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Vol. 4, No. 1

October, 1922

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Coming Events

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

November 2nd	..	Mid-day Musical Recital for two Pianofortes—Great Hall, 1.20 p.m.
.. 7th	..	Dr. Brucketsky. First Lecture on Relativity—Chemical Lecture Theatre, 8 p.m. The other two follow on November 14th and 21st.
.. 7th	..	Laurence Binyon, "Two English Painters." "John Crane."
.. 14th	..	"John Sell Gorman." The two Lectures will be given in the Great Hall, at 8 p.m.
.. 16th	..	Mid-day Musical Recital. The Ghent Quartet—Great Hall, 1.20 p.m.
.. 21st	..	Walter de la Mare. "Character in Fiction"—Great Hall, 8 p.m.
.. 22nd	..	Union Debate. "Parliament Night"—Great Hall, 7.30 p.m.
.. 10th	..	The Union Dance (altered from the 24th).
.. 28th	..	John Galsworthy will read his play "Loyalties"—Great Hall, 8 p.m.

IN LECTURE.

October 28th	..	Leeds Symphony Orchestra—Town Hall, 7 p.m.
.. 30th (week commencing)	..	"The Beggar's Opera"—Grand Theatre.
November 8th	..	Leeds Choral Union. "Tannhäuser"—Town Hall, 7.30 p.m.
.. 11th	..	Leeds Symphony Orchestra—Town Hall, 7 p.m.
.. 15th	..	Leeds New Choral Society. "Lux Christi"—Town Hall.
.. 20th	..	"Loyalties"—Grand Theatre.
.. 20th	..	O'Mara Opera Company—Theatre Royal.
.. 22nd	..	Philharmonic Society. "Creation"—Town Hall.
.. 27th	..	Owen Nares in "If Winter Comes"—Grand Theatre.
.. 29th	..	Bohemian Chamber Concert—Hotel Metropole.

Annual Camp

THIS year our annual camp was held at Fleetwood, Lancs., with contingents from Glasgow, St. Andrews, Aberdeen and Durham Universities. We had a great time—as we always do—in spite of the rain which was at times torrential; but we always managed to keep our spirits dry!

The newly inaugurated National Union of Students has as its aim the closer connection between students of all our Universities. We wonder if they have realised the possibilities of the O.T.C. in this direction. For a fortnight each year members of the O.T.C. come into a very close and intimate contact with many University students whom we should never meet otherwise. We do not simply meet them for games, debates, etc., as in other University societies, we live with them, and get our ideas brightened up a bit.

We were glad to notice an increase in candidates for Certificate 'A' and 'B' examinations, who met with our usual success.

Although we were by far the smallest contingent present we came through the Camp Athletic Sports with the creditable position of second, to Glasgow. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the day was the great running of our Relay Team who though only expected to be 'also-rans' came in second. Three of the team were quite sure they 'couldn't run for nuts,' but for the honour of the Corps they turned out, and gave everyone, including themselves, a shock. That's the sort of spirit that is fostered in the O.T.C. and we wish that the many who bewail a lack of *esprit de corps* in the University, would realise what an essential part the O.T.C. can play in University life. At camp we carry out our privilege of being the friendliest University, and are always one of the most popular contingents.

In pursuance of our progressive policy a N.C.O. was sent to Hythe for a light gun course during the vacation. It may be of interest to know that the Senior Division O.T.C. is the only branch of the army on which the 'Geddes' Axe' has not fallen, so important do the War Office deem its work.

S.B.

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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the issue when she hath any rich feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curiois which we have ever found them to the profusion which we ought to fear."—LIVY.

Editorial

SHOULD RAGS BE ORGANISED?

WE ought to apologise for discussing this subject. It is so hackneyed. Yet it is not on the level of fatuity usually reached in discussing such pointless questions as "Should women smoke?" There really is something in the idea, and the students are quite right in again giving it serious thought.

The main argument against unorganised rags, is that they cause serious inconvenience to the public. They easily develop into mere hooliganism. There have been instances of this even in our "Holy City." We are not going into details however, for we probably all agree that destruction and public inconvenience are not essential to a good rag. So that in so far as these things are due simply to lack of control, the argument is valid that rags should be organised.

There is another apparently strong reason against unorganised rags. They are said to be purposeless. This second argument requires careful analysis. It is necessary to find out exactly what is meant by the word "purposeless," and then to consider the implication that rags should have a purpose. It is very doubtful if the distinction between purposeless and meaningless is always kept in mind. An assembly may demonstrate to no purpose, but that does not mean there is no purpose in the assembly. Its purpose may be simply to demonstrate that it is an assembly. Most social, political, and even many religious functions are of this nature. But even if we restrict the meaning of the word so as to exclude mere demonstrations which assert nothing but fraternity, these are not meaningless. In this restricted sense we may say that an unorganised rag is purposeless. But it should be clear that a rag is *not* therefore meaningless and valueless.

But this second argument implies that a rag *should* have a definite purpose, and that *therefore* it should be organised for that purpose. We have shown that this implication is an assumption. There is no particularly cogent reason why anyone should accept it. It is just one of those vague sentiments which pass for principles in a weary generation. If we decide, with or without reason, that rags should have a purpose, then the case for organised rags is proved.

So far we have not touched upon the fundamental question, Are rags necessary? To which one might retort, "Is anything necessary?" Rags are! We might as well ask any person in the street, "Are you necessary?" To which the complete and final reply would be "I am." Just that!

There is only one thing left to discuss. For what purpose should rags be organised? It is quite possible, without admitting that rags *should* have a purpose, to give them a purpose and yet preserve the essential qualities of such demonstrations. These qualities are spontaneity and gaiety. Just as it is possible to combine liberty with Law, and order with Anarchy, so is it possible to have rags on purpose.

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LIBRARY, LEEDS
CANCELLED

In Leeds we proved that on Degree Day this year, when the rag collected £500 for the local Charities, and yet managed to be the jolliest rag we have ever had. We do not say that the principles of the thing were thought out first. That would have been un-English. But as usual, we have displayed the national characteristic for just doing the right thing by mistake, or rather, by accident.

The *Gryphon* once again is pleased to welcome all Freshers to the University over whose portals it keeps guard. There are many students it has known for one, two or three years, and it hopes that their previous friendship will be continued. Many who have been its stalwart friends in the past have "gone down." While they were here, the *Gryphon* gave of its best treasures to them and now wishes them the fullest life in their new career. During these years, it has watched the students enter and leave the precincts of the University. It has seen young students enter, fresh from school, pulsating with ideas and dreams. It has watched them leave. Some have left as strong characters, as men and women who can and will bear an influence in life. A few, and the *Gryphon* is pleased it can say only a few, have failed to find the richest treasures of the hoard.

For several years the "freshers" who have come to the University have been unusual. They have been older and more experienced. They have given much to the 'Varsity, and it will always be their debtor. This year the freshers seem younger, and generally, straight from school, and the *Gryphon* ventures to offer them a little guidance to the greatest riches of its hoard.

It is a big step from the Secondary School to the University. The student is entirely thrown upon himself, and whether his stay here is useful or otherwise, does not depend upon the 'Varsity, but upon the student. The opportunities that are offered are the same to all, and he will benefit most who uses them best. The student is thoroughly independent. If he does not wish to work, he is free to ignore it. No one will force him to work, for he alone will suffer. There seems to be a rugged relentless form of Nemesis to every action in life, and it works in the University perhaps more than in the Secondary School, because the student is no longer ordered to go here and go there, but is left entirely to his own will.

Some have come with the intention of getting to know as much as they can during their three or four years course. It is not an unworthy aim, but it is fraught with great dangers. Learning is one of the riches which the *Gryphon* guards but it is not the greatest. There is the corporate life of the 'Varsity involving the athletics and the social societies, and some may give all their attention to these and neglect their academic work. They have gained some of the treasures of the hoard, but by no means the greatest. The greatest treasure that the *Gryphon* guards is the power to live, the power to grapple with the problems of everyday life, the power of continence. This can only be obtained by using the academic and social opportunities that are offered by 'Varsity life, in such a way that one is not neglected for the other.

There is one law which operates in most spheres of life and applies to all those who seek the treasures of the *Gryphon's* hoard, viz.: that the student will only get so much from the University as he gives to it. Any student who comes to all his lectures and merely sits placidly "absorbing" knowledge, will not benefit so much as the student who does not merely absorb but thinks—for by thinking he is contributing to the lecture. The student who attends Societies must give something, for the success of any Society is largely dependant upon the spirit of the individual members. You will only gain in proportion to your giving.

So the *Gryphon* offers these few words of guidance for those fresh treasure seekers who are entering on their quest among the hoard which the *Gryphon* has guarded so long, and wishes all the best success.

Notes and Comments

WE desire to draw attention to Mr. E. Kilburn Scott's article on "Recollections in Engineering." It is of historical value, and will interest many besides those in the Engineering Department. It has been suggested that something similar should be done for other Departments. We shall certainly be very fortunate if the article in the present issue proves to be the first of a series. As Sir Michael Sadler says in a letter on the subject, "We ought to have these things written for two reasons, first, that they may be recorded while there is still time, and second, that they may serve as materials for a short book which ought to be published when the Jubilee of the foundation of the Yorkshire College is celebrated in 1924."

Mr. Kilburn Scott held Leighton Exhibitions at the Yorkshire College from 1886 to 1890. He was in charge of the Electrical Engineering Department at the University of Sydney from 1903 to 1909, and part-time Lecturer in Electrical Design at University College, London, for five years, until 1915, when he joined the Ministry of Munitions.

It is a pleasure to find that the general public is taking more interest in University affairs. An instance of this is the series of articles appearing every Monday in the *Yorkshire Observer*. We can recommend the "University Causerie" to the notice of all those who are connected with the Leeds University. It is written by Mr. H. L. Robinson, who was President of the University Union last year, and who has kindly consented to write our "University Intelligence" page.

Miss Elizabeth Southwart has promised us a series of parables. She will be remembered as the Author of the Prize Novel "Jenny." Her work requires no praise from us. We confidently leave our readers to enjoy it. We have been fortunate also in securing a promise from our well-known friend, Mr. J. R. Williams, to act as Musical Critic. But we are really not very particular what he writes about so long as he writes. He is always worth reading. If possible, we shall have a piece of dramatic criticism as a regular feature, but up to the present we have not been able to make definite arrangements.

Mr. Wilfred R. Childe, of the English Department, has joined the staff of the *Gryphon* as Literary Advisor. That is a sufficient indication of what we are aiming at. Our ambition will only be satisfied when the *Gryphon* is acknowledged to be the best University Students' Journal in the country. There is no reason why it should not be. The talent is here. The organisation is being created as rapidly as is humanly possible. Only one thing is lacking at the moment, and that is financial support in the form of subscriptions. At present the *Gryphon* is sold at less than its cost of production. It will not be necessary to increase the price to one shilling if we can double the number of subscribers. If the present standard is to be maintained, let alone improved, we must have a sale of at least 1,000 copies. The responsibility rests entirely with the students. We are anxious to give the very best quality. But someone must pay.

A word must be said about other helpers. Mr. F. G. Thomas is Sub-Editor in general and also has charge of the University Societies' Section. Mr. G. H. Gardner is Athletics Sub-Editor. All matter relating to Athletics Clubs may be sent direct to him. As we are very anxious that the affairs of the Women Students shall receive proper attention, we have asked Miss M. B. Alexander to be Sub-Editor (provisionally) for that purpose.

We are very glad that Mr. Challen, in his letter, has raised the question of the British Students' attitude towards those from overseas. He suggests that we are missing our opportunities by not making bigger efforts to bring the strangers into

the social life of the University. There is, unfortunately, a good deal of truth in this. We hope someone will take the matter up. It may be that the Overseas Students are themselves partly to blame. So far as we are aware, there is nothing at present to hinder anyone from taking his full share in every side of University life. The insularity is not all on one side. However, an international group might be formed for the discussion of world problems.

There was the usual chaos on Opening Day. Probably it was not so chaotic as it looked. And anyway, most of us enjoy it. There is one thing, however, that seems to call for serious consideration. The presence of so many subscription collectors in the great Hall is becoming a great nuisance. They should all be kept out (except, perhaps those officially authorised and supplied with a desk !)

We hear that some of the men who "went down" in June have already got appointments. We hope they will both subscribe to the *Gryphon*.

The Freshers' Smoker was a "roaring" success. It seems to be getting more and more popular—with the old stagers. Though, to be sure, there was an air of "freshness"—towards the end.

When is something going to be done about the exchange and sale of second-hand books? We have no desire to crush the spirit of initiative. We like the personal touch, the individualism of the tiny notices which occasionally flutter on the Notice Boards. There is an element of wild sociability in them which is typical of students. But the aspect of the Board, with its countless scraps of dirty paper, during the first week of the Session, suggested something in the nature of a stampede. The Union Committee should be urged to consider the possibility of a central exchange for the disposal of books.

We all greatly regret the death of Professor Vaughan on Sunday, October 8th. He was one of the pioneers of this University and was Professor of English Language and English Literature from 1904-1913. We hope to publish an account of his life and work at the University in our next issue.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX—continued from opposite page.

HEARD AT THE O.T.C. CAMP.

Sgt. B—ck—y: Squad! 'Alt! ... 'Alt! ... Stop!!!

Sentry: Halt, who comes there ??? (Time 23.59 hours).

Voice: What the ——— has it got to do with you?

Sentry: Oeh now, Leeds, an' what maks ye sa early the nrecht?

LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

"I have just completed my residence of 160 terms at Oxford." We are glad we have found someone with a longer record than H*thw*te!

THE MOTTO OF CERTAIN REFORMERS.

"A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other."—*Bacon*.

To the Hall Porter.

"Let it be a matter to which you pay continual and unrelaxed attention, to show yourself to all those with whom you have to do, with a kind and calm countenance, getting rid of every sign of severity, overbearingness, arrogance, suspicion, sourness, anger, and threatening"

(*Maxims of Saint Francis Xavier*).



From our Handbook.

HINTS TO MEDICAL FRESHERS.

"Each student is recommended to wear a white washing coat in order to ensure comfortable dissection."

Poor freshers! N.S.P.C.C. please note.

Another impending Apology! BOAT CLUB.

"The club is in the possession of two streaker fours and two tub fours." This was not intended to be a description of the committee.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

Officers 1922-23.

<i>President</i>	Not yet elected.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	" (four).
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	"
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	"
Committee (five).			

"The society," so the preamble reads, "was reasacitated in 1921." They are still with us in spirit.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

"The members were boys who had left school and entered various trades. In course of time these boys grew into young men (very gradually, mark you!) and as the numbers increased the premises were found inconvenient and the Club removed to a spacious loft over a stable off Pontefract Lane."

The "Uplift" movement is spreading.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ORIENT!

"Carpeted corridors tend towards a more pleasant outlook and a more delightful place for sitting out."

"Ours is a nice 'ouse, ours is
Front's at t'front and back's at t'back."

"The new Union Rooms in 13, De Grey Terrace (almost opposite the back entrance in De Grey Road)."

And incidentally, the back entrance is almost opposite the front.

FRESHERS' SMOKER.

"Copy may be put in the *Gryphon* box, which is kept in the corridor near the hall porter's lodge. The hall porter is the gentleman in gold braid."

Thanks! we've been wondering who he was.

(See previous page).

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE

IT is not until you sit down to write of the University world of men and functions that you realise its paradox of constant change and persistent sameness. This leads one to suspect that a closer examination will reveal definite movement toward growth or toward disintegration. The session now commencing has all the signs of healthy growth.

These notes I hope are not to be a mere dry-as-dust record of changes in personnel and of events, but will be at any rate an attempt to put readers upon friendly terms with the corporate life of the institution in which they have to live for the ensuing months. Some of us are just beginning our courses and others have their feet on the last lap and are beginning, if they love the University as they should, to feel a tightening of the heart strings when thought of going down comes into the mind. In after years it will be a pleasure I hope to all to re-read these notes and so to recall the happiest years of our lives.

Nearly every department of the University has said good-bye to one or more of its staff during the past session or the long vacation and as a whole the university is so much the poorer. A list of resignations before me contains some thirty names, and junior members of staff thereon will forgive if I mention only the three Professors who have left us. Professor Goodman was rightly known and loved by Engineers as one who fathered his students with assiduity and unflagging care. Professor Kendall, by a smaller student world perhaps, but by an equally widespread world of knowledge, was as keenly appreciated and as deeply respected. Abler pens than mine have said our good-byes not only to Professors Goodman and Kendall but to Professor Gordon also, who by the time these lines appear will have gone to Oxford to take up his work there. I say "his work" advisedly, for it is certain that the influence he exerted here will be felt as strongly there, and it is to be hoped as much appreciated. An admirer of Professor Gordon said to me the other day, "Leeds cannot afford to let such a man go," and I was constrained to utter a fervent Amen. The English department, the O.T.C., the Librarian, Court, Council and Senate and many another member of the University will be in cordial agreement.

To the world of student activities, many names are now fast becoming memories, and the Fresher's smoker served to bring home to one very nearly how many stalwart workers for our corporate life have now left the work to other hands. Seymour-Jones, Sowrey, Orton, Currie, Miller, Roth, Blackburn, "John Stephen" and many others have gone and it is hard to realise that some among us never even heard of "S.J." or "H.W.W." Be that as it may, I am confident that our organisations are in good hands, that our traditions will be respected and loved and that our "friendliness" will deepen and widen under the hands of the new rein-holders to an extent satisfactory indeed to the most enthusiastic of the old gang.

Congratulations to the Union on having for its President, B. C. Thompson. If you don't know him make it your business to do so and you will speedily echo these congratulations. The "First Mate" too is a very worthy successor to Marsden, who still sits on the Committee one is glad to see. His love of business methods should be turned to good account this year.

There can be no doubt that the S.R.C. have in F. N. Foster a worthy successor to the long line of "good fellows" who have occupied the Presidential chair. George Walker's successor as Secretary will need to "pull up his socks" to follow such an able example, but in R. N. P. Wilson all who know him are confident the S.R.C. have found the man to do it. It is early yet to speak of the work the M.R.C.

can do for the Union *esprit de corps* and student activities generally. As one who had a finger in the establishment of this Council I am naturally intensely interested in its movements and above all in the standard it can set this first session of its being. But all are confident that if any two men can lay a foundation of right thinking and generous action those two are E.S. and E. J. Thompson. No, they are not brothers save in loyalty to the University, but they bear the magic name this session and here's good luck to them and the M.R.C.

It is a brave man that dare comment on the W.R.C. and M.W.R.C. but as no woman student has been deputed to do this part of these notes something must be done. Again one feels that in the W.R.C. two worthy successors to Miss B. Lee and Miss V. Hirst have been chosen in Miss M. D. Kay and Miss M. Powell. Then, too, the W.R.C. will have the assistance of three of last year's Councillors, namely, Miss Hinchliff, Miss Simpson and Miss Beaton. Matters in the women's world should go smoothly enough. The M.W.R.C. is very much a fledgling so far as its place in the Union constitution is concerned, but by the few evidences seen so far it is likely to be a "live wire" in affairs this session, and Misses Woodcock and Atkinson may be depended upon to navigate their craft as worthily as their predecessors.

Lastly but by no means least in general esteem comes the equally new D.R.C. Ex-Servicé Students will be glad to see J. Dunleavy is President of this Dental Representative Council. Dentists are a stout and wonderful lot of fellows apparently, they pull out bad teeth and good men. The first they consign to the dustbin and the next they place in high office to the general benefit of the community. That A. E. Gishorn will ably and worthily back his President's efforts goes without saying, and here is good luck to their efforts.

Games and Sports seem to be going strong. Societies have numerous and enthusiastic members and the two initial Social efforts, the Social to Freshers by the C.U. and the Freshers' Snoker for the men have gone with a good swing, so that everything promises well. One word of warning to close is this. If you have enthusiasm, new ideas, pip, ginger or whatever name you care to give the commodity, turn it into the common fund, don't start something new on your own. This embarrasses student officials since it clogs the wheels, and is likely to bring down on your own head well-deserved anathemas. The Union, the R.C.'s, the Societies, Entertainments Committees, etc., all exist for the welfare and enjoyment of all, if well-intentioned busy-bodies poke their noses into this complicated machinery no one will weep at the severance of the said organs and their epitaph will be "It served him right!"

H.L.R.

"The Gryphon"

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Committee: (Not yet elected).

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University Women and the Professions

THE question of University women and the Professions is one of great importance at the present moment, not only to students of the University of Leeds, or even to those of all the Universities of Europe, but also to the world at large, concerning as it does the supply of teachers, doctors, lawyers, and others necessary for the general well-being of any community. Women—and in particular women with University qualifications—form a growing proportion of these and many other professions. Almost every woman who comes up to a University does so with very clear intentions of putting the training, both academic and social, which she will there receive, to definite economic use, and the large majority achieve their purpose by entering the professions.

During the last decade or so, this movement has been given a tremendous impetus by various things—of which the Great War may be counted the chief. But the pendulum—like character of social progress has already brought the inevitable reaction from this advance, and the change of feeling is apparent in the less encouragement given to women to take up professional work, and also in the smaller number of women entering upon University courses with that aim in view.

Reaction must not, however, be allowed to go too far. If it is permitted even to approach the forward movement in extent, then there can be but little ultimate progress. There may not at the present moment be the same demand for professional people that there was a few years ago; but this slackening of demand should not mean that women are to be dispensed with to a greater extent than men. If the women can do equally good work, then they are equally valuable in whatever trade or profession they adopt.

There are two claims which the women of to-day—again, particularly the professional women—make; first, that of a right of admission to any sphere in which they feel themselves competent to work, and the right to remain there if they prove competent; secondly, that the payment for their services should be made solely on a basis of quality and quantity. The justice of both these claims has been amply proved; and yet there are large sections of the community who refuse to recognise them, in spite of the obvious evils that arise from their neglect.

A great deal of light is thrown upon the whole position by the recently published report of the Second Conference of the International Federation of University women. The objects of this Federation are, "To promote understanding and friendship between the University women of the world, and thereby to further their interests and develop between their countries sympathy and mutual helpfulness." It will be seen from this that their aims are extremely broad; in fact the whole report is remarkable for the very tolerant and unprejudiced views expressed at the Conference, even upon the most acute of the problems which came under consideration. The question of the standing of University women in the professions is, of course, just the sort of case for which the Federation was formed to consider.

Sixteen national societies sent their representatives to the Conference at Paris last July, and the record of the reports read by various delegates upon the particular problems and difficulties of their countries makes extraordinarily interesting reading.

The position of affairs in England seems to be very representative of the position in other countries. Some—in particular the Latin countries—are not so advanced; others—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark for instance—seem to be more so. This however, is only the result of natural differences of law, custom, and temperament, which each country will have to arrange in its own way.

The practical activity of the Federation is not by any means limited to the furthering of the professional interests of University Women. A good record of social work is also shown, which would in itself almost justify the existence of so large an organisation. In educational reform, both elementary and higher, in the exchange of teachers or professors between the schools and Universities of different countries, in the establishment of clubhouses, and in many other directions, advances have been made, due to their efforts.

The whole report is, in short, most stimulating; and the Federation itself, together with similar federations of the individual professions, e.g., The International Federation of Medical Women—is doubtless one of the chief safeguards of the professional women against the present reaction of feeling. M.B.A.

And things are not what they seem

"THIS," said he, with a comprehensive sweep of the left hand, "is the H.P.'s new stucco villa built by voluntary contributions of grateful students whose lives have been cheered by his kindly advice and gentle disposition. To the right you see his dog-kennel." As a matter of fact the buildings he thus eloquently displayed to an awed group, were the Education Department and the Gymnasium. By which I knew he was a Fresher. If you meet a man trying to look like a graduate with three degrees and seven diplomas you may be quite sure he's a Fresher, unless he is a graduate who is afraid of being mistaken for a Fresher, and unless such a Fresher commits the somewhat natural error of assuming that things in the University are really what they seem to be, you may have some difficulty to distinguish which of the two he is.

Well, the Fresher's Handbook is an admirable production and it undoubtedly gives quite accurate information as to what most of our institutions are. Unfortunately it quite shirks the much more vital task of informing the Fresher what things are not, and then you smile at his blunder!

There's the classical case for instance, of the Fresher who when approached for a *Gryphon* sub, apologetically replied that he was taking honours French not Zoology, and that other who was asked to pay his fees and retorted somewhat heatedly that he didn't mind parting with four shillings or so to societies he wasn't interested in, but forty pounds was the blessed limit. . . . Well, of course you can't really blame them, coming fresh from a world where things really are what they seem to be. So the *Gryphon* offers a few hints on the subject and incidentally justifies the extortion of that sub, which we hope you parted with on entrance day, Oh unsophisticated Fresher.

It's a good general rule that the more obvious a thing seems here, the greater will be your fall if you judge it on its face value. That sounds complicated, and perhaps the best thing after all is to say nothing definite at all for a day or two. There's the Union for instance, now there doesn't seem much room for error there. An institution for providing shelter and work to stray vagrants, you say, or perhaps an organisation for promoting strikes against 9 o'clock lectures. Not a bit of it. If you want to know just what the Union is consult your handbook—or ask the Secretary at the end of a 14 hour day spent in its service, and don't blame us if the accounts disagree. Then again there's the H.P. As you will soon observe he neither resides in the Hall, nor, during a long and varied experience has he ever known to carry anything, and there's something else which appearance belies. A tradition exists that on a certain occasion long years ago—long before you were born—he was observed to smile. Though certainly the best authorities regard this as the fiction of a somewhat bemused engineer going home late from a smoker.

(Continued at bottom of page 17).

SERIES*

"From Conning Hill I saw"

BY ELIZABETH SOUTHWART.

I. THE ECHO AND THE MESSENGER.

THE gods sent a message to Earth's people. For years the Multitude passed on, unheeding, then, one day, an Echo repeated three of the Messenger's words.

Instantly the Multitude stopped.

Encouraged the Messenger spoke louder, and the enthralled Multitude sat down, their backs to the Messenger, their eyes on the Echo.

"Turn round, and listen to me!" cried the Messenger.

"Listen to me!" repeated the Echo.

The Multitude obeyed the Echo.

The Messenger was silent for a space then said "Tis better to speak through the Echo than not to speak at all."

Thereupon he put his message into short sentences, for the Echo could only remember three words at a time.

Once, when his heart burned, he spoke in the language of the gods. The Echo responded with a mad jumble of words, and the Multitude, wildly cheering, crowned him with laurels.

The Echo died, and the Multitude went to his funeral, weeping bitterly.

As they turned they saw the dead body of the Messenger, lying lonely on the hillside.

"This is the man who made a noise when the Echo was speaking," said one. So they kicked him.

II. ONCE UPON A TIME.

Once upon a time a king slept in a fairy ring, and when he awoke he could see with both eyes.

He thus saw that his subjects were walking round and round, in a circle, never getting more than a few hundred yards away from their birthplace. Investigation showed that the reason of this was that everybody's right eye was closed.

After a long consultation the High Chief Counsellor suggested that if the left eye received a knock the Subjects would be obliged to open the right eye if they wished to see at all.

But, behold, the left eye was then closed, and the Subjects began to walk in a circle in the opposite direction.

The King commanded, on penalty of death, that both eyes should remain open. But the terrified Subjects could then see two ways at once, and they were afraid to move at all.

"Authorise knockers to hit each eye alternately," advised the High Chief Counsellor.

This was done, with the result that, though it took a very long time, the Subjects moved jerkily forward.

'Twas thus arose the Ancient Order of State Knockers, which hath its headquarters in Fleet Street.

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Langdale Pikes.

My heart is thirsting for the silent places
And the great skies,
Where the low cloud-rack its fellow chases
And the hillsides smile with many faces
And the long vale sighs.

Threatens the crag and hours; such tread
Dark and in awe
Moses, hunched and unshod
And heard the stillness of the voice of God
Breathing the Law.

Like meat and drink 'twould be to stand
Still in the rank grass
And compassed by Thy mighty hand
Again to hear Thy strong demand
There in the high grass.

O God of the great infinite, Thou
Quest of my heart,
Where shall I bow before thee now,
What altar find for the dawn's vow,
What shrine apart?

G.M.M.

Anglian Saga

Bright stood the heavenly halls, the sun
Laughed o'er the rippling sea,
The breeze on the kissed waves did run,
The dawn broke free.

Like monsters rolling on the beach,
With barnacled scurled hulls,
The East's great ships stood forth in line,
Lost in a cloud of gulls.

That round their tall masts flashed white wings;
Wine-coloured sails shook out
Into the blue dawn; gilt with riggs,
The seamen raised a shout.

A noise of bells pealed from a far
White tower, saluting day,
While the trembling light of the Day Star
Faded and sank away.

The ships shuddered, the sails swung,
The sailors turned to sea,
The last chime they should hear was rung;
The fresh wind blew free.

C.R.

The Bells of Saint Michael's

The bells of Saint Michael's they ring o'er the red
Of the mossed gabled roofs, fit to waken the dead,
And the children below sing out loud as they run,
While the fresh breezes blow and burn the sweet sun.

The bells of Saint Michael's sound a peal o'er the land
From the belfry that towers, standing solemn and grand,
Standing lonely and pure on the top of the hill,
Standing certain and sure, the strong victor o'er ill.

O distant dominion, blue woods of dim shires,
The Archangel's gold pinion waft down dreams of your fires,
When the staunch faithful ages wake from sleep and return,
And white Saints of wise sages like taper-lights burn.

O bells of Saint Michael's, O sweet tender chimes,
If I could but catch half your tone for my rimes,
I'd praise Holy Church duly, the glorious, the free,
Who tames the unruly and walks on the sea.

C.R.

Floreat Freshmen!

A HURRIED glance round, a deep breath, a squaring of the shoulders, a few firm steps forward, and James Arthur was actually and at the long last, within the precincts of the University, not as a visitor or as a curious spectator, but as a member of that fraternity which is the salt of the earth—a Freshman. With a determination not to look lost, he elbowed his way through the cosmopolitan crowd surging round the clock, and paused at the notice-board to collect his somewhat scattered senses. J. A. was no fool. Had he not been Captain of his School? But he was feeling something of the "new boy" sensations which he had so lately scorned in others and so, pulling himself together, he planned out his campaign: while he scanned with unseeing eyes the plaintive and badly-camouflaged financial appeals of an Engineer who had books to sell to the unwary. Of course, the great thing was not to look fresh! Accordingly, seeing the incense arising around him to the Goddess Nicotina, he furtively lighted a cigarette and made his way to the cloak-room: his countenance wearing what he fondly hoped was a fourth-year appearance. Having deposited his hat and stick, and gazed at the letter rack with a painfully obvious look of annoyance at not having received a communication from some totally fictitious correspondent, and having plumbed the depths of the pigeon-hole bearing his initial—not that he expected to find anything, of course—J. A. made tracks for what he had heard termed the "Sale of Week." Fortunately, his bump of locality was fairly large, and having made but two preliminary canters up the wrong flights of steps, he found his bearings. Ah, this was not so bad! He pictured to himself other Freshers pathetically enquiring their way about: the spirit of exploration surged over him. He consulted his watch. If'm, just on time, according to the notice he had received from the Registrar, and throwing away his cigarette, he bounded upwards three steps at a time.

Before he reached the top he was startled by a stentorian voice which yelled down upon him "*Gryphon?*" James Arthur came to a full stop and gazed at the bespectacled apparition which glared at him from over the balustrade, noting the light in the eyes of the phantom that bespoke the frantic smashing of the Tenth Commandment. "Eh?" he jerked, impolitely and unthinkingly. "*Gryphon?*" said the face once more. "Are you calling me names?" demanded J. A. with sudden heat. "No, you ass! Do you want the *Gryphon?*" "That's very good of you," replied J. A., after pondering for a moment, "but I'm afraid I shouldn't know what to feed it on. Nowhere to keep it either. I've already got some rabbits and white mice and I" The apparition descended upon him with an uncanny rapidity, revealing himself as a human being—one of those "strong, silent men"—whose good-natured rubicund countenance beamed with joy and the effects of Watson's Matchless Cleanser, and holding up the unfortunate Freshman by directing the business-end of a very sharp-pointed pencil upon his Adam's Apple, he interrupted, "Tut-tut, child! The *Gryphon's* the magazine. You'll take it, of course. Four bob, please!" already beginning to make out the receipt. J. A., recognising with inward qualms that his interlocutor stood a head taller than himself and was correspondingly broad in the beam, meekly shelled out and passed on, followed by the self-satisfied chuckles of the journalistic highwayman.

At the top he was once more held up. A damsel, holding a good consolidated position behind an assemblage of desks and tables, and with a heavy ebony ruler ready to hand in case of needful emergency, demanded his "summons." "I've never been summoned in my life," replied J. A., aghast at the aspersion cast upon a hitherto spotless character. Explanations followed. J. A. felt foolish, and having produced the document, was directed down a tiny staircase into a room which, from its lack of size and multitude of occupants, recalled to him at first stories he had read

of the Black Hole of Calcutta. But no! Stay! what are these? Hardly arrayed in white clothing; rather a dazzle effect comprising a mixture of the colours of the spectrum and an overworked rainbow, but nevertheless goodly to look upon! Two visions: Beauteous persons strongly entrenched behind some odd millions of varicoloured forms. They looked! They smiled!! They beckoned!!! Trembling at the knee and with a suspicious colour mantling his cheek, J.A. advanced. Horrors! The sirens had but lured him to his doom—noom, rather! A *visa-vice* examination was immediately conducted, embodying aspects of the interrogations of an Income Tax Collector, the Presbyterian Catechism, and the Book of Job, and the unhappy male, helpless in the maze of super-feminine curiosity, was burdened with a huge pile of literature of various kinds, and hidden to "move along." He moved—faint, yet pursuing. Staggering to a vacant desk, he deposited his load and held a personal and private Court of Enquiry. Cursed be the man who first invented all these impertinent forms! What ridiculous questions! Born? Of course he was born! He could hardly be here if he hadn't been! Or perhaps it means year of birth! H'm, yes, it must be, Now, let's see. Our Johnnie's seven and the dog is four Good, now what next? Previously educated! Ah, yes. Pudsey College. Married or Single? Neutral at present! Business, if any? H'm. Not very brisk. and so on *ad nauseam*.

At last, with forms more or less completed, J.A. passed on to the Inquisitor at the other door. He, poor man, harassed and worried by foolish questions, covered under a placid and dovellike countenance a temper of Vesuvian quality. J.A., on the other hand, having marked the downfall and destruction of other Freshers under the wiles of the two Sirens, was feeling better in spirit; almost full of "beans" indeed. Gently but firmly the hidden volcano pointed out to him that his age was entered as 1802, and indicated, with some asperity, that the line "certificate of conduct" should have been filled in.

"I'll do it, if you'll give me particulars" said the Personage. "Whose name shall I enter?"

"Oh—er—put down 'the Chief Constable of Leeds'!" remarked J.A., after a moment's thought.

"Why! Do you know him?"

"Not a bit! Never seen him in my life!"

"Does he know you, then?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, what the!"

"Quite simple. If my conduct had been bad, the Chief Constable would have met me in his official capacity. Obviously, as he doesn't know me I !!! !!! !!! !!!

When the dust had subsided somewhat, J.A. was "climbing the steep ascent to H—eaven"—sadder but wiser.

What happened after that was difficult to remember. Even Dr. W—m J—n—s, with his principles of "introspection" would have found it a tough proposition under such circumstances. Was it not so, whatever? Yes indeed! The Staff seized him, tore him from his forms and documents, threw them back covered with perfectly illegible handwriting; secretaries rooked him of all spare change; the accountant reduced the bank balance of J. A. Senior by nearly £50; promises to play—apparently at one and the same time—Chess, Golf, Rugger, Tennis, Lacrosse, Hockey, Knur-and-Spell, and Shore-Ha'penny were extracted from him; and at the long last he was allowed to crawl away, bruised but unbeaten.

And what of the resultant activities! Can pen describe the C.U. Social or the Freshers' Smoker! The "one word" of the Vice-Chancellor that lasted forty-three minutes! The "little feet" that loitered on one of his own for quite five minutes! The one dance—a vision in brown velvet, with a mass of black bobbed hair—that troubled to speak to him! The "Varsity yell"—that made him hoarse and deafened one ear! The 1½ oxs. of "Three Nuns" that made him have a restless night! No, let them remain for ever enshrined in the heart of this ordinary and average Fresher who—Tell it not in Chapeltown, publish it not in the streets of Headingley!—has since had to purchase a hat two sizes larger! H.B.S.

Sylva Westrow: An Interlude.

MRS. Woodbridge lived in the shadow of Saint Julian's, which lifted up a gray slender seventeenth century steeple round which the pigeons fluttered. A little court surrounded its time-blackened walls wherein grew a few bedraggled trees. The back windows of her dark small house looked out into a little garden and on her window-sills she kept geraniums. There would often be a yellow cat on the door-step and a canary singing in the front parlour, hung up in a cage.

It was a mercantile part of the town, but not a noisy one. The gray spires of churches rose out of courts and alleys. Sometimes you could see beyond the roofs the golden vanes on the domes of the East Minster, the cathedral of the whole city. There was a smell of spice in the air from the warehouses and not far off lay a wide river, silvery-gray which could be reached down winding streets and twisting lanes, a river thick with shipping, bristling with masts, where the white gulls flew and screamed, that had come up from the sea. In Mrs. Woodbridge's house you could hear the noise of the organ and a sweet sound of chanting at times from Saint Julian's. She would worship there of a Sunday; not often otherwise.

Margery Woodbridge was a little woman, bright-eyed, nimble, with small hands and feet, gray already in her dark hair. She had a fondness for dressing in velvet and humming little tunes in a thin high voice. She was a widow and with her in that house in Maria Lane lived her twin children, a little boy and girl, Oswald and Susan, her adopted daughter Sylva Westrow, and the old maid Jennims. Her husband had been a sea captain, drowned off the coast of Japan in a great winter-storm; she had never quite recovered from his loss. Sylva was the child of an old school-friend of hers, of whom she had been very fond, who dying of fever, had left her her little girl as a legacy, one she had faithfully accepted and never regretted.

On an August morning, when the sun lay still and warm and golden on the little dusty plot of garden at the back, with its red massed flowers and vivid patch of green grass, its chipped discoloured urns, dark laurels and twittering sparrows—over all drooped a few melancholy urban trees—Sylva sat by the open window of the back parlour sewing, her work-box on the little inlaid table by her side. The room was small and old-fashioned, its wallpaper of roses and parrots and little bunches of flowers faded, its crimson carpet time-worn into a vague sober hue, its mirrors dulled and the gilt frames of its pictures tarnished; but it was spotlessly clean and the china ornaments on its mantel-piece seemed charming and valuable. Over the fire-place hung a portrait of the late Captain as a young man; the room contained also a small library, Lamartine, Swift, Dickens, Paul et Virginie, "The Travels of Marco Polo," a book called "The Enchanted Rose," Hawthorne's "The Marble Faun," etc.; with Maloe, Mandeville and Humphrey Clinker. On another table stood a vase of lilies, with sandry spotted shells, corals, coins, cowries and spiny fishes, brought back to England by Captain Woodbridge from his travels in the Indies.

Sylva Westrow was a fair girl, rather pale of complexion, her bright hair golden and her eyes of a soft hue. A certain air of peace, calm and delicacy always seemed to surround her; it did now, while the needles flashed in her hands and the sun shone in through the white curtains into that old-fashioned room. Over her head hung an antique print, showing Psyche in the House of Eros—a slim bewildered girl served by invisible hands at a banquet with gorgeous wines and meats. Sylva had a little fan of pheasants' feathers dangling by her side and on her table beside the stuffs, scissors and work-box, stood various strange ornaments, chalices and images, Greek or Chinese, in alabaster, pale green jade or pink tourmaline, small boxes of crystal with gold rims and other elegant or fantastic trifles, fruits also of the late lamented Captain's voyaging in the Levant and in the China Seas. He had been used to bring back oranges and parrots too, to the gray Northern city, and the still gray street where his wife lived; but the oranges were all eaten now and the parrots dead. Only the old canary fretted the golden bars of his cage above the pink and red geraniums in the window-sill of Margery's best front parlour.

The children were playing in the garden outside her opened window and they sometimes called in to her. "O Syl," came the shrill voice of Susan, "a lady-bird is sitting on my hand! will it bite?" "Of course it won't," said Oswald, "it isn't a bee, it's a fly. Besides, bees don't bite, silly, they sting!"

Oswald was the cleverer of the two children and rather too fond of correcting his sister, who was the younger of them by a year and looked up to him with perhaps an exaggerated trust in his omniscience. Sylva, smiling, laid down the linen she was embroidering and went out into the garden. The sunlight struck a golden aura out of her bright hair and as she stood for a moment in the doorway she seemed to the imaginative children like an Angel come suddenly into that dingy pleasure, with its crucked urns and solemn red flowers.

Susan, a slim little black-maned creature with sharp features and big dark-blue eyes, was kneeling on the grass, intently watching a tiny lady-bird that had flitted to rest upon her fragile hand. It was the less common sort, with scarlet spots on its black shell. Those are, perhaps, rather more uncanny and elf-like than the larger kind with their little coats of vermilion mail. She was repeating in her pretty voice the old nursery-rhyme, "Lady-bug, lady-bug, Fly away home, Your house is on fire, Your children are gone!" Sylva, coming out into the garden, knelt down beside the children and watched the little creature. In a moment, as with a queer irritable movement, it spread wide its glistening wings, that shone with a delicate iridescence in the sunlight, and flitted away among the flowers. Susan was sorry it had gone, for she had wished to make, if possible, a little cage for it out of dried stalks and take it indoors, to live with her. The clock of Saint Julian's church, high up in its gray tower, struck twelve; they looked up to where the arrowy vanes of its weather-cock glittered golden in the sun, and suddenly a flight of gray and white doves came over their garden, tumbling and crying. The yellow cat, Malachi, who had eyes the colour of toffee, came out of the house and stood eyeing them wickedly for a moment; then he lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

Susan grew sleepy and Sylva took her up in her arms and going to a seat which was placed against the wall of the house, in the shadow of a bower of some sort of creeper, she sat down and let the child sleep on her knee. Oswald went on playing with some earth-castle he was constructing and after a time Malachi, waking up, rose and came and rubbed his long golden body against Sylva's dress. The garden was silent, though all about the city seemed to throb like a mighty heart, with pulsations through its gigantic arteries. Margery Woodbridge had gone out to shop at the market.

C.R.

The Miracle

FATHER John O'Sullivan was spending a holiday with his uncle, Father Pat O'Sullivan, whose parish was Ballyhump, a small town in the West of Ireland. They were having breakfast in the tiny parlour. Father John, not yet thirty years of age, was feeling very bored after a week in a sleepy country town. Dublin was much more exciting. He wished the Sinn Feiners would liven up the place a bit, but there was no one about here worth fighting. The police had been withdrawn to the County Barracks, twenty miles away, and now everything was quiet and peaceful.

Father Pat too, was unusually quiet this morning. Breakfast was nearly over, and he had never said a word. He looked rather haggard, thought Father John. Perhaps he had not slept well.

"You're very meditative, Pat,—anything wrong?" Father Pat put down his coffee slowly, looked at it for some seconds, and raised his eyes slightly. Then, speaking with an effort, as if bringing himself back from a great distance, he said, "John, do you believe in miracles?"

"Miracles!—certainly not."

"Well," said Father Pat, "I didn't till last night."

"Oh! And what the devil happened last night?"

"The boys have been at it again. They raided the County Barracks and sent it to blazes. One of them was badly wounded. They managed to get him to a place about five miles away from here up in the hills. I was knocked up about one o'clock this morning to go and give him the Last Sacraments. Poor lad! He'll not live long."

"I never heard a sound; you must have gone very quietly."

They were sharing Father Pat's bedroom, as the spare room happened to be under repairs.

"Yes, I wasn't asleep when the lad knocked. You were snoring away, and I didn't see the need to waken you, so I just slipped on my things in the dark and hurried off. I got back at four o'clock, and you were still asleep."

"H'm, but what's that got to do with miracles?"

"I'm coming to that, John. On my way back I was stopped by a ragged old woman. 'God bless and save ye, Father,' says she. 'It's a bad night to be out on a sick call.' 'It is, so!' said I. 'And what may you be doing out here?' 'Ah, Father, sure, I've nowhere to go in. I'm just trapesin' the country. But God's good, and maybe ye'll give me a bit of a help, holy man that ye are.' 'Indeed, my good woman, I'm very sorry, but I have no money with me at all.' 'I knew I had left my purse on the dressing table.'"

"The blessings of God on ye, Father; sure ye wouldn't refuse to help a poor old woman that hasn't her breakfast." "God forbid," said I, "but I tell you I haven't a farthing with me." "Ah! 'Tis little faith ye have, Father; sure if ye just put your hand in your pocket ye'll find a few coppers. The good God wouldn't lave ye without the means of helping a harmless old woman. Didn't the Almighty God Himself feed the people in the desert?" "Faith! and that's true, but I'm not Almighty God." "Never mind, you're His Minister. Ye can do anything if ye have faith."

"So to get rid of her I just pulled out my pockets to show her they were empty, and bedad if I didn't find a half-crown in my trousers pocket."

"There y'are! Didn't I tell ye to have faith!" says she. "So what could I do but give her it." "'Twas a miracle sure enough."

Father John was doubled up laughing.

"What the Hell are you laughing at? It's the truth I'm after telling you."

"I don't doubt it," said Father John. "But they were *my* trousers you put on in the dark. And I'll thank you for the half-crown." P.P.M.

AND THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.—

Continued from page 9.

It is just possible that sometime before you go down you may want to work, and there may flit across your mind the memory of certain thick noise-imperious doors hidden away in various secluded nooks and coves and marked "Special Library," more popularly known as Seminars, and who is to blame if you visualise behind those doors cosy book-padded apartments where an atmosphere of peace and academic calm prevails and where in unbroken solitude you may prepare for to-morrow's terminals. Oh Fresher, be guided by us and consider well before you plunge into those unknown depths. We are not at liberty to disclose all that happens behind those doors, what bacchanal festivities and secret rites, what clanking and groaning from hidden mechanical fiends, what hidden stores of . . . but there, we are trying to persuade you not to enter. One thing is certain, if you want to work, take up your position in the middle of City Square, cram up your philology on a luggage barrow in the Central Station, find a spare corner in the midst of a steel works and sweat there—but don't go near a Seminar. The word is derived, we find, from the Latin, *seminarium*, well, 'sowing' is connected with 'ploughing' after all!

We were going to add a few hints to Education students, but it isn't necessary; by the time you escaped from the Education queue you would no longer be a Fresher. By the way, we have to hand the latest example of an Optimist—the cinema man who turned up to take a moving picture of the progress of the Education queue. At the end of two hours work he discovered he could get exactly the same results by an ordinary photo.

Our last word. Don't neglect the details, those little items of knowledge which if neglected will expose your Freshness to a smiling world. There was that Fresher we noticed on entrance day, he was really above the average. He didn't look like a Fresher. And his progress was worthy of a graduate—the way he avoided subs., the way he slid down a queue and walked triumphantly out of the far door while his fellows still wrestled with the entrance form. He knew everything of importance. Yet it was a detail that caused his exposure, an absurd detail where he suspected no guile. It was in Refec., he discriminated nicely over joint, hesitating with the air of an old habitué. Then came the sweet. Said the damsel "What wouldst thou, sweet sir?" or words to that effect. He hesitated, plunged, and was lost. "College Pudding," he said. And who but the veriest Fresher would have done that! Yet it *looked* alright.

No, don't trust appearances. For instance, this article seems absolute nonsense. It isn't, you know.

J.W.T.

In Residence

NO person of principle would disturb one in the midst of serious work with the irrelevant announcement of a tea-party, but the person with whom I room did. I have often explained to her that she is a person of no principle, but she only argues, and what can one do with people who argue about every little fact of daily life? I resigned myself to the worst, and agreed to the tea-party.

Now, being seriously minded, I do the work of the household. The person, of course, fritters away her time on things of no importance, for instance, while I prepared the tea-party, she retired into strict seclusion, later appearing in a green jumper. I knew what she had been doing; though she may have thought I wouldn't notice, I distinctly remembered it when it was pink. But being very reasonable, I said nothing; I only thought of the things I might have said.

It was during the tea-party that the first signs of anything wrong appeared. They were such faint signs that at first I really doubted whether they were there at all; but the creepy feeling down my back and the queer sensation at the root of my nose grew worse. I carefully observed the person, her gaiety must be forced, she never behaved like that with me! I looked at the rest of the party, they were standing it well, but I was sure they couldn't be comfortable. And the feelings I have described got worse and worse, till the person was no longer able to control her expression, and the looks of the party became strange. And then the full horror of the thing came upon us. It wasn't one of the sudden, terrifying sorts of horrors that one can rise to and face, but an insidious, crawly, viscous sort of thing that crept up from behind and nearly choked us to death.

"The window, shut it!" I at last managed to get out. What the people next door might be doing I did not know, but the origin of the horror was quite clear. Although we lived three stories up, we were almost straight above their kitchen.

The person, of course, began to argue, and said it wasn't coming through the window; I would have explained, had I been able, that anybody with a scientific education knew that hot air rose upwards; as it was, I merely shut the window myself.

There was a very mysterious element about the whole affair—uncanny, in fact. I couldn't understand it, but the horror got worse. We gasped for breath, and I hoped that nobody was inclined either to swooning or apoplexy. Finally, I concluded that part of the house must be on fire. It was, however, a risky business to complain this to the party; one never knows how people will behave under these circumstances, and I should not like to be responsible for anybody jumping from a third-storey window, especially into next door garden. They grow very fine chrysanthemums there. Altogether, it was an awkward position, it wouldn't do at all to let them know of the fire beneath their feet, but undoubtedly our best chance of rescue lay in showing ourselves at the windows and attracting the attention of the firemen when they came.

I opened the window again, and tried to induce some of the party to put their heads out in a manner likely to attract attention. It was uncommonly difficult, but I believe that I should have succeeded, had not the person as usual spoilt the thing. I winked at her, and gesticulated at her, I did everything possible to convince her, behind the backs of the party, that I had everybody well in hand, and that if only she would trust me I would save them all alive. But no; tact, discretion, even common sense, were not for her. "It's inside the house!" said she.

The party was through the door and out on the landing in the twinkling of an eye; I followed, dreading the effects of the sight they must see. Just exactly what was being burnt that produced the appalling atmosphere I couldn't imagine, but the obvious thing was, not to speculate, but to act. I placed myself firmly at the head of the stairs to prevent the party rushing down and seeing the fire. The person, of course, tried to pass. "If you want anything brought up," said I, "I'll fetch it." She just pushed me down a step. She weighs considerably more than I do. "It's no use going down," said I, "I've explained that it is only the people next door." Another step! "Do you want to be responsible for the death of these people?" I whispered, "and anyway, the party's not over!" Her only reply was to push me most urgently aside and to descend the stairs. At least I presume she did so, when I looked over the bannisters, I saw her on the landing below entering the door of the pantry where I had prepared tea. I gave up all hope, the place must be by now a raging furnace, and her death was certain. Was I in any way responsible? I might have made a greater effort to prevent her going down! I was just beginning to feel remorse, when to my surprise she emerged, like Daniel, apparently unscathed. She mounted the stairs, and at the top turned to me, and remarked in an icy tone. "Thank goodness you didn't leave it on for a week-end again!"

I may sometimes be a little careless, but who was to know that she'd dyed her jumper green in the hostel pan?

S.

The Link Between

(ELIZABETH SOUTHWART).

I HAVE been spending a week in a beautiful house. In the garden, for the energetic, were tennis, bowls and croquet, for those in search of rest and romance there were sundials, dovecotes and fountains, steps lined with rosemary and waving grasses, wee bridges, towering hollyhocks, blue firs, rose gardens, and banks of fragrant carnations. When the moon lit up the gabled front of the house and silvered the restless sea, night-scented stocks made our senses swim.

And in the mornings and evenings we, a group of students, mostly university trained, discussed more or less earnestly the way to make a happy England. One of us built up a wonderful scheme, only to be pulled down by another, brick by brick, and another built in its place. But the glow of the building remained, and it was something of a shock to come back to Bradford, and see that the thousands of chimneys were still smoking, that there were the same dingy houses, the same kind of people talking the same way about the same subjects. And suddenly the well-laid schemes for the betterment of the working man seemed to jump into the air, and stay there, like a glittering aeroplane, leaving the working man jogging on below, not even troubling to look up at it.

I was quite unhappy until I had built a scheme of my own. I thought that if the job were given me of setting about making a happy England I would gather together everybody who wished to help in the making. I would send every one to the University in his early twenties, to get an education and make use of the safety valve. It is well known that that is the age when a man knows more than he will ever know again, and too much knowledge is a dangerous thing. The least harmful way of getting rid of the surplus is, I think, to get together and let it out on each other.

When each man was through, instead of turning him out on the world as a superior sort of creature who could earn a living with his brains, I would take from him every penny he possessed, rob him of all friends who insisted upon helping him financially, and put him to some kind of manual labour. I would have him marry, and bring up his children in a house of two or three rooms, with a door that opened directly on the street, with children for their playmates whose language and general upbringing matched their surroundings. I would have him pursue his further studies in the room where his wife washed, baked, sewed, cooked and nursed her babies, where, if his head grew hot, he could cool it with the sleeves of the wet clothing hanging from the ceiling. I would give him a wage equivalent to twenty-five or thirty shillings pre-war, and I would let him climb out of these circumstances without any outside help, or money earned by his precious education.

When he had climbed out, if he were still an optimist, and had enough faith in human nature left to start building the foundations I would let him begin his work.

Then I am plunged back to despair by being told that my scheme is as mad as the rest.

Then is there no way of keeping the link between ourselves and our fellows? Are we all potential aristocrats, social or intellectual, simply waiting for the first opportunity of cutting ourselves off from the common herd, and living on a superior plane? Whitman, who might have seemed justified in claiming superiority, talked with sailors and soldiers and tramps and niggers, and any kind of man on earth, nor for the sake of teaching him anything but because he recognised him as another part of himself.

Away up the Yorkshire dales a Dean has been doing holiday duty at the wee old church of Hubberholme. He is a man of seventy-five, but he has a straight back, a fine head and a seeing eye, and he has kept the link. One finds oneself not only talking to him about the Church Congress and the situation in Ireland, but about the troublesome rates, and the leakage in the back kitchen tap. At home he gathers in his study railway porters, stokers, engineers, plate-layers, and they talk about Shakespeare. To them he is not the Dean, but Brutus, and for the time being they are Polonius and Hamlet and Falstaff. This he does simply because they are men and brothers, for religion, as such, is never mentioned, and the men seldom attend the Cathedral services.

Up in the dales, too, they tell of others like him, all University trained men. They tell of one who would wade for two miles, waist deep in snow, to find when he reached the church a congregation of three. Dispensing with the sermon he would gather them round the stove, and talk about everyday worries and joys. Another, too, who had often had to take a shovel to dig his way to church, kept the link between. His study was the place where domestic difficulties were talked through, where farmers took their disputes, and incidentally saved lawyers' fees. It is said that he led every man, woman and child in his parish by a silken thread.

I wonder if these men kept the link by remembering that education has many sides, that life may be as fine an instructor as a college professor, and that the other man, whoever he might be, had possibly something as important to tell them as the knowledge they themselves had to impart.

On asking if these men were good preachers I was met by a puzzled stare. Then came the simple question "Does it greatly matter?"

Thieves

OUR season used to begin with the ripening of the gooseberries. Some darkening evening as we came, full of talk, down the moor-side from the sandy cricket-pitch, it would come on us quite suddenly, that they must be ready for eating, and over the wall of Whiteoak's garden we would go to make sure. So was begun the season, that would not go out till we had stolen down by the hedge and over the stream to see if the first touch of frost had ripened Finch's white plums. Every garden was an old resort, from the huge orchard you might patrol in safety for an hour if you had rubber shoes, to the sly little patch that lay hidden between high walls and must be approached by a culvert along which you waded in heavy boots. Every tree was an old friend, and as, by daylight, the green-grocer brought round his fruit for respectable consumption, we could have told him the birth-place of every apple on his cart. We knew where to lie hidden and work deliberately, and where to snatch a hurried handful before testing the nimbleness of our heels. We speak lightly of the emotions of those we but half understand (and the very young are among these), just as a Martian might smile, walking in on one of our strange earthly displays, some little orgy of contrition or puff-chested burst of oratory; but for my part I wish half my joys were as fair and fresh as those I knew climbing an apple-tree as the wind sang, and would my heart beat now as it beat when I lay deep in cool rhubarb, stealthily reaching upward to the plums, poetry would be more my vein than chronicles.

Once our season touched us it came on like a wave. Hardly had the apples lost the milky green of their adolescence and began to take on the wholesome hues of maturity, when the pears were peeping furtively over the orchard walls. These were a grave anxiety, for we knew how long they must be left if the teeth were to distinguish their flesh from the twigs that bore them, and what danger there was of gardeners, and such, forestalling and defrauding us. But at last the pears would be laughing-ripe along the wall-top, and nightfall would find one of us prone beside them. Our greatest delicacies were a species of sweet crab—we knew them as "Siberians." To reach these we had to climb the steep roof of Pollard's milk-house, and farmers' ears are alert. Once we were working rather recklessly when the strapping Nellie came out and flung the stock phrases up the road, after imaginary fugitives. To us these phrases were like the words of an old song. She "had seen us," and "knew who we were," so that we had best "come back quietly" and stand a chance of pardon. Crouching behind a squat chimney on the milk-house roof, Bob and I outstayed her patience, and it was not long till, in the safety of our lair, the breath so pent-up on the milk-house burst forth in volumes of braggart talk.

I think we were not in those days very different from the upgrown adventurers who daily go out to plunder. We were gay, as plunderers always will be. Perhaps as we grow older, and must include furs and silks in our spoils we may become a trifle graver and more anxious, but as I look at the nervous little plunderers I meet to-day, I remember that in those days, when who knows what secret timidity lay concealed under our braggadocio, we too were careful not to run great risk of being found out, and I think plunderers, whether in orchards or business fields, are far from the sinister figures they often appear to the imagination.

The proverb has given to our sort a name for honour. I think it exaggerated, but like most, within the limits of our interest we were not inconsiderate of others. Potato-ridges and seed-beds were respected, and of such rarities as strawberries we took no more than was reasonable. These habits we regarded as part of the

dignity of our craft; for we prided ourselves on craftsmanship. High-built walls were our delight; no small pleasure to gain the summit by way of a comrade's shoulders, to struggle past the jealous clutch of a holly-bush to the roof of a summer-house and so to the sanctuary of the orchard at Red House. I remember well Bob's rage when the tenant of Oulet Hall put fowl-pens against the difficult wall of his orchard, which was our chief virtuoso-piece, and so made it the easy prey of all the amateurs of the village.

Our most jovial time was at sharing-up. At the "lair" everything was spread on a table, and each of the three chose in his turn till all was finished. One night a step was heard outside just as we began. Ned put out the light. At once three pairs of distrustful hands, outspread to protect the booty, met over the table. None of us would take advantage of the dark, but each feared for the honesty of the others. But for the extinguished light a cynic, peering in at the skylight, might have found matter for his secret smile.

Only once were we caught at work. Across the wall of one of our favourite gardens a moralist saw us, and though we got away easily he lost no time in informing the owner of the garden. Johnny himself was a quiet man, fond of his garden, and he had never borne us ill-will. He would have left us in peace, but the moralist pressed him hard. He was distressed, and I know he was at pains to avoid us. One evening I caught sight of him as he vanished up a "snicket" on our approach. I was always sorry we had let the moralist see us in Johnny's garden; it made it very awkward for Johnny. I met him at last, as another season was fading away amid the hum of the autumn threshing, and even then he wore a shamefaced look.

J.R.W.

Review

THE UNION HANDBOOK AND DIARY

THE Union Committee are to be complimented on their new publication. It is a great improvement on their old Handbook, and there need not be any fear that anyone caught reading it will be accused of being a Fresher. The Diary is obviously destined to be the constant companion of every student. The fixture list supplement is a particularly valuable addition. But it is a pity that only two societies, the Economic and the Geographical, were enterprising enough to get their programmes inserted.

It might be advisable, in future issues, to give more space to Memoranda, and to allow for addresses and a cash account.

We take the liberty of pointing out to the Literary and Historical Society (see p. 50) that its "peculiarity" is "shared" not only by the Debating Society, but also by the Economic, Geographical, Education, Choral and Dramatic, Photographic, and Social Study Societies.

We do not wish to offend the string orchestra but the quotation from the Yorkshire Post (p. 45) is not altogether happy.

"The members, even if they acquire no phenomenal proficiency individually, (deep breath) *cannot fail to appreciate MUSIC better for their experience.*" Of course, it depends on how you say it.

Are Lectures of Vital Importance?

IT may be necessary to say at once that one has no ulterior motive in writing upon this subject. There is no intention to start a movement for abolishing lecturers, closing Universities, or encouraging students "to cut" as many lectures as they conveniently can in a single term. But one wishes seriously to suggest that the usual method of educating students at Universities—especially the newer ones—is not the most satisfactory. The question is an old one and tends to arise in any advanced civilisation, which has piled up a body of knowledge. One has read that the Socratic method was a reaction against the long disquisitions of certain Greek teachers, and it seems that the civilised world is once again experiencing a rebound against the preacher and the lecturer, both of whom tend to serve up stale fare and musty erudition.

This time the reaction against lecturing as a good method of Education, is coming from two sources. In the first place, the new methods being employed in our progressive Public Schools (e.g., Oundle) are tending to develop in the pupil more initiative and a capacity "to think out things for himself." Not only is this being done, but the methods are expected to develop a sense of the importance and need for "creative service" in our modern life. It is doubtful if the lecture method could ever fill this bill. In the second place the experiments in adult education provide considerable evidence of the successful work done by the group discussion method. The Tutorial Classes of the W.E.A. and other bodies are proving rightly, that it is possible to do work of a high standard by the Seminar method—and with men and women who have had little or no academic training. Therefore, both from the Public Schools and the Extra-Mural Classes, we have forces operating which are bound to influence University Teaching in the near future.

The older Universities do not set too much store on the lecture at the present time, but the newer Universities are almost bound to adopt the method because of limited resources and the large number of students. Nevertheless, it is possible to ensure that students do cover a necessary course of study by other methods, as well as that of attendance at lectures. Text books to-day are often more intelligible than lectures, and students might be tested on their reading of the "set books" by essay work carefully planned. University Teachers might have to do more work by a change of method—but do Universities exist for the lecturers or the students? 'Tis true that some students, who have been brought up on a cram and exam. system, like to be lectured at. There is nothing half so sweet as a full note book at the end of the course. It can be swallowed whole and retailed piecemeal at the examinations—never to be thought of again. But a large number of University students are really keen on developing their power to think, besides simply getting some equipment and hall mark for a vocation. The lecture method can only help such students when they have covered a certain field of enquiry and wish to hear some special exposition on certain new discoveries and problems, or when they wish to get "perspective."

It is encouraging to find that in this University some University Teachers have given up lecturing—either partially or entirely—and one is fairly safe in saying that such "lecturers" (!) are liked best by their students, while the examination results from such teaching (so one is given to understand) are invariably good. One hopes therefore that students will interest themselves in this question. While we may sometimes feel that we get the most good from the more or less unorganised activities of our University life, nevertheless there is no reason why we shouldn't also be taken through our systematic studies by means of the best methods available. We should be the last to imply that the present members of the University Staff

are not concerned for the welfare of their students. The lecturers have to labour under difficulties of large numbers, but we think they will find many students who will be ready to assist any small attempts to develop University teaching along the most satisfactory lines, which experience may prove to be trustworthy.

E.G.

Correspondence

71, CLARENDON ROAD,
LEEDS.

October, 1922.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

Dear Sir,

As one who has learnt much and who realises how much more there is to learn by friendships established between students from other lands I would like to draw attention to the invitation of the Overseas Students' Committee in the Union Diary.

It seems to me that almost all the larger problems of the present day do in some way centre in the problem of International and Inter-racial Relationships. It is easy to think of a League of Nations in a study, but do we all realise the immensity of such an ideal when it is expressed in the realm of practical reality? We are proud of our birth and when danger threatens a united front is shown to the whole world, but yet how full of bitterness and discord are the home affairs during the times of comparative peace. Imagine then the difficulties of a co-operating world. We can get facts concerning a railway strike and often public opinion determines the issue, but facts of International Relationship are not easily obtained and too often are guarded by wise diplomatists as being confidential. We as students are seeking truth and are learning to express ourselves in some creative function in order that we may in some way contribute our share to, and enjoy the whole of the good things of this world. Can we therefore disregard the difficult problems of International affairs?

It seems to me that it is the duty of all students to endeavour in some way to understand the problems of practical politics as well as the problems of Science and Philosophy. They are not independent problems but are linked together in indissoluble bonds.

"The Overseas Committee invites the co-operation of members of the University in extending a hearty welcome to all those from abroad."

I would go further and state that I consider it the duty of all members to make a determined effort to understand the point of view with which our friends from Overseas approach the manifold problems which surround us. I do not suggest that Overseas students can give us reliable facts of International Relationships any more than does the Foreign Office, but I do suggest that they can give us another view of the questions concerned which will enable us to form a less biased and more balanced opinion.

How is this to be done? Not by mere heartiness and geniality but by sincere friendship which is determined to overcome the many prejudices and misunderstandings which abound, which are not all on one side. How often do we see or hear our fellow students from overseas taking a prominent part in our Social, Intellectual and Sporting life? Is a League of Nationalities impossible in the Leeds University?

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. CHALLEN.

THE UNIVERSITY.

LEEDS, Oct. 10th, 1922.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

JUSTICE TO THE REFECTORY.

DEAR SIR,

I feel it is the duty of the Economics and Commerce Department to criticise the business side of the University, and having entered for myself for the last two years, I do not think I am without knowledge about the prices of provisions.

The first day the students went to the Refectory, at least those other than the freshers, they expected a reduction in the menu prices, but on sitting to table and reading the menu they found the same prices as 1920 and 1921 still prevailing, so naturally they expected better quality of food or bigger quantity or a little of both, but to their amazement, the same quality and quantity were served.

Before proceeding to explain the injustice of the prices compared with the quality and quantity of food I must assume the following:—

1. The Refectory is not a restaurant in the sense that it is not intended to make profits. It should pay its way only and perhaps a little more for renewal of the necessary things.
2. The quantity and quality of food are the same as 1920 and 1921, and are offered at the same prices as in 1920 and 1921, with the exception of 10/- on the session ticket, which means 6% reduction. But no reduction has been made on the menu, which brings the 6% reduction to 3%, as general average of reduction.

I then beg to discuss the portions and their original prices and then add 50% for expenses—cooking, waitresses, washing of table cloths, and other sundry expenses such as salt, mustard, etc. Restaurants usually add 75%, but there is a difference between the two cases. In the case of the Refectory, there is a big number dining on one table, and probably three or four different lots are served between 12 and 2 p.m., with the result that one waitress serving two tables could serve at that rate about sixty people, and only using two table cloths, besides there are no expenses, as in restaurants, on serviettes. Also average restaurants make profits and they, as a rule, are satisfied to buy at a certain price and sell at double the price thus making roughly 25 on the 175 which is the cost price. In the case of Lyons in Leeds, as well as in other restaurants such as the Metropole Hotel or the Griffin Hotel, this is the case: e.g. in Lyons two eggs on toast are offered at 1/- when the purchase price is about 6d.; also a cutlet is 7d. while the purchase price is about 3½d.

In the case of the Refectory when the purchase price is 100, the thing should be offered, not at 200 as restaurants do, but only at 150.

Now let me turn to the principal things served at the Refectory. I am not going to mention anything about the soup for the simple reason that I could not possibly find out the things of which it is made. I shall leave that to those in charge of the Refectory who may be able to give an account of the cost price of a portion of soup. But in the case of meat, it is easy to guess that a student receives about a quarter of a pound. I am sure some of them might object to my statement and say they only receive two ounces. That is quite true but they have to remember that half the weight is lost in cooking, and bones. At present a pound of English mutton is sold at 1/2 retail, and is undoubtedly cheaper wholesale; i.e. a student is getting 3½d. worth of meat at 10d. A simple example would make things clearer. Lyons restaurant offered two Cambridge sausages and mashed potatoes at 10d. while at the Refectory they are offered at 1/- and they might not be Cambridge Sausages.

Potatoes are 1d. a pound wholesale, why should a portion which is about half a pound be offered at 2d. ? The same thing can be said of sweets—cooking apples are 6d. a quarter of a stone. Cooking pears are 3d. a pound, plums are 2d. a pound. All prices of vegetables and fruits have dropped tremendously.

Cheese and biscuits are offered at a price out of proportion to the purchase price. Cream crackers are 1/2 a pound which is about 55 biscuits; i.e. four biscuits for a penny; and about a quarter of an ounce of butter, i.e. less than 1/4d., and about 1/4d. of cheese, why offer this lot, which is worth at most 2d. at 5d. ?

Really I can prove the injustice of the prices otherwise. It is sufficient to compare the prices of 1920 with those of 1922 and find out the average reduction in prices:—

MEAT.

	1920.		1922.		Drop.
	Wholesale.	Retail.	Wholesale.	Retail.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	
Mutton	1 11	2 8	0 10	1 2	58%
Beef	1 6	2 2	0 10	1 2	55%

RETAIL PRICES OF OTHER PROVISIONS PER LB.

	1920.	1922.	Drop.		1920.	1922.	Drop.
	s. d.	s. d.			s. d.	s. d.	
Sugar	1 2	0 6 1/2	54%	Potatoes	0 2	0 0 1/2	75%
Tea	5 0	2 0	60%	Jam (2 lbs.)	3 6	1 9 1/2	48%
Coffee	3 0	2 0	33%	Butter	4 0	2 0	50%
Cheshire Cheese	2 4	1 2	50%	Pickles (bottle)	2 4	1 10 1/2	20%
Sweet Biscuits (best)	3 0	1 6	50%	Lentils Flour (stone) about	4 0	2 4	40%

I have chosen those articles because they are mainly used at the Refectory. So while we see that the average drop is about 49%, yet we find the Refectory only reducing 3%. All restaurants in town have reduced their prices in conformity with the drop. In the case of Lyons Restaurant the reduction fluctuates between 12% and 25% in the Metropole Hotel the lunch was 4/- in 1920, 3/- at the beginning of 1922 and 2/6 at present. It is worthy of mention that the Griffin Hotel offers an excellent lunch at 2/6, composed of good soup, nice quality of fish, good portion of entrée which is sometimes turkey, with two vegetables at your choice, and which you can order again; sweet, any amount of biscuits and Cheshire cheese.

It is not the price of the meal, but the quality and quantity which need improvement. Anybody would think that we can get a cheap meal at the Refectory—that we are lucky. Let those who think so come and try. It is a pity to see my friends going to town and losing time to get a lunch. But when I ask them "Why don't you have it here!" The answer is invariably the same, "Because I can get a much better meal at nearly the same price." Though I never heard anyone say, "Because I can get a cheaper meal." So what is wanting is not reduction in price, but either a big increase in portions or a great improvement in quality, or a little of both.

A. A. RAPHAEL,
Economics and Commerce Dept.

We have made a few enquiries and are assured that the Refectory prices are as low as possible.

There has been a 6% reduction on Term Tickets. This could only be a general average of 3% if day tickets were as many as Term tickets. The correct proportion is 80 to 320. So the average reduction is nearly 5%.

The waitresses, eleven of them, serve 440 meals in two hours; which means 40 each, not 60.

In comparing the fall in prices, Mr. Raphael has taken only the last two years. If the figures given are correct, they do not prove injustice. They merely prove that there is a difference in the rates of fall. Mr. Raphael assumes, but does not state, that the Refectory increased its prices at the same rate as Cafés and Restaurants. He should prove this by starting with 1914 prices. The whole argument may be used to prove that the students were undercharged in 1920.

(EDITOR).

Concerning Gryphons

A magazine invariably makes its appeal to a limited and well defined set of readers. It is wholly supported by them and its every purpose is to provide the matter which their social position, interests, and mental outlook demand. This is obviously true of all technical papers which appeal to a certain profession or class. But it is equally true that certain classes of journals profess to make a general appeal, to contain matter of universal interest at least to the reading public. Now on the validity of the profession depends a very pertinent problem—what is to be the aim of a University Magazine, of the *Gryphon*? At first sight, it looks as if the *Gryphon* is clearly one of those cliquish magazines with a restricted appeal, for it is written for a distinct community, the University. But in that lies the crux of the matter, the University is in every sense a community, not a separate class with common aims and interests but a body of people having the most diverse interests, aims and outlooks. Its only common property is the possession by every member of a certain general education. It is in fact a small edition of the whole reading public in the outside world, and like that public it has its different professions, ideals, hobbies, pleasures. Now the *Gryphon* is supposed to be the journal of this many sided community, which brings us to our question, can any one journal really make an effective universal and general appeal to such a community? Certainly the ideal *Gryphon* would be such a paper. And the answer to the question "Is it possible?" will be found if anywhere, in the journals and papers of the greater reading public of the world.

There are, then, certain classes of journals which profess a universal appeal. Then what are the common interests on which they base their appeal? The most obvious is the newspaper. News, fact and events of life are of interest to everyone who reads. But the difficulty begins when one tries to analyse the composition of a typical newspaper. It is most doubtful whether a paper which only gave pure facts would bring in enough money to buy the editor's tobacco. It would cut out leaders, personal and political opinions, comments, everything which differentiates one newspaper from another. And immediately one admits these things one destroys the basis of universal appeal. In fact newspapers invariably do appeal, each to its set well-defined portion of the public. Even on a purely news basis the restriction appears, for certain types of news appeal to different individuals and most papers specialise in presenting one such type—political, sporting, social, hence such widely different papers as the *Times*, the *News of the World*, the *Mirror*. And each class is sub-divided by political and social outlook. Now the *Gryphon* could be simply a publication of University news. It would appeal to the whole community

certainly, but the appeal would run largely in parallel lines; certain parts would appeal most to certain departments or classes. And we fancy the sales of such a paper would just about supply the editor in matches. The ideal universal appeal does not then lie in this news element. Nor is it practical, for a student will not buy a paper of which say only six pages interest him.

There is another class of paper which bases its appeal on the amusing, the recreative side of human interests, either the definitely humorous ranging from *Tit-Bits* to *Punch*, or the story magazine like the *Strand*. Now this seems a more feasible claim. Most people can read with interest an amusing story, and humour is perhaps the most common meeting place in the world. But one objection is worth mention, the type of person to whom such light amusement has least appeal, the academic or professional man concentrating on his work, is in larger proportion in a University than anywhere. Which brings us to an allied appeal, that of art, of good literature, irrespective of substance. Now this should be a universal appeal. But in practice it is only too obvious the appeal of good literature is in itself limited, so much that the 'literary class' is almost as specialised as a profession. Besides one's supply of such matter is too limited to run a *Gryphon* on these lines. Yet if there is anything approaching common ground it would seem to be found here. How do you fancy a *Gryphon-Punch*, or a *Gryphon-Strand*, or a *Gryphon-London Mercury*? When you think of it in that concrete way it arouses innumerable doubts.

The quest then for a *Gryphon* based on a universal appeal, in which every page shall interest every student, the ideal in fact, is far from satisfactory. There is another alternative, a paper which makes a definitely limited appeal to some one section—a literary or sports or technical *Gryphon*. At least it would give a definite position, aim and income; one would know exactly what its readers wanted. But how far this falls short of the ideal one need not remark.

What is left? It is the compromise, the usual *Gryphon*. It includes the news type, the humorous, the literary, the social, the athletic, all of which have separate journals in the outside world. You may say, that this is the ideal, that nothing else is possible, that the appeal is universal. Yes, it may appeal to a large number of students, but it appeals in parts not as a whole—the weakness pointed out above. And if such a compromise is considered satisfactory, what of those constant complaints that there is too much of so and so, and too little of something else. And to be very practical, how is it only 600 students subscribe to it out of 1,500? Our question is this, is the ideal *Gryphon* impossible? Is a compromise the best possible course? or which of those considered above would be preferable? We are not stating an opinion but asking for one, and because the *Gryphon* is now at such a vital stage in its history, when it is developing so rapidly, it is especially valuable to retreat the old ground and consider what should be its aim, contents, and position. The present *Gryphon* is frankly a compromise, the best possible under the conditions, better we believe than any past one. And 600 subscribers is totally inadequate to produce it.

It essentially involves the business side; the status of the *Gryphon* is most uncertain at present. If the journal is definitely to represent the University as a whole why not solve the problem by including it in the composite fees? Otherwise the question of maximum appeal is vital, for its income depends on its appeal, and why try to interest everyone if the resulting paper only appeals to a third of the community?

The first issue is before you, and the *Gryphon* invites criticism, suggestion and above all, support in any form.

J. W. T.

Recollections of Engineering

E. KILBURN SCOTT

SEVERAL months ago I visited the Engineering and Textile Departments of Leeds University, and as I wandered through the laboratories and class rooms, my mind went back to days 35 years ago when I attended the Yorkshire College as an evening student in engineering.

In those days many thought that engineering and textiles were not fit subjects for a University, and technical education generally was frowned on. I remember one winner of a scholarship who was only able to use a portion of it because his uncle employer would only let him attend lectures and not the laboratory, the idea being that work in a foundry was enough.

The reactionaries who were at the head of industries in Leeds in those days were most trying, and young men of to-day should be glad they are living in more enlightened times.

Professor Archibald Barr was in the engineering department, and his Scottish accent was at first a little difficult for some of us to understand. He had been a student of the Thomsons at Glasgow University and went back there as Professor before taking up the manufacture of range finders. There were few traditions for teaching engineering, and therefore Professor Barr and the Governing Body had to initiate a three years' course and syllabus, and this served as a pattern for many other institutions.

The experimental engine in the Engineering Laboratory was made by John Fowler & Co., when I was with that firm, and I helped to make the Hartnell governor. The governor weights were of cast iron and one part being fragile I managed to break it on a Saturday and the engine had to be tested on Monday. Fortunately, an old one was found, but the ball is smaller in diameter than the others, as can be seen by students to-day.

The first Lecturer in engineering was Thomas Jackson, who afterwards went into business with his brother and P. Bentley as makers and dealers in mathematical instruments, slide rules and drawing materials. In this connection it is worth noting that the modern methods of teaching mechanical drawing were started by Leeds men, amongst them being Wilfred Lincham, Thomas Cryer, Thomas Jackson, George Oldfield and P. Bentley.

The late Professor W. Lincham was for many years Principal of the Goldsmith's Institute in London, and he wrote a standard text book for mechanical engineers, which became sufficiently popular as to be called *the* Lincham. Mrs. Lincham helped with the earlier chapters. Thomas Cryer helped to make the reputation of the Manchester Technical School as a training ground for engineers, a book which he wrote with Jordan 34 years ago is still a useful guide in design.

Many of the early mechanical drawing exercises came from Leeds drawing offices, engine details for example from John Fowler & Co., where Lincham was formerly a draughtsman, and machine tool details from the Round Foundry in Water Lane, Holbeck, where some of the others I have mentioned used to work. The design and proportions of those early examples became standard in many parts of the world.

The Round Foundry had a beam engine contemporary with the old engine at the Crank Mill in Morley and at Taylor Wordsworth's in Holbeck. These engines were made by Matthew Murray, grandfather of Miss March, who lives at Beech Grove House, opposite the Textile Department. The father of Miss March was a partner of Maclean & March, Engineers, of Dewsbury Road, and it was in their works

that the leaders of the "Plug rioters" were caught after they had marched into the yard to draw the plugs of the boilers. Mrs. March closed the gates on them. My father was a special constable. Part of the University is built on land that belonged to Mr. March and previously to my family, the present Refectory being the maltkiln of William Scott, brother to my grandfather, Thomas Scott. They lived in Myrtle Grove house in the centre of Woodhouse Moor. William Scott's wife was a Boyne, which family built Virginia Cottage, now part of Lyddon Hall; it was called Virginia because of their tobacco interests.

John Smeaton, Matthew Murray, Andrew Fairbairn, James Kitson and John Fowler were amongst the fathers of Leeds engineering, and Murray is famous as the builder of the Blenkinsop locomotive in 1812, that is 16 years before Robert Stephenson's Rocket won the prize at Rainhill. The engine used to haul about thirty empty coal tubs from a coal staiths on Hunslet Moor to Middleton Colliery, and as the locomotive was of light weight, the line had a rack rail. My late uncle, Richard Kilburn, melted the old rails at Hunslet Foundry, and he afterwards wished he had not done so, as they became much sought after, as curios. At the time of the Chicago Exhibition our foundry yard was raked over, to find a piece to form part of the railway exhibit.

Matthew Murray was born in 1796 and died in 1826, and is buried in Holbeck Churchyard. Miss March has the only picture of him in existence, and has also some of the drawings of engines that he built.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, afterwards Emperor, came to see the Murray-Blenkinsop locomotive at Hunslet, and this partly led to Matthew Murray's only son going to Russia. He died in Moscow. My grandfather's brother, James Kilburn, was then with Maceles & March, and went to him in Russia to equip some cloth mills; one was for Count Poniatowski, and I understand it was the first cloth mill in that country.

When Matthew Murray died, the business was taken over by a number of foremen and others, so numerous that they were nicknamed "the forty thieves." Later the concern became known as Smith, Beacock & Tannett, and it gained a wide reputation for machine tools. Leeds was then the centre of the machine tool trade. They did a large business with the Continent and with Woolwich Arsenal. I saw some of the old tools at the Arsenal during the war.

The last of the original partners was Joseph Craven, and the first engineering scholarship was established in his honour. Professor Barr started the subscription scheme, and I remember that when the money was handed over, it had to be diplomatically explained that it was to form a scholarship and not for him to keep.

One of Professor Barr's early assistants is now Professor Coemack of Glasgow University, who was Brigadier General and did important air craft work during the war at Washington, D.C., where I used to meet him. A demonstrator, S. H. Wells, became Principal of the Battersea Polytechnic and then supervisor of technical education in Egypt.

One of the first brilliant engineering students was Mariner, the son of a clergyman of Keighley, who afterwards made a mark with Thornycroft's, the ship-builders. He was "some" engineer, as the Americans say, and could tackle a stiff engineering problem or mathematical investigation, or give a hefty shove to the fly wheel of the gas engine. Those early gas engines wanted a lot of "shoving" and coaxing to get them to start.

Another student called Bowers, arranged an excursion to his father's colliery near Leeds, to see an electric coal cutter made by Gooden & Trotter, of Halifax, the first one ever built. It was a long wall bar machine and from it has developed the well-known "Pickquick" machine of Mavor & Coulson, of Glasgow. Seeing

this early machine as a student was later an indirect cause of my joining the Goudden firm in London as head draughtsman. About 4 years ago I saw the first electric machine built in Chicago, U.S.A. It was a percussion type machine and was set to work about a year after the English machine, so we have the kudos of being the first, but the Americans have long since passed us in number of machines used.

Mr. Wicksteed of Buckton & Co. took great interest in the Engineering School and this caused the laboratories to be equipped with a large testing machine. He arranged a visit of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers and a bar of best Farnley iron was put in to show how powerful the machine was. When the pulling started the bar began to stretch and to stretch until the beam of the machine came against its cheeks, so the demonstration turned into one showing the extraordinary quality of Farnley iron and there was much amusement amongst the onlookers.

Wilson Hartnell took great interest in the Engineering Department and was a very remarkable man. I was his assistant for several years and he would often stay after office hours to assist in working out engineering problems that Professor Barr and Dr. Stroud had set. His calculation notebooks dated back to the seventies of last century and I think they ought to be in the University Engineering library. For very many years he was a recognised world authority on governors. In 1887 he designed the first dynamo made in Yorkshire, and Morley, of Cole Marchant & Morley, and myself made the drawings.

An Engineering Society was started by Professor Barr and he used to ask distinguished Engineers to give addresses. One that I remember was by the late Benjamin Baker who was then busy with the Forth Bridge. To show the construction he sat on a chair, with two sticks and two weights to represent the cantilevers of the central steel structure on the Inchgarvie Rock, his arms representing the upper members in tension. The Engineering students visited the bridge in 1888 and we afterwards went to the Glasgow Exhibition, and one exhibit I remember was the electric welding machine designed by Professor Elihu Thompson, of Boston, Mass. It was the first machine and was purchased by Clarke Chapman & Co. of Gateshead, and used by them to weld connecting rods of ship winches and windlasses. I saw it there when I went as head draughtsman of their electrical and steam turbine. They were the first to make the Parsons steam turbine. It was a misfortune that the steam turbine industry did not centre in Leeds for he was at Kitsons when he first began to work on the idea.

Professor Arnold Lupton was a frequent speaker at the Engineering Society meetings. He was first Professor of Mining, and his wife was probably one of the first ladies to attend engineering meetings. He spoke in a naive surprised way, which covered up considerable knowledge, and this mannerism afterwards helped to make him well known in Parliament. Professors were paid very badly in those days, for £200 a year was considered a good salary and Professor Lupton has told me that he never received more than £150. Of course he had a consulting practice.

A member of the Yorkshire College Engineering Society called Le Prince had a moving picture machine in a laboratory in Woodhouse Lane, near the College. I fitted a Crompton Arc lamp to it and believe it was the first to show moving pictures successfully. The photographs were arranged in a strip of red fibrous material jerked through before a lens and revolving screen. Some photographs showing a train in motion were taken in Holbeck. Later the Englishman Friese Green made the first celluloid film and then Edison took up the running. Le Prince married Miss Whitley, daughter of a well-known Leeds engineer and I met her and the son in New York three years ago. Her husband disappeared mysteriously in Paris about 1890 and she has never benefitted from his pioneer work. It is the penalty of being wife of a pioneer inventor and it is as usual as it is scandalous.

In the early days of electrical development a certain Civil engineer referred to Electrical engineers as "those damned plumbers" and I think it was because certain of them made prophecies which disturbed some of those whose interests and knowledge lay along the lines of compressed air and hydraulics. Prophecies that turned out to be true as certain old fashioned firms like Tannett & Walker found to their cost.

During my own experience I have seen electrical work develop from the sealing wax and string and plumbing stage to the great electrical engineering developments of to-day. When I first went into steam turbine work the largest was 50 horse-power, now there are some of 50 000 horse-power. The first dynamo made in Yorkshire was by Wilson Hartnell and gave 25 kilowatts, now thousands are made a year and some as large as 10,000 kilowatts. Scientific methods and exact measurements were brought into engineering practice by electrical men.

Dr. Stroud of the Physics Department gave the lectures on electrical engineering and the first lectures of a course were well attended but the attendance fell off rapidly, which was a disappointment to some of us. His assistant, Professor Randall, was a minister of religion, a gentle soul much bearded.

Part of the Physics Laboratory was in a dreary basement where there were galvanometers made by Watkinson, the instrument maker. I could not work with them because my pincenez had steel rims and every time I moved, the mirror gave a deflection. When the first lady student entered the Physics Department there was much discussion as to whether it was a suitable subject for the sex to make up, but she soon settled that, by doing better work than the men. I heard that, although she did not wear glasses, she had the same difficulty with Watkinson's home-made galvanometers but overcame it.

In 1888 Professors Barr and Stroud were engaged on a model of a range finder. Watkinson made it in the Physics department workshop and it would be an interesting exhibit for the University Museum. In this connection it may be mentioned that Barr & Stroud of Glasgow made 24,000 range finders for military purposes during the war, and about half that number for the Navy. Some of the Naval range finders measured 30 ft. long and 14 inches in diameter. Thousands of the rangefinders were also made in U.S.A. and in Austria. Some of the good shooting of the Germans was made possible by them.

In the early eighties a number of school fellows of mine won scholarships at the Yorkshire College and took the chemistry and metallurgy courses. Amongst them were Harry Ingle the first student to be awarded the D.Sc. and the 1851 Exhibition Scholarship. His brother Heerbert was in the agricultural department. G. R. Thompson became Professor of Mining. H. H. Dains became Professor of Chemistry in Madras and afterwards identified with the development of Manganese and Magnesite Mines in India.

The first lecture I ever gave, was in 1887 to the Textile Society, of which another old school friend, Aldred Barker, was then Secretary. He thought I knew something about fulling machines, and invited a number of real finishers and dyers, old enough to be my father. I was somewhat embarrassed by their questions, but the paper was afterwards published in the *Textile Manufacturer* and quoted, until Professor Beaumont wrote text books and raised fulling machines to University rank.

TO THOSE IN HIGH PLACES.

"It is the glory of man to pass by an offence."

"Professors are like to those heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times; and which have much veneration, but no rest."

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

De Vulgari Eloquentia

NO, this is not an article on bad language, but a few hints to freshers on debating. By the time that the magazine has appeared, the first debate will have been held and the committee will have discovered, I hope, several Lloyd George's, Bernard Shaw's and other well-known orators.

But even Bernard Shaw admits that he obtained his proficiency in oratory through constant practice and deliberate criticism. Few are gifted with the power of oratory; the majority have to determine to master the art by listening to others and blundering along in public. The beginner will make a horrible "*faux-pas*," he will flounder badly, but only by such schooling will he be able to attain success.

The Parliament night last year was in many respects a great success, but the average speech was poor. The main reason in practically every case was that the speaker had come with almost every word of his speech memorised. Consequently they could not adapt them to what had gone before, nor reply to any interruption. They were nice, symmetrical speeches but often boring. Of course it is necessary to know what is the point you are to make before speaking. There must be some rough order in the speaker's mind, but it would be better if it was thought of through something mentioned in the debate. The extreme of this was reached two years ago, when someone in an ordinary debate read a very humorous speech. I believe he likened the ineffectiveness of something, probably some government measure, to "throwing snowballs into Hell to lower the temperature." The Committee afterwards condemned such a speech, because it was not the type that the Debating Society want. Be humorous by all means; be eloquent, but the humour and the eloquence should be spontaneous and not premeditated. Otherwise the humour may fall flat, and the eloquence appear artificial, and this will neutralise the value of whatever the speaker may have to say.

Owing to the number of people who wish to speak in debates, the time for each speaker has to be limited to about five minutes. This makes it impossible to develop any elaborate theme, or even several points. It is therefore essential that each speaker should confine himself to one point during the few minutes and press that home. He will prove far more effective than the speaker who tries to cover a number of points in such a short time.

The most awkward and inconvenient property of most speakers is their hands. Some bang the desks, others "saw the air," others wag their finger at the speaker as though he was a communist, and others keep their hands in their pockets, generally to persuade the House that they are not at all nervous. No definite rules can be laid down for this, but Hamlet's advice (which I believe is to be found in contemporary books on rhetoric) is perhaps the best, "suit the action to the word, the word to the action."

Dante in his book of which we have borrowed the title, somewhere discusses rather lengthily the question "who spoke the first word?" Apparently the bible gives the first word to Eve. This did not suit the mediaeval ideas of the superiority of man, so accordingly Dante considers the question very seriously. He comes to the conclusion that Adam spoke the first word and what he said was "EIL." No, he was not at that moment treading on a thistle with his bare feet, because being before the fall there were none, and the original word is given, not the English equivalent, which is very different. I think, however, that perhaps there is some

truth in tiffs, at least it is almost always true in debates. It is generally left to Adam to say the first word, and when the debate warms occasionally Eve may speak. The Committee need women to send to Inter-Varsity debates in the second term and it is always difficult to find a sufficient number. They hope there will not be the same difficulty this year. We need speakers for our own Parliament night (Nov. 22nd) which is held in the Great Hall.

As for what you say, one cannot do better than to call attention to the aphorism of the Chairman of the Society (W. S. Flowers) which he gave at the Freshers' smoker, "Talk nonsense, sensibly; talk commonsense, intelligently."

One of the greatest assets any man can have is the power to express his ideas clearly and intelligently in public. F.G.T.

THE ART OF DEBATING.

"Men create oppositions which are not, and put them into new terms so fixed, as whereas the meaning ought to govern the term, the term in effect governeth the meaning."—*Bacon*.

Medical Women's Representative Council

THE elections were held in May, and the results were as follows:—

President: H. E. Woodcock.

Secretary: E. M. Atkinson.

COMMITTEE.

Constituency A. A. N. Claye.
W. Edgecombe.
M. E. Knowles.

Constituency B. E. Killick.
G. M. Ford.
M. Readman.

The Men's Representative Council

THE M.R.C. was formed at the end of last session and is a thoroughly representative sub-committee to deal with the affairs of the men at College Road, and it is hoped, will relieve the hard worked Union Committee of some of its arduous duties.

The first meeting of the M.R.C. was held at the close of last term when the various officers were elected.

Many people have already asked what is the M.R.C. and why? and some of its functions given below will probably make these points somewhat more clear.

The M.R.C. is intended:—

1. To form a link between the men electors and the Union Committee. (Each M.R.C. representative should know all the men in his constituency).
2. To take charge of everything in connection with the Men's Union Rooms.
3. To deal with the allocation of Union Room Funds.
4. To deal with all the domestic affairs of College Road men.
5. To take its place with the other Representative Councils.

E.J.T.

Historical Association

THE presentation to Miss Cooke from past and present members of the History School took the form of enlargements of four photographs of the University, mounted and framed in oak. Unfortunately Miss Cooke's state of health prevented her being here to receive them, and they had to be sent on to her. In her very kind reply, Miss Cooke expresses her great appreciation of the memento and of the form which it has taken. She wishes to convey her most sincere thanks to all concerned.

H. H. W.
J. D.

Choral and Dramatic Society

LAST year the Choral Section recommenced its activities, after having lain dormant during the war years, and received gratifying support, giving two mid-day recitals and one evening concert. On the latter occasion "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" was rendered with the able assistance of the specially augmented University Orchestra. This year the programme is to be even more ambitious, a rendering of "Merrie England" being in hand for December 1st. That justice may be done to this work the Society needs the loyal support of all music lovers. Rehearsals are held in the Great Hall every Thursday from 5-6 p.m. when all interested are heartily invited to attend.

The Dramatic Section gave two performances of "The Headmaster," which were well received. Several play readings also were held. This year a very full programme has been arranged, including three productions, a lecture, a debate, and several play readings. The first production will be Arnold Bennett's "The Title," and will be held in the March Institute, Raglan Road, on Friday, November 17th, at 7.30. We hope this will be well supported and that members of the University will show their appreciation of the work we are doing. We shall be pleased to welcome all interested: there's plenty to do.

J. SYMONDS, } Hon. Secs.
L. G. SEAGER, }

Joint Meeting of the Social Study and Geographical Societies

A JOINT Meeting of the Social Study and Geographical Societies was held on October 9th, when the number of members present from both societies was great and promised well for the future good attendance at future meetings. Mr. Fauvelet's excellent address on Communications was listened to with interest and applauded with enthusiasm. He traced the history of communications from the first impulsive expressions of the animal, through primitive and rude attempts at speech and writing to the language which in the hands of the Masters is such a perfect instrument of thought. This development was accompanied and influenced by similar progress in facilities for movement about the earth's surface. Man's first travels were on foot or by water, later came beasts of burden, vehicles and the splendid Roman roads; after this there was little progress in rapidity or convenience of communications until the Industrial Revolution, with its use of steam power, gave a tremendous stimulus to intercourse both by land and sea. Finally, he showed how essential are such communications to modern society, since a country like England is dependant for one half of its means of subsistence on external supplies.

C.R.

A Challenge to all Students

OCTOBER again! The Summer Vac. has passed by once more and we are back at Leeds, some of us to renew our old associations, others to enter for the first time a life full of possibilities and opportunity. We may get a first or we may get a pass, a few of us may get ploughed. In any case we shall get something to think about. The first day in itself is sufficient to fill our minds for a whole term. To one of a retiring disposition the Great Hall on "Bazaar Day" might well be a cause of uneasiness, and all who have passed through that ordeal must at sometime ask the question, "What is behind it all?" Year after year Staff and Students meet to arrange and re-arrange crowded curriculums and crowded labs, and year after year depart again, some having gained nothing save the merely academical knowledge accumulated from lectures and text-books, and others an experience which has changed their outlook on life. Are we all fools that we should prefer to discuss the relative merits of Rome and Athens, or whether we are in a world of progress or retrogression rather than to eat, drink and be merry, filling ourselves with the pleasures which abound on every side. Few of us would care to say that there is no progress, but just look at the facts, pain and suffering dominate the world as in the days of the Black Death—hunger and thirst claw at the entrails of women and children as in the days of the Exodus from Egypt—men kill men as in the time of Alexander.

We call ourselves free, and yet we are hemmed in by a social and religious system which often causes us to compromise our own truest feelings, and a time makes us deaf to even our ordinary impulses of kindness and goodwill.

A few years ago, some of us, who are foolish enough to believe that we now enjoy the fellowship of the Wise, were bearing the fellowship of the slaves of circumstance under the impression that we were putting an end to war and all that leads to war. Yet as I write a cry comes up from the street, "A sudden change in the Near East," and I imagine I feel a similar qualm to that which the inhabitants of Jericho felt when they saw Joshua leading the rabble of Israel against their city. Any of the many sieges from Jericho to the present day would have served to illustrate my feelings.

Since Jericho fell Christ has lived and died, and I doubt if many who read this would deliberately or without fear deny the statement that he or she is a Christian. Some of us are equally fearful of claiming that Name when we reflect on our lamentable failure to fulfil even a third of the demands of Jesus Christ. Let us be honest and face the facts. Do we believe in progress and evolution? If so, where are we going and to what are we evolving? Is history to repeat itself or are we to give it the "lie direct" and reconstruct a broken and disillusioned world into a world where peace and justice, truth and beauty dominate lives of happiness and love?

Jesus Christ appears to have believed that a new world could be resurrected from the present chaos, but H. G. Wells says His hopes ended in a ghastly tragedy, as did his life. The Church says Wells is wrong, and some of us feel that she fails to prove her claim, but the Church is not dead as are the great Empires of the past, and Christ lives on in the testimony of thousands of thinking men and women. But on the face of it, both Wells and the Church seem to be right and wrong at the same time, and we are left with the questions unanswered as to what is the purpose, if any, behind this wonderful Universe of ours, and how are we to fulfil it.

Leeds University, great as it is, does not answer this question, students must answer it for themselves. Alone and unaided it is impossible to solve it, but lectures will give the facts of the past, and societies offer opportunities for discussion of the

future progress or otherwise in the light of the past and present. Cannot the Natural History Society make an effort to investigate the future as well as to investigate the life of the Trilobite or Archiopteryx? And may not the Education Society ask why, as well as how, educate the young. And the Social Study and Debating Societies, are they prepared to look ahead as well as over their shoulders? Somebody whispers "But the Engineers, Cavendish and Textile Societies cannot venture into the future." Why not? Is it unreasonable to ask why are bridges built, atoms exploded and wool woven, or are they merely the means of keeping young men employed or to provide future amusement for reincarnations of Nero, Napoleon, or any other monster who delights in the destruction of things and men? The present chaos may be due to the industrial system and diplomatic foolishness, but are the students about to enter that system to be slaves, or are they going to alter it, no matter what the cost?

On page 45 of the University Diary there is something about a society called the Christian Union, which claims that it can provide the means for answering some of the problems suggested above, that it is based on the principles which can solve these problems, and it is a direct challenge to all students who prefer truth, beauty and life rather than half truths, camouflage and a precarious existence, to investigate that claim honestly and sincerely in the fellowship of study and goodwill. We should not turn down an offer of a thousand a year without investigating its security, and can we dismiss or neglect such a claim to the solution of life itself without consideration? The Christian Union is not a body bound down to any dogma or creed. Membership is open to all who are in sympathy with its Aims and Bases, and it is in itself a challenge to students who are struggling to solve the great problems of life to join with others who are on the same quest and make themselves, the University and the World, what they would have them be. C.C.

Pax Romana

REPRESENTATIVES of the Leeds University Newman Society were present at the Pax Romana Conference held in August at Oxford. There were delegates from all parts of the world. It was a real "International" based on a common faith.

During the first week of October, a Retreat was given to the Leeds Catholic students by the Rev. Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., at the Catholic College.

All Catholic students should send their names to Mr. H. J. Parkinson, Hon. Sec., Leeds University Newman Society.

"Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more."—Bacon.

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THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Leeds University Swimming Club

ANNUAL GALA

AFTER a lapse of one year owing to the coal strike, the Swimming Club held a successful Gala at Meanwood Road Baths on Wednesday, June 21st.

Some very keen swimming was witnessed, in particular the 200 yards relay race for the Cohen Shield. For this race only two departments had entered—the Medical School and the Engineers. Throughout the race the competitors were neck and neck and finally the Medicals won a thoroughly good race by the merest touch. The women's championship was won by Miss M. Heptonstall, who performed a fine feat in winning all the women's races, thus obtaining the maximum points. The men's championship went to R. T. Martin, who totaked 21 points—four firsts and one third. The respective runners-up were Miss M. Hinchliff and R. B. Walker. Miss Sowary, daughter of the baths superintendent, pleased the spectators with a display of swimming stunts. At the close of the gala, the cups and medals were presented to successful competitors by Lady Moynihan.

DETAILS—

100 yards FREE STROKE (Men).—1, R. T. Martin; 2, R. B. Walker. Time, 1 min. 20 secs.

100 yards FREE STROKE (Women).—1, M. Heptonstall; 2, N. Leach. Time, 2 mins. 0½ secs.

50 yards FREE STROKE (Men).—For competitors who entered the University on or after October, 1920.—1, R. W. Hardacre; 2, H. Goddhill. Time 37½ secs.

½ mile FREE STROKE (Men).—1, R. T. Martin; 2, R. B. Walker. Time, 8 mins. 10 secs.

NEAT DIVE (Women).—1, M. Heptonstall; 2, E. M. L. Walker.

100 yards BACK STROKE (Men).—1, W. Murphy; 2, W. Barwell. Time, 1 min. 40½ secs.

BEST BREAST STROKE (Women).—1, M. Heptonstall; 2, M. Hinchliff; 3, H. Tempest.

50 yards FREE STROKE (Men).—1, R. B. Walker; 2, J. W. Pickard; 3, R. T. Martin. Time 24 secs.

50 yards FREE STROKE (Women).—1, M. Heptonstall; 2, M. Hinchliff. Time, 51½ secs.

225 yards FREE STROKE (Men).—1, R. T. Martin; 2, R. B. Walker; 3, W. O. Hornby. Time, 3 mins. 35 secs.

NEAT DIVE (Men).—1, D. L. Hosketh; 2, A. K. Brown; 3, R. B. Walker.

100 yards BREAST STROKE (Men).—1, I. H. S. Fraser; 2, A. Crow. Time, 1 min. 54½ secs.

200 yards INTER-HOVEL RELAY RACE (Women).—1, University Hall; 2, Day Students. Time, 4 mins. 26 secs.

LONG PLUNGE (Men).—1, J. W. Pickard; 2, W. Murphy; 3, J. A. Scott. Distance, 44 ft. 8 ins.

150 yards FREE STROKE (Men) for Yorkshire College Cup.—1, R. T. Martin; 2, J. W. Pickard; 3, R. B. Walker. Time, 2 mins. 14½ secs.

50 yards BREAST STROKE (Women).—1, M. Heptonstall; 2, M. Hinchliff. Time, 52½ secs.

200 yards INTER-DEPARTMENTAL RELAY RACE (Men) for Cohen Shield (teams of four).—1, Medicals; 2, Engineers. Time, 2 mins. 31 secs.

COME RACE.—1, L. A. Alderson; 2, C. G. Aldridge. R.T.M.

Inter-Varsity Gala

THE first swimming gala held under the auspices of the Inter-Varsity Athletics Board was held at Manchester on June 28th. Nine Universities sent representatives—Cardiff, Bristol, Birmingham, Nottingham, Aberystwyth, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester and Liverpool. We found ourselves up against it—Manchester, Sheffield and Liverpool Universities providing some very strong swimmers. The Leeds team was not, unfortunately, at full strength, A. W. Gregory and

N. G. Alderson being absent. R. T. Martin got the only points obtained by Leeds, by coming in second in the 225 yards Free Style race in 3 mins. 27½ secs. Manchester University again won the Christie Shield, and also the Inter-Varsity Championship with 27 points. Sheffield were second with 21 points. At a water Polo match at the end of the gala, the Northern Universities beat the Southern and Welsh Universities; Martin (Leeds) scored one goal for the North. The visiting swimmers were very well entertained by Manchester University Swimming Club.

R.T.M.

Boat Club

THE Inter-Departmental races for the Vice-Chancellor's Cup were rowed off on July 1st.

Heats: Textiles beat Engineers 2nd crew.

Engineers 1st crew beat Science.

Final: Engineers 1st crew beat Textiles.

The programme was completed with swimming events. The cup was presented to the stroke of the winning crew by Mrs. Richardson.

A crew was entered for the Regatta Challenge Cup at York Regatta, and only lost to Hollingworth Lake R.C., the Rochdale Club, by a length, after a good race.

It is hoped that it will be possible to hold some scratch fours at the end of this term. Freshers are invited to turn out to prepare for the next Inter-Departmental Races.

Hockey Club

IN spite of the fact that there are six vacancies to fill in the 1st XI., the Hockey Club are hopeful for another successful season. The trial games were most encouraging, about 40 players turning out, most of whom showed quite good form.

It is hoped to run 3 XI.'s this year in order to give all who wish a chance of a game; the support of all who turned out in the practices is required to ensure this. The first matches are all with good teams and will be a severe test for the 1st and 2nd XI.'s.

Lacrosse Club

THE Lacrosse Club have lost the services of five of their best players this season, but with support from all old members there is every possibility of another successful season.

All players should remember that in Lacrosse above all games, practice is most essential to success and they have the advantage in that individual practice can easily be obtained and thus the main asset of a good Lacrosse player, i.e., crosse handling can be acquired.

Practice games are being held every Wednesday and it is urged that these will be well attended in order to enable the Committee to obtain the best teams. A good fixture list has been arranged for two teams and the keenness of all is asked for to enable it to be carried out.

Rugby Football Club

WITH eight of last year's team the club opens its season with a match with Leeds Training College at Lawnswood on Saturday, October 14th.

Although we shall feel the loss of some of the more experienced of our team, the prospects are decidedly bright. Three practices have already been held with excellent results; the enthusiasm and promising talent shown throughout these practices was noticeable.

With efficient reserves there should be no reason why last year's performance should not be repeated or even improved upon. It is up to the individual to give his utmost to his club. Excellent opportunity for the team to keep fit is given by Training in the Gymnasium every Thursday at 5 p.m.

Finally, considerable assistance will be given if players will "initial" as early as possible on the team sheets, so enabling reserves to be obtained when necessary.

Women's Tennis

THIS season's results have not been nearly so good as last year's, the team only winning 7 out of 14 matches played. We beat Sheffield but fared badly against all the other Universities. However, we won all club matches with the exception of Headingley Ladies, who beat us after some closely contested sets.

When the season started no two people had previously played together, and it was most difficult to fix the couples satisfactorily. They played well together, but were neither as strong nor as experienced as other University teams, though their form shows much promise for next year.

Every member of the team played hard and keenly but colours were only awarded to A. M. Fawcett, E. Walker and Eleanor Knowles.

The officers elected for next year are the following:—

<i>Captain</i>	..	Eleanor Knowles.
<i>Secretary</i>	..	E. Walker.
<i>Committee</i>	..	A. Sugden. M. Powell.

The final of the Women Medicals tournament for the Lady Moynihan Cup was played off on July 28th at Lawnswood. The cup was presented by Lady Moynihan to Elaine Knowles, who is to be congratulated on winning it two years in succession.

The Harriers Club

AS the above Club boasts none but active members, we should have a very good field for the paper chases which we hope to arrange this season for our forty or more supporters. In the interests of athletics generally it may be as well to point out to hockey and football enthusiasts, that the Harriers, unrestricted by such things as playing fields, can accommodate them; and, as has happened before, the new interest may prove something more than a mere consolation. Provided we have no exceptional freshers this year—and of course it is too early to prophesy—the runs this term with our University opponents should prove excitingly close. We meet a new team this Term in the Aberystwyth Harriers, (University of Wales), a run which is being worked in conjunction with our Liverpool University fixture at Liverpool on November 11th.

G. COULTAS, Hon. Sec.

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"Gryphon" Affairs

WE think it desirable that our readers should have some idea of the conditions under which the *Gryphon* is produced. We say this, not because we wish to disarm criticism, but in order to enlist the co-operation of every member of the University. The journal should reflect the life of the whole University. It cannot successfully do this if one or two people are left to do all the work. The Editorial staff are all students, and have therefore a very limited amount of spare time. Our work could be made much lighter if we had not to spend so much time looking for subscribers, and contributors.

There are many amongst the staff and the students who can write well. They ought to submit their best work to us. We want the very best, not stuff thrown off in a hurry as if anything would do. And we want variety. There is room for every kind of talent.

This year, the *Gryphon* is in a difficult financial position. It has been made especially difficult because of the small number of subscriptions received during the first week of session. This doubtless, is due more to thoughtlessness than to ill-will. But it is a fact nevertheless important, that the uncertainty of our revenue is influencing our policy for the worse. It leads to excessive concentration on economies. This is bad for two reasons; first, because it harasses the Editorial staff, and second, because it tends to reduce the size of the journal, and lower the quality of the matter. The policy, that is, the size of the journal, and the kind of articles and illustrations, has to be laid down before the contract for publishing is made, and it therefore must be based on the estimated revenue. The more people delay in subscribing, the more inaccurate the estimates, and the harder it is for us to aim at a high standard.

There have been other difficulties this year, for which no one is responsible. We refer to the delay in appointing the staff and the committee. We have had to create an organisation at short notice. It is bound to be faulty. We hope everyone will bear this in mind when criticising our efforts. We don't object to criticism in the least. It shows that people are taking an interest in us. But we want help also.

Secretaries of Clubs and Societies can help by sending in reports in time for each issue. We are anxious to give space to all, so short reports are preferred. Short reports lighten the task of the sub-editors. All correspondence, or matter for publication, should be placed in the *Gryphon* Box, which is in the corridor between the Library and the Hall Porter's office.

The name and address (or department) of the writer must in all cases be given, though not necessarily for publication. Writing should be on one side of the paper only.

Every article submitted will be judged solely on its merits as a piece of craftsmanship. We are not censors of opinions.

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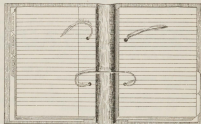
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