Prof Barber

THE GRYPHON

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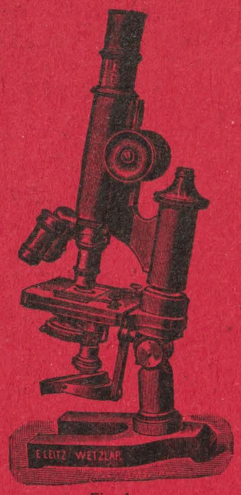

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Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

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Fig. 6.

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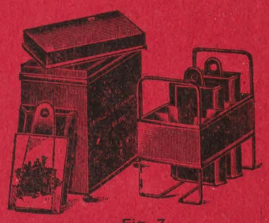

Fig. 7.

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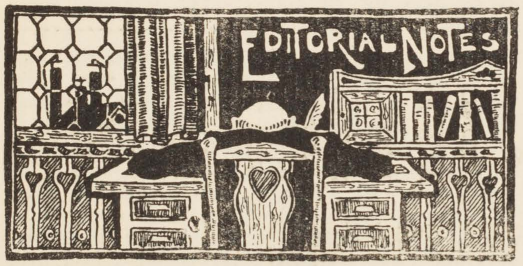
Vol. XV. NOVEMBER, 1911. No. 1.



IT has become the custom for editors of the *Gryphon* to extend the hand of fellowship to freshmen, though by the time that the first issue is published the need of a welcome will be felt by few. However, we offer our hearty greetings to all that numerous body of men (and in no less a degree to the ladies) who have this year come within the pale. We trust that they will act up to the traditions of the college in every way, and from the signs visible even by now, there can be little doubt on this head. The social functions already held have had most cordial support, and the athletics clubs can have no cause to grumble either at the quantity or the quality of their new raw material. No conscientious fresher will neglect the manifold duties which he owes to his *Alma Mater*; it is no part of our programme, however, to catalogue the obligations of the student, for that has been done sufficiently elsewhere—notably in Mr. Rowe's speech at the Smoker and in the Handbook. We should like to draw attention to this latter publication; the present issue contains, in addition to the usual matter, a feeling memoir of our late Vice-Chancellor, Sir Nathan Bodington. This year's freshers do not have the advantage of studying under his *regime*, but in his place they will come into contact with another born leader of men, and an unequalled organiser—Professor Michael E. Sadler, of Manchester University.

* * *

No one could be more fitted for the post of Vice-Chancellor than is Professor Sadler, for, as was pointed out at the Court meeting which unanimously appointed him, he brings to his work the go-ahead spirit of the modern universities, blended with and tempered by the mellow academic influence of our older institutions. It is a happy admixture of character, and when we bear in mind that to this is added a vivid interest in all classes and a powerful and dominant will, we feel sure that Leeds University is entering on a period of unparalleled stability and progress. This is not the place to enter into an account of Professor Sadler's career; that task has been carried out far more adequately than is in our power by a friend well acquainted with him, and the impression gained from our article will be reinforced in a very short time by personal impressions, for we understand that Professor Sadler will enter upon his duties almost immediately. Our new "V.-C." and his wife very kindly acceded to the request of the bashful *Gryphon* in sending an excellent photo (whereupon the said *Gryphon* flapped its wings with glee); we publish an enlargement of the photo as a supplement to this issue. We cannot help congratulating Leeds on its acquisition, and at the same time commiserating our fellow-students at Manchester; fortunately, however, they will not be altogether out of touch with the Professor, for the four Northern Universities are as a band of brothers, who feel how intimate are the ties which connect them.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY LEEDS
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, LEEDS CANCELLED

This year two of the main social functions fall within the first term—the University Dance and the Greek play. The first, arranged to be held on November 17th, will follow quickly upon this issue of the *Gryphon*, and will be described in the second issue. Instituted only last session, the function attained a well-deserved success, and it was resolved to make it, if possible, an annual affair; for that purpose a Dance Committee was appointed. We trust that their deliberations and arrangements will be rewarded with great success. Everyone who is accustomed to tread a measure, or who plays the ancient game of "wallflowers," should make a point of turning up to the Dance.

* * *

The play produced under the auspices of the Literary and Historical Society is too elaborate and expensive a production to be arranged at shorter intervals than four or five years, and present students are singularly fortunate in having the opportunity to witness one of Aristophanes' immortal satiric comedies, played in the most lifelike manner possible, with all the scenery, costumes, and trappings used in the Oxford University representation. "The Frogs" was ably described in the last number of the *Gryphon* by the secretary of the Play Committee, so that no further formal introduction is necessary. After Mr. Raisman's article, and the stirring exhortations at sundry times issued by the various promoters, it would be strange if the play met with anything but the most cordial support from the college. We can rely on the committee to advertise suitably elsewhere, and from the number of tickets sold to outsiders we shall be able to some extent to estimate the spirit in which the University is regarded by our fellow-citizens. We understand that the histrionic talent forthcoming is quite satisfactory, and the venture of the Literary and Historical Society bids fair to be crowned with the brilliant success it deserves. The production, which is to take place on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, November 30th and December 1st, and possibly also on the Saturday evening, presents an admirable opportunity for the exhibition of that spirit of comradeship between the various departments of the University on which the stability of our corporate life is so intimately dependent. We have no fear that the Technological and Scientific students will withhold their support, although Arts students may feel themselves more intimately concerned. They really have no reason to do so, for true works of genius have a common appeal to all. Roll up in your thousands, men and women of Leeds, and set a noble example to the rest of our modern Universities!

* * *

We print in this issue an article by a freshman on first impressions of the University and its institutions. It is only by special favour that we publish his contribution at all, for he has not had the courtesy to make his name known even to the Editor. We will not publish material by people who refuse to divulge their identity; if it is shyness they suffer from, they need have no fear of their name passing beyond the Editorial sanctum; pseudonyms are almost always used in the magazine. We were induced to include the article on various grounds: firstly, because it is an excellent sign to see a freshman putting forward his own individual views whatever be their justice; and also because we foresee that much profitable discussion will be stimulated by the opinions he expresses. For ourselves, we must say that the tone of the article is arrogantly superior for one thing, and for another that the truth of some of the remarks is extremely questionable. Our freshman superciliously presumes that previous writers on the same topic have made only "superficial observations"; he implies, of course, that he is above any such weakness. Tremble, Mr. Freshman, for we shall expose you! He states that in the *Gryphons* he has seen there were merely Society reports, with perhaps a good article occasionally. We maintain that this is a gross slander upon our predecessors in the editorial chair. We select at random two of our *Gryphons*—those for November, 1909, and March, 1911; each contains sixteen pages of matter; the former, four pages of Society and Club reports; the latter, five. Draw in thy horns, O Fresher! By some strange logic we learn that 3d. is not high enough price for a University magazine, but that it is enough for the *Gryphon*. We have already proved that our contributor's account of the *Gryphon* is anything but just; his logic seems equally weird. Let T. H. reform the wretched barbarian *Gryphon* (taking care that it does not scratch him), and then pay as high a price as he likes for his copy! The treasurer won't grumble.

Mr. Fresher makes some remarks on a subject which we do not intend to include in our columns. We leave it to the commonsense of our readers to guess what this subject is. Suffice it to say that his views are of the most puerile kind, his statements grossly incorrect, and the whole tone of this section of his article a pitiful revelation. We should not have thought such stuff could emanate from a member of our college, and we trust that a longer residence will give him saner opinions. We should like a little confidential talk with T.H., for only so could he realise how truly he is mistaken. We would willingly print his remarks were it not that certain individuals who have access to this paper are somewhat lacking in good sense. Are you answered, Fresher? We do not wish to offend you either as a member of the University, or as a prospective contributor, but you have drawn us out to deny at some length, and with indignation, the misleading statements in your article. You have accused others of taking a superficial view; in all humility we are afraid that so far you form no exception to the general rule.

* * *

We are compelled to hold over a considerable amount of really desirable matter owing to lack of space.

We regret to hear that the health of Mr. Welpton, the Master of Method, has completely broken down, and that he will be capable of little or no more work this term.

After the Long Vacation.

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

THE Long Vacation has brought with it an unusual number of changes in the senior ranks of the University.

First and foremost in order of interest and importance comes, of course, the advent of our new Vice-Chancellor, of whom we publish a special account from the pen of an esteemed contributor.

Since the 30th of September, the University has had no Registrar. At 9.30 on the morning of that day (a Saturday) Mr. Husband came down to his room in the College, transacted the usual business until 12.30, and then went home to lunch, as he had done every Saturday since he became Secretary of the Yorkshire College of Science, thirty-five years ago. By next day his retirement had taken effect. Thus quietly passed from our midst one who was a link with the earliest struggles of the institution, and who had laboured unceasingly on its behalf in the same unassuming self-effacing manner. Only those who sit on the Council and other consultative bodies by which we are ruled know the amount of painstaking detailed work Mr. Husband got through in the ordinary course of things, and the extra labour entailed upon him when the University Charter was in preparation, and when new buildings were being erected. We are glad to think that a handsome testimonial, presented last summer, showed him that a large number of people connected with the University fully appreciated his long services. In accordance with Mr. Husband's express wish, there was no formality about the presentation of this testimonial: at the conclusion of the Council Meeting in July (or August, we forget which) the Pro-Chancellor handed over a cheque; Mr. Husband said "Thank you," that was all. We understand that a Committee of the Council has the whole question of the organisation of the Office before it, and that no appointment to the Registrarship will be made until it has presented its report.

The Professorial staff displays one filled gap and two empty ones. In place of Professor Blackman, now at the London "Charlottenburg," we have Professor Priestley in the Chair of Botany. The new Professor hails from the University of Bristol, where he was student and subsequently lecturer; he brings with him a great reputation for scientific work on lines which have special interest for our department of Agriculture, and his active participation in the student side of college life is shown by the fact that he held a commission in the Bristol University O.T.C. Professor Macgregor's post is, so to speak, put in commission during his absence in foreign parts. Mr. Clay takes the teaching at the University, Mr. Dower the extension work. Both of these gentlemen have been engaged in the extension work of the University. It is rumoured that the finances of the Council do not suffer by this arrangement. A Professor of Coal Mining is not yet appointed in place of Professor Thompson.

Late in the vacation, Mr. Ure was appointed to the chair of Classics at University College, Reading, whither our congratulations follow him. His successor as Assistant-Lecturer in Classics is Mr. P. W. Dodd, of Jesus College, Oxford. Mr. Dodd has, of course, much to do with the forthcoming "Frogs," and it is somewhat of a coincidence that his brother was here for a time three years ago, to take the place of Mr. Greenwood, the then assistant in Classics, when the latter broke down in the middle of the preparations for the "Clouds."

The Women's Hostel is now established in De Grey Road, under the care of Miss Thomson.

The Geological Department has a new assistant in Mr. Odling, whose father is Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford.

The Baptism of the Freshmen.

As long as the name of tradition shall live
  Or the lungs of poetasters declaim,
Remembered 'twill be how that one Friga's eve
  A wild Freshers' Smoker grew tame.

E'en "Thirders" glanced round with a liquefied air—
  'Tis Freshers are easily sated;
All mouths told the story of crumbs gone astray:
  Our joy told of stomachs placated.

We knew that in golden decades which are past
  The method of moving the tables
Was by raising and passing from hand unto hand
  As if by high overland cables.

The sparrows'-eye view of this notable mode
  Showed an army of students attacking,
And above them, not victors, but stript of their arms,
  An army of tables out backing.

Alas! 'tis all past: chairs shall vibrate no more,
  For long shall we students remember
How they thrust us outside in a soul-damping rain,
  And a fog thicker far than November.

Some have queried the fog, yet we never regained
  The flow of our spirits exultant;
But we rinsed out our biles in the tankard that smiles,
  And the fog may have been the resultant.

HON. CLASS.

Services for Students.

THE Bishop of Ripon was the preacher at the First service of the session in Emmanuel Church, and a large number of people were present to hear him. His sermon was on the subject of "Contempt," and he shewed how great was the danger of the spirit of contempt in University life, which is life in miniature. This applied, he pointed out, to both the physical and intellectual life, destroyed the balance of human judgment, and made impartiality impossible. If this spirit of contempt got the better of us, it would make us into that sort of people which always regarded a certain class of things with disdain. Therefore, he concluded, "Don't despise, but by love serve one another."

Omar Khayyam.

A Play in One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

OMAR KHAYYAM OF NAISHAPUR.

NIZAM AL MULK – A Vizier, his old schoolfellow.

ALI BEN ASSAR – A Potter, his landlord.

SAKI – – The Potter's daughter, his beloved.

A SERVANT.

Omar Khayyam is discovered lodging in the house of an artist-potter. In the back scene is the potter's shop, "with the clay population round in rows." He is seated on the floor surrounded by mathematical and astronomical instruments, a wine bottle is by his side, and he holds in his hand a tablet and a style. Saki stands before him with the evening meal.

Omar (*reading*):

Into this Universe, and WHY not knowing,
Nor WHENCE, like water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not WHITHER, willy-nilly blowing.

Saki: What nonsense, O my master! Who can understand your speculations? (*Throws tablet on one side and sets down the tray*).

Omar: Nonsense, O almond blossom! My speculations nonsense? (*Rises*). Why . . . (*Enter Ali ben Assar. Ali is stout and round. He looks prosperous, but his face is disfigured by greed.*)

Ali: The last coin is spent, O my Guest! Your servant begs his rent or we inevitably perish. My emaciation has become excessive.

Omar: Is it not the blessed month Ramazan, brother Potter? (*Smiling sarcastically*). What shouldst thou do but fast?

Ali: Art and Abstinence go ill together, O my Guest!

Omar (*to Saki*): Come, love, let thy heart dilate. (*He shoves the bottle on one side, and draws Saki to him*).

Omar (*to Ali*): As thou sayest, O Potter, verily Truth sits on thy brow like gilt on the Throne of Jamshyd. But be warned. (*Drinking*). Avoid the cup. Didst thou live more like a dervish thy inspiration would be purer and thy wares nobler. This (*holding up a cup*) is by no means perfect. It hath a wry lip, which causeth good liquor to spill. See! (*He drinks*).

Ali (*grumbling*): Come! You are tricking me. Your rent, O Tentmaker! I cannot keep a lazy, worthless fellow without pay.

Omar: Worthless am I, sayest thou? (*Holding up the crooked cup*). Is this worthless? Dost thou blame *thy* handiwork for being crooked? 'Twas *thy* hand, Potter, that shook.

Ali: Ay, you have ever the tricks of argument, but that will not pay your housing.

Omar (*releasing Saki and starting forward angrily*): Son of a miser! Why dost thou pester me? Thou art rich. Begone! Leave me to my meal. Thou shalt be paid.

Ali: When?

Omar: Begone, or I leave thy house for ever!

Ali (*changing his tone*): I hear and obey. Come, Saki! (*He goes out muttering*). Curse thy Algebra. No man ever yet made wealth with figure juggling. (*At the door*). Come, girl!

Saki: I shall stay with the Tentmaker. He is no miser.

Ali (*vindictively*): May Allah abundantly compensate thee, girl, that we are poor. Wert thou a rich man's daughter . .

Omar: Leave her, O my Brother! She shall help me with my problems. To thy craft, and leave us to our science. (*He embraces Saki*).

Ali: Science? (*He shrugs his shoulders and goes out*).

Saki: They say the Grand Vizier (Allah favour him!) has spoken well of your learning—and you will be famous and rich. Perhaps you will be made Cadi, or a governor at least, and have wives and many, many slaves—black ones from Africa and white infidels from the West.

Omar (*dropping the cup on the floor*): Allah forbid!

Saki: But you are wise and clever! Your pupil Khawajah is Nizam of Samarkand. Oh! why have you no scholars now? Why do you waste your time with wine and verse making?

Omar: Waste? Ha! ha! (*Drinks*). Waste, sayst thou?

Saki: Yes. I found this yesterday.

"Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song."
(*Omar winces.*)

(*continuing*): You could have influence, and wealth, and power.

Omar (*Amused*): Thou art greedy, Saki!

Saki: Oh! Would *I* were a man! To ride a white charger, and wield a scimitar, to rule and judge, to scatter largesse, and to chop off hands and feet! Ah! (*enraptured at the idea*). That were life indeed!

Omar: Listen!

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone."

Is not that true?

Saki: I suppose so—you are very clever—but give me the "little Hour or two"! Oh, do make haste and become famous!

Omar: And what then?

Saki: Then—Ah! We will live in a palace and rule, and merchants shall bring bales of silks, and jewellery, and horses. And we will feast and have music that would make a rock to dance. And we would . . .

Ali here enters, followed by Nizam al Mulk and his servant.

(*broken off, in alarm*): The Cadi! (*She clings to Omar*) Oh! see!

Ali (*walking up to Omar*) *:* My Lord, His Highness the Vizier . . . .

Omar : The Vizier ! Dog ! So, for thy paltry rent thou wouldst sell me to the bastinado !

Ali (*trembling*) *:* No, my lord, your slave . . .

Omar (*seizing him*) *:* Then thou hast betrayed me for my opinions ! I am not orthodox, thank Allah, if thy deeds be true. Go on first, slave ! (*He draws his dagger, and tripping Ali to the ground, falls on him with uplifted arm. Ali draws, and they struggle*).

Ali : O, Muslims !—Help !—By the Chapter of Sincerity—I implore !

Saki (*clapping*) *:* Kill him, Omar ! We will have his gold, and run away to Cairo.

Nizam : By the tomb of the Apostle ! A fight ! Give the underling fair play.

Omar (*withdrawing*) *:* Allah ! What *am* I about to do ? Shall I take a man's life ? (*Kneels*). I implore the forgiveness of God for this action. (*Ali lunges viciously at him and misses*). Traitor ! Would I *had* killed thee ! (*Omar and Ali stand facing each other. Nizam steps between them*).

Nizam : So, Omar, you still remember that Indian trick you learned from the Fakir.

Omar (*with drunken contempt*) *:* What dost thou know of what I know ? Enough ! Is it mutilation, decapitation ? What ? Arrest me ! I care not. I am but what I shall be—Nothing—I shall not be less. (*To Ali*) *:* Would I had maimed thee, treacherous dog !

Ali : Nay, I spoke naught against thee. Thy rent shall be . . .

Nizam : Keep thy explanations, slave, till thou meet the Apostle of God ! (*To the servant*) *:* Lead him forth.

Ali : Spare me ! O Vizier of the age ! (*Is dragged out of the room*). I have gold ! Spare me.

Nizam : Omar Khayyam ! I took thee for a philosopher. (*Pointing to the instruments*). Are not these thine ? I come peaceably to see thee, and thou must needs fall on thy landlord with murder in thy heart in the presence of the law itself. Be thine own Cadi ! What shall be done ?

Omar : 'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days,
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays :
Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.
(*Hangs his head*).

(*drolly*) *:* This cursed fate again ! His knife missed me (*grinning*) so I must go on living, I suppose.

Nizam : Omar, dost thou remember one Nizam al Mulk ?

Omar : I was at school with him. I should know him.

Nizam : Did not each of you then promise to share his fortune with the other, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself ?

Omar : Ay, but I have no fortune, Allah be praised, only this ! (*Drinking*).

Saki (*pouting*) *:* Oh ! what about me ?

Nizam : I am thy old schoolfellow. I heard of thee, thou old astrologer ! I have come to hold thee to thy word.

Omar (*shrugging his shoulders*) *:* Half nothing, and nothing remains. I possess nothing.

Saki : Am I then nothing ? O thou son of an infidel !

Nizam : Fate hath favoured me. I am now Vizier. Say what place of honour thou wilt have, and I will procure it for thee.

Saki : Allah be glorified ! Now we shall be great ! Now for the horses and the feastings !

Nizam : Is this Houri thy wife, Omar, that she speaks so unadvisedly with her tongue ? He spoke truth who said that women are deficient in sense and religion.

Saki (*hissing it*) *:* Wretch !

Omar : Nay, we are not wedded. Not yet. Her father requires a dowry from me. (*Drinking*). Have him hanged, O my Brother !

Nizam (*not noticing the last words*) *:* See now, how Allah blesseth the faithful. If it were engraved upon the intellect it would be a lesson for him who would be instructed. I have experienced a contraction of the heart on account of this damsel. She hath cheeks like anemones. Her hair is like nights of sorrows, and her face like days of joy. Her eyes are like twin stars, and her lips like coral.

Saki (*to Omar*) *:* He talks like an old story teller in the market.

Nizam (*continuing*) *:* Thou shalt give her to me in return for what I will do for thee, and Allah knows—Thou art getting the best of the bargain !

Omar : Nay, Brother, I am content. I do not ask for wealth.

Nizam : Then you break your vow ?
(*Omar shrugs his shoulders and looks at Saki.*)

Saki (*stamping*) *:* Coward ! Cadi, I *will* come with you ! (*Enquiringly*) I shall be rich ? (*Nizam nods*) Have slaves ? (*Nizam nods*) horses ? jewels ?

Nizam : Ay, what thou wilt, damsel !

Omar (*contemptuously*) *:* Ay, and will live in a harem (*Nizam nods*) and be guarded by black men and go about attended, veiled—a doll, a toy ! (*Amazed*) *:* Thou wilt go, Saki ? Ha, ha !

Nizam (*shocked*) *:* By the Prophet of God ! What meanest thou, Omar ? Shall not woman be subject to her lord ?

Saki : I will be free. (*Going up to Omar*). I choose thee, Tentmaker !

Nizam (*angrily*) *:* What ? Shall a slave choose ? Why, I could carry thee away with me now ! I have thy father safe. What say you, now, to thy life for his ?

Omar (*drawing his dagger*) : I for one shall have somewhat to say.

Nizam (*shrinking*) : Shall sworn brothers fight ? Nay, Omar, I did but jest. I can buy a Circassian slave who can play the lute, one who is no shrew, for a thousand pieces of gold. (*Mortified*). 'Tis a poor world if we cannot jest at times.

Omar : Always thy *gold !* (*Muttered.*)

Nizam (*continuing*) : I would have done thee a service. I was thy friend.

Omar : We are still friends, with thy permission. Come ! Let bashfulness be dismissed from us ! Drink ! Let thy heart be dilated ! (*Saki fills two cups*). May I never be afflicted by the loss of thee. (*He drinks and hands the cup to Nizam*).

Nizam (*refusing it*) : Far be it that I should pledge thy unfaithfulness and be merry in thy company ! Farewell ! Farewell ! thou swearer of false oaths !

(*Exit Nizam.*)

Omar : Stay ! The wine is old and fragrant as musk !

Saki (*contemptuously*) : May we not be *afflicted* by the loss of him !

Omar (*drinking and passing cup to Saki*) :

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.
" How sweet is mortal Sovranty ! "—think some :
Others—" How blest the Paradise to come ! "
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest ;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum !
(*Drums and music are heard as Nizam departs.*)

(*Enter Ali*).

Ali (*effusively*) : My son ! My son !
(*Omar thinks he is mad.*)

Saki : I thought thou wert buried ere this !

Ali : The Vizier (May Allah favour and preserve him !) hath pardoned me.

Omar : A mistake, surely.

Ali : O, my Son ! Thy servant—thy father-in-law—craves pardon (*kneels*) and makes restitution. My daughter is thine. Take her, my son ! This day is like milk ! Praised be Allah !

Omar : Another mistake, Potter ! You forget the dowry.

Ali : The Vizier (Allah favour him !) says she is thine. He released me on that condition. He sends thee this (*handing a letter to Omar, who breaks the seal*).

Omar (*reading*) : " Nizam al Mulk to Hakim Omar al Khayyam. Greeting !
" In the name of God, the compassionate, the
" merciful, pardon me, O, my Brother ! I did
" but jest with thee to try thee. Thy heart is
" right. Let our brotherly oath still continue.
" Whilst I live thou art entitled to draw yearly
" from my treasury one thousand pieces of gold.
" Follow thou thy science. See thou pray for
" my prosperity."

Saki : He is like the old story-teller in the market-place. He always ends like this. " He bestowed
" on them both sumptuous robes of honour, and
" they passed a most comfortable and agreeable
" life, until they were visited by the terminator
" of delights and the separator of companions."

Omar (*in a dream*) : Fate again ! Shall I bless thee or curse thee ? Eh ! didst thou speak, love ?—comfortable and agreeable life, did they ? Draw up the contract, Father-in-law ! Send for more wine and music ! Saki, let me embrace thee, heart of my delight ! (*They fall into each other's arms.*)

CURTAIN.

LITTLE JOHN.

" Dulcia Arva."

[We warn elegant readers before they proceed in the perusal of this poem, that traces of dialect are manifest in the rhymes and elsewhere.]

That France has got Morocco is now known
She is " holding up the Sultan on his throne,"
And she'll stand beside him still
While his pockets she will fill
With pennies—putting pounds into her own.

Emperor William is a happy man to-day ;
His whiskers bristle in the same old way,
But they bristle all the stronger
When he thinks upon the Congo,
Where his soldier-boys have gone and gone to stay.

And Turkey's been in bed a hundred year ;
On him enough's been said (or very near)
But something must be done.
And so Italy for fun
Takes his blankets and his sheets and leaves him there.

It seems as if the world is on the spree
And Leeds shall not be out of it, we'll see—
For we're quite as good as them,
And we'll show them so or (surely)
We'll get desperate and call out the O.T.C.

We will march them up alongside Woodhouse Moor,
We will shoot at it, and all shall have a go,
For we'll pass along the gun
He that hits the Moor has won,
Then and there we'll make it ours, to be sure.

We will call them all the " Death and Glory Boys,"
And we'll bring them back amid a fearful noise,
And we'll bring the Senate out
With a lot o' flags about,
And we'll all sing " Rule Britannia " and rejoice.

W.

Calendar of Forthcoming Events.

Sat., Nov. 4.	Philosophical Lecture: Prof. Grant on "William the Silent."
	A.F.C. *v.* Liverpool University, away.
Sun., Nov. 5.	Sunday Afternoon Address: Sir A. W. W. Dale, Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University on "The Bible." Prof. Sadler in the chair.
Mon., Nov. 6.	Engineering Society. G. Hailstone, Esq., on "The Use of an Iron Foundry Laboratory."
Tues., Nov. 7.	Philosophical Lecture: Miss G. L. Bell on "To Baghdad thro' the Syrian Desert."
	Cavendish Society: H. L. Porter, B.Sc., on "Ultra-Violet Light."
Thur., Nov. 9.	Hockey C. *v.* Sheffield University, away.
Fri., Nov. 10.	University Serial Lecture: Dr. Chapman on "Courts and the Development of Law."
Sat., Nov. 11.	A.F.C. *v.* Sheffield University, away.
Mon., Nov. 13.	Literary and Historical Society: G. H. Cowling on "Music and the Elizabethan Stage."
Tues., Nov. 14.	University Serial Lecture: Mr. Gilligan on "Astronomy, Old and New."
	Social Study Society: Prof. Cohen on "Coal Smoke and its Effects."
Wed., Nov. 15.	R.F.C. *v.* Manchester Univ., away.
Fri., Nov. 17.	UNIVERSITY DANCE.
Sat., Nov. 18.	Philosophical Lecture: Rev. J. R. Wynne-Edwards on "The Local Distribution of English Plants."
	A.F.C. *v.* Birmingham University, at home.
Mon., Nov. 20.	Engineering Society: C. L. Macarthy Esq., on "Steel Pipes v. Cast Iron, for Water, Gas and Air."
Tues., Nov. 21.	Philosophical Lecture: Rev. W. H. Frere on "Music at Adel in the 13th Century."
	Cavendish Society: W. R. Atkin, B.Sc., on "Justus von Liebig"
Wed., Nov. 22.	Hockey C. *v.* Manchester University, at home.
Fri., Nov. 24.	University Serial Lecture: Dr. Chapman on "Influence of Roman Law on the Growth of English Law."
Mon., Nov. 27.	Literary and Historical Society: Miss M. E. Jameson on "William Morris."
Tues., Nov. 28.	University Serial Lecture: Mr. Gilligan on "Fathoming the Depths of Space."
Wed., Nov. 29.	R.F.C. *v.* Durham University, away.
Thur., Nov. 30.	GREEK PLAY.
Fri., Dec. 1.	GREEK PLAY.
Sat., Dec. 2.	Philosophical Lecture: Edgar Lupton on "Round the World with a Camera."
	A.F.C. *v.* Manchester Univ., at home.
Mon., Dec. 4.	Engineering Society: K. F. Campbell, Esq., M.I.C.E., on "Sewage Disposal."
Tues., Dec. 5.	Philosophical Lecture: Mrs. E. Kitson Clark on "The Evolution of the Modern Illustrated Book."
	Cavendish Society: Mr. Lowson on "The Faking of Foodstuffs."

Swanwick, 1911.

THIS year it was with more than usual interest that the delegates to the annual conference of the Student Christian Movement wended their way towards the camp site. Those of us who in previous years had revelled in the delights of Chatsworth Park approached the new site at Swanwick in a rather critical attitude. We, however, soon found that by the provision of permanent kitchens, bathing accommodation, etc., great improvements had been made. The ladies seemed highly delighted with the change, for instead of being put up in cottages in surrounding villages, as was the case in previous years, they were sumptuously entertained in a country mansion. Mere males were ruthlessly excluded from these quarters and so we dare not offer any criticism.

To give any adequate account of the conference itself is beyond the scope of this article, but a few leading features may be noted. Professor Mackintosh of Edinburgh, gave a course of three lectures on the Person of Jesus Christ, which were very helpful and greatly appreciated. The Rev. D. S. Cairns was with us again and gave several inspiring addresses, also the Rev. W. Temple, of Repton School, spoke on the social responsibility of students. Perhaps the most striking meeting on the programme is that devoted to the World's Student Christian Federation. What a platform we had at that meeting! Delegates from France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, Egypt, Australasia and America gave us, in more or less broken English, a short account of what corresponds to our Christian Union in their own colleges.

But what of the lighter side of camp life? The first thing that strikes a visitor or new-comer is the unconventional attire of the men. One man, wishing perhaps to be conspicuous, insisted (for one day) on wearing a collar, or rather several collars, for these were forcibly removed as each clean one made its appearance, and hoisted on a pole above the mess-tent to serve as a warning for others. Never a meal passed without its torrents of wit from the several camp buffoons; indeed, the whole of camp life was characterised by that gaiety which must somehow find an outlet wherever two or three students are gathered together. All this of course reached its climax on the annual sports day. These contests, which, we were assured, were intended to be quite serious, but which some seemed to treat as a joke, were either international or intercollegiate, representatives from each country or college being chosen as competitors in each event. One Leeds man covered himself with glory, and incidentally with treacle, in winning a first prize, but otherwise our performances were not particularly meritorious. H. H.

The Vice-Chancellor.

THE Leeds University woke on Saturday, October 21st to find that it had gained a great increase of fame. The chief daily papers in Manchester and London gave it leading articles. It was rather characteristic that there were no corresponding articles in the Leeds papers. But in Leeds and everywhere else there was considerable excitement in educational circles, for after long waiting and much speculation, Leeds University had got a new Vice-Chancellor, and his name was M. E. Sadler.

Readers of the *Gryphon* will be interested to see what has been said of our new chief in some of the daily papers. In their leading article, the *Manchester Guardian* wrote :—

> "In choosing the new Vice-Chancellor, the University has done the best thing possible for itself and one of the worst things possible for Manchester. Among the educators and organisers of education to-day Professor Sadler is unsurpassed in the degree to which he has kept mind and heart fresh, open and eager amid all the whirl and dust of administration. Machinery is a besetting peril to modern teachers. Their life somehow seems as if it might drift clean away from teaching and learning to sitting on committees and filling up forms. Wherever Professor Sadler goes he acts as an antidote to that bane."

The article in the *London Morning Post* is, if possible, even more laudatory and, as it contains a flattering allusion to the University as a whole, it will be well to quote rather more of it and to bask awhile in the approval of the metropolis :—

> "No man has worked harder than the new Vice-Chancellor in the effort to find a way of reconciling the parties which in regard to education have so long contended. It would be a fortunate thing if these labours should be successful. We venture to hope for something more than this from Vice-Chancellor Sadler. Who but he can draw a picture of English Education having the truth of completeness ? With rare sympathies and rare tolerance and open-mindedness, he is able to appreciate the most diverse, and to superficial eyes, discordant educational enterprises. So long as there is good in any of them, he will reject none. He is a man to mediate between different systems, and to reveal to those who are working in different branches and stages the all-important fact that each of them has really the same end in view—the good of the nation.
>
> "If Mr. Sadler on leaving the Board of Education had stood for Parliament, he might have been a Cabinet Minister; but, in the peculiar system to which Parliament and the country are devoted, he would much more likely have been given charge of the navy than of the schools. He has, however, chosen a better way. As Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds, he will be foreman of a great workshop of ideas ; he will be the colleague, friend and helper of the best of the workmen ; and these workmen, the Professors of Leeds University, are among the pick of the country. With their companionship the Vice-Chancellor will spread throughout Yorkshire and the North of England a true conception of education, and that patriotic fire which is the motive power of the best teaching. . . . Perhaps when it has been done a wise electorate and a far-seeing government may yet find means of putting the administration of British Education in charge of the man who knows most about it."

The career of our new Vice-Chancellor has been given in all the papers. And those who desire to know dates and details may especially be referred to the account which appeared in the *Yorkshire Post* on Saturday, October 21st. His undergraduate career is still remembered by many for the brilliancy of its promise. His performance in the schools received fitting recognition in a Studentship at Christ Church. It is interesting to recall also that he was a brilliant debater in the Oxford Union. Reputations are somewhat easily made there and soon forgotten, but the memory of Sadler's chairmanship is still green in the memory of his contemporaries. He has more than fulfilled the promise of eloquence which was held out by his performances in those early days. His style has nothing in it pompous or highly coloured, but if the object of rhetoric is to persuade, hardly any one in England deserves to be called a rhetorician more than our new Vice-Chancellor.

His activities since his student days fall into three main divisions. He arrested the attention of the world first by his work as the creator and organiser of the Oxford University Extension movement. He lectured sometimes, and always with great effect, but his real power was to inspire and organise. He has always had a great faculty, not only for working himself, but for working through others and inspiring them with something of his own aims and enthusiasms. The Oxford lecturers of those days sometimes were called Sadler's men, and some of them assuredly have never lost the traces of the impulse which he gave them. Then there came the period of his work at the Education Office, where quite other powers were needed than those he had displayed in his "extension" work. He had to watch all new movements in education the world over, and to interpret them to the British Education Office and the British public. A long row of reports are the evidence of his success, and some of them have taken their place as standard works on certain features of education. Upon the conclusion of that task he refused to limit his energies by accepting any one of the many posts which were open to him. He has been indeed attached to Manchester University as Professor of the History and Administration of Education, but, although the extract which we have quoted from the *Manchester Guardian* will show the value which has been attached to his work there, the duties of the office have not taken up more than a part of his time and energies. He has really held an even more important post as Adviser to the Nation at large in matters of Education. Towns and county councils in trouble about their educational systems have always been advised to call in this eminent specialist, and the improved health of many a town and district bears witness to the accuracy of his diagnosis and the wisdom of his

suggested remedies. We feel sure that our University before long will feel the advantage of his penetration, sympathy and imagination.

For, if we were called on to say what were the two qualities which his career has most clearly shown, we should choose sympathy and imagination—a real understanding, that is, of actual conditions and an insight, partly scientific and partly poetical, into the possibilities of the future. The technological side of the University will be no loser under his rule, for no one can be more convinced that a modern University must serve the industrial needs of the town and district. But he will also have the deepest sympathy with all in the University which makes for culture and civilisation, and he has always conceived of education as social service. His first appearance after his election was at the Conference of the Workers' Educational Association at Manchester, and the immense enthusiasm created there by the announcement of his name as that of the Vice-Chancellor of Leeds bore testimony to the high position he occupies among those who are trying to promote the education of the working classes. His next act was to speak at the opening of the Bingley Training College, but we needed no evidence that he will be in entire sympathy with the work of our education department.

It is no easy task which lies before him. Yorkshire is not quickly responsive to enthusiasm, and is as difficult to hustle as the East. But the past of the University is already long enough to give assurance of the future. We can promise him the heartiest support from staff and students. We look eagerly forward to the future. Nothing seems impossible, *Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.*

The Christian Union Smoker.

PRESSURE on our space forbids more than a brief notice of one of the brightest and most successful "Smokers" that has ever been held at the 'Varsity. We need only quote the opinion of a fourth year man, who declared it was the first C.U. function that he had attended, and that it was certainly the most enjoyable "smoker" at which he had been present, to uphold our statement. The arrangements were in the hands of the energetic secretary, Mr. H. Hollings, and he was rewarded for his efforts by seeing a record attendance. The President gave a stirring address, and he was followed by several no less enthusiastic secretaries who explained the work of the various activities of the C.U. Among the speeches, that of the Rev. G. Allen, B.A., stood pre-eminent as a rousing racy call for enthusiasm and loyalty to Christian work in college life. The musical part of the programme was equally acceptable. It is almost invidious to single out the various people who assisted, but we cannot refrain from mentioning that we were fortunate enough in securing the services of an old student, Mr. Hyde, with his inimitable "Village Poomp" and his "Gramaphone." Altogether, the whole evening was a huge success, and we have reason to believe, an augury of a really stimulating year's work in the C.U., particularly as we understand our new V.C. is actively interested in its workings.

C.P.S.

The "Moonlight Sonata."

A Paraphrase of Ludwig van Beethoven.

THE Sonata in C sharp minor was composed by Beethoven in 1801. It was dedicated to the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, for whom Beethoven had conceived the deepest and warmest feelings; and these melancholy, poignant, strains, so expressive of the master's unhappy passion for this lady, have earned the cognomen, "Moonlight Sonata" from the musical world.

The first movement opens very softly and calmly, and pictures the tranquil moonlight sleeping on the placid waters of some deep lake, or gleaming on gentle waves as they break on the grim grey crags of some mighty cliff. Now and again the soft wind soughs through the dark trees and casts a tiny ripple on the clear waters; then it dies down once more, and all is quiet and serene. Purity and rest o'errules the earth. Yet, underneath this veil of calm, lies a passion and despair which is manfully suppressed, but only to be given fuller vent in the third and last movement. Suddenly this melancholy placid strain ceases, and out of all the shrubs and flowers trip—to an airy allegretto—a crowd of dainty elves. On they dance and revel in the moonlight, lightly skipping in circles and fantastic measures, their gauzy wings shimmering in the silvery moonbeams, and the flower-bells nodding time to their feet. Very softly goes the tune with a tiny note of plaintive sorrow, then with a sudden brave resolve, returns to its former light-heartedness. Quicker, merrier than before, up, up, it goes, on, on they twirl in the mazes of their dance, and with joyous laughter the dainty sprites dance away the hours.

But again the plaintive note returns, no longer to be hidden and sorrowfully the tiny elves creep to their flowery beds, leaving the ominous landscape to a sadness which the sostenuto octaves of the last two bars but too plainly show.

Now, presto agitato, the master's passion no longer to be contended with, breaks out. Thoughts, ideas, hopes, resolves, rise and burst like great claps of thunder, or as some mighty Titan rending up the rocks and hurling them with his powerful hands into abyssmal depths. Anon he pauses to survey his work of destruction, and seems content with the havoc he has wrought, but the fever takes possession of him again. What though the elements lash him with their fury, his rage makes him oblivious of all. In his agony he tears from their beds the trees so lately mirrored in the placid lake. His anger against the universe and all creation is insatiable; blind fury, hopeless passion and despair leave no place for hope in his soul. What matter the sweet memories which ever and again essay to soothe his paroxysm of grief, they only make it but more bitter and despairing. The tortured soul of the great master is laid bare before us, his agony is shown us in all its depth and bitterness. Titan, with one mighty wrench has shattered all creation, and there is but left chaos—utter darkness.

J.O.G.

The Modern Detective.

RETURNING to the University at a somewhat early date, I found time hang heavily upon my hands. What should I do ? I decided to sally forth on a tour of exploration through the long and lonely corridors, and to seek out any changes made during the Long Vacation. My tour commenced and ended at the men's cloak room, for, in passing, my eye fell upon a beautiful piece of masonry let into the wall contiguous to the Porter's Office. Ha ! this was something new, something worthy of my powers of investigation.

Now in matters of this kind, one of the first principles is "Don't Hurry !"

Regardless of notices to the contrary, out came my favourite briar, and in a few moments I was puffing away, my mind immersed in the problem, what could this be ? Examination revealed a metal tap, by means of which a stream of a clear, colourless, tasteless, odourless liquid was obtained. Having obtained a sample of this liquid, I retired to my laboratory to conduct an analysis. After much laborious and tedious work I found that beyond doubt this liquid was—well, what do you think ?—it was WATER. Just pure water, or rather water as supplied by the Water Company.

This most important point being definitely settled, the next step consisted in endeavouring to find a reason for a water supply in the cloakroom.

Here an article I had recently read in a newspaper came to my help. The subject of the article was the importance of the care of the teeth. The article stated that in some of the elementary schools, children of the lower classes were being instructed in the methods of teeth-cleaning.

Here then was the solution of the mystery. We are going to be encouraged to clean our teeth at the University. But are the authorities going to stop at supplying the necessary water ? Will they supply us also with tooth-powder ? Shall we be given a brush each, or, shall we all have to use the same brush ? These are some of the many questions which rise to my mind; perhaps the Authorities will reply through these columns.

TIM.

Notes on Notabilities.

Two members of our editorial staff have recently been engaged in obtaining—with their customary temerity—information regarding the favourite hymns and ditties of prominent personages, with the following results :—

Prof. B--bier unfortunately is unacquainted with many English hymns and tunes, but he very kindly obliged us with his favourite song—one hand on his heart and the other raised in gesticulation, he gave a perfectly dainty and exquisite rendering of that lovely little French lyric, "Ton souvenir est toujours là" ; no names being mentioned.

Prof. R-g-rs : The gentle professor had no difficulty in answering our query. He is intensely fond of the well-known hymn, "Art thou weary, art thou languid" ; he was also understood to say that he preferred the somewhat unfamiliar tune, "Stephanie," which, as he pointed out, has the additional advantage of application as a waltz tune.

The H.-P. : We reproduce his views *verbatim* : "Yes, I used to be a local preacher before I joined the Army, and it was then I acquired my flow of language. My favourite hymn—I believe I heard it at Blackpool—is : 'I can't keep my eyes off the girls.' As you know, I have very strong opinions on Propriety and Decorum, and nothing annoys me more than to see people disappear behind the Clock not to re-appear for a quarter of an hour. Another hymn which appeals with peculiar force to one of my temperament is 'Stop your whistling, Jock !' "

THE Quartette (occasionally to be seen playing tennis, after Refec. pudding) said with one voice : "We pin our faith to 'The pleasant courts above' ; and sincerely hope we shall not have so many spectators there—no fancy sox either, please !"

When we broached the subject to Mr. +, he became quite affable and laid bare his heart right willingly. He led us out of earshot of the porter's lodge, and in his beautiful tenor voice and white vest, he sang with intense feeling, "Put me among the girls"—but he would not condescend to further particulars, and remained unaccountably reticent.

(*The Angel ?*) *Gabriel :* "On ordinary occasions I sing, 'We wont go-'ome till mawning,' but in special circumstances I use the cheerful Sankey hymn :

'We're going home, no more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow ;
No more to wear the brow of care,
We're going home to-morrow.'

Chorus (*ad nauseam*) :

'We're going home,
We're going home,
We're going home,
We're going home to-morrow.'

There is always a tendency to say 'shin and shorrow,' therefore, I generally make use of the chorus alone as being less of a tongue-twister. Another hymn, primarily intended for those at sea, but applicable where other liquids are concerned, begins :—'As the wished-for port draws nigh.' " The Angelic One explained that it is his practice to sing this early in the evening, so that he gets on swimmingly with the pronunciation.

A song which is gaining undue importance among the ladies is that bright old ballad : "Charlie is my Darling !" As there are so many people with this cognomen, we are somewhat at a loss to know who can be the fortunate (?) victim, but it has been suggested that Prof. V--gh-n is guilty.

Thus end, for the present, our investigations : more we dare not disclose ; thus much, in the interests of the community, we dare not suppress.

We remain, dear readers,

Dutifully yours,
THE PERFECT PEACH.
THE PEERLESS PEAR.

The Freshers' Smoker.

THE annual Freshers' Smoker was held in the Refectory of the University on Friday, October 6th. The turn-up was quite on a level with last year's, and a numerous company did justice to the excellent tea provided by Mrs. Beck and her fair maidens. Has it ever occurred to our readers that Mrs. Beck should be a member of the Senate ? Who sways the happiness of Leeds students more potently than she ? We have an especially warm corner in our heart for Mrs. Beck, for she has the public spirit to support the *Gryphon* ; we trust that she attends to the moral development and welfare of her airy sylphs (for further particulars consult *Moral Training for Waitresses,* by Belton and Wandford) by passing round this journal after she herself has perused its varied contents. But *revenons à nos moutons !*

The programme provided for the entertainment of our new brethren was the best we remember, and reflects the greatest credit on the worthy organiser, Mr. Cross, who not only arranged the programme, but also took part in it, receiving well-merited applause. After a brilliant pianoforte solo by Mr. Cargill (this was apparently put first in order to attune our nerves to the subsequent eloquence), Mr. Rowe rose to deliver his Presidential exhortation. Oh ! wasn't Freddy nervous ! we *don't* think. In his practical, commonsense way he told of the claims of the University on the individual, which only slackers neglect ; the majority of the latter class, in his opinion, went to Oxford or Cambridge. In the course of his speech the chairman compared the University to a great chain, in which it is essential that there should be no faulty links. Let the students ever have a lofty ideal before them—" Always go forward and up ; never backward and down ! "

As usual, the " turns " of the evening were interspersed with rousing oratorical exhibitions by numerous gentlemen, and these require some brief notice. Mr. Walter spoke on behalf of the Rugger Club, which is, of course, the best club in the world ; so, we may remark incidentally, is the Soccer Club, the apple of Mr. Heidrich's beaming eye. On behalf of the Hockey Club, Mr. Stockdale was able to offer (from a rather elevated position) enviable advantages ; the club has acquired a new ground, as level as a billiard table (we hope " *kissing* " is not allowed on this billiard table), and, *O altitudo !* players change in the New Inn. We understand that there is an unusually large detachment of new players this year. The secretary of the Lacrosse Club also called for support.

The representatives of the various University societies were given a fairly considerate hearing, although some of those present appeared to endorse the sentiment of Mr. Rowe that secretaries' speeches are the bore of a Smoker. Mr. Cowling's remarks on the Christian Union were well received ; he rightly emphasised the point that the C.U. should not be a " holy club," but that its members should take active part in every department of college life. The secretaries of the following societies also spoke : The Cavendish, Literary and Historical, Debating, Social Study, and Engineering ; the latter gentleman informed us that members might bring friends, but uttered a well-timed warning that he meant gentleman friends only. We also modestly record that the *Gryphon* spake by the mouth of its holy prophet.

Amongst the " turns " more acceptable at " smokers," we may notice those of Mr. Bingham ; Mr. Wharton, an amateur tragedian ; Mr. Watson, whose eyeglass caused considerable trouble ; Mr. Atkinson, who " *will* have a red waistcoat, he will," even though he seem to be a walking pillar-box, and who told a painful story of the culinary efforts of a " Stalybrigg lad " ; Mr. Groome, who wanted company " down Regent Street " ; and Mr. Berry, whose birdshop story fairly raised the roof. Lack of space forbids more than the merest mention of the excellent fare provided by Messrs. Weekes, Cross and Maude, and of the yeoman service rendered by Mr. Hewitt at the piano. Everyone present voted the affair a huge success, and we can only hope that every social function of the year will be equally well arranged and be equally successful.

Translations from Heine.

I. *From " Die Harzreise."*

Dimly o'er the eastern valleys
  Come the first faint streaks of day ;
Far and near the mountain summits
  Float in seas of misty grey.

Were I girt with magic slippers,
  With the morning wind I'd run
Over every hazy hilltop
  To the home of my loved one.

Gently would I draw the curtains
  From the pallet where she sleeps ;
Kiss her gently on the forehead,
  Kiss her on the ruby lips.

And so softly would I whisper
  In her tiny pearl-white ear,
She should feel within her dreaming
  That her sweetheart was quite near.

II. *From " Die Heimkehr."*

Summer twilight creeping slowly
  Over wood and meadow green,
And the golden moon is streaming
  Where the sunlight late has been.

By the brooklet chirps a cricket,
  Where the gentle eddies stir ;
And the wand'rer hears a splashing
  And deep breathing on the air.

For the fairy elves are bathing
  In the laughter-loving stream ;
Arms so white and necks so slender,
  Gleaming in the bright moonbeam.

H.E.W.

The 'Varsity.

A Fresher's Impressions.

(*For our views on this article, see Editorials*).

I SUPPOSE it is not unusual to find in the *Gryphon* box some similar article at the beginning of each academic year. Doubtless some fresher will feel bold enough to give, in a humorous (?) way perhaps, his impressions of the above mentioned famous institution. I presume, however, that the majority of such articles have been superficial observations. My intention is not to do that. Though I am only a fresher, yet I have long entertained hopes of " coming up " and have sought out beforehand as much information as I possibly could, about the place and its institutions. I have for instance, obtained copies of the *Gryphon* and read them, and, I must say, have been rather disappointed with it.

I wish, then, just to try to give a description of the University as found by one who has just entered but who has preconceived notions about it, some of which were proved to have been too lofty.

In the first place, I would deal with the *Gryphon*. I must say that the price is not high enough for a magazine such as a University magazine should be, though it is quite enough for the *Gryphon*. At the Freshers' Smoker I heard one of the speakers say that the *Gryphon* was by far the best of the magazines of the four Universities. If that is so, and I do not for one moment doubt its veracity, then I say that all the Universities ought to be ashamed.

In all the copies that I have seen, there have been merely accounts of football matches, meetings of societies and such matter, with now and again a letter to the editor and in one or two very exceptional cases, a decent article. Such accounts, ought, certainly, to have a place in the magazine, but after all you hear all about such things from the members of the various societies without paying for a magazine to tell you that and nothing else.

In a University like Leeds, there are surely many men of literary genius, who could, if they but had the right spirit, send in such articles as to give the editor hard work—not in writing articles himself, but in picking out the best to put in print.

So much for the *Gryphon*. Now a word or two about the Union. There is, of course, only one word to describe the Union Rooms, viz., " Rotten " (unless that is, one applies adjectives to it) ; There is much, however, besides the rooms with which I am afraid I might find fault.

That is, I think, as much as I will say now. I meant my article to be a fair expression of opinion. I am afraid it has developed into a fault-finding one. But in conclusion, I should just like to make a suggestion to the editors of the *Gryphon*, that they should publish the University song. At the smokers there has been about one person who knew it. It would, I am sure, develop a better spirit if all could heartily join in singing to the University's success.

T. H.

Correspondence.

Union Rooms.

To the Editor of the " Gryphon."

Dear Sir,

It is commonly understood that the problem of providing suitable Union Rooms to replace or extend the present inadequate provision is at last taking practical shape. That being the case, I cannot resist the temptation to express one or two candid opinions to those for whom the provision is to be made. The most discouraging fact which those who are working for improvement have to face, is the extreme disorder and untidiness which always prevail in the rooms at present occupied in the University buildings and at the Refectory. I will grant that in neither case is any luxurious or even comfortable provision made at the best of times. But the unkempt appearance produced by an hour's ordinary occupation, not to mention the actual damage which is often wilfully done, is positively disheartening to the Union leaders and to the powers that be in their attempts to improve affairs. A general improvement in habits, and in some cases, I fear an improvement in manners, must necessarily precede any reform which is to be valuable. A second point I wish to make is that the rank and file of the Union members are too ready to leave all the work and all the trouble of finding dignified headquarters for our social life to others.

The excellent club-rooms to be found at other Universities have certainly been largely due to the munificence of private donors who were interested in student life. But this munificence has nearly always been evoked by a determined effort on the part of the students to raise at least a portion of the necessary expense by their own endeavours, and to some extent from their own pockets. I realise, of course, that even a half-guinea Union fee is often a great drain on a student's finances. In some cases, however, it represents only a fraction of his power to pay and of the advantages he gains. I would therefore suggest that steps be taken immediately to raise a students' fund, contributed to by themselves and their friends, and accumulated by their own efforts (even if it means a bazaar), and I can assure any who take up this work that they will obtain a good deal of sympathy and assistance from non-student members of the University. I am conscious that in expressing the above opinions I have laid myself open to the charge of interfering with the business of other people. I have met with so much courtesy however, in my past association with Union affairs, that I feel sure my remarks, although perhaps rather strong, will be pardoned on account of their obvious truth.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. PERKINS.

(We shall comment on this important matter in our next issue.—*Ed.*)

The University Working Men's Club.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

Dear Sir,

Readers of the *Gryphon* may be interested to know that the New Buildings, which, through the munificence of Dr. Stroud, have been given to the University for the use of Working Men and for Mothers' Meetings, have been completed, are occupied, and will be formally opened on Saturday, November 11th, at 5 o'clock.

Dr. and Mrs. Stroud will be present, and it is hoped that the Lord Mayor will be able to preside.

The New Club Building is situated a few yards from York Road, in Berking Avenue, beyond the Public Baths.

It includes a large hall for lectures and entertainments, with seating accommodation for 200 persons, a billiard room, a committee room, a lavatory and bath-room, and a store-room for camping requisites and other materials.

All students who are interested in the Club and in the conditions of life among young workmen are cordially invited to the opening, and admission tickets may be obtained from the University Porter.

Readers may further be reminded that the Club has been in existence for 15 years, and that many of its members have grown from the age of knickerbockers to become fathers of families. During these years, the Club has furnished them with a common ground for social intercourse and intelligent recreation, of which many have taken full advantage.

For the Mothers, the weekly afternoon meeting has afforded a bright spot in the uniform and sombre colouring of daily routine.

There is ample scope here for men and women, especially young men and women, in short, our own students, to educate themselves in a practical way in economic problems, into which they can infuse at the same time unlimited human interest and sympathy.

J. B. COHEN,
Hon. Sec. of the University Working Men's Club.

Sunday Afternoon Addresses.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

Dear Sir,

I should like to bring to the notice of the University students a series of Addresses which have been arranged to be given during the Autumn and Winter in Leeds on religious subjects.

The object of the Addresses is to discuss frankly from the scholar's and thinker's standpoint, some of the Christian ideals of life, and the difficulties and encouragements met with in pursuing them.

The Addresses will be for all classes and both sexes, and they have in view especially students at the University and Training Colleges, and thoughtful men and women.

The Addresses will be interdenominational in character, and given on a Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, in the Woodhouse Moor Wesleyan Church, which has been kindly lent for that purpose.

Those who have arranged for the Addresses simply desire to give thoughtful people an opportunity of hearing subjects affecting our moral and spiritual life presented by distinguished men who have found firm ground for their faith amid the doubts and difficulties that surround modern belief.

The following are the Addresses arranged:—

1911.

Nov. 5—Sir Alfred W. W. Dale, Vice-Chancellor of the Liverpool University.
"The Bible."

1912.

Jan. 28—Rev. A. E. Garvie, M.A., D.D., Principal of New College, London.
"Fact and Faith."

Feb. 18—Frederick Andrews, B.A., Headmaster of Ackworth School.
"Religion and Life."

Mar. 10—Rev. W. E. Orchard, M.A., D.D., Minister of the Enfield Presbyterian Church.
"The Reality of Religion."

Apr. 28 Rev. David S. Cairns, D.D., Professor, United Free College, Aberdeen.

Dr. Michael E. Sadler has promised to preside on the occasion of the inaugural Address of Sir Alfred W. W. Dale.

I sincerely hope the arrangements made will commend themselves to students of all shades of thought, and that they will avail themselves of the unique opportunity afforded to them.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM E. FARR.

28, East Parade, Leeds,
October 23rd, 1911.

Cricket Club, Season 1911.

Averages—First Eleven.

BATTING.	Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an innings	Total Runs.	Average.
C. A. Boden ..	12	2	156*	524	52.4
A. Sowden ..	7	1	59	127	21.15
J. Huggins ..	8	1	91	141	20.1
G. L. B. James ..	11	1	63*	187	18.7
G. Atkinson ..	9	0	53	129	14.3
G. R. Walker ..	6	0	30	80	13.3
H. W. Hole ..	6	0	59	78	13
J. G. Vause ..	10	1	35	99	11
J. B. Forster ..	8	4	13*	44	11
H. D. Dircks ..	9	1	25	69	8.5
F. Forsell ..	8	2	13	40	6.6
G. L. Watson ..	8	0	20	47	5.87

* Signifies not out. 6 innings qualify.

BOWLING.	Overs.	Total Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
F. Forsell	33	105	15	7
G. L. B. James ..	103	369	23	16
J. B. Forster	131	458	21	21.8
G. A. Atkinson ..	111	339	15	22.6
A. Sowden	21	95	4	23.7
C. R. S. Richardson ..	27	100	4	25

A. SOWDEN, *Hon. Sec.*

A Town Walk with an object.

Once more with lagging feet I tread
The muddy ways of Headingley.
Can you but guess what 'tis I seek ?
Ah ! look not so unwittingly !
For once again it is my lot to seek and find a tenement,
In which to place my dog-eared books and any other rem(i)nant (!!).
Which may remain from last year's tussle
With foreign tongues, and lit.'s dread bustle.
Hyde Park scarce nothing can produce to soothe my air-desiring mind,
Nor yet the Ridge, nor lodging house with swiftly-tearing paper blind ;
This heart but longs for mother-earth, and recognises well the worth—
Of Woodhouse Moor and eke its clan
Of stalwart ancients, man to man.
'Tis there I fain would rest my bones—
I have no doubt they'd wake me up,
The question now is, could I sup—
When surfeited with dulcet tones,
Of man and maid as by they walk and sweetly glance and softly talk ?
And how about my sleeping clothes, and tom-cats prowling o'er my toes ?
Ah ! no, I realise that rents, and other things " wot suits the gents "
Have got a charm,
Tho' bills alarm
May cast it round with blackest fog—
I've said enough, I sign this JOG.

Ladies' Etiquette Two-Hundred-and-Fifty Years Ago.

" A Gentlewoman being at table abroad or at home, must observe to keep her body straight, and lean not by any means with her elbows ; nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite. Talk not when you have meat in your mouth, and do not smack like a pig, nor venture to eat spoon-meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes ; which is as unseemly as the gentlewoman who pretended to have as little stomach as she had a mouth, and therefore would not swallow her peas by spoonfuls, but took them one by one, and cut them in two, before she would eat them. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draught that your breath is almost gone, and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself ; throwing down your liquor as into a funnel is an action fitter for a juggler than a gentlewoman. Thus much for our observations in general. If I am defective in particulars, your own prudence, discretion, and curious observations will supply. In carving at your own table, distribute the best pieces first ; and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork ; so touch no meat without it."—*The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet of Rarities, or Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion* [London, 1653.]

THE BLUE BANANA.

The University Union, 1911-12.

Officers:

Hon. President :

THE CHANCELLOR (The Duke of Devonshire).

Hon. Vice-Presidents :

THE PRO-CHANCELLOR (A. G. Lupton, Esq.).

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR (Prof. M. E. Sadler).

THE DEAN OF FACULTY OF MEDICINE (Dr. Grünbaum).

President and Chairman of Committee : F. M. Rowe.

Hon. Secretary : A. Sowden.

Hon. Treasurer : Prof. B. M. Connal.

Staff Representative : C. M. Gillespie, Esq.

Committee:

G. Atkinson, *Cricket Representative.*

J. C. Banks, *Debating Society Representative.*

H. W. Coultas, *Hockey Representative.*

E. Cross, *Fives Representative.*

G. H. Cowling, " *Gryphon* " *Representative.*

H. D. Dircks, *Tennis Representative.*

L. Heidrich, *Association Football Representative.*

J. Huggins, *Swimming Representative.*

G. L. B. James, *Rugby Football and Gymnasium Representative.*

W. G. A. Walter.

From S. R. C.

(Seven members to be elected in October.

From W. R. C.

Miss M. H. Briggs (President W.R.C.).
Miss M. E. Jameson (Hon. Sec. W.R.C.).
Miss B. Taylor.

Athletics Committee :

G. L. B. James (*Hon. Sec.*). G. Atkinson
W. G. A. Walter H. W. Coultas
H. D. Dircks

Entertainments Committee :

E. Cross (*Hon. Sec.*). G. Atkinson.
H. D. Dircks. J. Huggins.
G. L. B. James.

Union Rooms Committee :

G. H. Cowling (*Hon. Sec.*). J. C. Banks.
W. G. A. Walter. E. Cross.

Representatives on Refectory Committee :

The Hon. Sec. J. C. Banks.

The President and Hon. Secretary are *ex-officio* members of the above three Committees.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. B. Marriner, a First Year King's Scholar last session. A wreath was sent by the First Year Education students, and four students represented the University at the funeral.

Leeds University Union.—Statement of Accounts, 1910-1911.

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Union Subscriptions	334	5	0
Honorary Members	25	14	6
Springfield C.C.	15	0	0
Hire of Field	0	13	0
Stationery Account—Balance	0	8	0
From Sale of Fixture Cards—			
Football, Hockey	1	6	0
Cricket, 1909-10	0	18	6
Bank Interest	2	16	6
Musical Evening, Nov. 11th, 1910 ..	1	2	0
Total ..	£382	3	6
Deficit on year 1910-11	27	11	1½
	£409	14	7½
Balance in hand, Oct., 1910	£90	15	1
Deficit on year 1910-11 ..	27	11	1½
Balance in hand, Oct., 1911	£63	3	11½

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Football, Rugby				13	1	7
,, 1909-10 Account ..				2	6	0
Association				13	13	3
Washing and Sundries ..				3	8	11
Hockey, Men's Club				30	11	8
Women's Club				9	6	9
Lacrosse				12	4	3
Cricket				23	0	4
Lawn Tennis				11	16	6
Gymnasium—						
Instructor	65	0	0			
Fares, Materials, &c.	11	10	5			
				76	10	5
Common Rooms—Men's, College Road				17	3	8
Women's, College Road				14	9	4
Medical School, grant				20	0	0
S.R.C. grant, Medical School				4	0	0
Debating Society				5	13	7
Swimming Club				4	6	3
Chess Club				0	9	3
Printing, Postages, &c. (General Union purposes)				7	12	2
Aldis & Rowntree, wreath				1	11	6
Damage Account				3	11	6
Freshmen's Smoking Concert				5	2	11
Conversazione, deficit				13	15	9
Sports, expenses of representatives; medals, printing, &c.				5	9	0
Dance—Deficit				6	1	7
Part Expenses of Representatives to other Universities ..				2	3	4½
Universities' Congress, 1910, Grant ..				3	3	0
1911 ,, ..				3	3	0
1911, part expenses of Representatives				0	10	6
Pavilion and Field—	£	s.	d.			
Painting	6	16	6			
Slating	1	1	0			
Repairs and Sundries	2	12	1			
Machines, Repairs, &c.	4	9	4			
				14	18	11
Groundsman and Boy				64	8	0
Rates and Taxes				5	19	7
Insurance, Fire and Accident				1	16	2
Gas and Electric Light				4	15	4
Water				2	19	5
Wayleave and Tithe rent				0	11	2
				£409	14	7½

17th October, 1911.

Examined and found correct, C. M. Gillespie.

The Rugby Football Club.

On Saturday, October 7th, we had a Freshers' Match, in which about 25 Freshers turned out, and some promising form was shown. There are only 6 of last year's colours remaining, but we have every hope of retaining the Whitworth Shield this season.

October 14th. *v.* HARROGATE OLD BOYS (home).

This match was very disappointing, as the three-quarter line proved most ineffective, and we were beaten by 14 points to nil.

October 21st. *v.* LEEDS RIFLES (home).

For this match we had five of our best forwards off, but the three-quarter line was entirely changed from the week before, and proved much too strong for our opponents. Had the weather been fine, a far bigger score would probably have resulted. The forwards more than held their own, thanks to the fine display and leadership of Silcock; Moratto also played a splendid game. James scored two tries, and Robinson, who had played excellently at three-quarter, one; Foxton kicked two goals and the match ended in a well deserved win of 13 pts. to nil.

THE winter session of the Medical School was formally opened on October 3rd, by Mr. Mark Sykes, M.P. The Pro-Chancellor (Mr. A. G. Lupton) presided, and the Lord Mayor of Leeds (Mr. W. Middlebrook, M.P.), Prof. Smithells (Pro-Vice-Chancellor) and Prof. Grünbaum (Dean of the Faculty of Medicine) were also present.

Mr. Mark Sykes distributed the prizes, and addressed the students and visitors. He spoke of the craving of the sick man to be deceived and cherished. If he could be brought to feel that a certain treatment would cure him, cure him it would. He referred to the beginning of medicine and its practice—how that "in the dimmest ages there have been people who tried to bring other people back to health and mend the broken and maimed." The Nomadic Kurds and Arabs, who are little more advanced than people of the Bronze age, could set broken limbs with sticks and string. They also practised antiseptic and aseptic treatment, though why it was done they did not know. He showed how the Romans, so generous to most sciences and arts, checked the science of Medicine by prohibiting dissection, even though the Egyptians long before had practised dissection.

Mr. Sykes also explained why doctors have been disliked and feared. Medicine and Surgery were mysteries, and connected with suffering and misery. Quackery and many other abuses of the science, too, had not tended to raise the profession in public estimation. "Medicine," he said, "was stagnant for a thousand years, struggled bitterly towards light through the 17th and 18th centuries, won hardly towards a sound basis in the 19th, and now stands on the threshold of the 20th with foundations laid all ready to begin."

Continuing, Mr. Sykes related some of the recent triumphs of medicine—gangrene, hydrophobia and typhus, and pointed out the three great problems of the future—international hygiene, domestic hygiene and national eugenics. He indicated three possible routes of pestilences from the East—that hotbed of epidemics—in the Hijaz railway, the Suez Canal, and the Trans-Siberian railway. He looked forward to the day when an efficient, highly-organised medical force should hold these plagues back, and should compel Asia to use measures to purge herself of these evils. Home affairs during this, should not, however, be neglected.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Sykes, on the motion of the Lord Mayor, seconded by Mr. Walker (President of Students' Union). The list of prizes distributed is as follows:—

Anatomy Junior Prize: J. Wilkinson; Cert.: H. W. Robinson.
Anatomy Senior Prize: H. Sinson; Cert.: H. L. Taylor.
Physiology Prize: J. Wilkinson; Cert.: H. Foxton.
Physiology (Pract.) Cert.: H. Sinson.
Materia Medica Prize: H. W. Robinson; Cert.: F. King.
Silver Medal: H. Sinson.

Prizes were also awarded to students in the Hospital.

Attention has been drawn to a letter in one of the Leeds papers. At the Freshers' Smoker, October 6th, a procession was formed at the University after the concert, which will be remembered by those devoted souls who took part in it. There were, in all that crowd of students, but 6 or 7 medicals. Our doings were observed by some sour man who, himself, was never young, and he aired his "grievances" in the newspaper referred to above. Our "grievance" is that he should describe "the disgraceful conduct of a crowd of medical students." That is most unkind, and we feel our reputation is going. All students at Leeds know well that such things are never done—no, sir, never! by Medicals—they are far too sober and quiet.

The S.R.C. elections have taken place, and the body is now represented as under:—

President of Council: W. E. Crowther, B.Sc.*
Hon. Secretary: J. C. Metcalfe.*
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. Littlewood, F.R.C.S.

Members:

J. M. Foord.	H. R. Partridge.*
S. S. Greaves.	H. G. Ludolf.
J. A. Prendergast.	J. Wilkinson.
S. W. Green.	H. M. Holt.*
— Dolan.	R. S. Topham.*
H. R. Knowles.*	W. L. M. Gabriel.
F. Sykes.*	

*Representatives on Committee of Univ. Union.

Yours, etc.,
KIDNEY SHAPED.

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APPOINTMENTS REGISTER.

An Appointments Register has been established by the University of Leeds, in order to assist past and present students to obtain teaching or professional appointments, secretarial work, &c. Information concerning vacant posts is collected and distributed to suitable candidates, who are afterwards put into communication, if desired, with the persons with whom the filling of the appointments rests.

Past or present students of the University seeking an engagement or desiring a change of employment should apply to

THE CLERK TO THE SENATE,
THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS,

for a registration form. These forms, when filled up and returned, constitute the Appointments Register, which is the source of the information supplied to employers and employing bodies.

The value of the Register will be greatly increased if past students of the University who may not themselves be seeking appointments will kindly inform the Clerk to the Senate of any approaching vacancies of which they may become aware.

Governing bodies of schools, public authorities, and private employers wishing to obtain the services of persons of either sex who have received a University training, may receive information of suitable candidates, and be put into direct communication with them by applying to THE CLERK TO THE SENATE.

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