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Fig. 1.

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(Figure 1)



Fig. 2.

Leitz II-b Microscope, with 4th and 5th objectives

(Figure 2)

Leitz Standard F. Microscope, with new form of fine  
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Fig. 4.

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Dimensions, 8½ in. by 6½ in.,  
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Fig. 5.

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Fig. 6.

The "RYSTOS" CONDUIT DEVELOPING  
TANK (Fig. 6).

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Fig. 7.

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*Appointments to the "Garfield"—Vol. XVI*     *June, 1912.*

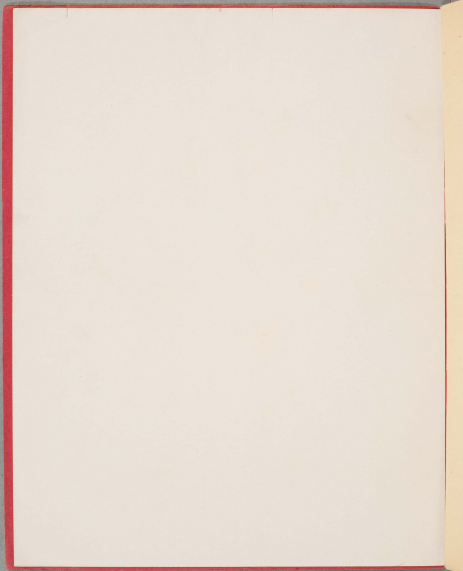
SESSION 1911-12.



F. M. ROWE,  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNION.



MISS M. H. BRIGGS,  
PRESIDENT OF THE W.S.O.



## Appointments gained by Students.

Through the courtesy of the Vice-Chancellor, we are enabled to publish this exceptionally fine list of appointments secured by students of the University —

J. R. Bond, B.Sc., Assistant in the County Work Department of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture.

E. W. W. Paynter, N.D.A., Assistant Valuer under the Finance Act, 1909.

E. Parke, N.D.A., Sub-Manager of Estancia in Argentina.

W. A. Scoby, N.D.A., Sub-Manager of Estancia in Argentina.

A. Guthrie, Leather Trade Expert to the Government of Madras.

E. T. Thornton, General Manager of Messrs. Parker Bros. Ltd., Bristol.

A. Seymour-Jones, M.Sc., Research Assistant, Leather Industries Department, University of Leeds.

M. A. R. Paniker, B.Sc., Chemist, The Tannery, Gosshall, Surrey.

P. M. Armstrong, Assistant Engineer, Radiant Heating Co., Leeds.

E. W. Smith, M.Sc., Research Chemist, Birmingham Corporation High Pressure Gas Department.

J. R. Firth, B.A., Tutor in History, Leeds City Training College.

P. Hincley, B.A., Assistant Master, Oswestry Grammar School.

A. Lacy, B.Sc., Science Master, Mansfield Grammar School.

S. Moody, B.A., Scholarship, Lincoln College, Oxford.

Muriel Wilson, B.A., Assistant Mistress, James Allyn's School, Dulwich.

Nellie Simpkins, M.A., Assistant Mistress, Louth High School.

Jessie Walker, M.A., Lecturer in English, Edgehill Training College.

F. A. Hyde, B.A., Assistant Master, Woodhouse Grove School.

T. Sanderson, B.A., Assistant Master, Normanton Grammar School.

R. W. Hutchinson, Assistant Master, Pecklington Grammar School.

E. Worsnop, B.A., Modern Language Master at Bourdon College, Cheshire.

E. H. Strange, M.A. Leeds, B.A. Cantab., Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy, University College of South Wales, Cardiff.

D. Ll. Lloyd, B.Sc. Lond., Entomologist to British South Africa Company (Sleeping Sickness Commission).

P. F. Kendall, B.Sc., Museum Assistant in Zoology, University of Sheffield.

D. Gilchrist, B.Sc., Assistant Assayer and Sampler, the Beakpan Mines, Johannesburg, South Africa.

F. Mawson, Lecturer in Mining at Castleford, Ardsley, &c.

H. C. Day, Assistant in the Electrical Designing Department, Messrs. Greenwood and Batley, Leeds.

J. P. Crouch, Chief Mechanical Engineer, Central Argentine Railway.

B. W. Elliott, B.Sc., Chief Engineer, British South Africa Co., Rhodesia.

J. H. & C. Ballardie, A.R.I.B.A., Buildings Engineer to the Rangoun Municipality.

W. A. D. Kelly, Assistant Manager, Kantapahan Colliery, Bengal.

E. W. Wilkinson, B.Sc., Assistant Engineer, Minerals Separation Ltd., New York.

C. Stewart, Locomotive Superintendent, Kowloon and Canton Railway, Hong-Kong.

A. W. Purchas, Chief Engineer, California Oilfields Ltd., California.

J. Parkinson, Engineer, Messrs. Clough, Smith & Co. Ltd., Spencer House, London, E.C.

B. D. H. Bean, Assistant Loco-Engineer, Shire Highland Railway, Nyassaland.

J. C. Chapman, B.Sc., Lecturer in Electrical Engineering, Faraday House, London.

F. Myers, Works Manager, Western Electric Co., Wembley.

J. E. Lester, Assistant General Manager, Messrs. W. J. Jenkins & Co., Retford.

G. V. Wilson, B.Sc., H.M. Geological Survey.

T. Ashley, Assistant Inspector of Mines.

T. B. Armistead, Assistant Designer, Queen Anne Cotton Co., Millington, U.S.A.

E. Barrett, Manager, Messrs. C. A. Newsholme & Co., Keighley.

Harold Blinn, Assistant Designer.

J. A. Chapman, Manager, Messrs. Cia Nacionala de Tecidos de Jude, Beal.

D. Stanley Grimshaw, Assistant Manager and Designer, Messrs. J. Blackburn & Co., Batley.

George Holmes, Teacher of Textile Classes, the Technical Institute, Keighley.

J. J. Kelly, Assistant Designer, Athlone Woollen Mills, Ireland.

W. Leach, Assistant Designer, Messrs. E. H. Yates & Co., Bradford.

Cecil H. Morgan, Assistant, The Cambrian Mills Ltd., Newtown, N. Wales.

Paul Pfenniger, Manager, Messrs. Bertrand & Co., Basel.

J. Rider Smith, Assistant Designer, Messrs. Leary & Co. Ltd., Huddersfield.

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Joseph Whitehead, Assistant Designer, Messrs. Wm. Ramsden & Co. Ltd., Gt. Horton, Bradford.

Ka Luen Wong, Manager, Government Woollen Mill, Wuchang.

H. M. Scott, Messrs. Clay & Co., Chendle.

M. Fox, Demonstrator, Bradford Technical School.

E. A. Bearder, Chemist, Levinstein Ltd., Manchester.

B. Hickson, Chemist, Ernest Hickson, Bradford.

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G. H. Frank, M.Sc., Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry.

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*"The Gryphon never stretches her wings in the sun when she hath any side feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we knew them full well of such matter; yielding ourselves to the course which we have ever found than to the pretences which we ought to fear."—LALY.*

Vol. XV.

JUNE, 1912.

No. 6.



It is with no small distaste that we make any reference to what should have been a Torchlight Procession, but the general feeling on this matter is so strong that we feel it our duty to allude to it. That a University boasting at least 900 men students, of whom probably 700 are in regular attendance at College Road, should be unable to muster a crowd of 250 to make a successful procession is nothing less than a deplorable exposure of the lack of a general corporate feeling amongst the students. Admittedly many circumstances stood in the way of a "rag" of the traditional dimensions, the two chief were, firstly, the inevitable postponement of the procession to the last term, for which we have to thank the two camps of Capital and Labour; and secondly, the great lengthening of the hours of daylight, which would not admit of effective "torch-lighting," till after 9 p.m.; this debars many train-students from taking part. Further, the examination fens was on the warpath, and his influence is no small one.

It was agreed that unless 250 names were secured, the procession should be abandoned. Only 150 were

forthcoming, and cancellation followed. Here enters the most unfortunate part of the business. Several students, in subsequent conversation with members of the Union, deplored the abandonment—"We should have turned up, you know, although we didn't put our names down." For these people there is no excuse. They must realise that the Union will not attempt to carry through any function for which adequate support is not forthcoming; the only result of such an attempt would be to draw down on our heads all the scorn and ridicule of which the local news sheets (who do not love us very violently as it is) are capable. The consequence of this would be to subvert the relations between undergraduates and townspeople. Therefore, the action of the promoters in cancelling the procession was perfectly justified; none the less the need for it was in the highest degree to be lamented.

\* \* \*

We have had an interesting task recently in collecting statistics of our contributors and their contributions, in the first five issues of this session. It should be borne in mind that the Editor belongs to the Arts Department, the Sub-Editor to the Engineering, which in our figures we include under Technological, so that the staff is by no means one-sided, as it was in the previous session (Arts Editor, and two Arts Sub-Editors). In that session (1910-1911) over eighty per cent. of the matter printed came from the Arts Department, and the majority of that from the Editorial staff and two or three other contributors. This year, we are glad to notice the support has been of a more diffused and general character, as the

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following table will show:—

Department.	Number of Contributions.	Total number of Contributions.	Number of Women.
Arts ..	49	24	5
Science ..	12	5	2
Technological ..	16	10	—
Professors ..	11	9	—

These figures, it is necessary to state, refer only to those contributions which have been accepted and printed; rejected efforts have been destroyed in large numbers, unfortunately without any record being kept. The table shows that roughly two-thirds of the matter printed [again we should state that no club reports or formal accounts of meetings have been counted] has come from the Arts Department, and two-thirds of the writers also belong to that department. Reckoning roughly one woman for four men in attendance at College Road, the proportion of contributors from University House is almost exactly maintained. The Professors and Lecturers of course, stand in a class by themselves, and for their willing help we are duly grateful. We should imagine that the above figures represent a normal and fairly satisfactory state of affairs, we at any rate cannot find in them any legitimate cause of complaint.

The Women's Sports commence on Friday, June 22nd, at 2.30 p.m. \* \* \* \* \* Men not admitted till after 4.30 \* \* \* is a decree which not only has caused discontent amongst the men (who after all don't count for much in these matters) but has also been resented by the women themselves. It falls out thus: a man pays 9d. to have his eyes delighted by the athletic prowess of his life companions, and is allowed on the ground when that elegant display is ended—not a minute sooner; what he gets for his money is a tea at which the ladies obligingly wait on him—retribution for Lit. and Hist. teas! Then there follows a short cricket match; and the prize distribution is sandwiched in somewhere. After these exciting events he is politely bowed out, having nominally seen the women's sports, in reality only a tame cricket match (more or less so, that is). The women are welcomed to the men's sports, and show their appreciation by coming in crowds. We really cannot perceive why the men students should be barred out like a horde of criminals; and we can make this promise to whomsoever has been the instigator of the restriction, that its result has been to diminish the sale of tickets amongst the men by at least one half, and that its removal would immediately cause a renewed sale. We hope that the powers that be in University House will take heed of these remarks, and remember that sometimes out of the mouths of babes and sucklings . . . . .

The time has now come that we should lay down our pen, and vacate the editorial chair. It is commonly said, and is, we suppose, commonly true, that of all tasks an Editor's is the most thankless, and that there are always more dissatisfied than satisfied readers. We have no census of our readers, and therefore cannot determine the latter point accurately; but we can and do say with the deepest sincerity that we have not felt our task to be

thankless. Many causes have contributed to this effect. In the first place we have fallen on a good year for magazine work, the number of contributors, as shown above, has been by no means small, and on the whole their work has been of good or excellent quality. They have written willingly and unselfishly, some of them with astonishing regularity. Secondly, the Gryphon Committee has been of the greatest use during the central part of our Editorship, being ready always with good and varied suggestions. The third debt and the greatest, is that which we owe to the Sub-Editor. He is indeed an Engineer but possesses more taste than two average Arts men, and more tact than twenty. No person who has not done practical Editorial work can realise what caution and savvy is required in dealing with "touchy" contributors, who take offence if an article is held over, to say nothing of rejected. We can truly say that Mr. Sweeting's stock of excuses for such people is perfectly unique in the records of journalism. In addition to doing invaluable work in our personal relations with contributors he has also done yeoman service in the organisation and arrangement of the matter collected. He is responsible for the gathering of practically everything in this issue and altogether so for the arrangement of it. Excepting about four columns of the paper we have no more previous knowledge of it than has any individual reader, so for its virtues we can take no credit . . . . . But we tend to become garrulous, surely a sign of senility, if only relative senility.

We are genuinely sorry to leave college, and more so for those who neglect the pleasures which it positively throws in their way. We have enjoyed our third year as no previous person has done—so it pleases us to believe and who shall dispute it? Both men and women have been constantly accused of "Unsociability," snobbery and "stand-offishness"; to be perfectly frank, we are convinced that those charges were considerably exaggerated, and that there does exist a genuine spirit of camaraderie between the two sections of the students—there are exceptions, of course, but they serve merely to prove the rule.

It would be foolish for us to try to draw any moral lesson out of three years in college: all that we would advise junior students—is the budding finalist patronisingly calls everyone else—is to do as they are told to year after year, go in for everything you can, and don't set too much importance on such artificial things as degrees. After all, your development as a man or as a woman is a thousand times more significant than your development as a cultured person. Degrees are all very well for the purpose of gaining here and worldly repute, but when regarded as narrowly as they are by many students they have a blasting effect on character. Go in for things that matter as well as for superficialities, and don't let the three years that should make you a man or a woman turn you into a fact-and-theory-leeching beast. We can imagine vividly the pleasure of being able to claim First Class Honours, University Scholarships and so on, but we should all guard against allowing the pride of intellect to blind us to the fact that we have a soul.



That is all—and enough, truly—that we would say to those whose college days are yet in the bud and blossom. We have exhausted both our space and the reader's interest, and the clock-hands are whirling. Hail, Reader, and Farewell!

*Sed vos immensus spatios conficiamus aequor,  
Et iam tempus opibus fumantibus solvere colla.*

### Obituary.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mrs. A. G. Ruston, which took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 29th. To her husband, a popular member of the Agricultural Department staff, we offer our sincere sympathy in his sad bereavement.

### The New Union Building.

FROM the beginning of next Session the men students of the University will have Union rooms accommodation on a par with that of the women, perhaps indeed rather superior, for no space is wasted in large cloakrooms in the house opposite the main entrance which is to replace the princely Common Rooms on the stairs. A matter of £600 has been voted by the Finance Committee for the furnishing and decorating of this building; to them the student body is fittingly thankful for their generosity, but we would impress on our readers that this grant is something which we should have had many years ago. Even now we have it, it should not be regarded as a finality, but only as a temporary substitute.

The accommodation includes a Common Room, to be supplied with papers; a writing room, a convenient tea-room, chess and draughts room, cloak-room, changing-room with shower-bath, telephone, and caretaker's rooms. The rooms are well-lighted, steam-heated, and will be tastefully decorated mostly with self-colour papers and distempers.

It is doubtless common knowledge that we are deeply indebted to the Vice-Chancellor and Mr. Rowe for this our temporary home, the first step in a direction which, we confidently hope, will lead to even better accommodation.

### The Sports.

WHEN you have been surprised into giving sixpence towards the men's Sports, you must go see them even if you have to send a shilling after your sixpence, and of course the fact that there were no afternoon lectures finally decided us. We had felt very virtuous when we went to the Inter-Varsity Gymn. Contest one Friday afternoon, but we were rudely disillusioned by the remarks of unforgiving professors on the Monday. This time we could go with a clear conscience, especially after our little donation, and it was therefore with a feeling of dignified patronage that we strolled into the grounds on May 14th to see the Sports. I wonder what difference it would have made if the date had been June 14th. Judging by the disgracefully small number of Arts and Science men who went in for any event, things would not have been altered

much, for I suppose it is they on whom the burden of exams, chiefly falls.\*

The first thing to do on arriving was to look for the Hall Porter. Having seen him, we knew that everything was above suspicion and proceeded to buy a programme from the eternal small boy. Why not a small girl for a change? We commend this to the suffragettes as another instance of the way in which man tyrannously reserves careers for himself.

The programme was most interesting, and we were glad to see that the Committee very suitably tendered "their heartiest thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have given donations and prizes." In fact it was so interesting that we quite missed the first two races, and only remembered what we were there for when they were beginning to throw the weight or do you put (or put ?) the weight? I always understood that putting had something to do with golf, but these technical terms are so confusing! However, the weight event (that's rather a good way out of it) was even more interesting than the programme. We got quite excited over the raking interludes, and were even prepared to see Prof. Connal use his umbrella. It is really very cheering to have the presence and assistance of the staff at these little functions, and they must find it a welcome change to give their services like this instead of in the ordinary way. It is rather an interesting speculation whether their official position at the Sports rose out of a feeling amongst the Committee that diplomacy was better than coercion as a means of securing a half day holiday. There are a few questions of this sort which one would like to put to the promoters of the first Sports.

But to come back to the present Sports. Our disappointment regarding Prof. Connal's umbrella was completely forgotten in the excitement of the tug-of-war, although we did not quite enter into it at the beginning. We were led to believe at first that it was a case of unionists against non-unionists, and that the railwaymen engaged in last summer's strike had sent two teams of out-of-work engine drivers to fight it out openly in this friendly fashion. It was explained to us, however, that the exponents of our "technicalities galore" were these garments every day at their work, but our wonder at this was quite lost in our astonishment that they should wear such things at any other time. The Arts men looked quite respectable beside them although they were in their shirt sleeves. Reassured, we devoted ourselves to watching, for a tug-of-war was something which even we could understand; and even we could rise to enthusiasm when neither side would give way an inch. For a day or two afterwards, a tug-of-war was quite popular amongst us on a wet dinnertime, and we have great hopes for the 22nd of June.

The long jump and hurdle race were tame in comparison with the tug-of-war, but I never lost the hope that someone would forget himself and finish the race on a hurdle as if it were a pair of stilts. Hurdle walking would be rather novel, and would furnish a new and entertaining style of race. Men never listen to our suggestions though.

\* We cannot let this independence pass without correction. Engineers, at least, have the burden of exams, every year in Arts and Science together, and a glance at these immovable hills shows that they have been heavy all this about any other department.—Ed. G.

We began to feel quite cheerful now as we understood the half mile scratch race, but the two handicap races puzzled us sorely. I suppose I am woefully ignorant, but I never could see why, if men were handicapped so that they all started with an equal chance, they should not all finish together.

The Inter-Varsity Mile was almost as exciting as the tug-of-war. Of course we were disappointed that Leeds did not win, but we were second and a Leeds man had previously got the Quarter mile, so we took the Liverpool victory very philosophically.

The Inter-Departmental team race was quite beyond us, possibly because we took a walk in the middle, but we understood every bit of the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Sadler, and were quite seery when everything was over. We had heard dire prophecies of the weather to be expected, and were warned that it had not been fine for the Sports for nine years, but evidently this was the rule which proves the exception, and this year was the exception which was proved.

Many of the women students did not go because they were not interested in Sports, but I may say to them that even if they know nothing about what is going on, there is a host of other things to engage their attention. They can always admire the men's hair during their exertions, or think over such little problems as whether Mr. Perkins stipulated, when giving his services, that his rosette should be red. There is generally a side show going on, too, as when the Vice got up a tug-of-war amongst the small children around, and what about the band! Surely when you go to the Sports, it should be bliss enough to sit and listen to the band without desiring to understand things. ORFV.

The various finals resulted as follows—

100 Yards Scratch Race—1, G. L. B. James; 2, St. J. B. Groser; 3, P. Striles. Won by two yards; three yards divided second and third.

100 Yards Scratch Hurdle Race—1, G. L. B. James; 2, S. B. Butler; 3, C. G. Brown. Won easily; a yard between second and third.

Putting the Weight (16 lb.)—1, G. L. B. James (13 ft. 6 in.); 2, G. S. Hunter (20 ft. 3 in.); 3, E. H. Siscock (29 ft.).  
Long Jump—1, G. L. B. James (20 ft. 7 in.); 2, L. James (18 ft. 6 in.).

Half-mile Scratch Race—1, G. N. Stockdale; 2, G. L. Watson; 3, J. F. Webster. Won by ten yards; a bad third.  
200 Yards Handicap—1, P. Striles, 3 yards start; 2, E. E. Ainsley; 3, C. G. Brown, 3. Won by half a yard; a yard separated second and third.

High Jump—1, G. L. B. James (4 ft. 11 in.); 2, F. H. Crowley (4 ft. 10 in.).

Inter-Varsity Mile Scratch Race—1, P. A. Moore (Liverpool); 2, G. R. Knowles (Leeds); 3, A. Douglas (Manchester); 4, H. Broughton (Manchester); 5, St. J. B. Groser (Leeds); 6, E. Swinson (Liverpool). Douglas made the running till 200 yards from home, where Moore took the lead, and won by ten yards, Knowles beating Douglas for second place by a yard; the others being banded out. Time 221, 30 4/5.

Quarter-mile Scratch Race—1, P. Striles; 2, G. S. Hunter; 3, G. L. B. James. Won by ten yards, five yards between second and third.

Tug-of-War—Engineers' "A" beat Engineers' "B" by two pulls to one.

Mile Handicap—1, G. N. Stockdale, 40 yards start; 2, H. G. Procter, 30; 3, W. Waddell, 20. Won by fifteen yards; a yard only separated second and third.

Half-mile Inter-Departmental Relay Team Race—1, Engineers; 2, Arts; 3, Textiles.

The Championship Cup for the competitor obtaining the highest number of marks was easily secured by G. L. B. James; and the Pro-Chancellor's Inter-Departmental Trophy was won by the Engineers.

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.. ..	Inconstant George.
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<i>W. G. A. W-ater</i> .. ..	God's Good Man.
<i>L. C. Wats-n</i> .. ..	Beau Brocade.
<i>R. H. J. F. Wash-er-d-n</i> .. ..	The Little Minister.
<i>The Women's Convener</i> .. ..	.. ..
<i>Rosie</i> .. ..	The School for Scandal.

SONNETS.

### Some Phases of Music.

THIS is not a treatise on a street organ or the smoke-room piano. The writer is utterly incompetent to touch on such a theme, but he would wish to record the impressions and experiences of a holiday in which was gained a first realisation of the true meaning of music—music in the widest sense. If Phosferine has not cured "Jim" let him take the same holiday.

One summer I found myself in a small fishing village, quaint and picturesque rather than beautiful. Red-roofed houses were huddled together round the foot of a huge cliff, and on each side of the miniature bay, a rugged headland stood sentinel. The charm of this spot is the sea, sometimes so smiling and alluring as a siren, and sometimes wild, grand and awe-inspiring. There was never such a sea as this. It is ever varying and wonderful. My first sight of it was at sunset, and the baby-ripples of the water were flashes of crimson, dancing round the fishing boats as they put out to sea. The red-brown sails, dotted here and there, glowed in the rich light of the setting sun, and formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture. When the tide was out, stretches of shining rock invited a nearer acquaintance, and it was glorious to wander nearly a mile from the village on the very verge of that fascinating sea. It was possible to sit there a whole morning, undisturbed, alone and yet not lonely, watching that tumbling surf, and listening to the never ceasing surge of the breakers—for the waters were always restless here among the rocks,

even on the calmest day. Behind this hoarse triumphant roar of the waves, there was always another sound, a mournful undertone, like a funeral dirge. This is the music that defies human interpretation and it is the most mysterious music on earth. Its grandeur takes the listener out of that intolerable self-like that has clogged his wings so long, and even the most hardened scowler at inspiration must surely feel stirred by it.

It is not good to dream always—*goods* and not dreams are wanted in this working-day world—but it is good to dream thus by the sea, to understand, however dimly, some of its mysterious secrets, to feel our troubles fall off like a cloak, and to realise that it is possible to carry away some of the wave-music in our hearts, when we return to the busy world—to realise also, that if our lives have been struck in the minor key, it is possible to sound the major chord of triumph like that of the sea.

Another phase of the music which I found in that fishing-village presented itself one Sunday night about ten o'clock. The darkness was so intense that it could almost be felt and it was impossible to distinguish the faces of the fishermen as they gathered on the quay. Young and old came to swell the group, and there, in the pitch-black darkness, they began to sing. In front, the sea heaved and murmured, and little points of light stretched in a long chain from north to south—the lights of the North Sea trawlers. Behind, the cottage windows sent out a cheerful glow, and two beacon lamps on the hill above, gleaned out steadily over the sea. The fishermen's hymns swelled in a chorus, drowning the moaning of the waves, and in this weird darkness the simple fisher-folk poured out their souls. The effect was perfectly thrilling, for the wild throbbing triumph of the sea seemed to have crept into their voices and imparted a mysterious timbre unlike anything I ever heard.

—REVERUS.

### Mixed Doubles.

We feel very keenly some remarks which have been made to us by several Freshers recently on the subject of the mixed doubles tournament.

Talking of one pair, a youth cynically suggested that if they were not engaged now, they soon would be; so, he was not going to enter, he was far too acute to put his nose into a matrimonial agency.

This sort of gossip cannot be too strongly condemned; the utter absurdity of it is quite apparent to anyone with ordinary perception—and as we admit the men who have fostered this impression were Freshers. We have published letters in the *Gryphon* complaining bitterly—and rightly so—of the sociability of students; and, when in the summer months a little sociability creeps in, it seems we have a set of people propagating scandal of the worst kind to hinder it. We wonder if the men with these ideas know how ordinary tennis clubs are conducted. At any rate, to have this sort of rot circulated round college is intolerable, and we trust that all right-minded men will give it every discouragement.

SEN.

### "Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

To Students: "To spend too much time in studies is sloth."

Students at Exams: "They speak of what they do not well know."

Degree Exams: "Another year, another deadly blow."

The New Graduate: "Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket."

The French Students: "They speak in French not spoken in France nor even in the tower of Babel."

Prof. R-g-s: "If a man's wit be wandering let him study mathematics."

Prof. S-b-d-k-ff: "For he was Epicurus' own son."

Dr. G-m-l: "And French she spak full faire and setysly."

Prof. V-g-h-w: "Possess thy soul in patience."

Prof. C-w-l: "Of great riches there is no real use except it be in the distribution." (See picture of Neptune's trident).

The Chemical Laboratory: "Makes faint with too much—?"

The O.T.C.: "We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."

The H. P.: "Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar."

Mr. B-r-e: "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

Degree Day: "But in that pomp they do not long appear."

J.D.

### Midsummer Madness.

It was June when wits are tested,  
And he rose in dark despair,  
Hied him to the lethal chamber,  
Took his paper with a glare.

Glanced he then adown the questions,  
Found he couldn't answer one,  
Though he thought of all his lifetime,  
Thought of all beneath the sun.

Up he rose as mad as fury,  
Or that latter famed in song,  
Or this hard so fine and frenzied,  
Who had better held his tongue.

Have you heard the roc a-singing?  
Does it thrill you through and through  
When you ride upon a nightmare  
Racing with a kangaroo?

Why do fishes tipple water?  
Don't they like champagne and pop?  
Can you show by rule of thumb-screw  
Why a toad-stool cannot hop?

Thus he spake with furious gesture,  
In his eyes a soulless gleam,  
But his frenzy spoilt the vision,  
And he woke; 't was all a dream.

G.H.E.

### The Hypothetical Chemist.

(With apologies to *The Tarpanlin Jacket*).

A poor student chemist lay dying,  
And as on his deathbed he lay,  
To his friends who around him were sighing,  
These last dying words he did say:—

CHIMES.

Wrap me up in my lab coat and dusties,  
And say a poor chemist lies low,  
And get you six microbes to carry me,  
With steps solemn, mournful and slow.

Had I my beakers and test tubes,  
Analyses gladly I'd try,  
Both flame tests, and film tests, and fusions,  
And borax beads, wet tests and dry.

I'd never report in my note book  
That my salt sure a chloride must be,  
When in HCl I had dissolved it  
Then added AgNo<sub>3</sub>.

All weighings I'd carefully enter,  
My note book I'd ne'er have to seek,  
I'd mark down my hours on the time sheets,  
And add up the totals each week.

If e'er I was late for a lecture,  
To my seat I would quietly go,  
Without causing any disturbance,  
Nor let the doge bang to and fro.

I'd never get angry with Chapman,  
But answer in whispers, with tact,  
When he said that the basin he lent me  
I'd returned to him, dirty, or cracked.

My bottles I'd clean with my duster,  
My benches choked up ne'er should be,  
I'd turn it quite low e'er I started  
Away for my four o'clock tea.

I'd learn whilst I had such great chances,  
Of flame, with its inner blue cone,  
Of smoke both from pipe and from chimney,  
Of enol and ket' acetone.

Of course now I'm dying it's easy  
To say what I always would do,  
But I fancy if I were just starting  
I'd not be so different from you.

W.L.

### A Fable,

In the land of the Mesopotamians in the days before Noah, there was much bickering concerning Butchering. The party called Patriots called for a citizen hood of Butchers to stay the Physical Degeneration which (said they) was sapping the nation's Vitality.

Swinging the implements of Slaughter would be invaluable Exercise, which would build up a nation of Fearless and Muscular youths. It was a Shame for a caste of herdings to do the nation's Dirty Work. If Butchering were compulsory, every man would be Ready if called on to wield the slaughter axe and knife.

But the little Mesopotamians opposed them. This party was in favour of a small band of highly trained Butchers who had entered the Trade because they liked it. Speaking for themselves (they urged) they shrank from Blood, and did not care to enter the Profession. Furthermore they were Vegetarians.

The case was never decided, for, unfortunately whilst they were still arguing the Question, the Deluge came, and all were washed away.

Now mark and digest. Had these benighted Heathens only agreed to build themselves a Navy of oak and triple brass, they might perchance have survived as a nation even to this day.

EXPLICIT.

### An Appreciation of

Robert Louis Stevenson's

"*Virginibus Puerisque.*"

(Concluded from last issue).

I MUST say just a word about the humour of these essays, which is most largely represented in the last one—"A Plea for Gas-Lamps." Nowhere, I think, is more entrancing reading to be found than in this essay, Stevenson handles his subject in a way undefinably his own, on which a quotation will throw more light than pages of analytical dissertation: "Closely following on this epoch of migratory lanterns in a world of extinction, came the era of oil-lights, hard to kindle, easy to extinguish, pale and wavering in the hour of their endurance. Rodey pulled the winds of heaven, roguishly climb up the all-destructive uncin; and, lo! in a moment might re-established her void empire, and the cit groped along the wall, suppered but bedless, occult from guidance, and sorrowfully wading in the keel. As if gamesome winds and gamesome youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these fable luminaries from horse to horse above the fairway. There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there would indubitably be some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass, and while the chieftain rode forward with a purple coxcomb, the street would be left to original darkness, unpolished, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night." And his dialogue between Mr. Worldly Wiseman and the truant in "Apology for Elders," is splendid reading.

And I must mention Stevenson's really astounding retention of the thoughts and habits of his early boyhood. As he himself said so truly "I am one of the few people in the world who do not forget their own lives." Very rarely indeed, do we hear childhood talked of so convincingly and intimately. With Stevenson, those early days must have been very near the heart, or never could he so readily and so realistically have recalled them. He says in "Child's Play": "When my cousin and I took our perambule of a morning, we had a device to enliven the course of

the meal. He ate his with sugar, and explained it to be a country continually buried under snow. I took mine with milk, and explained it to be a country suffering gradual inundation. You can imagine us exchanging bulletins, how here was an island still unsubmerged, here a valley not yet covered with snow; what inventions were made; how his population lived in cabins on perches and travelled on stilts, and how mine were always in boats; how the interest grew furious, as the last corner of safe ground was cut off on all sides and grew smaller every moment; and how in fine, the food was altogether of secondary importance, and might even have been unnecessary, so long as we seasoned it with these dreams. But perhaps the most exciting moments I ever had over a meal, were in the case of calves'-foot jelly. It was hardly possible not to believe—and you may be sure, so far from trying, I did all I could to favour the illusion—that some part of it was hollow, and that sooner or later my spoon would lay open the secret tabernacle of the golden rock. There, might some miniature Red Beard await his hour; there, might one find the treasures of the Forty Thieves, and bewildered Cassin, beating about the walls. And so I quarried on slowly, with bated breath, savouring the interest. Believe me, I had little palate left for the jelly; and though I preferred the taste when I took cream with it, I used often to go without because the cream dimmed the transparent fractures."

And of course, the counterpart to this splendid childhood essay is his talk on the sensations of manhood in "Walking Tours." Where else find such inspiring pictures of the full-hearted Passion of Living? In the course of a day's walk there is much variance of mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveller moves from one extreme to the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content." And where such a description of the blessed sense of peace and inner calm of soul that comes over one when, in the middle of such a day one rests quietly in the shade somewhat? "You come to a meadow or a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees, and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you, and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck, and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop,

and remember time and seasons no more." Or who has given such pictures of healthful fatigue and pleasurable weariness as we have here? When the days' walk is finished, dinner is over, and night is come, he "settles down to taste Joviality in the full sense of that audacious word." "There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there never was such grog; at every sip a joyful tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits cozily at your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning, single sentences possess the ear for half-an-hour together, and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream . . . . If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with anyone, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your old hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale . . . .

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content."

I have quoted Stevenson at some length in this essay, and indeed the only justification for any words of my own is in so far as they may have made intelligible and linked together those of the Master. He has said: "Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind." If ever heart beat strong and cheerfully it was that in the breast of Robert Louis Stevenson; how much it bettered the tradition of mankind, how many hopeful impulses it left behind it in the world cannot be said in words.

## FINIS.

[We cannot refrain from quoting Andrew Lang in the new Swanton edition:—"There was a very pleasant trait in Stevenson's character which, perhaps, does not display itself in most of his writings—his great affection for children. In 'A Child's Garden of Verses,' delighted on it is, and not to be read without 'a great inclination to cry,' the child is himself, the child that is gone." But in an early letter he writes: 'Kids is what is the matter with me. . . . Children are too good to be true.' He had a natural infatuation, so to say, for children, which many men of the pen overcome with no apparent difficulty. He could not overcome it; little boys and little girls were his delight, and he was theirs. At Modona, the paper failed, he played croquet with the little girls; refusing to wear gloves lest it should remind them of their condition. Sensitive and weak in body as he was, Nelson was not more fearless."—506-Ed.]

## Miss M. H. Briggs.

Among those who will be passing out of College this year, assuredly no one will be more genuinely regretted than the President of the W.R.C., Miss Briggs. From the moment when Miss Briggs presided at the Freshers' Social, fired alike with her enthusiasm, cherubic Freshers and grave-looking Seniors, all felt that here indeed was one gifted with the many and varied qualities that go to make the successful leader. Miss Briggs' year of office has, indeed, been singularly successful. It is not necessary, surely, to mention here all the social functions of the year for which Miss Briggs has worked with such energy and zeal. Few are aware what an immense amount of work is exacted from the Union officials in order to obtain that perfection of organisation which one ever associates with Leeds University; and no small share of the burden has fallen upon Miss Briggs' shoulders; not content, however, with the mere fulfilment of her duties as President, Miss Briggs has again and again rendered material help by giving her personal services, as all who were present at the performance of the play at the Conversation are aware. The dreary duty of attending a never ending series of Committee Meetings has been performed with a brightness and cheeriness which has encouraged all who came into personal contact with our President.

But, above all, Miss Briggs will be remembered for the sympathy and tact which she has shown on all occasions, for the skill and courage with which she has met difficult situations, for the kindly help she has ever given to all who sought her advice.

G.A.

## "SONNET ON A LADY."

Sweet lady, though I take my pen to write  
A passing thought of thee, I know too well  
I cannot set thy virtues in that light  
Which they have merited; nor can I tell  
In fitting terms of thy sweet charms and grace.  
Had I the voice of that melodious bard  
Who saw his thoughts inscribed in nature's face  
And sang them where the grey hills keep their guard,  
O'er winding lake and darksome, nodding wood,  
Then would I pay the homage of my mind  
At the pure shrine of thy sweet womanhood,  
And sing thy virtue to the whistling wind.  
But as it is, wilt thou accept, I pray,  
All those sweet things that I may think, not say.  
H.E.W.

## "SONG."

The sands are running swiftly  
Within the fatal glass;  
And o'er life's silent hourstone,  
The shadows steal, and pass.  
And through the dusk death cometh,  
Grey-lipped and pale to me;  
He comes to tear me rudely  
From thee, my love, from thee!

H.E.W.

## Imaginary Interviews.

## II. The President of the Union.

ARMED with my card from the Editor of the *Gryphon* I went to the stately hall where the President of the Union resides and rang the bell.

A bright-faced individual in very large buttons opened the door and in response to my enquiries, showed me up to a room on the third corridor, where dwelt the object of my promised interview.

Unshaved in by the words, "A gentleman to see you, sir!" I entered Mr. Rowe's sanctum and was greeted in a deep but not unmusical voice with the words, "Ha! Ha! my dear young friend, how are you?" the words being accompanied by a vigorous handshake. Cheered by this not unfriendly welcome, as well as by the beaming smile which accompanied it, I sat down in the comfortable-looking, but uncomfortable-looking chairs which the munificence of Lydden Hall provides.

Thinking that it was time to get to business, as I had two music halls, one theatre and a picture house to do that evening before my daily bread was earned, I answered Mr. Rowe's genial enquiry of "Well, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" with the words, "You may as well recognise at once, old man, that I am not here in the capacity of your 'dear young friend,' but as a newspaper reporter, eager to present to a waiting world a faithful pen picture of your personality, illuminated by a few touches of the modern personal journalism."

In such a manner was the object of my visit unfolded, and Mr. Rowe prepared for the ordeal to come.

"I understand, Mr. Rowe, that you come from the South or South-West, and are not really a Yorkshireman by birth?"

"Quite right, I come from Gloucestershire," this reply being given with an unmistakably pleased air.

I, of course, murmured my sympathy and hinted at the advantage of Yorkshire as a birthplace.

"Leeds is a long way from Gloucester, Mr. Rowe, what decided you to come here?"

"Oh, of course, Leeds is *the* place for dyeing. That was the first consideration. But it has the advantages which accrue from being in an industrial district, and also the disadvantages. Gloucestershire is of course very nice, but rather sleepy in some respects, and I thought that I might see many useful things here at the same time holding myself ready to impart in exchange some of that southern grace and charm of manner which the more robust atmosphere of Yorkshire seems to discourage. One cannot expect to be receiving all the time, of course."

As my gaze wandered round the room I saw pipes and tobacco, swords, uniforms and some rather familiar pencil and crayon drawings.

Indicating these latter I said that they seemed familiar.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rowe, "I always take them down from the University Hall, as otherwise they get so dirty, you know."

"Quite so," said I, "virtue is its own reward!"

"Do you still smoke, Mr. Rowe?"

"Well, just occasionally, you know. I thoroughly disagree with the habit, as being both filthy and unnecessary, but social requirements render an occasional

pipe or cigarette necessary. Cigars disagree with me, and it is only as an act of grace or policy that I ever smoke them at all."

"The Territorials, Mr. Rowe?"

"My dear sir!" said he, "please allow me to inform you that I have no connection with the Territorials. True I am a member of the O.T.C. and enjoy my connection therewith very much, but that has no connection with the Territorials."

Of course I muttered an apology, but all the same was rather mystified how to describe a man in military uniform who is neither a regular nor a member of the Territorial Force.

"And the Union Rooms?"

"There, I am pleased to say, we are making great progress. At last the University seems to be waking up. That is all I will say for publication, as I feel rather strongly on the way in which that important part of the University, the student, has, in the past, been neglected. Still, that period is now over and we never gain by dwelling too much on a dark past."

"You are, I believe, Mr. Rowe, doing research work in dyeing?"

"Yes, that is so, but I find great difficulty in getting time from Union work for it. Union work is very interesting, you know, but rather exacting. Still, next year, I hope to be able to make the far fly."

"Ah! you are staying on another year, then?"

"Yes, I hope to be able to do so, for many reasons."

"There is just one question, Mr. Rowe, I should like to ask, and that is how you manage to keep your hair so beautifully parted?"

"Oh, that!" said the subject of our interview, and from the pleased gleam in his eyes I could see that so far from offending him I had touched on a favourite topic.

"It is perfectly easy of course. Simply brush very carefully and very often. Always carry a mirror about with you. Personally I use the inside of my watch case as a reflector, and it is to the informing use of this little device that I attribute the unobscured excellence of my parting." Suiting the action to the word he expertly clicked open the watch and adjusted a stray hair.

"You know, I find that having a definite line down the centre of my head enables me to think with greater directness and accuracy, and that is why I appear to take such excessive care over the parting. It is really not pride you know, but simply anxiety to keep fit."

I had just seen from his watch that it was now 6.30, and as I saw Mr. Rowe was in festive garb, and I myself wished to get away, I thanked him very much for his kindness, although really he seemed to quite enjoy the sensation of having his words reported for publication.

The last words I heard were, "Well, good-bye, many thanks for your kind presence, and hoping you will recommend me to all your friends. Good-bye!"

Thus ended a very charming and well spent hour with our worthy Union President. As his life goes on and interviews become more frequent, I can only hope that all reporters are received with such kindly graciousness.

VIATOR.

## Extravaganza!

"On the contrary, it so galvanizes and incites the dormant affinities between the combustible gases and oxygen, that the stately minstrel of ordinary flame combustion gives place to the wild intoxication of the Venusberg." This extract is taken from the eminently sane and unromantic lecture by Dr. Bone on "Surface Combustion." He is not the only professor who has attempted to impress his hearers by a forceful appeal to their imaginations. Prof. Goodman has been known to commence a lecture on "Entropy" something as follows:—"Love!—What is love?—Who can tell?—I see some of you smiling, I want to be serious please. I defy any of you to define love precisely. You all know what it is (the Professor is a bachelor!), but you cannot define it—so it is with entropy." Absorbed attention from the class throughout the remainder of the lecture!

At a recent meeting of an Electrical Engineering Class, the lecturer happily remarked on the fact that this was the last time they would meet this session. At the close of the lecture the class with one accord, stood up and solemnly sung, in correct *tempo*, and with an admirable feeling for rhythm, "God save the King." The new Musical Society please note!

Sus.

## A Lament.

MUCH has been written of the social apathy of the students in this College. Suggestions have been made of measures calculated to remedy this ill—less of these. It is ever pleasanter to destroy than to reform. But writers have surely omitted to point out the fundamental cause of the trouble—the growing lack of veneration for that honourable and revered controller of affairs, giver of laws, dictator of fashions, the H.P. Time was when no student passed the office of the Great One without making an obeisance. This was, we think, entirely in sympathy with the levelling spirit of the age. Then came the hobble skirt. Surely it is not necessary here to enumerate the difficulties of performing such evolutions as a hobble skirt. But let us be perfectly just to the fair phantoms that fit along these corridors. Not at once did they cease to observe the time-honoured custom. ("Time-honoured," *i.e.*, honoured when one had time so to do). No! Strenuous efforts were made, with disastrous results. Human endurance has its limits, let examiners strive as they will to ignore the fact. It was the beginning of the end. The last stage came but a few days ago. A fair damsel entered the office and in a tone of great assurance demanded a copy of the *Gryphon*. The H.P. felt that some corrective must be administered. The dignity of a profession which Horace himself confessed to regard with awe must be upheld. Brow bent, eyes blazing with a fierce light, shoulders squared for the fray, the H.P. thundered forth—"Name?"

In no way abashed the maiden disclosed it. "Hastley?" queried he of the mighty voice.

"No, Ass."

Subsequent enquiries as to the condition of the H.P. have elicited the information that though now out of danger, the patient is still very weak.

M. G. S.

## Ten Little Student Girls.

## I.

Ten little student girls  
Up at Hostel dine,  
One on Friday night had cod  
And then there were nine.

## II.

Nine little student girls  
Went to the debate,  
One of them waxed eloquent,  
And then there were eight.

## III.

One little student girl  
Thinking College heaven!!!  
Forgot to do her Latin  
And then there were seven.

## IV.

One little student girl,  
Hoping here to "mix,"  
Found the men were "modest"  
And then there were six.

## V.

One little student girl,  
On Hons. Mods. could thrive,  
Objected to our poetry,  
And then there were five.

## VI.

One little student girl,  
Finding life a bore,  
Took to cutting lectures,  
And that left four.

## VII.

One little student girl,  
Sitting at her tea  
Thought about the "chemy-lab,"  
And then there were three.

## VIII.

One little student girl,  
Somehow caught the flu,  
Tasted a thermometer,  
And then there were two.

## IX.

One little student girl  
Tried to make a pun,  
The other couldn't stand it,  
That left one.

## X.

One little student girl,  
Ate a College bun,  
The effort killed her,  
Then there were none.

"HOSTILITIES."

## Religio laetitia mentis sanae.

I like the woodland and the fresh green lawn,  
I like the birds that twitter in your tree,  
Red clustering roses and the whiff of dawn!  
It pleases me.

I like the singing of a violin,  
I like the fluted organ's threnody,  
The blare of brass! The timbre's joyful din!  
It pleases me.

I like the tales the Lord's own poets have writ  
Of Kings and clowns, and deeds of chivalry,  
Milton's deep music! Shakespeare's mighty wit!  
It pleases me.

I like the waves that batter on the sand,  
(O brave white cliffs that parley with the sea!)  
I like the breeze that flogs the spray to land,  
It pleases me.

Joy makes me praise the Lord that I'm alive  
—A lodger in His blue eternity—  
With strength of limb, and wealth of will to strive,  
It pleases me.

ARISTOTLE.

## Music Hath Charms.

THE "Varsity is to have a Musical Society, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tiddle-oo-pom-pom!" and the Gryphon and I are going down to Tomasso's to buy a harrel-organ.

At present we have wandered up to Woodhouse Moor and have encamped beside the bandstand to get a little local atmosphere. I esconce myself in the corner of a seat, feet pointing due south; the Gryphon is squatting on the ground beside me, hunched to the top of the seat by my hatstaring. The reason is that the park ranger was extremely doubtful whether to admit him, but we got over the difficulty by complying in the manner described with the regulation that dogs are not admitted unless led by cord or chain. The Gryphon was indignant at being described as a canine quadruped, but that was the nearest we could get. The keeper didn't know what a centaur was, and declared he wasn't provided for in the bye-laws.

"Have a cigarette, Gryph."  
"Thanks, no; I'll try a pipe, if you've a spare one about you—"  
"Here's one of Mr. Welpton's pattern."  
"Thank you; I said a pipe, not a Chunnel Tunnel."  
I gave him mine, lit a cigarette myself, and we settled down.

"Personally," said Gryphon, "as regards Music, I'm a halblibbing babe myself. But then, what can you expect for threepence? Perhaps you are an authority?"

"To a slight extent. I carried a cigar-box round during the strike when the unemployed promenade the streets with a tin-piano. Well?"

"What," continued the Gryphon reflectively, "is Music?"

"It has various definitions. I have heard it termed a Thursday afternoon nuisance—with adjectives of A.B. Also the soul of Leeds—Gryphon! what are



you bow-wow at! The august city may not love classical music, but for the Lord's sake let it swank if it likes to. Put a penny in the band-sheets, sleep once through a Municipal Concert, read the theatrical news in the Daily Dilapidated, boast of having shaken hands with Mr. Hoggett's milkman, and lo! you're a musical critic, bow-wow!"

"The fact is, to my humble thinking," remarked Gryphon, "that Modern Music is getting beyond us—d d and t d r, m m f m, r d—anybody can get round that, and God bless him! But is it Christian conduct to run an assortment of semiones together, mix well with consecutive fifths, add Bass Drum and Chinese Gong to taste, and then charge your week's beer-money to hear it? As a Pudsey gentleman of my acquaintance declared, 'it ain't music, it's a blessed cut-throat!'"

"Gryphon, you seem to have got hold of the popular notion that modern composition consists of writing a page of plain crotchets and quavers and then sticking in dots and accidentals until it looks pretty. And you will probably believe the story that Macdowell when composing used to let his guinea-pig run up and down the keyboard, and to jot down the result on the stave; whilst your opinion of that same Modern Music will no doubt correspond to your conception of the post-impressionist picture that was painted by dipping a donkey's tail in a number of colour-pots alternately, and making him wack it on a canvas: result—"Sunset on the Adriatic."

"Know, Gryphon, that Modern Music with capital M's, is essentially descriptive. The idea is to convey through the medium of musical instruments what is usually communicated by scenes, events, words, thoughts, emotions, attitudes of mind:—life itself, Gryphon, set to music. And the more alien from the art of sound the better. Before long we shall probably have presented in a symphony such matters as the state of mind of a Skipper Sardine engaged in fitting a suit of corduroys upon a terminological inexactitude: or, if you like, that of a K.S. who learns that cats are to cease from this day henceforward."

"He'd expire, and go straight to Heaven."

"He would, and feel lost when he got there. But that's beside the point. After all, Gryphon, appreciation of music is only a matter of ear. There's music in everything—yes, you four-legged, wing-backed, lop-eared, scraggy-tailed interrupter, I know that's a tall sentiment—from the startling of a motor-bus to the soulless music that clouds upon your soul at the setting of an Indian sun. If you are attuned to the music by nature, you will find it where others do not. Certain Platonists I know say there's nothing so sweet to hear as the cracked tinkling of a little sixpence-ha'penny bell at five minutes to three. Tut-tut-tut!"

"Gryphon, there is some music, whatever it be, that has identified itself with your life; could you live without it? Are there not like Mr. Guppy's chords in your human heart that vibrate and re-echo to certain sympathetic strains? Are you a cynic, a Democritus, or an Irresponsible, a philosopher? Then would you try what your philosophy

will bear? Hear "Electra," modern of Modern Music, Gryphon."

"There is a moment—it is moments that we remember, is it not, Gryphon?—when Electra crouches at her brother's feet, and he rocks and sways with the agony that holds him, while the brass hurls out his grief in great, tearing chords—discords if you will—for it is neither: it is grief transformed into music; grief, unutterable, choking, that bursts the very heart-bands yet will not escape, the very claws of which knead into the heart, would make the victim gasp and writhe, and grovel on the ground, and gaze the earth, and gibber."

"Chords that seize upon your soul, and rend it."

"Gryphon, are you at peace with the world, are you happy? Come with me to 'Lohengrin.'"

"Find a place as far as possible from the throng, curl up on your seat, close your eyelids, and let the lights be low. Abandon your mind to nothingness, and await the opening bars of the Prelude. Silence first: and then, as from the realms of ether, the whisper of the violins begins to caress your senses, and play upon them like a sheet of shimmering light, and the music wreathes upon the air, like a nebula materialising, descending impalpably, until it hovers around your spirit, insinuating, and steals a gentle arm around your soul, so soft, so soothing, so confiding, that you would gladly nestle down, head on arm, and go to sleep that way, or even, if needs be—

"No, confound you, I have not got any cigarette cards!"

"Gryphon, what are you laughing at!"

"Do you know, the 'Varsity's going to have a Musical Society?"

"The deuce it is."

"All that and I'm conductor."

"You, Gryph! why, you can no more conduct than a pot dog. If you can conduct yourself—with propriety, that will be all that is expected of you."

"As the symbolic animal of the University of Leeds I insist upon being allotted a responsible position. I call upon you to nominate a number of members to initiate the vocal and instrumental department of the Society."

"You do? Then how do the following strike you? You, Gryph, will howl to order; strings will be played by the juvenile who brings parcels from Walker's. The Teddy Bear who comes to Coll, on a cycle will warble his only note [A flat] when that note occurs, and will be assisted by the H.P.'s Teddy Bear if he's got a voice. Mr. Welpton will sing soprano, as having the highest voice; Professor Welton, on a similar principle takes contra-bass, or he might act as understudy to the drums; in such case Mr. Ganthorpe, whose abilities in tub-thumping are well known, will be tympanist. Professor Bone will play on himself and a partner, Miss Passavant will play the tambourine (in approved style), Mr. N. C. Weeks will tooth on the whistle, Professor Connal will play the *akasha*, kindly lent for the occasion by Q. Horatius Flaccus, Esq., of Orcus, late of Rome and Tibur; Mr. Turner will blow his own trumpet, Mr. Scottmaster Miller will play his little tin bugle, Professor Rogers will play the mouth-organ, the Hall Porter will play . . . .

the very devil, whilst second fiddle will be played by  
Your most extinguished servant,

J. HILL CRICKELL.

**"With the Cavendish Society to  
Port Sunlight."**

THE Cavendish Society is rapidly making history! On Monday, the 7th of May, it set out to pay a visit to the works of Messrs. Lever Bros., at Port Sunlight, in Cheshire. In spite of a threatening week-end, the morning turned out fine and summer-like and delighted the hearts of sixty members and friends who had assembled at the station at the early hour of nine.

We arrived punctually at Lime Street and proceeded to scamper across the City towards the landing stage. From thence we ploughed our way on the ferry steamer through the smiling waters of the Mersey up to Port Sunlight and many were the wild guesses made as to the direction in which the open sea lay. Arrived safely at the end of our "voyage," we payed our toll and strolled leisurely through the pleasant, sunny streets of the little town of Bebington towards the wonderfully pretty garden-village of Port Sunlight, which, as we were reliably informed, had been built up entirely on soap.

Amon our footsteps led us to the Bridge Inn, where we sat down in a capacious upper chamber to an excellent lunch. This was followed by a toast to our "energetic and hard-working Secretary," who, finding no obvious means of escape, replied in a few halting sentences. We then proceeded to the main object of our visit. Words are inadequate to describe our constant state of wonderment as we wended our way through the various departments of these magnificently equipped works. Passing through the roomy offices, the largest in the kingdom, we were shown the complete process of the soap manufacture from the making of soda crystals by the Black Ash Process to the gentler art of soap perfumery, the latter process presenting an obvious interest to the ladies of the party.

What struck us all most especially was the intimate way in which the village and the works are associated, and the generous manner in which Sir Wm. Lever treats his employees. In addition to the cottages, the workpeople have been provided with parks, gardens, bowling green, rifle range, football enclosure, open-air swimming bath, band stand, gymnasium, tennis-courts, library and so forth. The happiness and contentment of the villagers is sufficient testimony to the success of the "Prosperity Sharing" scheme which is in vogue there.

After spending about an hour and a half in the works and sampling Messrs. Levers' perfumed soap (externally, of course) the whole party was entertained to tea by the directors of the Company in Hulme Hall, where many of Sir Wm. Lever's art treasures are exhibited. This left us plenty of time to catch the five o'clock ferry to Liverpool, from whence some of the party caught the first train to Leeds, whilst the more boisterous spirits spent the evening in Liverpool. No one has yet been reported missing. H.E.W.

**Rissoles.**

I AM not quite certain whether I ought to explain my title at the beginning or the end of my remarks. What I want to know is whether by leaving it to the end, I should make the reader continue in the hope of finding it, or whether he would get tired and leave the whole thing in disgust. I suppose it would hardly do to leave it to the editor. We really need a kind of bureau where we could obtain information on various points relating to the *Gryphon*. For instance it would be rather nice to know when it comes out. At present it seems to be as difficult to know when to expect it as it is to tell when the next new moon will be, or when Easter will fall: two problems which all sensible people have agreed to let alone when there is no almanack about. In my occasional mathematical moments, I have had thoughts of keeping a list of the dates on which the *Gryphon* has appeared, but I have been deterred by two reasons:—

1. By the difficulty and length of the task. I fear I should have to waste too much time over the little poem, "Thirty days hath September," etc.
2. By the comparative uselessness of the result, if ever I found it. As far as my experience goes, the one use of the law of averages is to tell you the exact date on which your event will not happen;

so I suppose I shall have to go on waiting for the notice, "*Gryphon* now ready." This has quite the comfortable sound of the old-fashioned intimation one occasionally sees still in shop windows, "Hot suppers, now ready," and is much less awe-inspiring than the dignified announcement that No. X of Vol. Y will appear to-day.

Tut, tut! I'd quite forgotten about the explanation of my title. Well, I am bound to leave it to the end now. That shows the advantage of putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. If I had tried to decide before I began, I might have been puzzling over it yet instead of having written half a column about the *Gryphon*.

Whilst I am on the subject of the *Gryphon*, I feel as if I must protest against the title. Surely the veniest tyro in French knows that it is cognate with the French "*griffons*," to scrawl. A more unfortunate title for a magazine could hardly have been devised. It brings up considerably worse associations than even the word "fresher"—coming as it does from the German "*fresser*," to eat (of animals)—for we can understand the allusion in the latter case, and there was even something witty about the person who first called them freshers after watching them at the first teas of the year when their shyness forbade them to waste precious moments in speech.

Talking about Freshers, what a nuisance they will be next year! Everybody is just beginning to get comfortably settled when these raw batches of Freshers arrive. Really something ought to be done to break them in before they come if they cannot be abolished altogether. Er—what year am—Yes, yes, very nice weather we're having, most seasonable. Ripping day for the Sports, was 'nt it?

By the bye it struck me at the Sports, and I commend it to the notice of our athletes, that if a man

could manage to be only in his third round in the mile races when the others were in their fourth, he might come in first if nobody noticed. I wonder if this was the case with the hare and the tortoise. I have always thought there was something shady about that and the corresponding proverb, "Slow and steady wins the race."

Proverbs are certainly the most ridiculous things I know. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," we are told. Who ever heard that a stone was improved by the addition of moss? Who wouldn't rather be a nice, clean, tidy stone? "Cleanliness is next to godliness." There you are again! You may as soon expect to speak the English language without using proverbs as to find a "Griffon," I beg pardon, *Gryphon* without an allusion to the Hall Peter. There is more sense in a nursery rhyme than in all the world's proverbs put together. They are all either absolutely without point, or the point is something to which you are doing your best to blind yourself when some silly ass comes and rains it down your throat in the shape of a proverb. Who could imagine a more aggravating comment than "A fool and his money are soon parted." The one purpose which proverbs serve is to provide some people with an alternative to "I told you so."

I feel much better after that. I only hope our suffragettes have felt as happy this week when they were voting for the W.R.C. With a little imagination they could easily persuade themselves that they were voting for Parliament when they dropped their papers in the ballot box. One wonders now-a-days however people used to manage without vote by ballot. It is quite the easiest and best way of voting for yourself, and it must have been rather awkward in the old days to have to disguise your writing every time. Almost as difficult in fact as to know how to finish off scraps like these. Perhaps now you know why I call them riddles, merely because they're made of odds and ends with nothing new in them.

VINDO.

(To the Editor of the Gryphon).

### The Unreality of Art.

DEAR SIR,

May I claim your space and indulgence for an answer to two attacks on my article entitled "The Unreality of Art." I must say that I was rather alarmed to find the outcry which one or two stray reflections, occasioned by consideration of a few passages in the poets, had aroused, and I am rather inclined to believe that it is the somewhat pretentious and unguarded title under which I thought fit to group them which is the object of assault rather than the remarks beneath it. Aeneas is assailed for his Greek armour.

"H.B.C." has an eloquent defence of Art against the Philistine and the materialist, both perfectly imaginary points of view as far as my article is concerned. "Midge" on the other hand belongs to the happy tribe of those who regard all ideas which are either contrary to, or not so simple and palpable as their own, as unhealthy effusions. By his phrases ye shall know him, such as "the Will to Play." But

while trying to be effective and sarcastic, "Midge," it is absolutely fatal to be ignorant: Hence is one of the least immoral of the writers of his time, and to class him with de Mampassant is an outrage on his defenceless shade. "Midge's" moral susceptibilities are extraordinarily ubiquitous.

The truth is that I quite agree with all that "H.B.C." says and most of the substance underlying "Midge's" crude observations. But I nevertheless think there is a substantial kernel in the point of view I adopted. The kernel is, briefly this: that though Art may be the natural expression of a community of men (of their "Will to Play," to use the new cant phrase), it nevertheless tends to produce in those who have a professional relation to it, that is to say, in the Artist and Art Student, a more or less morbid condition. It is with the second of these two types, the student, that our interest is more closely bound up. And the problem really resolves itself into the question of the balance of experience of life in reality and experience of life presented through the medium of Art or Imagination. The only true appreciation of Art is that which follows on a knowledge of, and participation in, the life of which Art is, in the phrase of the immortal "back-number," a *missis* or Imaginative Representation. Whatever be the solution of the oft-debated question of the proportion of Experience and Imagination in the creative artist, this much can be asserted with safety that the spectator will not and cannot respond unless the emotions expressed and the conditions of life represented have some fairly direct connection with his own experience. The genius of Shakespeare lies in the fact that a thousand different types of humanity reading his works find their own experience in them somewhere, and think that the poet has lived through certain stages in common with themselves.

Let us take a concrete instance of the principle. Could you reasonably expect a fair appreciation of even the simpler love-lyrics of Scott or Shelley, not to speak of the passionate despairing notes of a Byron or a Catullus, from a boy who had absolutely no experience of "the sacred flame," or even a student of the age at which many begin to read for an Honours English Degree? What you probably would find in such a case would be that the imagination would awaken the hitherto dormant faculty, as in the case of St. Augustine, who naively tells us: *scindens amantem et amare amantem; gustabat quia necesse, amare amare.* This is one example out of a thousand which might be taken. The qualifications required of the appreciative student of literature are not merely intellectual, nor yet these along with taste and sensibility, but above all, a considerable experience of the life of men for his imagination to work on. This is probably the reason why the best critiques of literature are not produced by academic men: they have not enough experience of, and sympathy with, the simple facts of common life and human emotion which are the eternal material of the creative artist.

In a sensitive temperament the effect produced by the overbalancing of experience by imagination is more or less morbid. The student comes to life after Literature, and the relation between the two worlds is reversed. A thought of this kind is at the basis of

Plato's attack on Art in the tenth book of the "Republic."

With regard to Art being "unreal but eternal," the thought is by no means unfamiliar, and "Midge" need not have boggled and grown hair-splittingly logical. It is a favourite thought with Keats, and Schiller has it too:—

Alles wiederholt sich nur im Leben:

Ewig jung ist nur die Phantasie.

Was sich nie und nirgends hat begaben,

Das allein veraltet nie.

These were the coherent ideas at the basis of my article, though the expression was somewhat random and concerned more with the emotional than the intellectual aspect.

Yours, &c.

"JDL."

### The Reality of the Unreal.

I RETIRED to rest, fully determined to join in the fray. I would expose this plea of the Reality of Art. The cause of the Philistine should prevail. The whole argument was simmering in my mind. Terrible examples from the lives of the poets mingled with convincing quotations from their works, as I began to lose consciousness.

..... I was in a familiar street, approaching was a small man with thin pale cheeks, but eyes in which shone the light of Art. His hair was long, his clothes had a neglected appearance, and in his button hole he wore a blue badge on which was inscribed in silver letters, "Poessie League." He gave to all who passed by, a copy of a small paper, whose cover bore the single word "Poessie." "Read," he commanded and passed on. I obeyed.

With this number, we start an entirely new paper, run on entirely new lines. 'Poessie' is a paper with an object, a high and noble object, and we shall labour unceasingly towards the attainment of that object. Our aim is to inculcate and cultivate in the heart of every man, woman and child in this Great and Glorious Empire, a taste for poetry. To this end we shall publish every week a number of selected poems from great English poets, while as a serial we shall give one of the plays of the Immortal Shakespeare.

"We regard poetry as the most elevating influence in modern society, and we hope to see the time when the honest working man will spend his evening in the glorious company of Shakespears; the errand boy purchase a penny copy of 'In Memoriam' in the place of his accustomed literary diet of Blood and Thunder; and the servant girl read of the Love of Romeo and Juliet instead of that of a Mill Lass and her devoted baronet.

"As a result of our efforts, the schoolboy will learn his history from Shakespears, and his nature study from Wordsworth; the student will study psychology from Hamlet; and the lover acquire elegance of diction in his eulogies of his Lady Love from Elizabethan sonnets.

"These and many other inestimable benefits will follow the advance of Poetry. 'Poessie' will play a great part in this work of elevation, and we invite all our readers to join the 'Poessie League,' and pledge

themselves to become regular subscribers, and do all in their power to accelerate the approach of the Golden Era of Poetry."

My masterpiece is unwritten. When I take up my pen, I remember the claims of "Poessie" and am ashamed. I desist. W. G. C.

### Technological Inexactitudes.

1. Civil Engineers please note that J-m-s-G-lch-st, Esq. says that:—

"These bracing are not essential—they are merely to prevent the arch falling down or collapsing sideways."

2. A fine of 5l. has been imposed upon F. J. K...n, Esq., for saying that:—

"These temperatures must be taken simultaneously, one after the other."

3. What exactly did W. E. Fr...ch, Esq. mean by the statement that:—

"If these two are not equals then they must be more so."

"HUNGER-MARCHER."

### "ALMA MATER."

We go, and strangers haste to take our place

Within thy quiet halls and portals dim;

Our little parts are said, the play is run

To the last act; and now draws on apace

The dreaded hour, when we with gloomy face

Our silent exits make. The triumphs won

Upon thy stage, like mists before the sun

Shall slowly fade and leave behind no trace.

Yet shall the changeful drama still go on

Through all the ages that shall come and go,

When we have passed into oblivion.

The lamp of learning in thy halls shall show

More clearly with each generation gone,

And lustrous fame shall feed the steadfast glow.

H. E. W.

### The Cavendish Society.

#### Special Lecture.

THE annual Special Lecture of the Cavendish Society was held in the University Hall on the evening of Tuesday, May 7th, at 8 p.m., when Professor Bone lectured to an audience of about 600 people on "Surface Combustion and Flameless Heat." The lecture was copiously illustrated by means of lantern slides and was followed by an experimental demonstration, the chief feature of which was the exhibition of Dr. Bone's well-known boiler in full working order. The tremendous temperature which can be obtained by utilising the principle of combustion of gases at a surface was illustrated by the melting of platinum, diaphragm heating and rapid evaporation of water and water glass solution.

Professor Green, the President of the Society, occupied the chair, and during the evening Mr. Priglin-Teak, F.R.S., proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer; this was seconded by Mr. Fred Kisson, and heartily carried by the meeting. H. E. W.

## Education Society.

## Musical Evening.

We are accustomed to look with suspicion on all innovations, and a Musical Evening organised by the Education Society is distinctly an innovation. Therefore, by many this function was the object of much suspicion and no small disapproval. The organisers, however, all along predicted success for their daring, and one was heard to say afterwards "I told you so"; he had reason for doing so.

The affair came off on March 21st. From this beginning you might guess, reader, that we are going to give you a full chronicle of all that happened on that memorable evening. But reports of this kind of thing are getting worked out—so we believe, anyhow, who have written not a few. You can always prophesy the remarks on the Prof. who longes in unwanted case in a basket chair, and hands his wife over to a lecturer or student; on the clearing increase in the amount of "social intercourse"; on the wonderful tone of the tenor and the technique of the pianist; and so on. You know it and are weary of it. Being solicitous for your well-being, dear reader, we omit all such stuff, and content ourselves with the remark that all the entertainment provided was up to the usual level, and some above it.

The performance of a playlet was a new departure for a departmental affair, and by dint of hard work and considerable ability was made a great success. Dramatic criticism is another thing nowadays highly conventionalised, so we cut out all remarks but this—that the actors and actresses played their parts with great ability, the servant, taken by Miss H. Tinslethwaite, being the plum of the lot.

The Education Society may look forward with confidence to future musical evenings; and we extend to them the wish that in future years the efforts of secretaries will be as well rewarded as those of Mr. Wilson and his hard-working Committee.

[We sincerely regret the omission of this report in our last issue.—  
Sub. Ed.]

## MUSICAL SOCIETY.

A few years ago there existed in the University a society bearing the above name, but unfortunately for many reasons which would take too long to explain, its activities were allowed to die down. Of late, however, the feeling has been prevalent that once more should the strains of Orpheus rise from the portals of the Alma Mater, and therefore on Friday, May 17th, a meeting was held to consider the question of reviving the Musical Society. The proposal met with an enthusiastic reception, and a committee of students was formed, representing both vocalists and instrumentalists, to consider the details of the scheme.

It is hoped that the society will devote itself largely to production of good music rather than mere lectures.

Then, too, it is proposed to extend the membership to students both past and present, thereby affording some opportunity for intercourse between old students who happen to find their sphere of work in the Leeds area.

May we urge all who are in any way interested, to support the proposals which the committee will put forward early next session, and see to it that once

more is music given a place in the activities of the University. No great scheme of education has omitted this all-important subject, even Plato is keenly alive to the power of music. Surely we can find a place for it in a modern University.

Under the guidance of Mr. Hoggett we believe the committee will do much for the promotion of musical interest in our midst, and we are already assured of hearty support from members of the staff. What is necessary now is that the hidden talents of the students should be displayed for the benefit of all, and that those who possess musical ability should support with all their energy the new committee.

Further details as to membership, etc., will be made known later. W.G.

## Swanwick.

In 1893 a four days' Conference, attended by some ninety students—mostly medical—interested in religious questions, met at Kewick. The Baslow Conference of 1910 attracted 2,750 students. The purpose of these gatherings, which any student or member of staff of a British College or University may attend, is defined by the responsible organisation (The Student Christian Movement) to show how Christianity can be applied to college life.

Persistent, if vague, rumours of the delights of a week's Conference at Swanwick (the final successor of the above) having often come to my ears, it was with curiosity, mingled with some trepidation—for the prospect of a possibly forced, unreal discussion of religion in a pietistic atmosphere was not alluring—that I cycled last July to the Derbyshire village where the Conference meets.

The rumours were not false. The camp might have been formed purely for holiday purposes, so thoroughly I found the campers enjoying themselves. In itself it is as delightful as it is rare to be able to meet men from all over England, Scotland and Ireland, and spend a week with them under canvas, discussing all things under the sun, over an informal pipe as well as informal meeting.

And the serious purpose which had brought the camp together did not damp the feelings of the campers as the first meal in the mess tent revealed, and there is plenty of opportunity for tennis, football and swimming; smug-faced sanctity gets as little respect at a Swanwick Conference as in any other healthy Society.

To be known, Swanwick must be experienced; its rare atmosphere is incommunicable in words. It offers attractions for all sets and conditions of students. Those who think that Christianity is despicable, beneath the notice of sportsmen, unable to form the essential part of a virile character, should go to see it under favourable circumstances, as at Swanwick and their opinions will at least be modified. Those who are indifferent to the claims of religion are urged to go, they will thoroughly enjoy the social life. And those who are perplexed by obstinate questionings will gain a new courage, as well from the unconscious influence of the camp, its robust Christianity, as from the addresses and discussions they may hear.

R.H.

[Last date for applying, June 22nd next, five 11th women. See any July or main connected with C.U.—Swk.]

### The Engineering Society.

#### An Appeal.

It is an undisguisable fact that the Engineers have this year—considering the size of their department—probably played a more important part than any other department in the social life of the College. They were pre-eminently successful at the sports, they captained the Rugby, Soccer and Cricket teams, and are adequately represented on the committees of the Union, Hockey Club, C.U., Debating, Services, Social Study, and *Gryphon*: a truly enviable record. It is then with some humiliation that we have to complain of the lack of interest in its own society.

The annual meeting, presided over by Prof. Goodman, was held on Tuesday evening, May 21. There were only 29 members present, including one Fresher. It is astonishing to find this lack of interest, particularly by Freshers, and what excuse have they? The meeting was well advertised all over the department; and if they complain that the pressure of exam. work is limiting their time, we can only reply that the majority of men present are taking Final exams.

It was announced during the meeting that the attendances have slightly decreased—why? Surely there is some reason, and if anyone has a grievance or suggestion this annual meeting is just the opportunity for him to bring it forward.

The following changes were made on the Committee; we hope that these gentlemen, particularly the secretaries, will receive an increased support from the society in way of larger attendances and helpful suggestions.

*Hon. Secretary*: Mr. E. H. Silcock.

*Hon. Assist. Sec.*: Mr. Musgrave.

*To represent Day Students*: Messrs. E. E. Ainley, H. C. Bingham, A. E. Green, G. Milner, R. O. Seville, C. P. Sweeting.

*To represent Past Students*: Messrs. Fletcher, C. Hartnell, Rintoul, Rogers.

*Auditors*: Messrs. Rintoul, J. Sen.

Prof. Goodman kindly extended his unfailing hospitality to those present.

C. P. S.

### Women's Discussion Society.

The last meeting of the Society was held on March 14th. There was an attendance of 32. Mrs. Kitson Clark gave an interesting address on "Babies' Welcomes," then Mrs. Connal told us about the one which is run by the wives of the Staff in connection with the Leeds University Working Men's Club. A brisk discussion followed both speeches.

Before the meeting broke up, the officers for next session were elected. They are:—

*President*:—Miss Blackburn.

*Secretary*:—M. Lupton.

*Treasurer*:—F. Crowther.

*Committee*:—D. Leech, J. Hill, A. Unamski.

A vote of thanks was then passed to the retiring President, Miss Cooke, for her loyal support of the Society, ever since its inauguration two years ago.

On Saturday, June 15th, the Society will entertain a Girls' Club from a very poor quarter of Leeds.

There will be a strawberry tea in the Refect., to be followed, we hope, by games on the tennis courts in the evening. About 40 of the women students gave their help at a similar entertainment last year, and both "hostesses" and guests had a thoroughly happy time. The Committee hope for an even better turn-up this year. Tickets, price 1s. can be obtained from the Committee. G.M.D.

### W. R. C.

The following ladies were elected at the Annual General Meeting:—

*President*:—Miss M. Valey.

Misses G. Aston, J. Dykes, E. Farrer, M. Nicholson, C. Reynolds, C. Standing and H. Thistlethwaite.

### Ladies' Tennis Club.

The team has opened very successfully as the following results show:—

May 18	Sheffield University	.. away	..	9-0	won
" 25	"	.. home	..	9-0	won
" 29	Heaton Ladies	.. home	..	5-3	lost

### Men's Tennis Club.

*Captain*:—Mr. D. E. Macpherson.

*Secretary*:—Mr. E. Bagshaw.

*Committee*:—Messrs. Bingham, Dircks, Duang, Hunter and Lawson.

In the match played against Taylor's team at home, the Varsity lost—3 sets to 6. The matches against Manchester and Sheffield were spoilt by rain.

E.B.

### Correction.

We regret that in the *Minute* Column in our last issue, the letters A.M.I.C.E. occurred instead of M.I.M.E., and we tender our apologies to Mr. Kean for the error.

### Note.

I think I am too well known up here in College to remain for long the paragon which Mr. Huffington has out of the kindness of his heart painted me. In fairness to you and him it should be explained that for two months of this last session, owing to illness, I have been unable to give him any assistance, and the work has been done by him single-handed. Even this term when we were together hurriedly correcting the proofs of the last issue, I had—uddenly to rush away in search of a doctor, and his kindness then will remain a sweet memory "as life draws on and finds no rest."

As it is with so many of us, the results of his work here will seriously affect his life after college, and so I commend to you his supreme unselfishness in taking the responsibility of what is—after the President of the Union—the most important official position in college life in his third and last year. I am sure you join with me in wishing him every success in the new sphere of activity to which he is going:—

"Dear friend, past, present, and to be;

Loved deeper, darker understood;

Behold I dream a dream of good,

And mingle all the world with thee."

THE SCR.

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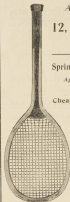
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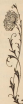
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