken its place as one of the most important of our British Universities.

E.

Tell-Tale.

Do the Union Committee look after your interests?

Out of 8 attendances:	Women Members:
Mr. Seymour-Jones .. 8	Miss Ward .. 7
.. H. W. H. Soarney .. 8	.. Greenwood .. 6
.. H. W. O'Brien .. 8	.. Savkins .. 7
Prof. B. M. Connell .. 4	.. Irvine .. 8
.. C. M. Gillespie .. 3	.. Werth .. 7
Mr. A. E. Wheeler .. 3	.. Grange .. 3
.. H. Ward .. 8	
.. G. S. Thorpe .. 5	
.. J. Atkins .. 4	
.. D. Bradley .. 8	
.. H. Salt .. 4	
.. A. M. Roy .. 6	
.. H. R. Bates .. 5	
.. W. P. Stewart .. 5	
.. F. Lord .. 7	
.. H. B. Moffatt .. 4	
.. C. H. Moore .. 5	
.. A. D. Thomson .. 4	
.. D. M. Borer .. 2	
(Possible 3) .. 2	

Representatives from the S.E.C.:

Mr. G. Arncliffe .. 2
.. E. R. Woodroffe .. 2
.. H. P. Fowler .. 2
.. J. R. Odde .. 4
.. R. Wood .. 3
.. A. S. Hodgson .. 4
.. D. I. Currie .. 5
Miss O. Phillips .. 3

Special Union Notice.

THE attention of all athletic club secretaries (both men and women) is drawn to Rule 29:

"No student shall be entitled to his athletic colours unless his (or her) name has been registered in the 'Colours Register' kept by the Hon. Secretary of the Union, by the Captain of the Club granting the colours."

H. W. O.

The Religion of the Returned Soldier.

A Reply to "Light-Cruiser."

WHSOEVER it be that separates the immortal from the transitory in the jetson and flotsam of the *Gryphon* box, is to be congratulated on opening the columns of our magazine to a topic which at least appeals to the bosoms of a wider circle than do the latest colours and arrangement of stripes on blazers, &c. A little healthy polemic will perhaps reveal more of the genuine, fundamental peculiarities of our extremely heterodox *Afros Mater*, than the Sports columns have permitted.

The problem which "Light-Cruiser" has stated from the point of view of the returned soldier, indeed concerns every thinking being of an age to draw maybe invidious comparisons between 1914 and 1920. In all creeds, and in all the various denominations of those creeds, there were doubtless more men and women who clung to some formula, not for the spiritual sustenance they drew from it; rather for the feeling of solidarity it gave them with the others who likewise hesitated to embark on the perilous sea of spiritual self-determination. Nevertheless, comparatively restful and uniform as was the perspective which 1914 presented, 1920, with its uncharted, trackless, almost hopelessly bewildering confusion of dogmas in débris, of creeds in course of hasty erection—jerry built, of lousy faiths which found no place for themselves in the stifling "laissez-faire" and "laissez-aller" atmosphere of the Old World, 1920 may yet be the ridge of our age, from which we shall look with wondering, somewhat contemptuous curiosity on the one hand, upon the stagnant streams of the past, and on the other, upon the playful, rather turbulent waters which carry into the dim horizon the hopes of a more enlightened—not disillusioned—civilisation.

"Light-Cruiser" has looked for religion in the old traditional centres, the Churches. Shall we smile at his naïveté when he must confess that he has not discovered it there? Shall we condescendingly inform him that religion had long since refused to confine itself within a temple or a church? There is no need to enter here into the reasons for the failure of organised religion. We are concerned rather with the danger that religion, in the widest sense of the term, may disappear entirely from the outlook of the 20th Century, and this subject, I imagine, has been opened to receive constructive rather than destructive views.

In the first place, we must conceive of new ideals. Tenets which were once sufficient to bring martyrdom, must now be discarded as entirely irrelevant to the life of our common days and as stultifying to our mental development. Our new faiths need not necessarily be functions in terms of God and the Devil, nor need our life be an ingenious system of sin and virtue-keeping by double entry. If the last years of universal upheaval have taught us one lesson more sharply than another, it is this: that this world deserves our attention much more than the hypothe-cated future one; the war and the consequent debasement of moral values was due to the fact that our attention was misapplied; not indeed too largely to things extramundane, but rather to the wrong things in this world.

Even before peace came, many soldiers had worked out for themselves their future religion, tho' they did not give it this name. How many promised to work for the cause of universal peace, through sympathy, understanding, tolerance? How many keen, penetrating minds adopted the heresies of Socialism as offering some concrete solution to the woes of materialism? Naturally the return to civilian life, the sharp contrast between their own hard-won and hand-preserved idealism and the blatant ostentatious, unmoral vulgarity of the stay-and-profit-at-homes, acted with stunning force. But we may soon expect to see the counter-reaction. The "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" ideal appeals to many like a new gospel, appearing at a time when its seed is likely to fall on the most fruitful ground. The gospel of the future must be able to live without being propped up by external framework. It must be saved from the transcendentalism which so easily becomes indifference, by compelling a nearer interest in man's own thoughts, activities, prejudices and ideals. It must be as closely wedded to the workman's bench as the old was to the altar. Our new religion must be of the earth, earthy, and if we in course of time recognise the intimate relationship between material circumstances and spiritual development—I speak now of the ordinary man, not of the rare St. Francis—we may be able actively to sympathise with those large movements which are now agitating millions of our fellow-men, and which, concentrating to-day on gaining more to satisfy the basic needs of life, hope on the morrow to have leisure to attain the unquestionably higher values. In a rather different sense the *vox populi* will determine for us the *vox Dei*. A religion is for the multitude, not for the solitary

ascetic. Men who thought during the long years of war, have managed to formulate their own needs more or less clearly. There can be no return to the past, if those needs are to be satisfied. In the present, they can desecrate the paths which they must follow. Courage is essential, in addition to conviction. The first happy evidence of this courage will be the mode in which the present discussion is carried on. I.S.

[A further reply to "Light-Creator" will be published in our next number.—Ed.]

The Christian Union.

The Committees of the Men's and Women's Christian Unions wish to thank all who helped to make the Finance week effort the great success that it was. I give below a brief statement of the result:—

Flag Day	£16 2 3
Dance	20 11 6
Bazaar	65 15 0
	<hr/>
	£102 8 9

I should like to explain to the University that this useful sum will not be used to provide free dinners at the Refectory for Christian Union Committee members, nor hair pins or hair oil for members at large. The whole of the amount has been forwarded to the headquarters of the Student Christian Movement, to assist in the many activities of that body, Swanwick Conferences and so on. These of course you will be perfectly acquainted with, if you followed the crowd to the Freshers' Social last October.

And now just a word about Swanwick. The Conferences are held this year July 13th—19th and July 23rd—29th. J. R. Middlebrook, our president, is to be chairman of the first one, and we hope to get together a good old crowd to go down for a real jolly camp.

G. M. MILLER,

Sec.

Marriage.

DUCLLOS-GILBERT.—On April 6th, Achille Dominique Duches, of Montpellier, France, to Eleanor Winifred, only daughter of the late Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Gilbert, of Ebbot and Liverpool.

The Economic Society.

This Society—inaugurated last term and now recognised by the Senate—has held two very successful meetings since its inception. At the first, held in the Refectory on Thursday, March 11th, 40 members, representing all Departments of the University, were present. A debate was held on the ability of Germany to pay while submitted to the terms of the Peace Treaty.

On April 27th, Mr. A. N. Shimmis, M.A., occupied the chair, when the principles of the Levy on Capital were discussed. Mr. J. C. Hazlip supported the levy, while Mr. W. H. Smith spoke against it. The meeting eventually decided by a two-thirds majority that "a Capital Levy is necessary and desirable to pay Great Britain's War Debt."

W. H. SMITH,

Rep. Sec.

The New Union Rooms.

As there must be some considerable time before the Memorial Union Rooms are built, the University authorities have kindly provided and equipped a house in De Grey Terrace as a temporary Union.

The house was opened by Lady Sadler on April 23rd last.

The accommodation consists of the following rooms:—bounge, card room, music room, changing room, writing room, and committee room.

We are very grateful to the University authorities for this substantial proof of their interest in the social life of the students.

H. W. O.

NOTICE.

As the next issue of *The Gryphon* will not be out until the end of next month, subscribers who intend leaving Leeds before Degree Day are requested to leave their address and 1½d. for postage with the Editor in order that a copy may be sent to them. Articles for No. 6 should be in by June 9th.

"The Gryphon" Committee.

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