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VOL. II. No. 2.—DEC. 1920

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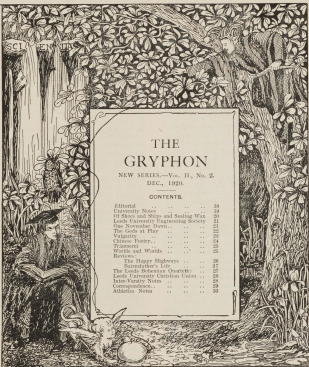
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THE GRYPHON

NEW SERIES.—Vol. II, No. 2.

DEC., 1920.

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ET AUCEBITUR SCIENTIA.

THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the moon when she hath any ripe feathers; yet have not ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found than to the prosecution which we ought to fear."—LUTY.

Editorial.

WITH the reawakening of University life, the practice of 'ragging,' dear to the students' heart, has been revived. It is only natural that, in the leading of a common life by so large a number of young men and women in the Universities, their exuberant spirits should demand some sort of expression, and it is highly desirable that it should be so. There can be no doubt that under our modern system of civilization little allowance is made for the animal side of human nature, and that with obvious evil results. It is only fair that we should be allowed to run riot occasionally, if only for our health's sake; for if the world were completely reasonable it would be but a vast machine in which individuals would be mere 'wheels.' But we have to bear in mind that the world is at any rate a highly complex organism, and that irregular behaviour on the part of one section of the community may cause great inconvenience or worse to the rest. While therefore we hold definitely that a spontaneous expression of our natural high spirits, or to use our own term, a 'rag,' is not only justifiable, but is our due, we must yet remember that we cannot disturb the less exultant enjoyment of life by others.

On November 11th an unfortunate affair occurred at the Leeds Empire, which did disturb other people's enjoyment, was a display of distinctly bad manners, and for which the students of the University were blamed in the Press. Thanks to the action of the President of the Union, this error was quickly corrected and apologies offered. The incident is closed: yet it should give us occasion for serious thought. In this case an act of ill-breeding has immediately been laid at the door of the University. We

resent it strongly, for it is quite undeserved: but we must face the fact that those outside the University greatly dislike 'rags,' and it is our duty to consider how far we ought to defer to that dislike, if only for the sake of our own honour. If it were possible to read their minds and to discover the root cause of their objection, we should probably find that it lay in envy of our more fortunate position than their own, and especially our times of leisure when they are hard at work. In other words, they think we ought to have something better to do with our time, while wishing that they could do the same as we. This immediately puts the matter to the individual's conscience, for, to be frank, the University student who does not take full advantage of his opportunities is a parasite on society. The student who loses sight of the great ideals of the advancement of true learning and the enrichment of human life, has no right to flout the fact in the faces of those who have never had his opportunities. But holding fast to these ideals the student is entitled to allow himself some occasional relaxation of the ordinary restraints of life within the limits which his own sense of the fitness of things will impose.

Surely it is not necessary that our 'rags' should cause these people any annoyance, but rather it is due to our position in the city to cause them some real merriment. On this account we suggest that future 'rags' should be more worthy of the intelligence of those taking part. The procession with its well-worn speeches on ever recurring subjects has long ceased to amuse, and it is time we had some more original escapades. In this connection we congratulate the organisers of the Guy Fawkes 'rag,' and hope that they may be in charge of future demonstrations.

UNIVERSITY NEWS. Debating Society.

It was unfortunate that the meeting of the Debating Society of October 20th should clash with several other meetings, as the business under discussion was of considerable importance and affected all who take an interest in the Society. The attendance was meagre to say the least.

Mr. Milne proposed an extension of the rules to the effect that "Speeches shall not be read." Mr. Milne's case was that a speech read word for word was nothing else but an essay read aloud, and however good it might be as an essay it was dull to hear, apt to be too statistical, and altogether not conducive to lively and successful debate. On the other hand, a speaker can only hold his audience and impress them, and do justice to the telling points of his case if he speaks to the meeting instead of reading to them. Mr. D. D. M. Bonar seconded. Quite a lively discussion followed, the opposition being chiefly based on the fact that many people were afflicted with self-consciousness, or had not the forensic gift in sufficient measure to speak merely with the aid of notes. A speaker suggested that the difficulty could be overcome if members were to write speeches instead of essays. On being put to the vote the motion was defeated by 21-14.

An impromptu debate followed on the motions (1) "That time is the curse of the age," and (2) "That it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." There was an amusing and lively discussion, and both propositions were carried.

A fortune is awaiting the man who can invent a "nerve" producing machine. Lack of it certainly robs the Debating Society of many speakers, especially among the ladies. "Why don't you get up and speak?" "Oh, I haven't the nerve," are remarks but too frequently made. If only those who read this would determine to conquer their diffidence and give the society the benefit of their thoughts, the ice once broken, they would find a second attempt much easier.

Only one regular debate has been held since the last issue of the *Gryphon*. The motion, "All that is popular is vulgar," might have been better chosen, but it was ably proposed by Mr. Soulsby and seconded by Miss Heath. The argument for the proposition was built on the assumption that the motion implied an approximate generalisation open to exception while still being true. The realms of literature, music and

art were searched for examples of what is popular yet vulgar.

The opposition, led by Mr. B. C. Thompson, seconded by Mr. Healey, maintained that man has no right to judge his fellowman, and that the motion implied an empirical formula which therefore could be disproved by the production of exceptions.

The motion was lost by an overwhelming majority; evidently it was not popular!

Dyeing and Leather Departments.

THE Second Annual Dance of the above Depts. was held in the Great Hall of the University on Friday, October 29th. Owing to the present ruling an early start was necessary, and accordingly a reception was held by Sir Michael and Lady Sadler at 6.15 p.m.

By kind permission of Prof. Perkin, supper was served in the Dyeing Dept. Mr. R. S. Kitchen's orchestra was in attendance and everyone agreed that the dance was a great success.

The University Dance.

UNUSUAL activity on the part of several students on the morning of Friday, November 19th emphasised the fact that something out of the ordinary was about to take place, even though Mr. N. K. Holmes' excellent poster had announced the University Dance on that date.

There was a good attendance as is generally the case. The staff, however, might have been better represented. It was with pleasure that the Entertainments Sub-Committee had as guests student representatives from Manchester and Sheffield.

The reception by the Presidents of the Union and the W.R.C. was rather lengthy but when the dancing began everyone was delighted, for not only did the limelight effects and the decorations transform the Hall, but the Physics Laboratory, where supper was served was almost beyond recognition.

An excellent supper was provided by Mrs. Beck, and the music by Mr. R. S. Kitchen's orchestra was indeed charming—it was the best that this orchestra has done for the University during the past three years. It would be difficult to pick out the best pieces but "The Call of Love" (Waltz), "El Relicario" (one-step) and "Cuddle Closer" (Fox-Trot), were well performed.

Thanks to the Secretary of the Sub-Committee and his helpers a very pleasurable evening was spent.



TWENTY TWO—Nil. No wonder Manchester wore black crêpe next day!

After the Match: "Mr. S. . . and gentlemen."

"I'm for ever blowing bubbles," sung by two members of University Hall.

Who is the "top boy" of the F.3 Maths. Class, and is there a prize at the end of term for highest marks in homework!

Leeds will not adopt Armentières. But no doubt Mademoiselle deserves a kindlier fate.

We cannot print what a lady remarked at the University Dance when with her partner she stumbled over the top stair near the Zoo.

Congratulations to our stump orator who was recently posted as reserve to the Third Fifteen!

Dancing under limelight is delightful; that is of course if you have managed to find your partner in time.

Hostel Rivalry—

Westwood claims to be "wonderful, mysterious, beautiful." Now then, U.H!

The Imperial War Relief Fund.

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The following solves the question of how to pronounce our name.

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Under the Clock.

10.55 to 11.5 any morning.

"HELLO! Got a match? Thanks, I thought you were working." "Oh! I'm in the Lab, and I've left some water to boil." "Here's the crowd coming. Let's go and have a coffee." "Don't you think he's sweet? I think the way he brushes his hair back is simply" "Jimmy! Jimmy! Come here, you old blighter. You ought to have been with me last" "Try some of this—Bond of Union." "Thanks, I'll stick to my own. I say—" "Did you knit it all yourself?" "No, Sir, I am not Hiram P. Banks, Philanthropist, and" "It's quite easy if you start at the bottom and work up to the arm-holes, purl and plain alternate" "Well I thought it was a topping dance. El Relicario is just what I've been longing" "Now, gentlemen, can you read the notice, or can you not?" "And he wanted to go along the corridor, but there was someone else there so we" "That frock was positively improper but some people will wear anything." "Seen the team for Saturday?" " . . . and she's got to eat three eggs a day for six months and after that" "Supper was a bit weak but what can you expect!" "Sorry I can't play on Saturday, I'm going to Harrogate." "Come down to town at dinner-time, dear, there's such a ripping blouse in Marshall's and lots of" " . . . team have Sandal got? We didn't play them last year." "I was just coming in and I met someone and she told me" "No, there's no time for another." "Mother wanted me to have it longer but I said" "Elsie, you're the very person I wanted to see. How many tickets can you" "No, I can't come to-night. I must do a bit of work some time." "Have you seen Miller? I want to see him about that" "No, I can't cut any more." " . . . and at 4/7½ a yard it's" "And you ought to have seen his face when I told him" "Hello! just rolling up? Don't you ever work in your Department?" "I wonder if my water's boiling yet." "So long."

THE HOUR HAND.

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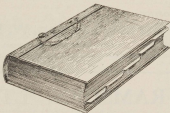
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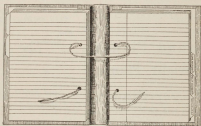
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Showing the manner of changing leaves.

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Leeds University Engineering Society.

A LECTURE on "Automatic Telephones" was delivered to the Engineering Society on Friday, 5th November, by Mr. A. E. Jones.

The lecturer explained briefly the advantages of the automatic system over the old manual one, and then passed to a brief description of the various instruments necessary. By means of diagrams and slides, the intricacies of the installation were shown, and also how various difficulties were overcome.

To save expense in having a large number of very costly instruments, the lecturer explained, pre-selectors were introduced. Various types of these were shown, and finally many so called automatic sets and their method of working, were exhibited.

The lecture was greatly enjoyed by about 150 members, and the large number of working instruments employed during the various explanations greatly added to its attractiveness.

On Friday, 19th November, 1920, a lecture was given to the above society, by Mr. C. B. Newton, M.I.C.E. The lecturer, the Hull City Waterworks Engineer, during his lecture on "Water Supply" showed more than 100 slides, mostly photographs taken in all quarters of the globe.

The lecturer commenced by showing tables of rainfall for the last half century, and then passed to a general description of the main types of dam used for reservoirs. Several of the main gravitational water supplies, such as Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham, all with pipe lines of 50 miles or over, were described, while magnificent slides of the work, in progress and on completion, were shown. The famous Coolgardie-Kalgoorlie supply was then touched upon lightly.

Although it is not actually directly connected with water supply, the Constantinian Sonic Wave Power Transmission plant was described. Several diagrams and illustrations were shown on the screen which helped in following the theory.

Finally the working of the famous Humphrey's water pump at Chingford was explained, and also diagrams showing details of the eight pumps for the Mex scheme. This concluded the lecture, which will be remembered by the members of the society for a long time, particularly on account of the Sonic Wave elucidation, and the most wonderful collection of slides.

D. D. M. BONAR.

One November Dawn.

IN the cold darkness of early morning, the view from the sodden, half-dug trenches is very limited, very vague. Close at hand, a rifleman fastens his putties, which have come undone during the long night tramp through the dense undergrowth of Havrincourt Wood. Another man is fixing his bayonet securely. A few yards in front lie a khaki tunic, a grey coat, a broken rifle, a heap of equipment—grim evidences of bloody battle.

Occasionally, white Verrey lights, blazing their arched pathway through the heavens, reveal for a moment the dark network of wire entanglements, and the dim outlines of gaunt and broken trees rising solitary and grim from the dreary wastes of rank grass and weeds. Small patches of terrain appear and vanish rapidly as "crumps," throwing up masses of soil and debris, burst in a dull, red glow, and vivid shrapnel explosions, or yellow gas shells light up their small areas of desolation. Pieces of shell and nose-caps hum away into the night.

And now faint suggestions of a grey dawn make the surroundings still more eerie. Suddenly a deafening burst of salvos shakes the whole earth, and an unceasing thunderous chorus of crashes heralds the coming battle. A village in front bursts into lurid view in a sheet of flame. Ponderous tanks, grotesque and fearsome in the grey mist, thread a careful way over the shell-stricken ground. Now innumerable lights and rockets of various hues soar skywards from the lines of the harassed enemy. Gradually the vividness of the colours fades before the advance of rosy-fingered Aurora. A startled blackbird scurries from beneath a mass of brushwood near by. Minutes pass. The new-risen sun shines wanly on the bayonet of a solitary rifleman, whose form hangs limp on the breastwork of an abandoned enemy trench. Another day has dawned.

H.R.B.

Hidden Stars.

[Reprinted from "The Microcosm".]

Shrouded in mist, I see brown boat-sails drift
Near crouching rocks of veiled Lamorna's
height,
And my love-ship is wrecked unless you lift
Mist-veils that dim your star-eyes lovely
light.

Lamorna.

HERBERT THOMAS.

The Gods at Play.

IN the atmosphere of homely warmth which characterises our larger lecture rooms during the winter, it is difficult to resist the seductions of encroaching somnolence, however enthralling may be the words of wisdom which flow from the rostrum. I allege this not to extenuate, but to explain the fact that I thus weakly succumbed one afternoon of recent date, and should not bring the insignificant event to the notice of our *wisdom in parvo*, were not my slumber productive of more mental result than my wakefulness.

But to my story. We need not the subtle penetration of a Freudian psycho-analyst to postulate that the dreams of a student asleep at a lecture would clothe the essential in the merely circumstantial, that is, that while the contents of the dream would be far removed from the matter of the lecture to which he should have been attending, the fact of his position would symbolise the foreign content in familiar form.

And so it happened. For in my dream I dreamt of a football match, wherein the protagonists were my academic preceptors, they who with maternal solicitude, ladled the milk of learning into my thirsting mouth. All departments and deportments were represented: more sagacity and sapience concentrated on the propulsion of a leather sphere than ever witnessed an "Olympic" gathering, or assembled to criticise a new play by Euripides.

Now my dream match of University professors resembled but little an orthodox 'Varsity tussle. Whereas the latter demands that all which savours of deliberate mental effort be carefully shunted aside, the former illustrated the effect of allowing erudition to intrude into the conventions governing the royal game, and into the attitude of mind required during the period of strife. The mighty ones lined up glorious in their gaily coloured robes, whose brilliance even the muddy field could not succeed in depressing. I cannot tell on what principle the sides were divided and sorted out, but I clearly remember that Professor B—r, as centre-forward for one side, kicked off. He hesitated a little before committing himself—I heard him later confide to Prof. G—n that he was pondering over the exact date of the MSS. in which mention was first made of 'football' (literally 'feet-kick-leather'), and that after careful consideration of all possible disturbing influences, he had come to the conclusion that—but here the colloquy

broke off, and the nimble philologist raced away, the globe at his feet, ready for deeds of derring doe. Alas for the glory that was Arts! tripping him up with his light fantastic toe, the geometrically inclined Prof. M—e made circles round him and shot off at a tangent, remarking *en passant*: "You know what relation there is between the diameter and the tangent? But it really doesn't matter."

Once in Prof. M—e's possession, the ball was in safe keeping. He could do almost anything with it except square the circle and cube the sphere. He passed and repassed with such bewildering skill, that Prof. Wh—n, fresh from his studies of Relativity, exclaimed in rapture: "Einstein could prove that M—e had the ball before the kick-off, and if you look at the game from the point of view of a Martian, M—e's brilliant play would have been reported in the *Sports Echo* before the Norman Conquest."

The fun increased. Up the field, down the field, chased from pillar to post, the elusive globe brought the finest intellects to play. Prof. G—m—n in goal almost strained a girder in the sigh of relief uttered as a fiery shot from the foot of Dr. B—y struck the upright. His joy was short-lived, for, rebounding from the solid cranium of Mr. ? the ball rolled deceitfully into the net. "Eureka!" yelled the fortunate possessor of the useful skull, whom it would be invidious to mention. In the interval between the scoring of the goal and the next kick-off, Prof. G—m—n almost solved the problem of constructing goal-posts, with beams and struts on the cantilever principle, to absorb shock when struck by the ball and so prevent a rebound such as had been responsible for his discomfiture. By the way, he consulted one of the Leather experts subsequently to seek his co-operation in modifying the tanning process with the same purpose in view.

The whistle blew and the struggle of the giants was renewed, without further incident of note until a dispute arose in which Mr. M—n, from whose countenance the growing excitement had not succeeded in dispelling its customary mournfulness, figured prominently. "Off-side, he was!" with judicial calm Prof. H—s delivered his opinion. "An impartial tribunal, a jury of eleven good men and true, . . ." "Allow me," replied Mr. M—n, "I have a mind that runs to fine distinctions and whilst unwilling to avail myself of the avenue of escape which my Relativistic friend might suggest, I wish to point out that there is a metaphysical aspect

of the case. Now you may think that I was off-side. Assume that I really was in that culpable situation, but that you, however, did not see me, should I still be off-side? For that matter, does that ball really exist, and if it does not. . . ." He was not alluded to finish. The referee, known to us as H.P. decided against him, somewhat contemptuously muttering: "That's all my eye!"

And thus the incident closed. Mr. M—a with sphinx-like enigmatic look, strode off to cover Mr. W—a who, highly thrilled with his part in the game, was detailing to an unconvinced listener—I imagine he was on the Anatomy or Physiology staff, the educational values of football: "Correlation and co-ordination of nerves and muscles, *esprit de corps*, stimulated respiratory and scavenger systems, &c." "Now when I was studying with Lord Kelvin," added a languid voice, which betrayed an entire disillusionment with things in general and with present educational values in particular, but the valuable reminiscence was lost to posterity, for Prof. S—s was called away to the defence of the citadel, a defence in which poison-gas and flame-throwers nought availed.

The game came to a thrilling conclusion, unorthodox yet inspired by the loftiest thoughts ever applied to the problem of scoring a goal. Chance brought the ball to the toe of Prof. G—g: who with ornithological insouciance despatched it to Prof. M—e; the latter rapidly calculated the square of the distance to Dr. B—y, transformed the result to feet per second, and kicked his charge towards his colleague. In turn, the learned winger gently 'kanted' it in the direction of Prof. G—ie. The philosopher, interrupted in a devastating "Critique of the Critique," which was soon to startle the thinking world, apparently resented the manner in which the ball had reached him, since, forgetting on whose side he was playing, he turned about, dribbled his way through the stupefied gladiators, deceiving even the secret-service sleuthfulness of Prof. P—y and piloted his way towards his own goal, regardless of the hue and cry after him, a veritable "Philosopher in Trouble" as a fervent admirer of *Hibbert's Journal* facetiously observed. To be brief he scored—but for the enemy. "Evoe! an timco Danaco et dona ferentes?" was the appropriate comment of the jubilant Prof. C—I.

This was the end. Whether the last fragment of quotation was of the dream or of the lecturer—its possible inaccuracy may

be attributable to either—I find it impossible to say. The tinkling of the bell roused me from my slumbers and I wondered: "Did it happen, could it happen, shouldn't we like it to happen!"

QUIX.

Vulgarity.

"I did not know I contradicted anyone in calling your mother vulgar."

This remark (addressed to his wife) is one of the contributions to our gaiety of the ineffable Mr. Palmer (in *Sense and Sensibility*). To devotees, it calls up in a flash all the crass, wooden incivility of the speaker, all his mother-in-law's untamable exuberance and verbosity. Mrs. Jennings, whose talk is all of "colicky gout" and the phenomena of accouchement, and for whom even "the pangs of despised love" have interest mainly in the light of their physical effect on digestion and nerves, has the vulgarity of Juliet's nurse; she is therefore as fearful a wildfowl in Lady Middleton's drawing-room as would be the other old lady in, say, a "mixed" Study Circle (if such there be) of the Students' Christian Union. Yet we love them both! and are tempted thereby to ask why with perfect propriety the same epithet may be applied to these characters as to the designer of your loosing picture postcard—the very antithesis to their broad, unbridled recognition of all that is natural and (if you will) coarse in our experience. Is there good vulgarity and bad? Are we to condemn this quality, or to seek by understanding a share in it?

Is not the keynote of vulgarity an *absence of perception*, a dullness of that faculty which perceives and honours in things and persons the "appropriate energy" of their form of life, the *et ideo* of their being? To take a knife where usage demands a fork will be called vulgar in some circles; such critics, a man subsists in—nay, *is*—his own social etiquette, and ignorance or stupidity in that sphere will put him outside the pale for the more perceptive or cultured mind. The man (possibly we should have said woman!) to whom education has given another standard of values will exclaim of the critic herself, "What a vulgar mind, to

notice a thing like that!" Both will use their word justly; the difference lies in *them*, not in their implicit analysis of the idea. So with the picture (too common just now) which in the interests of humour so-called, drags through the dirt the "appropriate energy" of childhood and youth—innocence and delicacy, that unawakened indifference to emotions of sex, jealousy or greed, which is the natural heritage of tender years. So with the revue song, which counts a human being most himself when lubricity and dishonesty rule his days. So with the "fashionable wedding," where the purpose of the sacrament is ignored and irrelevancies smother the scene. So with the cheaply sentimental tune and illustration; as art, or criticism of life, they ignore its essence and the real character—the purpose, if you like—of its experience. For those to whom life is still a comfortable chromolithograph, a warm, melodious jingle, such things have no vulgarity and are harmlessly pleasurable; but to others, who have found it a tougher affair, they outrage something very deeply interused.

Thus, to the Nurse life presents itself as a series of (merely) physical phenomena. So it is, but to the eye of the spirit, no less than to the pride's, this view of it is vulgarity itself. That is why certain sins have the very essence of the taint. To use as dead matter what is incomparably and intractably spiritual—human life and personality itself—is the complete, the final, achievement of the vulgar soul.

I amused myself the other day in picturing what were the present feelings of the Unknown Soldier. Settled, one is prepared to suppose, for some years now in an inconspicuous but comfortable corner of Heaven, he has surrounded himself, no doubt, by suitable and congenial friends, probably men of his own rank and calling. To one of them, a lover of news, is borne the rumour (from some more recent arrival) "Bert's been buried in the Abbey!" What a tremendous "ragging" will begin forthwith! Will the poor fellow ever hear the last of it? Vainly does he repudiate the tale; the jest is too rich, too good (like all the best jokes) to be true. "Oh, shut it, you blighters..." From all quarters they come to view this curiosity—angels, martyrs, Tommies, prophets—the harps twang loud—he turns and flees.

"I wonder at you—joking on such a subject. Dashed vulgar, I call *that*."

Is it?

G.

Chinese Poetry.

"To speak of a man as a Chinese Scholar is to consider him a fool. A student of Chinese must necessarily be a crank." In so many words as these, Dr. Giles, of the British Museum, opened his lecture on Chinese Poetry. Few of us, at the end of his discourse, could honestly say that the classical literature of the Far East called forth such an unfavourable remark. The ordinary man in the street looks upon anything connected with China as old-fashioned and nonsensical. Dr. Giles shewed us the true beauties of Chinese Poetic Art.

Folk-song existed in China in the eleventh century before Christ in the forms of Odes and Hymns. That any country should possess, at so early a date, such a priceless store of traditional verse is surprising. Still more surprising is the fact that the sentiments (and perhaps the very words) have been handed down from generation to generation, and we, three thousand years afterwards, should be able to read these as easily as we might read the writings of the author of the Book of Psalms or Proverbs.

The lecturer gave a chronological account of the various influences upon Chinese literary art. Confucius, the great religious teacher, was an ardent admirer of this early work and insisted that his disciples should learn these odes off by heart.

An ode of a later age has been dated. In it is a reference to an eclipse of the sun, and it has been calculated that this phenomenon took place somewhere about the middle of the year 775 B.C. The verses in question compose a pathetic little ballad, the prayer of a Boy-Emperor who asks, in a childlike way for wisdom to rule the vast race committed to his charge.

"Help me to bear my heavy burden right."

From 500-300 B.C. very little poetry was made, but the work which immediately follows this period in date shows a distinct contrast to the simple ballads of early times. Poetry had become full of technicalities, the poet self-conscious. In the second half of the second century B.C. the effects of Buddhism is noticeable. Directly, this influence was but slight; indirectly, it caused a revolt against artificiality, especially in poetry. Buddhism was to turn poetic thought again into the course of lyric romance. The fifth century A.D. saw the influence of Chinese civilisation upon Japan—the island empire owes much to her neighbour

across the China Sea. From 600-900 A.D. Chinese culture was at its height and produced two great literary artists, Tu-Fu and Li-Po. These are thorough Bacchanals and their views are here summed up:—

"Better far to be tipsy, I ween,
Than to idle all day in the shade."

Almost before this reign of wine was over the Chinese Wordsworth came into being—a Wordsworth with the gift of humour. Po-Chu was a nature poet and before him all the strongholds of drinking song fell. The grove, the rill and the valley were more to him than the tavern and the juice of the grape.

Chinese words are all mono-syllabic; they have no inflections; there are no rules of grammar. To compensate for this absence of syntax there is a system of tones, and intonation plays an important part in Chinese Poetry which was intended to be chanted aloud—poetry depended on these tones for its music.

Brevity is the soul of Chinese verse, and the verse itself is essentially lyrical, for the narrative style has never been developed. Fragments have been found of a national epic bearing some resemblance to our Robin Hood Ballads. The date assigned is the fourth century B.C. These fragments were found in an excellent state of preservation, in a cave where they had lain for 900 years.

Dr. Giles did not deal with modern Chinese poetry; he was concerned with the "classics." He has aroused our interest and we should love to know what the modern Chinese man of letters has learnt from Western civilisation.

W. D. CHAPMAN.

Traumerei.

A spirit whisper'd to me through the gloom
A night ago;
I caught his whispers through the gloom
And in my heart awoke a song—
A song of love—
A night ago.

But when the dawn broke cold and grey, the
(How swift the flight!) [voice
Sped with my dreams to distant realms—
Whence never to return? Say nay,
O song of love
I heard a night ago!

W.D.C.

Worlds and Worlds.

Few sciences have lent themselves more to popular treatment than that of Astronomy, and many people in the past have delighted in the lectures and books of R. A. Proctor and Sir Robert Ball. The University has done well this term in persuading Dr. Brodetsky to forsake his abstruse mathematical flights in the heavens and Dr. Gilligan to abandon his delving into the greater depths, in order to deliver a course of lectures on "The Development of Modern Astronomy and the Origin and Present Condition of the Earth."

It is Dr. Brodetsky who conducts the more purely astronomical portion of the course. With careful avoidance of mathematics, he has presented a clear and human view of the astronomical development. It is not sufficient for him to speak of the work of the masters; he delights in the human side, as exemplified by his racy and humorous descriptions of his subjects' lives.

After touring the skies with Dr. Brodetsky, we are brought sharply back to earth again, by Dr. Gilligan. He is far from being satisfied with many of the mathematical conclusions of his co-lecturer, and presents the picture from the geologist's point of view. If the geologist cannot accept all the mathematician's results, he is, at least, not particular to a few hundred million years or so.

The success of the lectures may be judged from the fact that, at the first, every seat was occupied; at the second and subsequent lectures most of the standing room has also been utilized. In addition, parties are visiting the Cecil Duncombe observatory to obtain an insight into the practical side; this has drawn attention to the astronomer's chief characteristic—patience—for the Leeds weather has been far from kind. It is to be hoped that the University will see fit to continue and extend such courses as this in coming years.

JAY.

Marriage.

HEPBURN-THREES—Thursday, 14th October, in New York City, William McMeen Hepburn, of Freehold, N.J., to Gerakline Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Diedrich Threes, of New York. [Captain Hepburn was one of the U.S. Army students in the Fuel Department in the Summer term, 1919].

REVIEWS.

The Happy Highways.

By STORM JAMESON (Heinemann, 9s.).

Miss Jameson's novel is a cataract of talk, a vindication of the peculiar qualities of the North Country, and an apocalyptic denunciation of our present society. Joy, the hero, stricken blind in the war, recalls happy years spent in London before the collapse of the old world, with his brothers Mick and Oliver, Kersent, the slum-born idealist, Anthony Culvert and the somewhat attractive heroine, Margaret Douglas, with whom Oliver and Joy fall in love, who is married to, and afterwards divorced from, Keith Ainslie, and returns to the sightless Joy in the end. On this fairly ordinary plot are superimposed discussions of nearly all the "problems" that perplex the present age—pacifism, divorce, capitalism, social reform, education and so on—and we get a result recalling in many respects Mr. H. G. Wells' *The New Machiavelli*. Indeed, it is in no carping spirit that one can point to Mr. Wells as the principal influence at work; not that there is not plenty of originality, many brilliant descriptions and remarks, convincing impressions of characters and types and a fair flood of exciting debates and conversations.

The young protagonists all attend King's College in the University of London, and find themselves transferred from the austerity and comparative loneliness of some Puritan corner of the north, to the huge and swarming abandon of the civilization of London before the war. It is an experience which many North Country people of this generation will sympathetically recognise, the contrast, may be, between some austere old family-tradition, in what Londoners rather impudently designate 'the Provinces,' and the blind confusion of the Babylonian world-state. How little after all London does know about those hardy "Provinces," and how enormously, if she but knew, does she depend upon them all the time! This note is one of the most effective in the whole book, and we recall it with pleasure when the discussions approach the rhodomontade and the rhetoric, as, to be candid, they do at times take on an air of unreality. They get stranded in London and are taken in by a North Country shopkeeper, who entertains them kindly and pays their bus-fares. Then "next day we went north, glad at heart to hear again the deep, slow speech of northern tongues, breath the good north air and look up on the gaunt hills and the golden vales that sleep between . . ."

It is a clever touch, and with these romantic glimpses of a northern valley she varies the wilderness of Wellsian Socialism, and as with a wand, an ancient and potent wand, seems to dissipate the mists settling on a civilisation that has nigh lost its old traditions.

On divorce Miss Jameson is not very conclusive, and one doubts whether there is any half-way house between the conception of Marriage as a Sacrament and what, as in parts of America, amounts practically to polygamy. Margaret marries Keith, mainly out of pity, though she has already told Joy that she loves him, and then appears somewhat surprised that her marriage with Keith does not turn out altogether happily. But who could reasonably have supposed that it would! For I gather that the references to divorce in the New Testament imply that the only true and lasting marriage is one based on mutual love.

As regards "pacifism," Miss Jameson obviously holds that among the objectors there were some who were true martyrs for a Gospel of Love—whether their motives were definitely religious or not—and some who merely failed to fulfil social obligations. The heroic Kersent dies in prison, because he holds the taking of life to be the greatest of all sins; but the Mannicks and Tommy and "Dora" are not particularly desirable specimens of the race; they use Christianity and Socialism as a "cloke for maliciousness." Of Jack Chamberlayn, the airman, the authoress pertinently says: "Kersent sacrificed himself on the altar of an unattained perfection, but the other knew that it is sometimes imperative to fight for the second best, undeterred by its imperfections." It is an interesting remark, the only danger is that some people should come to love the imperfections for their own sake.

Miss Jameson speaks in one place of "mysticism" as the "consummation of human egoism." It is a shallow judgment, for there is mysticism and mysticism, and the true sort is always bound to realise that the Love of God and the love of our neighbour as ourselves are mutually dependent one on another. Even the Carthusian in his cell is linked up with the whole human race, and the more he progresses in the Divine Love the more all his thoughts and prayers help his brethren. The true mystics are the only true lovers of humanity, they hold up their arms, like Moses, and exalt the standard of the Divine while the battle rages on the plain below, or often, like St. Francis, or Cardinal Manning or Florence Nightingale, they alternate between prayer and action.

Finally, here is a pleasing outburst from Oliver: "In the Middle Ages . . . art was not only instinct with life, it was a part of life. It lived, and men breathed it in with their common air. It spoke to them in furniture, in tapestries, whereon saints are received into glory and babies display their nakedness, and knights go hunting in the gay greenwood. It sang for joy in Churches, letting imps and devils and angels sport and sleep on its huge jolly limbs. In the modern commercial age, art is an excrescence, at best a protest. It stands like Ruth amid the alien corn and snivels until Boaz comes along with a cheque. It can have no part in an order founded on self-interest, for art is always disinterested." W.R.C.

Bairnsfather's Life.*

It is a curious fact that the general public always likes to know the details of the inner life of its idols, be they famous or notorious. It is doubtless with the object of meeting such a demand that this volume has been written. Yet the book is more than that. The public knows Captain Bairnsfather primarily as a humorous artist, brought to light by the war; it knows him further as a lecturer, playwright, editor, and author—indeed as one of those who "achieve greatness" as the result of a lucky hit. But one is entitled to ask, with the authors, "Was it all luck?" To this the book supplies the reply. This book is the story of Captain Bairnsfather's life, of his struggles, disappointments; and final success. It is a fine record of grit and determination overcoming repeated setbacks, and will serve as an inspiration, if also as a warning, to those seeking a career in art. I have no quarrel with the story here unfolded, but I must class myself among those who prefer Captain Bairnsfather's cartoons to his literary efforts. The chapters are written by the authors alternately, Mr. Mutch supplying the outlines and the laudatory notices while Captain Bairnsfather fills in the detail in his own style of humour, which is, at times, somewhat forced. The book will probably find a wide and ready sale, not for its literary merits, but rather on account of the story told and Captain Bairnsfather's popular appeal. No one, having read it, will grudge him the plums of fortune now falling his way, but probably the majority will continue to prefer his drawings to his writings. JAY.

* The Bairnsfather Case, as Tried before Mr. Justice Bushy, Defence by Bruce Bairnsfather, Prosecution by W. A. Mutch. [G. P. Putnam and Sons, Ltd.]

The Leeds Bohemian Quartette.

Two interesting works were performed by the Leeds Bohemian Quartette at their performance at the University. The first was Brahms' string quartette in A minor, op. 51, No. 2.

This work, although still showing the influence of Beethoven, has much that is characteristic of later Brahms. The first notes of the subject of the first movement, F.A.E., symbolise a motto of a friend of Brahms, to whom Brahms owed much. The motto is "Frei, aber einsam," and belonged to Joachim. Owing to a temporary estrangement between Brahms and Joachim, the work was ostensibly dedicated to Dr. Billroth, (I think that was his name), but a hidden dedication is indicated in the first theme, which is announced by the first violin.

The first movement, marked "Allegro non troppo" has the characteristic, noble, delicate outlines of Brahms. The sentiment is indicated more by line than colour, although the delicacy of the shades enhances the exquisite beauty of the curves of the music. The second subject can only be inadequately expressed by the word "charm," having rather a lighter meaning than the first, but at the same time having a beauty of light pulse and movement such as only the best art can produce. The second violin plays along with this theme a third below, with an accompanying counter-melody from the viola in triple crotchets, and the 'cello with pizzicato crotchets lightly marking the rhythm. With this material, the movement is built up in the usual sonata form.

The second movement expresses one of the sombre, introspective moods of the composer. It is lofty in feeling, although parts of it are reminiscent of Beethoven. In the middle the mood alternates between outbursts of passion, and sombre sorrow, and it is in this mood that the movement ends. It is followed by a soft minuet, moderately slow, which steals in on the sombre mood, like soft fingers on a heavy brow. This minuet does not continue for long. It soon leads into a lighter fantastic *Allegretto Vivace*, a kind of fluttering, delicate excitability, and after being interrupted by a few bars of the minuet, again reappears, with more development. This light fantasia is calmed down by a few, one might say, soothing bars in minuet time, leading back again to the original minuet theme.

The last movement breaks through the subdued atmosphere that has gone before,

with a passionate gaiety, emphasised by the syncopated rhythm of the theme, and clearly marked staccato crotchets of the accompaniment. This theme is used with extraordinary ingenuity throughout the movement.

The second subject moves with flowing ecstasy, and with the strong rhythm of the first subject, a movement of passionate joy is built up.

The well-known Mozart quartette in E flat major was the second work played. This work is probably too familiar to need description.

The performance was well balanced and technically good, but one felt the restraint in the interpretation to be rather too persistent.
S.N.

Leeds University Christian Union.

Religion and Life Week (Jan. 23rd-30th, 1921).

As with other societies in the University, the Christian Union must arrange its programme for its own members. Now, however, we are trying to get outside our own circle, and more than this, we are trying to touch every person in the University. We can only do this by asking everybody to join us in our adventure. This is the reason why it has been decided to set apart a week of next term with this definite object in view. Ever since the Armistice there have been great ideals set before the nation. "A new world," "A land fit for heroes to live in," are phrases which to-day spell disappointment. People liked them when they were fresh, when they were full of hope. When people refused to accept the responsibility of bringing these ideals to perfection, they grew tired of the mere repetition of the words. To be quite frank and simple, the reason for this disappointment is self-interest.

In this University we are all receiving great opportunities. We are preparing ourselves to be leaders of thought and action in the world of which we are a part. There are two questions which we should ask ourselves. The first, who are we to be receiving these opportunities? The second, How are we going to use them? The first is a matter for personal reflection, the second is the question which worries the C.U.

In every sphere of life there is a sense of vocation, and this consists in the choice between considering self, and sinking self for the service of others. The world says quite

logically, look after yourself, make sure of your own living, your own comfort. Be certain, run no risks, natural science proves the survival of the fittest. Then comes Christianity with its mad challenge, its apparently illogical appeal (in truth, however, supremely sound) calling people to join in the great adventure. It says forget yourself, take all risks, do not worry about yourself one little bit, lose your life that you may find it. You will be happier working and living for others than if you were just to live for your own self interests. The greatest victory in the world was won by a Death on a Cross.

By now we have made our choice, perhaps quite unconsciously. Are we satisfied? Whichever way we choose let us be honest. If by honest thought we conclude that our responsibilities belong to self alone let us think again. If we come to the conclusion that we are to serve others let us prepare ourselves for that life of service. Religion and life week is going to be an opportunity for doing both these things. Let this week be a real attempt by the University to face the future.

R. P. Y. ROUSE.

Inter-Varsity Notes.

A new opportunity for friendly intercourse between the various Northern Universities has presented itself with the revival of the annual University Balls, to which delegates from sister universities are invited. Two delegates from Leeds, Miss D. M. Irvine and Mr. G. M. Miller attended the Sheffield "Varsity Ball," held on November 12th, in the splendidly-appointed Cutlers' Hall. The other Universities represented were Manchester, Birmingham and Nottingham. The dance itself was universally enjoyed and a memorable visit was concluded on the following morning by a tour of the University buildings.

At our own University Dance we had the pleasure of welcoming delegates from Manchester and Sheffield; among them, as it happened, were the editors of the respective magazines. Next morning the delegates were taken over the more interesting parts of our buildings, including the Textile and Leather departments. We also allowed them to see the Physics laboratory without its best clothes!

Such visits are to be valued by the individual student and by the Universities for the sake of the spirit of friendliness engendered by them.

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[The Editor is not responsible for views expressed by his correspondents.]

A PLEA FOR REFORM.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

SIR,

A professor who shall be nameless recently remarked that "the purpose of examinations is not to elicit a student's ignorance, but to discover his capacity to deal with a subject which he knows." The aim of a university education, in the opinion of the writer, is not to fill human beings with a mass of information which is only carried for the purposes of exams., then forgotten, but to develop a mental machine capable of being successfully applied to the problems of later life. The conditions obtaining at present in our academic life altogether tend to produce the first type, and in the majority of cases make the second type impossible. What strikes the impartial critic is the almost painful docility of the average student in relation to his professor. Lectures are faithfully copied down, though frequently very boring, the opinions they express are complacently and silently accepted and very imperfectly understood. Thus the years pass. Exams. are literally sweated through, a degree is placed after the name of the graduate, and then for the first time in his life he discovers that he is not a schoolboy but a man.

The first condition of improvement is the granting of more leisure to the student for independent work. A time-table which compels him to be within the precincts of the University from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. implies one of two things. He is either incapable of working on his own or he cannot be trusted to use his leisure wisely. If either accusation is valid then he is not qualified to become a "crisis universalist." Surely if pressure is brought to bear upon the authorities they must recognize the urgency of such a demand and make the necessary changes.

On the students' side much more might be done to develop the independence of the student by an enlargement of the influence of corporate life. First of all there is the athletic section. In this department the efforts of the present organisers are very creditable, and if the various athletic clubs were not deprived of much good material through the demands of an over-exacting staff, Leeds would make a still further advance on her present commendable position among the northern universities.

II. The Students' Union should be exclusively a student organisation and all staff representation on executive committees should cease. It will never be possible to get a free expression of opinion, or to secure the adoption of a bold independent policy so long as the influence of paternal government remains. This implies no reflexion on individuals but is simply a protest against a bad principle.

III. With the Union as a separate body the Students' Representative Council would then become a real medium for the exchange of views between the Senate and the Students. Doubtless it is supposed to fulfil this function at present but under existing conditions its powers are either greatly limited or little exercised. In other universities the S.R.C. has been instrumental in influencing the Senate to reconsider and finally repeal a decision involving the expulsion of certain men. This was done in exchange for an undertaking by the S.R.C. to be responsible for the future conduct of these students. Such recognition by the authorities ought to be granted if the students can fairly claim to

be representative, and so some amendment of the present system of electing them is called for.

IV. The bye-law at present prohibiting canvassing on behalf of nominees for office should be abolished. Under existing methods it is impossible for any fresher to discover, unless by accident, the identity or qualifications of such nominees, and it must be equally difficult for governing bodies to discover the most suitable persons. Canvassing would stimulate greater interest and afford a means of obtaining the information necessary for intelligent voting. It would render more difficult what must frequently happen at present, that the best men are not discovered until the last year of their course when the special demands on their time make it difficult for them to act.

V. Finally a start should be made at once to institute political clubs and initiate the system at present so successful in Scotch Universities and in Oxford and Cambridge of full dress political debates arranged on House of Commons lines, including a Government, King's Speech and Official Opposition Front Bench. This would pave the way for a bigger movement to claim the right of electing a Lord Rector triennially. One rhetorical election would do more than five years organising to create a strong healthy corporate life in the Varsity. A rhetorical is the one experience that always remains green in the recollections of a Scotch student's academical life. It must be taken part in to realise what it means. It cannot be described.

With apologies for encroaching on your valuable space and hoping these lines may provoke a useful discussion. Yours, etc., Ex-member of an S.R.C.

The End of a Cigarette.

There in the gutter, shapeless, spent,
A paltry cigarette-end lies,
Obscure, but yet how eloquent
Of human vanities.

For once it lay in pampered bliss

With others in a silver case ;
Oh nothing could be much amiss,

It seemed, in such a place.

Then it was smoked and thrown aside,

Forthwith to plumb the sombre pit
Of uselessness and broken pride,

And none to weep for it.

Gone its once vaunted self-respect—

Could any agony be higher !

Yet 'tis but one of those elect

Who banish gloom, and so erect

Their own funeral pyre.

C.O.E.

"The Gryphon" B.A. Committee.

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Leeds University R.U.F.C.

Rugby Football has undoubtedly taken a turn for the better this season. The Club has a playing membership approaching 80 and no little enthusiasm is being shown. There is keen competition for places in the XV's and there is no gainsaying the fact that the old hands will have to look to their laurels. The teams have done well so far, and this is, no doubt, the result of trying to live up to the support given to the club. The size and enthusiasm of the crowd at the Manchester match inspired the players to do their best, with the very gratifying result. This support is very welcome, and we venture to prophesy that our supporters will not be disappointed this season.

The Records of the Club teams up to date are:—

1st XV Played	7	Won	4	Drawn	1	Lost	2
2nd XV.	"	5	"	3	"	0	" 2
3rd XV.	"	3	"	2	"	1	" 0

Nov. 17th. v. Manchester University, at Lawnswood.

Manchester arrived, complete with mascot and an unbeaten record. It was a very fine match, played in a clean, healthy and sportsmanlike manner, Manchester being out-classed in all departments of the game. Individual names cannot be mentioned as all played exceedingly well.

Result: Leeds, 22 pts. Manchester, 0 pts.

SCORERS:—Tries: Arkless (2), Hodgson, Sayce, Wainman. *Goals:* Sayce (2).

Most of the credit however, goes to the "crowd" who gave the team new life.

v. Bradford, R.F.C., Away.

Result: Leeds, 15 pts. Bradford R.F.C. 0 pts.

v. Liverpool University R.F.C., Away.

A very exciting match, enjoyed by a large crowd, who were rather disappointed at seeing their team run so closely. Considering the long journey and the rush, our team did well; especially as they were on a

strange ground, and before the home team's supporters—except of course—relatives!

Senior had bad luck in having his try disallowed.

The game was full of incidents and very fast; the Leeds defence, however, was very sound.

Result: Leeds, Nil. Liverpool, Nil.

Leeds University A.F.C.

Oct. 30	1st v. Lidgott Park A.F.C.	F. A. A. 3 2
"	2nd v. "	H. 4 1
Nov. 6	1st v. Leeds Training College	H. 5 1
"	2nd v. West Leeds Old Boys	H. 5 3
13	1st v. St. John's College York	A. 3 2
"	2nd v. St. Prov. & Un. Bk., Ltd.	H. 5 0
17	1st v. Liverpool University	A. 0 8

Leeds University v. Liverpool University.

This match was played on the Goodison Park Ground, Everton, on Wednesday, 17th November, before some 2,000 spectators. Leeds at once commenced the attack, and a smart combined movement ended by Hall shooting straight at the homesters' goal. End to end play followed. Liverpool then steadied down to frequent pressure. The difference in the style of play was most marked, Leeds playing the long passing and the home side the short passing game. The Liverpool forwards were most aggressive, dash and combination being the main features of their play. They had hard luck in not registering a couple of goals about 20 minutes from the commencement. Blair hit the cross-bar and a few minutes later struck an upright with a terrific shot. A chance shot by the same player, from outside the penalty area, eventually gave them the lead.

In this half, although Liverpool were undoubtedly superior, the Leeds defence played a faultless game, and the score 1-0 in the former's favour would be a fair estimate of the play.

On resuming, the home side started attacking immediately, and three minutes later Blair scored a second. Foster added a

third, and a misunderstanding between Ward and Sheard enabled Blair, with a brilliant header, to score a fourth goal. Two more by Blair and one each by Brown and Cook completed the score.

The early reverses in the second half apparently demoralised the visiting team. What little combination they possessed in the first half entirely disappeared. The kicking was wild and erratic. The passes to forwards were easily intercepted by the opposing half-backs. The forwards, on gaining possession, not content with drawing the opposing half, hung on to the ball and attempted to force their way through, when a simple pass to one of their own side would not only have gained more ground, but would also have conserved their energy.

Sheard played a good game in goal. He seems possessed of that intuition which is so necessary in a goal-keeper.

Liverpool's play can be easily summed up. Combination, especially between half-backs and forwards. Conservation of energy. Short-passing game, very little dribbling.

It was observed that six of the goals were shot from within the penalty area. The scorers receiving the passes in such a way that they had plenty of time to take deliberate aim.

Result : Liverpool, 8. Leeds, 0.

W. H. COATES, *Secretary.*

Leeds University Hockey Club.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. M. H. Thirlway, our inside left, on his obtaining a place in the Yorkshire County Hockey Team. We wish him success, and hope that he will secure his cap.

FIRST ELEVEN.		P. A.
Oct. 27 v. Sheffield	away	1 4
" 30 v. Hull	home	12 1
Nov. 3 v. Manchester University ..	away	7 2
" 6 v. Undercliffe	home	5 3
" 10 v. Durham University	away	3 2
" 13 v. Bradford	home	0 4
" 20 v. Hull	away	4 0
" 24 v. Liverpool University	home	4 2

2nd ELEVEN.		
Nov. 6 v. Caldine	away	3 2
" 13 v. Bedford 2nd	away	4 0
" v. Whitkirk	home	2 0

3rd ELEVEN.		
Nov. 24 v. Bradford Tech.	away	1 2

Nov. 3rd. v. Manchester University, Away.

This was our first attack on a University, and we were out for blood. The ground was in admirable condition, and we soon settled to our game. After a very keen struggle

we ran out winners by 7 goals to 2. Thirlway and Hague obtaining 3 each and Schnadhurst 1.

Result : Leeds, 7 goals. Manchester, 2 goals.

Nov. 10th. v. Durham University, Away.

After our success at Manchester, we were ready for the Tynesiders. We found them in a happy mood, and full of vim. They obtained the lead, and at half-time the score was 2-1 against us. In the second half we asserted ourselves, and after one of the keenest games came out winners, by the odd goal in five, Schnadhurst, Hague and Hockney having each netted once.

Result : Leeds, 3 goals. Durham, 2 goals.

Nov. 24th. v. Liverpool University, at Lawnswood.

After Manchester and Durham, we were anxious to beat Liverpool. The ground was very slippery, and so good hockey was seen in spasms only. At half-time we were leading by 2 goals to nil, and in the second half two more were added. Ten minutes from time Liverpool made a great effort, resulting in a goal, quickly followed by another.

Our goals were obtained by Schnadhurst 2, Thirlway and Hague one each.

Result : Leeds, 4 goals, Liverpool, 2 goals.

E.S.T.

Leeds University Harriers' Club.

The Harriers' Club continues to make substantial progress. Not only are our numbers still steadily increasing, but an improvement in style and speed is distinctly noticeable, due, no doubt, to the regularity of practice runs. Steady plodding—an invaluable asset to the cross-country runner—was the great feature of a highly successful paper chase held on October 30th. Wilson and H. Smith, the two hares, maintained a good pace throughout the entire run, but Hemingway and Limbert, who held a good lead, succeeded in capturing them 50 yards from home, after an exciting chase.

On November 3rd we entertained St. John's College, York, at Lawnswood, each team putting six men in the field. Trail had been laid earlier in the day over a very stiff five-mile course. After a gruelling run, we ran out handsome winners by a margin of 14 points, taking 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th and 9th places. Wilson, Hemingway, Hare, S., and Smith were our first four men home.

The most successful event of the season, so far, was an inter-departmental steeplechase, held on November 13th, when over

30 men competed. The course included a choice selection of streams and swamps, so it is to be hoped that the enthusiast who turned out in a swimming costume was not disappointed. The Engineers' team gained a decisive victory. The first six men to reach home were Martin (Eng.), Hemingway (Med.), Wheatcroft (Science), Lambert (Arts), Kaye (Science) and Mott (Pae).

D. WITNEY.

Ladies' Hockey.

THE Ladies' Hockey team has made a good start this season, and we only hope that the success which has so far been ours may last throughout the season. Seven matches, including three inter-varsity matches, have been played, and all were victories.

The first inter-varsity match was played against Sheffield on November 6th. The home team felt rather handicapped, as the centre-forward (Miss Senior-Smith) was away at the county trials, and until well after half-time the score was 1-0 against us. However, our team suddenly seemed to pull itself together and three goals were scored in less than five minutes. Later, the score was brought to 4-1 by Miss White.

On November 20th we went to Manchester with a feeling that our fate hung in the balance, but determined to win if it was humanly possible. Manchester scored the first goal, but by half-time the score was 2-1 in our favour—both goals having been scored by Miss Senior-Smith. In the second half the play was fairly even, and the score remained unchanged, greatly to our delight.

	F.	A.
Oct. 23 Baildon Ladies	3	0
.. 30 Bradford United	10	0
Nov. 6 Sheffield University	4	1
.. 10 Durham University	4	0
.. 13 Leeds Ladies	4	0
.. 20 Manchester University	2	1
.. 24 Bingley T.C.	6	1

E. M. BUCKLEY, Secretary.

Swimming Club.

A PRACTICE Water Polo Match took place at Beckett Park Bath against the Training College Team, on Wednesday, 24th November.

The Varsity won 2-1, 200 students witnessing the event. Although we had not had practice together. The outstanding men were Carmichael at outside left and Firm in goal.

It is hoped to arrange more matches during this winter.

G. F. L. LABOULLE, Hon. Sec.

Notice.

MRS. Penelope Wheeler's Company will perform Greek Plays, in English, in the Great Hall of the University: February 2nd, "Medea," at 8 p.m.; February 3rd, "The Trojan Women," at 5.15 p.m. Reserved seats, 5s. and 3s. 6d.; Unreserved, 2s. 4d. and 1s. 3d.; all including tax. Tickets can be obtained from A. W. Cook, or any student of the Honours School of Classics.

Acknowledgments.

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Choquer the sky and the clustering stars.

Yet when the spring is calling, calling,

And the buds burst and the young leaves break,

Then, when the long spring-tides are falling,

The ships swing free and the wharves

forsake:

Out they run with the light of dawning,

Eastward bound for the open sea,

Out to the saffron skies of morning,

Into a far infinity.

Oh, the crisp of the water under the bow,

And the curl of the long, white wake,

When the day comes up all cold and clear

A silent sky to wake—

Oh, the lash of the wind, and the spray on your face,

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