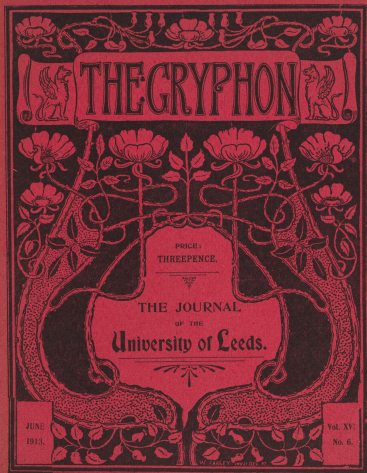


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## Appointments Gained by Students since the last Report.

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, Beig, 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. Gault, Green Gatos, nr. Apperley Bridge.  
W. Bull, B.Sc., Assistant Master, Central High School, Leeds.  
Gloxinia Butler, B.A., Assistant Mistress, Secondary School, Yeading.  
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, Heckmondwike 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, Herter Research Laboratory, New York.  
B. W. Elliott, B.Sc., Chief Engineer, Beltish South Africa Co., North Rhodesia.  
H. C. N. Ellis, B.A., Assistant Master, Central High School, Leeds.  
E. H. Faircett, M.A., Assistant Master, Quorn 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 Stove Co., Warrington.  
H. Heaton, M.A., Lecturer in Economics and History, University of Birmingham.  
F. R. H. Hewson, B.A., Professor of English, Moesia University, Cyprus.  
P. Hinckley, 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 Pest Act, 1917.  
Kathleen H. Kirk, M.A., Modern Language Mistress, Huntingdon Grammar School.  
L. B. Kirk, B.A., Assistant Master, Central High School, Leeds.  
Dorothea 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. Lihwesh, B.A., Répétiteur à l'École 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, Bootle.  
J. Manson, Surveyor, Featherstone Main Collieries.  
E. A. McGill, B.Sc., Lecturer in Engineering, South African School of Technology, Johannesburg.  
G. Morton, B.Sc., Assistant Master, Secondary School, Morley.  
Margaret Palmer, B.A., Head Mistress, Girls' Secondary School, Penwith.  
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, Crusfield's Soap Works, Warrington.  
Geoffrey Balayse 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. Stoddard, 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.  
Dorothea K. Wallace, B.A., History Mistress, Modern School, Leeds.  
J. H. Wilson, B.Sc., Assistant Master, Grammar School, Sleaford, 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, Worthington.  
Constance Young, B.A., Répétitrice Au Lycée de Jeunes Filles à Douai.  
Lily A. Zelenki, B.Sc., Assistant Mistress, Haberdashers' Asks School, Acton.

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"The Gryphon never stretches her wings to the masses when she hath any rick feathers; yet have not ventured to prevent our carolists before your judgments when we know them full well of usual matter, yielding ourselves to the carolists which we have ever found than to the parsons which was ought to fear."—LIV.

Vol. XVI.

JUNE, 1918.

No. 8.

Editor: Miss J. M. GREENWOOD.

Assistant Sub-Editor: A. B. COHEN.

Assistant Sub-Editor: J. A. SINGER (Medical School).

Committee: C. M. GILLESPIE, M.A. OXB. (Staff Representative), G. H. COWLING, B.A. (Treasurer), Misses G. ASTON and H. THISTLETHWAITE and the above "ipso facto."



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BUT a little while and the year is done, exams. are over, the Women's Sports, the Staff Tennis Tournament, Results, Excursions and then Degree Day. Away go most of you with degrees to seek out new spheres of activity, we unfortunates—perhaps you will say fortunates—stay up to spend a portion of our vac. in work, to invade the Continent, to take a hard-earned rest; then present ourselves for the supreme test when you are but dim shadows of the past. Alas! how quickly a year goes by, and exams. seen so far off and so misty in October, come with a rush once Xmas is by. But what matters the flight of time, provided we each and everyone of us take with us from Leeds the memory of happy years and hearty good wishes, and a healthy outlook on the future.

For the cloud rift broadens, spanning earth that's  
under,  
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife  
and strife's success;  
All the good and the beauty, wonder crowning  
wonder,  
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection,  
nothing less. \* \* \*

It is with the deepest regret we have to record the resignations of Professors Vaughan and Procter. Those who have worked under Professor Vaughan, or attended even but one course of his lectures, express unreservedly their deep regret at his retirement, and those who have been under Professor Procter's kindly, though keen eye, feel a loss which it will be hard to replace. We can only express here our sorrow at the loss which Leeds will sustain at their departure, and wish them all success and happiness in the coming years.

This issue brings us of the editorial to the end of our collaboration. With congratulations and thanks, alas! 'twere but farcical to close seeing that the interest and energy of two-thirds the University is nil as regards the magazine; nor has the goodly one-third overwhelmed us with contributions. Rather, shall we say, we put down the editorial pen with a huge sigh of relief, our days of ignominious touting for articles are over. No longer need we chase Secretaries of Clubs and Societies all over the buildings to get the accounts of their meetings and matches, nor unlock the Gryphon box with a sinking heart and a well-grounded premonition that it will be as empty as the tomb, lacking even those small pieces of soap and cigarette ends which wags were wont to confer on our former colleagues. We do not undertake to edit this magazine, it is yours—all ye students—you have to run it, and provide articles to fill up its scanty columns. Do you do so? Does anyone of you regularly look at the notice-boards and see the last day for contributions and hasten to get something written to help us? No; we have this last year only had four regular contributors and two were past students; we have endeavoured to make the magazine as representative as possible, but deadly apathy has enwrapped you in its tentacles. As regards improvements, we have not been idle, but our hands are tied till the year-end by a contract; we have, however, opened up possibilities for a complete reformation of the journal. But we must be well and loyally supported—at present, scarce a third of you contributes to the journal, and lack of subscriptions and contributions makes the magazine small and uninteresting. The evening paper, the *Sporting Pink*, some would-be humorous paper willingly commands your interest. Why not evince a little public spirit by not only subscribing, but contributing to your College Mag.?

We can, therefore, only wish on handing over the journal to our successor, that he may awaken in you that enthusiasm which no event at College this year has been able to elicit from you.

To S. Cohen we tender our gratitude for the very excellent drawings he has so generously and willingly contributed.

### Presentation to Mr. Porter.

AN interesting ceremony took place in the Physics Lecture Theatre on the morning of June 2nd, when the members of the Subsidiary Physics Class presented Mr. H. L. Porter, B.Sc., with an Illuminated Address (and a clay pipe).

Mr. C. D. Hornby is the chair.

Prefacing his remarks with—"Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow workers in the realms of Science—fellow wisps of smoke in Life's chimney, fellow straws on the turbulent waters of our existence"—the chairman pointed out that the presentation was being made as a slight recognition of Mr. Porter's services, and he instanced various suggestions which had been made to the Committee.

Amongst these were:—A silver-mounted splash, suitably inscribed; a copy of the famous classic, "Sunday Evening applications of the Theory of Elasticity by Compression"; and a set of fish knives and forks, the last idea originating from a group of individuals who mistakenly supposed that Mr. Porter was about to run in double harness. The thought that Mr. Porter's lectures were come to an end was too much for the chairman, it overwhelmed him and he could say no more; amidst thunderous applause he resumed his seat, calling on Mr. Ainley to make the presentation.

Referring to his unenviable position, Mr. Ainley related a former experience of his, when he was asked to take a Young Ladies' Sunday School Class.

After several interruptions and appeals to stick to the point, he read out the Address and formally made the presentation.

"Illuminated Address" is far too inadequate a term to apply to the gorgeous production which Mr. Porter received.

Suspended by a ribbon of brilliant hue and adorned at the bottom with a magnificent seal, it contained the following words, embellished with great care, together with the signatures of the members of the class:—

"We, the undersigned, members of the Subsidiary Physics Class of the University of Leeds for the session 1912-13, conscious of the benefits accruing to us through the painstaking efforts of Mr. H. L. PORTER, B.Sc.,

in lecturing to us on 'The Properties of Matter and other things,' and being deeply grateful for the same, do hereby desire to place on record our heartfelt appreciation of Mr. Porter's services and of his attempts to instil into our minds some slight inkling of the truth concerning those great and momentous problems with which he has dealt.

To the uninitiated it would seem that the subjects dealt with by our friend, Mr. Porter—we presume to count him such—have no practical application, but we, to whom more intelligence has been granted than to the average individual, realise their importance.

In the words of one of our greatest poets, 'Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed.'

No more words can amply repay Mr. Porter for the care and diligence with which—as is evident to the most casual observer—he must have prepared his subjects.

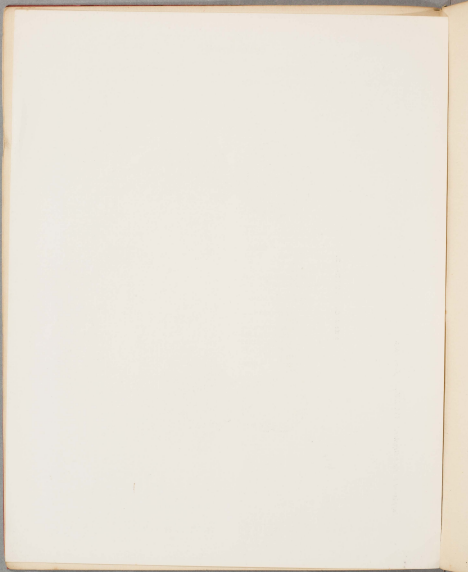
SESSION 1912-13.



C. BINGHAM.  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNION.



MISS M. VAREY.  
PRESIDENT OF THE N.A.C.



The only words appropriate and fitting are :  
'Pro tanto quid retribuamus?'

Lastly, catching a vista of the glorious future undoubtedly lying before him, we beg to tender, with all due respect, our most sincere wishes to Mr. Porter for his future career, trusting that even our most sanguine hopes will in no wise be disappointed."

Mr. Porter, on rising to reply, was greeted with loud cries of "Speech, speech. Up! Up! Up!"

He rather fancied, he said, that the whole affair was merely an excuse for letting off steam at the end of the session. [Huge uproar, amidst which could be distinguished the words "Shame" and "Withdraw."]

If, however, the presentation was being made as a recognition of his slight services (which would always be at the disposal of his audience) he was extremely thankful for the kindly spirit shown towards him, and he would treasure the Address as long as he lived. (Voice: "What about the pipe?")

As for the pipe, he did not know what to do with it; he was a non-smoker. ["Blow bubbles with it!"]

The "pöce de résistance," however, was the speech of Mr. Gibson, who rose to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Asserting that several more able and suitable gentlemen than himself might have been put in his place (loud cries of "Gas! Swank!") he mentioned three by name (Messrs. M—, C—, H—) who, with a modesty which did them credit and a blue funkiness which did them no credit so much credit, had declined the task.

The touching and solemn nature of the occasion would seem to have appealed them.

Proceeding, Mr. Gibson said he would like to ask why the presentation was being made.

"Is it because of the unholy joy with which we first learnt that the angle of shear equals twice the elongation, or is it because of the bewildering ecstasy which we experienced when it first dawned upon us that a shear is but a bow-legged strain?"

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not the slightest hesitation in answering that it is not so.

"Then, 'Why is it?' you ask.

"It is, Mr. Chairman, because we appreciate gentility and urbanity in whomsoever we may find them, but when they happen to be exhibited in the person of one so distinguished as the worthy recipient, we can but, in three beautiful words of the poet, 'bow our heads and pass on.'"

"But my business is to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman. I warn him, that in the event of his not finding in me that adjectival fecundity which he, in the innocence of his heart, might desire, he must attribute it to the fact that it has already been spent on the person of our worthy recipient."

In conclusion, Mr. Gibson said he was certain his audience would appreciate the energy (an energy which but for the early hour of the morning, he would call "devilish") of the chairman and of Mr. Harrap, who he noticed had come be-flowered for the occasion.

Bringing to an end his eloquent peroration by proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, he called on Miss Thistlethwaite to second the motion, but that

lady declined the task, presumably "with a modesty, etc."

The proceedings ended noisily when the chairman pointed out that the two lady students had not appended their signatures to the Address.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Porter, "that will be the best of the lot."

For several minutes chaos reigned supreme—finally Mr. Porter was heard to exclaim in a mild voice, "I think you gentlemen misunderstood me." [Several voices: "Oh, no, we didn't!"]

Mr. Porter's explanation was lost in the noise of a general exit.

F.N.H.  
C.D.H.

## Staff Babies.

### A Study in Recent History.

[This M.A. dissertation is published by kind permission of Professor G-r-i, who commends it as an excellent example of historical method. The style, however, is atrocious and should not be imitated.—Ed.]

THERE is no ambiguity in the title. I have no malice against any portion of the staff. It is of the offspring of our teachers that I wish to speak, and of their close association with the University in recent days.

#### THE SECRETARIAL RUN.

It was not to a placid seat of learning, now a fading memory, that the children came, but to the busy bustling community consumed with the fever of modernity that we know and love so well. There are some who still remember the beginnings of the change, how the crowd of students lounging in the lobby would part asunder as by a common impulse, to let pass the earnest hurrying figure of the Secretary: how the long and easy stride, the graceful carriage, the breathing purpose of his every movement compelled a general admiration. From admiration it was an easy step to imitation. The more vigorous among the students began to run; soon lazier comrades followed suit; the Junior Staff fell in with the prevailing fashion, and at length even the Seniors sprinted to and from their lectures in a manner that recalled the palmist days of youth. It was a sight for gods and men to see the University in motion. Health and strength came back to many to whom they had long been strangers. So vast was the gain in time that the efficiency of the University was increased four-fold. It was said in academic circles that such ardour in the cause of learning had not been known since the days of Abelard. Only one man stood aloof. Needless to say it was the H.P. He would have no truck with these new-fangled ways. The more haste the less speed. Quite sufficient for him was

The good old rule, the simple plan

Of dodging all the work you can;

and nothing would induce him to depart from principles on which he had acted as man and boy any time these forty years. In spite of him the new spirit penetrated everywhere. Significant indeed was the motto in wrought gold and seven languages placed over the office door—WE NEVER SLEEP.

This terrible device, fit only for immortals, was the gift of a public-spirited cab proprietor whose munificence it is hoped will be rewarded at no distant date by the conferment of a suitable degree.

#### A REFORM IN DRESS.

To the women this accelerated pace was at first a source of much embarrassment. The small minority who, with a fine contempt for fashion, still wore the ample skirts of the mid-Victorian era welcomed the new mode of motion with delight. The rest were dismayed to discover that the dainty hobble, nay even the dainty semi-hobble garments of contemporary life debared them at one cruel stroke of circumstance from taking their place on equal terms by the side of men. To be left behind was out of the question. The matter was at once referred to an agency Committee of three—Dr. G-m-n-l, Miss E-d- and Miss B-l-k-n—generally reputed to be the best dressed women in the University. It was felt that Parisian taste and Post-Impressionism dashed by the sober lines of Education, would meet the most exacting demands of utility and beauty. Of Beauty, I repeat; for the voice of Art is now heard in our midst "by them who aforesaid knew it not." The distinguished trio rose to the full height of their responsibilities and no one will forget the dazzling brilliance of the opening run after their labours had been concluded. Following cautiously the guidance of Mrs. Wobkon, they had suggested an ordinary gymnastic costume; but the scheme of colour was all their own. How can I describe it—the little white cap perched on the back of the head, the green top, the scarlet tunic, the brown stockings, the homely dregs—the last a gracious concession to Democracy? And who shall reproduce the verve, the dauntless facing of futurity of the opening run?

We chatter, chatter as we go,

All intellectual fervour.

Men may come and men may go,

But we go on for ever, &c., &c.

"See! they run, they run!" cried a reputed misogynist, Professor W-l-t-n. "Who run?" asked M. "The enemy" was the sardonic reply. The fame of this revolution in dress spread abroad. Mill girls copied it, coster-girls despised it, costumiers envied it. A young painter of the school of Cézanne in a frenzy of inspiration fixed it for ever on his deathless canvas.

#### BABES AND NURSEMAIDS ARRIVE.

It was a pardonable desire of proud and happy fathers to have their children near them in the intervals of arduous toil which resulted early one spring morning in a steady stream of perambulators along College Road, all converging on the University and finally taking their station in the long narrow corridor, known as the gloom of Acheron, which stretches down the main length of the building. About 9.34 a.m., without the least suspicion of their fate, the famous phalanx of the Just-in-Times came swinging round the corner past the porter's lodge, crashed into the midst of unsuspected obstacles, and broke up in the utmost confusion. Prams, nursemaids, students, staff—a weltering mass pushing, struggling, shoving, blocked the way. When the first transports of wrath had subsided, the

University, with its customary courtesy, extended a cordial welcome to its new guests. The long line of prams, each with its attendant maid, became one of the most familiar features of University life.

#### DEMOCRALISATION OF THE O.T.C.

It was the nursemaids' fault, of course. They were so undeniably smart and pretty. How could the O.T.C. help regarding them in the traditional manner as, so to speak, the perquisites of their profession? The bolder spirits of the Corps sought an early opportunity of donning their natty khaki courting clothes, and with the simulation of the insolence and swagger of those terrible fighting men, their Anglo-Saxon forefathers, imagined that Cupid's work was done. Great was their consternation to find brute strength made no impression. The would-be wives of warriors asked them scornfully, had not Lord H-l-d-n—called them the brains of the army? Then let them woo as men of intellect, talk of strategy and tactics, play the war-game as became the hope of England. Fatal democratising demands! Baffled love, unwanted intellectual strain wrought havoc in the Corps. Never, in all his experience, said Sergeant Trainsmup, had he known the justly celebrated night march for beginners so badly bungled. As all the world knows, the problem is to get the men in silence and safety from the Grammar School to Emmanuel Church without betraying their whereabouts to a possible enemy symbolised by the church dust-bin. A pitch dark night is chosen, all lamps out (by permission of the Corporation); a single intrepid leader—selected for his daring and skill—with compass and electric torch in hand, acts as guide, and holding one another's hands the whole Corps advances cautiously along the road. By placing the heavy eaters and the more convivial spirits on the right, it is possible, as a rule, to get past the refectory (the only likely point of divergence) without losing a man. "But," says the worthy Sergeant in his interesting narrative, "this year from the first I thought as summat was up. The young gentlemen seemed distracted like; instead of 'olding their bally tongues, they kept a mutterin' o' love—recitin' verses of Mr. 'erick, I think they said, 'out Professor M-r-m-n 'ad taught 'em, and some fond lines about 'And yet a hundred more' (kisses from Katusha the kernel said they was). Well, as I was sayin', they was all 'aggledy-paggledy afore we were past the middens, and I 'ad to beat some on 'em from the Refectory gate w' the flat o' my sword; wanted to 'drown their sorrows in wine,' they sez; sez I, 'Wot you got there 'aint fit to drown in,' no more it 'aint. Well, when we got to the main entrance they fairly clutched round it like a swarm o' bees. 'O! sez one, 'could I but breathe the air she breathes!' 'O! sez another (they were mighty bad an' no mistake) 'could I but kis the ground she trod!'—both on 'em to my way o' thinkin' dashed insanitary like proceedings. An' all the rest was as bad. Well! to cut a long story short, there was no shiftn' 'em that night, an' as I sed afore, it were the first time as I remember as we failed to reach the dustbin. . . . When the news leaked out, there was panic in the city at the breakdown of our main stay in defence. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, to learn that the gallant Corps has quite recovered from its transient aberration.

## THE V.-C. RECEIVES A TESTIMONIAL.

Babes in the University! a new sphere of labour! the University Babies' Welcome was in its element. Yet the situation was not without its anxieties. It was all very well prescribing for the children of the working classes, but somehow this was a different matter. Why! some of the mothers were on the Committee and knew quite a lot about babies! Then the fathers were such terribly clever fellows! It was evident that they must proceed with the utmost caution. Perhaps the best solution would be to have a public display in which to hold up not only methods, but the infants themselves as models to the populace. Why not in Victoria Square? What! the home of atheists and free-thinkers, of rogues and vagabonds; expose tender nurslings to its tainted atmosphere! But rumour said that it was much improved; the Chief Constable was likely to know, and might be asked for his advice. How courteously it was given, the following letter to the Secretary of the Committee will show:—

Madam,

In reply to your anxious queries, I have the honour to inform you that the Square is now one of the most wholesome spots in all Leeds. It babes would flourish in virtue, they might well spread these all their waking moments. For this we are largely indebted to the enterprise and devotion of the Vice-Chancellor. We have had miseries of sorts before, but none quite so mind and heart compelling as this. I well recollect how on the occasion of his visit I saw many faces well known to the police melt with a new and tender meanness. I have long been of the opinion that what the masses need is learning as well as real and pity. That very night I reduced the patrols in the Square by half. The next day my officers reported that all the most notorious wastrels had died the town. "Ah!" said one of them with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the University, "it's all along of 'em!" It was a moving scene. I am glad to hear that it is proposed to start a Seminar for street-preachers. It will lighten our labours immensely. I have pleasure in enclosing (5) towards it. Certainly, Madam, come, and bring the children with you: you have nothing to fear.

I am, etc.,

(Signed) The C.—C.

## A SCUMP IN SOAP.

For weeks before the meeting, one was always coming across little puffs and paragraphs in all sorts of unexpected places. A modern institution cannot live, we know, without the adroitest practice of the arts of publicity; still "How do these things get into the papers?" the Secretary would ask with the perplexed innocence of Mr. Crummock, and there was none to answer. Prof. P-r-y, an ardent pal of the populace, took the chair beaming on all around with intellectual amity. Prof. M-c-g-r too, was there shepherding and shodding from too close a contact with the poor a fair bery of aristocratic candidates for the Diploma in Social Service—fore-runners, as the prospectus puts it picturesquely of a race destined by certificate to regenerate mankind. The babies, clad in pure white, were held in the arms of members of the Hockey team; who said that sport and sweetest domesticity cannot go together? No part of the programme was more enjoyed than the lecturette with practical illustrations, given by a pioneer in the cause of Domestic Science, whom all delight to honour, I mean Prof. Sm-t-lis. Taking as his subject, "How to Bath and Dress a Baby without violation of Scientific Principles," he manipulated his apparatus

—a large wooden model of a naked infant, a real bath, real water, real soap, real towels, real clothes—with a truly astonishing skill. It was, in short, as realistic a performance as the veteran leader felt he had the courage to undertake in public. The demonstration was followed with the closest attention and appreciation. True, a shrill, disgusted voice shouted in the middle, "What's the good of showing us how to bath them as doesn't wriggle, when the real ones does wriggle?" But the well-bred lusher of the Social Service group, the generous cheers of the students, the good-natured enthusiasm of the crowd helped the Professor to tide over a momentary embarrassment, and the general pecoration on cleanliness with which he concluded the experiment delivered with flame and fire, carried such conviction to the unwashed and unwashed multitude that before 8 p.m. that night there was not a single bar of soap to be purchased in the town.

## THE LIBRARIAN INTERVENES.

As is well known, the Librarian as indeed the V.-C. and others, believes in the indictment of modern Education formulated in the time-worn phrase of Huxley, "Education is far too bookish." A precursor of that ingenuity of her sex with which the modern feminist movement has made us all familiar, she chose her vocation with the deliberate purpose of placing a wholesome restraint upon the too bookish tendencies of the day. One Library at any rate, should be used in moderation, and happy in a Committee which fully endorsed her views, it has been her settled policy to compel the bookworm to more practical pursuits. Many a strong and manly citizen to-day owes his unimpaired physique to the kindly forethought of regulations which made it impossible for him to pore over the books which were once his heart's desire. Imagine then, her indignation on receiving from some injudicious lover of the babes a consignment of picture books for their immediate use. Heart without head, again! Some follower, she supposed, of Mr. M-n-n, who would have them all feed on the literature of human kindness and slobber on one another's necks in token of universal brotherhood. Pshaw! the nambypamby creed of an anti-patriot. Give her that of Mr. W-p-n. Let their young infants toss, tussle, fight, brawl, scream until they grow up with the agility of the Red Indian and the savage courage of the pioneer to become subscribers to the *Morning Post* and paviours of the Empire.

The donation called for drastic measures. With practised hand, the Librarian drew up, and the Committee endorsed the following

## LIBRARY RULES FOR INFANTS.

1. No books in whole or part containing pictures, and no other book whatsoever shall be issued to babes or to guardians or parents or any other person acting on their behalf.
2. No infant in his or her own person or by proxy shall enter the Library to consult any book referred to under No. 1.

"They'll find some loophole, I know," sighed the Librarian, "but its the best that I can do short of locking the doors, and public opinion isn't yet quite ripe for that."

## THE V.-C. GAINS AN ALLY.

Art was creating quite a furore in the University, and it was felt by many that when the grown-ups were having their lantern entertainments and mid-day concerts, it was childish to deny the children these pleasures of the simple life. The wise and genial architect who designed the great Hall knew better than to suppose that there was any eagerness to hear the tedious monologues of the platform, and gave precise instructions to the builder to play havoc with the acoustic qualities of the room. One may, therefore, sit in comfort in almost any part of it while lectures, good, bad and indifferent, drone out their weary tale. Would that he had had a free hand with the lecture theatres and classrooms! There his hand lost its cunning, and it is we who suffer. The Hall was ugly. The dull portraits of distinguished men barely relieved the gloom. Yet what a transformation—a touch of artistic genius, art-shade curtains, polish and whitewash in the vacation, and we came back one term to a palace of delight. Here, then, the children might fitly take their first steps in artistic education. But who should choose the pictures? Who but Dr. S-d-r., with his love of vivid painting—red, white, green, brown, blue, great blotches of colour mystic wonderful, and the very thing for children! As for Music, with happy inspiration, Professor R-g-r suggested that the nearest approach to a baby's rattle amongst classical composers would be found in Strauss and Debussy. The intricate noises of these masters wrought the infantile audience to a high pitch of excitement. They went home at the close of the entertainment crowing and cooing with artistic content. Mr. H-f-a took the occasion of a vote of thanks to make the *sacred* *Ancient* for a recent attack on the opinions of the V.-C. and his family. "He and Dr. S-d-r.," he said, "had had their differences" (Reproachful cries from various quarters of "Oh! Huffy, what *had* you done!"). "He was not referring," he continued, with dignity, "to disciplinary interviews, but to a letter he had contributed to that great and democratic journal, the *Gryphon*—a journal he might say in which every member of the University, from the noble Duke at its head, to the humblest lab. boy might meet on terms of intellectual equality." At this there was tremendous cheering amid which it is feared that some of the sonorous periods of the distinguished ex-editor were irretrievably lost. He is understood to have said, however, that he was at one with the V.-C. in his desire to make Leeds the Munich of the North, and to have offered to him his most cordial co-operation in what he feared from somewhat intimate acquaintance with the ugliness of our great northern cities would prove a Herculean task.

## DESOLATION.

The babes have disappeared. Why? When? Where? I do not know. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

## Our Dale.

THE country I live in is the most beautiful spot in all the broad acres of Yorkshire. This is a modest assertion, because visitors to our dale who have been in Scotland and Wales, and even Switzerland, have told me that they never wish to see finer scenery than that they find in our dale. When I tell this to Mr. Malender, our vicar, he smiles, and says, that it is only south country politeness; but as I say to him, nobody would be foolish enough to say what was untrue just because it was agreeable.

I have only to walk down the field in front of the house where I live, and from the wood-top I take in nearly the whole sweep of the dale. On my right hand at the head of the valley lies Mervaulx with its old abbey. In the haze of this autumn morning it is just a scattered group of smoking farmsteads, and the peat reek rises blue and soft over all that end of the valley. Pig-killing time is approaching, and some of the farmers are boiling pig potatoes. Through those trees a little nearer this way lies Casterby Hall. If we go a few steps further down the wood we can see it clearly. There, where the little brook wren is hopping about in the bare thorn bush, over that fence, you see the fish pond. It lies dark and still all the year round, no one ever fishes it unless some farm lad steals away at night to set a few night lines, and many are the tales about the thumping pike it holds. Beyond it lie the stables, and beyond them again, the hall, shattered and gloomy, for Lord Caster is an invalid, and must live on the Continent. His lady finds Casterby too dull, and divides her time between London and her lord. The hill which lies behind, and whose trees (now all bare save for a few flapping yellow leaves) are mirrored in the black pool below, is known to us as Casterby Head. The village boys slide down it in winter on sledges and chicken-coop lids. They wear down the snow until it is as hard and as smooth as ice, and as they come flying down the old hill, brant as a house roof, and plunge into the snowdrifts at the foot, the wood rings with their merry laughter, and the cawing of the indignant rooks overhead. Straight beneath us is Casterby. The cackling of fowls and grunt of a stray pig rise wonderfully clear in this frosty air. The dingling of iron comes from the smithy. That lichen-covered steeple is the church. The whistle that comes up so shrill and strong is being given forth by Richard Walker in the act of flogging his beasts. Rich has had a good harvest and he is whistling "Count your blessings." Last year he got a ten per cent. return in consequence of the wet summer and he whistled "Scatter seeds of kindness." He wets a strong lip and always whistles as he walks, but he only uses one tune at a time.

On our left, beyond where the high road out of Casterby runs through to Windcliffe, is a desolate place that divides our village from Flensby and the coast. It is called the "Marish," and we country folk call the few potato fields that have been reclaimed from it "t Carr."

Years ago, before drainage was understood, the river Caster used to overflow in the winter into this





MR. M. N. H. N.

dale, and with perpetual floodings the land became so cold and sour that it is good for naught, but we have lately got a canal driven right through it from Casterby to the sea, and the floods have ceased.

A kestrel is hovering at the level of my eyes, waiting to sink his talons in some cock robin down in the Holly Wood below. I like kestrels. They pose in the air so easily, they fall so swiftly and strike so cleanly. They make no noise and no apology. I once saw one make a mistake. I was sat among the whins at the wood top, drinking in the glorious haze and the luscious scent, quite still and alone with Nature, when a kestrel fell out of the sky not ten yards from me. He got what I thought was a young rabbit, and no doubt he thought so too. He soared up for about fifty feet and then came down like a stone. I got up out of curiosity to see the end of it, and as I came up, a weasel arched his back and ran away with a peculiar little scream. The hawk was quite dead. The weasel had won.

At the end of the Marsh the ground rises towards Flemsby, and just over the shoulder of the brow you can see the square tower of Flemsby Church and the red-tiled town clustering round it, and beyond that stretching away to meet the cloud line is the North Sea. Pale and grey it looks to-day, for the sun is dim and there is a thin haze in the distance, but in summer it lays like a turquoise set in malachite.

Across the marsh from where I stand are Windcliffe Woods, a forest stretching up from the valley to the heath which extends across the tableland to Windcliffe Village, a distance of five miles.

In the glades of these woods all kinds of wild things have their home. Death's-head moths and orange-tip butterflies are caught there by enthusiastic visitors. The woods teem with game, and its nearness to the marsh makes it the haunt of woodcock and snipe. Many a time in the winter months do we hear the double bang of the poacher's gun. They are seldom interrupted. The landlarks are not keen preservers, and it is cold-hearted work hunting desperate men in those dank and murky shades.

And now, having shown you our dale, I will turn in and have some dinner. A starling is sat on each of my dormer lights. They are preening their shiny feathers and squeaking and gurgling to each other, the rest of the flock are marching like a black army over my little lawn. In the bare bburum tree in the corner of my garden a robin is lifting on a curving twig. He is so near that as I stand I see the downy feathers on his pulled-out little throat shaking with the energy of his song.

A sparrow is struggling with a tremendous wheat straw in the eaves. That reminds me. I have to see a sample of wheat at the Hall Farm to-day. It's a poor trade, this corn trade. There is less to buy every year, and no profit on what the farmers buy from me.

RUSTICES.

### The Student Buys a Hat.

He is, of course, mad.

Naturally, he denies the fact, averring prejudice.

But the prejudice is all his own.

For he is mad. All hatters are mad. Everybody knows it.

Don't we say "As mad as a hatter"?

Very well, then.

Beside that, only a madman could sell hats.

Think of the bowler!

Think of the deer-stalker!!

Think, oh think, of the Gent's One Guinea and of Jackson's Three-and-Nine!!!

He lives amidst a shop full of them.

They are in white boxes piled up and up towards the ceiling. But he knows the ghastly secret of every box.

He dares not think about them.

They haunt him.

He has dreamed of St. Athanasius in a bowler.

And of J. Caesar in a deer-stalker.

And of Omar Khayyam in a Gent's One Guinea or a Jackson's Three-and-Nine.

So he is mad.

Observe him whilst he endeavours to sell you a hat.

"Soft felt hat, sir?" he says. "Yes, sir.

At about a guinea, sir? No! Three and ninepence! Very good, sir."

He produces a shapeless mass of gray pulp, and with a few deft blows he obtains an excellent representation of a stage Irishman's head-gear.

"Try that, sir," he says, triumphantly.

You do.

"There is the mirror," he adds, fiendishly.

A pale, foolish smile is your only resource when the mirror reveals its secret to you.

Your appearance justifies all that your future mother-in-law will say.

You have a vague remembrance of a music hall comedian whose appearance caused mirth.

You catch a glimpse of yourself in profile as revealed by the wing of the mirror, and you remove the hat hurriedly.

"We have here," says the hatter, "something slightly better at ten shillings."

At ten shillings!

You button your money-pocket tightly.

"This is it," he says malignantly.

It is a scumbore.

You think of Buffalo Bill, Hall Caine, and the Bandolero.

Moreover, you are pleased with the hatter. He evidently has understood what manner of man you are.

So you put the hat on.

The hatter says that we are having a nice shower after the rain.

The hatter's cut arches its back, and dashes out of the shop.

A small boy, in passing, catches sight of you, and whistles a tune you recognise.

You remove yourself from under the hat.

"Perhaps you would like something a little smaller," says the hatter.

You sigh acquiescence.

"This one is fifteen shillings," he goes on. "It is somewhat smaller."

It is.

It perches on your head jauntily, with a slight inclination towards one ear.

You remember a person named "Freddie," who delighted large audiences on Scarborough Sands with the aid of such a hat.

You remember a poem about a daisy which bloomed on a mountain side.

You begin to hate the hatter.

"That seems a trifle small, sir," he smiles. "Now here is a hat at a guinea which——"

You fix him with your eye.

He must be mad to charge a guinea for a felt hat. Mad!

You think of other ways of spending a guinea.

One might buy a ton of coals.

Or furnish a house (*vide advertisements*).

Or obtain the works of Max Beerbohm in Tree-calf.

Or take the "Encyclopædia Britannica" off some-one's hands.

Assuredly the hatter is mad.

You ask him if he thinks you are mad that he should demand a guinea for a felt hat.

He answers evasively.

Moreover, he approaches you with the hat.

You can see madness in his eyes.

You mentally vow that should you escape alive you will join the "no-hat" brigade.

He holds out the hat.

To pacify him you take it.

You are alone, you two. You and a hatter. Alone.

The street without is deserted.

A wild plan of dashing the hat down over the hatter's eyes and escaping in the confusion flashes through your brain.

But you note the size of his ears, and desist.

You dare not call out nor scream.

So you try on the hat.

He says it will do, and you dare not cross him.

You catch a sight of your pallid face in the glass, the ghastly smile upon your lips, the beads of chill sweat upon your brow.

The hat mocks you from its appointed place.

The hatter advances towards you.

Swiftly you hold out the hat to break his advance.

The air is palpitating with potential tragedy.

"You will take it?" he says.

Oh, for the courage to say "No," and die.

But you say "Yes," and live.

You are no match for a madman you tell yourself, let alone a hatter.

So your guinea changes hands, and you come away to write things about hatters.

AUBERON QUIN.

## Punch and Judy.

IN preparing this edition for the use of advanced students, I have been greatly aided by the Calvin Thomas edition of Goethe's "Faust," which is a book bearing a striking resemblance to the one before us now. A monumental work "Punch and Judy" has been called, and well it deserves the name. Within its covers is to be found matter of interest to everyone, whatever his tastes may be, and owing to the chapters on life at a modern University, the book is of peculiar interest to those for whom this edition is intended.

A few words must first be said on the origin and earliest traces of the Punch and Judy legend, now chiefly known to children. On the authority of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," it is avowedly of great antiquity. Briefly, this is what is known of it. Punch, or Punschella, came from Italy in the first place, and was introduced into France and England at the time of Louis XIV. and the Stuarts. One of the earliest known literary references is to be found in Pepys's Diary, where he speaks of some poor people who called their child Punch, "that word having become a word of common use for all that is thick and short." Later allusions are to be found in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and it is clear that Punch soon became a well-known figure in English life, although to-day he is consigned to the wandering showmen on the sands of our seaside resorts.

*How far the early legend gave rise to the play.*—Since the first appearance of "Punch and Judy," our literary men and philologists have exercised their wits on this problem with the usual blindness which seems to characterise those who will read into a play more than the author ever imagined. Indeed, he expressly tells us that he was unable to procure a copy of the old puppet play, and was obliged to rely upon what he and his friends could remember of the times they saw it in childhood. This being so, we need not seek the sources of the various scenes further afield than the mind of the author, and must not wonder that yielding to the feminist tendency of the age, he has made Punch play a subordinate part to Judy. Let us now take the book in detail and carefully consider it.

*Prologue.*—Here the author represents himself as sitting in his chair, wondering what he can write. Suddenly the idea forces itself upon him—What is the good of writing anything? Is it possible to say anything to-day which has not been said before? "When the world was young, it was so easy to be original, but now everything has been done from primitive man to man of a thousand years hence. What can I do? Let me begin at the beginning."

Primitive man would have bored me. Besides, he's too reminiscent of Rousseau. The Norman Conquest? No, there's "Hereward the Wake" and "Ivanhoe" already. The Elizabethans? Well, there's some hope there. Talk about Marie England and the Armada, bring in "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," have plenty of love and fighting to an accompaniment of "Gramercy! Marry come up, Gadzooks, 'Ods Bodikins"—but stop! That sounds familiar. It must have been said before and I shall have to leave

is. Besides, there's "Westward Ho." The Stuarts are romantic and interesting, but I'm getting rather tired of them and their glamour. The Georges always seem very stupid, so all that's left is the future. You have to be so scientific and accurate though nowadays, that that's out of the question for me, even if H. G. Wells and Kipling and Jules Verne hadn't worked it to death already. Still it would be rather amusing to write a prophecy of the future without making man either driven to live in the air or bored out of existence by new inventions.

After all, though, I think I'd better stick to the present. You can't very well get wrong in the local colour there. Still there was some very good stuff to be made out of the Victorian Sunday. However, I've decided on the present. But now I come back to the original difficulty. I want a subject. Shall I write a dialect sketch and delight all the English people? I would if I could. Shall I write a Suffragette novel and immortalise the sacred cause of woman's liberty to do as much damage as she likes? No, but I will write of woman's true needs, of how every thinking woman of to-day must realise that there is a great deal wrong in the world, and especially in the position of her own sex. This is what I will write about, how a little girl must meet so many things which she cannot understand, and as she grows older must pass through the Toil and Turnoil period of violent remedies until she sees that everything must be done slowly with the assistance of Time."

With these words, "Toil and Turnoil," the author strikes the note which furnishes us with the key to the whole book. Judy is the modern woman who rejects these ideas of her inferiority to the other sex, which have unconsciously been impressed upon her since her babyhood, and which man still believes. One point must not be lost sight of. The author does not say that women are the superiors of men, but that just as there are many men superior to many women, so there are many women superior to many men.

*The Book.*—The book opens with a monologue by Judy where she laments the fact that she is a woman. Men have far the best time of it, she is convinced, and who will try to dissuade her? Who has ever found a boy who wanted to be a girl, or a girl who did not envy boys?

Judy has more sense than to spend all her days lamenting. She makes up her mind to learn all that is possible, and forthwith decides to go to some provincial University and see what she can there. Sodel is the town she chooses, and she spends two years at it, two years which in many respects, are the most interesting of her life.

From the first the purely academical side loses much of its interest for her from the fact that she cannot attend lectures here and there as she wants, but must settle down to some prescribed course. The social side has much more interest for her, but when her first enthusiasm has worn off, Judy sees all the littleness behind, and realises how much better things could be made. The mere enjoyment part is fairly well supported, but when Judy sees how everybody is too lazy to help the more serious side, she falls into despair at the prevailing selfishness and

lack of interest in anything outside work and enjoyment. She sees a society open to all, which cannot get more than twenty or thirty to attend its meetings and listen, let alone speak. She sees another where those who have joined do turn up pretty regularly for the sake of the tea which they have paid for beforehand, but who sit mute and irresponsible after the paper has been read, until they are told that the meeting is closed—unless perchance some member of the staff dares to lift up his voice for a moment, only to repent him of his temerity as he gazes round and so no one has enough interest in the subject to continue. She sees other societies with dwindling numbers and dwindling funds, but worst of all to Judy is the position of the magazine. Everybody buys it, but how few are interested in it? The few contributors are for the greater part unknown, the same signature rarely appears twice. The magazine which ought to be the biggest thing in college, the magazine which goes to other Universities as a type of Sodel, is of no interest whatsoever to the average student, who would as soon think of supporting it as he would of speaking at a society meeting, whilst the few who do write for it are looked upon wonderingly as strange animals who rather like to show off.

Judy is young and enthusiastic, and all this aloofness from college interests disheartens her, especially the position of the women. Each of the societies they join makes careful regulations about having them represented on its committee, but how much good do they do there? The women are far more enthusiastic and unselfish than the men, yet they get no real share in college life, and it is not entirely their fault.

Acting as a foil to these serious chapters, we have many full of the cheerful view which Judy always takes, whatever happens. The part dealing with the lighter side of college life is responsible for much of the humour which no part of the book is entirely without, even the gloomiest scenes of the Second Part.

The tennis courts are the scenes of many passages, whether a crowded tea tray is being upset without a word being said, or whether tennis is made a more manly game by being attempted in a pipe and boots. Committees are appointed to creep round profs., and in this connection Judy gives us the rules which she has drawn up for college etiquette. "You know there really ought to be some definite way of approaching profs. and addressing them. I wonder if they'd mind being called Prof. for short. It's such a mouthful to say, 'Yes, Professor Thungumyig.' And it's worse on an envelope when you have to go over the edge of the paper." Hence her useful little page of advice.

The darkest cloud has a silver lining, and Judy can get some benefit even out of June (the month when she composes that exquisite little lyric):—

If all the year were just like June,

And all the months as hot,

And all exams grew thick as yams,

O should we die or not?

"But even exams. have their uses," says Judy. The last lot I got enough pens to last me for two terms. The nibs are quite decent too, and I'm hoping this



EXAMS: A PRAYER.

In attempting one solitary question to answer  
On the end of my pen, I've almost sucked a cancer.

A boon, Ye Gods—from out this madly-scribbling crowd  
Grant that at least one other should be ploughed.

month to lay in a sufficient quantity, with the assistance of kind friends, to see me over next year. What I do object to in exams, is their length—they make you so hungry when you've had no breakfast—and their impertinence. Just think of the calm, cool way they order you to "Show from the given data that So and So follows," to "Explain briefly." "Briefly!" forsooth! As if any sane person would, or could, do anything else! Then the way in which they fire off a statement at you, and tell you to criticise it! Not a "please" or "would you" in the whole paper, but all unvarnished imperatives! Really, who would think that the people who set these papers could be so urbane and courteous in class?"

Judy herself found so many other things much more interesting than her own work that she came to the conclusion that she had better find some way out of taking any exams, and at last solved the problem. At each exam, she took her place—cutting was not an artistic enough method for Judy—sat busily for half an hour and then came out, leaving to the examiner what would have been a fair clean book if each page had not been marked with a large "Votes for Women!"

After this escapade, Judy thinks she will join the Suffragettes, and see what they are doing to help women, but is soon disgusted. She cannot have the slightest sympathy for militant tactics, and even feels a little contempt for them when she contrasts the amount of damage she could have enjoyed doing if she had thought it her duty, with the little real damage the Suffragettes have done, barring the destruction of a few isolated and scattered houses and games' pavilions. She wants to try some time in prison, and finds no difficulty in getting there without endangering life by her actions, and thoroughly enjoys the new experience, even though she has not courage enough to hunger strike.

After learning all she can from the Suffragettes, Judy leaves them, and thus she spends her time, gaining every kind of experience possible, learning Italian, Greek, learning to swim, row, play auction bridge, drive a motor car, in fact, everything that comes her way, until Punch appears, and their subsequent marriage makes them both "as pleased as Punch." Punch attracts Judy because he has as great a sense of humour as she has. "A sense of humour is as valuable as a sense of proportion," she says once, and it is another of those utterances in which the author paints Judy for us.

With the marriage we come to the end of the First Part of "Punch and Judy." It is not our province here to deal with the Second Part which, unlike the first, contains much that is really based on the old legend, but a brief consideration of it will be of value to the earnest student of the earlier part. It deals with the subsequent married life of Punch and Judy with their disagreements and quarrels which lead to Punch's disappearance and to calling in Robert the detective. He is neither the typical sleuth-hound of fiction nor the type which rising at first in defiance of him, bids fair to become a type itself to-day. Needless to say, the author refers to the placid, easy-going style which unites bulk with agility and, disarming suspicion by his ponderous good nature, is always successful in the end.

With Robert's aid, Punch is discovered on a desert island, whither Judy follows him, only to find her husband reduced to a trunk, since prolonged starvation had compelled him to eat first his left arm and then other members in succession, until nothing but the trunk is left. After his death in her arms, we come to the famous cremation scene, which reminds us of the Judy of the first book, the Judy who now returns as she continues with new and supernatural experiences on the island till the truth of the Prologue is at last borne in upon her, that the convulsions of the Toil and Turmoil period are useless, and that changes must be wrought gradually. Then, and not till then, does she come back to England and make a fortune by running her desert island as a health resort.

VIRDO.

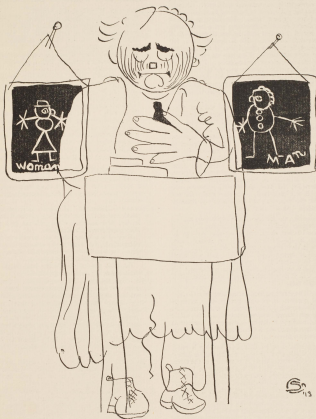
### Germany: Some Impressions.

It is unfortunate (if I were an alarmist I should say it was dangerous) that so many of us see Germany through one of two distorting mirrors. Seen through one, Germany appears as a fat man with a drooping moustache and a large beer-mug in his hand. The other shows us a stern, hard man all "blood and iron." If he drinks at all it is "To the day . . ." The first vision flatters our self-esteem; the second provides us with an extra Dreadnought now and then, or even with an airship. The funny man and the alarmist both rush in where the observer fears to tread. It is always dangerous to generalise about other nations; but to generalise about Germany is simply fatal. It is hardly necessary to point out that any civilisation is full of contrasts; in Germany these contrasts are multiplied to a bewildering extent, in whichever direction one looks.

Almost every system of government is represented in the German Empire, from the bureaucracy of Prussia and the despotism of Mecklenburg to the democracy of South Germany and the city-states of the North. Or, take religion; one is apt to think of Germany as the great stronghold of Protestantism on the Continent; yet a third of Germany is Catholic, and intensely Catholic. Or one speaks of the "German peasant." Which? The labourer of the North-East, with the taste of serfdom not yet out of his mouth, or the small holder of Central and Southern Germany.

These are external contrasts, taken at random and so obvious that one hesitates to set them down. But they prove at least the danger of trying to sum up Germany in a phrase or a caricature.

They are not difficult of explanation, once one has realised (not merely known as a fact) that the German Empire is only forty years old. When the small states flourished, local influences, such as the religion or political views of the rulers, were all powerful in moulding the populations of the various states. This constant submission to an external authority is one of the "notes" of Germany. It explains, amongst other things, the strength of Socialism in Modern Germany, just as it explains the strength and solidarity of the Catholic party. The Socialist and the Catholic hold views which are poles apart,



"THE VICE-CHANCELLOR."

An experiment in occultism after the Geometrico-Neo-Paleo fashion.

but they agree in accepting, almost without question, these views from an external authority. A still more striking example is to be found in the constitutions of the student clubs. The German student enjoys almost unlimited freedom; yet if he becomes a member of a student-club, he has to submit to a cast-iron code of rules. He is heavily fined, for example, if he fails to attend one of the meetings without sufficient excuse (I can see the envy on the faces of the secretaries of our Societies). The German has thus had a political history entirely different from ours. When we left behind the Middle Ages, we did it as a whole. But you may find bits of the Middle Ages in the mind of the most practical German of to-day.

Some mysterious quality of the German mind allows the most varied intellectual plants to flourish side by side. The *duel*, for example, is a recognised part of the social system; the Germans, as is their habit, justify it on all sorts of abstruse grounds. Best the fundamental idea, the appeal to personal strength belongs to other times. Or, to take another example. Some time ago an English musical critic visited Bayreuth, where the great Wagner Festival is held. He grew quite indignant at the way in which the Germans drank beer during the intervals; for him, the whole impression was shaken, if not destroyed. But the critic did not know his German, who can drink beer and drink in "Lohengrin" at the same time.

Occasionally, the romantic and the practical clash—to the outsider, that is. Imagine a students' "duel." [This word is not exact, but as we have not the institution, it will have to pass.] A smoky room, students in their gay colours, mysterious rites. You may call it romantic or silly—but you will agree that it is essentially of another age. Then just before the fight begins, they solemnly disinfect the swords. . . . It sounds too delicious to be true, but it is a simple fact.

It would be tempting here to talk about the German sense of humour—if, as some people deny, there is any. But accusing other people of not having this priceless gift, usually means simply that tastes differ. We have no right to set up our sense of humour as the absolute standard; let us be satisfied if it affords us entertainment on our little trips abroad.

The question of Anglo-German friendship is much too large a subject to be even touched upon here—besides, I believe that most of us are sick of the topic. I will only remark that it is necessary to know a person, before one can be friends with him; and it is essential that two nations should not misunderstand each other too hopelessly, if they are going to be on decent terms. In the last ten years, we have made a serious effort to understand the French; the comic Frenchman, with his impossible top-hat and feebleness at sports, is now no more. Carpenter knocked him out finally the other day, when he knocked out Wells. I can only hope that the German visions I spoke of at the beginning of this sketch may fade away as soon—and with less hurt to our pride.

J.W.C.

## Hints to a would-be Barcelona.

1. **HEADGEAR.** (For those who wear it). Brown or green sleek long-haired Hamburgs, with a small negligé bow at centre back, and small partridge feather a little north by east—are absolutely the *sine qua non*—or as Bunn's have it "Everybody's buying 'em." For those who think summer is coming we suggest the hay-maker's rush-bud with a *garniture à la Brant newelle*.  
N.B.—Don't forget the Panama makes a man-of-*pe—vide Puck*, 1893 (?)
2. **HAIR.**—(a) If straight. Comb severely back with coarse comb, and use not less than half pint of the best *huile vierge provençale*.  
(b) If wavy. Part down centre, brush sleekly each side of parting for the space of one inch, and then form into two horizontal ringlets. Any spare curls should be well rubbed with brillantane and smoothed down behind the ears.  
N.B.—Large ears are here often of great use.
3. **FACE.**—"Leave well alone," or if it be not well—well!  
N.B.—Cleanliness is essential. We can recommend water and soap (Moonlight or Talcotic), or if these are too destructive of spring's roses, try grease paint, No. 3 carmine, Gamage's, 3d. per stick.
4. **COLLAR.**—"Butterfly" of course. Soft are quite passé, unless they be elongated about 6 inches leeward and fastened with gold pin (3 a rd., Marks and Spencer's, Beigate).  
N.B.—These latter collars can be cleansed very efficiently by the vacuum dry cleanser (this fact will be welcomed by our rheumatic readers), or a tennis marker and whitewash.  
Ed. Is it possible this is the long sought for explanation of "whited sepulchres?"
5. **TIE.**—Spotted-dog. Blue and white. Size of spots to suit or obliterate wearer from the onlooker's eye. Consult face in looking glass.
6. **SKIRT.**—Coat. Very long, almost a covert coat, slight fullness round the hips to emphasise the slender waist. Waistcoat. Not less than two buttons as the lower one must always remain undone. Cut low to expose  $1\frac{1}{2}$  sq. ft. of shirt patterned à la Ganga. Both should be of a vivid cinnamon brown or lively check. This is quite the latest.
7. **TROUSERS.**—Very wide on the upper section, tapering to a hobble at the ankle. Well turned up—once only. This is to let your unwary fellow being catch sight of your cory.
8. **SPATS.**—Winter—Brown felling. Summer—White linen, retouched with our patent blanco. The buttons reveal the identity of the wearer; we plump for the recherche green bone cetsagon.  
N.B.—Pense observe that the spats ought to be quite the *pièce de résistance* of this outfit; presumably a subdued sock will be worn under; but we will just give you a word on.
8. **SHOES.**—Patent leather, toes blocked at least  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., heels ditto à la Cuban.—"I am the Bandidero."



## ADVICE—

*Look before you leap.*

*Consult a friend before you make your debut.*

*Claustrophobia is next to multi-tasks.*

*A face in need is a face indeed.*

We recommend the following books on this most interesting subject:—

1. "Oil, its uses and abuses, the Cult of the Crop, or this Season's Harvest." By R. C. Gr—m, C. B—n—m and E. B—t—r.

2. "Autobiography of a Mad Hatter." By Gaby.

3. "Ties of all Sorts." A compendium of Neckwear by D—x—n M—sh—l and W—th—st—n.

4. "The A.B.C. of Suits." By Abd—l W—l—b.

5. "What's What in Spats." By R. H. W. G. B—r—n— and consult the Minute-book of the Anti-spat League.

6. "The Yearbook of the Pavement, or Discours sur l'Inégalité de Cuir." By the author of "Les belles rues sans merci."

THE CRACKED KNOT.

THE HARASSED DOG.

## Professor Sch-dd-k-pf.

Thus, we may observe to begin with, is a Post-Impressionist sketch in the true sense of the word. It is exactly ten days since we had the pleasure of a lecture from Professor Schüddokopf, and accordingly we write with a mind full of Impressions which really are of the Post style, if we may be allowed to say so. Now that we have got this comfortably settled, we can go on with a clear conscience, satisfied that our readers will put down all our gaps, all our lack of solid facts, to the Vice-Chancellor's Post-Impressionist speech of last term, and instead of asking for an authentic biography, will be content with this short and imaginative sketch.

Convicted on his own evidence of having been born in Hanover a little over half a century ago Professor Schüddokopf is yet thoroughly at home with the English language and English customs. A great part of his life has been spent in England, and for some years he and Mrs. Schüddokopf have been very closely connected with the University of Leeds; in fact, although he has fewer students than almost any other member of the staff, Professor Schüddokopf is the Dean of the Faculty of Arts. After this introduction we may go on in his own words.

"You will readily understand," he says with a fatherly beam, "that I find much to employ my time. The philological instinct was always very keen with me, and though I have occasionally thought of taking up other things, I have always come back to my philological studies. *On reviens toujours à ses premiers amours*, and the study of philology is far more interesting than novels." By the bye, I do wish one of you would write a dissertation on German swear words. It would be a most interesting subject—do you agree? Some of these forms are very curious, you know. When I was at the University, there was a student there who was doing a similar one for French. Divine curiosity is the beginning of civilisation, and how nice it is to be able to go so far back in the history of words. Did it ever strike you to wonder how they gained their present forms?—and then just think of the most charming epic expressions

we are constantly meeting in our Old and Middle High German. Why cannot the Suffragettes read Walther's idea of a woman, or compare themselves and Gudrun? You are well aware how scary I was to find one of my students knowing the word "Frauentimmrecht," though I would not go so far as to say that that will never become an *faul accepfli*. We shall soon—bein?

"My hobbies? Well, of course, my favourite one is collecting translations of "Faust." There are 33 issued, of which I already have 25 and I hope to get the other eight in time. Every poet has in his desk an unfinished translation of "Faust." Might I first say a word about the Göchhausen or Urfaust?—O yes, I beg your pardon. Further details to be found in another place."

To describe Professor Schüddokopf in one word, "fatherly" must be the one chosen. Sometimes this fatherliness has a little too much paternal strictness about it, and the unlucky mortals who have cut one single lecture or not prepared a piece of translation, are tempted to wish that their professor had as many students as other professors, who are thus compelled to look over trifling individual sins of this nature and leave the sinner to his own conscience. As a rule, however, the relations between Professor Schüddokopf and his class are excellent, and a general tone of good humour prevails. The Final Class has its importance, we suppose, but of course the only lectures which really count are those of the Honours course. How well we know those lectures where someone is "put on the dissecting table," or where you are told, "Now a very easy question, Miss—". There is no knowledge of German required. I am ashamed to ask this question, I really am. I beg your pardon—please forgive me. Now I appeal with confidence to your common sense." And how vain these appeals are! Why an appeal to your common sense should immediately fill you with chaotic imaginings that would do credit to an opium eater, is a problem that must be left unsolved as far as we are concerned.

How well we know the eagerness with which Professor Schüddokopf welcomes questions, how he asks, "Does one of you know?" and when no light is forthcoming, proceeds clearly to explain the peculiarity from the beginning, going back to the Gothic, or re-constructing it, coming through Latin, noticing the English cognate form, with a passing reference to Anglo-Norman, and ending with an example of the Modern German use in "*einem sehr bekanneten Ausdruck*." Who could help learning from his lectures? Every Honours Mods. who at the end of the three years finishes his or her period of the ever-revolving cycle of lectures—for taking Honours Mods. is very like going to a Picture House, you go in when you want, and when the same thing comes round again, you go out—must go down with a very vivid and grateful recollection of Professor Schüddokopf's benignant fatherliness. Indeed those who only meet him for an hour or two a week can never forget it, or those who know him only in private life. Surely it should be one of his claims upon Leeds University that he has brought his wife amongst us, for Professor and Mrs. Schüddokopf will always be remembered by the students, the one for her dramatic triumphs, the other for his lecturing, and both for the practical interest they have always taken in the University.

## A Modern Cincinnatus.

Lines read at a Dinner given to H. LITTLEWOOD, Esq., M.Sc., F.R.C.S., Honorary Surgeon to the Leeds Infirmary, on his retirement, by his Colleagues on the Infirmary Staff, May 1911, 1912.

As Cincinnatus in the days of yore,  
His triumphs won, his latest battle o'er,  
Laid down his arms and sheathed his grey blade,  
And home retired to plough his native glade,  
OER CINCINNATUS, sabbate with renown,  
Quits SURGERY and throws his scalpels down,  
And towards the BROADS of NORFOLK doth retire,  
To plough his farm and play the country squire;  
His greatest joy to hear his turnips praised,  
And boast the crops of cabbages he's raised,  
His well-conditioned porkers to survey,  
And estimate the prospects of his hay,  
His OATS (the faw sort, not the awd) to sow,  
To hear his ducklings quack, his bantams crow.

With eye expert he passes in review  
The points of cow or bullock, ram or ewe.  
The cares of practice, now left far behind,  
Disturb no more the agricultural mind,  
Or, if nocturnal summons call him now,  
'Tis but to succour some afflicted cow.

After his name, we presently shall see,  
He drops F.R.C.S. and writes J.P.  
Each rogue and vagrant whom he has to try  
Quails visibly before His Worsnip's eye,  
Who as incentive to amend his ways,  
Inflicts Five Shillings fine or "Seven days."  
"He goes on Sunday to the church," and you  
May note his peaceful slumber in his pew.  
Perchance in dreams he wanders back once more  
And haunts that theatre so loved of yore,  
And you may fancy what a weird sensation  
Thrills through the parson, clerk and congregation,  
When, should some clatter his sensorium prick,  
He starts up crying loudly: "Sponge, Nurse! Quick!"

As still I muse on that which yet may be,  
A vision of the future comes to me:  
I see the day when Benedict may own  
"It is not good for man to live alone."  
Strong though the knots tied by the surgeon's skill,  
The knot the parson ties binds firmer still.  
Three times in church the banns are duly cried,  
And Benedict brings home his buxom bride.  
May happy years flow like some peaceful river,  
And little LITTLEWOODS fill full his QUIVER!

Forgive my chaff, Good Friend and Colleague true,  
Too soon has come the day we part with you,  
Whom ever in our mind we all shall rate,  
As ONE WHO PLAYED THE GAME AND PLAYED IT  
STRAIGHT.

SCORNE TO SUBORN HIS ART TO SELFISH ENDS,  
AND MADE FEW ENEMIES AND MANY FRIENDS.  
TWIXT THREE AND ME I cannot call to mind  
One single act, word, look that was unkind.

To weave his triumphs into song I'd try,  
But terms and subjects too alike defy.  
Who could treat VERMIFORM APPENDICES in verse?  
And GASTRO-ENTEROSTOMY is worse!  
While practice deals, Good Heavens! with many a  
thing  
No gentleman could ask his Muse to sing!

Enough to say that in the SURGEON'S ART  
He laboured and excelled in every part;  
*Artem Chirurgicam ad auxilium ad amant*  
*Et nihil teligit quod non curavit.*

Long may he flourish still to grace life's stage  
Like sturdy oak tree in a green old age.  
The oak falls not when tree more brittle would,  
So LIFE AND HEALTH TO

HARRY LITTLEWOOD! J.B.H.

## To Hebe of the Refectory.

Much I love you, gentle maiden!  
With your bright extended hair,  
And my breast with sorrow laden  
Lightens at your bill-of-fare;  
As I scan each item sadly,  
Vainly seeking something there,  
My poor breast is beating madly,  
Beating madly with despair.  
Ever tripping like a fairy,  
Ever calm, demure and neat;  
Bearing produce from the dairy,  
Ever bearing things to eat,  
Beef and beer, and rolls and butter,  
Steaks and kidneys, toast and tea,  
And my heart is in a flutter,  
Every time you look at me.  
Waiting, still for ever waiting  
On a soulless hungry crew,  
Each and all of them I'm hating,  
As you vanish from my view.  
Still I wait in hungry sadness,  
Whilst my brain is in a whirl!  
Till I'm goaded into madness,  
"Where the d--l is that girl?—ANON.

## Winter Song.

T' fall mein is up over t' craw-wood slacks,  
An' t' sezann mals in t' wud,  
An' t' trods is slaps, an' t' dry twigs cracks  
As we tramps tiv oor skinn' fads.  
For ho! it's a keen black frost my lads,  
An' t' mere 'll beair to neet.  
An' we'll away efter t' mears is fed  
Ti skait in the waa meen-leet.  
Let them at will sing o' rahndy boughs,  
An' stars on the window pain;  
For a rahndy-frost is a pest to yowes,  
An' three white-frosts brings ruin.  
For bon! it's a reet black-frost my lads,  
An' t' curlew whewls over heid;  
Sei let's away when we've weest an' supped  
Ti skait wald the mill-pownd's heid.  
She hings i' t' sky like a hawk alein,  
As she freezes t' tompps through,  
An' oer leet is as cawd as a silver steak,  
Bud its laik for us and t' ploa.  
For ho! it's an' ill black-frost my lads,  
For them at mun lig in t' feld.  
Bud we've got beds, an' 'll warm 'em too,  
When we've gotten we runners steeed.  
When we've settled oor beds on t' ice, lads,  
At rings an' sings an' gleams.  
When we've gliden a mahl iv a trice, lads,  
Beneath the pail meen-beams.

## A Martinmas Chunter.

There's roundabouts whistlin at Scarborough fair,  
 At t' Martinmas statstee i' Newborough street;  
 An' cockshies, an' swing-buils, an' t' sarcus is there,  
 An' all sorts o' goodies an' apples ti eat,  
 An' shootin' an' lather, an' fun's in the air.  
 A went along t' street, an' A com up agein,  
 Fra t' Martinmas statstee i' Newborough street;  
 An' A wisht at A'd niver adein what A's dein.  
 For wheh sud A jump wi', an' wheh sud A meet.  
 Bud or at A went wi', an' checked to wed Jela.  
 She wore a broon driss an' a socklet o' skin,  
 At t' Martinmas statstee i' Newborough street;  
 An' leuk'd just as frish as she leuk't fahve year sin.  
 But she cut me as deid as a smuff't cannell lect.  
 A know'd she did rect, an' A felt mra as sin.  
 A sed to mysen when A wold er: "Deant bed!"  
 (Is t' Martinmas statstee i' Newborough street?)  
 "Thoo mud ha' wed Mary at teiches in t' skell.  
 Bud thoo's wedded a plein an' a twahny aud free!  
 For t' brass she cud bring thi. Thoo's been a  
 gret feil!"  
 An' throngs o' broon farm-lads com by iv a swarm.  
 A wanted a shipped, an' twel lads ti ploo.  
 Noo if A'd wed Mary, A'd nut have had t' farm.  
 A's mred my awn bed, an' A'll lig on it noo.  
 Efter all—she's all reet—an' there's no gret harm.  
 LITTLE JOHN.

## Que Voulez-vous.

(The Author protects himself against the law of libel by stating that no particular refreshment room has inspired him.—Ed.)

Our refreshment-room looks splendid, when the tables  
 all are laid,  
 With the glassware and the silver all most tastefully  
 arrayed,  
 Whilst the waitresses look charming in their uniforms  
 so neat,  
 And the only thing that's wanted there is something  
 fit to eat!  
 There are flowers upon the tables, and the cutlery is  
 bright,  
 And the water in the glasses gleams pellucid in the  
 light,  
 The manageress is very fair, and her smiles are always  
 sweet,  
 As you pay for what you haven't had, and what you  
 couldn't eat!  
 In their night-gowns come the sheep from far New  
 Zealand's grassy plains,  
 Whilst the beef from Argentine cause grievous bitter  
 pains,  
 The "resurrection pie" won't rise, amorphous is the  
 meat,  
 And the bread wants badly rolling ere the roll is fit  
 to eat!  
 All the puddings are a nightmare, and the pastry's  
 far from gay,  
 A perusal of the menu takes one's appetite away.  
 You are disappointed in your soup, your entrée, and  
 your sweet,  
 The only thing that's good is beer, and that's not fit  
 to eat.  
 ANON.

## The Light that Failed.

I shall take with jubilation  
 The D.—D.— Examination  
 Just like winking, with the accent on the wink;  
 I'm a mass of erudition,  
 And spontaneous volition,  
 Sort of Roosevelt, with a dash of Masterlinck.  
 I can write an Essay racy,  
 On Bernard Shaw or Lacy,  
 Ne'er a logarithm terror has for me;  
 And I never think of swottia'  
 At Geology or Latin,  
 Or Physics, or Organic Chemistree.  
 I am great at Mathematics,  
 Navigation, Graphic Statics,  
 Music, Hebrew, German, French and Botanie;  
 At Epochs Chronological  
 And Tables Posological  
 E'en Faraday no light could hold to me.  
 The Exam. was pure enjoyment,  
 Though it meant a week's employment,  
 For I wrestled with those subjects one by one;  
 But to my intense amazement,  
 And my subsequent abasement,  
 I had scored no marks for anything I'd done.  
 ANON.

A Plea for Nothing except perhaps  
Paganism.

We are all dissatisfied with ourselves; excepting, of  
 course, those who ought to be. We are all discon-  
 tented with our lots and with the lots of others, whose  
 condition we seek not to improve. Everywhere  
 around us is dissatisfaction and unrest; even  
 scavengers and university demonstrators are not  
 content with their wages. We are all so sick with  
 things that we organise clubs, societies and con-  
 ferences to slaver in a weary and wearying way over  
 the present condition of England; Merrie England  
 forsooth, where the lower classes go to the workhouse,  
 the middle classes to church, and the upper classes  
 to the devil.

The cause of all this unrest and disease we do not  
 know; the most uneasy and discontented of us are  
 least able to explain the nature of our troubles. Like  
 the historic washerwoman at Guy's Hospital, we do  
 not know where we feel ill; No! we have no pain  
 exactly, but "something's the matter, sort of all  
 over."

Commercialism and its foster daughter, twentieth  
 century Christianity, are responsible for a good deal.  
 The one leads to hell direct, the other says, in  
 Hythloday's words, "You cannot enter heaven with  
 a smile." The one brings us days full with the calcula-  
 tion of dead things, the other, that still worse day of  
 torpor and rest when the emptiness of goodness is  
 proved and all but dreariness is forbidden.

We have six days of trial and one of atonement.  
 Let us have seven of anything else and leave the  
 atonement over. Let us have one day at least for  
 gladness and pleasure.  
 ISSUICANT.

## Correspondence.

THE UNIVERSITY,  
LEEDS, June 12th, 1913.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

May I ask you in the coming number of the Gryphon to draw the attention of your readers to the fact that students may, immediately on graduating, become members of Convocation by paying the fee of half-a-guinea—not for a year, but for life—and thus maintain a life-long connection with and interest in their old University.

Further, if too far away from Leeds to be able to attend the meetings of this body, which is by the Charter one of the Authorities of the University, he or she can, nevertheless, put any suggestions likely to be of value to the policy of the University in the form of resolutions which, if duly seconded, will be submitted to the consideration of Convocation and, if carried, will be passed on to the Executive Authorities.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR E. CHAPMAN,

Clerk of the Convocation.

To Miss J. M. Greenwood.



## DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

## Union Tell-Tale.

No. of Meetings, 12.

Ainley .. ..	11	Silcock .. ..	9
Bingham .. ..	9	Sweeting .. ..	5
Brown .. ..	8	Waddell .. ..	10
Butler .. ..	8	Walter .. ..	7
Coggill .. ..	9	Weeks .. ..	12
Forster .. ..	3	Miss Valey .. ..	7
Huggins .. ..	8	Miss Standing ..	8
Masgrave .. ..	1	Miss Reynolds ..	6
Roebeck .. ..	3		

NORLEY C. WEEKS.

## The Literary and Historical Society.

Newly Elected Committee.

President: Professor MOORMAN.

Vice-Presidents:

Miss Chadwick. Mr. Ladell.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss Robertson, B.A.

Hon. Secretaries:

Miss J. Head. Mr. S. Cohen.

Committee: Above with

Miss Hole. Mr. Walsall.

Miss Turney. Mr. Williams.

## President of the W.R.C. 1912-13.

With the end of another College year comes the inevitable change of President for the W.R.C., and while we gladly welcome the new President, it is with regret that we see Miss Valey relinquish her office.

The year has not been a very eventful one, but the usual social functions have been very successfully carried out during Miss Valey's presidency.

Ungrudgingly has she given much time and energy to the fulfilment of her duties, and to the consideration of anything which concerned the welfare of her fellow-students. Her colleagues on the W.R.C. can testify to the ability and tact with which she has dealt with all business, and they will join with all her fellow-students in expressing their regret that her year of office has come to an end and in wishing her every success in her future career.

## The Engineering Society.

The twenty-seventh Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, June 18th, in the University Refectory.

The following Officers were elected for the session 1913-1914:—

President:

Professor GOODMAN, M.Inst.C.E., M.Inst.Mech.E.

Vice-Presidents:

The Vice-Chancellor.

Dr. William Stroud, M.A.

Professor Archibald Barr, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E.

Wilson Hartnell, Esq., M.Inst.Mech.E.

G. D. Aspinall Parr, Esq., M.Inst.Elect.E.

Ewing Matheson, Esq., M.Inst.C.E.

Henry McLaren, Esq., M.Inst.Mech.E.

Professor J. W. Cobb, B.Sc.

E. J. Silcock, Esq., M.Inst.C.E.

J. Gilchrist, Esq., Assoc.M.Inst.C.E.

J. H. Wicksteed, Esq., M.Inst.C.E.

Honorary Treasurer: Wilson Gardner, Esq.

Honorary Secretaries: E. H. Croft, Esq.

R. Briggs, Esq.

Committee:

To represent Day Students—

R. Briggs. B. A. Berry.

J. Webster. G. B. Whitaker.

H. G. Jackson. W. J. C. Garrard.

To represent Evening Students—

W. P. Snell.

## To represent Past Students—

A. E. Green. | C. Hartnell.  
R. O. Seville. | A. C. Bingham.

## To represent Associate Members—

A. Towler.

Auditors: B. L. Broadbent.

G. T. Goodman.

Assistant Secretary: Mr. G. W. Smith.

## The Social Study Society.

A JOINT Committee Meeting of the Social Study Society (S<sup>2</sup>) and the Women's Discussion Society was held on Tuesday, June 10th, when the following resolutions were carried:—

- (1) That the S<sup>2</sup> and W.D.S. shall be amalgamated to form one Society called the Social Study Society.
- (2) That, if carried at the general meeting at the end of next session, the Committee shall not exceed fifteen in number, and shall consist of:—President, two Vice-Presidents, two Secretaries and other members. To these may be added a number of Honorary Vice-Presidents, who shall not have the power to vote at committee meetings.
- (3) That the women's members of the Committee shall form a sub-committee, to which they may co-opt two other members, and that the work of this committee shall be:—
  - (a) To arrange two meetings each session, one in each of the first and second terms, which shall be open to women students only;
  - (b) To undertake annually some piece of Social Work, such as the present entertainment given in the summer term to one of the girls' clubs.
- (4) (a) That after the fixed working expenses of the Society have been paid, a sum of money, not exceeding the total women's subscriptions, shall be handed over to the sub-committee for their special work.
- (b) That any money handed over by the W.D.S. shall be reserved for the use of this sub-committee.

The Committee was then elected as that already elected by the S<sup>2</sup>, together with Miss Hill, Miss Mawson, Miss Roff and Miss Sutcliffe, from the W.D.S.

Miss Hill was elected Women's Secretary owing to the resignation of Miss Crowther.

The annual subscription was fixed at 2s. without tea, and 2s. 6d. with tea.

The present Committee is:—

President—Henry Clay, Esq., B.A.

Vice-Presidents—Miss Robertson, Miss Thomson, Prof. Cohen, Prof. Macgregor, Prof. Priestley, Mr. Rowell.

Secretaries—Miss Hill, Mr. J. A. Hartley.

## Committee—

Misses Crowther, Jole, Mawson, Roff, Snowden, Sutcliffe, Umanski.  
Messrs. Bell, Cohen, Harrap, Shaw, Wetherston, Webster, Weeks.

## Medical School.

AN interesting function took place at the School on Friday, May 30th, when the students gave a farewell Dinner to Mr. Littlewood.

After the Dinner, Mr. Thomas, in proposing the health of Mr. Littlewood, expressed the great regret of all students at losing such a friend, especially at a time when we could ill afford such a loss. He named the Smoke-room at the Infirmary as one of the many things we owed to Mr. Littlewood, and much as his loss was to Yorkshire and the North, much greater was it to the students. He drew our attention to another resignation, which had been announced about the same time, and amidst roars of laughter left us to draw our own conclusions.

He said it was not for him to talk about Mr. Littlewood's skill as a surgeon, for that was well known the world over; but what he, as a former dresser, would miss was the cheery "Good morning" in the wards and the familiar "Sponge, sister, sponge" in the theatre. He asked Mr. Littlewood to accept a silver cigar and cigarette box as a memento from the students.

Mr. Littlewood, who was received with cheers, spoke with some feeling at first, and said how glad he was to have received the present from one of his old dressers, and whenever he used it, it would always remind him of the pleasant time he had had at Leeds. He said that after being hard at it for day and night for over 25 years, he thought he was entitled to a rest.

He spoke of the pitfalls which beset the way of the Medical man and warned us against them, but said we should fall as he had done before us. In conclusion, he said he would like to present every student present with a signed photograph of himself. At the close of the proceedings, Mr. Littlewood was ushered into a horseless landau and dragged amidst great cheers through the streets of Leeds. It was our intention to proceed along Bear Lane and Briggate, but at his earnest wish we desisted, and turning round in City Square we made our way to his home via Park Row and Great George Street.

We then visited several well-known places in the town, and the party did not break up till well into the early hours of the morning, after several exciting adventures.

Mr. Thompson has been invited, and has accepted, the post of Treasurer to the Students' Representative Council in place of Mr. Littlewood.

The Annual Fives Competition for the Cup given by Lady Moynihan is attracting great interest amongst the students of the Medical School, and it is expected that the Final will be played within the next few days.

## Soccer,

Captain: W. J. C. GARRARD.

Vice-Captain: A. HARDWICK.

Hon. Sec.: H. S. HOAR.

## Committee:

Above with K. ApThomas and W. Goggill.

Captain, 2nd XI.: G. SNAW.

Vice-Captain: G. E. CANTHRAW.

## R.F.C.

Captain: H. FORTON.

Vice-Captain: H. W. ROBINSON.

Hon. Secs.: M. L. WILSON.

T. D. PRATT (for Med. Sch.).

Committee: Above with E. H. Silcock.

## L.U.L.T.C.

THIS year most of our matches have been played away, only three being arranged on our courts, as other teams prefer to play on their own grass courts instead of our hard ones. The team has done considerably better this year than it did last, having won four matches and lost three up to the present. The second match against Sheffield was cut short owing to rain. The results are:

Sheffield .. ..	won ..	5-4
Headingley .. ..	lost ..	3-6
Huddersfield .. ..	lost ..	3-6
Sheffield .. ..	won ..	4-2
Training College .. ..	won ..	9-0
Liverpool .. ..	won ..	5-4
Ilkley .. ..	lost ..	4-5

C.J.S.

## List of Books added to the Leeds Public Libraries during the Month of May, 1913.

## REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

937. Abbott (F. F.) Society and Politics in Ancient Rome. 1913.  
 370.1 Adams (J.) The Evolution of Educational Theory (Schools of Philosophy). 1912.  
 332.1 Bagshaw (J. C. F.) and Hannaford (C. F.) Practical Banking, including Currency. 1913.  
 581.6 Balls (W. L.) The Cotton Plant in Egypt: Studies in Physiology and Genetics. 1912.  
 211. Barbour (G. F.) The Ethical Approach to Theism. 1913.  
 820.7 Bate (R. S.) The Teaching of English Literature in Secondary Schools. 1913.  
 125. Bosanquet (B.) The Principle of Individuality and Value (Gifford Lectures, 1911). 1912.  
 104. Boutroux (E.) Historical Studies in Philosophy. Trans. by F. Rothwell. 1912.  
 918. Bryce (James) South America: Observations and Impressions. 1912.  
 949.6 Buxton (N.) With the Bulgarian Staff. Illus. 1913.  
 547. Clarke (H. T.) Handbook of Organic Analysis: Qualitative and Quantitative. 1911.  
 536.6 Coste (J. H.) The Caloric Power of Gas: a Treatise of Caloric Standards and Calorimetry. 1911.  
 936.759 Crawford (D.) Thinking Black: Twenty-two Years without a Break in the Long Grass of Central Africa. Illus. 1912.  
 611.02 Cunningham (D. J.) Manual of Practical Anatomy. 2 Vols. Illus. 1912.

232.91 Drews (A.) Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus. Trans. by J. McCabe.  
 629.1 Duchene (Capt.) The Mechanics of the Aeroplane. 1912.  
 748. Eden (F. S.) Ancient Stained and Painted Glass.  
 927.92 Edgar (G.) Martin Harvey: Some Pages of his Life. Illus.  
 551. Elsdon (J. V.) Principles of Chemical Geology. 1910.  
 612.3143 Fraser (E. T.) A Manual of Immunity for Student and Practitioners. 1912.  
 926.67 Gamm (Mary) Alone in West Africa. [Illus. Greenhill (Sir G.) The Dynamics of Mechanical Flight. 1912.  
 533.6 Harrison (F.) The Positive Evolution of Religion: its Moral and Social Reaction. 1913.  
 146.2 Henson (H. H.) Puritanism in England. 1912.  
 285.9 Haig (E.) The Floral Symbolism of the Great Masters. Illus. 1913.  
 327. Herguel (M.) England's Weak Points and Germany's Position To-day.  
 942.15 Holmes (T.) London's Underworld. 1912.  
 943.1 Hudleston (W. H.) The Growth of Germany. 1913.  
 961.2 Itrace (T.) With the Italians in Tripoli. 1912.  
 144. James (W.) Essays in Radical Empiricism. 1912.  
 325.42 Keith (A. B.) Responsible Government in the Dominions. 3 Vols. 1912.  
 S 26 Lang (A.) Shakespeare Bacon and the Great Unknown. Illus. 1912.  
 620.05 Liversidge (A. J.) Commercial Engineering. 1912.  
 530.7 Mann (C. R.) The Teaching of Physics for purposes of General Education. 1912.  
 928.13 Merwin (H. C.) The Life of Bret Harte. 1912.  
 329.4 Page (A.) Imperialism and Democracy: Unionist Principles applied to Modern Problems. 1913.  
 942. Paine (H.) The Lord Wardens of the Marches of England and Scotland.  
 150.02 Pillsbury (W. B.) Essentials in Psychology. 1912.  
 261. Rauschenbusch (W.) Christianising the Social Order. 1912.  
 828.89 Ransome (A.) Portraits and Speculations. 1913.  
 821.04 Reed (E. B.) English Lyric Poetry from its Origins to the Present Time. 1912.  
 927.5 Reynolds (A. M.) Life and Work of Frank Holl. Illus. 1912.  
 745. Rhoad (G. W.) Modern Practical Design. Illus. 1912.  
 955. Shuster (W. M.) The Strangling of Persia: a Record of European Diplomacy and Oriental Intrigue. Illus. 1912.  
 233.6 Temple (W.) The Nature of Personality. 1911.  
 792. Titterton (W. R.) From Theatre to Music Hall. 1912.  
 832.89 Vollmoeller (K.) Turandot Princess of China: a Chinoiserie in Three Acts. 1913.  
 575.1 Ward (J.) Heredity and Memory. 1913.

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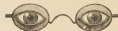
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