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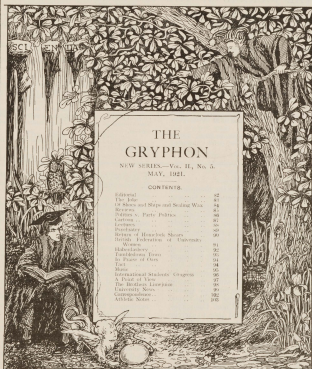
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MAY, 1921.

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ET AUCEBITUR SCIENTIA.

THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the mouse when she hath any rich feathers; yet have we ventured to present an exercise before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found them to be the previous which we ought to fear."—LIVY.

Editor: A. W. Cook, B.A.

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Misses E. Allcock and M. Grange, Messrs. W. H. Benn, B.A., W. D. Chapman, D. I. Currie (President of the Union), N. K. Holmes and G. M. Miller (Secretary of the Union).

The Editor will be pleased to receive MSS., dealing with all subjects of general interest, serious, humorous and topical.

Contributors are solely responsible for opinions expressed in their articles.

Contributions or drawings cannot possibly be considered unless accompanied by the author's name, which however need not be published. All contributions must be written on one side of paper only.

The Correspondence Columns of the Gryphon are an open platform where the Editor is willing to publish letters giving all points of view on matters of current interest.

Contributions for the next issue must be sent in by June 8th.

Editorial.

THERE can be no doubt that the Englishman is passionately fond of an election. A General

Election can truthfully be called a national "rag"; THE ELECTIONS, and no sooner is one safely over than an agitation starts for a new one. Many of us have long been languishing for lack of such an occasion of national excitement; yet to the privileged members of that miniature State the University Union, here is an opportunity for indulging in a delight for which the nation yearns in vain. For by the time this appears in print we shall be on the eve of that annual crisis, the election of the Union Committee, when every student is called upon to exercise the right, or rather to discharge the obligation laid upon him by membership of the University.

This year the elections have new features and are of greater importance than they have ever been before. By the new rule passed by a General Meeting of the Union last term, it is probable that in future greater executive power will be vested in the Union Committee than has been the case in the past. Many men who served in the Army will be going down this term, who are older than the student of normal times, who have had greater experience of the world, and more-over have formed the link between the University of to-day and the University of pre-war days. It therefore behoves everyone

to exercise considerable judgment in casting his votes and to play his part for the common interest.

One new feature this year is the adoption of the rule requiring twenty-five names to support a nomination, which has arisen from the demand that canvassing should be permitted. This appears to us a peculiarly futile piece of legislation, providing no substitute for canvassing and simply making nomination a source of considerable annoyance, while it will tend to encourage departmental and hostel clique-ism, a disintegrating force already too much in evidence. Canvassing would at least provide a healthy excitement by which it may be some even of our unsociable "visiting members"—they are no more—might be brought to realize that they are part of a live body. Then, too, everyone would know by sight and hearing those who were nominated for election, and their qualifications. But on the other hand it must be remembered that a candidate stands for no party or policy, he merely stands on the ground of his own personal fitness and capability. Only those whom no one would want on the committee would consent to go round themselves or allow others to do so, pointing out their own virtues and touting for votes. In a Union election carried out in this fashion it is probable that only the most "bumptious" and so the most undesirable candidates would be elected.

There is but one ideal way of election. It is for every student to recognise his obligation to the Union, to take a lively interest in the whole proceeding, observing the names of all the candidates, considering carefully their past achievements, and getting to know their personal qualifications, and then voting for the best men in his opinion, without regard for department or hostel. Departmental rivalry should be confined to the playing fields, and the colour of a candidate's tie should in no wise influence any elector in his choice. If this year every student in the University will make it a matter of conscience to vote on these lines, then we may be sure of having a thoroughly capable Committee which will carry the Union over that difficult transitional period during which the University will return to normal conditions.

The Joke : a Fable.

ONCE upon a time, almost in the ancient ages but not quite, there was a man who had four sons. He lived in Leeds and was a clergyman, so naturally all his sons were good studious lads. Also naturally, they did not wish to become clergymen. The eldest son, a youth of remarkable ability, went to the Yorkshire College, took a first class Honours degree in Chemistry and became a research chemist. The second son, only slightly less brilliant than his brother, also took an Honours degree in Chemistry and became a works' chemist. The third, being an intelligent lad, took an ordinary B.Sc. and taught chemistry to the young idea. The fourth, being rather a fool, took a Diploma in Dyeing.

One fine spring day, the eldest son, then completing his second year at College, told his father a story during lunch.

"You've heard of picric acid, Father? It's a high explosive, you know. It's also used as a yellow dye. Well, there was once a lady who was given to fits of temper and highly coloured stockings. One day, in a passion, she stamped her foot when she was wearing yellow stockings and blew herself to pieces."

His father laughed immoderately.

Exactly two years later, the second son, then in his second year at College, came home to lunch chuckling loudly.

"Father," he said, "Here's a good yarn. It's about picric acid. Picric acid is a high explosive—" And so on.

When he had finished his father laughed heartily.

Exactly one year later, the third son, then in his second year at College, came home for lunch in high good humour.

"Father," said he, "have you heard this one? Picric acid—" You know the rest.

When he had finished his father smiled genially.

Exactly one year later, the fourth son, then in his second year at College, came home for lunch. To lighten the passing hour he started to tell a story.

"Picric acid, you know, is a high—"

He had only got thus far when his Father cried "Great Julius Caesar!" and fell over in a faint.

Twenty years later, in the spring of the year, the clergyman's grandson, the son of his eldest son, came to lunch with him. He was taking an Honours degree in Chemistry at the University of Leeds and was then in his second year. Knowing his grandfather to be fond of a joke, he remarked during lunch.

"The Prof. told an amusing story this morning, grandad. Its about picric acid. You see picric acid is—"

The old clergyman stopped him.

"Laddie," said he, "I am an old man and I have borne trials and tribulations; but though twenty years have passed since I last heard that story I cannot bear to hear it again."

Three years later, in the spring of the year, the clergyman was entertaining another grandson to lunch. The lad was taking a degree in Colour Chemistry at the University and was nearing the end of his second year. At lunch he turned a smiling face to the old man and said.

"An awfully funny yarn, grandpa. The Prof. told it this morning." The old man blanched. "Its about picric acid—Why, grandpa!"

Crying "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!" the old clergyman plunged the carving-knife neatly between the boy's fifth and sixth ribs. E.J.S.

Competitions.

The number of entries for the Competitions was extremely disappointing. The prizes were awarded as follows:—

For best design for the Cover of *Gryphon* to Mr. W. R. Whittle.

For Best Prose Article to Mr. Geoffrey Woledge.

Mr. Woledge's article will be published in our next issue.



Mr. Heuthwaite's piano front has aroused much interest. But what's happened to the rest?

* * *

The Gryphon announces that as no Professor has come up to a sufficiently high standard of behaviour the prize of a banana has been withheld.

* * *

We missed several wellknown faces in the side exhibits at the C.U. Fair.

* * *

Might we suggest to the new Traffic Manager that he places one of his men on point duty in the entrance hall between lecture hours?

* * *

New Games at Westwood.

Tennis and "popping the chicken."

* * *

We hear that there is shortly to be founded a "Society for the Discovery of Hidden Letters on Cigarette Boxes."

* * *

Have you heard any of these on your Course?

- i. Enter Prof. M—e. "Last day we were doing—"
- ii. Enter several students—
Mr. S. "Nine o'clock's our time, gentlemen!"
- iii. Prof D. (*sotto voce*) "Let us consider two gasses, A and B."
- v. "The public's misuse and use of gas."
- v. "A very interesting point and worthy of your careful consideration—"
- vi. "Interesting also is the fact that—"
- vii. "Bless us and save us!"
- viii. "This reads like a cook book."
- ix. "Let us try, shall we say, a little—"
- x. "—substances of this nature that will conclude my lecture for this morning."

* * *

Heard at Hebden.

Who the—put my blinking bed up there?

Tommy L-v- proved to be a greater attraction than Jimmy S-lehr-at.

* * *

Who came in to breakfast in carpet slippers?

* * *

And who frequented Grassington Post Office the most?

* * *

11.30 p.m. "Where is young Pr-st-n?"

* * *

Ten wise professor men, discussing discipline; One sighed for army methods; then there were nine.

Nine wise professor men, always lecturing late; One found he couldn't stop; then there were eight.

Eight wise professor men, aspiring unto heaven; God blessed the soul of one; then there were seven.

Seven wise professor men, got into a fix; One hid behind his whiskers; then there were six.

Six wise professor men on Einstein tried to thrive; Thermionics vanquished one; then there were five.

Five wise professor men, seeking nature's lore; One marked the birdies' singing; then there were four.

Four wise professor men, solving for *dt*; One had too much homework; then there were three.

Three wise professor men sought what they could do; One measured up the pyramids; then there were two.

Two wise professor men, feeling nearly done; One dyed with natural dyestuffs; then there was one.

One wise professor man, anxious for some fun; Found a new appointment; then there were none.

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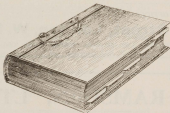
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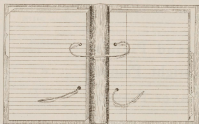
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University Freedom.*

THE World Outlook that gave rise to the best aspirations of the Middle Ages had its supreme expression in the Church and in the Universities. Mr. Childs shows how our first universities took definite shape in the thirteenth century, a century that in its ideals was as lofty as any preceding or subsequent one. The traditional devotion to Roman unity was enriched by the abounding young life of the new nations of the West.

In the wake of universality of outlook followed spontaneity of development. The only political survival of this latter—if we disregard the secular aspect of Papal Monarchy—is the British Constitution. Like it the universities were not born, they grew out of favourable circumstance and exalted ideal.

Then came retrogression. The Reformation period was as deadly to universality of outlook in education as it was in religion. The historical student will emphasise the way in which this was due to the New State. The new ambition was more easily gratified than the World Outlook of the impractical Middle Ages, but it was harsh and repressive. As Church freedom went down before the new Leviathan, so also did university freedom. There was no room for the old system of inter-dependent but independent corporations.

Mr. Childs shows the full fruit of this evil blow in the unqualified state supremacy that gave Napoleon the idea that a university was an agency for promoting emperor worship and that made the German universities such ready instruments of Prussian militarism. In education, as in religion, we wandered far in the wake of sectarianism diversely expressed in the form of exclusive nationality, class or creed. Universities were the humble servants of State and State Church.

State absolutism, for good or ill, is still a mighty force to reckon with. Mr. Childs deals with that aspect of it which affects the freedom of universities; but, from a general

point of view, it is difficult to treat the question adequately unless we take into account the whole issue as between the rights of individuals and corporations and the claims of an Austrian absolute state. With a real sense of responsibility for the welfare of the whole body and with emancipation from stubborn particularism, we could welcome a wholesome resumption of liberty of thought and action on the part of bodies corporate. This liberty must be innate and not a state-conferred boon that can be withdrawn. This applies equally to territorial bodies such as Ulster or Egypt as to other corporations such as Church, University or Trade Union. Given a fair judgment on all sides, the right of corporate judgment is indefeasible.

Fortunately we in this country have never accepted the Prussian idea of the State. Our imperial fabric is a standing protest against any such domination. We may well be grateful, therefore, for the generous and increasing aid now being given by a well-intentioned administration to the nation's universities; but we must be on our guard against the encroachments of an insidious bureaucracy.

The matter-of-fact tendencies of the nineteenth century have largely given rise to the idea that universities exist simply for the advancement of technological knowledge and for the recruitment of the professional classes. Narrowness of outlook results from one and conflict between university and non-professional classes from the other. Our fight must still be for freedom for pure intellectual and scientific progress; we must ourselves be free from a limited power of vision and from subservience to things purely transitory. And the student will struggle for increasing freedom from the vain repetition of lectures and from the intolerable burden of stupid rules.

Mr. Child covers a wide area of historical and contemporary ground in a remarkably short space. It is all too brief; but he has to get to his point quickly. There will soon be room for a series of volumes dealing with each of the newer universities, giving plans, portraits and illustrations: Mr. Childs does

* "Universities and their Freedom," W. M. Childs, M.A., Principal of University College, Reading. London: A. L. Humphreys, 2s.

not refer to the Scottish universities. With the glamour of Oxford and Cambridge we are apt to forget that Scotland has three mediaeval foundations. Glasgow is one of those Papal creations to which Mr. Childs refers and of which he gives foreign instances. During the terrible eighteenth century enslavement of English universities, Glasgow, with its brilliant little society of such men as Hutcheson, Adam Smith and Simson, was full of life and was relatively unfettered. Later on, its Rector, the poet Campbell, became the originator of the movement which resulted in the foundation of the University of London, with its first single-College, non-residential type. Through this link the Scottish tradition has been handed on to the newer English foundations. R.O.

"Songs of Two Shores."

We have received a little book of songs by Mr. T. W. Milnes.* Some of these have already appeared in the *Gryphon* and will thus be familiar. The author, in a short unpretentious introduction tell us that the volume is "a souvenir of some lasting friendships," friendships without doubt which were valued during the four years of war and friendships which are stronger than death. Mr. Milnes does not limit himself to one form of verse. He tries many stanzas and attempts rhymed pentameters, triolets, and a sonnet (which, however, is not at all successful). In some of the poems the construction of the sentence is at fault and at times the line is clumsy. Rhymes are not always true. But the worst fault of the volume appears to be an over-fondness for epithets. There are too many of them, and they are sometimes piled one upon another. "Just the right word" is the one for an epithet; worn-out phrases (or words) and literary "conventionalisms" ought to be dispensed with. Some of the poems are full of charm. In "Portrush" the line

"Five islands slumber in the haze," is extremely happy. In "Fantasy" the thoughts suggest the theme of "Omar Khayyam" but they are well put together in a novel way. And we could continue a list of excellent descriptions and phrases.

The book is well designed but is full of printer's errors. We might point out that 'faeries' exist to us moderns as 'fairies.'

Nevertheless we must wish the author God speed to the "land of heart's desire"—a land which is only accessible to poets by the way of wide reading, close observation of nature and men, and constant practice in the art of poetry. C.

*"Song of Two Shores," by T. Wray Milnes, Leeds, 1921, 1s.

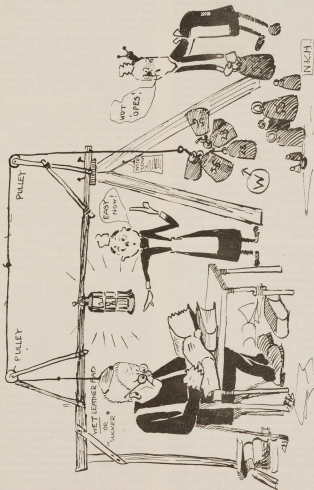
Politics *versus* Party Politics.

THERE are, one hears, Universities which have founded Party Political Clubs. Liberals, Unionist and Socialists meet independently and fondly discuss the errors of their opponents and the wisdom of their prototypes in the outer world. An example has been set us on these lines by Oxford and Cambridge and by the Scottish Universities, but at the risk of hurting the feelings of such august Institutions one must register the opinion that such Clubs are a mistake. Nay more, they are a crime.

Healthy rivalry between Textile and Science Departments or between "Arts" and "Leather" is to be commended but the continuation of the line of demarcation beyond the sports field is unnecessary and undesirable. So too is it injurious to lay down any other lines of demarcation on any pretext whatever. Too many disruptive forces are in operation already. Narrow corridors, small common rooms, scattered homes and diminutive lodgings all tend to split up the seventeen hundred odd students into units, and no one who realises the possibilities of corporate life wishes to see any other disintegrating forces at work. But it has been asked whether Politics have no place in the considerations of a student. Assuredly they have, but let us discriminate.

The great crime of the day seems to be a desire to condemn your neighbour because he has gone out against the common enemy with a blunderbuss while you, modern and up-to-date, use an automatic pistol. Be warned in time that it is not altogether the weapon that counts but the enemy of the common object. Briefly our common object in Politics should be the solution of the Problems of Human Life. Science, Art, Commerce and all the avenues of Thought and Knowledge are ours and we ought, nay we must, use them to satisfy some of the pressing needs of Humanity. Man is animal in that Biological Laws operate in and through him. These Laws are modified, it is granted, but are none the less inexorable. Given an environment of the right kind the right units will respond; in a wrong environment, the "right" units for a wrong environment will survive and it is the purpose of thoughtful and well informed man and womanhood to see that "the right unit" for "the wrong environment" does not survive. There is only one way to do that, viz., to eliminate the wrong environment. Under no other circumstances can our common aim "the uplift of humanity" be achieved. To outline and to formulate the right environment is the realm of practical politics. No party aims

THE LATEST.



NO MORE EXAM. TROUBLE.

Mr. Brynes (Eng. Dept.) devises a "Brain Enlarger" to be used while cramming.

whole heartedly at this and this alone. Party considerations are the considerations which end in the half and half measures which neither kill nor cure but which perpetuate a state of chronic disease. To Science and Commerce one would appeal "Lend us your knowledge"; to Arts one cries "Show us what man can produce that is lovely and of classic value"; and from Education one demands "Tell us how we may most surely hand to our children the twin gifts of knowledge and aesthetic achievement." By such a combination, one feels confident that a study of Politics or Human Evolution would be of questionable value. Cannot we do something on these lines? R.L.H.

Lectures.

By Professor Grant.

I WAS pleased to see the subject brought up again in the pages of *The Gryphon*. It has appeared there more than once already and does not seem much nearer solution. Those who are interested in the subject should turn to Professor Miall's books on teaching (they are sure to be in the Library), and in one of them will be found a very interesting and hostile treatment of lecturing as a method of teaching.

Professor Miall (he was Professor of Biology) at one time almost entirely abandoned lecturing to his students and made them lecture to him. Opinions varied both among his colleagues and his students as to the value of his experiment. I think I might cite Professor Vaughan as another enemy of lectures, though an enemy less thoroughgoing and revolutionary than Professor Miall. I believe he rarely occupied the whole hour with a continuous lecture, but interrupted it by means of questions and answers. I believe that most lecturers are doubtful about the efficacy of lectures and are often weary (as weary as the students themselves) of the monotonous sound of their own voice. But the lecturing system endures and rather gains in strength. No change has been suggested that has met with wide acceptance. Lectures in the United States are very often interrupted by questions. On the Continent so far as my experience goes they reign unchallenged. When I was at Göttingen University the lectures were nearly all read; and the read lecture has all the drawbacks of the system in their interest form.

In its present form I believe that the lecture system is modern, and is closely connected with the rise of the new Universities. At Oxford and Cambridge it was

complained at one time that there were not enough lectures given. Even now they are not regarded as the sole road to knowledge and success in examinations as I fear they are with us.

The problem varies with the different subjects. The lecture has a different meaning and value in language, in the experimental sciences, in mathematics, in English literature, in history. I could not venture to speak for any subject but my own; but here are my ideas concerning lectures as means of teaching history.

1. I cannot believe that any good is to be looked for here in the adoption of Professor Miall's system of making the students lecture or even in the use of question and answer. Where a discussion spontaneously rises it is most welcome, but questions do not seem to me to have much use beyond the rousing of the somnolent.

2. Lectures are really useful as a means of teaching history. Their object is rarely, if ever, to give information that cannot be got elsewhere. In the more elementary classes they make the subject more real than a text book can. In the higher classes they should be an illustration of historical method and of the historical temper. They should hardly ever be concerned with the mere narrative as facts. They should aim rather at suggestion, stimulus and guidance.

3. The real trouble about lectures is that there are too many of them and that students trust too exclusively to them. It must be recognised that the superabundance of lectures springs from the inertia of the students as well as from the conservatism of the teacher. No course of lectures, in my opinion, should cover the whole subject of examination. It is well clearly to say that certain subjects in the examination syllabus will not be treated of in lectures. It would be a useful experiment sometime simply to give a little guidance as to books at the beginning of a course and after that to let the students read for themselves with little or no assistance. I have done something like that occasionally and have found that the work done was quite satisfactory. By our regulations students taking an ordinary degree cannot be examined in any subject on which they have not attended lectures. The intention of the rule is good, for otherwise we should be in danger of becoming that monster—an examining University—but I should be glad to see the rule occasionally relaxed.

4. The difficulty arises, in truth, very largely from the size of the classes and the insufficient numbers of the staff. When classes number 100, 150, 200 or more the only method possible is to discharge a lecture upon them in the hope, usually justified, that it will fall in some cases on attentive and fruitful minds. The difficulty is much less and in my judgment almost disappears with Honours Classes. There the numbers are smaller (though in some instances they are becoming too large); the contact with the teacher is constant; attendance at lectures is not to the same extent compulsory; the essay class and the dissertation are integral parts of the course. Thus the memorising of lecture notes—that grotesque parody of education—is reduced to a minimum. The lecture falls into its place as a part and hardly the most important part of the course.

The sum of the whole matter is that we have arrived at a point in our new universities when experiments and elasticity are necessary. The insistence on the lecture was at first a protest against the worship of examination results. It is in danger of becoming a fetish in its turn.

Psychiatry.

This looks ugly. For the benefit of those happy minds which have not yet succumbed to the spreading craze for psychology and psycho-analysis, it may be well to point out that the word simply means the science (or practice) of mental healing. Now the University, being an institution where mental activity predominates (?), offers a wide variety of types of such activity, and among these may be found certain aberrations. We propose to single out two of these, to give a brief diagnosis of each, and to append a tentative prescription for its cure. It will appear obvious why these two have been selected.

Swatting.—This word is too young to have found its way into the vocabulary of mental pathology, though, with the recognition of the malady connoted, it would suffer some such euphemistic transformation as "diligentia." It is endemic, local conditions unfortunately favouring its continued and widespread development. It is marked by a morbid concentration of interest on one or two topics. Lecture-rooms and library exercise a sinister and compelling attraction, and notes become the sole objects of the diseased affection. On the mental side it results in the atrophy of the sentiments of fellowship and sympathy, narrowness of

understanding, and and what may conveniently be termed intellectual myopia. On the physical side an asymmetrical development of the brain ensues. A most alarming feature is that the patient is unaware of the malady, and thus renders himself all the more obnoxious to his associates. There is also to be remarked a deep-seated repugnance to all healthy and cheerful company and a studied avoidance of the University societies. This abnormal self-centredness is a malignant complaint which should receive immediate and drastic treatment.

Monomanias are usually confined within asylums, but in the University they are honoured by "firsts" and scholarships. In face of this anomaly, prescription is difficult. We might suggest a change in the mental environment, the creation of a wide and virile sentiment, and perhaps frequent *kindly* interviews with the Editor of the *Gryphon* and the Secretary of the Union. But we referred to drastic treatment. This could take the form of prolonged immersion in the engineering tank, which would tend to greater plasticity of brain substance. The risk of hydrophobia supervening would not act as a deterrent.

Ezoni. Fright.—The technical term here is "dokimasiaphobia." The complaint is closely akin to the above, and frequently accompanies it. It is periodical, occurring in its most violent form during the Summer term. The chief symptom is a continual dread apprehension of some immediate disaster, with melancholia of a peculiar kind. There are also plain indications of fever—presumably due to over-excitement of cerebral centres—manifesting itself, even in the normally sluggish, in an uneasy, restless activity. The patient is obsessed by a sense of the winged fleetness of time—*Tempus fugit; est jam furax* recurring with terrifying and remorseless force to his unbalanced mind.

In moods of reminiscence he deploras, with a sentiment somewhat akin to religious mania, the many hours which, prior to the onset of "dokimasiaphobia," he seemed gloriously happy, but which he now condemns as useless. This perverse and dangerous moping reacts on the unstrung imagination that created it, and leads to the production of further spectres, until a veritable demonic phantasmagoria holds the mind in thrall. This final development, of course, must not be confused with "delirium tremens," a malady which, happily, is precluded by the nature and supply of refectory beer.

This is one of those cases in which a hyperæsthetic condition of the mind exaggerates enormously some relatively small trouble, and is tortured by figments of its own creation. It is a form of derangement very common among recognised lunatics, and can only attack those who are predisposed to anæmic weakness. A tonic might restore normal blood circulation and result in some alleviation of cerebral inflammation, but a run with the harriers or a rough-and-tumble at Lawnswood would be more effective. If the patient is unwilling to see to his own treatment, a few robust friends should constitute themselves honorary physicians—and permit no "*l'esc-faculté*!"

The greatest hindrance to the removal of many mental derangements is that they are often clothed by the name "tastes." A person clings with vain affection to his "taste," and repudiates any effort after correction. And, to borrow an analogy from a recent writer, what can you do when a duck, looking gratefully up at the lowering clouds while the rain drips off its back, quacks, "Go on, I like it"? T.E.J.

The Return of Homelock Shears.

[Con'n D'yle wishes to state that in the intervals between his spiritulistic meetings he will endeavour to give the public a few more of his needful-famous detective stories. He feels that he simply must occasionally confine his attention to facts. The first of these stories is hereunder.]

HOMELock Shears, the most powerful of the English disinfectants took his feet off the mantelpiece and rose to answer the telephone. His friend Watson rose from the mat, where he had been gnawing the beef-bone left over from the mid-day lunch, and crossed the room in order to overhear what was being said.

"It is Mrs. Blobbs," said Homelock Shears. Watson immediately opened a 1913 copy of *Who's Who*. Failing to find the name "Blobbs" he opened a copy of *What's What*. Equally unsuccessfully he searched through *Debut*, the *Times Literary Supplement* and a *Guide to the Turf*. "Who is Mrs. Blobbs?" asked Watson. Aghast at such ignorance, Shears, in the usual detective manner, took a deep breath through the right ear before replying. "She is the wife of Bill Blobbs O.B.E., the super-war profiteer," he said. Watson removed his cap and stood for a few moments in reverent silence.

After an hour's conversation on the telephone Shears said "Goodbye," shook hands with Mrs. Blobbs and replaced the receiver

on the rack. He was obviously perturbed. Never before had Watson seen the great detective so pale, no, not even when he had for a short time fallen into the habit of washing his face. Coming to the table he pressed his finger on the diamond-studded knob of the electric bell. Five footmen immediately answered the call. "A large whisky," faintly murmured Shears.

When he had sufficiently recovered to partake of this little nourishment he gave Watson a brief *résumé* of the tragedy which had come as a bombshell to the peaceful family life of the Blobbs.

Mr. Blobbs had during the war secured the contract for supplying the troops with lace pillow-covers. The other half of his colossal fortune was made from the contract for supplying asparagus tongs. The third half of his money came from embroidered stomach bands. The German government, knowing that a modern army, which gathers moss, moves on its stomach, had detailed three gentlemen and two members of the Army Service Corps to assassinate Mr. Blobbs.

With the usual frightfulness the plan proposed was that Blobbs, his wife, family and belongings should be choked.

Blobbs, with the true courage of the war profiteer, had laughed at these foreign threats. "I have too much neck to be choked," he had exclaimed.

Months had elapsed and the terror forgotten until that very morning.

That very morning Mrs. Blobbs, a lady in the prime of life, with nothing on her mind as far as was known, had found her favourite bathroom pipe choked.

So the hidden hand had begun its woeful wickedness. The slippery silent sleuths were perpetrating their pernicious perambulations.

A few hours later Shears might have been observed strolling along the embankment disguised as a plumber. The make-up was perfect. Every few minutes he stopped and, muttered, as if mechanically, "I shall have to send for my mate." Anything which bore the remotest resemblance to a pipe was damaged as he passed.

In the course of the day he arrived at the Blobbs' mansion, which was just off the embankment. He was shown to the bathroom.

Three weeks later Watson was roused from his bed at midday by the gentle pawing of "Peanuts," the famous trained blood-hound. Peanuts wagged its tail four times

in an horizontal direction and twice laterally. This, Watson knew, was the message "Am in serious danger, come at once."

Watson sprang out of bed and strapped on his dagger-belt. He placed a brace of revolvers into each pocket and slipped a life-preserver up his sleeve. By the time he had finished his breakfast his scooter had been brought round from the garage, and after reading through the morning paper, Watson flew to the rescue.

"Watson, this business is serious," said Shears. "After three weeks of scientific investigation I have this morning found what choked the bathroom pipe." He spoke deliberately and solemnly, and, as he spoke, he held up an old sock on which were the words "Robert Irondale."

(As my readers are aware, Robert Irondale was the head of the "Killecrankai," the famous German secret service, which has as its motto "Gie em sox.")

"Watson," resumed Shears, "I want you to write a post-card to Germany asking for a full description of this foul fiend." Watson promised to do so and made a note to that effect on his shirt-cuff.

At that moment the fourth butler entered with some hot-buttered toast and a glass of hopped-cotch, which was the usual evening meal for Shears. Whilst the butler was in the room Shears disguised himself as a bath-towel and made a noise like a piece of soap. After the butler had gone Shears measured his footprints and entered up the measurements in his footprint ledger which he had brought with him. "I have nearly all the details concerning the servants in this house," said Shears. "That man, for example, is a pure-bred Scotchman. His name is Von Shlegel. He has a scar on each elbow and his peculiar expression was caused by a cab accident." "How do you know?" Watson involuntarily exclaimed. "I analysed a fragment of wood which fell from his face and found it to be a part of a cab-wheel," said the detective. "How simple. I should never have thought of that," said Watson.

I will not weary the reader with a description of all the heart-breaking research work which occupied the attention of these two hounds of justice during the weary weeks which followed. Nothing of importance occurred and Shears had almost reached the end of his resources when a letter was received from Germany which read as follows: "Dear Sir,—With reference to your enquiry of the 14th ultimo asking for a full description of our secret service agent, Robert Irondale, who is at present in England, we have pleasure in informing you that he has a scar on each elbow and has a funny face caused by a cab

accident (*kabakksidant*). If we can be of any further assistance at any time please let us know.

We beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

per pro The German Government,
(signed) Wilhelm."

Watson gasped with surprise. "I knew it!" exclaimed Shears. "A man who sees a bottle of Johnnie Walker looking lonely in an otherwise empty room and refuses to look after it is no true Scotchman. That is the test I gave him. Only a German could do such a thing." "The fourth butler is no other than Robert Irondale, the head of the Killecrankai. We have no time to lose!" Both men drew their revolvers from their scabbards and rushed to the drawing room. They were just in time. Through the open door they saw the fourth butler covering Mr. Blobbs with a revolver. On the table lay a sinister knotted cord.

Watson would have rushed into the room and tackled the butler had not Shears prevented him. Shears' face was grimly set. His teeth ground together as if he was about to fill in an income tax return. "Wait!" he said, "as they have decreed concerning the Blobbs family so shall it happen to themselves." He drew from his pocket a cigar, Watson knew at once the awful significance,—had he not sat in the study at home whilst Shears smoked the things! Entering the room Shears smilingly crossed to the butler and said, "Ah! Shlegel, have a cigar?" "Thanks," said the spy. He took the cigar and lit it. In a few moments he lay choked on the floor.

The fumes of the cigar killed all the other secret service agents who were in the house, and the Blobbs family lived happily ever after.
E.P.W.

The British Federation of University Women.

At a time when international fellowship seems further off as a fact, but is more passionately urged as an ideal, than ever before, it may not be amiss to describe in a few words a step in that direction which has lately been taken by University women of fourteen countries. The new title of the Federation of English women graduates testifies to this: it has become, not *the* Federation (as it was when it first began its existence—a small local association at Manchester giving it birth in 1910), but one of a larger community—the International.

A Conference was held in London in July, 1920, when several hundreds of members and friends of the Federation from America and elsewhere met to discuss the formation of

the international body and to hear an address by Viscount Grey on "The Value of Knowledge in International Relations." A Constitution was adopted, and sub-committees (Hospitality, Scholarships and Exchange Lectureships, Finance and Propaganda) were brought into being.

The objects of the British Federation are as follows:—

To create an organisation which shall represent University Women in all professions and enable them to take concerted action on matters affecting their interest in public and private life.

To promote co-operation between the University Women of Great Britain, and to stimulate friendship between University Women throughout the world.

To encourage independent research work by University Women.

To stimulate the interest of University Women in municipal and public life.

To keep a register of University Women and to notify them of suitable appointments.

In its short life it has already proved of value in calling attention to the right of educated women to settle their own conditions of work, to inequalities of salary, to the need for educated women on Government Commissions and Committees of Enquiry and other Bodies. A recognised body of graduate women, with large membership and the solidarity that common work and aims can give, should be a valuable consultant in any country which is determined to make use of expert knowledge where expert knowledge can avail. Habits of thought lag far behind changes in machinery and circumstance, and for many years yet there will be work for the Federation, even in our own country, where 'equality' now nominally prevails. That an international Federation can do more, can actually, if it works hard enough, influence woman's work throughout the world, is plain.

It is most desirable that every woman graduate should join her local branch of the British Federation. The Hon. Sec. in Leeds is Miss Shingles, Thoresby High School, and the local representative on the Central Executive, Miss Coignou, 31, Elberston Terrace. Women graduates of Leeds at work elsewhere can get into touch with the nearest Branch by communicating with the Secretary at Headquarters, Miss M. D. Widdows, 73, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, W.C.1. The annual subscription varies in local branches, but is in no case more than a few shillings. The Life membership fee is £3 10s. G.

Haberdashery.

THE art of shopping is a gift denied to most people. Any ordinary person can buy (provided that he has money). But he is no ordinary person who can shop. Certainly it is not mere effrontery or force of will that is required. Even our professed fire-eaters, once inside a shop, become the innocent dupes of the first assistant they encounter, who takes any sort of pride in his work. This art of shopping, like the art of work, can never be acquired, and there must be something in the blood, or perhaps a special gland, to account for it. The spectacle of a shopper with this something or this gland in action is a spectacle one should see, and then die. No branch of intellectual activity, not even a chess championship, excels in brilliance the battle of wits between a trained salesman and a born shopper. I am not a born shopper, but unfortunately I sometimes have shopping thrust upon me.

Being forced recently to pay a visit to my haberdasher's, I approached the entrance of one of our larger emporia with the feeling of mental embarrassment that such occasions always give me, and diffidently asked the general who opened the door if I might be allowed to purchase a pair of gloves.

"Gloves, Sir? Round to the left, past the shirt department," was the reply. "GLOVES!" he bellowed finally.

I hate publicity, and it is a mystery how I found my way where I wanted to be, knowing as I did that my quest for gloves was common property, and might possibly at that instant be providing work for the compositors of the *Melbourne Evening Star*—such are the terrors of wireless. On regaining some control over my actions, I found myself opposite a young assistant, whose gaze combined hauteur and inquiry with devastating effect. Realising that immediate speech was necessary, I murmured "Have you any gloves?"

"A few," he said modestly, indicating the neighbouring landscape which was entirely composed of gloves. "Do you require a gent's glove?"

"No," I said, "Anything but that. I want two wash-leather gloves, but never let it be said—"

He interrupted my harangue by asking "What size do you take, Sir?"

I felt that this man must be treated with firmness. "Fifteen and a half," I replied briskly. Something in the man's horrified expression told me that I had said the wrong

thing. What size did I take anyway? Twenty-nine seemed a familiar number. I said it, but with no greater success than before. I then remembered that it was my age, and he did not want that. Trying again, I only succeeded in giving him my telephone number, and he did not want that, either. My stock of familiar numbers was not nearly exhausted however, and I was just going to giving him the boiling-point of water (Fahrenheit), when he stopped me by saying, "May I see your hand, please?"

"Certainly," I said, "There is no charge." I passed him my left hand and he examined it carefully.

"I should say you take size eight," he said.

A sudden light broke upon me. "Yes," I cried, "I remember now. I gave you my size in collars first of all, and if you take half my size in collars plus a half, you get (if you are a mathematician) my size in shoes, which is also my size in gloves, both being equal to my size in hats plus one. In fact all the various quantities concerned are connected by a well-known formula which I have forgotten for the moment."

The man seemed impressed, there is no doubt about that.

He opened a drawer behind him and a shower of gloves fell out. Selecting a pair, size eight, he handed them to me and asked me to try them on. I did so. They were too large—I could have slipped both hands into one of them easily, only the man prevented me. "Try these, Sir, they are a size less," he requested, giving me another pair.

They were too small. I dislocated my left little finger in a valiant attempt to make it go into the compartment reserved for it, but it would not. After the resident doctor had attended to me, we resumed the game. To pass the time whilst trying on countless pairs of gloves, I endeavoured to propitiate the assistant by treating him as a human being. "How's trade?" I asked genially.

"So-so," he replied, as though the subject were distasteful to him.

"Indeed," I said, "It is interesting to hear that."

The conversation came to an abrupt end, and I continued my struggles in a silence broken only by the heavy breathing of the lift-boy, who was an absorbed spectator. Gloves of every shape and size were put before

me, given a chance to prove themselves fitting companions and, alas, rejected. After a time the assistant showed signs of losing a little of his hauteur, and a dreadful suspicion of deformity was beginning to alarm me very much, when quite suddenly a pair fitted. Incredible as it seemed, each one fitted me like a glove.

"I will take these," I cried, hastily drawing the gloves off, lest they should suddenly grow too big or too little, out of vexation at being caught fitting anyone. But they were too quick for me. There was a loud ripping sound and I deposited on the counter the dismembered thumb of a right glove. Rather than risk the ignominy of being worn, the wretched thing had made away with itself. I tore off the remains from both hands and placed them in a dismal heap in front of the ogre (for I now regarded him as that). He was annoyed, but not as much as I was. "Keep these vain and ridiculous products of a decadent civilisation," I shouted. "I will have none of them." Rushing away to my friend the general, I asked to be directed to the woad department.

C.O.E.

Tumbletown Town.

In Tumbledown Street,
In Tumbledown Town,
The walls are o'ergrown
With grass and with moss;
All sleep but the spider,
And she hurries to hide her
'Neath the eaves of the dwellings
Enveloped in dust.

In Tumbledown Street,
In Tumbledown Town,
Folk so lazy have grown
That they sweep not the cobbles,
And the grass grows so high—
(For even to try
Would cause aching of shoulder;
And what work would be colder?
For the piercing east wind
And the blast from the north
Sweep the ruins of Tumbledown Town).

Thus the wireworm and spider,
And the bat and the owl
Are left all alone
To the roofs and the chimneys of Tumbledown
Town.

W.D.C.

Notice.

THE Editor would remind Old Students of the University that it has been suggested by the London Association that the next number of the *Gryphon* should be an Old Students number *per excellence*. Contributions are therefore invited and should be sent in by June 8th.

Will Present Students remember that the *Gryphon* must appear despite exams, and make a special effort to send in contributions.

In Praise of Oars.

PROLOGUE.

When your academic diet

Palls, and lectures merely bore,

When you're listless and inquiet,

Then it's time to take an air,—

Set a worthy task to muscles

Not designed for idle state,

Find a coach who glibly and lustily:

"On to it! On to it! Row, you're late!"

THE SONG.

Rising, falling, swells our chorus,

Blending with our to and fro;

Sealed is fortune's book before us,

Yet to music let us go!

Backs erect, and firmly swinging,

Shoulders braced, and true our grip,

Come what may, we're ready, singing:

"Steady, boys! Steadily! Tries the ship!"

Joy! We're off, and all together

Feed the clincher's lift sublime,—

Not a flaw in swing or feather,—

"Keep it up! Keep it up! Mark the time!"

Soon her battle-song emerges

Deck'd with quavering rippling post;

Even-keeled she springs and surges,—

"Stick it, row! Stick it! You're gaining fast!"

How the water swirls and glances

From each firmly driven blade!

Time and place are lost, and fancies

Dance, as all surroundings fade,

Put a sea-pro on our galley,—

So we roused our land to win!

Hear you not the Sea-well's rally?

"Pick it up! Pick it up! Take her in!"

Take her in, and clinch the duel!

Ride the breakers! Win the shore!

Stick it, though the effort's cruel!

"On to it! On to it! Ten strokes more!"

Yes! How lost for half that number?

Damn this cramp! My legs are reeds!

Throw me out, I'm naught but lumber!

"Easy all! Hold her off! Well rowed, Leeds!"

* * *

Wider waters soon will call us,

Tides of fate will ebb and flow;

Still, whatever lot befall us,

We'll remember how to row!

Scattered, yet we'll pull together,

Drive a firm blade, clean and straight,

Recoldest in dirty weather

"Swing to it! Swing to it! Pull your weight!"

W.G.

Tact.

Why is it that civilised man, up in arms directly friends insinuate deficiency on his own part in the quality of tact, is yet full of resentful suspicion the minute he gets an inkling that he himself is being tactfully handled—the object, not the subject, of a delightful virtue? Our outlook on the world is chequered with these inconsistencies. The "great-souled man," who confers benefits but does not receive them, has his counterpart in many a Christian congregation; and I have sometimes suspected our two-faced attitude to tact—a Christian grace, surely, at its best, if ever there was one—is rooted in something of the same unconscious egoism; that *anima irredenta* which psychologists are now making their own, and claim to find not only unredemmed but irredeemable. Self, that hungry, fighting, grabbing animal, that aeons-old adept at camouflage, pathetically drapes in fair titles his own inevitable fate—but his neighbour's he has always called by its proper name. "Over there," patriotism is only overweening national pride, the merchant venturer a pirate, the native a poor foreigner, the nationalist a rebel. One man's meat, in short, is another man's poison; and while the first may steal in safety the whole stable or pasture full, the other, in the circumstances, is well advised to keep his gaze away even from the fence.

Is tact, then, only a virtue when it is home-bred, and are we doomed to prejudice against it where others are concerned? Tact—touch—adroit handling of other people—are we to pride ourselves on our own, still saying with a shrug of our neighbour "Ah, So and So understands diplomacy," and tempted on the spot to turn either contrary or suspicious, even to try and goad the tactful one into losing his beautiful temper after all? On the other hand, away on neutral ground, what venomous damnation is pronounced upon the person who "has no tact!" What silent execration endured upon committees, under pulpits, by the dinner-guests of ill-sorted marriage couples, by the better sort (I am positive) of dogs and cats! Which of us has not suffered in his day from the friend of the family who "understands boys"? Of that kidney are the man who understands women, the person who knows working-men through and through; all have the same dreadful power and all enjoy as recompense the same widespread and merited detestation. That was the kind of thing Dido, only a poor transparent ghost in Hades, recognised the minute she saw it approaching. Probably Richard, Duke of Gloucester, before the

premature sad decay of his family's junior branch, enjoyed on avuncular visits to the schoolroom a reputation which was a very exemplar of our type. Yet of all these which would not say to us either by word or look, "My dear fellow, it's all a question of tact. Some of us are born with it others—!" The implied antithesis is kindly left unspoken. We could wish, as Xero (or somebody) did, these pestilent creatures had but one neck.

The secret, I think, lies there. If tact, whatever it may actually be, is to be appreciated by its object or, before his glass, by its possessor alone, it must be unconscious. Conscious tact is as second-hand as conscious humility—I am not sure it is not also a contradiction in terms. If our finger is on our own pulse, it cannot be on our neighbour's; if we set out to employ tact, it becomes a piece of apparatus—like "propaganda" or machine-guns—not a grace; and it is our graces that people love us for; they know our wits and our cleverness can look after themselves.

In seeking our own ends, good or bad, success depends on handling men with tact and affairs with judgment. But when it is question not of getting, but of giving or sharing—and there are extraordinary people who manage somehow to keep this attitude going their whole lives through!—then tact, of the conscious kind, becomes superfluous; a gesture, and the crystal of human intercourse warms mysteriously into wine. In Mr. Bennett's greatest novel, his heroine, Sophia Seales, receiving in Paris forty years after her escapade (unmentionable in the family) a beloved sister's first letter rejoicing over this belated discovery of her address, saw in the artless lines "something far above tact." "It was a Baines letter"—no one not belonging to their own super-excellent family (but by her for forty years) could have penned it like, "If Constance had tried to be tactful—and goodness knows there had been plenty of occasion for it!—the letter would undoubtedly have proved a ghastly failure. Certain it is the proud Sophia, even at the age of sixty and longing for a home, would never have answered it.

This "something far above tact" which yet produces tact in its fairest efflorescence, is simply love, the mutual identification of people who, as we say "understand one another," know each instinctively what the other is feeling. We take this special grace for granted where Nature, luckily for us, has already planted a sturdy root of it; among near relations very often (not always!) among close co-workers, between plighted pairs. And those rare characters who

seem to have been dowered with it in the sphere of relationships generally far less promising—inately sympathetic committee members, administrators, departmental heads—how their associates grapple them to their hearts with hooks of steel! And when we see this quality functioning in them, we still call it, for want of a better word, *So-and-so's tact*. We like to pretend, I suppose, that our own comparatively clumsy, often self-appointed, diplomatic attempts are of the same status and line. If so be we can train them to become so, we shall be better men and women. But I am afraid we shall be elected to even more committees—worse, perhaps live to find ourselves located permanently in the Chair. . . . G.

Musie.

ROUGHLY, there are two kinds of music; that which speaks and that which merely sounds. Of the first, perhaps the finest symbol is the violin; of the second, the side-drum. In all music the two elements are present; fluctuations of phrase are marked by variations of tone-quantity, just as an actor will heighten the effect of his words by the rise and fall of his voice. But the greatest music is that which relies least on these adventitious aids, and addresses the mind through the pure eloquence of its curves.

Still, it is doubtless good to mark lustily, or tumble head-over-heels on occasion (these lesser arts should be more cultivated), and the sheer physical exhilaration of a thunderous drum-roll is something to be enjoyed for its own sake by all healthy people. That is why we like to hear the Tannhäuser Overture, which was given at the last of the season's Saturday Orchestral Concerts. Long stretches of the middle music say nothing at all; exciting climaxes are achieved by the purely mechanical means of combining a crescendo with a rise in pitch, without the use of any real "speaking" phrase. Much of it, in fact, is tom-tom music—raised to greater effectiveness by Wagner's superior intellectual power, but remaining essentially the language of primitive physical excitement. The Pilgrim's Chorus is music which speaks; one terms its accents dignified or portentous according to one's temperament. It was here that Mr. Goossens's conducting struck me as un-Wagnerian. Everyone has seen a youngster walking beside his Grandfather, and endeavouring to match the slowness of the old man's stride. It is of no use; though the little foot may hover ludicrously in the air for a moment, it always hits the ground too soon. So it is in playing; to go slowly requires a certain magnitude and poise of mind. The example used is extreme, of

course; Mr. Goossens is far from childishness. But the eager spring of his mental step makes him impatient of the slightly theatrical "impressiveness" which Wagner is obviously demanding. He will have no pausing, no slight dwelling on the notes—things must be made to move along. It is the temperament which, in creative modern music, is clearing away the masses of dull heaviness which weighed upon much of the music of the nineteenth century; but Wagner would scarcely have been in agreement, and the music in question is his.

At the same concert we had Mr. William Murdoch in the Grieg Concerto, which still retains its thrush-song freshness. Mr. Murdoch knows that the secret of art is control, not abandon. How well does his style compare with the frenzied playing of a certain type of continental artist! His "fire" is warm, not sulphurous. His solos included the Berceuse of Chopin—unique amongst the master's works. Here Chopin, the richest harmonist between Bach and Wagner, is content to base the entire work on the two harmonies which every vamping accompanist knows; all the rest is decoration. It is the very quintessence of the decorative part in Chopin's exquisite art.

Of music which speaks, none holds higher place than Bach's S. Matthew Passion, which was given at the Parish Church in April. This is the music which always appears to me to approach most nearly to the pure singing spirit of the violin, for it sears yet tempers the heart like a flame. Less than any other music does it depend on the mere externals of expression. For this reason I can never join those who deplore the deficiencies of expression in choir-boys' voices for the rendering of the work. To me its pure loveliness of line seems exactly fitted to the level beauty of a boy's voice. It needs none of the "expressiveness" of the soprano brought up on "I know that my Redeemer liveth" to bring out the beauty; it lies there in the interlacing of the fine-drawn lines. Its magic, like that of Hamlet's "The rest is silence," or Lear's "Pray you, undo this button," shines best through the utmost simplicity of delivery. Every curving phrase, whether of bass or treble, of violin or oboe, is born in an ecstasy of pain and joy, and carries its own message. The S. Matthew Passion is the finest distillation of speaking-music. Here is fulfilled the noblest function of music, which is not to give pleasure, but to give pain—to wring some of the dirty water out of our dish-cloth souls.

J.R.W.

The International Students' Congress.

THE Confederation Internationale des Etudiants was formed on the occasion of the Annual Congress of the French National Students' Union at Strasburg in 1919: its membership then included seven countries with ten others (including England) as "Membres Libres"—the latter had at that time had no National Students' Union and were admitted in a consultative capacity only. The Central Bureau is at Brussels: the English Bureau is at 56, Russell Square, London. The objects are the interchange of students, as well as books, periodicals, and correspondence, the equivalence of degrees and diplomas, student travelling facilities and the Carte d'Identité to serve as a passport for C.I.E. members; also general matters which are common to all students.

The first General Congress of the C.I.E. was held in Prague this year—29th March to April 6th—when nine more countries, including England and Scotland, were made full members; four more "Membres Libres" were also admitted. The total now is sixteen countries—or twenty including the Membres Libres. All the European nations with the exception of Portugal, Russia and the Central Powers are affiliated. The U.S.A. is a "Membre Libre," and the Jewish University in Palestine applied for admission which was held over.

The official opening meeting was presided over by Dr. Smal, Chief Minister of State, in the absence through illness of Dr. Masaryk, President of Czecho-Slovakia, when speeches of welcome were delivered and responded to by members of the various delegations.

The British Delegation then met for a conference. Mr. Thomson, Secretary of the London Bureau, presided, and after a full discussion of the situation it was decided to form a Committee of eight to represent England in consultative capacity as she has at present no representative national union. They were chosen as follows:—Four by the Inter-Varsity Association which represents nearly all the provincial universities and university colleges, two from London University, and one each from Oxford and Cambridge. The Scottish delegates pointed out that as they had had a national council for the last forty years they intended to apply for full titular Membership and so did not hold to this arrangement; this division created a great amount of discussion later in the assembly. At this meeting attention was also directed to the Clause in Article 2 of the C.I.E. Constitution

which prevented the students of the Central Empires and their Allies from being admitted until these nations were admitted to the League of Nations; the British delegation—with only one dissident—strongly recommended that this clause should be deleted; they also expressed sympathy with regard to the admission of Austria if she applied. When this matter came up at the general assembly it was treated rather discourteously, and a clause substituted which stated that applications should be made through the President for consideration by the Executive and Council before going to the Assembly; the Gothic delegates were annoyed by this being put to the vote and carried without translation, but by the diplomatic action of Mr. Thomas the storm passed.

The admission of two separate bodies representing Britain was unwelcome to the French, as it gave this country a double vote as well as creating a precedent for the representation of minorities; as the English raised objection to Scotland's application for separate affiliation, a means had to be found for overcoming the difficulty. From the first the Gothic group stated that if England were not admitted they would withdraw from the C.E.; the solution came by proposing that England and Scotland should be admitted as separate nations till the next Congress, but even this met with disapproval. Poland had brought forward again the above proposal that both countries should be admitted temporarily, and the matter having been considered by a Committee the following was placed before the Assembly and carried unanimously:—

"The General Assembly, being informed
"that the two delegations, English and
"Scotch, are both in agreement in asking
"for separate delegations within the Con-
"federation, and being informed that the
"mandates of these delegations do not
"permit them to create during the course
"of the Congress a single delegation for
"the United Kingdom of Great Britain
"and Ireland, decides to admit until the
"next Congress the two separate delega-
"tions of English and Scottish National
"Unions as titular members of the C.E.
"to reconsider at the next Congress the
"final admission of these two delegations
"and to invite them to endeavour to
"form a common representation for the
"United Kingdom of Great Britain and
"Ireland."

The final session was presided over by the Lord Mayor of Prague, when farewell speeches were delivered.

A Point of View.

TOWARDS the end of the Autumn term some few people whom examination importunities had not succeeded in burying in all-oblivious self-concentration gathered to voice their opinions on various questions "at once both terrible and dear" to students, to wit, the well-being of the *Gryphon* and sundry details of organisation and administration.

I do not propose to burden the columns of the *Gryphon* with remarks which would have been more appropriate to the above occasion, but certain ideas were given utterance, which, I think, deserve a more especial consideration. To be brief, there was a generally accepted opinion that we who are privileged to enjoy a University education, are destined to become, and must so shape our conduct as to be recognised as *leaders* in our various walks of life. Now it strikes me that this is a particularly impertinent and dangerous delusion for us to cherish. Putting aside all invidious questionings as to the actual suitability of a University education for such a purpose, it is obvious that with this delusion, even the student who intends to derive the utmost benefit from all that the manifold activities of a University can offer him, runs a grave risk of developing a mentality deleterious to himself and to society. The refrain 'I am going to be a leader' may be a very grand 'motto' in the life-history of a popular hero, but it threatens to breed self-sufficiency, humphousness and the less tolerable faults of snobbishness and unsociability if urged as a motto for those who have hardly begun to learn when they are called upon to teach.

Examining more closely the nature of the material cast into the mould for leadership, we see that by far the larger proportion of students come from homes where the possession of wealth is held to indicate a corresponding power, or 'leadership.' Few, if any, leave such homes with the intention of following a less profitable, less illustrious career than that familiar to them. We seek to rise, if our original station be socially humble, to keep at the same level if we are more fortunately endowed.

During the 3, 4 or 5 years we spend in devotion to learning, we live an artificial existence, unknowing of, or caring little for the ways of people who are not destined to be leaders. We re-assess ambition and success according to a more worldly scale of values, that is, if we attempt to philosophise at all. We adopt University careers, because experience shows that with ordinary luck

they lead more quickly to comfort, security and a minimum of toil, or because, in the case of a few, economic circumstances hold us in their grasp and we purchase a University education by worshipping false gods, affecting obedience to a vocation which we do not hear.

Yet undergraduates and professional folk generally are not so desperately wicked as this outburst would seem to suggest. They act merely according to received lights and are victims of a cosmic tendency as characteristic as the impulse to self-preservation. All through the ages man has striven to attain the summit of social perfection, as by him conceived; from slavery and despair, through hazardous poverty and unstable mediocrity to an affluent, leisured independence, the ideal has been, crudely expressed, social utility. Strange paradox of evolution, that man, the creature alone endowed with a moral conscience, his ethical darkness illuminated by flash after flash of divine revelation, should be content to stay his progress where the lower animals begin, at the parasitic stage! For our hope is to suck our sustenance from the body-politic, to spur on the benighted toilers that they may render our pilgrimage smooth by their labour.

We may not blind ourselves to the truth; we cannot close our ears to the protestations of common-sense and elementary justice. How many of us consciously and sincerely intend to render in social service the equivalent of what we have received as heirs of the past and wards of the present? Are we really and truly deceived—or convinced—by the doctrine that "to him that hath shall be given," by the brazen assertion that the mere possession of a smattering of learning or a superficial technical knowledge, entitles the holder to exact tribute from the less cultivated member of the species, regardless of the relative value of their contributions to the world's work? The answers to these questions prove the success of the gigantic conspiracy engineered against equity and truth by those for whom they constitute an alarming menace and who have thus tried to give moral sanction to the above-mentioned unmoral cosmic tendency. We are interested in preserving the larger part of humanity in that state of sheep-like docility which accepts us unquestioningly as leaders and masters. We thus protect our incapacity whilst posing as effective and indispensable factors in the machinery of creation.

After the indictment should follow an indication of the road to salvation. It does not need much elaboration. First and

foremost an altered mentality is essential. We must cast away all thoughts of leadership—when it involves deserting the flock in the wilderness; for what is more presumptuous than leadership as a life's attitude? In all humility, it becomes us to lay our special aptitudes or information at the feet of the many, not to exploit them for personal aggrandisement. An investigation into the precise origins of our privileged position should lead to a less flattering conception of our destiny upon this earth and hence to a more appropriate attitude towards "the lesser breed than knows no law."

But the *Gryphon* is not the best pulpit for this kind of preaching. If the point of view has been clearly stated, conclusions are obvious, and I should offend the perspicacity of my readers by labouring the question further. Nevertheless, I cannot hope that many will agree with my heresies, and any isolated disciples must have the faith of Browning's:—

"One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed 'tho' right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake!" S.

"The Brothers Limejuice."

A New Russian Novel by Turgenevitch.

CHAPTER I.

Katavassov sat eating samovars. Before consuming each one he dipped it in vodka and sprinkled it with caviare.

"It will snow," said Jimai Ughovitch. "It will not," replied Katavassov.

This conversation lasted all the evening.

As dawn broke on the following day Katavassov committed suicide.

CHAPTER II.

A pistol shot rang down the Kremlin. A half-drunken moujik smoking an enormous drovsky gazed in contempt at a poor peasant who was selling oysters on a barrow. "Why does one have relations?" bitterly exclaimed Katavassov.

A second shot rang down the Kremlin. Katavassov had again committed suicide.

CHAPTER III.

Seroungi Seroungovitch whipped his horses into a trot. As they drove through the dark woods it seemed to Seroungi that each dark

shadow held an inexplicable horror. Why should this be? Only last night he had sat in this same wood with Maryovitch his betrothed. He looked up at the stars. How wickedly they winked back at him! A shadow from the wood seemed to spring at him. He shrieked in terror. The horses sprang forward at the cry. They passed through the forest clearing. A steam tractor stood by the road-side. As Seroungi approached the steam tractor it seemed to menace him. Why was this?

(Answer in English—He was drunk.)

(Answer in Russian—The soul of the great White Russia strove inarticulate in this son of its bosom seeking expression for the mighty aspiration which woke to life in his inmost being).

On reaching home Seroungi hanged himself.

CHAPTER IV.

In a room in a house just off the Nevsky were Katavasov, Jimei Ughovitch, Seroungi Seroungovitch, Maryovitch Ughovitch and Nicholai Pushitoff.

Outside could be heard the jingle of the bells of trotting horses as they hurried along the frozen road. Within was the jingle of coins as they were thrown on the Kron et Ankor board. It was oppressively hot. On the samovar was a large dish of fried ikons.

Nicholai Pushitoff gazed at Maryovitch Ughovitch with eyes of devotion. The girl and her sister were beautiful women. They were much alike. Strangers, on being told that one was Maryovitch and the other Aloyovitch would exclaim "Vitch is vitch?" The excitement of the evening had broken through Nicholai Pushitoff's guarded reserve and passion showed in his face. Normally he was a religious man and went regularly to the Traktee, but to-night . . .

Seroungi Seroungovitch squeezed a lemon into his tea. The sourness of the lemon was sweetness compared with the state of Seroungi's mind. Through his narrow eyes he watched the amateness of Pushitoff. He drew a Mill's bomb from his pocket . . .

CHAPTER V.

In a garret an old man lay dying. He drew his furs around him to keep away the cold. It was Seroungi Seroungovitch. Perspiration stood on his forehead. How evil his past had been! The pain racked his body and he screamed in delirium.

He died of old age. Katavasov, Jimei Ughovitch, Maryovitch Ughovitch, Nicholai Pushitoff and Seroungi Seroungovitch attended the funeral. Seroungi Seroungovitch was in a box in the front carriage.

THE END.

E.P.W.

University News.

General Meeting of the Union, March 1st, 1921.

1. The Balance Sheet for 1919-20 was formally accepted and approved.

2. Rule 6 was altered to read as follows:—

The retiring Union Secretary shall post, or cause to be posted, during the second week in May, notices calling upon students to nominate candidates for the Committee. Any 25 members may nominate a candidate, but no member may sign more than 15 nominations. Three clear working days (not including Saturday) shall be allowed from the time of posting the notices to the closing of the nominations. All nominations must be posted immediately they are received.

3. Colours and Half Colours were awarded to the Harriers' Club.

4. Half Colours were awarded to the Lacrosse Club.

5. Rule 13 was altered to read as follows:—

Rules may be added, altered or expunged at a General Meeting called for that purpose, if not less than 10 per cent. of the members of the Union for the time being are present, and if two-thirds of those present vote for the change. Should less than 10 per cent. of the members of the Union for the time being attend the meeting, the matter shall be left to the discretion of the Union Committee. The wording of the old rule, together with the proposed alterations, shall be sent on the notice convening the Meeting. No motion relating to the same rule shall be brought forward, except by the Union Committee, more than once a Session.

6. Rule 16 (c) was deleted.

7. Women granted Colours and Half Colours were given equal right with men to wear the Colours Blazer.

8. The Women's Hockey and Tennis Clubs were granted Half Colours.

Union Committee Minutes.

The Ninth Meeting of the Union Committee was held in the Union Committee Room on Monday, February 28th, at 5.15 p.m.

Present:—Twenty-two members as per attendance register.

Mr. D. I. Currie in the Chair.

1. Arising out of the minutes, Mr. Heathwaite reported that the piano front in the Gym. belonged to the Union, and that he was receiving offers for it.

2. It was decided to increase the annual payment to the Retirement and Allowance Fund from £10 to £25.

3. A grant of £37 18s. 11½d. was made to the Lacrosse Club, being fares to Cambridge, and 15s. entertainment allowance per member.

4. Mr. W. H. Smith read the Conventions Balance Sheet, and a report on the same.

It was decided that the Entertainment Sub-Committee should consider the report, and that pending their recommendations, no expenditure be made on decorations.

5. It was decided to appoint a full-time clerk to the Union at a salary not to exceed £2 weekly.

6. It was decided to approach L. Professor Priestley 2, Mr. Grist with a view to election as Union Treasurer for Session 1921-22.

7. Subject to the approval by the new Treasurer, the scheme of Financial Re-organisation suggested by the Sub-Committee appointed to consider the matter, was adopted.
8. The design for Colours Blazer pocket badge submitted by Messrs. Hardy & Co., was approved. It was decided to sell the surplus stock of small ones at 2s. 6d. each.
9. Mr. Sharpe reported his suggested arrangements for looking after the Refectory Tennis Courts and nets. He was authorised to conclude the matter, subject to safeguarding the interests of those who play before breakfast.
10. It was decided to reserve a court, eighteen hours per week, for use of students from the Medical School; the hours to be alternately in the morning and the afternoon.
11. Owing to the lateness of the hour the adjournment was moved and carried.

(Signed) G. M. MILLER, (Signed) DONALD I. CURRIE,
Hon. Sec. President.

The Tenth Meeting of the Union Committee was held in the Union Committee Room on Monday, March 14th at 5.15 p.m.

Present:—Nineteen members as per Attendance register.

Mr. D. I. Currie in the Chair.

1. Arising from the minutes, Mr. Heuthwaite was authorised to accept an offer of £1 for the piano remains.
2. The scheme of athletic co-ordination suggested by the Athletic's Sub-Committee was approved.
In consequence, an Athletic Club to deal with field and track events was formed. Mr. G. L. Sharpe was appointed Secretary of the new General Athletics Committee.
3. The report of the delegate to the conference on a National Union of Students was referred to the next meeting for further consideration.
4. It was decided to request the Vice-Chancellor that the Town Hall should be obtained for the next Degree Day ceremony.
5. A grant of £7 18s. 6d. was made to the Chess Club.
6. A grant of £31 16s. 9d. was made to the Women's Tennis Club.
7. It was decided that no action should be taken concerning Sunday tennis, without a request from the Tennis Committee that the matter be considered.
8. A discussion on the position of hostel Athletic Clubs was referred to the Athletics Committee.
9. The proposals of the Staff Athletic Club with regard to season's arrangements were accepted.
10. Mr. Robinson proposed that a card enquiring as to interests in Athletics and Social life should be given to and filled in by all students on the Registration Day. He was authorised to prepare a draft card.
11. It was decided to publish before elections a list of Committee members completing their course this year.
12. Colours having been awarded by a General Meeting to the Harriers' Club, it was decided that they should wear on the blazer pocket the letters L. U. HARR. C.

(Signed) G. M. MILLER,
Hon. Sec.

Leeds University Mining Society.

A MEETING was held on April 25th, 1921, in the Mining Department, when a most interesting and instructive paper was read by Mr. R. Nelson (late H.M. Electrical Inspector of Mines) entitled "Mechanical Power in Mines—its development and probable future."

All local colliery managers and officials and all engineering students of the University were invited to attend.

Professor Poole took the chair at 6.30 p.m., the lecture theatre being crowded.

The reading of the paper was followed by a lively discussion in which Professor Poole, Mr. Kaye, M.I.C.E., and several other prominent mining engineers of the district took part.

The meeting was a great success and at its close many new members were enrolled.

S.C.B.

Christian Union.

THE close co-operation of the men's and women's C.U.'s during the present session has proved so happy and fruitful that the further step of uniting them has now been taken. In accordance with this scheme a single joint committee has been elected for the coming academic year.

The new committee assembled on the afternoon of April 19th, and spent that evening and the greater part of the next day in the discussion and planning of the year's work. The wisdom of this meeting before the opening of the term and of devoting several full hours to the consideration of our tasks, became evident when we faced the issues and realized their variety and complexity. We have cleared up our ideas on several points, and made certain provisions which should tend to better working and to closer co-operation between the committee and the general body of members.

The proximity of exams, precludes much work this term. Last term was wound up by a conference at Ercup on March 19th. There was a moderate attendance, despite the unpromising weather signs. Discussions were opened by Miss Worth and by J. Dalby (Arts.)

Finance week fell April 25th to 30th. Our effort took the form of a Fair, held in the Great Hall on Tuesday the 26th. It can hardly be said to have received the support for which we had looked. The concert after tea was very choice, and was much appreciated by those present. We are grateful to the following who rendered the various items:—Misses F. Caruth, Liddle, Jarvis, Mosses, Ryder (and his accompanist whose name we omitted to secure), Priestley, Jackson, Eley, and Plowden. The Auxiliary gave indispensable help in connection with the stalls, and laid us under great obligation. We remember especially Mohammed Saltau, Monahan, and Stewart. Unfortunately we are not able to report the amount realised.

T.E.J.

Leeds University Textile Association.

A LECTURE on "Alpaca and Wool from Peru: Prospective Developments of their Supply" was given to the Textile Association on Tuesday January 11th, by Colonel R. J. Sturdy, C.B.E., D.S.O.

The lecturer by means of some excellent lantern slides showed the nature of the land on which farms for the breeding of sheep, alpacas, etc., were to be

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developed. At the present time the sheep are very degenerate because no new stock has been imported since the Spaniards came in the 16th Century. It is interesting to note that those sheep which are at the highest altitude produce finer wool than those at a low altitude. The present scheme is to import better grades of grass seed, and then strong and healthy breeds of sheep which produce good quality wool.

The lecturer also dealt with the three most important hair growing animals namely the Llama and Alpaca, which are unable to live below a height of 9,000 feet and thrive best at 13,000 feet; and the Vicuña which thrives best at still higher altitudes.

Useful crosses have been made with:—

1. Llama and Alpaca.
2. Alpaca and Vicuña.

The result is the production of finer and more lustrous hair.

The lecture was enjoyed by many people from the surrounding districts as well as by a large number of students.

Second Annual Dance. Ex-Service Students' Society.

THIS Function, which was held on Friday, February 25th was, by general consent, a complete success. We are too modest to quote other remarks passed upon this effort. Over three hundred guests were present and we appreciate very much the fact that Sir Michael Sadler was able to be with us during the earlier part of the evening.

By kind permission of Prof. Whiddington the Physics Laboratory was cleared and used as a supper room; only its large area could suffice for such a gathering. Mrs. Beek with her usual efficiency entered for this important item of the evening's enjoyment to everyone's satisfaction. The Decorations in the Great Hall were much admired and the general effect was the more striking in that the scheme was not elaborate. The descent upon the dancers of Balloons and later of Confetti were interludes much appreciated while the exploding of someone else's balloon soon constituted itself a feature of the general fun.

Service dress was not much in evidence though it was noted that the three Services were represented. It would be invidious to single out any of our helpers either male or female and we wish hereby to record our hearty thanks for their efforts.

In conclusion we wish to forewarn all and sundry that our next function, a "Flannel" Dance, will no doubt be just as much in demand as this last effort.

Association of Leeds University Students, London.

THE summer meeting will be held at Old Jordan's Hostel, Beconsfield, Bucks., during the week-end June 17th to 20th. A party of fifteen have arranged to stay there, and others will go for the day on the Saturday or Sunday. The Secretary will be pleased to send particulars of these excursions or other meetings of the Society to any one connected with the University who wishes to receive them.

Mrs. CHAPMAN (*Hon. Sec.*),
8, Egerton Gardens,
Hendon, N.W. 4.

"Dulce est desipere in loco."

So we used to hear in Latin lectures when Professor Connal declaimed, and if we members of the L.U.O.S.A. in London have forgotten many things learnt during our academic career, we have remembered at least how to be "timely merry." On March 3th, a party of 22 assembled at the 88, Martin's Theatre for a performance of "The Wonderful Visit" by H. G. Wells. After a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, we adjourned to the Flame Tree Restaurant for tea and talk. It was delightful to see so many old friends and hear news of others, though some of us did feel rather antediluvian when a young lady said, "But I've been an 'old student' for a long time. I came down in 1919!" When we had done ample justice to the excellent tea, our busy Secretary, Mrs. Chapman, recalled us to business by demanding attention to suggestions for fuller relationship with Leeds, a Summer Excursion, and payment of subscriptions. Discussion of these matters occupied us until 7 p.m., when we dispersed after an exceedingly pleasant re-union. Our best thanks are due to Mrs. Chapman and the Committee for their successful organisation.

B. ARDOR (Leeds 1904-7).

Acknowledgments.

The Editor acknowledges the receipt of the following:—

Leeds Girls' High School Magazine.
Nonceuch (Bristol).
Gong (Nottingham).
Florians (Sheffield).
Tomesis (Reading).
Cep and Gown (South Wales).
Phoenix (Imperial College of Science and Technology).
University College Magazine (London).

Marriages.

DUTTON-DEAKIN—On April 2nd, at Hartford, Cheshire, Capt. Frank Falconer Dutton, M.C., D.F.C., of Northwich, to Gladys Margaret Deakin, of Hartford.

[Capt. Dutton was a student in the Leather Department, 1913-14].

INGLE-BAINES—On April 20th, at St. Andrew's Church, Brantcliffe, William Rowland Ingle, of Churwell, to Adeline Baines, of Morley.

[Mr. Ingle was a student in the Leather Department, 1913-14].

Birth.

METCALF—On the 14th March, 1921, at Accrington, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Metcalf, a daughter.

PICKARD—At 1, Ashville Tree, Farsley, to the wife of Gordon D. Pickard (Engineering Diploma, 1920), on April 16th, a daughter.

Correspondence.

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

"A PLEA FOR REFORM."

SIR,

The volume of correspondence and the keen discussion which my letter has provoked is the best proof that some action is necessary. I agree with Mr. Seymour-Jones that the apathy of two-thirds of the student body is a serious obstacle to progress, but that is no reason why the remaining third should not be given some lead in their efforts "to establish and maintain a sound tradition." I have no desire to press the matter of an S.R.C. if the existing machinery can perform the work efficiently. At present the Union is too apt to become dominated by one sphere of the students' activities with the result that other matters of equal importance are treated indifferently. That some alteration of the present arrangements is necessary, is admitted on all sides. If "Dyer" is correct in his reply that no reduction can be effected in the prescribed working hours of technical students, then the hope of any real corporate student life in the future is dead, and the best intellectual results are rendered impossible by such exacting conditions. The present correspondence is no journalistic "stunt" but a means of giving expression to the views of a very large section of the most thoughtful of our students, and views which I believe are shared by no less a proportion of the members of the staff. I suggest that the Union appoint a sub-committee to consider the whole question and approach the Senate with definite proposals. Such action would merit the thanks of the students whom they represent and establish their claim to fulfil wider functions than the Unions or S.R.C.'s of Oxford, Cambridge and Scottish Universities.

Yours &c., Ex-member of an S.R.C.

THE LIBRARY.

SIR,

With reference to my letter in your last issue I have since received two letters from the University Librarian which I enclose. These would seem to clear up one of the points which I raised.

It is only fair to Mr. Office to point out that it was during the reign of his predecessor in 1919 that I was refused the loan of a bound journal.

Yours, &c., F. L. SEYMOUR-JONES.

[Copy].

18th March, 1921.

DEAR MR. SEYMOUR-JONES,

As an old university magazine editor, I am rejoiced to see the reprobation of a spirit of revolt against laws and enactments tyrannous to the rising generation. The present student world and its organs are far too tame.

As a librarian I regret that you were not allowed to peruse your journal during the evening and do not quite know why this course was taken; it seems to be some old constitutional convention, for it is not in the rules. I have given instructions that in future current serials may be issued for the night only to all persons of good repute. Perhaps this explanation might be published.

Yours sincerely, R. OFFIN.

[Copy].

13th April, 1921.

DEAR MR. SEYMOUR-JONES,

Thank you for your letter. There is no justification for bound volumes of periodicals not being allowed to be borrowed.

I don't want to have to open up the question of new rules in the immediate present—there is so much more urgent work waiting to be done in the library, as you will probably agree.

In particular the peculiar doctrinaire distinction between "Reference" Books and others is quite unsound. I think we must be liberal in our interpretation of these rules until they can be revised.

Yours sincerely, R. OFFIN.

THE SATURDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

SIR,

While agreeing with a good deal of what your contributor J.R.W., in the March issue of the *Gryphon*, has to say concerning the need for the inclusion of more modern music in the concert programmes of Leeds, I should like, as an untutored lover of music, to point out that the Saturday Orchestral Concerts are meant for the people, and not for musical critics only. I presume that, when the description "vulgaries" is used concerning such works as "William Tell" and "Rienzi," your contributor is tacitly admitting that the Overtones so described are popular, that is appealing to the "vulgus." (Might I add that the modern tendency is not to place such a tolerant construction upon the term).

Improvement is probably desirable in the Saturday Concerts, but let it be such as, instead of departing wholly and abruptly from popular taste, will gradually train the public to an appreciation of the modern music so much lauded by J.R.W., while at the same time, giving an honoured place to those works which are great in spite of their being popular.

Yours, &c., T.

"MODERN DRAMA IN EUROPE."

SIR,

Mr. Wolegde's chivalrous gauntlet challenges not only the *Gryphon's* attitude to the book which is the title of this note, but her taste for modern drama. Since a mere earthborn could have no hope of surviving a journey with her, she waives his challenge. Mr. Wolegde is too worthy a member of the library staff to fall as an offering to her strength and wiles. But as he is younger than she (as he rightly, but rather rudely, points out), she will confess that the review in question was intentionally irrelevant, because she wished to smile upon the book's merits rather than to frown upon its possibilities.

The theme of the review came from the book, p. 127. "It is a weary path that leads downward from Strindberg to Mr. Maelfeld, from Ibsen to M. Broux." If it will ally Mr. Wolegde's fears, the *Gryphon* will confess that there are ecstatic moments when she admires some modern dramas, and rapt times when she views some modern art of the theatre.

It is as absurd to pretend that all modern drama is bad (as this book does), as to assume that all ancient drama is good.

The *Gryphon* is almost tempted to believe either that Mr. Wolegde is one of the "bourgeois intellectual" described by T.W.M. in the last number; or that he has not read the book. If he has read it, does he think that it is a reliable handbook to the literary history of modern drama, or an unimpeachable criticism of the dramatists reviewed, or an adequate appreciation of the plays noticed?

I am, Sir, your paternal fond,

THE GRYPHON.

Rugger.

Season 1920-1921.

This season has witnessed a great revival in the University as far as Rugby Football is concerned. Never before have we had as many names from which to pick our teams but one regrets to have to say that in the "A" and "B" teams there are still members who play irregularly. They play one week and cross off the next, thus involving the Committee and especially the Secretary in a great deal of unnecessary work. Another practice which is strongly to be condemned is that of neglecting to look at the notice board until the last minute and then deciding that one is unable to turn out. The Committee wishes most strongly to impress upon all those upon whom the honour of playing for their 'Varsity has been conferred, that they should make a point of playing if they possibly can and if unable to do so to cross off at once.

We commenced the season with practically all last season's team, the exceptions being Hamilton and Hate (our last year's halves) but after the first two or three practices it was evident that there was going to be considerable competition for places in the first team, which last year was on the light side. After the first match it was decided that more weight must be obtained and several new players were given their places in the park, which at the end of the first term was looked upon as one of the most formidable in the County.

During the first term we lost our first two matches but after that never lost a match, beating Bradford at Bradford, although in all fairness it must be conceded that their team was weakened by players in the County team, and also a Headingley scratch team at Kirkstall. In the Whitworth Shield matches we commenced exceedingly well, beating Manchester to the tune of 22 points and on the following Saturday drawing with Liverpool at Liverpool. Our hopes ran high of getting possession of the coveted shield, but alas! after a very hard game we were beaten at Manchester and in the final game with Liverpool at Leeds our team went to pieces and we finished at the bottom of the competition.

During the second term we failed to reproduce the form shown before Christmas, and to the great disappointment of our supporters we failed in the first round of the Yorkshire Challenge Cup.

Before closing a word of praise is due to the "A" team firstly on account of the enthusiasm shown by most of the players and following on this, the success attained, although at times their team has been sadly disorganised by calls from the first team.

March 5th. v. Darnall at Darnall.

This was the first round of the Yorkshire Challenge Cup and we were hoping to give a very good account of ourselves, some of our supporters even suggesting that we should reach the semi-final.

We had to omit Arkless and Cusworth from the team owing to injuries, their places being taken by Greedy and Leo.

In the first half, play settled well in the Darnall territory, and we could do everything except score, and at half time, the score sheet was blank.

About a quarter of an hour after resuming, the first score came to Darnall who scored a scrambling try in the corner which they failed to convert.

This roused the Leeds men who promptly attacked from the kick off, and the ball coming out to Sayce when favourably placed he dropped a goal giving us a lead of one point. Not content with this, the forwards next rushed the ball down the field and Hollis scored. Sayce made a very good attempt at goal but failed.

Then Darnall took a hand in the game and taking the ball down the field in a powerful rush, scored at the corner, and converting by a very fine kick, took the lead. Try as we could we failed to score again and the result was 8-7 for Darnall.

The Harriers.

THE University Harriers' Club concluded their season's programme with a meritorious victory over Aliredale Harriers at Lavenwood by the margin of 13 points (47-60). The record of the club for its first year's workings, thus reads:—

Played 10, Won 9, Lost 1, Drawn 0.

—a very satisfactory one considering the nervous entry which the Harriers made in the realm of University Winter Sports. The success of the club has been due in a large measure to the members' enthusiasm for cross-country running, which never waned during the whole season.

The most marked feature of the season however has been the sustained excellence of form shown by R. A. Mott (Faul), who, though a novice at the outset of the season, has been our first man home on the occasion of every fixture since he appeared in the team and well earned his colours. Four other men have also run consistently well and gained full colours, viz.—A. Hemingway (Med.), W. Kaye (Science), G. W. Limbert (Arts), W. W. Wilson, Capt. (Arts). Half colours have been awarded to R. T. Martin (Eng.), C. P. Atkinson (Dysing), R. H. Dibb (Eng.), P. K. Winter (Eng.), G. L. Labeulle (Dysing), and S. Whetteroff (Science).

For next season the following officials have been elected:—

Captain R. T. Martin (Eng.)
Vice-Captain .. C. P. Atkinson (Dysing)
Hon. Secretary .. D. Witney (Commerce).

Interdepartmental Steeplechase.

THE above event figured this year in the University Annual Athletics Sports Programme for the first time, and took place on March 19th. Teams of 6 were entered by 5 departments, the competitors running over a 4½ miles cross-country course. After a keen struggle, victory went to the Arts and Commerce team, who thus gained 6 points towards the Inter-Departmental Shield. Detailed result:—

1. Arts and Commerce 3 pts.
(Flouring) — G. W. Limbert 3, G. Miller
7, W. W. Wilson 9, A. Lykes, 10 M.
W. Mitehell 15, S. Wormsall 17.)

2. Engineers and Fuel 3 pts.
3. Science 1 pt.

Individual honours went to:—

1. R. A. Mott (Eng.) .. 3 pts. 39 mins. 55 secs.
2. A. Hemingway (Med.) 3 pts. 40 .. 55 ..
3. G. W. Limbert (Arts) 1 pt. 40 .. 30½ ..

The winner's time constituted a record for the course.

D.W.

Lacrosse.

Yorkshire v. Cheshire.

Played at Leeds. February 26th, 1921.

As four 'Varsity men played in the County trial match it was hoped that the Lacrosse Club would be represented in the Yorkshire team. This was not the case, however. Waddington and Parkin were chosen as first reserve attack and first reserve defence respectively and although the latter was called on to fill a vacant place he was unable to play owing to an injury in the game v. Manchester 'Varsity.

Yorkshire played well and succeeded in driving their more experienced opponents to 15 goals to 9. Although Yorkshire lost, the form displayed was far superior to previous years.

Leeds 'Varsity v. Headingley.

Semi-Final Yorkshire Flags.

Played at Liverswood. March 5th, 1921.

HEADINGLEY, a more experienced team and playing nine county players, soon found a weakness in our defence. Their strong attack and sound defence gave the 'Varsity men no chance. The 'Varsity played hard but Headingley played very clever Lacrosse and won 10-3.

(In the final Headingley succeeded in beating Roundhay by a similar score).

Leeds 'Varsity v. Cambridge 'Varsity.

Played at Cambridge. March 7th, 1921.

THIS being the first Lacrosse match between teams representing Old and New Universities it was looked forward to with interest.

Although the Cambridge men were in perfect training Leeds predominated in both attack and defence. The Cambridge attacks were well marked and were seldom dangerous whereas the Cambridge goalkeeper was always busy and played a great game. The chief goal scorers were Waddington, Gardner and Blackburn with two goals each.

Result: Leeds 9, Cambridge 5.

The return match when Cambridge visit Leeds is awaited with interest. Remember to come and watch.

Tennis Notes.

THE season proper has opened with a burst of fine weather and the Courts are easily the most popular part of the University.

By the time these notes appear the entries for the Mixed Doubles Championship Cup will have closed but look out for notices of the Final towards the end of the term.

We apologise for the fact that all the Courts are not ready for use. It isn't our fault.

See the Notice Board for Fixture Lists for First and Second Teams. More fixtures are being arranged and will be posted up shortly.

Will anyone who books a court and finds himself unable to play please show consideration for others by crossing off at the earliest possible moment?

Don't hide your light under a bushel. If you think you are worth a place in one of the teams ask for a trial. We can't watch everyone but we want the best team we can get.

Come and support your team when the Inter-Departmental Tournament begins. G.L.S.

University Fives Club.

Season 1919-1920.

THE club though playing only a few matches has had a good season. 4 matches were won, 1 drawn and 1 lost. Half colours have been awarded to S. A. H. Eley and G. W. Lambert who played throughout as 1st pair. Tolhard, Olsen and Wilson also played very well.

The Open Tournament was won by T. H. Elms and R. N. P. Wilson who played a very exciting match in the Final. The fives in the latter part of the Tournament this year was of a much higher standard than last year. Next year we hope to arrange several more matches and new players will be much needed. S.E.

Women's Tennis.

THE fine weather towards the end of last term gave tennis what we might call a hearty welcome if it were not for those noble few who try to make the seasons meet at both ends by standing by their rackets all the winter. Improvements in the way of fresh paint and new nets and the promise of more grass-courts at Westwood have tempted the Women's Tennis Committee to arrange fixtures for two teams this season. This is a new departure, one team only having played in previous years. It is hoped that these additional matches, and approaching open tournaments will give all the encouragement necessary to bring to light any hidden talent in this most excellent of games.

Men's Hockey Notes.

LONDON University came to us with the record of three wins in three games played. We, however, consider ourselves a better side than either Sheffield, Manchester or Liverpool Universities, and determined to show the Londoners what we could do. The team played in fine style and at half time were one up through Hague. On the restart the Londoners pressed hard, but their combination was completely demoralised by our defence, who played on the passes, and made no mistakes. Then came a change and our forwards asserted themselves, finally obtaining another goal through Hague.

Women's Hockey Notes.

ONLY two matches have been played since the last issue of the *Gryphon*—

March 12, Bingley Training College, Won 3-0.

March 19th, Leeds Ladies, Won 11-1.

This was the end of a season of 16 matches resulting in 15 victories and 1 defeat, with a total of 79 goals for and 11 against. The results speak for themselves, and are undoubtedly a credit to our team.

Colours have been awarded to

- Miss E. White.
- " B. Lee.
- " K. Senior Smith.
- " D. Graham.

Half colours have been awarded to

- Miss F. Cusworth.
- " M. Heptonstall.
- " E. Knowles.
- " R. Roe.

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G. M. Miller	5
G. L. Sharpe	5
H. L. Robinson	5
J. S. Henthwaite	5
D. I. Currie	4
A. B. Roth	4
D. D. M. Bonar	4
M. H. Thirlway	4
A. Cannon	4
W. W. Wilson	4
J. Atkin	3
F. L. Seymour-Jones	3
F. B. Holmes	3
Prof. Connal	3
D. Bustopie	3
R. Sayce	2
R. T. Martin	2 (Possible 2.)
W. H. Smith	2 (Possible 2.)
R. S. Banks	1
A. E. Wheeler	1
Miss Worth	5
Miss Caruth	5
Miss Irvine	5
Miss Hurst	5
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