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January, 1923

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## Coming Events

## IN LEEDS.

Feb.	3	Sat.	7. 0	Symphony Orchestra, Town Hall.
"	5-6	M. & Tu.	7.30	"Il Trovatore," Industrial Theatre.
"	7	Wed.	7.30	"Music and Song of Birds," Professor Garstang, Leeds Institute.
"	12-13	—	—	"Measure for Measure," Industrial Theatre (Sincett Players).
"	12-13	—	—	"Art and Opportunity," Chapin, Albert Hall, by the Sheffield Players.
"	14	Wed.	7.30	Leeds Choral Union, Town Hall.
"	19-20	—	—	"The Fountain," G. Calderon, Industrial Theatre.
"	21	Wed.	—	Philharmonic Society, Town Hall. "A Historical Programme of British Music from 16th Century to the present day."
"	24	Sat.	7. 0	Symphony Orchestra, Town Hall.
"	26-27	—	—	"The Amazons," Pinero, Industrial Theatre. (Sheffield Society).
"	28	Wed.	—	Bohemian Chamber Concert, Metropole.
March	17	Sat.	7. 0	Symphony Orchestra, Town Hall.

## AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Feb.	1	Thurs.	1.20	Mr. Whitehouse and Mr. Kaye. Violin and Pianoforte Recital.
"	5	Mon.	5.15	Mr. Hoggett. Style in Music.
"	6	Tues.	8. 0	Mr. Roger Fry. Rubens.
"			8. 0	Professor Raper. Ether, Matter and Energy.
"	7	Wed.	8. 0	Professor Grant. France and England in the XVI. Century.
"	9	Fri.	8. 0	Professor Spurgeon. The Musical Element in Poetry.
"	12	Mon.	5.15	Mr. Hoggett. Style in Music.
"	13	Tues.	5.30	Bishop of Ripon. Christianity as the Ideal Fulfilment of the Religious Impulse.
"			8. 0	Mr. Roger Fry. Rembrandt.
"			8. 0	Professor Cobb. Ether, Matter and Energy.
"	14	Wed.	8. 0	Professor Grant. France and England in the XVI. Century.
"	15	Thurs.	1.20	Miss Frize Smith. Pianoforte Recital.
"	19	Mon.	5.15	Professor Hill. The Transformation of Chemical Energy into Mechanical Work in the Muscle.
"			5.15	Mr. Hoggett. Style in Music.
"	20	Tues.	5.30	Bishop of Ripon. Christianity as the Ideal Fulfilment of the Religious Impulse.
"			8. 0	Mr. Roger Fry. N. Poussin.
"			8. 0	Professor Cobb. Ether, Matter and Energy.
"	21	Wed.	8. 0	Professor Grant. France and England in the XVI. Century.
"			8. 0	Señor Ponzol. Cervantes.
"	26	Mon.	5.15	Mr. Hoggett. Style in Music.
"	27	Tues.	5.30	Bishop of Ripon. Christianity as the Ideal Fulfilment of the Religious Impulse.
"	28	Wed.	3. 0	Mr. Mitchell. The Philosophy of Scriabin.
"			8. 0	Señor Ponzol. Don Quixote.
March	1	Thurs.	1.10	Mr. Frederick Dawson. The Music of William Baines.
"	5	Mon.	8. 0	St. Ann's Cathedral Choir. Polyphonic Music.
"	6	Tues.	5.30	Bishop of Ripon. Christianity as the Ideal Fulfilment of the Religious Impulse.
"			8. 0	Professor Gordon. The Lives of Authors.
"	8	Thurs.	1.20	University Choral and Dramatic Society. Mixed Voice Choir. Selections from "The Student's Opera" and the University Song Book.
"	10	Sat.	3. 0	Mr. Gustav Holst. The Tercentenary of Byrd and Weelkes.
"	13	Tues.	8. 0	Mr. Masfield. "Writing."
"	19	Mon.	8. 0	Leeds Parish Church Choir. Polyphonic Music.

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## THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the room when she hath any side feathers; yet have you ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when you know them full well of weak matter, yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found them to be proudness which we ought to fear."*—LYLY.

## Editorial

## DANCING AND EDUCATION.

IT is a very common fault when making out a case for or against any particular policy, to pile up a series of "points" so as to construct what may appear to be an overwhelming argument. Usually, this method fails, for nothing is easier to the critical mind than to show up irrelevancies. An over-stated case defeats its object by involving any hidden good points in the general weakness. This was well illustrated in the Conference between a Sub-Committee of the Union and representatives of the Staff on the advisability of increasing the duration and frequency of University Dances.

There was one thing that caused an interesting discussion, and it is worth thinking about by everyone, as it raises the great problem of modern university life, the relation between social and academic activities. It was said on behalf of the students, that dancing is an important part of one's education. No doubt this was just an unfortunate choice of words. It lends itself to ridicule by its flat contradiction of experience. It is the sort of statement a wily opponent poisons on to show the general weakness of the case it is supporting. It is an evidence of unsound judgment. We ought to say here that the same kind of mistake was made by the staff side. That, however, does not concern the present discussion. What is of importance to students is that they should view this matter of dancing in its right perspective.

We may consider dancing "in itself," and then as a part of the social life of the university.

What then is dancing? Here is a fine problem which we sincerely recommend as a novel subject for a thesis. It is much more difficult to answer that question than to answer the favourite question of Professors of Literature—What is Poetry? According to Mr. Robert Graves, who gave us a lecture last term on "What is Bad Poetry?"—Poetry is poetry. What differentiates dancing from other forms of muscular exertion? When does dancing become gymnastics, and when does it cease to be walking? These are quite urgent questions, on which the moral and physical health of the nation depends. We cannot simply reply that dancing is as dancing does. We must find out what is its "law of being." Even if we admit that these categories are not separated by a clearly defined line, but that they "merge imperceptibly into each other," we have still to decide whether dancing is a gyrations in a horizontal or a vertical plane. This, and the allied problem of trajectory, we can only leave to the mathematicians. There is only one thing we feel sure about—dancing is not an individual, but a collective performance. We come to the conclusion then that "dancing in itself" is part of an Honours Maths. Course. Mathematics is a part of education. Therefore dancing is a part of education. But a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. Therefore the whole is not greater than the part. And by analogy, Dancing is the whole part of Education.

We must now consider the second point, dancing as a part of the social life of the university. Starting from the self-evident fact that dancing is a collective performance, it follows that *essentially* dancing is social life. Further, by the laws of kinetic energy, it is social life raised to its highest power.

We are now in a position to solve the problem of the irreconcilable opposition between the social and the academic activities of university life. For by the Hegelian Dialectic, the contradiction is solved by raising it to a higher plane. Therefore true university life consists in dancing, since it is the whole of education and the highest social life.

This appears to contradict the previous statement that it is opposed to all human experience. But by *Gryphon*! what does that matter?

## Notes and Comments

### DANCES.

The Vice-Chancellor has acceded to the request of the Union Committee that full-dress dances should be from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. This is a very generous concession for which everyone will be grateful. Those who take advantage of this new privilege ought not to forget that these dances necessarily disturb the normal arrangements of the University. When the Libraries and Laboratories are lent for sitting-out purposes, they should be treated with respect. Further, when a notice is displayed closing certain rooms or corridors it becomes a matter of honour to obey the instructions. The restrictions are not there out of mere "cussedness," but simply because the University was not built for a Palais de Danse. Until we can afford a separate building for the Union, we must make the best of things as they are and accept the limitations in a philosophical spirit.

Many people are of the opinion that the dances are becoming too elaborate. The price of tickets shows a marked tendency to rise. This is partly the result of a foolish departmental pride which encourages rivalry in ostentatious displays. We should like to know the exact figures as to the number of students, staff, and "outsiders," who attend the dances. It might be found necessary, in the interests of the large number of students who cannot afford to go to the big dances, to impose a limit to the price of students' tickets and to insist on a certain proportion being maintained.

### THE HALL PORTER.

We had hoped to be able to get through with this issue without making any reference to the Hall Porter, and so far as contributors are concerned, we had succeeded. Evidently the bit of research we made into the derivation of the word proved salutary. But this time the H. P. himself is to blame. He has even gone so far as to threaten to write an article for us. We can assure him that if he does so, his Honorary Degree is a certainty. And why should he be deprived of his Doctor of Laws? To whom do we all fly in the hour of need? To whom do we look for consolation in our loneliness? Who recovers our lost property? Who had this notice boldly fixed over his door on December 15th, 1922, when the Vice-Chancellor played Father Christmas to the children of the Staff?—

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FOR

LOST CHILDREN.

But that is not the worst. He was actually caught carrying something. What was it?

A BABY FORSOOTH!

If this signal public service goes unrecognised the whole university will rise in rebellion.

## UNION AFFAIRS.

It will no doubt surprise everyone to learn that the Union Dance meant a loss of £50, which works out at half-a-crown loss per ticket. It seems rather heavy, but there is something to be said for keeping the price low while giving the very best entertainment. There is no reason why the deficit should be looked upon as a loss. We do not say the money spent on athletics, or Inter-Varsity Debates, is a loss. It is expenditure for the general benefit. The Union Committee spends money on all kinds of things which are of great advantage to the members, but which could not be valued to the individual. The Union Dance is to a certain extent an Inter-Varsity affair, and delegates have to be entertained. The expenses so incurred are rightly a general charge on the Union Funds. But still it will be advisable in future not to have such a large deficit, especially as the majority who attend the function do not seem to be students.

It is proving a wise decision that the Union Committee made early in the Session not to take official part in the various charitable organisations. There is a limit to the amount of work and responsibility it can undertake. The members of the Imperial War Relief Committee probably got the impression that the Union was actuated by unworthy motives when it declined to be officially represented. It is only fair to note that the Union has adopted the same principle in regard to the British Legion and other organisations. The latest example is the request of the people who run the Great Hospitals Competition. They wanted the Union Committee to undertake the sale of lottery tickets. This was altogether too shocking.

## POETRY.

Some readers have been very unkind about the Gryphon Poets. We commend to their notice a few remarks of Mr. Robert Graves in a lecture at the University in December, on "What is Bad Poetry?"

"Communication of thought is not the primary motive of a poet."

"No poet knows beforehand what he is going to write about."

"He does not know what he has written about, nor why, till after he has passed through the emotions experienced when writing."

"There is no such thing as bad poetry."

We are anxiously watching the meteorological prognostications.

## Egoism

THE relation of the individual to his group, and of the group to Society, is a subject which is absorbing the attention of students in every University.

The altruist is probably the most misunderstood person in the world, mainly because, in the nature of things, he cannot explain himself. so, on the other hand, Nationalism is in danger of being misunderstood. We have again to thank Miss Heslop for consenting to open up the discussion. If possible, Mr. R. H. Soltau will deal with other aspects in the next issue.

## "Gryphon" Committee

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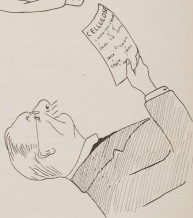
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MR. KING.

## Women's Affairs

"PIP," said the Editor, "you must write the Women's Editorial"—this in that tone of finality which saves time.

"Rather unusual is it not, to have a man do such a thing?" I questioned.

"The *Gryphon* is creative, it knows nothing of precedent," he replied.

I saw I had hit the wrong nail, and tried another defence. "There must be a reason for it, though."

"There is," said he, "First, the woman has failed me; second, it is not a woman's job; third,—"

"That will do," I interrupted, "if you can convince me on number two, I'll raise no further objections."

"Very good, this is my case. A woman does not know what are her own affairs, so how can she write about them? Further, the affairs of a woman are always the intimate concern of a man, so that whichever way you look at it, this is a man's job."

"That is very plausible, but it does not prove that I am the man," I replied.

"You must prove that yourself," and with that he left me.

There was nothing for it but to seek out Helen. She is a sensible girl, and though she has no fanciful ideas about equality, she has a fine sense of the eternal fitness of things. She is fluent in speech and she has the consecutive mind. I have heard her talk quite intelligently for five minutes at a stretch without using a single full stop. At times I have difficulty myself in keeping pace with the easy and rapid unfolding of her thoughts. She sees very far ahead in a discussion, and to my slower brain the direction of her remarks is often not very distinct. She was the one girl in the University who could find the solution to my problem. It was all right for the Editor to get himself out of a tight corner by specious arguments. A man who cannot justify all his actions as proceeding from definite principles is not fitted for such a responsible position. The critics would tear him to pieces in the first month. But I know enough of the breed not to argue against their sophistry.

What are women's affairs? The question would have to be analysed carefully. What things are the sole concern of woman? No, that would not do. Things like that would not be suitable for the *Gryphon*. So much for the first elimination. To that extent the Editor was right. Men had something to do with the subject after all. It must be a question of degree. The affairs must be of common interest. But they must be the primary interest of women. And yet that might lead to the conclusion that men are the primary interest of women. That would let the Editor in again. Women's affairs are those which women find very interesting and which men do not. But even of this I am not sure. Most men are very keen to know what it is that women find so very interesting. It was no use. I would have to find Helen. Would she tell me? Should a woman tell? The matter was really becoming serious. I began to feel uneasy, as I mounted the steps. I rang the bell nervously. As I waited in the cosy drawing-room I remembered the unusual time I had chosen for a call. Before I could think, Helen came in, looking surprised and lovelier than ever.

"Oh, Pip! Whatever has brought you here so late?"

"Er—I—wanted to—see you, er—and I couldn't wait—er,—the fact is—I—wanted to ask you—an important question—er—do—~~you~~—"

"Why, of course I do—"

The rest of the proceedings is Helen's affair.

Pfr.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



**M**R. H. L. Robinson who has previously written these articles together with those in the Yorkshire Observer, has now left the University to take up a post on the Editorial Staff of the Journal of the Textile Institute, Manchester. He has done much for the University, and many who may never know his name will benefit from the reforms and organisations he has initiated during his stay at the University. We wish him the best success in his new sphere.

The Lent term is very short and very crowded—society meetings, dances, public lectures, and last but by no means least, University lectures are in full swing. The fresher will see palefaced and haggard secretaries rushing frantically about, or gazing in the hall porter's office for letters that never come.

The Vice-Chancellor has arranged a wonderful programme of lectures for the Lent term. Those people who periodically talk about a "General Education" could not do better than attend these varied courses. By the time this appears in print, the first two lectures in Literature will have been given by Professor Lascelles Abercrombie and Professor Oliver Elton. There are five others to follow. We are very pleased to see that Professor Gordon, now at Oxford, is lecturing on March 6th on "The Lives of Authors"; Mr. John Masefield during the following week is lecturing on Writing. The art side of the lectures is extremely interesting, and all types of critics will find something to their taste. Mr. Roger Fry is again lecturing on painting—Rubens, Rembrandt and Poussin. The musical programme will doubtless produce æsthetic vibrations of a varied character in the minds of the junior members of the Art Honours Schools. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Frederick Dawson are giving lecture-recitals on Modern Composers. The most conservative musicians will rejoice in the two recitals of the "classical polyphonic music of the Tudor period," to be given in March by the choirs of St. Anne's Cathedral and Leeds Parish Church. The most balanced of minds, I imagine, will be a little perturbed when they see that Mr. Gustav Holst is to give a lecture-recital on the Tercentenary of Byrd and Weekes.

"Even bravest heart may swell . . ." but we must stop, our time and space is limited. We may just remind others that the science lectures are continuing, and that Professor Grant is giving a series of lectures. The Bishop of Ripon has offered a most interesting programme on "Christianity as the Ideal fulfilment of the Religious impulse." All we can recommend is that you get a book of these lectures from the general office.

We have just received the University report on the 1921-22 session, and although a "blue book," it contains much that is extremely interesting and to some of us much that is new. The Pro-Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor review the general activities of the University and it is interesting to note that on October 24th, 1921 a Latin address was presented to the University of Bologna on the occasion of their Dante Commemoration, and that another was presented to the University of Padua on the celebration of its seventh century. It makes one feel rather young—and budding honours classics would perhaps enjoy translating these orations. A translation follows.

One section of the report deals with donations and legacies which the University received. Sir Edward Brotherton, Bart., M.P., gave £20,000 for the development of the Bacteriological study and research, especially in the interests of Public Health. This is the largest individual gift ever received by the University and has enabled the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology to be reorganised. Dr. J. W. McLeod was elected to the new professorship, known as the "Sir Edward Brotherton chair of Bacteriology."

The late Professor Vaughan, who is most admirably described as "one of the master builders of the University," has left £3,500 for the provision of prizes in the Department of English, History and Economics. He has left the whole of his library to the University, among which are some early editions of Rousseau. We also learn that Mr. J. T. Lamb has given £225 to the library, the interest of which is to be spent on books published at least 250 years before the date of purchase. Mr. Hoggett has given about 800 books from his musical library—though this was given some eighteen months ago, it well doubtless he news to some. An anonymous donor has given a first edition (1482) of Euclid, and another some pamphlet published during the civil wars in England. There are a great number of other donations and legacies details of which will be found in the report.

In an Appendix there is a report on most of the Departments of the University, together with an account of published works and original papers written by members of the staff. One who has been awarded a Fellowship is doing research work on "The comparative anatomy, histology, and pigmentation of Mammalian Hair as a basis for breeding and other experiments"—we wish him the best of luck in his search for this elusive pimpernel.

The Appointments Board reports that of the 375 students of all departments who were expected to leave at the end of the 1922 session, 250 are known to have obtained posts; 50 are known to be unemployed, and the remainder have not intimated how they have fared since they left us. We can only recommend this report to those who are interested in their 'Varsity, and although when we see addresses sent to the Universities which have been in existence for seven centuries, we feel the enormous handicap of the Modern Universities; at the same time the report shows us the enormous possibilities of these new organisations, and the great creative task that lies before all who have the future of education at heart.

We look forward to the new term with interest, and hope in our next issue to be able to report favourably on this term's activities.

F.G.T.

## Marriage

ERNEST HOPE HAWTHORNE to MERCY MILDRED BOOCOCK.—27th December, 1922.

Mr. Hawthorne was a student in 1914-1915. Enlisted in the Seaforth Highlanders, served overseas till August, 1919, when he resumed his Geology Course, now Head Master of St. Margaret's, York. Miss Boocock was also a teacher at York.

## SERIES.\*

## "From Conning Hill I saw . . ."

BY ELIZABETH SOUTHWART.

## V. A SAD STORY.

COCK-A-DOO came strutting down the lane, with a fat worm in his mouth; he was very proud of himself, for fat worms were scarce.

Cock-a-doodle came strutting down the same lane, from the opposite direction; he also had a fat worm in his mouth.

Tuck-tuck, who spent her days in anxious fears that the two would fight, saw that they were about to meet, so, in grave tones of warning, she said to Cock-a-doo, "Take care that Cock-a-doodle doesn't steal your worm!"

When she saw the glint that came into his eye she flew down the lane to Cock-a-doodle, determined to stop the fight at all cost, and squawked, "If you don't take care Cock-a-doo will steal your worm!"

Whereupon the time it took those two cocks to meet could be measured by seconds. Simultaneously they dropped their worm—though if they had lived to write their autobiographies each would have sworn that the other dropped his first—simultaneously the challenges rang through the frosty air. Then the feathers began to fly.

"This is going to be an uncomfortable spot!" said Worm No. 1, who was feeling rather thin about the middle. "It is," agreed Worm No. 2, who also had a pain at his centre. "Let us fly!"

So the two escaped repasts hunched and bunched and stretched themselves to the grass at the roadside, and will be heard of no more in this story.

The details now become too gruesome to relate.

The cocks fought until there was nothing left of them but three feathers.

And they flew away.

At the top of an anthill stood poor Tuck-tuck. As the last feather disappeared over the treetops she wiped her eye with her tail, and whispered hoarsely—she had lost her voice with squawking,—“What strange creatures cocks are! Hens, now, would simply have turned round, and each run off home with her own worm!”

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## In the Beginning . . .

(See also page 139).

When you were young, had you a gun?

And did you learn to shoot?

Had you once a great big drum,

To make a din en route?

Did you ever keep white mice,

And bring home tadpoles, too,

Or keep your mum and dad awake

With eating rabbit stew?

When you grew to man's estate,

Did you learn to dance?

And were you fond of cicerette,

And socks—and cigs—perchance?

Did you learn to gaze at stars?

(Of course, fairs, I mean).

Or stand behind the stage-door,

With a bunch of Eglantine?

Well, you were not a model youngster,

(Deny it, if you can),

But, maybe, knowledge of the world

Befits a model man.

N.Y.

## On Breaking It Off

IT is all over between Helen and me. I don't think I shall speak to her again. The last time I had occasion to mention her in these pages she had cut me off because I had been playing with pussy. But she came back when she saw how philosophically I had written about the incident. "Dear old Pip," she said, holding me firmly, "I had no idea you had all that in you." So I relented and allowed her to pet me awhile.

But now it is all off, a man must maintain his dignity, and when a girl cannot conceal that she thinks a fellow a fool, it is time to seek consolation elsewhere. The cause of it all was perhaps trifling. But I am a keen observer. I notice little things, and it is in the little things that people betray themselves.

Helen and I had been to a lecture arranged by the University Society for Widening the Outlook of Bottom Dogs. We were walking in the direction of her home, talking earnestly of higher things and lower orders. As we neared the exit of Hyde Park, our attention was attracted by a little boy and girl. The girl was crying pitifully, and the boy was not silent either. I thought they had been fighting, and had visions of my own youth when I used to reprimand my younger sister for contradicting me. Girls can be very annoying to their brothers. So I approached the two and asked the boy what she had been doing to him. But it was the little girl who answered. "Tom has lost the shilling mother gave us to buy the bread with, and we'll get nothing to eat to-morrow 'cos it was the last shilling mother had."

At this Tom began to yell in real earnest. My heart was touched to see two children so stricken with grief. That they should have to go without food was appalling. It was more than I could stand.

"Well, well," I said, "Don't cry any more; I'll give you another shilling."

As a matter of fact, I had nothing less than a two shilling piece; so I gave her that. It meant two ounces of tobacco less for me that week, but a fellow cannot be mean in front of a girl like Helen; especially after such a lecture as we had just heard.

Helen wore that inscrutable smile of hers which always reduces me to nothingness. I interpreted it as a sign of approbation, and thought what a truly excellent girl she was and she only eighteen. How well she understood! We walked on in silence, lost in meditations. At last I asked her if she thought I had done right.

"I expect you have plenty of money to throw away," she said coldly.

"Well, no, not to throw away," I said, "But that two shillings will mean a lot more to them than it would to me."

Students of Economics will recognise this statement as proceeding from a profound knowledge of Economic Theory. It really expresses the law of the diminishing utility of money, in very simple English; a fact which proves that I was trained at Leeds. But Helen, being of the Honours English School, saw nothing in it. If I had used the sort of language favoured in that department and said that I felt there was economic justification for effecting a transference of purchasing power to the region of its maximum utility, she would have been suitably impressed, and the course of History would not be what it will be.

As it was, she said something to the effect that folly and wealth were never long in combination. "You mean that I am a fool?" "Yes," she replied, "They hadn't lost any money at all." "How do you know that?" I asked. "Because I saw them through the trees before we came to the bend in the path. They were watching us, and when we got near the bend I heard the boy say, 'They're here—start!' It was all a trick. I used to play it myself, so I ought to know."

We had reached her gate. I was very angry. To think that any decent girl should take pleasure in making a fool of a man! I saw then how utterly false she was—that she had been trifling with my affections. Played it herself!

I left her without another word.

"Pip."

## Some People I Have Come Across

### A KING.

He was a slight man and had just lunched with the Commodore who was at the moment leaning over a chart and explaining some particularly cunning piece of strategy which the enemy had just accomplished. As its brilliance dawned on the king he took his cigarette from his mouth.

"The devils," he half whispered.

### ANOTHER KING—AND HIS QUEEN.

This was a big becad man who always wore a big military overcoat. He never stayed in the office long but would wander out on to the sand dunes whence he would gaze through his spectacles at the sea and the sky, as if searching for something.

It was said that the Commodore almost wept at the number of his cigarettes the Queen smoked for him.

### THE COMMODORE.

He, too, was a big man of very uncertain temper. I have seen him kick a bulky Navy List from one end of the office to the other in his vexation. The following story is quite credible, though I did not see its circumstances myself. One of the dishes served at dinner was rather meagre and a junior officer took considerably more than his fair share. The Commodore stood up glowering.

"You bloody glutton," he said, deliberately.

### AN ARCHBISHOP.

I was dreadfully afraid of him because someone who was a connoisseur in such things had discovered that he came next to the king in some order of precedence. However he confirmed beautifully and Mrs. Archbishop played the organ—abominably. There was a wonderful atmosphere in his private chapel and I remember how sacrilegious it seemed for someone to fall down the step leading from the chancel to the nave. The fear that the Holy Spirit might be offended and refuse to pass from the Archbishop to me made my heart beat for a moment or two—but that was comparatively nothing to the palpitation I had over the tea. However I discovered that the Archbishop's chaplain was a Leeds man and knew the vicar of my parish. I felt a fresh man after that.

I shall always remember this occasion because I am persuaded that the day following was the only time I have ever been drunk. A walk round draughty cloisters and chilly crypts had aggravated a cold that was already on me and on the Sunday my friends tried to stop my shivering with hot whisky. I remember distinctly what followed but I would not write it down for a fortune.

It seemed so queer it should be the day after my confirmation. I did not inform the Archbishop.

### A NAVAL POLICEMAN.

I had been caught tripping by the Commander himself and a Petty Officer was instructed to see that I was brought before him next morning in order that justice might be meted out to me in accordance with naval procedure. I duly paraded at 9 a.m. the following morning along with a crowd of fellow delinquents, stokers, seamen, cooks, stewards, etc., and my appearance was carefully inspected by a Master at Arms. "Take your cap off," he spat at me. I did so.

"Get yer 'air cut," he said—and he meant it.

H.S.P.

## Tell it with a Poster

AS one passes through the town, one is adjured from every other hoarding to "Tell it with a Poster," and this advertisement of a most popular form of advertising is itself a significant testimony to the virtues of poster publicity. It is brief, pointed and arresting.

To the uninitiated it seems rather a superfluous suggestion, for the Poster vogue shews no signs of stagnation and everyone who has anything to sell seems to have come to the conclusion that it is through the medium of the poster that he can best capture public attention. Our own entrance hall is surely sufficient witness of the hold which the poster idea has upon us!

Modern commerce is so complicated and the market flooded with so many lines of patent goods that it is only through the medium of skilful and competitive advertising that a new kind of tinned meat or toilet soap can hold its own—and the man who gives his wife the picture page of his newspaper and ignores the advertisements in his magazine must willy nilly see the posters as he goes to business.

Psychologists would talk technically of the power of the suggestive idea and explain why one buys a well-known article and certainly the hoardings offer suggestive ideas one cannot well escape. They owe their success to the fact that they are such a usual and distinctive feature of everyday life and to the mass of the population they are also a pleasing feature.

The call of the poster is an art and there are laws and limitations which the successful poster artist must follow. Though some may find posters garish and gaudy they have a piquancy and an attraction which is peculiarly their own. One has a pleasant pride in recognising a good poster and in calculating its effect on the man in the street. One is interested in the series of posters which well-known firms issue—and greets the Bovril man aloft in pyjamas as if he were an old friend and his cheerful grin a personal salutation. The misguided "arty" who plead for less obvious posters fail to grasp the function of advertisement and do not recognise that one glimpses a poster for a few seconds as one passes and that the message it sends must be swift and compelling. The spirit of the poster is a mercurial vivid and neatly fashioned creature who inspires the bulk of such ideas as Sunny Jim and the Cocoa Nibs.

Though the variety of the poster is so delightful it sometimes seems a pity that it has so "short a time to stay." It is sad to think that the intensely alive girl who held a Cosmos lamp will be forgotten in a few months time and that one long the hale old gentleman at the end of University Road who drinks a very spicy soup will perish and be dust.

There is life and vitality in the poster. "Our somewhat smoky city," could ill spare the patches of colour which run gleeful riot in some of its most deserted spots. They are atmospheric—a feature of modern civilisation as significant and as picturesque as medieval shop signs, and if in the transitoriness which is their very being they do not fade off the face of the earth and be lost for ever, students in after days who teach the history of Leeds will make models of posters to satisfy the inspectorate of the education department.

M.S.

## Earth

There is kindness in the presence of loved  
things, though they know not;  
There is comfort in the clouds of the quiet  
evening sky—  
Gentle sun-gold clouds in calm and tranquil  
rest,  
With grey wrack on the wind silently passing  
by.

I feel the gentle turf embrace my tired body;  
With my hand I caress the rough strong  
bark of standing trees;  
I see, clear-cut, the ploughed field's firm  
horizon;  
And I am filled with joy, because I love all  
these.

G. WOLSELEY.

## The Philosophy of Knitting

AT last I know the reason why a woman did not write Shakespeare or paint Raphael and, as the witch says, I bet you twopence its the right one.

After all, you have to make an art of something if only of life; and the natural thing is to follow the art which takes from you the least vitality. So for centuries women have sewed instead of writing immortal words. To-day the wise woman knits, because the knitting-needle is a less subtle instrument than the tiresome small sewing-needle. Like most artists, the knitting-woman owns to a philosophy of her art.

Not for a moment does she knit merely in order to make a garment. Only the basely practical woman does that, and she alas! is no philosopher and these words are not for her. She sells her soul to pattern books, or to the owners of pattern books, frets over split stitches and "pulling out," counts each row feverishly, and, blackest of horrors! so hard does she set her teeth in the race against time that she knits with a click and a jerk and stranglingly tight.

Consider the just, general principle in the philosophy of the true artist: tight knitting is the sure sign of a wrinkled and crusty spirit, however shapely and even the result.

The philosopher chooses her garment with a careless disregard of pattern books—something as straight and shapeless as possible. The number of stitches once decided and cast on, a nerve-shaking business, nothing can trouble her serenity. Cheerfully she unravels and knits up again. Cheerfully, since her stitches are so loose that it is pleasant to see them drop apart, and one place in the garment is to her as good as any other.

On occasions, resignedly, she purls or makes holes in the wrong places, but her ideal is a vast expanse of "plain", long sleepy slack rows, all going the same way.

She may read and knit; some happy, easy novel of American heiress and Italian sunlight, but she loves best to knit on with closed eyes—not a difficult accomplishment for the true worshipper.

We—philosopher-knitters both—have a plan. We mean to collect all relicts of deceased jumpers which lurk in our wool-sacks, and to start a magnum opus of indefinite shape and size, whose every stitch will be plain as plain. When green wool gives out, we shall continue in orange or magenta. Every comer to our house—man or woman—will be invited into partnership; invited, you understand, not requested. Never moral obligation in connection with so pleasant a cult! We are confident of two results; the dim but glorious possibility that we may some day own at last a covering warm enough and large enough to exclude a North-Country Winter, and in the meantime, a happy circle of philosophers united in the practice of the most delightful serene art in the world.

H.B.

## Acknowledgments

"Marcus Aurelius," A Tragedy, by Douglas  
J. Boyle, Swan Press.  
*Otago University Review* (N.Z.).  
*Belford College Magazine*.  
*The Sphinx* (Liverpool University).  
*The Northerner* (Armstrong College).  
*Bosporus College Magazine*.  
*The Phoenix* (Imp. Coll. of Science).  
*University College* (London) *Magazine*.

*The Gong* (Nottingham).  
*The Tansie* (Reading).  
*Flourens* (Sheffield).  
*The Student* (Edinburgh).  
*Leeds Girls' High School Magazine*.  
*The Owl* (Leeds Training College).  
*The Newswick* (Bristol).  
*Cap and Gown* (Curdif).  
*The Underground* (Swansea).



Oh yes, the Editor will print that; he's  
Keen on Kramerism!

## "Metamorphosis": A Fable

ONCE upon a time there were three students in a Great University. In no way did they show any marked difference to many of their fellow-students, but they are of interest because they were Representatives of Widely Differing Points of View. They each held a Well-Defined attitude to life in general and University life in particular.

The first, or the one we shall consider first, was a lean youth, somewhat narrow at the shoulders, and of a general appearance which classed him as an Academic. He was rather short-sighted and wore glasses that added to this effect, and he moved about in a pre-occupied manner. He occasionally read notices on the Union Notice Board. He was inclined to reticence about his Attitude towards Life, but if pressed to a declaration he would say "I am taking an Honours Degree." Just that.

The second needs little description. He was of the Men Who Get Things Done, a tower of strength in the Union. His attitude, occasionally expressed was this, "I hope to get a Degree, and I do a fair amount of work, but one does owe something to one's University and there are so many slack devils about who do nothing. Besides the experience one gains in running Union affairs is not without value."

The third was forever in the Public Eye. But he was rarely seen to do anything. His Attitude was his slogan. "I am interested in my work. It is part of my education. But my object is to attain a wide and liberal culture, and University life offers so many opportunities for man to broaden his outlook that I refuse to miss them by making myself a slave to a proscribed course."

Twenty years passed, during which, my reader, you and I had our backs turned, or were engrossed with our own important affairs. At the end of that time we suddenly bethought ourselves to seek out our three students and to find where their Attitude had led them.

We find three men of widely-differing Points of View.

The first would, by his appearance, be hard to classify in any particular profession. He is rather voluble, and his Attitude towards Life is his slogan. "I love my work" he will frequently declaim, "in fact I am absorbed by it. But I keep it in its place. Life holds so many interesting things that a cultured man cannot ignore. I refuse to be a one-idea man. Now, last long vac, I was in Spitzbergen—" And so forth, at great length.

The second is an earnest-looking man. He is, if anything, more talkative about his Attitude than the first. "Its all very well for you fellows with no big responsibilities to gad about all over the place, but if I am to run my business efficiently it requires my constant attention. It cannot be left for months to look after itself. My duty to my country, my employees, my dependents, and myself, keeps me bound down to my job."

The third is not so voluble, but is more incessant. His perpetual cry is "I never did have any luck."

Yes, they are our three students, twenty years on. They have been, as it were, shuffled, and may or may not be mentioned in the same order in each case. And there I leave the matter, for to carry it any further would be to commit the black sin of moralising, at the name of which all honest men shudder.

E.J.S.

## Concerning Dancing

IN the last issue of the *Gryphon* it was stated that, of all the most popular activities of our busy community, dancing ranked an easy first. I think I am right in saying that most of us agree. This is, of course, looking at the matter with a "social" eye. There are some, however, for whom the Dance holds no special attraction, and others who seem quite antagonistic towards it. This is not a healthy attitude, and such opposition should be broken down.

The Dancing season is now at its height. We come often, in the morning, into an atmosphere of past revelry. Behind shady shrubs we see ciderette (?) glasses and cigarette ends. Through the long, weary toils of the day, we are buoyed up by the sight of beautiful coloured posters—alluring and compelling—inviting us to Dance. We leave in the early hours of the evening, when the corridors are already full of shady alcoves, and rose coloured lights cast a glamour throughout. What does it all mean? There must be something in it, after all.

Many of us, no doubt, would make excellent dancers, were it not for two things—our feet. Of course, these are an obvious drawback, but, after all, dancing is not solely the art of foot-control. Should you want ample proof of this, ask any enthusiastic amateur. If you find he cannot tell you, his partner will know. In any case, I think the information will be forthcoming.

I will not try to define the dance—so many ingredients go to make it a success—but it suggests infinite things to me. Perhaps its popularity lies in the dreamy music, the sparkling lights, or the spell of youth pervading it all. Add to this the wonderful titles. Here are a few which are particularly appealing: "Mystic Nile," "You know what I mean," "The Naughty Waltz." Then there are "Bubbles" and "Swanee" and "The Laughing Vamp," with "Baby o' Mine" and "Tango-land." They are all rather wonderful, and would attract many of us.

Still unconvinced? Well,

"When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire,"

a Dance will not offer many attractions. Youth is, I think, its dominant characteristic, and to youth it should appeal.

You argue that a Dance has its drawbacks? Well, I might advise you, in this case, to be content with taking only Gwendoline, and thus saving the price of the second ticket you were intending to send to Betty (anonymously, of course). Or I might advise you not to be such a pessimist. I will be content with following the latter course.

If, after it all, you get out of bed with a tousled head, and a snarly-yarly voice, well, that is all part of the game. After all, you will have the memory—and the programme. Should my friend be still unconvinced, let that programme be shown to him and the pencilled initials pointed out. If then, he does not desire to master the technicalities of the art, and still cannot summon up any spark of appreciation for expression of feeling through the joy of movement and music, then, I yield—he is not made to be a dancer.

Nevertheless, the dance might yet attract. If he does not wish to join in the maze of movement—let him be a looker-on. After all, chaperones are sometimes needed, and the modern dance certainly presents to the looker-on a moving panorama of light, colour and joy. In any case, advise him not to miss a dance because of such a small point.

But, I rather think he will fall under its spell, as time goes on.

N.Y.

## Music

By J. R. Williams.

**S**T. Cecilia takes a little time to raise her head again after Christmas. Only the Saturday Orchestral Concert of January 13th calls for attention, but that was unusually full of interest. The not over-adventurous authorities permitted Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" Suite to be heard again, and perhaps the applause will encourage them to give us "Petroushka" and even "The Rite of Spring" some day. Stravinsky is one of those who have come up on the crest of the wave of reaction to Wagnerism. After Wagner what delightful fresh water are his harmonies—even when they represent a Fire Bird. It may be that when time's wings have lifted men to a sufficient height in the air, the stories airmen tell us may be verified, and Wagner's powerful stream may be seen clear instead of turgid. To our generation he is turgid too often. Reaction has taken many paths. We turn gladly to swifter, more translucent music, not claiming it as greater than Wagner's, but welcoming it as a relief from his heaviness. Composers have also rejected his methods of melodic construction which were becoming too exact and scientific. Wagner probably used them with the half-consciousness of the artist, but music-paper has made them too clear to us. A doctor of music not long ago wrote a treatise on fugue in which he demonstrated the deadness of the old building methods by reducing them to a formula.

By observing Bach, Beethoven and Wagner, the aesthetic doctor discovered that a longish phrase will bear one repetition only. You must then split it in two, and use one of the halves. Following up keenly you must again split this, and if the remaining "motive" is small enough you may safely run it half-a-dozen times up and down the compass. But when the academicians discovered that Raphael grouped his figures in the form of a triangle the might of the triangle was ended; and composers are never found lying in wait for the same bird-of-paradise as the doctors. So when we say that to-day there is more vitality in Stravinsky's dozen-end repetitions of a tune than in methods inherited from Wagner, we merely mean that art demands in its cultivation a divine rotation of crops.

César Franck's Symphony standing beside the Stravinsky work on the programme, well represented the older music. It has its own vitality because it was grown in its proper season. It is a comprehensive representative of Franck's musical temperament, showing him as he was—by turns, or together, a saint and a naff. At his greatest he breathes a purer, finer air than his contemporary Wagner. Yet because he lacks Wagner's animal strength, his sensuous fullness, his climaxes do not overpower us as do Wagner's. The climax in the first movement of the Symphony, where trumpet follows the trail of trombone with the principal theme ("Canon" the learned doctor calls it) has a certain aridity. It is stirring but not moving.

Mr. Mullings brought Wagner into the programme. He is becoming a somewhat tyrannous master-singer. His huge delight in the ebullient nonsense-songs the young superman-revolutionary Siegfried sings as he bangs the anvil and re-forges the sword Lothung, it is still an immense joy to hear; but when he distorts the smooth-flowing lines of the Prize-Song from "The Mastersingers," to suit his inclinations as an English-speaker, he is becoming tyrannous. For contrast we should listen to Kreisler who can play so evenly that Herr Metronome himself could find no fault with him, whilst filling every note with his masterful spirit. But how lovely was Mr. Mullings' poise and flight in Richard Strauss's "All Souls' Day" which he added to his programme.

J.R.W.

## Drama

A SOUTHERNER as I am comes to dialect literature prepared to patronize; and though experience has shown me that the uncouth vernacular can express a rollicking good humour and a gruesome grimness, I have found that the philosophy expressed through Yorkshire ways and speech is not that of the Yorkshire working-man, but that of the melodramatic and didactic stuff that he reads.

The great merit of Mr. J. R. Gregson's play, "T'Marsdens," which he produced at the Leeds Art Theatre last month, is that it is Yorkshire through and through. The little town of Endbridge, which is so horrified when its art school proposes to start a life class, is put on the stage in all the glory of its provincialism, with all the shades and turns of human character that go to make it up. The people are all human, and they have something of the variety of human life; but the elements are mixed to what seems to me a genuine Yorkshire flavour. Old Ezra Marsden, ironical, freethinking, acute (delightfully acted by the author), the young couple who keep their marriage a secret for fun, Sam Umpleby, the rake turned fanatic, Ann Marsden, the silent, short-tempered, kind-hearted housewife (also very well acted), are real, racy people. The parson who throws up his work and goes to earn his living in a mill, because his congregation want to "muzzle" him, may seem rather theatrical; but I think he only expresses the Yorkshireman's view that a parson's is no job for a man.

"T'Marsdens" is to be produced at the Everyman Theatre at Hampstead. I wish Mr. Gregson every success, and hope Mr. Macdermott will produce it as well as he did.

This week, turning to a play of a very different kind, Mr. Gregson has produced Shelley's "Cenci" at the Industrial Theatre. The weakness of the play as you read it is that it has too much blood of the kind that goes with thunder, and too little of the kind that runs in men's veins. Shelley may have meant to shape the abstract vice and inhuman horror into a tragedy in either of two ways, by the enormous strength of Beatrice's character, or by a suggestion of the goodness and wholesomeness of ordinary life, which he certainly suggests at the end: Beatrice's rather unexpected last speech, as she and her mother do up one another's hair before going out to execution, does throw a new light on all the rest of the play.

The chief interest of any staging of the "Cenci" will lie in the way this uncertainty is resolved; and so far as I can see, Mr. Gregson failed to resolve it. His interpretation, taken bit by bit, was a genuinely creative performance, and made a sincere and effective use of all the resources of scenery, lighting, costume, and acting; but I can't help feeling it was even less well co-ordinated than the text of the play. In spite of fairly considerable cuts, it seemed rather long.

The most interesting thing in it, perhaps, was the interpretation of Beatrice, by Gertrude Gould. Instead of emphasising, what I think the play needs, the unity of her character, the underlying strength of will, she emphasised its development under her father's ill-treatment from the saint-like patience of the beginning to the tenacity of a woman fighting for her life; everything, her acting, her dress (she changed the straight archaic gown she wore in the earlier scenes for a more feminine dress, in the trial scene), the way her hair was arranged—everything expressed the change; and then unexpectedly but, I think, rightly, she came back in the last scene to what she had been before.

G.W.



## Iúmonna Gold Galdre Bewunden

There were elves elden and strong spells  
Under green hills in hollow dells  
They sang o'er the gold they wrought with  
mirth,

In the deeps of time in the young earth,  
Ere Hell was digged, ere the dragons' brood  
Or the dwarves were spawned in dungeons  
rude ;

And men there were in a few lands  
That caught some cunning of their mouths  
and hands,

Yet their doors came and their songs failed,  
And greed that made them not to its holes  
haled

Their gems and gold and their loveliness,  
And the shadows fell on Elfiness.

There was an old dwarf in a deep grot  
That counted the gold things he had got,  
That the dwarves had stolen from men and  
elves

And kept in the dark to their gloomy selves.  
His eyes grew dim and his ears dull,  
And the skin was yellow on his old skull ;

There ran unseen through his bony claw  
The faint glimmer of gems without a flaw.  
He heard not feet that shook the earth,

Nor the rush of wings, nor the brazen mirth  
Of dragons young in their fiery lust ;  
His hope was in gold and in jewels his trust.

Yet a dragon found his dark cold hole,  
And he lost the earth and the things he stole.

There was an old dragon under an old stone  
Blinking with red eyes all alone.

The flames of his fiery heart burnt dim ;  
He was knobbed and wrinkled and bent of  
limb ;

His joy was dead and his cruel youth,  
But his lust still smouldered and he had no  
pith.

Scentless flowers guard her wall ;  
On her grave stand sentinel ;  
Birds are silent as they fly  
O'er the place where she doth lie ;  
Winds sing dirges in the grass ;  
Men pray for her as they pass.

To the slime of his belly the gems stuck thick  
And his things of gold he would snuff and lick  
As he lay thereon and dreamed of the vree  
And grinding anguish thieves should know

That ever set finger on one small ring ;  
And dreaming uneasy he stirred a wing.

He heard not the step nor the harness clink  
Till the fearless warrior at his cavern's brink  
Called him come out and fight for his gold,  
Yet iron rent his heart with anguish cold.

There was an old king on a high throne ;  
His white beard was laid on his knees of bone,  
And his mouth savoured nor meat nor drink,  
Nor his ears song, he could only think

Of his huge chest with carven lid  
Where the gold and jewels unseen lay hid

In a secret treasury in the dark ground,  
Whose mighty doors were iron-bound,  
The swords of his warriors did dull and rust,

His glory was tarnished and his rule unjust,  
His halls hollow and his bowers cold,  
But he was king of elven gold.

He heard not the horns in the mountain pass,  
He smelt not the blood on the trodden grass,  
Yet his halls were burned and his kingdom  
lost,

In a grave unheeded his bones were tossed,

There is an old hoard in a dark rock  
Forgotten behind doors none can unlock.

The keys are lost and the path gone,  
The mound unheeded that the grass grows on ;

The sheep crop it and the larks rise  
From its green mantle, and no man's eyes  
Shall find its secret, till those return

Who wrought the treasure, till again burn  
The lights of Faery, and the woods shake,  
And songs long silent once more awake.

J. R. R. TOLKIEN.

## Beloved

I, who knew her not of yore,  
Yet am now her troubadour—  
He who won her love in life  
Takes another for his wife.

S. MATTHEWMAN.

## Mountains of the Swans

There is peace among the high blue mountains,  
Where the great wild swans spread their  
plaintive wings,  
Wheeling and soaring through the dazling air  
Like radiant crownless kings.

And the mountain-pools are like love's very  
eyes

That open when the dawn with her dim gray  
Faint-shadowy looks first smiles, and echoing  
waters  
Salute the gold-frail day.

Then is there silence on the breathless sides  
Of deep blue vastnesses, like a God's throne,  
And there sounds music from the wild swans'  
wings,  
Flying, alone to the alone.

And a wind goes singing over the upland  
flowers,  
First harbinger of stainless simple hours.

W. R. CHILDE.

## Repentance

And in a crown of glass they set  
Wild flowers, fresh-plucked and dewy wet,

Gathered on the blue hills ere the dawn  
Had forward into day-break gone.

And bore it to the Beggar Maid,  
Who by the city's gateway stayed,

And set it on her flaxen hair;  
Is hushed like many jewels there...

And they placed a green reed in her hand  
To make her the ruler of that land...

For they said: "We are sick of many wars,  
Mad Gods and monstrous Emperors,

And in the Beggar Maid's pure eyes  
We behold the image of Paradise,

And in her gentle face and breast  
Breatheth the Spirit's calm, at rest..."

W. R. CHILDE.

## Fragment of an Ode

NONNULLA DESUNT.

Oh you who turned away from love, to be  
Within your quiet mind's dominions free;  
Who will be old, and who have been a child,  
Who have thought alone, alone have cried  
and smiled,

You who unheeding wear your beauty's  
flower

And bow your wondering head beneath its  
power;

The you who dream a world in your own mind

Come, venture now another world to find;  
Take up your beauty, turn no more away,  
Come with all the blush of dawn and make  
it day.

Fear not: beauty is strange and love is  
strange,

But neither can the spirit's freedom change;  
Come, we will hide, as heart to heart we press,  
From love's strange beauty in love's  
tenderness.

G. WOLIDGE.

## To a Lady with a Mandoline

Suppose the dead could come once more to  
earth,

In things inanimate to find life again  
About the ways in which they walked with  
men,

I think I'd choose to wake in my new birth  
As some sweet mandoline or low-voiced lute,  
That your slim, graceful fingers might caress  
My strings to music, and in gentleness  
Quicken my long dead voice that else were  
mute.

And all my thoughts within your soul should  
be

A quiet music, full of lovely things,  
Till thought grew fragrant like a soft perfume  
And all life seemed a perfect melody  
Of unseen fingers, rippling over strings  
At eod of evening in a darkened room.

S. MATTHEWYAN.

## A Chinese Puzzle

"LAUNDRIES," said 'Mac,' "are a menace to society."  
"Thou hast sure spoken a mouthful," I answered reassuringly in my best American, "Every day, and in every way, they are getting worse and worse!!"

I might explain, perhaps, at this juncture, that 'Mac,' and I have the good fortune, or misfortune, as the case may be—to share rooms in a certain smoky city—with a view to accumulating the necessary scientific knowledge at the local Fount of learning—sometimes known as University—I may say that there are other names for it—known only to the initiated—who—after all are the real and actual sufferers!! One man, they say, has attended, on an off, since 1910, but that, as Kipling would say, "is another story." (The ribbon colours are being chosen, and a special medal struck for him).

We for our part are just two bits of flotsam and jetsam, left behind to sink or swim, after the War.

We feel—sometimes—that we are clutching at the proverbial straw. But, we manage to "jog along" somehow, passing an exam, occasionally, and always trying to keep pace with the "Infant Prodigy" type, which arrives in ever increasing numbers—at the commencement of each new session.

But to return . . . at the time we were ruefully surveying the tattered remnants of our returned laundry. Mine, as luck would have it, had actually been returned—and except for pieces hacked out here and there—the number was correct. But, not so with 'Mac's'—his was two collars short, besides the usual jagged edges and buttons missing.

"I'll stake my Daily Mail Insurance Policy," he cried, "that I sent quite half a dozen collars, and look what they've sent back!—a paltry four!!"

"Sh! cries of Shame" I said, "I do hope their rabbits die, and I'd just love to break their umbrellas and pray for rain."

"Lot of good that would do," he cried—with a withering glance in my direction, "Suppose I shall have to go down myself and force them to return them," and he stood up to his full height of six feet four inches—feeling the muscles of his strong young arms—every inch of him a Carpentier looking for his Beckett.

"Do, old thing," I said cheerfully, "there's nothing like making your own strong personality felt in these matters!!"

## II.

I was sitting reading in our "Varsity" chair by the French window overlooking our neat little lawn—when a tall hunchbacked figure staggered into the room and collapsed with a pathetic gasp on to the Chesterfield.

"What on earth!!" I exclaimed—realising at once that it was obviously a case for First Aid. Quickly I reached the side-board and extracted from the depths of a cupboard a large black bottle and poured out a generous "mouthful" of the strong liquor into a tumbler.

"No! don't bother———Oh! eat out the rough stuff, old thing!!  
——fact is—I've—er—been down to the Chinese Laundry about those missing collars.

"Really," I said.

"Saturday dee moneeee daaa," he said, making "almond eyes" by pulling out the corners with his fingers.

"Eh?" I said, thinking that this must be some new symptom of his complaint.

"Saturdee deee moneeee daaa!!" he repeated sadly.

"What!! a—gain?" I said.

"Yes," he admitted, "but the number of my collars is still depleted."

"Do you mean to tell me that you didn't get any satisfaction?" I asked in mild surprise. "Didn't you even threaten to put the matter into the hands of your sole solicitors—Messrs. Freeman, Hardy and Willis?" I demanded.

"Have you ever considered what it would be like," said 'Mac,' "to edge your way into a laundry—give the Chink behind the bar—er, I mean the counter—a good sound, well thought out, piece of your opinion about his confounded laundry and its methods, and threaten him horribly in front of an open mouthed but appreciative audience of nurse maids, old women, and small children, only to be handed back 'Me no savvy!! Me Chinaman!! Saturdee dee moneeee daaa!!' and he 'almonded' his eyes again.

"I went into that laundry," he said with a hand to his fevered brow, "a strong determined man—I came out and back up the hill—a shattered wreck of my former self!!!" and he gave a huge sigh that shook the salad bowl on the sideboard.

"Courage, mon ami!!" I cried, "remember Belgium."

"And Pudsey wasn't built in a day," he added brightening—we were getting back to normal again.

Suddenly, "all unsuspecting" (as they put it in the "News of the World"), I had a brain wave! "'Mac,' you old bonehead!" I cried, "I've got it! Why not get old Fling Tir Hi—the Chink in Matheson's digs to go down and act as interpreter for you? you could fairly get your money's worth out of old Chinky Lee then."

"Holy Smoke!!" he said, "I never thought of that, I'll go up there right now and arrange it for to-morrow."

So off he staggered and I returned to my chair.

### III.

The next day, after lectures, 'Mac,' Fling Tir Hi and self, sallied forth to wage war on the Yellow Peril.

I stood outside and watched proceedings through the door.

Fling Tir Hi (who by the way is a Mandarin's son) spotted the other Chink, and with a lordly motion indicated that he desired speech with him and quick too. Anyway Chinky Lee fairly sprang over that counter and started howling and scraping for all he was worth.

Then the music commenced! Well—say—have you ever been out in the Great Alone when the moon was awful clear—? Well, it wasn't a bit like that—But what did happen was this:—

Fling Tir Hi, in his best Chinese, fairly walloped into him, and, as far as I could judge Chinky Lee's ancestors and successors were all in for a bad time. The slates on the roof fairly rattled.

Eventually, he retreated in terror to the back of beyond and produced a bundle of odd collars (all minus names) which he implored 'Mac,' to accept.

Being a man of discernment, he picked out two of the newest and best, and we departed in good order—followed by the fascinated gaze of Chinky Lee's other clients—the victors!!

## IV.

About a week later—while turning out a very untidy drawer in his room—I heard an extra strong exclamation from 'Mac.'

I rushed in to find him standing, open mouthed in the centre of the room with the two missing collars in his hand.

"Well, of all the old humbugs," I commenced, and then, seeing his shame-faced expression:—

"Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it," he answered faintly, "why, I think about enough's been done, already," and dropping limply into a chair——

"In future, my dear Watson, I shall be a strong supporter of the celluloid collar industry, and that being the case, you might just drop in and buy one on your way back from town this evening."

"I will," I said, kindly, (for I was really sorry to see a man in his position so dejected).

"On one condition."

"And that is?" he asked.

"That you promise to put it outside with your shoes—to be sponged every morning. And, then, when your birthday comes round, I'll buy you a rubber "dicky" to wear with it. They're so much cooler than a shirt in summer."

BARKOMETER.

## Another Crime Expiated

(With profuse apologies to our Daily Press).

**X**ENOPHON Y. Zorcaster Jones, the under-graduate murderer of Quintus Horatius Placius, of Rome, was ploughed this morning at 10 a.m. He maintained his composure to the last.

The condemned man spent a fairly good night on the whole, and rose early this morning. He ate a hearty breakfast before 8 o'clock and smoked a final cigarette. On leaving to catch the early train, he bade his relatives farewell without a tremor in his voice, and boarded his train with a firm tread.

On approaching the Entrance Hall, his face became pale for a moment; but he soon recovered himself, and mounted the steps with head erect and with a firm tread. It was on the stroke of ten that he entered the Lecture Theatre, and seated himself in his chair without a muscle quivering in his set, tense face.

A large crowd gathered to read the usual notice, which was affixed to the notice-board outside the Head Warder's Office a few minutes' after ten. It ran as follows:—

*Honours Classics.*

*First Term Examinations.*

*Failed - - - Jones, X. Y. Z.*

Professor Lewis, assisted by Mr. Short, was in charge of the plough, and in their capable hands everything passed off without a hitch.

H.R.A.

## Group-Egoism, Group-Altruism, Nationalism and Internationalism

By Miss M. K. Heslop, M.Sc.

SHERRINGTON'S<sup>1</sup> statement that the mental attributes in man tend "to integrate individuals into societies," would place such a social effort as a nationalist movement in the category of natural phenomena indicative of the increased mental activity of the group.

It is rather by their internal organisation than by their bulk or wealth that national groups vary in importance.

So many different arrangements of units are possible, that by manipulating its internal structure, the external aspect and form of a nation may be so altered progressively, so as to fit it for a constantly changing function, and its life may thus be indefinitely prolonged—a condition that clearly depends on the plasticity of its members and their power of conforming to the needs of new environments.

From the point of view of the group, however, the distribution of energy is usually such that gain to the individual may be at the cost of loss of efficiency to the group as a whole. "If any great modern state should embark upon a thorough-going scheme of State Socialism, the interests of the majority of its inhabitants would be very greatly promoted . . . the higher interests of the nation, however, would be gravely endangered . . ."<sup>2</sup>

The social units of the ancient world, organised from above by a few vigorous minds, maintained a great "difference of potential," so to speak, between a ruling minority and a slave or serf class<sup>3</sup>. But the rigidity that secured the group great unity of action, and enormous striking power (kinetic energy) denied it long life. Mediaeval groupings were somewhat similar, but the bonds of rank drew together the rulers and organisers of the Western world, at least, by ties that were often closer than those that bound them to their people. This upper stratum made a last effort to fix its will upon the multitude when at the Congress of Vienna, the European monarchs tried to partition the Continent along lines that had little relation to geographical conditions or to the new phenomenon, Nationality. But the effort was vain against those mass-movements of the people, animated by the vitality and initiative of their members whose personal affinities and aversions expressed themselves as a national self-consciousness. This struggled at first for mere existence, then, developing within itself that division of labour and differentiation of structure which mark it for a living organism. Nationality claimed recognition not only of the distinct personalities of groups, but of their maturity and of the rights and privileges that appertain to that estate—of their Sovereignty.

Nationality is a special form of group egoism, whereby the people are linked by interest, sentiment and history, to a definite region of the earth's surface.<sup>4</sup> Thus nationality appears as part of a greater scheme—even as a region is only part of the world—a scheme in which national function, expressed through the faculties specialised in the resident race (or stimulated in invaders) by the influence of history and geography operating through heredity and environment, grows naturally to claim the fulfilment of its purpose. But let us remember that the influences that mould a group and define its limits and its function, also, inevitably give it a biased outlook. The integrating process must not stop, and indeed it does not stop at the nation.

<sup>1</sup> Sherrington's Presidential Address to British Association, 1922.

<sup>2</sup> "The Group Mind." MacDougall.

<sup>3</sup> "Even the Roman and Greek Democracies required far more of their citizens than we should now allow." "Nationality," Holland Rose. (Rivington, 1916).

<sup>4</sup> Jewish Nationality has survived an almost complete uprooting from its region.

The international idea is old, but it has shown, at times, a group-egoism as marked as that of any national group. The rule of the caste-group, depending on rank, gave way before a middle-class commercial group whose extensive undertakings have involved first capital, then labour, in international interests.

Stratification, least conspicuous in the commercial group, is nearly as marked in modern Socialism as in the old privileged orders. "War against Capitalism!" "War against the *bourgeoisie*!" and similar sentiments, come strangely from the society one of whose avowed objects is to oppose war and make a binding influence for peace throughout the world—a noble ideal, but one that ignores the living personalities of nations. International bonds snapped under the strain of national claims during the late war, and socialists of all parties realised that in fighting for their country "they were taking the first step towards realising the cosmopolitan ideal."<sup>2</sup>

What we want, then, is a Federation of Nations—"Just as individuals have to give up something of their entire liberty so as to secure order, similarly it ought to be possible to substitute some measure of international control for that extreme ideal of national liberty that often leads to war."<sup>3</sup> But here a difficulty arises.

Sovereign States are all theoretically equal; in actual practice the great Powers—France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States of America dominate the situation, *in proportion as they are able to do so*; it is a perfectly natural condition but one that is determined by economic or military power.

Naumann<sup>4</sup> considers that the process has gone still further—"Sovereignty, which was formerly a possession wide-spread among the nations of the earth is now concentrated at quite a few places. There only remain a limited number of points . . . where government really exists. London, New York and Moscow(!)<sup>5</sup> stand firm . . . England, the United States of America and Russia are relatively complete organisms, and each is *intrinsically international* . . . in them is expressed so much of the international idea as can be realised in the present epoch." This internationalism, however, consists of a leading nation and "satellite nations," forming a relatively stable unit. "The United States, for instance, is trying to bind to herself all the types of States in North and South America, not in order to absorb them, but *to direct them*."<sup>6</sup> This is a reasonable recognition of the claims of propinquity and geographical necessity, which cannot rightly be ignored—we must acknowledge the rulings of nature!<sup>7</sup> in the configuration of the units formed both in their extent and in their content. "The politico-economic process of enlargement . . . is independent of our individual wills. Even those who regard it with horror in relation to personal or national culture are forced to recognise it as a fact."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>2</sup> It is claimed that the treachery of German Socialists was responsible for this collapse. They were seduced, we are told, by an organisation that veiled industrial interests—behind a high tariff-wall—to a scheme of military expansion. While it is true that function alone justifies the existence of an organism, and imposes on it a differential structure, the process can be reversed; and if a nation is deliberately organised for a specific purpose, it seeks, and eventually finds the occasion to exercise its function. "Pre-War Germany had an organisation that was a menace to Society" (MacDougall). "In England commerce established bonds of peace; not so in Germany," where the following process operated in a vicious circle.—1. The Colonial party demanded colonies and protection. 2. The Colonies were said to need a great fleet. 3. Protection led to a mushroom growth of industries which helped to pay for the fleet. 4. Industries, inflated to bursting point, demanded new outlets—a demand which everybody (including the Socialists) agreed in supporting, while an army and a navy were waiting to secure the desired object. . . . If Germany had persevered with the system of free exchanges which makes the whole world an open market, the present cataclysm would probably have been averted, for though the Prussian Junkers would probably have clamoured for war, there would have been no response from commercial circles, still less from the German artisans." (Holland Rose, Rivington, 1916).

<sup>6</sup> Holland Rose's exposition of Kant's International Scheme.

<sup>7</sup> Naumann "Central Europe" (translated, written 1915-16).

"Before the United States of the world came into existence, there will probably be a long period during which groups of humanity reaching far beyond the dimensions of a nation (by the necessity of modern industrial enterprise and the ever more rapid and efficient means of communication<sup>12</sup> and transport) will struggle to direct the fate of mankind and secure the product of its labour."<sup>7</sup>

Such groups—not quite so egoistic, let us hope, as Naumann predicts—will probably grow from the adhesion of yet smaller combines, such as the Little Entente, for example. Certainly, events have shown the need of reasonably small steps if progress is to be sure.

"Great Britain, too, surrounds itself with its Afrianders, Australians, Indians, Portuguese, and now, during the war is trying to include the two Latin nations, France and Italy (as satellites) in its rotation."<sup>8</sup>

Surely not; the *Entente* is a bond of a newer type; one maintained in spite of considerable differences of temperament and interest between France and England, on the ground of the mutual recognition of a *profeminizing* common interest. It is a type of union only possible between equals, whether they be persons or nations, and those of the most civilized type, animated by an altruistic sense of responsibility towards interests much wider and far-reaching than their own.

Is it not time, too, to consider the complexity of bonds, and the *advantages* of an arrangement by which a country which is bound within the British Empire, let us say, by ties of administration, interest, sentiment, is also by geographical necessity part of another unit, as Canada, for example, stands towards the Pan-American Scheme?

Religion, Philosophy, Science, Commerce and innumerable Social Organizations form an intricate mesh of influences that safeguard the best interests of humanity. Against such good international forces must be set those exclusive religious national and racial movements that operate to disorganise and alienate human groups; while Bolshevism<sup>9</sup> can best be likened to a cancerous growth, structureless, purposeless, paralyzing the natural functions of the Society on which it grows.

The rise of individualism—or rather the wide diffusion of it through the masses of the population—is at the back of all our most pressing problems. Does increasing self-consciousness and the deeper realisation of his powers give a man a keener sense of his needs and his right to satisfy them, or of his duties; of his privileges or of his obligations? It depends, does it not, on the man's character.

"If we wish to understand human character, the first thing to grasp is that motives do not spring from intellect but from feeling; that the world of human life is governed not by reason but by passion, emotion, sentiment."<sup>10</sup> "Emotion is the driving force;"<sup>11</sup> we may regard it, perhaps, as a summary in the individual of ancestral experiences and energies, which, unless carefully controlled, tend to follow the well-worn channels, that are surely expressed as lines of easy response in his nervous system. Yet he has the power of selection and transmutation if he will only exercise it!

<sup>12</sup> We are led to hope that its days are numbered. It can surely have no permanent hold on the intrinsically religious masses of Russia, while its principles are really antagonistic to the Nationalism that is stirring Islam.

<sup>9</sup> "Human Character." Hugh Elliot (1922).

We must not ignore the fact that intellect tends to become tributary to the larger (emotional) system, justifying, by often curiously illogical arguments, a course towards which the stored emotional energies urge many a person who is happy in the belief that he is a free agent.

Is the cure to be sought in further intellectual effort? Partly; and partly in a rigorous censorship of any strong inclination or feeling, but it is strength of character that counts. As a retort to reiterated slurs upon the intelligence of his party Lord Robert Cecil replied that it was better to have second-rate abilities than second-rate characters—and this is the crux of the whole matter.

By character we mean that personal rendering which a man gives to the world of the forces playing through and on him. He stands between the accumulated energies of the past and the present, to screen it—how often does he transmit unchecked and unsifted those passions of a previous age, anachronisms, which his servile intelligence tells him are the just settling of old scores, the repayment of debts of cruelty and ill-usage to his race long overdue.

This is especially a danger to the patriot; for there is no country and no people whose record is not bad if we go back far enough, and the retrospective tendency of nationalist movements seeking inspiration in a great past (great in war often enough) or stimulating thoughts of revenge for a past of oppression, saps energies that should be devoted to constructive work. So long as we look back, how can we go forward?

Lord Leverhulme,<sup>10</sup> in an address on Character and Commerce, spoke of reliability of character as the foundation of commercial success: its realisation depended, he said, on an *unselfish* policy. As with individuals, so with nations; Mazzini's patriotism—"Liberty and Unity for my country, in order that it may fulfil its highest duty to humanity," puts Nationalism in its right setting, as the egoism of the individual is transmuted by a realisation of his country's needs into the altruism of the patriot.

The League of Nations indeed exists, but the racial problems of the British Empire, France, and the United States,<sup>11</sup> show that we must be content with reasonably sympathetic national groupings for some time to come, not only until we shall have an intellectual grasp of the fact that nature does not make mistakes, and that the world is for *all* the people who are in it, but until we are sufficiently familiar with and master of the mechanism of human motives as to recognise for what they are worth and control those prejudices and aversions, those unreasonably strong preferences, those unreasoning fears that place such serious limitations to our present power of cohesion<sup>12</sup> and co-operation.

<sup>10</sup> Reported in *Daily Telegraph*, December 3th, 1922.

<sup>11</sup> The object of the Ku Klux Klan is said to be "to wage war against the numerically superior coloured races."

<sup>12</sup> The principle of *Galileo* predicts a limit to the size of structures that can be built on one design, because there comes a point at which the cohesion of the particles can no longer hold the mass together against the attraction of gravity, and it falls to pieces "of its own weight." With human structures both the cohesive and disruptive forces are variables. But the widening of individual sympathies together with improved and even more rapid means of communication would promise to be binding forces that must eventually unite the human family in one great combine.

## Reviews

## A PUBLIC SCHOOL POEM.\*

MR. Croft-Cooke is moved to a defence of English Public School life by irritation with the novels of Mr. Waugh and Mr. Beverley Nichols, and though he has written a pleasing enough poem on the subject of his old school, with some agreeable passages, one hardly feels that he has really made a very considerable contribution to the literature of the subject. "The Loom of Youth" is really, for all its faults of omission and commission, an extraordinarily able book: it stands towards the Public School system of the last twenty years or so as "Tom Brown's Schooldays" did to the system as it existed in its own day, and Mr. Croft-Cooke hardly gets round some of its criticisms by dismissing it as a "silly book." The conclusion to which the writer of this poem comes is that "Education's founded on love of life"—a sound enough judgment, though its exact bearing on the Public Schools seems rather far to seek. Mr. Croft-Cooke seems to have been lucky in finding that "love of life" in his own school. Those who were less lucky will probably take less favourable views of the Public Schools than he does and will not be convinced particularly by the views expressed in this poem. But the author is certainly to be congratulated on his feeling for his own school, and is fortunate in possessing it.

W.R.C.

\* *Tunbridge School, A Poem*, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Free Press, Tunbridge, 1/6).

## A LEEDS POET.\*

MR. Matthewman has done good service to poetry in Leeds, not only as Secretary of the local branch of the Poetry Society, but also by writing these poems and publishing them locally at the Swan Press, an institution largely initiated and carried on by his own efforts. A few of these poems have already appeared or are now appearing in the *Gryphon*, and among them the sonnet, "To a Lady with a Mandoline," which is certainly one of the best poems in the book. "When You are Out" has had the honour of appearing in the Poetry Bookshop "Chapbook" and is a very successful piece of work. Mr. Matthewman uses the old metres with gravity and restraint, and infuses a delicacy of thought and a novelty of attitude into the well-known forms. His is a meditative muse and one given to brooding reflections and to far-off echoes. He succeeds by the very moderation of his statements and the well-weighted poise of gradual and slow syllables. Finally, he is a poet with something to say, and at his best one who distinctly adds something to the store of poetic thought and emotion.

W.R.C.

\* *The Lute of Darkness*, by S. Matthewman. (Swan Press, Leeds, 1s.).

## Our Office Boy's Reply to N.Y.

IN THE BEGINNING. (See page 129).

When you were young, was it you teased  
the cat?

Did you pull out your dollie's hair?  
Did you put out your tongue at the girl  
next door,

Or climb trees—steal an apple or pear?

When you attained to ripe years  
Was dancing not your hobby?  
And when you were not in "Tengoland,"  
What happened in the lobby?

And could it be that what we saw  
Was powder on your nose?  
And who can tell what tears were shed  
O'er laddered silken hose?

How long did you save up your pence  
For those shoes (deeds Louis Quatorze)?...  
And you saw Owen Nurea in "If Winter  
Comes"  
For the good of your health, of course?

Your far from perfect character  
Should make you blush for shame.  
Tut! Tut! N.Y., did you remark  
"All girls are just the same"?

H.M.R.

## Correspondence

ART AND MR. KRAMER.

*From Professor J. B. Cohen.*

SIR,

I have noticed that art critics often bestow praise by using the expression "he was no slavish copier of nature" as if any true artist ever tried or ever hoped to copy nature. In the first place his keyboard of light and shade and colour is severely limited in comparison with Nature's infinitely wider range, and in the second place, the subtle effects of atmosphere are far beyond anything he can achieve. What the critic probably means is that the poor artist loses broad and definite effects of his subject by a prosaic reproduction of detail, which conveys his ideas very much after the fashion of a photograph. He is not copying Nature nor even trying to do so. His aim is to produce a photograph. What then is true Art? A friend of mine defined it as "a record of the beautiful" and he might have added "or what appears so to the artist." I think this definition would satisfy most people. This being granted, how far does the definition apply to Mr. Kramer's two contributions to the *Gryphon*, more especially to the one called "The Student"? My first impression on looking at it was that I held it wrong way up, and my second that it was a jig-saw puzzle to be cut out and pieced together. I cannot believe that Mr. Kramer intended it as a work of art. It certainly is no record of the beautiful. Is it indeed the record of any natural object at all? Does it convey any meaning? Does it form even a pleasing pattern? I am asking these questions with a real desire to understand what presumably is the work of an artist. No doubt a pleasing picture would enliven the rather dull pages of the *Gryphon*, but is this in any sense pleasing? If not, then for Heaven's sake, if we are to have illustrations, let us have something that is. I should like to know what other readers of the *Gryphon* think about it.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. COHEN.

Professor Cohen seems to me to misunderstand the nature of art. It is primarily an expression of the creative genius of the artist, and while it is true that "beauty" is one of the objects aimed at, no less important is "truth," of an absolute fidelity to the artists' spiritual conceptions. "The Student" has to my mind a quite definite beauty, the beauty of formation and of splendid abstract design, and while it is far different from the beauty of a Raphael or a Corot, it yet has, according to its own laws, a truth and beauty of its own. Art is not the "record of a natural object," nor a "pleasing pattern," nor is it bound down by any particular conception of "beauty" which happens to appeal to any particular person. It is an expression of spiritual and creative energy on rhythmical lines, and those lines do, and ought to, vary, in accordance with what different artists most desire to express. Mr. Kramer's art is more creative, and less photographic than most, and ought to be judged on its own merits of design and its splendid sense of line and proportion.

W.R.C.

I agree entirely with Mr. Childe, although I admit that I know very little about Art. Yet I think any work of art should be approached in a spirit of humility with the simple intention of responding to the artist's call to one's imagination. I expect the artist to hold my attention and make me think of the idea he is trying to express. I do not expect to be immediately overwhelmed with pleasant sensations. Beauty to me is not a matter of form, but I admit that a good artist beautifies by his very touch. There must be a design in a work of art, but the design cannot be considered apart from the idea it is designed to express. Therefore it is beside the point to ask "does it form even a pleasing pattern?" That attitude may be a suitable one for a person who is buying wall paper, but not for an Art critic.

The meaning of "The Student" should be clear to anyone with a simple unprejudiced mind, but many readers have confessed their failure to see it. But they have usually said quite humbly that they did not understand Mr. Kramer's Art, and therefore did not like it. "The Student" depicts a man hunched up over a book. He wears an expression of satanic glee. Obviously nothing else matters to him. He is a bookworm. His interest is not in life, but in "records" of it. A man with a warped mind, the very antithesis of what a student ought to be. A man with hard angularities of character. Behind him, a sexless creature with a cranium that suggests a mis-spent life of futile enthusiasm. They are decidedly "unnatural" objects. This must be the artist's impression of such people. He may be wrong, but surely he leaves no doubt about his ideas. Every line is a powerful expression of his thought. The design converges on the main point—the book. The eye is carried inexorably to the thing that fills the mind of the student. Should not this artistic truthfulness to a conception be the pleasing element to the critic? This seems so simple an explanation that I am at a loss to understand the difficulty some people have found. It would seem that the artist is supremely right, that we really have become so artificial with the progress of civilization that few people have any natural simplicity left in them. How otherwise explain the failure to see any meaning in "Mother and Child." Here the eye is carried away from the essentials to the expression on the mother's face. The burden of the child is deliberately made light and indefinite. But the face—it speaks! The lips seem to move as if in prayer. Who can tell the thoughts of a mother confronted with the great mystery of life! There is a sublime peace and joy in the expression which leaves one in silent adoration.

And yet it moved some men to scurrility.

P.P.M.

#### UNIVERSITY WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE.

18, Springfield Mount,  
Leeds.

Dear Sir,

At the beginning of last term the Local University Committee for War Relief amongst foreign Universities sent a letter to your journal dealing with the very difficult question of War Relief in Russia. Inasmuch as a long letter to which ours was an answer had already appeared on this subject in the *Gryphon*, I was much surprised that ours was not published. It has been my observation that the better class of daily newspapers, etc., seldom fail to publish an answer where they have already accepted a letter on a controversial topic, and I expected a higher standard of impartiality from a University Magazine.

Our letter may have been unduly long for your columns, but if you had indicated that, we could easily have reduced it.

Yours truly,

J. W. McLEOD, *Vice-Chairman, Leeds U.W.Rd.Com.*

[We very much regret that Dr. McLeod should have gained a wrong impression. The facts are:—

1. The letter was handed in on November 9th, a day after the date announced as closing date for press.
2. It was about 600 words, i.e., a page.
3. We informed Miss Sinovitch, the writer, that it was too long, and too late to be edited.
4. The previous letter by "Engineer" had appeared six months before (June), and we did not think any useful purpose would be served by such a controversy.
5. Miss Sinovitch at the same time handed in a Report of the War Relief Committee Meeting of November 1st, which was 1,100 words.
6. Mr. Fenn, the Secretary, had previously been asked to submit a Report by November 8th, and not to exceed 300 words.
7. Another letter was received earlier on the same subject, which was 800 words, and which we condensed into 100 words.
8. Another letter on a different subject had also to be condensed.

It will be clear from the foregoing, that the question of impartiality does not arise. As a matter of fact we sympathise with the aims of the Relief Committee, and think that "Engineer's" letter was rather stupid. But we must assure Dr. McLeod, and all others, that our personal convictions do not influence our judgment in these matters. At the same time, we do not think the *Gryphon* should be used for preaching and sermonising. Some of our friends would like to monopolize the paper, but the deciding factors are quite impersonal and are inherent in the nature of the task.—*Enron.*]

*Continued from opposite page.*

went away thinking hard about "Conflicting loyalties." The Leeds delegates are trying to arrange a discussion if possible on this question early in the term.

Sunday was largely devoted to the formation of resolutions. One interesting question, however, arose, viz.,—the advisability of trying to follow up this Conference by another composed possibly of staff alone or of staff and students of the various universities. Our Vice-Chancellor offered to do whatever he could in this direction for the Conference. The matter was discussed first by the delegations from the Northern Universities and later by the Conference, and on the whole it was decided that it is a little too early for such a Conference.

There is no doubt that such a Conference is needed. Every time students and staff discuss questions of student life, almost invariably the ultimate obstacle to progress lies within the power of the Government, e.g., the question of attendance at lectures seems ultimately to rest with the Board of Education. One University acting alone cannot remedy this, and one would suggest that the best method is for all Universities to first institute (as Leeds did last year) a permanent committee of staff and students to discuss such questions as may arise. When that is done—or something equivalent, the University will be in a position to call a Conference of representatives of the staff of all Universities with a view ultimately influencing the Government.

One could not mention "Civics" without a reference to the three remarkable, and to an outsider amazing, papers of Mr. J. R. Coates, or the wonderful organising ability of the General Secretary, Mr. T. Tatlow, without whose personality the Conference could scarcely have been successful.

We anxiously look forward to next "Civics" and wonder who will be the fortunate people that will go to Hertfordshire, for none can really appreciate all that an Inter-Varsity Conference means unless he has been to such a Conference as "Civics" and joined in the discussions by day and the pillow fights by night. F.G.T.

## "Civics"

A WAVE of enthusiasm seemed to sweep over the whole of the student activities during the session 1921-22 which more or less permeated every department of university life. Students and members of staff were brought together to discuss and seek a solution for their common difficulties. Numerous alterations were made in the constitution of the union; new departmental societies were formed; Inter-Varsity unions were created—and yet, one would venture to suggest that much spade-work remains to be done if that movement is to become permanent. Though one generation of students may have partially solved their difficulties, the succeeding generation of students is faced with similar problems: and until they have faced them, they will not realise the vitality of the new organisations which have come into being.

The S.C.M. felt this, and all students cannot but be grateful to a movement which brought together at a beautifully situated country house in Hertfordshire during the Christmas vacation representatives from all the "civic" Universities and Technical Colleges. The main problems which were discussed by the Conference related to University life—what has the university to offer, and are the students getting the full benefits of the university.

The Conference was opened by Sir Michael Sadler and the first part of the time of the Conference was devoted in discovering what were the things of value that a civic university offered. It was significant that in spite of the lack of hostels, "train-catchers," numberless lectures, "lab.," etc., every university delegation claimed that the social life of the university was pre-eminently of most value, and secondly, the "intellectual wrestling of mind with mind" which the Vice-Chancellor had stressed in his opening speech. It was generally felt that such discussions were usually most successful when impromptu—taking place on a lab. bench when "you are waiting for something to happen," or sitting on the corner of a seminar table looking at the library rules printed in Red Ink. Although crowded timetables, inadequate union rooms were not conducive to this mental conflict, it was felt that the earnest students do in various ways have these discussions.

After a brilliant paper by Miss Sybil Wragge (a lecturer at Newcastle), on the "Power of Education," the Conference devoted the rest of the day to a discussion on the qualities of an educated man—a term so vaguely and frequently used that we do well to consider occasionally what we mean by that phrase.

Important as that discussion was, the following day was perhaps the most impressive of all. Mr. Angus Watson (of Skipper Sardine fame) presented some of the problems of industry that face any employer of labour who is earnestly desirous of benefiting his employees. He was certainly very optimistic. Such questions of competition and wage reduction did not seem to worry him very much. This discussion raised the question as to how far it was possible for anyone who had any real regard for his fellow man—whether he is labelled christian or otherwise does not matter—enter into the modern business world without sacrificing his principles? It is a sort of question which one feels acutely, but somehow rather tends to avoid as extremely unpleasant—to put it very mildly. Mr. R. H. Soltan boldly faced this question of "conflicting loyalties." He shirked nothing, and with that deep sincerity and Gallic clarity so typical of all his speeches he stated his views on Compromise. It was obviously not merely a case of compromise—you are bound in the end to compromise in some measure unless you sacrifice your life. The real question is when to compromise, and on that problem Mr. Soltan based his speech. The poignancy of all this was felt when the Conference asked itself what would be its attitude in the case of war, and while no one ventured to reply, many

*Continued on opposite page.*

## UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

### This Term's Programme

**A**LL the University Societies have full programmes for this term. The Debating Society hold their Inter-Varsity Debate followed by the Dance. A number of students are working hard in endeavouring to produce a Mock Trial sometime during the term. Law students are taking the parts of barristers, judges, etc., while College Road students are acting as witnesses. The Society hopes to hold an Open Debate, if possible, during the term—though it has learnt by past experience not to place too much reliance on the attendance of "outside speakers." We have been disappointed for three years in succession at the last minute—but we still hope. Glasgow, we are pleased to note, are holding their first Inter-Varsity Debate with English Universities this year, and Leeds have been asked to send two Delegates. Belfast are doing the same, but whether we shall be able to accept their invitation finally rests with the Union.

The Literary and Historical Society offer an interesting programme for this term, beginning on January 22nd with a lecture by Mr. Michael Sadlier on "Anthony Trollope: his relations and his Contemporaries." Mr. Alfred Wareing has a very fascinating subject in "The Theatre from inside."

The programme of the Agricultural Society is totally meaningless to the writer, though no doubt to Agricultural Students it will be enthralled by such a subject to be given by Mr. J. T. Dallas, "The open-air system of pig-keeping," or Mr. F. Whittle on "Actinomyses."

Cecil J. Sharpe, who has recently been collecting folk songs in America, is to give a lecture for the Education Society on Monday, February 12th, in the Great Hall. Mr. Sharpe is the foremost authority on this subject, and three societies outside the University have already asked permission to join with the Education Society in this Meeting. The Choral and Dramatic Society, who have been one of the liveliest societies this year, are giving Synge's Shadow of the Glen at the Education Social to be held sometime in March. This, some will remember, is the great democratic social of the year.

We could continue a long time in this strain, but can only recommend the student to watch the notice boards and select wisely. F.G.T.

### Social Study Society

**O**N Tuesday the 16th of January, Mr. H. E. Clay, the well-known Trade Union Organiser, gave a comprehensive survey of the British Labour Movement.

His definition was very wide, and in an excellent historical sketch, he gave an account of the rise and development of this new force. He treated the subject in a very dispassionate manner, and in turn dealt with the Trade Unions, the political side, the cooperative movement, and the educational activity. Referring to the ideals of the movement, he explained how and why it had changed from being merely radical and reformist into a definite challenge to the existing order.

In an interesting discussion afterwards he gave the labour view on payment by results, industrial versus social insurance, the one big union idea, and the solidarity of labour.

Mr. Clay seemed to be impressed by the courteous treatment he received in the discussion, and informed us that he usually has to withstand violent attacks and abuse. We are glad to note that the Social Study Society maintains the true university tradition in being fearless in outlook and calm in discussion. Probably the genial warmth of the Women's Common Room is not without its psychological effects. P.P.M.

## The International Discussion Group

THE group is now getting into stride. We have already had three excellent discussions. The first was opened by Mr. Megalli, and proved of absorbing interest. It was the question of the Freedom of the Straits. The second, opened by Mr. C. B. Fawcett, arose out of the first, and turned round the problem of National Sovereignty and the Nation-State. These two meetings were held last term. The first meeting this term was devoted to a discussion of the German Reparations. Mr. A. Solim led the debate.

The group consists of students and members of the staff and is a really international assembly. A good tone is maintained throughout the discussions, which are neither too abstract nor too technical. The idea inspiring the group is to hammer out some principles of universal law which can be applied to the many problems of international politics that the nations to-day are attempting to solve by physical force. (Further information from Mr. C. Challen). P.P.M.

## Christian Union

THE above society held a meeting on Friday, December 15th in the Friends' Meeting House, when a discussion took place on the subject of Faith and Knowledge. John Lewis (S.C.M. travelling Sec.) opened the discussion. He outlined the respective claims of reason and faith, pointing out, however, that the two were not really antagonistic but rather complementary. Thought should not repress emotion but guide it towards the right object, and into sane channels of expression. Lewis reminded us that a man is not drawn to religion by mere argument, but by the attraction of a personality. This provided the basis of the discussion which was only brought to an end by the interval provided by refreshments. The closing address on the subject was given by Mr. Boyle of Leeds. He insisted on knowledge as the basis of faith which he described as "the poetry of knowledge."

## O.T.C.

LAST term was a busy one for members of the O.T.C. The Certificate "A" and "B" examinations called for no small amount of hard work, and we await the results with interest—and optimism.

On December 9th, we renewed our very cordial associations with the Sheffield Varsity O.T.C. Rifle Club. They are the best Varsity Rifle Club in England, at present, having won the Challenge Cup for shooting at the Inter-Varsity Camp which followed us at Fleetwood. It was therefore with no feelings of disgrace with which we acknowledged their victory by 17 points, the scores being 362 for Sheffield and 345 for Leeds. There was tense excitement throughout the match, and if our team can get that "match temperament" so essential, we may, not immodestly, hope to reverse the decision in the return match at Sheffield on February 17th. After the match at Leeds, we entertained our visitors to tea and the theatre in the approved O.T.C. manner.

We are trying to arrange fixtures with Manchester, a post-shoot with Durham and one or two fixtures for a second team.

The Annual Re-Union Dinner to be held on January 31st will be reported in the next *Gryphon*.

We were very sorry to lose the services of Mr. Thompson as O.C. at the end of last term. He leaves us with our best wishes for him in his new position.

The Annual Camp will be held early in July at the Isle of Man. Intending recruits must join at once to be eligible to attend Camp. There is room for hundreds, the more the merrier!

S.B.



### Hockey Club

**W**E congratulate O. S. Hornby on his inclusion in the Yorkshire County Hockey Team as centre-half.

### Athletic Club

**W**E would like to call the attention of all athletes especially Freshers, to the Preliminary Sports, to be held on Wednesday, March 14th. No one who has obtained a place in the Annual Sports in an event, may compete in that event in the Preliminary Sports, although he may compete in any other. The events are the usual sprints, middle-distance races and 3 miles, jumps and field events except that Throwing the Javelin has been substituted for Throwing the Hammer. Mr. N. Mae has offered to coach anyone in the last two events. Will those who intend taking advantage of this please communicate with him or any of the Athletics Club Committee?

We hope everyone will take these Sports really seriously. They are a good try-out for Freshers, and give an opportunity, not given elsewhere, for a man to find the distance which suits him best.

### Boat Club

**A**S mentioned in the last number of the *Gryphon* the Union has generously granted the sum of £168 to the Club, the property of the Club having been handed over to the Union.

With part of the money from the Union two Clinker fours have been obtained, and another tub pair has also been purchased with Prof. Garstang's financial help.

There are now plenty of boats for all who turn up and members are asked to come down regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays so that the crews as arranged may work themselves into good form.

It is hoped to row off some scratch fours at the end of this term, and at the Regatta next term the Departmental Fours ought to provide some keen racing.

Permission to race on a stretch of the Aire and Calder Canal has been secured, and a race against Edinburgh University at home is anticipated. We expect to row against Bristol University at Bristol towards the latter end of this term.

The Captain of the Club was invited to the Annual Dinner of the Bradford Amateur Rowing Club on the 12th inst., and mentioned the fact that we should like to arrange fixtures with them sometime this session.

The membership of the Club at present is about forty and anyone desirous of joining is offered two trips to convince him that it is worth the subscription.

## Results

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

## 1st XI.

Jan. 20	..	Archbishops Old Boys	..	home	..	lost	..	3-4
" 24	..	Manchester University	..	away	..	lost	..	2-3

## 2nd XI.

Jan. 13	..	Lloyds Bank	..	away	..	drawn	..	1-1
" 17	..	Bradford Tsch.	..	away	..	won	..	3-1
" 20	..	Harewood	..	home	..	draw	..	1-1

## HOCKEY.

## 1st XI.

Jan. 13	..	Ripon	..	away	..	lost	..	2-4
" 17	..	DURHAM UNIVERSITY	..	away	..	won	..	2-1
" 20	..	Corinthians	..	home	..	lost	..	4-8
" 24	..	Manchester University	..	home	..	won	..	5-2

## 2nd XI.

Jan. 13	..	Whitkirk	..	away	..	lost	..	4-6
" 20	..	Corinthians II.	..	away	..	lost	..	1-7

## LACROSSE.

Jan. 17	..	Manchester College of Technology	home	..	lost	..	6-12
.. 20	..	Parkside	.. .. home	..	won	..	20-7
.. 24	..	Sheffield University	.. .. away	..	won	..	14-7

## RUGBY FOOTBALL.

## 1st XV.

Jan. 13	..	Ilkley	..	home	..	won	..	34-0
" 20	..	South Elmsall	..	home	..	won	..	28-8
" 24	..	Manchester University	..	away	..	won	..	6-5

## "A" XV.

Jan. 13	..	Ilkley "A"	..	away	..	lost	..	0-6
" 20	..	Headingley Old Boys	..	home	..	won	..	14-9
" 24	..	Gledhow Hostel	..	away	..	won	..	21-3

## "B" XV.

Jan. 13	..	Ben Rhydding	..	away	..	won	..	22-0
" 20	..	Leeds Training College	..	away	..	won	..	17-0

## Women's Hockey Club

## RESULTS.—1st XI.

Dec. 2	..	Ben Rhydding Ladies	..	away	..	won	..	2-1
" 9	..	Old Hansonians	..	away	..	won	..	3-0
" 16	..	Baildon Ladies	..	away	..	draw	..	2-2
Jan. 13, 1923	..	Hull Y.P.L.	..	home	..	lost	..	1-2

## 2nd XI.

Dec. 2	..	Baildon Ladies 2nd XI.	..	home	..	won	..	6-3
Jan. 13, 1923	..	Whitkirk Ladies 1st XI.	..	away	..	lost	..	0-1



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## Proceedings of Union Committee

The following Minutes were confirmed at the Meeting of the Union Committee held on Tuesday, January 16th, 1922, at 2 p.m.

**T**he third Meeting of the Union Committee was held in the Board Room, on Tuesday, 5th December, 1922, at 2 p.m.

The President occupied the chair.

There were twenty members present.

It was proposed, seconded and carried:—

1. That the Minutes of the previous meeting be confirmed.
2. That the report read by the Secretary of the M.R.C. be approved.
3. That the following estimates be sanctioned:—
 

	£	s.	d.
Lacrosse Club (supplementary) .. .. .	12	14	6
Harriers' Club .. .. .	5	7	6
Fives Club .. .. .	9	16	2
Gymnastic Club .. .. .	1	5	2
4. (a) That Insignia of Office be adopted by the Union and be worn by the President: such Insignia to take the form of a gown of dark green colour, lined maroon, together with a white stole bearing the arms of the University.  
 That the question of purchasing Undergraduates' Caps and Gowns be discussed at the next meeting.
- (b) That the Dance Advisory Committee be officially recognised as already constituted and that it be given power to co-opt. That the memorandum drawn up by this Committee represents the views of the Union Committee. That the Advisory Committee meet the Vice-Chancellor and other Authorities convened by him to discuss matters relating to dances held in the University.
5. (a) That the Leeds University English Honours Association be recognised by the Union.
- (b) That the letter from the Secretary of the Fives Club be referred to the General Athletics Sub-Committee.
- (c) That the purchase of material for the Athletic Grounds be arranged by the Union Executive.
6. (a) That the Balance Sheet relating to the Union Dance be accepted and that the Union pay the deficit of approximately £50. That the Entertainments Sub-Committee be complimented on the success of the Annual Dance.
- (b) (Abbreviated). That several recommendations be made to subsequent Union Committees with a view to reducing the deficit on the Annual Dance in future years.
- (c) That the appointment of a paid boxing instructor be referred to the General Athletics Sub-Committee for their recommendations.
- (d) That the Union Committee allow Leeds to be included in the centres to be ballotted for in connection with the Women's Inter-Varsity Athletics Meeting.
- (e) That, with regard to roping off the Rugby pitch, the Executive be empowered to sanction an expenditure not exceeding £20.

The Meeting adjourned at 4.15 p.m.

O. ANDERSON, *Hon. Secretary.*  
 B. C. THOMPSON, *President.*

## League of Nations World Appeal

THE All-British Appeal has received the following world appeal from the League of Nations. The co-operating British Societies are already assisting the League by the receipt and shipment of gifts of clothing, which should be sent to the Appeal, c/o Pickfords and Hay's Wharf Shipping and Forwarding Company, Ltd., New Hibernia Wharf, London Bridge, S.E.1. Donations of money should be sent to General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2.

"After having carried out the investigation with which I was charged by the assembly of the League of Nations, in connection with the refugees in Asia Minor and Greece, I feel it my duty to address to the peoples and Governments of Europe and of the World, an appeal on behalf of those unfortunate refugees whose position has become desperate during the last two tragic months.

"I wish to appeal impartially to the world on behalf of all the refugees, irrespective of race or nationality.

"There are very large numbers of Mussulman refugees whose position is quite deplorable, being without accommodation, without adequate clothing and in urgent need of medical assistance.

"In Greece, the refugees number, according to the information received, about 900,000. The great majority are Greek by race if not by nationality, but there are not less than 50,000 Armenians to whom the Greek Government, in spite of the other terrible burdens which the country is bearing, has with great generosity given hospitality and relief.

"By far the greater part of all the refugees are in absolute destitution, with nothing but the summer clothes which they are wearing. They are in desperate need of everything: food, clothes, shelter. The problem with which the Greek Government and the Greek people, for instance, is faced is to find houses and subsistence for these unhappy victims of war, and to absorb them so far as may be possible into the economic life of the nation.

"This task of relief and reconstruction is one which must inevitably impose a terrible strain upon the resources of countries exhausted by long years of warfare. The respective compatriots of the refugees must be ready for every sacrifice, but their efforts to save the lives of the refugees can only be successful if the assistance which they receive from the world is prompt and generous.

"The immense difficulties of supporting these refugees are still further increased by the fact that an altogether abnormal proportion are women, children and old men. Without their breadwinners, the vast mass of the refugees will find it hard to support themselves.

"It is reported that the Armenians and Greeks still remaining in Asia Minor are now hastening to the coast in order to proceed to Europe. Some thousands of Armenians have already reached Constantinople, and 18,000 Armenian orphans are now arriving in Greece. It is alleged that these are but the first contingents of a number reported to be not less than 350,000, whom Europe may have to support through the coming winter.

"What is at stake? Not only the existence of hundreds of thousands of refugees, nor even the future of the respective peoples. The problem threatens the stability of social, economic and political conditions in the Near East. The question therefore is of vital importance to all the nations of the civilised world.

"Now is the psychological moment. These people of whatever creed and race in this hour of distress, sorely need both the moral and financial support of the world to meet the grave social danger with which they are faced.

"The office of the High Commissariat for Refugees is in the Secretariat of the League of Nations, Geneva.

"(Signed) NANSSEN."

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