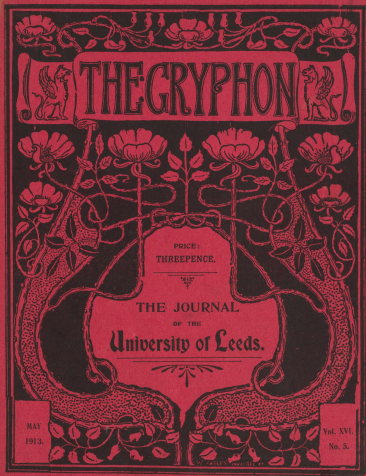


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1914



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Appointments Gained by Students since the last Report.

Former students of the University have gained appointments as follows:—

W. R. Atkin, M.Sc., Research Assistant in the Leather Industries Department of the University of Leeds.
T. C. Atkinson, Assistant, Messrs. Atkinson Bros., Rodley.
A. Bartle, M.A., Assistant Master, Grammar School, Brigg, Lincolnshire.
E. E. Bibby, M.A., Assistant Lecturer in Classics, Aberystwyth, University of Wales.
B. Billam, B.A., Assistant Master, Woodhouse Grove School, Apperley Bridge.
E. H. Bottomley, Assistant Designer, Messrs. Wm. Gaunt, Green Gates, nr. Apperley Bridge.
W. Bull, B.Sc., Assistant Master, Central High School, Leeds.
Gloxinia Butler, B.A., Assistant Mistress, Secondary School, Yeovil.
Sarah J. Caldwell, M.A., Labour Bureau, Sheffield.
J. W. Carter, B.A., Modern Language Master, Central High School, Leeds.
H. B. Charlton, B.A., Assistant Lecturer in English, Victoria University of Manchester.
C. D. Clarke, B.A., Assistant Classical Master, Sidcot, Somerset.
Marjorie Claridge, B.A., Modern Language Mistress, Hockenshawe Secondary School.
E. C. Cockburn, B.Sc., Assistant Works Manager, Hummel Engine Co., Leeds.
G. H. Cowling, B.A., Assistant Lecturer in English Language and Literature, University of Leeds.
Alice M. Croft, B.A., Assistant Mistress, Girls' Modern School, Leeds.
H. Curtis, B.Sc., Science Master, Ellesmere College.
P. Davies, Executive Engineer, Indian Public Works Department.
F. W. Davis, B.Sc., Engineer to the Port of London.
T. H. Dawson, B.A., Assistant Master, Municipal Secondary School, St. George, Bristol.
H. M. Dudley, M.Sc., Ph.D., Assistant to Dr. Dakin, Heter Research Laboratory, New York.
B. W. Elliott, B.Sc., Chief Engineer, British South Africa Co., North Rhodesia.
H. C. N. Ellis, B.A., Assistant Master, Central High School, Leeds.
E. H. Fawcett, M.A., Assistant Master, Queen Grammar School, Loughborough.
J. R. Firth, B.A., History Tutor, City Training College, Leeds.
R. Ford, Chief Manager of the Vancouver Gas Works.
Ida M. Garton, B.A., Assistant Mistress, Friends' School, Rawdon.
L. H. A. Gaunt, B.Sc., Chief Engineer, Salford Waterworks.
P. Gaunt, Assistant, Messrs. John Hainsworth & Sons, Farsley.
R. Gaunt, M.Sc., Ph.D., Senior Assistant, Scientific Department, Imperial Institute.
J. Gill, Assistant to Manager, St. John's Colliery, Normanton.
D. Greenberg, B.A., Modern Language Master, Batley Grammar School.
E. J. B. Greenwood, B.Sc., Electrical Inspector to the Government of Madras.
H. Hartley, M.Sc., Chief Chemist to the Richmond Gas Shute Co., Warrington.
H. Heaton, M.A., Lecturer in Economics and History, University of Birmingham.
F. R. H. Hewson, B.A., Professor of English, Meisia University, Cyprus.

P. Hineley, B.A., Assistant Master, Edward VI. Grammar School, Camp Hill, Birmingham.
R. Howarth, Assistant Designer, Messrs. John Holdsworth & Co., Halifax.
W. Huggan, Assistant, Messrs. Wm. & Rhos. Huggan, Bramley.
F. K. Jackson, Temporary Inspector for the West Riding County Council under the Destructive Insect and Pests Act, 1912.
Kathleen H. Kirk, M.A., Modern Language Mistress, Huntingdon Grammar School.
L. B. Kirk, B.A., Assistant Master, Central High School, Leeds.
Dorothy Kirtland, B.A., Modern Language Mistress, James Allen's School, Dulwich.
P. H. Lamb, Director of Agriculture, Northern Nigeria (Appointment made by the Colonial Office).
H. Lee, M.A., Assistant Master, Grammar School, Penistone.
Norman Lees, Assistant Designer, Messrs. Wormalds & Walker, Dewsbury.
B. Lebbish, B.A., Répétiteur à l'Ecole Normale de Chateaufort.
R. W. Littlewood, appointment in the Valuation Department of the Inland Revenue Office at York.
Nora I. Makinson, B.Sc., Science Mistress, Secondary School, Booths.
J. Mawson, Surveyor, Featherstone Main Collieries.
E. A. McGill, B.Sc., Lecturer in Engineering, South African School of Technology, Johannesburg.
G. Merton, B.Sc., Assistant Master, Secondary School, Moleley.
Margaret Palmer, B.A., Head Mistress, Girls' Secondary School, Penrith.
Hilda Potter, B.A., Assistant Mistress, Secondary School, York.
S. Reason, Assistant Waterworks Engineer, Antofagasta.
A. W. Rhodes, B.A., Assistant Master, Central High School, Leeds.
R. A. Seymour-Jones, M.Sc., Research Chemist, Crossfield's Soap Works, Warrington.
Geoffrey Balazsye Smith, N.D.A., Assistant, Dalquise Farm, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., Canada.
Sydney Archibald Smith, Assistant Engineer, North Eastern Brazilian Railway, Ceara, Brazil.
A. A. Stedford, B.Sc., Executive Engineer, Indian Public Works Department.
J. A. L. Sutcliffe, A.I.C., Assistant to City Analyst, Birmingham.
L. Tomlinson, B.A., Assistant Master, Lady Lumley's Grammar School, Pickering.
A. D. R. Wallbank, Temporary Inspector for the West Riding County Council under the Wart Disease of Potatoes Order of 1912.
A. S. Walker, M.A., Assistant Master, Halesowen Grammar School.
J. H. Walker, Engineer to the Port of London.
Dorothy K. Wallace, B.A., History Mistress, Modern School, Leeds.
J. H. Wilson, B.Sc., Assistant Master, Grammar School, Sheaford, Lincolnshire.
J. L. Wray, B.Sc., Assistant Master, Grammar School, Rye.
J. H. Wood, Sub-Manager of Estancia in Argentina.
Bertha H. Wright, B.A., Assistant Mistress, County and Technical School, Workington.
Constance Young, B.A., Répétitrice Au Lycée de Jeunes Filles à Douai.
Lily A. Zelenski, B.Sc., Assistant Mistress, Haberdashers' Aske's School, Acton.

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Vol. XVI.

MAY, 1913.

No. 3.

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WITH examinations looming ever increasingly large on the horizon, we feel it but incumbent on us in this issue to wish every good luck and success to all examinees. May you all win through. Crescat Leeds!

Our next topic of interest, which is at present very much on the tapis—is the Sports, which take place on Tuesday, May 27th. Let us hope the weather will be propitious and the races as exciting as in years gone by. So many "lumines" of the sports-field went down last year that we feel anxious about the success of this important function on the University Athletic side. But our football and hockey teams can bear witness that we still have good keen athletes amongst us, and if they but support us on Tuesday as loyally as they have done during the past season, we feel confident of a record sports' day. As regards

material results it is a trifle late in the day to remind the forgetful or uninitiated that the Inter-Varsity Mile is run at Leeds, but let those who are training look to it that Liverpool does not again return with the Gold Medal.

* * *

The 22nd of this month welcomes in the Centenary of the great musical composer and librettist, Richard Wagner, whose operas—Teutonic though they be to the very core—have charmed and touched the hearts of almost all Europe. Who has not thrilled with delight at the glorious Overture to "Tannhäuser" and the mystic "Swan-Song of Lohengrin." Who has failed to shiver with a most delicious terror at the "soughing shrieking winds" that herald the approach of the "Flying Dutchman," and his phantom barque, or to tremble with a dark melancholy feeling of foreboding at the unfortunate Helmsman's plaint to the "West Wind," in spite of its almost overpowering simplicity and calmness. Wagner's most Promethean production "The Ring of the Nibelungs" was given in Leeds about three years ago, and provided the most wonderful example of power of thought in musical expression which it has been the lot of English Opera-goers to enjoy. In spite of the time-honoured criticisms that Wagner's themes were never concluded, his chords never correctly resolved, this gigantic, overwhelming work was proof conclusive of a master-hand in operatic knowledge, and in a much more difficult field the knowledge of the human heart. We may be very lacking in true cultivation, but we cannot restrain ourselves from saying that Wagner gets right there at the very heart of you in record time, none of his Operas fail to arouse your interest, if his characters cannot work on you at once his music does, it enthralles, it envelopes you, it carries you away, at times you dare not breathe for fear you may spoil the spell, break the enchanted web with which his melodies are entrancing your heart and senses. To mention but a title of the great composer's activities would take up too much space and time here—later in our pages is a short account of Wagner's life and works—suffice it that we join here with our German cousins who this year are so royally honouring the great master and say:—Ave! Caesar. Ave!

Applied Literature.

Any student suffering from exams.—

"Write, pen, indite, wit, I am for whole volumes of folio,"
—Shakespeare.

Those trying to "spot" likely questions.—

"Don't never prophesy—unless you know."
—Lowell.

The philosophic souls.—

"What's the odds so long as you're happy."
—Kipling.

The K.S. (and others).—

"I have heard many lectures on many subjects: I have been instructed sometimes, and wearied often."
—A. W. Pixers.

Those who supported Musical Evenings.—

"Where are the songs of spring, ay, where are they?"

"Datur Hora Quieti."

It has always been a favourite theory of mine that the petty superstitions which surround us in this enlightened age have not that solid foundation on fact which should be necessary to convince the earnest student of their truth. Many people, for instance, tell us that it is unlucky to walk under a ladder, but my experience tells me otherwise. Only this morning, when passing under a ladder in Tenbridge Street, a brick just missed my head, and I, for one, don't consider that unlucky.

But some time later, I found that something had brought me bad luck. For an hour I was occupied in a region almost as near Heaven as one can get in this seat of learning. After that, my brain being clouded by continued thought, ill-luck caused me to miss my way to the smoke-room, and led me to a lofty hall yclept by those in the know, "the Library." I had often heard of this pleasure resort, so I made up my mind to stay and investigate during one quiet hour. So taking a volume with a cover of restless green, I selected a chair in a secluded spot and opened the book. But the exhaustion produced by listening to one lecture in succession overcame me, and soon sleep scotched my tired brain. This was quite justifiable, some famous doctor once said that a certain number of hours sleep every day—I forget quite how many—made a man something, which for the time being has slipped my memory. But there you have the gist of the thing.

This peaceful state of affairs was not to last long. From afar could be heard a noise made by the British workmen who are defacing the hoary antiquity of our massive buildings with scaffolding and new red brick. Nearer could be heard constant footsteps, alarms and excursions, and the steady snore-breathing of interested readers. Anon came an elder of the community, who conducts a spirited conversation with the librarian. What can be the cause of all this uproar? I address a whispered remark on the subject to my neighbour, but am informed by a majestic librarian that "the Library cannot be used for conversation." Why not, I wonder? The problem is left unsolved by me—no large pension is offered for a correct solution, by the way.

But such random thoughts must cease, they interfere with work. Let there be no beating about the bush. Life is, alas, all too short for lengthy periphrastics among the undergrowth. Evidently something must be done, time must not be wasted in idleness, for the occasion is doubtless one which calls for the prompt action rather than the prolonged consideration. It seems as if Heaven, Earth, and Leeds have conspired to prevent me working in the Library, and as I usually find that the exertion of moving the whole universe is too much for one poor mortal, I must seek a new sphere for my labours. After all, who am I that I should oppose the dictates of a cruel Fate? With a sigh I replace my book, pass into the outer world, and, after a moment's consideration, seek the "pleasant courts above." What good have I done? Well, the rest has so doubt strengthened me, the whisper goes round, "He is himself again, fit once more to fulfil the strenuous tasks that fall to the lot of a humble student."

NEMO.

Richard Wagner.

(Born 22nd May, 1813).

RICHARD Wagner has lived and worked and now is not, but his fame still grows. It is not long since he was a jumbler of discords and a moral outlaw. What a firebrand he was! The puffs of his few personal friends, and the blasts of denunciation from the orthodox critics of three nations, only fanned and kindled the strife to a more consuming heat. His world-reputation was born in contention and controversy. Had he not fallen into journalism in order to provide the bare necessities of life when stranded in Paris, his failures might have ended his career. And then what of the modern movement in music which the Victorians were wont in a facetious innuendo to call "The Music of the Future."

Wagner's claim to greatness rests on this, that he created a new order of opera, his self-styled "Art-work of the Future." Beyond a few songs and one or two overtures and marches, this was the bulk of his musical work. He wrote no symphonies, string-quartets, nor piano-forte music. Absolute music was not his medium of expression. Still his genius was many-sided. He was his own poet and dramatist. He was an aesthetist of rash and original views, and his inventive work in the construction, arrangement and lighting of the modern playhouse marks an epoch.

He was born in the middle of the golden age of Opera on May 22nd, 1813, in Leipzig. Mozart was dead, but during Wagner's boyhood, Beethoven, Rossini, Schubert, Weber, Meyerbeer and Bellini were all at the height of their powers. From early childhood he was associated with the stage. His stepfather, Ludwig Geyer, was an actor, and in his company little Richard took the keenest interest in attending rehearsals. He mastered Greek that he might read classic drama in the original, and English in order to read Shakespeare.

At the age of fifteen, he was studying in the Nicolai-Schule in Leipzig, and there at the Gewandhaus concert he heard the music of Beethoven for the first time. Like Chapman's Homer to Keats, it was an ecstatic revelation. Henceforth, to mingle the Greek Drama with the art of Beethoven became the ultimate goal. He struggled with piano-forte technique with indifferent success. He never became a good player, but the theoretical side of music was child's play to him. He mastered counterpoint in less than six months.

Determined to make conducting his calling, he obtained a post at Würzburg as chorus-master of the opera-house at a salary of ten florins per month. He found time to write an opera, "The Fairies," based as he said, on Beethoven and Weber, which was accepted in the following year, 1834, by the director of the Leipzig theatre. The stage manager was jealous, and succeeded in preventing its being staged. In bitter disappointment Wagner went to Magdeburg as conductor. Misfortune dogged him. In 1836 the theatre had to put up the shutters. The crisis

came with the lamentable failure of his second opera, "Das Liebesverbot (The Ban of Love)," based on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure." It was his benefit performance, and the play was hissed. Two of the artists quarrelled on the stage, and the leading lady went into hysterics. Next day his company broke up, leaving Wagner on the verge of bankruptcy.

He obtained the directorship of the theatre in Riga through friendly intercession, where he found a comfortable post, and was able to save some money. But his ambition gave him no respect. He was writing "Rienzi" upon the subject of Bulwer Lytton's novel. Riga was too provincial for him. He must go to Paris. Accordingly, in 1839, he set forth, taking with him his wife, late Minna Planer of the Magdeburg opera-house, and all his goods and chattels. They sailed in a sailing-vessel bound for London. The voyage was a most adventurous one. For three and a half weeks the ship fought a series of terrifying storms. Once they gave themselves up for lost. But the experience proved valuable, for on that boat Wagner learned the tale of "The Flying Dutchman," which he shortly afterwards adapted to suit his philosophy and turned into an opera.

The Wagners stayed a week in London, and then passed over to Paris. He had an introduction to Meyerbeer and was led to hope great things of Paris, but everything went to wrack. The Renaissance Theatre, which had accepted "Das Liebesverbot" (the ghastly failure of his Magdeburg engagement), went bankrupt. Pillet, the director of the Opera, whose name deserves to go down to posterity as a scoundrel, kept his drama, "The Flying Dutchman" and handed it to one of his friends to compose. All the satisfaction Wagner could get was a beggary 500 francs, which, owing to his dire poverty, he was forced to accept in full settlement. Disgusted with Paris, Wagner sent "Rienzi" over to Dresden, but he had no funds to take him away from the place. His money was spent, his wife had pawned every scrap of jewellery that she possessed. Once they were without food, and Wagner had to pawn his watch to buy a meal. He was teaching, transcribing, writing proofs, writing articles for the "Gazette Musicale," doing anything in fact to keep a roof above their heads, when he heard from Dresden that "Rienzi" was accepted for staging. He threw his hat up in the air, cheerfully borrowed money on the strength of his good luck, and went over to Dresden, where he spent three months in rehearsing "Rienzi," and making rough drafts of "Tannhäuser." "Rienzi" proved to be a veritable triumph. There was nothing original in it, it was an imitation of Weber, but it had a long run, and its author became the lion of the day. The theatre management asked for another opera, so he prepared "The Flying Dutchman" for them and it was produced in the following year, 1841. It was a success, but it was not as well received as "Rienzi," the reason being that it was too advanced for the audience.

In this opera he makes extensive use of what he called "leading motives"—short musical phrases used to express a character or an idea, and used as an

illustration by the orchestra whenever the subject of the leading motive is introduced. The idea was not entirely new. Mozart had made some use of it, but Wagner adopted it extensively and made it the feature of his operas.

The Dresden period was, from a financial standpoint, probably Wagner's happiest time. He was very popular personally in Dresden, and commissions came to him very easily. He was appointed Kapellmeister to the Court, and obtained several minor conductorships. Tannhäuser had been produced in 1845, and had evoked much contention, but his fame was steadily increasing and his position becoming more assured when, in 1849, the Revolution broke out and he had to flee from a long imprisonment. Wagner was too much of a Sybarite to take an active part in forceful revolution. He was a Revolutionist solely from an aesthetic standpoint. He had large ideas about Art being of and for the Folk. He believed in Art being communist, and that the artist should receive his pay not capriciously from a patron, as in the dark ages, nor grudgingly from the artistic public as in the present day, but in the form of a pension from the State. He was foolish enough to indulge in some rash talk in a speech at a political club, and the consequence was that when the short-lived Revolution was suppressed, although he had taken no part in the street fighting, his name was down on the list of ringleaders with a price on his head and a warrant out for his capture. The warrant ends with these words: "Wagner is 37 to 38 years old, of middle size. He has brown hair, and wears spectacles."

It says nothing of his piercing eye, nor of his firm jaw and masterful mouth, but such was Richard Wagner in the days of his prosperity, before he had to bow his head and beg for a patron's fee. It was twelve years before he again set foot on German soil. He wandered about—Weimar, Zurich, Paris, London—and finally settled in Zurich, where his patron, Otto Wesendonck, gave him a house; but his income was almost nothing. The Dresden theatre management refused to pay the wicked revolutionist any fees on the performances of his operas, although they made as a true friend to him at this time. He worked ungrudgingly on his behalf, and produced "Lohengrin" for him at Weimar, which was well received by the critics. But the money question again became pressing. The state showed no inclination to subsidize the artist, and during the next few years, Wagner gave up musical composition and plunged into journalism again to earn a livelihood. In 1850 he wrote the famous "Art Work of the Future," an essay on his conception of opera, tracts on Revolution, on "Judaism in Music"—he was a bitter anti-Semite—and "Opera and Drama." In the spring of 1855 he paid a visit to London on the invitation of the Philharmonic Society, but the visit was hardly a success. The Mendelssohn fever was at its height. Chorley and Davidson were bitter anti-Wagnerites, and though he stayed a year in England, he failed to arouse enthusiasm because the press was so abominably unfair. Henry Chorley's narrow views bestrode the musical press of the time like a colossus, and Chorley

was a Mendelssohnian. So back to Zurich Wagner went, hard at work on the "Ring of the Nibelungs" and "Tristan and Isolde," but with no prospect of seeing them produced. His friends were kind to him. Wesendonck was especially generous, lending him money without hope of repayment, "buying" the Ring from him on Wagner's own terms, and leaving him free to dispose of it.

And indeed, money went through his hands like water through a sieve. His wife and himself were both extravagant and luxurious. He had no business capacity, and lost very heavily on series of concerts he gave in Paris and Brussels. "Tannhäuser" was produced at the Paris Opera in 1861, and proved a fiasco. The claque rained it, and it only ran for three nights. It was given out that the objection was the new ballet music which he had added to conform with Parisian tradition, but the fact was the opera was damned before the curtain rose. He left Paris for the second time a confirmed hater of the French. His hate never died. A resentful fire smoldered in his breast for twelve years, ready to burst into flame after the war in a horribly vindictive pamphlet entitled "A Capitulaton," in which he gloated over the fall of Paris, and the Commune. The French never forgave him. Victor Hugo once said to H. R. Hawes: "He has insulted my country—I can not bear his music"; and this was the attitude of his countrymen.

In 1863, "Tristan and Isolde" was accepted in Vienna and abandoned after sixty-seven rehearsals. Liszt tried to get it staged at Weimar where he had great influence, but without success. Wagner was almost in despair. He and his wife had quarrelled and were living apart, he was without means of support, he was worried and ill. There seemed to be nothing to do but emigrate, and he had some idea of going to India as a tutor, when, suddenly, help came from an unexpected quarter. King Ludwig II. of Bavaria had read some of his writings and was struck with his ideas upon art and the theatre. He was so much influenced that he became infatuated with the desire to build a theatre after Wagner's plan. He invited him to Munich, granted him a villa and a pension and became his patron. This was in 1864. The former revolutionist took to the change of principles almost more satisfactorily than one would have dared to expect. He became a naturalised Bavarian, composed a "Homage" March to his benefactor, and settled down to a life of unparalleled magnificence. He ordered objects of luxury on a most expensive scale for the villa, and dressed and behaved like a prince. It is said that he once drove into Heidelberg in a carriage drawn by four horses with outriders. The end was that so much opposition was aroused against the new favorite that King Ludwig was compelled to dismiss him. This new kind of life only lasted about two years, and at the end of it Wagner came back to earth and the struggle for existence once more. One service it did him, "Tristan" had been produced in Munich but it was not a success, according to the critics. But it brought in some money, with which Wagner left Munich and settled down at Tribschen, near Lucerne, where he busied himself with "The Mastersingers," and the still unfinished

"Ring of the Nibelungs." Whilst there, his wife died in 1866 at Dresden, where she was dwelling.

"The Mastersingers" was produced at Munich in 1868, and, encouraged by the rozier outlook, he returned to Triebchen and worked at the Ring with energy. "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyries" were already finished. In the same year he completed "Siegfried," and incidentally wrote his essay "On Conducting."

In 1870 he married Cosima von Bülow, the daughter of his friend Liszt, and composed the Siegfried Idyll from material out of the opera, with which he serenaded his wife on her thirtieth birthday. His second wife and he were in perfect sympathy, and the marriage was ideal in every respect. From it came his only son, Siegfried, named after the hero of the Nibelung Lay. In 1871 came the Franco-German war, and Wagner's patriotism led him to frothy outbursts against the French in prose, and the triumphal "Kaisermarsch" in music. The Pan-German idea obsessed his brain along with that of most Germans of the day; but in his case it became united with his ideas of Art. His ideal was a theatre in the centre of the Fatherland to which the tribes should go up, as to a temple, for the worship of the Art work of the Future. And in this theatre-temple the national songs of the German folk should be set forth for the teaching of a new philosophy, and for welding into one race the peoples of the Fatherland. The New Art work should be God, and Richard Wagner the high priest of the Art-Religion. An ideal which, though manifestly influenced by Schopenhauer as to the idea of refuge in Art, and by the war in its idea of the State at one in love of the Fatherland, is not without a certain picturesque nobility of conception. But to dream as Wagner did that his New Art-work would be the beginning of a new world-era, "of and for the Folk," and that it was to be the last and ultimate Art-form, and therefore would endure for ever, seems childish and lacking in foresight. At any rate, Bayreuth is now hopelessly side-tracked, and the All-deutsche Band is overwhelmed by a peaceful Socialist party.

The conception of such a theatre commended itself to a small and scattered band of enthusiasts. A site was offered in Bayreuth along with a dwelling-house, which he named "Wahnfried"—a rather cryptic name which may mean "Rest after delusion," or "The peace which comes in self-delusion." Wagner societies were formed in different parts of the empire to raise funds for the future national theatre. These were not different organisations to call into being, for the genius of Wagner had evoked sporadic disciples who enthusiastically read his latest tract, and strove to find mystic teaching and a philosophy in his music-dramas. But it was a long and difficult business to gather the needful funds. Subscriptions were raised, Wagner gave the proceeds of concerts, and finally, when it seemed that the work would have to be thrown up, King Ludwig once more helped him and completed the building out of his private purse.

The Festival Theatre of Bayreuth was a revolution in theatre construction. It is the monument and memorial of Wagner's notion of what a theatre ought

to be. There are no side galleries. The floor is an inclined plane which slopes from the orchestra up to a row of boxes under a gallery at the back of the house. The orchestra is in a well under the stage, but the conductor sits above them, so that he commands the players as well as the musicians. The stage is large, and is so constructed that a scene can be raised into the flies or removed to either of the wings. During the performance the auditorium is in complete darkness. Before the performance, a trumpet-call, consisting of a motive from the opera to be played, is blown like a fanfare by a band of trumpeters from the portal to announce the work to the assembled guests.

In 1876 the project was completed, and Wagner's dream accomplished by the production of the Ring of the Nibelungs at Bayreuth. "The Rhinegold" had already been produced at Munich under Willner in 1869, followed by "The Valkyries" in the following year, but now the complete tetralogy was produced under the ideal conditions long wished for by the composer. Hans Richter conducted, and Wilhelm led the first violins. The productions were a complete success from an artistic standpoint, and Wagner became the man of the hour. The prudent municipality of Bayreuth had the gleeful satisfaction of seeing their town become a fashionable summer resort, and the spoils of the fervent to the lodging-house keepers. But though the Festival Theatre has since become rather better than a gold-mine for the Wagner family and the Bayreuthers, the first performances did not pay, and the properties had to be sold to cover expenses. The success came through "Parsifal." The theatre had been closed for six years on account of lack of funds, but all the time Wagner's music was becoming better known, and little clusters of those desiring some new thing, who were ready to hail him as a philosopher, were springing into being; and when, in 1882, the Festival Theatre was re-opened for the production of "Parsifal," crowds flocked to the triumph and the sound of Bayreuth went into all lands.

When Wagner retired to Venice for the winter after the performances, it was as one who had fought a long weary uphill fight, but who had reached the summit. There were no higher heights to win. He was flattered by the Venetians to an embarrassing degree, as he would have been in Germany could he have gone back to Bayreuth the following year, but his heart was diseased and his strength was gone. He had lived a high-strung, nervous life, and had never spared himself. He had no reserve of strength. On February 13th, 1883, he succumbed to an apoplectic fit. His family never knew how many friends he had until he was dead. Then they gave of their sympathy. Five thousand telegrams came over the wires to them in Venice. The hunted exile and ridiculous crank was hailed as the greatest musical genius of his time. They carried his body to Bayreuth and buried it in the garden of his villa Wahnfried under the laurels, and there he lies with the Festival Theatre for his monument. The night of battle is over, and in the clear air of the morning his foes steal away in a broken and discredited rabble.

ARISTOTILE.



A RHAPSODY ON PARNASSUS.

Professor Vaughan.

It is with feelings as mixed as April weather that one sits down and tries to record in words the impressions gained during a fairly long acquaintance with our Pro-Vice-Chancellor and Professor of English Literature, Mr. E. F. Benson, in "The Weaker Vessel." He has described one Mrs. Ramsden, whose body and mind were both bristling with angular points which would keep getting in the way; some people are like that in character, and it is chiefly easy to get hold of, or at least to feel, their chief points, and to write round them. That kind of person makes an interviewer's task easy. But some personalities are as elusive as the air; their prevailing colour is as variant as the chameleon's; they present as many facets as a highly-cut gem. To this class Professor Vaughan belongs: to try to "write him up" fully were futile, and all that can be attempted is a view of some few of his many-sided activities, even as the Gryphon cartoonist has depicted one of his passing rhapsodies.

As far as mere scholarship is concerned, Professor Vaughan would satisfy the most tradition-loving critic. Marlborough and Balliol (where he came a little later than the Prime Minister, and had the benefit of lectures under R. L. Nettleship) brought out his innate appreciation and ability for classical studies, and the writers of Greece and Rome are his daily companions; a First General Prize—an exquisite copy of Bekker's *Aristophanes*—and Firsts in Mods. and Greats, which many great men do achieve, and some don't, testify to his eminence in the Schools. Balliol at that time had many of future greatness within its portals, under the loving care of the great Jewett, and anyone who wants interesting anecdotes of the college and its notabilities may find some in Alderson's "Life of Mr. Asquith." Then for some nine or ten years Clifton School claimed him as an assistant master, after which his ability received recognition in the appointment to the Professorship of English at the South Wales University, Cardiff. His next migration was to Tyneside, where he was Professor at Newcastle in the Armstrong College of Durham University. In 1904 the University of Leeds received its Royal Charter, and the late Sir Nathan (then Principal) Bodington offered the new chair in English Language and Literature to his old school-chum, Churton Collins, who refused it after much thought (though he went to Birmingham a year or so later). So it happened that nine years ago Professor Vaughan removed from Tyneside to Airedale. Since then his fame as a lecturer and scholar has simply proved the wisdom of Leeds in selecting this Professor of Literature.

"Professor of Literature," rather than "Professor of English Literature," for Professor Vaughan's interests are widespread and comprehensive. His intimate knowledge and love of the classics has been mentioned above; no less familiar is his grasp of modern European literatures, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian—these, if no more—all are an open book to him. He once said to a student, "Go and learn Mexican; you'll find it a most interesting language!" But it is not merely a matter of

knowing languages. Borrow knew forty-two, and Cardinal Wiseman said that if he were allowed to choose his own way, he could converse with all the people he met in tramping from the far coast of China to Cape Finisterre; Dr. Charles Sarsola is master of eighteen tongues. Professor Vaughan would scorn to be compared with prodigies of this kind. He is not only intimate with some eight or nine tongues, but his appreciation of their great literature is as exquisite as that of our own which he pours out like a second Chrysostom before his lucky pupils. Last year he delivered the first part of a course of lectures on the Great Poets, and he ranged from Æschylus to Virgil, from Homer to Dante. Those who attended the course can never forget the way in which he held his large audience with his fascinating discourse, his eloquent appreciation and criticism, his intermittent humour and irony, his fine choice of language and incisiveness of phrasing. Nor will the memory easily fade of a great address on "The Novels of Victor Hugo," given extempore to the Literary and Historical Society, where his brilliant rendering of the dramatic story of "Quatre-Vingt-Trois" roused the highest enthusiasm. Mention of the comparative study of many literatures leads on to some remarks on Professor Vaughan's books.

In his younger days he brought out school editions— "with introduction and notes"—of sundry books meant to occupy the attention of young students, such as Burke's American Speeches, Milton's "Areopagitica," Webster's "Duchess of Melfi," and thus helped to render yeoman service to pre-University training in literature. His later books—and many would deprecate the long intervals between them—are on the highest level. These are "English Literary Criticism," "Types of Tragic Drama," and "The Romantic Revolt." The first is a series of representative critical documents, headed by a long and masterly introduction which is our best short history of English criticism. The second contains the substance of a series of lectures given at the University some six or seven years ago. It deals with tragedy of all ages and countries, and within its covers may be found sane and stimulating judgments on dramatists so widely sundered in time and method as Sophocles, Seneca, Shakespeare, Racine, Calderon, Lessing, Goethe, Alfieri, Ibsen, Maeterlinck. This book was highly praised on its appearance for its original way of approaching well-worn themes, and for the fineness of taste which it displayed. "The Romantic Revolt" may, without exaggeration, be regarded as the best—as it is the biggest—of Blackwood's "Periods of European Literature" series. It displays an intimate knowledge of the literature of many countries—and especially of Germany—at a time when books were scattered round as thickly as leaves in Vallombrosa; and its appreciation and criticism of philosophy and politics is as keen as of more imaginative forms of literature. Lack of space forbids further treatment of these ever-fresh works.

It is as a lecturer that Professor Vaughan is most loved by his students. The secret of his success is that he lectures not to the whole class all the time, but to individual members in turn. He will get his

eye on you, and refer every question that arises to you till you squint with embarrassment. He asks you a question, and you give a lame reply which he expounds for ten minutes or so, bringing in ideas that you never have dreamed or heard of; then he says, "I suppose that's what you meant, Mr. X.", and with the hypocrisy which is a mark of human nature, you answer "Yes." His lectures do not run on any even tenor, but rise to heights of ecstasy; he will "roar you as gently as any sucking-dove," but usually his roars are of the more traditional kind. Rumour hath it that a student once was passing the English room, and hearing a mighty noise within, imagined a "rag" to be in progress; but, entering hastily, was overcome to find it was merely Professor Vaughan lecturing.

Such are a few—by no means all—of the impressions made by one of the most popular and gifted teachers in the University.

Further Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes.

THE months to June are filled with good intentions. With firm, solemn tread, with resolute mien, and Prof. B-r-r's monumental work, "Rousseau pour les jeunes filles," we entered the Library that smiling 23rd moon of April, prepared, like another St. George, to fearlessly encounter the Dragon. And we did. Pretty soon. In this wise. To our unmitigated horror, we made the appalling discovery that our favourite table was shrouded in canvas and mystery and greening under the weight of unknown quantities. Involuntarily we shuddered, and a half-stifled cry escaped from our semi-frozen lips. (N.B.—This has no reference to the temperature of the Library.) We leaned heavily on the table for support. The colour fled from our cheeks, our breath came in gasps. The earth seemed to be slipping away from us—and it was. We sank ponderously on to the floor, overwhelmed by the thought that we were on the brink of a world-startling discovery. The very ground trembled under us as an Hons. Mods. student hurried book-laden into the seminar. We must think—we must act—and quickly. A voice, quietly insistent, was drowning at our ear. . . . "Do you know the rule about the Library? Have you a Calendar? Is this your first session? If you create a disturbance of this nature again, I shall report you to the Senate, and you will be deprived of the privileges of the Library!" Collecting our fast-failing forces, we tottered out of the Temple of Minerva, with that voice ever in our ears, with that calm, emotionless face ever before us.

Sherlock Holmes! Surely he could resolve the mystery. In the light of present events, it seemed almost providential that he had explored every board of the Library on the evening of the Dance. We at once decided to ring him up at his office, and after the expenditure of such time, temper and talent—and one penny—we succeeded in getting through towards the close of the afternoon. In a few brief words, we sketched the whole situation.

"My dear Esmeralda, nothing could be better. I have just finished my last great case, published in the current issue of the *Monthly Police Gazette*, and, having refused all other clients, because they failed to arouse my interest, I am absolutely free. This interests me. I will be with you in five minutes."

It was late that evening when he arrived. While we diverted the H.P.'s attention by spreading a rumour abroad that a kitten had been seen proceeding to the Latin Room, the Great Man slipped in unobserved—this time without disguise. Quickly and quietly he set to work. He found the average temperature of the Library, the number of windows, and then made some rapid calculations. He counted the chairs and examined the catalogue. He frowningly read through the Library rules, quickly and noiselessly passed round the shelves, and not finding anything of note there, proceeded to take a critical survey of the throne of Minerva. We failed to see the point of all this. "Sherlock," we suggested, "you seem to have lost your bearings." A D-d-like frown silenced us. Finally he came to the table and deftly fingered the canvas. "Blankson's," he remarked tersely. He paused for a few hours, with hard, set impassive face. Obviously he could not, so to speak, find the tense he required. There was a hitch somewhere.

We woke up with a start at the sound of a far-off bell. Five minutes later and we should have been discovered. We hurried Holmes into the seminar. There he revealed the dreadful truth to us.

"The Awful She," he discovered, "is an ardent but secret leader of the Suffragettes, and hidden under that canvas is a quantity of pernicious literature of the N.W.W.S. Act as you think best!"

We staggered down the Seminar steps and re-entered the Library. We gave one fearful glance at the ghastly table and then grew rigid with horror. The small boy was about to uncover it. We leaped forward, eyes dilated, nostrils distended, breath bated, cheeks blanched, and read, "Report of the Sleeping-Sickness Commission. The Royal Society."

So once again, S.H. had failed miserably. At that precise moment, Minerva entered with bag and scrippage, and with that unerring instinct which we have so often admired, scented mischief (or was it tobacco?) in the seminar. Holmes was dragged forth. He is, we are told, to appear before the Senate unless he can produce evidence to show that he is taking an Honours Course in English or Modern Languages.

M. G. S.

May Meditations.

SOON—too soon, according to some persons June will be here, bringing with it what have been termed "necessary evils"—examinations.

If you consider examinations from a philosophic point of view—rather a difficult matter if you are a prospective victim—it will not be long before you come to the conclusion that they are not unmitigated evils. In fact, one can even get pleasure out of them under certain conditions.

One need not be a "swot" to enjoy an exam. Methinks the "swot" misses the pleasure at which

I have hinted. He has toiled long and well, and in the exam. he expects to acquit himself well; his countenance "sickled over with the pale cast of thought," may light up with a gleam of enthusiasm as he glances over questions he approves. Or he may feel disappointed that he cannot pour forth the whole wealth of his hardily garnered facts. Be his feelings what they may he misses the joy of an examination.

The average student becomes conscious increasingly of his ignorance as certain days draw nearer. The amount he knows seems to shrink as he anxiously takes stock of his knowledge, until, in comparison with ignorance that with increasing assertiveness obtrudes itself on his consciousness, it has dwindled to zero. Let us put in formula this relationship between his self-confidence and the time to the examination.

Let x = amount of self-confidence,
 y = no. of days to the examination.
 $\frac{x}{y} = K$ constant.

So, on the day of trial, x approximates very closely to zero.

Philosophers have noticed that dread of the unknown is characteristic of the genus "homo." To a student in May "the unknown" has two connotations; firstly, the things he ought to know and doesn't; secondly and very particularly, that particular part of what he ought to know and doesn't that the examiners want to know how much he knows about. Now on the proportion of known to unknown the possibility of enjoyment depends; and it depends too on the individual.

Most of us have within us, however, little we may suspect it under normal conditions, a touch of the gambler. At times we find our foresight has not availed, and then we trust to chance—blithely or grudgingly, according to temperament.

They who trust blithely get the best out of life and examinations: think of the pleasure with which such a one greets a "possible" question and greets "impossible" ones with a frolic welcome as giving so much more scope for evolving answers out of his inner consciousness! I know not whether this individual's answer-book commends itself gently and sweetly unto the gentle (?) examiner! but methinks that the individual himself departs from the examination hall with an inner satisfaction which, though maybe insecurely founded—is more than the "swot" can know.

The Student makes a Speech.

THE alarm clock started its day's work briskly. A hand emerged from beneath the bedclothes and reached for a slipper wherewith to deal with the alarm clock.

Then the newly awakened owner of the hand, remembering the date, dropped the slipper and groaned.

It was Monday, the 26th.
 And on Tuesday, the 27th, there was to be a wedding.

Another groan.

All the night long the unhappy slipper-owner had wrestled with a dream.

In it a silly, good-natured fool, who had been all too easily persuaded to act as "best man" at a wedding, stood before an icy crowd of breakfasters and discoursed on Bridesmaids.

Bridesmaids!

What [blanketty-blank deminution] idiot invented the idea of the best man toasting the Bridesmaids?

The Bridegroom, now! Anybody could talk about the Bridegroom.

Poor old scot!

Or the Bride, even.

Not so easy, of course, but a good opportunity for the "helpmeet along the pathway of life" sort of speech.

(Wonder what "helpmeet" means!)

But the Bridesmaids!

Four giggly, hobble-skirted, matinee-hatted carnation-trailing flappers.

Four goo-goo-eyed, turned-up-nosed, flaxen-haired dextrifrice advertisements.

Four high-heeled, bon-bon-devouring middle-aged actor-adorned juveniles.

Bridesmaids!

"Ladies and gentlemen," he muttered, as he came down to breakfast, "the pleasant task devolves upon me, devolves

"It is with mingled feelings, ladies and gentlemen, that I am devolved upon to . . ."

"Herrick little knew, ladies and gentlemen, when he wrote of rosebuds, that it would devolve upon one of his admirers to . . ."

"My dear old friends, it is not often that it devolves

"Oh, hang that word 'devolves.' Silly word, too!"

During the day his fellow-students heard him whispering to himself—"Ladies and gentlemen, I propose four other marriages in the very near future. (I don't think.) Fortunately, my dear friends, since I prize my liberty there are four bridesmaids, and polygamy—(Silly ass!)"

"Friends, the Bridesmaids. (And have done with it!)"

In the course of the afternoon he bought a little book entitled "The Ready Speech Maker." After studying it for half-an-hour he discovered that it was issued as a counterblast to the efforts of the Tariff Reform Association.

He cursed it.

By the evening the matter of his speech had become an obsession.

He strolled into a music-hall in order to forget it.

On the stage a man garbed more-or-less convincingly as a woman-of-the-people sang "How I got off with my Seventh."

Between each offensive verse and its accompanying imbecile refrain was a patch of pornographic patter.

"Nar, abaht the bridesmaids," the comedian was saying as our friend entered. "Little bits of all right they was—"

But our hero had fled.

"Strange Scene at a Wedding" was the legend to be observed upon a news-bill as he rushed along. He hailed a taxi-cab.

"Midland! no, Great Northern," he said to the astonished cabby.

Anywhere to get away.

Arrived at the terminus, he purchased a ticket for a small and remote station in Scotland.

There was half-an-hour to wait.

Up and down the platform he paced, waiting for his train to be signalled.

"Fancy meeting you, Mr. Jansen," said a voice from over his shoulder.

He turned, sharply, to meet a silver-haired lady with outstretched hands.

It was the bride's mother.

Then he swooned.

When he came to, he found himself standing at a gaily-bedecked breakfast table, surrounded by a jovial company.

Far, far away, a million miles or so away, a voice was speaking.

A roar of laughter went up, and was succeeded by another.

Somebody was being very funny on the subject of "bridesmaids."

Four pretty girls were looking embarrassedly at their plates.

Charming girls! How well their shy innocence became them.

"By Jove, that fellow was sailing a bit near the wind. Very clever, though."

There was a loud burst of applause, and then he, *he himself*, resumed his seat.

"You young dog!" said a delighted old gentleman from across the table.

"You are funny, Mr. Jansen," cooed his neighbor.

"It's a gift," said one guest to another; "a sheer gift. I don't suppose for one moment that he prepares a speech. Give him the subject and the thing is done."

Jansen blushed to find that here was fame.

AUBERON QUIN.

The Stricken Bard.

"Now, in the season of Spring's pleasant prime,

When beidal hawthorn sprays the leafy lane,

Now, said my Muse, young fellow is your time

To sing Earth's vernal happiness again.

Up and aloft—the lark has scored aloft,

Voicing his lyric ecstasy on high;

Up and aloft by meadow, brook and croft;

Don't be downhearted! Have another try."

And who more willing when the summers came,

Than I to leave my work—the primal curse?

To tramp the country in the Muse's name,

Seeking the raw material for verse;

E'en to the sacrifice of precious days

Of lectures that spent, will come no more,

That I might bring into the city ways

Some song of gladness for the common store.

But otherwise the stern decree of Fate—

The bard lies sneezing in his little cot,

His pulses proceeding at abnormal rate,

About his lyric neck is wrapped a lot

Of Thermogene. So Spring's fantastic whim

Has snitten him who loved her to the earth

And lost for ever more his votive hymn—

He feels no impulse now to sing her worth.—ANON.

To a Titlark.

Lahtle bod i' the sky!

Thee flackens thy wings

Up in t' hevin's si high,

As thou lups an' thou sings.

What gav thee that gladness

(Stark ommost to madness)

To tell oot thy wizen

For shippeds to listen?

We sits on the banks,

Ti tent the young lambs

As they runs wi' their dams,

And we gies the Lord thanks.

The sun hears thee sing

As he smiles upon t' oth,

He knows it is spring,

So green is the swoth.

He socks ommost dry

Yon cloods at fits by,

He warms the road fallow,

An' docks the oth yellow

Wi' wee celandine,

An' scented primroses

Ti mak inti posies,

An' clets ti mak wine,

He fills the wet gills

Wi' shy daffodils,

An' paints the whin-cuvers

Wi' sweet gowden bloom,

Ti tell all shy lavers

At kissin-tahn's come.

Two Strings.

A courts a lass at Guildland. A courts a lass at Staap.

A can't tell which ti cheas fra, an' A dea'n't know which to snalp.

They're beath what tuiks calls catches. There's

awther's a faim lass.

For my Mary she's a beauty, an' my Jein bes lots o' brass.

They're beath as fond as brushes. They want me ivery neet.

Sei A bes to mak good shuffles an' to think 'em on allreet.

A doot at sum fahn cavin A sall find mysen in t' beunt.

For my Mary's full o' bodness, an my Jein is parious stunt.

If it cum, A's boon to tell 'em: If iver A gets tald A sal want beith t' fells o' Mary, and Jean brass ti dower t' brald.

A sal say: A can't wed naither (An' A'd better sai it sekin)

For my Mary's got neil money, an my Jein is desperit plain.

LITTLE JOHN.

Mrs. Malaprop Up-to-Date. II.

(Louisa has tea with her.)

WHEN I got there, Mrs. Malaprop was talking to Mrs. Jones, whom she'd known when she was nearly as badly off herself, and I let them finish.

"And how are the children getting on, Mrs. Jones?" asked Mrs. Malaprop.

"Well, I'm just worried about them, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Malaprop. It's getting very near Whitsuntide now, and I don't know what to do about their new clothes. I'm sure it'd aggravate the patience of a saint to have to dress them children. Their clothes are not fit to be seen after they've had 'em on once."

"Yes, and I can synchronise with you, Mrs. Jones. I know what Dorothy was like when she was little, and boys are ten times worse. So you're getting their new clothes for Whitsuntide?"

"Why, they'd think nothing of new clothes if they hadn't them for them. You know what their father is too. I'd never hear the last of it if they weren't spick and span on Whit Sunday, and I do like myself to see them looking nice and a credit to their parents. It's only a week off now too, and I've been so throng what with one thing and another, I don't seem to have had a moment to myself this last few days, and yet my man says women never do any work."

"Yes, that's just what they are, Mrs. Jones. You ask me, and I'll tell you what I think of men in the house. Shiftless isn't the word for them, and I'll tell you what it is. We women are a great deal too considerate for them. If we left them to look after themselves a bit more, they'd be a great deal better, and they don't think any the more of us for it. Loads of negation, indeed! Loads of perturbation is what I'd call them if I had my way."

"And they've such a knack of upsetting everything too. I'm sure my man's always doing something or other when he's at home. I was fair stalled of having him in the house last year's strike when they were playing all those weeks. It was all I could do to keep from calling him before the children. Ay, dear, but wasn't I glad when he got back to work! It's a blessing they've had work all the winter, too. I've been able to lay up a little bit of money now against Bank Holiday week, but last year I was glad to add a penny any road, though I didn't let on to the children how bad things were. I couldn't bear for to grumble at them for going into the loaf so, and yet it were hard to make both ends meet, even with the little bit of money we'd been able to lay by. It's a good thing I had pretty fair of groceries in a standby when it strike began, or else I don't know where we should all have been. Ay, but things are different now to what they was a year ago. There was no Whitsuntide clothes to be thought of then. We were so short of money while we had to pawn the clothes off our backs, let alone thinking of getting new ones."

"And what are you thinking of getting them, then, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, I'm thinking it'll have to be navy blue again. There's nothing like it for standing wear, and I'm sure I should be making strange of them now

in anything else, though my man'd like to see them going about in something with a little bit of colour in it, he says. That's all very well though for them as can afford to have plenty of changes, but when you've got to make the one dress do you a year, stick to navy blue, I say, and you won't go far wrong."

"No, and there's nothing they look nicer in either, both boys and girls, and it's so respectable too—just look at the policemen. I think you're very wise, Mrs. Jones, and mind you bring the children in to see me when they get them on."

When Mrs. Jones had gone, Mrs. Malaprop settled down for a nice quiet chat with me. "So you've decided to let your girl go to the University next year, have you, Louisa," she began. "Well, I always did say you ought to send her, seeing it agrees with Dorothy so well. There's some queer things going on there, though. The latest thing she's been to is the Social Study Society excursion to York. I always thought it was the Sociable Study Society for people who want to be sociable, but Dorothy says it's Social Study, all about Poor Law, and drains and being out of work and such like rebelling things. All the same, I don't see what good they did at York, even though they did go to some putrefaction works all about averages, because I'm sure Rowntree's chocolate works haven't anything to do with Social Study."

"I must say they didn't keep as late hours as I'd expected, though from what I hear, I believe they'd have been later if they could, but when the Minister was shut and the Art Gallery, and they wouldn't keep the train waiting a minute for them, but made them miss it, I don't see what else they could do but come home. Why the only places left were the Picture Houses, and a fine thing it'd have been for them to go to a Picture House there as if they couldn't have gone at home. Why, it would have been just as likely for them to think of going on the river at that time of night."

"All the same, though, I'd like to have my eye on Dorothy a bit more. She's a good girl, but she's young, and girls are different now to what they were in my juvenile days. Besides, I never in my life heard such stories as she tells me of what they do. Now, Louisa, I put it to you. Would you say it was respectful if you saw a student carrying a ladder up College Road as if it were a book, or met two girls carrying a handful of knives? Wouldn't you say they were suffragettes and call a policeman?"

"I will say this for them, though. They haven't many suffragettes, and a good thing too. I'm sickened to death of them, and their strikes and the way they go on. You mark my words, Louisa. It won't be long before we have them all striking in sympathy like the men do, and then next thing they'll be wanting the many men wage and arbitrary boards just like the men. I'm sure I don't know what the country's coming to, what with Macaroni Shares and the Insurance Act. I always did wonder though, why they called them macaroons, and I've found out now it was because the Macaroni man lived on nothing else when he was inventing his shares. I don't know how he managed it, but perhaps those

foreigners have different insides to ours. For my part, I'd like to try it on Lloyd George when I'm paying my 3d. a week for Mary.

"You know, I can't see the difference myself between him and Robin Hood. Both of them forced the rich to be charitable to the poor, but of them both, I'd sooner have met Robin Hood. He wasn't so sure of getting you as Lloyd George.

"That's another reason why I don't like that Social Study Society. They're always talking about the Insurance Act and factories and things. I'm sure I've never had an easy moment since Dorothy came home one night full of what someone had told them about seven people being able to form a trades union in Australia. I've always been frightened of her springing it upon me that they're all going on strike next day, and where should I be then? I'm going to more things myself this year, and then I'll know what they're doing. The next thing coming on is the Men's Apoplectic Sports the week after next, but I want to go to the Women's more because Dorothy says they're so nice and homely, quite home-made, in fact, without any parsimony about them.

"Must you be going, really? Well, we've had a nice long chat, and you mustn't be so long before you come to see me again. We shall meet at the Men's Sports, I hope. VIDEO.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Medical School.

THE Final for the Inter-departmental Association Cup was to be played on March 11th. As the Science men were, unfortunately, unable to raise a team of their own against the Medicals, they forfeited the Cup and thus the Medical students became the holders of the same for the ensuing year. A mixed team, however, played the Medicals, the match ending in a draw—2 goals all.

In the evening of the same day a dinner took place in the Refectory of the School to celebrate the great event, Mr. Richardson being in the chair.

The dinner was followed by a Smoker, which certainly was one of the jolliest yet held in the Refectory, and all present highly appreciated the improvised performances which might as well have delighted a large audience in any Music Hall. Long after peace had again been restored in the School, its members haunted various places throughout the town from where they did not part before late in the night. E. S.

O. T. C.

THE Officers' Training Corps has, so to speak, started a new chapter in its existence.

Colonel E. Kitson Clark (K.C., as we always called him) is no longer our Commanding Officer. When the Corps was started in 1909, Col. Kitson Clark took command, and he has acted as C.O. until a few weeks ago, when he returned to his own regiment as Colonel.

Every cadet knows what he has done for the Corps, and thanks him for it. The Corps has lost not only a Commanding Officer whom every one had learnt to know and respect, but a very true friend.

The Corps is happy in its new C.O., Lieut. H. H. Brown, to whom all luck. We expect to get through some work in camp!

There will be, it is hoped, a Saturday to Sunday camp in the early part of June, to be held quite near Leeds. This seems a very popular idea, and it is hoped that when the time comes, there will be a good turn-out. If men do come, they are sure to enjoy it as well as to learn a lot.

Excursion of the Social Study Society.

ON Wednesday, May 7th, the Society made an excursion to York, when the works and model village of Messrs. Rowntree & Co. were visited. The party consisted of 26 members, and everyone, without exception, thoroughly enjoyed the outing. We were first shown over the new dining block, which contains a large and well equipped dining hall and kitchens, excellent boys' and girls' gymnasium, with changing rooms and shower baths, class rooms and conveniences for teaching domestic science and woodwork.

The whole building is of the most modern construction, ferro-concrete and ornamental tiles being largely used, while the floors are fireproof, although to the eye and foot they resemble linoleum.

In this building the 1,500 girls and 350 boys in Messrs. Rowntree's employ receive a course of instruction of 6 hours per week for three years, four hours of the six being taken out of work hours. The girls are taught cookery, laundry and needlework to fit them for domestic life, while the boys receive a course of instruction in geography, mathematics and woodwork carefully graduated and calculated to bring out a boy's intelligence. The teaching staff consists of ten mistresses and five masters.

After seeing over this block, we were shown over part of the works, viz., the packing rooms, offices, laboratory, despatch rooms, engine rooms, gas-producing plant and fire station. For the special benefit of the Society, a false alarm was given, when the efficiency of the brigade was clearly demonstrated as, although the men do not live in the fire station, they were ready to start in about one minute.

A walk of about a mile brought us to the Model Village, New Earswick.

Here we were entertained to an excellent tea by our hosts and guides, Mr. and Mrs. Davies. After tea, we were shown over the village and school, and were surprised to find really rational arrangement combined with artistic neatness.

Various types of houses were in course of construction, and, although these are well built and fitted with most of the modern conveniences and a large garden, yet the rents were strictly moderate, being chiefly 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d. and 6s. 9d. a week.

A sewage plant treats all the refuse from the village, and it is claimed that the effluent which flows into the river Fosse, instead of polluting, purifies that river.

The weather for the trip was all that could be desired, so that altogether the excursion was probably the most enjoyable that the Society has yet made.

J. A. H.

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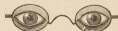
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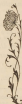
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