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December, 1923

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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

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

Editorial

UNIVERSITY WEEK.

Wild hopes and fantastic schemes for our Jubilee celebration are already well beyond their embryo stage. Even now the inevitable Sub-Committee prepares a plan of action and activity is by no means restricted through lack of ideas. To quote a few:—

It is proposed that certain functions usually scattered about Easter Term, be arranged so as to fall within the "Week"—as the Inter-Varsity Debate and Dance, University Open Days, and certain important athletic fixtures. That the meaning of "Open Day" be extended to imply "Open Nights" at various Hostels is an attractive and feasible plan—welcome opportunity for the exhibition and inspection of pet "show-places," often unseen at a mere "At Home." A Dinner in the Great Hall is in itself so seductive a proposal that comment from the *Gryphon* would be impertinent. We warmly support the notion of producing a play—a good drama well staged and well acted in the Hall would be a most welcome feature at any time. And why not a "Theatre Night" in town?

As it is fitting that all should participate in at least one activity the organisers will arrange as comprehensive a programme as possible. They will shortly apply for helpers, and it is hoped that all will share generously in the preparation, for the business involves heavy responsibility, and is certainly not a job for the single group. The projectors will need all the help that they can get. It is a trite saying, of course, that the bulk of the work always falls upon a few devoted individuals, who are centres of enthusiasm, fountain heads of energy. We have even heard them say so.

Fortunately for the project, if there is a subject on which University men—and women—meet on common ground, it is the subject of their *alma mater*, and her tradition. There is no need for us to stimulate enthusiasm nor to bewail the lack of it. Sir Edward Thorpe, in this issue, gives a modest and unassuming account of the little band of pioneers who made our life to-day a possibility. Tacitly we all remember this debt of ours to the past; this year, the anniversary of our Coming-of-Age and of our Jubilee, we are to pay some tribute. The universal consensus of opinion urges that some celebration would be a graceful and appropriate action; but it must be worthy of the cause.

So grandiose a scheme, sharing the risky element of every big undertaking needs brains, energy, co-operation, to carry it through. "It will either take greatly, or be damnd' confoundedly."

May it "take!"

D.I.S.

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ON OVERDOING THINGS.

ONE is repeatedly being brought into contact with persons who emphasise their particular activities too strongly. If it is a book they are reading they discuss it so often and with so much ardour that their own circle of friends becomes restive: if it is a hobby they have taken up they "ride it to death." In short, they overdo things.

Somewhere in the United States there is a tombstone on which one may see this remarkable and noteworthy epitaph—"Sacred to the Memory of John Smith. HE OVERDID IT." No record exists of the matter which brought the deceased to what was no doubt an untimely grave, but the fact remains that Mr. Smith died of overdoing something. It would do a lot of us good if we would mark his fate, and profit thereby; there are many things in this University that are overdone.

Take, for instance, the numerous societies that exist in our midst. The number is now so large that it has become almost an impossibility to prevent some of them overlapping. Societies appear to be a little overdone. Or, to take the other extreme, we meet students who are so busily engaged in the operation of overdoing their studies that they never put in an appearance at any society. Again, we have in our midst individuals who cannot attend a "Rag" or a "Parliament Night" without overdoing things to such an extent that they spoil the pleasure of everyone else. Obviously, the matter is one which will bear some consideration.

We are not advocating a doctrine of compromise; the adoption of the policy of the average activity. On the contrary, enthusiasm is lauded as a most admirable virtue; but enthusiasm can be misapplied. And with some it can deteriorate into a positive fanaticism: with others into sheer offensiveness. Some of us overdo our politics to such a degree that we become a nuisance to the rest of the community; with others it may be religion.

The gravest danger in this habit of overdoing things is that it so often leads to prejudice and bias. One tends to have one's mind so made up that critical comment is taken as an insult; from this it is an easy step to the rousing of passion.

One of the most important activities of our University life which appears to be in least danger of being overdone is Athletics. The Secretaries of the various clubs report a scant increase in membership, and there are some clubs that have not signed on a single "Fresher." This is going to the other end of the scale altogether; the danger here is not in overdoing things but in not doing them at all. Both are insidious diseases in the body politic of student life; both can be prevented. The remedy is a right view of things. And if the habit of looking at matters in their right proportions is not adopted while at the University it will never be adopted in later life. And that will inevitably prove to be a great handicap. The time is NOW. But even Editorials can be overdone, so we must cease.

H.B.S.

GENERAL MEETING.

Provisional Date———*February 7th, 1924.*

EVERY STUDENT SHOULD MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT
TO BE PRESENT AT THIS MEETING!

THE FOUNDATION AND EARLY YEARS OF THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

BY SIR EDWARD THORPE,

C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., Honorary D.Sc. of the Universities of Manchester and Leeds, Fellow of the University of London, a former Professor of Chemistry in the Yorkshire College of Science, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, late Principal of the Government Laboratory, London, and Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington.

Abridged from

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR HENRY ESFIELD ROSCOE, P.C., D.C.L., F.R.S.—A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH."

by Sir Edward Thorpe, C.B., F.R.S.

(Longmans, Green and Co., 39, Paternoster Row, London, 1916).

THE Yorkshire College of Science, as it was first styled, had its origin in the general movement towards a fuller recognition of the duty of the community in regard to national education of which the Education Act of 1870, the Technical Instruction Act, 1889, and the more comprehensive Education Act of 1902 were at once the signs and the practical outcome. The immediate cause of the creation of the College may, however, be said to have been found in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867. One of the reporters of that exhibition was a well-known Leeds merchant, the late Mr. Thomas Nussey. In a report in Vol. III. of the General Reports, Mr. Nussey drew attention to the great advance that had been made since the London Exhibition of 1862 in the quality, style, and cheapness of production of the foreign exhibits. Prompt effect to his opinions was given by two other members of the same family in a pamphlet, published in Leeds, entitled: "A Technical Institution for Leeds and District, proposed by George Henry Nussey and Arthur Nussey, Leeds: Edward Baines and Sons, 1867." This institution was avowedly designed to serve the interests of the staple industries of the West Riding. Its projectors formulated a scheme of technical education which should in the first place combine the existing School of Art with a School of Weaving and Design, and should afford instruction in mechanical engineering; in the manufacture and dyeing of woollen and worsted goods; in weaving and designing; in the manufacture of linens, and of leather, in mining, metallurgy, and building construction. Two years later they sought to give practical development of their ideas by establishing "The Leeds Art and Science Institute" in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. Six teachers and assistants were engaged and the classes were held in the evenings.

Other agencies, however, were at work tending to the same end. There is a small social organisation in Leeds which has existed since 1849, known as the Conversation Club; in this club the idea of an Educational Council for Leeds took its rise, and out of this grew the Yorkshire Board of Education. In 1869 a meeting of the General Council of the Yorkshire Board of Education was held in the Town Hall, Leeds, with Lord Frederick Cavendish (the President) in the Chair. It was attended by representatives of the more important industries in Yorkshire as well as by persons interested in higher education. A resolution was carried "That in the opinion of this Council it is desirable that a College of Science should be established in Yorkshire"; and a Committee was appointed "to investigate, consider and propose the best means of carrying out the proposal."

The Committee presented their report in 1872. Their suggestions were limited by the possibilities of realising them. Too ambitious a scheme would over-reach itself; on the other hand, no attempt would be worth making unless it afforded reasonable assurance of practical benefit. After full consideration the Committee recommended the establishment of the following Professorships:—(1) Mathematics and Engineering; (2) Chemistry; (3) Mining, Metallurgy and Geology; (4) Experimental Philosophy; and they came to the conclusion that the minimum sum required for a beginning was £60,000, which they apportioned as follows:—Site and Buildings, £25,000; Endowment, in addition to students' fees, £25,000; Establishment expenses, £10,000.

The Council accepted the report, and at once appealed for subscriptions. The project, however, made but slow progress; it was therefore resolved to postpone all building operations, and, when a sum of £20,000 had been raised, to make a beginning in temporary premises. In April, 1874, it was reported that the subscription list amounted to £25,000, and on the 20th of that month a meeting of the subscribers and donors was held in Leeds for the purpose of defining the Constitution of the proposed College and electing a Board of Governors. Lord Frederick Cavendish presided, and Dr. Huxton (Vice-President of the Yorkshire Board of Education) made a statement explaining the progress of the movement, and the steps it was proposed to take in order formally to constitute the College. He remarked significantly "It is most desirable, indeed essential, that the College should ultimately possess its own buildings, appropriately constructed and arranged for carrying on its work with the greatest efficiency and convenience."

In the early autumn of 1874 the Council proceeded to appoint the first Professors of the College. The Committee which drew up the scheme of instruction had recommended the inclusion of the subject of Engineering, with which should be associated the teaching of Mathematics by the same Professor. But the subject of Mechanical Engineering to be properly taught, requires the provision of workshops, laboratories, and an installation of costly plant; moreover, the temporary premises which had been leased would have been unsuitable for the purpose. Accordingly, the authorities, with characteristic Yorkshire caution, decided to limit their appointments, to begin with, to Professorships of (1) Experimental Physics (with which they associated Mathematics); (2) Geology and Mining; (3) Chemistry. To the first Chair they elected the late Mr. A. W. Ricker, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and a Demonstrator in the Cavendish Laboratory—afterwards Sir Arthur Ricker, K.C., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, London, and subsequently Principal of the re-organised University of London. To the second they appointed the late Mr. A. H. Green, formerly Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and a distinguished member of the Geological Survey, who subsequently became Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. For the third appointment the Council selected the present writer, who had been a pupil, assistant and demonstrator under Sir Henry Roscoe at Owens College, Manchester, and who, prior to his selection, had held the Chair of Chemistry in Anderson's College, Glasgow.

The premises in which the College was first housed consisted of a disused Bankruptcy Court situated in Cookridge Street which was not ill adapted to the purposes of the limited professoriate with which the Yorkshire College of Science began its operations. At all events it accommodated without the slightest difficulty all the students who sought admission to its classes on its opening day.

The College began its work of teaching on October 26th, 1874—some what later than the normal time of opening a session—owing to delays in completing the necessary structural arrangements. The initial ceremony was as simple as the appointments of the College were modest. Each of the three Professors in turn gave an introductory lecture to an audience consisting of the members of the Council and such of the friends of the embryo institution as cared to attend. Some encouraging remarks were made by the Chairman, and so the College was launched. But for a time the students were few and their advent as far between as the visits of angels.

Still, as the session progressed and the existence of the place became generally known, the numbers slowly crept up, and by the end of the summer term they had reached twenty-four, and the students' fees had amounted to about £150. The authorities now determined to open the next session with an Inauguration Ceremony. October 9th, 1875, is a red-letter day in the history of the College, for on that date one of the most notable and helpful gatherings ever held in honour of the College took place. The proceedings began at noon, when the College buildings were inspected by a specially invited company; thereafter was the inevitable public luncheon and in the evening a general meeting in the Town Hall. On each occasion the Duke of Devonshire was in the Chair. At the College meeting, Lord Frederick Cavendish, its President, gave a short account of its origin and aims.

It was, however, at the evening meeting that the real success of the day was achieved. The Victoria Hall was filled with a typical Yorkshire crowd, and the Duke of Devonshire opened the proceedings with a dignified and impressive address, worthy of his high position as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge and as President of the College in the neighbouring City of Manchester. He pointed to the creation of institutions for secondary and higher education in our large centres of industry as a sign that the country was awakening to the fact that all our great branches of industry were founded on a scientific basis.

The late Lord Playfair, who as Dr. Lyon Playfair then represented a Leeds constituency, followed on the same theme. In one of those hortatory discourses with which he occasionally astonished and delighted an ill-informed House of Commons, he poured forth a wealth of facts in illustration of the movement in the industrial world which had rendered these modern colleges an imperative necessity. Nor did he think it would be wise to give the College too much of a technical character: "What the College should aim at is to increase the science and intelligence of the community and not to teach industries which they know a great deal better than the Professors. The new College is only the local expression of a general movement for higher education. There is a desire to spread culture throughout this country, and not to concentrate it in one or two favoured localities. Our Universities cannot get hold of our great industrial centres in any permanent way unless they raise them in self respect and dignity by giving them an intellectual understanding of their vocations, and upon that understanding they may engraft as much polite literature as they can The ultimate effect of this may be that you may evolve a wider and more comprehensive college for higher education. I look to that time with hope."

Of all those who followed none was received with greater enthusiasm than Mr. W. E. Forster. Men instinctively recognised that the effort for which he pleaded was but another link in the educational chain he had done so much to forge—the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, and the great Education Act of 1876. The College was to be as its title implied—a county institution—not merely of the town in which it happened to be situated.

This demonstration had an immediate effect upon the fortunes of the College. One practical result was a considerable increase in financial support. The existence of the College was made known throughout the length and breadth of the county. The Inaugural Ceremony met with a splendid "press." One of the most gratifying features was the "uplifting" tone of the speeches; this was to be no mere trade School or Technical College, but a centre of liberal culture and of higher education, containing within it the potentiality of a University discipline; the future of the College was plainly indicated within the first twelve months of its existence.

From this time onward the successive Annual Reports of the College constitute an unbroken story of continued development. It was not, of course, surprisingly rapid, but it was steady and continuous. The progress of the institution was general, it was to be measured by the gradual increase in the number of its teachers, in the character and range of their subjects, and in the seasonal entry of the students.

The educational aims of the governing body at the Leeds institution were not at first very sharply defined; not was the action of the Council always consistent. This was perhaps inevitable in a body which contained no professed educationists. At the outset there was no clear apprehension by them of the lines upon which the College should develop. There were two distinct parties, and their views occasionally conflicted. The College had been ostensibly founded to serve the industrial interests of the district, and the support of many of its wealthy manufacturers had been enlisted solely on that ground. Thus, while a certain section of the Council were willing enough to extend its science side so long as it bore directly upon industrial needs, they had but little sympathy with the *liberal humanists*, and all attempts to include such subjects were viewed with disfavour as a departure from the original intentions of the projectors. But the majority of the Council soon came to have a higher conception of the true functions of the young institution, and it was only the limitation of their means—their poverty and not their will—that prevented them from attempting to realise their ideals.

Fortunately the Professoriate was of one mind on this question. They recognised of course, that there is no necessary antagonism between the two aims: both should be developed *pari passu*. Their unanimity was not without influence on the policy of the College. In 1877 the Professors, who had now formed themselves into an Academic Board holding regular meetings in order to discuss the educational affairs of the College, addressed a memorandum to the Council inviting them to consider the advisability of extending the curriculum so as to include Literature and the Classics. The Council, on the whole, were not indisposed to consider this suggestion benevolently, but they regretted that they were unable to take any action from lack of funds. The matter, however, was not allowed to drop. The missionaries of Mr. Stuart and his syndicate at Cambridge were at work in Leeds of whom the late Bishop of Truro (Dr. Gott), then Visar of Leeds, and the late Sir Edward Baines, one of the truest and most zealous friends of the College, were active members. These gentlemen approached the governing body, and undertook on behalf of their Committee to be responsible, for a term of years, for a considerable proportion of the money that would be required to give effect to the suggestion. The result of the negotiation was the establishment of Chairs of Classical Literature and History, and Modern Literature and History, which were filled respectively by Professor John Marshall, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and Professor F. S. Pulling, B.A. (Oxon.). This enlargement of the educational work of the College necessitated a slight but significant change in its designation; henceforward it became known simply as the Yorkshire College until it was raised to the rank of a University, when it took the name of the town in which it was situated.

In the previous session the appointment of Mr. Louis C. Miall as Lecturer in, and afterwards as Professor of Biology indicated further the liberal views of the Council as to the scope and function of the College. The executive of the College now publicly expressed their conviction that there is no good reason against grouping in one institution the studies belonging to liberal culture, and systematic instruction in scientific and artistic principles as applied to staple industries.

An event of hardly less importance in public estimation at this period was the purchase of a considerable fraction of the site upon which the handsome and extensive buildings of the University now stand. The writer well remembers how seriously and with what anxiety it was discussed by the small body which assembled in the office of the legal adviser to the College to confer with the Chairman of its Finance Committee, Mr. Francis Lupton, on the subject. But in the end there was practical unanimity among those present as to the expediency and opportuneness of the step, and the event proved its wisdom.

The foundation stone of the new College buildings was laid on October 23rd, 1877, by the Archbishop of York. As architect the Council had secured the services of the late Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., whose experience and success in the erection of Owens College seemed to them the highest possible qualification. By the generosity of the Clothworkers' Company, who had voted the sum of £10,000 for this purpose, the authorities were enabled to take in hand without further delay the buildings designed for the Textile Industries Department.

The publicity given to these proceedings greatly strengthened the position of the College in the County and especially in the West Riding. Men realised that it was certain to have an important bearing upon the question of higher education in Yorkshire, both directly and indirectly.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



THE most urgent item of intelligence which occurs to us at the moment of writing is that the University is enveloped in a dense fog and that the temperature seems to be well below zero. However, when the gas fire warms up . . . That's better!

When preparing for the last *Gryphon* we lived in a strenuous atmosphere, surrounded by new faces, and in every way "a tiptoe with expectation." By this time the average

fresher has successfully merged into his environment; those violent resolutions "to work," which hamper one at the beginning of a new session, have been tacitly forgotten—and in fact the life of the University, like this causerie, proceeds once more upon its normal course.

Since our last issue the two chief events which stand out from the manifold activities of the term, have come and gone. The night, of course, was Friday, November 23rd, dedicated to the Union Dance. It is hardly necessary to state that the Dance was as usual a complete success; but we may note a pleasurable combination of features which testifies to the financial abilities of our Union Committee. They contrived to provide us with an excellent London band for the occasion and at the same time to make no great increase in the price of the tickets.

Side by side with the Guy-Fawkes day posters which adjoined all right-minded students to assist at the trial and incineration of "The Book-Worm" on Woodhouse Moor—an act of justice which was duly performed—there appeared a highly coloured command to "remember, remember the 7th of November" and attend on Parliament Night. We are glad we did. The idea of running a Fascist government, this year, lent interest and novelty to the event. At the same time this very novelty increased the danger, inseparable at any time from such occasions, of the proceedings developing into a pure rag. At one time it seemed that the danger might be realised, through the activities of too-obstreperous hecklers, but prompt and effective measures saved the situation.

On the whole a good level of debating was maintained by speakers on both sides the house. A full account appears elsewhere in this issue.

Two days later, November 9th, the Choral section of the "Choral and Dramatic Society" repeated their previous rendering of "Merrie England," with equally successful results.

Note was made in last month's "*Gryphon*" of the publication, by the English School of the University, of a book of verse contributed by members of the school. It was a venture which elicited much adverse criticism; and whilst some of

this criticism was uncalled for, a good deal of it was frankly merited both as to the quality of some of the verse, and the slightness of the volume. We learn that the Committee hope to remove many grounds of criticism in a further venture to appear sometime this session, and at the same time to produce a "University" issue. We are asked to state that contributions will be considered from any member of the Union, the Staff and past or present students. Anyone wishing to contribute is asked to forward poems to the Secretary of the Honours English Association.

The "Leeds Institute of Art and Science Lectures" offered a general attraction on November 22nd when Sir W. Forbes-Robertson delivered a lecture, under their auspices, on "The prose of Shakespeare, illustrated by readings from the plays." By the courtesy of the Secretary of the Institute, special facilities were extended to students, of which a considerable number took advantage.

We were pleased to learn that at the last meeting of the University Council, the title of Professor Emeritus was conferred on the late holders of the chairs of Classics and Chemistry—Dr. Rhys Roberts and Dr. A. Smithells.

We hear that Mr. Brench has decided soon to terminate his long association with the University, as Chief Accountant. His resignation will take effect at the end of the present session.

The other day we noticed the figure of Father Christmas in a shop-window and were reminded that his season is once more approaching. It seems early in the day to talk of Xmas Greetings—especially with terminals still to come—but as this will be the last issue of the "*Gryphon*" before going down we seize our only opportunity and close by extending our best wishes to everybody for a Merry Xmas and a jolly good vac.

The Trinity

One winter morning, ere I rose from bed,
I heard SS. Rothermere and Birkenhead
With the great Duke, ordained of Percy's line,
Hail to the Trinity a hymn divine.

O Holy Father Force, to whom we owe
All that we are, or ever hope to be, below,
Whom aiding, ancestors arrive at rank,
Descendants at the stink-bomb and the tank,
Be with thy children on this earthly spree,
Let them forsake their peace and follow thee,
Nor Sloppy Sentiment their lust to kill.

Elbows at home and fists of Mail abroad,
Knock weaklings down, to glorify thee, Lord,
When Bishops speak or women make a row,
Be thou our Judge, as our good Master thou.
And Fear, thy daughter and thy mother both,
We celebrate with pressa, nothing loth,
Worship with voices well attuned to praise,
For, Fear dethroned, Force looks on numbered days.

For gift of gab and balance at the bank,
Let men from minor towns (not Oxford) do
a swank,
Not ours, not ours the glory (sang the three),
All first-class brains were simply made for
Thee.

Saint Rothermere, whose halo was of zinc,
Inset with brass nor lack of printer's ink,
Led the anti-poetic with poetic fire,
Sweeping the strings of an accomplished lyre.

O Propaganda, saviour of the mind,
O virile spirit, father of thy kind,
Commercialised by thee—and quoted high—
Hate's a security to-day; for why?

Paper and prose, twin Atrides of the mart,
Watch the docileful Hun abuse their art;
What then, if mark from wages flew at birth?
There's something, still, goes faster round
the earth.

Praise Force, from whom these prizes flow,
Praise Fraud, dear stager of the show,
Praise Fear, the second-stiffer and set,
Praise Human Nature's happy lot.

Later, converging lunchward on the Ritz,
A man I saw approach them, sheet of wit;
One tapped his forehead with a meaning glance,
That chap fought once, you may depend,
in France.

"Yet how unFrench, immortal, is his air!
Out of a job? Well, well, but why stand
there?"

"Had you just one more arm, or half a
head . . ."

"But force of circumstance can't be gained!"

"The future's with stout hearts and shining
swords!"

"Meantime, there's luncheon, and the House
of Leeds."

G.

Parliament Night

IT is difficult to treat with justice the events in the Great Hall on the evening of November 7th. We heard two or three good speeches from the house, and many good things (and some bad) from the turbulent "Strangers" in the Gallery. But the general effect was rather chaotic, and no final and definite impression is left to the baffled spectator. Which is not as it should be.

As usual, the Great Hall became our mimic House of Commons; the Government seats on the right, the Opposition on the left of the Speaker's Chair on the dais. A "record" crowd had assembled for the occasion was that of a Fascist Government introducing a "strong hand" programme, and popular excitement ran high. The Opposition obviously had a large majority, but a glance at the programme (which was well got up, and even mildly funny) showed that the Government had some of the best public speakers in the University. They—with the brothers Peile on the Cross Bench—were attired in immaculate evening dress; the Opposition preferred to express themselves through impersonation of political leaders.

At 7.30 the Speaker (Mr. P. P. Murphy) entered in all his panoply, preceded by the Mace Bearer appropriately bearing a sword, and followed by the two Clerks of the House. All Members rose. He read the King's Speech, a necessary preliminary to the "real" business, much of which was drowned by half hysterical enquiries after the proletariat from the Gallery.

Sir J. A. Simond, Swan Valley (Mr. C. V. Dawe) who received a tremendous ovation of "Bas's" in virtue of his long gaiter, moved the opposition amendment to the address. Then business began.

The debate was opened by the Prime Minister, Duke of Lawnswood (Mr. F. G. Thomas), who was not allowed to forget his perpetrations on a similar occasion. The cry of "Has anyone seen Megan?" almost made him forget his part as a responsible Minister of State. He then attempted to put forth the principles on which his government should act without confusing the issue with intricate questions of policy. Fortunately he had seized the tone of the gathering before he began to speak and his style throughout was banteringly mock rhetorical, and even (once, at any rate) witty. After a vigorous denunciation of political catch words, with special reference to the unfortunate "Democracy," he passed on to a consideration of Individuality as a basis of policy. At this point the Speaker (with lamentable lack of foresight, one felt) called an Honourable Member to order, for eating a banana in the House. The Gallery rendered the inevitable music, and the Prime Minister seated himself, accepting the interruption as typical of the "democratic" type of mind. But surely the Opposition had now demonstrated its mentality sufficiently! Resuming, he spoke of the tragic treatment of the world's great men at the hands of Demos, the "many headed monster." "The crowd chose Barabbas." A strong power was needed for any effectual government, and the sword had therefore taken precedence of the mace. The Government was prepared "to use force if necessary," and with this significant remark he sat down amid applause.

The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Lloyd Asquith (Mr. H. J. Parkinson) then rose to speak. He attacked nothing that the last speaker had supported, but dwelt at length upon the disastrous effects of an unprofitable and imprudent Fascism. He spoke of England as a standing example to the Continent, her prestige as yet undiminished for "economic legislation of an ameliorative character." "Better broadcast it!"—(from the Gallery, whence advice and vociferation were hurled down). He deplored any repudiation of Imperialism, urging that this principle always made for a better domestic policy. (He spoke from "experience.") But a concentration of all interest upon Home affairs produced a self-centred and bolstered-up nation. The Hon. Member's speech was received with tremendous cheering from his supporters.

The Minister of Labour (Mr. H. M. Robertson) after applying the description of "Mixed Infants" to the Opposition, was seen to be articulating, but was almost entirely inaudible owing to the noise. Fascism he defined—was he ironical? as the rule of order under the absolute control of the State. His employment scheme was unheard. Mr. Gilbert Murray (Mr. C. Challen) who followed charged the Government with gross and futile inconsistency.

Followed the Minister of Health (Miss D. Jenkins) in one of the best speeches of the evening. She spoke in mock-heroic vein of the extraordinary prevalence of measles and chickenpox and advocated the use of a prophylactic serum for all school children and undergraduates (laughter), on entering into their institution. Further she proposed, as an original remedy for the tuberculosis menace, that knitted woollen coats be provided for the cows. "Impure milk produces a ricketty race." (Cries of "No! No!" "Look at the Opposition") (Loud laughter). During the speech of the Socialist Countess of Warwick (Miss E. Sinovitch) the interruptions became seriously disturbing, and the President of the Union ordered the Gallery to be cleared. An irrepressible interrupter had already been ejected by the Government's back bench supporters, and comparative calm was thereafter secured for the resumption of the debate.

The Foreign Secretary (Mr. L. Seager) outlined a policy of withdrawal from European politics until home affairs were set in order. India was to have Home Rule. Reparations were a curse.

Tremendous, and well deserved applause was given to a red tied Communist who, remarking that he had just come from Russia by aeroplane, and would return to-morrow on foot, spoke in bombastic passion of the need for a "bloody Revolution." The Duke of Lawnswood, who appealed against the use of un-Parliamentary language, was reminded by the Speaker that if he chose to resort to Elizabethan methods (pointing to the sword) he could hardly object to the use of Elizabethan language.

The Ministers of Education (Mr. S. Best) for War (Mr. H. B. Shaw) and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. D. Wilson) showed that they had rightly gauged the spirit of the gathering by attempting no serious vein. Mr. Best denouncing a seat of learning which cannot be sat upon, proposed for Sessions in Universities four short terms and no long vacation. Mr. Shaw, greeted as usual with a mighty chorus of "Old Soldiers never die," stuck gamely to his guns. He was an implacable enemy of professors and lecturers, but all H.P.'s should be promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Majors (tremendous applause). The O.T.C. should be moreover be provided with free motor cycles. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was even more lavish. After proposing a tax of 7s. 6d. on bicycles, £5 on scooters (!) he advocated cheaper postage—a penny on ordinary letters, 1d. on love letters (loud applause), students' love letters to be transmitted at the rate of 13 for 6d. (laughter and applause).

The Prime Minister replied on the debate, showing that the events of the evening demonstrated the urgent necessity for a strong minded individual at the head of affairs. The vote was then taken, but the count obviously being against the Government, the Premier prepared to emulate Oliver Cromwell and seizing the "banble," he departed at the head of his followers.

This year, Parliament Night was neither a serious political debate nor a good Rag; it was not even a compound of the two. The best speeches—those which best expressed the spirit of the assembly—were ostensibly political, but essentially flippant. We hope that the Debating Society may organise another Parliament Night shortly, free from a pointless and incessant "Ragging" annoying to speaker and public. After all, the Debate is the thing. This type of demonstration must not become a tradition.

PERITINAX.



Fair Damsel from Oxwood to H.P. :—

"Would you mind putting these invitations in the window for me please?"

H.P. : "All right, Miss, but who do you think I am—Cupid?"

Heard on School Practice : in a lesson on Miracle Plays :—

Teacher : "What Guild, do you think, acted the scene of the miracle at Cana of Galilee?"

The Bright Lad : "The Conjurors, Sir."

In an essay on the Marathon :—

"As he came from the road on to the track for the last lap he put on a spurt. His breath came in short pants and as he ran the pants became shorter and shorter."

Write a short account of any three of the following . . . St. Dunstan :—

"—St. Dunstan was born in a monastery."

Overheard outside the main entrance, October 31st :—

Little boy (eagerly) to Indian student arriving for Overseas Reception in national costume : "Hi, Mister!—where's the Rag?"

For the benefit of those who think that *Gryphon* rhymes with "syphon," we reprint :—

A demure lady student named Whiffon,
Found Vergil's Book Nine quite a stiff 'un,
Till at last in despair
She was heard to declare.

"Why, I'd far rather wade through the *Gryphon*!"

We draw our readers' attention to the fact that as yet no Vegetarian Society has been formed in the University.

Who was the Fresher who said :—

"M.R.C. ? What's that mean, Midland Railway Company?"

And talking about initials who was the Secretary who referred to the G.A.C. as the "Grouse and Cut Committee," and to its Secretary as the "General 'andy Cove?"

From *Merric England* :— "Who comes this way?"

"Ah, who?"

And who did *not* come?

The Letters of Timothy

II.—SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAR PEOPLE,

I was travelling in one of our dilapidated City tram cars the other morning when a man next to me said, in a confidential tone of voice, "It's one." "What's won?" I innocently enquired. "It's one man in a million who can carve a duck!" and then proceeded to elaborate on a mechanical carver in which he appeared to have some interest. Now that set me thinking. (Oh yes, I do sometimes!). Was this some new and subtle form of advertisement? Has the modern science-cum-art attained to such heights? And ruminating in this strain to myself, I reached the portals of this seat of learning, to be confronted, as I entered, by the numerous advertisements on the Notice-board in the main corridor. An idea struck me—why do we advertise? It is said that advertising always pays, but does it? Of course it does! (You ask the *Gryphon* manager!) And Why? Let me expound. The eggs of the duck fetch a smaller price than the eggs of the domestic fowl. That is an economic fact with which you will all agree. Why should this be? Is it that the latter are more palatable? Not at all! When the duck lays an egg, she waddles off without telling anyone about it. But when the hen lays an egg, she lifts up her voice and proceeds to advertise the fact—and as a result one has to pay more for her wares.

This simple proof should convert you all to the regular use of our advertising mediums. The best way to advertise a matter, is of course, to tell it to some lady under cover of profound secrecy. This is what an Education lecturer would term a first-hand method; by word of mouth. Lingual broadcasting, as it were. The second way is by ocular demonstration, though this is not so effective. One sticks a sheet on the board setting forth the advantages of attending a meeting of the Antithumpanian Society in the Lounge of the Union—preferably at a time when someone else wishes to use the room—but after that, one can only trust to luck. The people either come—in which case one reports it in the *Gryphon* as a "splendid" affair—or they don't come—in which case one conveniently forgets to report the affair at all. Or one has a copy of "Trigonometry Explained"—in words of not more than one syllable, for the Tiny Tots," for sale. Then one draws up a nice little notice on the back of an envelope and affixes it to the door of the cloakroom—of course, only when the H.P. is not visible. Then one proceeds to hope vigorously.

The *Gryphon* advertises. I think that it is not generally known that this valuable periodical—very periodical—reaches the common rooms of over fifty other Universities and University Colleges. What they say about it there is not my affair, but it is somewhat disconcerting to think that one's little orations at the Debating Society or the paper one gave at the Lit. and Hist. on "The Place of Red-haired Politicians in History" may, if reported by an enthusiastic secretary, be commented on by students in the Antipodes. But how bracing to think that!

Therefore, now that the Election is over and we are merely consigning the slogans generated in that campaign to the dim depths of past oblivion (By Jove!) let us have a war-cry of "Advertise!" Advertise the fact that you are alive—the Editor says by writing to the *Gryphon*, since, as Lord Byron remarked, "he that fails to let the world know that he is alive is dead—or ought to be." At any rate let the City know that there is a University in Leeds. We are on the eve of our Jubilee year; let the President of the Union have your suggestions for advertising that great fact. How best shall we do it?

Yours as ever,

TIMOTHY.

The Student's Progress

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a Den and I laid me down in that place to sleep : and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man standing in a Great Hall, a book in his hand. I looked and saw him open the book and read therein ; and as he read he wept and trembled ; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying " What shall I do to be Graduated ? " Now the name of that man was Student and of the book, Prospectus. And I saw also that he looked this way and that way as if he would run : yet he stood still because as I perceived he could not tell which way to go. I looked then and saw a man named Professor coming to him who asked " Wherefore dost thou weep ? " He answered " Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to swot : and after that to come to judgment, and if I reach not the City called Degrees then shall I be pipped miserably. And the ways to that City are many and I know not which to choose. For the book I cannot understand." The said Professor pointing with his finger " Do you see yonder wicket-gate ? Go up directly thereto : at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." And the name of that Gate was Arts Course.

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run, yes, exceeding fast at first and with him many companions from the City of Freshetdom. And one said " Come, neighbour Student, tell us now further what the things are and how to be enjoyed whither we are going." Then Student looked in his book and said " There are caps of glory to be given us and garments that will make us shine like the sun. There we shall be with M.A.'s and M.Sc.'s, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also shall we see the elders with their scarlet gowns and the virgins with their hoods of green." And they were glad to hear of these things. Now I saw in my dream that they had gone but a little way when they drew near to a very miry slough and did all fall therein. The name of the slough was Latere. Here, therefore they wallowed for a time and some were swallowed up in the mire and " went down," and some there were who struggled out of the mire on that side from whence they came and did try again and again to cross the slough : and some of these there were whose hair was grey But Student endeavoured to struggle to the right side of the slough : the which he did at last by help of certain steps set in the mire, called Cribbs, and he pursued his way. Then was Student glad and lightsome and went on through the wicket-gate : and I saw that as he journeyed he fell in with one Lecturer, a very great man, who talked with him each day and expounded many things the which Student little understood. And Lecturer gave Student a Roll which he bade him look on as he ran, and student gained much comfort therefrom for the name of that roll was Notes. And above all in going up the steep hill Essay did Student look thereon and was glad. And I saw that presently they came to a place where two ways met : one turned to the left hand but the narrow-way lay right up the hill. And Student took the easy way which ran along Cutting Valley and at the end a pleasant harbour called Union Rooms where Student sat him down to rest and soon fell in slumbers thence into a fast sleep. And so neglected his journey and his roll and stayed there many weeks til there came one to him and awakened him, saying " Go to the Swot thou sluggard : consider his ways and be wise." And with that Student started up and turned back on his ways. Then felt he in his bosom for his roll that he might read therein and be comforted and found it was lost ; and he was in great distress, until he bethought him of a stately palace by the way, about a furlong from the porter's lodge, the name of which was Palace Beautiful, which was called Refectory. And when he was come in and sat down they gave him something to drink

But now I saw in my dream how poor Student was hard put to it, for he fell in with a foul fiend whose name was Apollyon, by some called Terminals. And he beheld Student with a disdainful countenance and began to question him. Then did they struggle together and had sore combat for above a week, even till Student was almost spent by reason of Terminals' darts, Latin and French. Yet did his trusty shield, Key to the Classics, save his life, and though he was sore pressed by Terminals' lieutenant, Unseens, who gave him many hard words. But at last Terminals spread his wings and sped him away, and Student for a season saw him no more.

Now as Student and his companions journeyed, they came to a town where is a fair kept all the year round called Society Fair. And as in other fairs, there were the several rows and streets where such and such wares were vended. And in each of these streets were some of Student's companions caught up in the hubbub. And some stayed in Sporting Street where men made brutal play and kicked and hacked each other for merchandise called Goals, and some were lost in Dancing Terrace where so costly was the merchandise that one dance left a man poor for life thereafter, and some in Debating Alley waged battles with words and worshipped a heathen god named Stale-Jokes. And many other streets there were without number, wherein Student lost many companions. Now was Student but hardly escaped from the Fair when he fell into the hands of a foul Giant called Cram who drove him into Swotting Castle and put him into a very dark dungeon, and the name thereof was Library, where he lay with many companions crowded together for many weeks. Moreover in the dungeon was one Talkative who did annoy them exceedingly.

And now I saw in my dream that the City of Degrees was very near, and at last came Student and his companions to the foot of a mighty hill whereon the City stood. Yet between them and the City was a river very deep and wide and the name of it was Finals. And at sight of the river the Pilgrims were much astonished. Yet they addressed themselves to the water which was now deep, now shallow, so that some were carried away and seen no more. Nor yet were their troubles over, for at the other side, close by the very gate of the City itself, was a little door, and a way therefrom down to the abode of the Pipped. And the name of that door was Oral. Yet saw I that Student and some others had passed the river in safety and escaped the door and now were arrived at the gate of the City. And fresh raiment was given them, yea, gowns and hoods of bright colours, and the great V.C. himself stood there to welcome them. And so they passed to the happy abode of the Graduated while above from across the river were heard the envious cries and taunts of them that still dwelt in the wilderness and had yet to cross the river. And the names of them that were saved were——

And then, a blundering Science man in passing, fell over my extended extremities and knocked my neglected Bunyan to the floor—and the dream was over. Just think, O Pilgrims, had that man of science spent one minute more over his after-lunch glass of milk, you might have known—but there, it's perhaps as well you don't.

J.W.T.

Extract from the weekly column on the Soccer Club in the *Sports Post* :—

"... the quality of the shooting was high rather than good." Are they going to take this lying down?

"Are you going to the Union Dance?"

"Old man, they call me Stonyfeller, not Rockefeller."

In Praise of Feeding

"—As appetite is wont to dream
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet,"
Paradise Regained.

THE Eastern philosophers have told us to "eat, drink and be merry" and this advice is not so shallow as it seems, and as our fathers would have us believe, for even they have drilled us to view our surroundings through rose-coloured spectacles, to be bright and gay.

Drinking has had its paeons of praise and though its laureates are legion, I venture to offer my mite of praise in its honour. I would not have you think I speak of surreptitious sips of gin nor of brandy bottles held fiercely by the neck till empty. No, I speak of that lonely glass in the social solitude of a wayside inn. There you realise that "solitude is thought and to think is to live." Alone, yes, and yet not alone. For the glass is sure to bring a dream to bear it company and it is a poor dream that cannot inspire song. And what greater joy than to roar with all the power of your lungs.

But Drinking has a plenitude of songs and singers while eating—a much finer pleasure, mark you—has none. And so I crave attention, my brothers, while I extol the virtues of that first and worthiest of the three pleasures of life.

By eating, you will understand the ecstatic joy of an honest appetite, the elemental joy of absorbing huge quantities of fresh, simple food—mere roast lamb, new potatoes and peas of living green. An absorbing pleasure! And, mind you, an exacting one. We must needs fix all our attention upon it. You must eat as you kiss. And just as you cannot talk while kissing, so with the greater joy of the mouth you must be silent. The eye may be allowed to participate and sometimes the ear as when soft music is played on the viola. A verdant lawn, clean-cut, bounded by caks centuries old and a yew hedge twenty feet high may add distinction to the meal. And an Elizabethan poet, an old sere edition, should be on the table—not to be read by any means, just as the flowers are not to be eaten, but to arouse sweet emotion.

And like the true pleasure it is, it has its penalties. A Chinese philosopher has said that if the operation of eating were confined to what takes place between the mouth and the palate, then nothing could be more pleasant and one might eat for ever; but it is the stomach and the digestive organs and, in fact, the rest of the body which decide ultimately whether the said operation has been prejudicial or healthful.

But these disturbing thoughts are unfit company to have at the festive board. Away with them, and let us think on the mystery of dinner. For Dinner is a mystery in the old and literal sense of something too sacred for speech and fit only for quiet contemplation. Blake said "Even our digestion is governed by angels"—I hear the cynic whisper "fallen angels," but if you ignore him and consider gravely is there any greater mystery than the process by which beef is turned into brains and beer into beauty? If there is, I wot not of it. Every beautiful girl we adore is compounded of Beefsteaks—a solemn thought! And the finest poetry in our tongue was written in the ages that swilled mulled sack—food for thought, indeed, my masters!

A friend of Lamb's once said to the essayist that a man could not have a pure mind who refused an apple dumpling and Meredith has told us that "the general prayer should be for a full stomach and the individual for one that works well; for on that basis alone are we a match for temporal matters and able to contemplate eternal."

FLAVIUS.

Heads and Tails

LIFE is full of perplexities; at least many people seem to find it so, and the longer they live the more perplexed they grow. We have heard much about the "Simple Life" since Pastor Wagner's famous book first appeared; it is time that someone gave us one on the "Perplexed Life." It's perplexing to know why Mr. Wells, for instance, has not given us at least "an outline" on so vast a theme. Possibly when he has sufficiently cheered the drooping spirits of My Lady of Warwick we may find his facile pen turn to this engaging subject.

As to Heads and Tails: we are all familiar with the phrase, of course, though there are many people, and not a few institutions in the world that leave one often sorely perplexed as to which is which. So too is with other things. The new curate was taking afternoon tea with a well-to-do lady parishioner. Her pet dog lay at his side. Once or twice he offered it a bit of biscuit, but the animal never lifted its head. "Didn't the dog care for biscuits?" the curate enquired. "Oh yes," replied the lady, "but he does not eat them with his tail." And offering one to the other end of the animal it was at once snapped up. The curate's mistake was pardonable enough as dogs go in these days. The wife of a country mayor, summoned with her husband to a notable function at the London Mansion House, upon seeing the janitor on the stairs in all his panoply of gold braid and the rest, made him her most gracious bow, mistaking that functionary for the Lord Mayor himself. And it is whispered in this distinguished seat of learning (discreetly whispered, mark you, not openly proclaimed) that quite recently the Head of an important department, happening to drop in unexpectedly upon the editorial conclave of this august Journal, was mistaken for some outside penny-a-liner in quest of copy, and treated accordingly. It really is difficult sometimes to know "which is de bust and which is de pedestal," as Fergusson would say.

The significance of "Heads" in this juxtaposition I can understand; but why "Tails?" How comes it to pass that ever and always when one spins a coin for choice of innings at cricket or in settlement of sundry disputes the reverse side should be designated the Tail? For it is to be remembered that that is the side on which the lady, in the figure of Britannia duly guarding if not actually ruling the waves appears: a lady who, so far as one can see, in nowise resembles any caudal appendage. Then why should she always be spoken of as The Tail, I ask again? For so she is, alike on the playing fields of England as by those wicked little boys who, instead of being at Sunday School play pitch-and-toss round some secluded corner. Shade of Chivalry! Has it come to this that we can compare that august figure to nothing better than a tail? Surely this is the head and front of all offence. If Britannia was originally intended to represent the Virgin Queen, the Muse of History proves without a doubt that there was nothing about her that could be so construed. Many women and not a few men she kept dangling behind her, but she herself was the *Acad.* And woe be to anybody who had dare hint that she belonged to any other part either of the body politic or the Church Catholic.

But there is more in this tale—tail, I mean—than meets the eye. It remains to be discovered why whenever Heads and Tails is to the fore the woman is always behind. Who placed her there? Why, in these enlightened days, do not the women rise in a body and demand that the order be reversed! For it is to be observed that in the canine world the tail is often partially "docked" and sometimes entirely lopped off, and that too without the quadruped being seemingly any the worse for the loss. Is this to imply that in so far as man is concerned the woman can be similarly dispensed with? Zoologically—speaking there are not more tails—at first—than there are dogs, but humanly-speaking there are. Man, the sly dog, has from antiquity

had two or three "tails" either to wag or to sit upon; and if the Divorce Courts have "docked" him now and again, it seems not to have inconvenienced him unduly. It is, however, high time that the woman in the case should cease to be spoken of as the tail. Tails in animals seem to have been provided by nature for one of two purposes: either to flick off flies from their anatomy or to express their pleasure. It is demonstrable however that now they can accomplish either or both those acts when the tail has been removed. Like that sagacious animal, "Jericho," on which Mark Twain crossed the Holy Land, they can kick off the flies with their hind legs, and they can express their pleasure with their mouths; at least that was how Mark interpreted "Jericho's" frequent reaching round to bite his legs. This proves that if woman is to man no more than what the tail originally was to quadrupeds she too is dispensable. If this is not so, then why not? And why, I repeat, is "tail" always synonymous with the figure of the lady in the matter of Heads and Tails?

Now in kangeroos the tale—tail, I mean—is different. They cannot get on very well without it. It is for them what Archimedes would describe as the fulcrum. To "dock" a kangeroo would be fatal to its progress in the world. It is his tail which makes him go, anyway. And he can knock off more than flies with it. Now in the Antipodes the kangeroo is emblematic as is Britannia here. But how do the ladies regard it "down under"? Perhaps they don't mind at all the kangeroo being called the tail, since it in no way resembles themselves. But with us it is different. Never a ha'penny toss is indulged in but there she is, and no one ever dreams of calling her anything else but the tail. I think that women should insist upon either the term being dropped or adopt the Doomybrook principle of whacking a head whenever they see it. Cannot our lady members raise this question in Parliament?

PHILO.

"Our Arthur Replies"

(With further apologies to the Shade of Hiawatha.)

He who wrote those untrue stories,
Those false legends and traditions,
Who received them, as he told you,
From the ever-unfolding Gryphon—
Did not see her wink in telling!

In the year that had no summer,
Or, at least, none worth so calling,
With a noble host of others,—
Young and old, both male and female,
Light of step and gay in spirit,
Full of youthful life and laughter,
Hearts untarnished yet by "Smokers,"
And digestions still unshattered
By those dread Rectory menus—
Did I take my place amongst them.

Hardly had I grown accustomed
To the most unseasonable bubble
And the loud and needless reckonings
Of—no, not the gentle Freshers—
Those who may be termed the Stale ones,
When a most inhuman fellow
With a blust'ring, brawling swagger
And a manner most offensive,
Said to me "I WANT four shillings
For our magazine, the Gryphon—
Ev'ry student has to get it!"

Carefully did I entice him,
Drew him forth by rapid attention
As he catalogued his Gryphon,
As he catalogued his Gryphon,
As a quack cries forth his medicines;
Then, when he had lost his bearings,
Flound'ring in his own rhetoric,
Then, my heart was filled with pity:
So I dipped into my pocket,
And I took therefrom two florins,
And I gave them him, and blessed him,
Then I waited, calmly, smiling.

* * *

Gryphon will be out this morning!
So I went at once, and got one.
In the library I read it,
While my pulse grew slow and slower,
And my heart dragged out its beatings,
Jupiter! Was this their Gryphon?
This the subject of their boastings?
This poor, paltry rag the gordon
Of my blithely paid four shillings?
Could this poor thing be the emblem
Of the students' learned culture?
Poor, poor things! I yearned in spirit
For these poor, benighted creatures!—
Still, perhaps you just need teaching—
I will do my best to help you!—
Therefore, trust in me—Yours, Arthur,
G.B.S.

A Musical Evening

IF anyone suggested the possibility of forming a Choral and Dramatic Society in our English Villages, I venture to think that he would be characterised as an optimist of the first water. Out here in Switzerland, however, quite small villages have their Choral and Dramatic Society, an orchestra, and a brass band as well. The last-named takes the lead at any fête or function of the community, and also practises assiduously for the band competitions held at frequent intervals in the country.

It is my lot to be domiciled on the outskirts of a village of 500 or 600 inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in the polishing of stones for the insides of watches. After ten of the most uneventful weeks on record I received an invitation to a "Soirée Familiale" offered by the "L'Union de L——" to its honorary and active members and their families, and to certain guests. Feeling rather curious, and mindful of the appetite of the *Gryphon*, I accepted the invitation. I think a little account of it may be of interest to Musical Evening enthusiasts.

The choral part of the society, composed of about 35 men of very grave aspect, arranged in a double crescent in front of the conductor, opened the entertainment by rendering three serious numbers by German or German-Swiss composers. An English choir would have felt greatly discouraged by the scant applause accorded at the conclusion of these efforts, but not so this choir. In spite of the lack of audible appreciation they looked supremely happy and left their places with the air of "something attempted, something done."

If the male sex monopolised the choir, the Ladies soon had their turn, for in a Comedy in one act entitled "*Le Mari de ma Fille*," which concluded the first half of the programme, two only out of the five actors were men, and they were merely accessories necessary to the plot and then only as foils to the other sex, the principal of whom was the everlasting mother-in-law.

This comedy was the work of a local gentleman who must have read *L'histoire de Maître Pierre Pathelin*, for the father-in-law, a keen augustinian, when being lectured by his wife on a matter concerning their daughter, invariably burst out with some exclamation about the beauty and value of a supposed genuine ancient Egyptian medal which he and a brother-enthusiast have found.

The second half of the programme consisted of three more choral items of a somewhat gayer nature than the opening ones, the third being a drinking song, and a second one-act comedy entitled *The Guest*, extremely amusing, but of a very different kind to the former.

By 11 p.m. the curtain had fallen for the last time, and the audience went for a stroll while the room was cleared for dancing which was to follow. Just then something happened to produce a feeling not unknown to frequenters of the lantern lectures in the Great Hall—the place was suddenly plunged into darkness. Men hurried about with flashlights, but for some time no one managed to effect anything, and people began to wonder if they should have to go home. But after a long wait the lights went up and the Ball began.

Nothing could have been more different from a dance in England, say in the Great Hall. The floor was of ordinary rough boards, innocent of any wax or polish—like the floor of the gym., only not so clean. The music was provided by a cornet, a clarinet, a saxophone, a bass—no fiddle—and an accordion, and it consisted of strange strident waltzes, played at twice the usual rate, and equally wonderful one-steps; no foxtrots, ladies, no blues no tango! I had taken my dancing pumps with me, but when I saw that everyone else danced in boo's, some of them studded with hobnails, I promptly decided not to wear them, and I had cause to be thankful for the slight additional protection afforded by a pair of light walking shoes, for someone was treading on my heels every minute. Dancing was kept up until 4 a.m., and all the time indefatigable members of the society carried on a tombola in aid of the funds of the Club. Lady readers will notice that supper, that magical word, is not mentioned—there was none! But, Gentlemen, there was wine!

A.E.F.



Poor Folk

Translation of "Les Pauvres," par Emile Verhaeren.

Poor folk there are who still must keep
Great pools of tears, lying deep
In hearts as pale as stones that stand
On holy land.

The brown roofs of the huts that lie
Low, mid the sand-hills and the sky
Are not so bowed as poor folk grow
With burden and woe.

Black branches up against the sky,
The wind stirs, and the pattern is changed;
Now the trees are still, and then
They bow and dance to the wind again.

J. O.

Rain in the garden
And rain
In the lane
Making the green of the grass
To all who pass
Seem a thing unreal, impossible.

J. O.

There are poor folk with hands like brown
And withered leaves, dropped lightly down
Along the ways and heaped before
The city door.

Along the level of the plain
Of all the world, weary with pain
Yet kindly ever, poor folk dwell
Hag-ridden by vulture want from Hell.

H. B.

The garden's deserted
And rain like a cloud
Or a shroud.

Falls softly on poplars
On lawns and on roses
And all that the thick hedge
Of holly encloses.

The wind in the poplars
Is moaning and sighing
And dying
Away for a short time
Leaves silence that breathes
And murmurs the promise
That Winter bequeaths.

J. O.

I met an old man yesterday

I met an old man yesterday
An old man bent and wise;
The joy that comes from many years
Of love, was in his eyes.
He walked, a patient shadow,
Across the dreary street,
But all the love of Galilee
Urged on his weary feet.

The grey December evening
Pressed round his ancient head,
And the wisdom of the ages
Was in his halting tread.
"Old man, I wish you happiness
This grey December night."
For Christmas time is full of joy
And the old a weary sight—
He turned his head and smiled at me,
His smile was very wise
And the love that comes with knowledge
Shone in his quiet eyes.

"I sometimes think," he said to me,
"Tis not at Christmas Christ is born
But every time a little child
Prays sweetly with the morn
Or when the sun paints slowly
A pathway on the sea,
And a human heart that satches
Is filled with majesty,
Or when, in golden spring-time
When blood is clear like wine,
A youthful soul makes sacrifice
Before an inward shrine.

When any love or holiness
In human heart is born,
The Son of God rejoices;
And that is Christmas morn."
I went my way with wisdom
Across the peaceful street;
The very dust was beautiful
Beneath the old man's feet.

M. B.

The Mask

Who are you, in the shadow of the yew,
 Clad all in black, as silent as a tomb,
 Sitting alone amid the misty gloom
 On a moss-grown seat damp with the evening's
 dew;
 Sitting alone, as quiet as a nun
 Praying in silence in her narrow cell?
 Who you are, seated there, I cannot tell.
 For, hidden by a mask, you seem to shun
 The curious glance of stranger's questioning
 eyes.
 Perchance it is in grief you sit apart,
 Weeping in sorrow o'er a broken heart;
 And yet, perchance, 'tis for the sweet and wise
 Words of a wanton lover that you wait,
 Who to your ear anon of love will prate.

G.V.J.

The Chasm

Against the clouds black looms the ragged
 crag.
 With ridge serrated, and with chert half way,
 Where, so they say, there dwelt a hideous hag
 Who lived alone, shunning the light of day.
 Far, far aloft, small, motionless, and grey,
 The watchful hawk, with rigid wings out-
 spread,
 Hovers; and then on its unwitting prey
 Darts; and a few light feathers down are shed.
 A narrow chasm cleaves the crag in twain,
 From which there comes on moonlit nights,
 'tis said,
 The wail of voices, shrieking in dire pain,
 Filling the air with cries, the heart with dread,
 And from the inmost shadows comes the
 sound
 Of a mad torrent plunging underground.

G.V.J.

The River

Elsewhere thou art pure and lovely, and thy
 ways
 Lie coiled through woody glens, grass-rich,
 and still,
 Save for thine own soft-gurgling tones,
 round bends,
 Or gentle hissing as thou slidest past
 Over well-loved shoal and rapid, sunlight-
 blest,
 Or thy loud exuberant song as shooting down
 Some stubborn ledge fall, wet-foilage screened,
 Rejoicing in thy strength, thou givest thanks
 For thy untroubled careless day. But here
 Thou art grown old; thy once bright face
 is grey—
 Grey as the stones of this dull heavy bridge
 That shivers as it bears its wheel-racked back.

Beneath the clashing traffic's heartless wight,
 Thy face is heavy—still that happy voice
 Of varied song. And how no hymn of birds
 But chirlish bawl, and frequent oath, as foul
 As thy thick, eddied, man-polluted stream
 Crawling between the wharf's high-storied
 gloom
 Or vap'rous mudbank. O thou city-drag
 That serv'st a city's loud-insistent needs
 And in that service lovest thy glad youth,
 Shalt yet more lovingly be—art noble now
 By virtue of that one who hath decreed
 Salvation is by lowly service gained
 Or else is naught. Thy weary way at last
 Shall lead thee to the ocean's cleansing arms
 New joy to find in that Eternity.

A.

Parable

THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

A certain rich man sat looking at the sun setting in golden glory. He mused on the wonderful nature of the children of God. For a long hour sate he there, then feeling weary with the effort he went to his bed. And he had a splendid dream of mountainous wealth that was all his. He became a Power in the land, and all men did his bidding.

Next morning he rose early and made many calculations. Straight he went thereupon to a very learned man in science, who marvelled greatly at this visit, for he was a poor man, and cared only for knowledge.

And the Great Man said, "O man of science, can you tell me where I can gather blue bananas?"

And the Wise One said he knew not of such substance.

But the Mighty Person commanded, "Go you into the Hot Country and study bananas and how they grow. For with blue bananas I would become the richest man in all the world. There is a great demand for this rare and refreshing fruit, and it is costly."

So it came to pass that the Studious One left his seat of learning and his pupils, who grieved much to see him depart thus.

When he came back after many years the Rich and Mighty Person published in his papers the fame of his Servant far and wide, for he had learnt how to turn bananas blue.

And the Great Man said to the man of Knowledge, "Now tell me your secret and I will endow thee with great wealth."

But the Scholar cried out in a Loud Voice, "Go to HELL."

P.P.M.



YORKSHIRE POETRY.*

THE twentieth number of *Yorkshire Poetry* is distinctly above the average and shows generally a stricter attention to form than sometimes characterises the weaker poems in an always interesting series. Miss Baumann's "The Music of Moors" is a true poem, musical and imaginative, its only weakness is in the last three words which seem a little unnecessary and rather spoil the effect of the admirable "profound cool splendour." Mrs. Ratcliffe contributes a delicately characteristic lyric and Mr. Matthewman's Sonnet is as successful and well-constructed as his sonnets usually are. Miss Vickridge in her "October Sunset" shows the strength and sensitiveness we are accustomed to find in her work, so real an expression of North Country spirit. Perhaps the most original poem in this number is Mr. H. C. M. Thayne's "The Spirit of the Moors," a lament over industrialisation written in a richly musical blank verse and combining the two sides of Yorkshire life, the urban and the rustic, into a plaintive harmony. It is exceptionally pleasing, uniting genuine racial feeling to a happy expression. For example:—

And many an echo in the breezes borne
From heathered slopes beyond the naked rocks
Has checked the roaring looms and throbbing wheels
With memories of an older Mother tongue
Still lingering in the red-checked farmers' homes.

or again:—

Yet he who will may call to silent life
The spirits sleeping in their lonely goids,
And in the moorland breezes hear their songs
And in the moonlight see them build anew
Their fallen castles, fading with the dawn.

W.R.C.

* *Yorkshire Poetry*, No. 20. (The Swan Press, 4d.)

Drama

COMMERCIAL COMEDY.

The Romantic Young Lady, by G. Martinez Sierra. Produced by the Hull Shakespeare and Playgoers' Society at the Leeds Art Theatre, 22nd October, 1923.

THE comedy of the commercial theatre is a well-defined type. Particular examples may vary a little among themselves, but all agree in two points with remarkable consistency.

First of all, a purely instinctive love affair between the two most charming of the *dramatis personæ* is put on the stage under the pretence that it is a sober and reasonable business with which the passions have nothing to do, merely the preliminary to a prudent, dull, and wholly respectable marriage. Thus the *bonne woman sensuel* (who is always immaculately respectable) finds his respectability gratified at the same time as his sensuality, and feels that the former is justified in terms of the latter.

Secondly, this limits very stringently the form of the play. A few obstacles, as entertaining as the ingenuity of the author can make them, are placed in the course of true love; they are smoothed away again in the last act, and the play ends with a respectable engagement. The last act, accordingly, is determined entirely by the earlier ones; nothing new can happen and the acute playgoer can only sit patiently and watch his worst fears coming true.

This revolting dramatic prostitution continually meets one, of course, on the professional stage; now it is translated from the Spanish and offered to us as Art. That is really all there is to say about *The Romantic Young Lady*. The acting (except two minor characters) and the production, were beneath notice.

CONRAD'S GRAND GUIGNOL.

The Secret Agent, a drama in three acts, by Joseph Conrad. Produced by the Leeds Art Theatre Company, 12th November, 1923.

In his novel of the *Secret Agent*, Mr. Conrad performed a curious *tour de force*: he took the themes, the persons and the situations of vulgar sensationalism, and by pure tricks of the novelist—by making a few of his puppets sympathetic, and by investing them all with a pervasive atmosphere—he made, not, certainly a masterpiece, but at any rate a good book. In transcribing this for the stage, he had an equally great *tour de force* to perform: to convey by dramatic technique that significance he had conveyed before by the technique of the novel. Practically none of this significance was in the material he could transfer from the one form to the other; it had all to be entirely re-created. As Mr. Conrad is primarily a novelist, it is not surprising that he failed, and though the play is interesting and even moving in many ways, it is essentially a failure.

Many episodes for which there is no room in a play are taken over—all three scenes of the second act are really superfluous—and this scatters the interest, which should be concentrated on Verloc and his wife. And the atmosphere, the cramped stuffiness of Verloc's parlour, which dominates the novel and holds it together, is lost on the stage; the breadth and spacious simplicity of the setting gave instead of this an easy dignity which quite obscured the cramped intensity of the story. Consequently, the important episodes were only made to stand out by the false emphasis placed on them, and consequently failed to carry any significance.

It is in the characters that the play is most nearly successful. They are all, the vulgar people as well as the cultivated ones, represented with a certain easy elegance, and they were acted with suave virtuosity. In particular, Vladimir (W. R. Tate) and the Professor (R. Jarman) were particularly pleasing. Verloc himself (G. F. Hellewell) is such a miserable nonentity that he didn't seem to achieve even the vitality of a puppet. But Mrs. Verloc, who is the emotional centre of the play, was magnificent. Ruby Wigoder obtained every shade of feeling in her starved nature, and succeeded in making a few great moments out of her utter desolation.

But the situations were always so melodramatic and so insufficiently justified by their content, that the feeling was soon lost again as the horrors piled themselves up with the unmeaning grimness of the *Punch and Judy* show. They were thrilling; they were well-presented; but they were not significant.

Still, as a broadminded but paradoxical nonconformist remarked to me the other day, one should remember that the Drama need not always be evil.

G. W.

When Winter Came

A SHORT STORY.

(This story has no foundation whatever in fact).

Lucille Crawford and Arthur Conlon had the J.C.R., to themselves for the moment. The J.C.R., which means the Joint Common Room of the Leeds University Union, was to Lucille another step forward towards that ultimate equality which the progress of civilization rendered inevitable. In all other respects she was everything that the simple soul of Arthur Conlon desired. Yet he liked her candid expression of opinion and her enthusiastic defence of her political ideals, though he had never been able to get from her any clear statement of them. But that was just his way. He liked precision in all things. His love of simplicity had developed in him an intellectual subtlety which at times Lucille found very trying. He would worry an idea as a dog would a bone, till there was little left of it.

"I can't understand," she was saying, "Why so few people use this room."

"You mean so few girls," Conlon corrected.

"Oh! I'm not going to argue with you, so you needn't be so clever," she replied.

"Perhaps you're right, all arguments are quibbles."

"That's the truest thing you ever said," she replied, giving him a slight dig.

Conlon laughed out. He loved this bantering. Lucille, too, was undoubtedly attracted by his queer character. Normally, his face was grave and thoughtful, as if he had heavy responsibilities, but in conversation his deep set eyes reflected a spiritual glow in which seemed to be combined the happy faith of a child with that profound understanding of life we usually call a sense of humour. It was his eyes she liked. Her intuition told her he had some great moral reserve underneath his apparent conceit. But she was puzzled. She admired his strong individuality hidden under a superficial polish, and she knew he was deeply in love with her, but felt always that he was a little beyond her, that he expected too much. He seemed to leave her in a state of complete moral and intellectual independence. In spite of her theories, she did not find this a comfortable state to be left in.

Just then Peter Pollitt entered. He nodded and went to the opposite end of the room. Conlon was his best friend, a fact which others never could understand, for the two men seemed to be utterly different in mind and character. Pollitt was taciturn, dogmatic and rather narrow in outlook. In argument he invariably lost his temper. Conlon never lost his temper, would talk for hours, and shift his point of view with such ease that you never knew whether he was in serious argument or only "practising the art of conversation" as he liked to call it when challenged with inconsistency.

But the two friends had been soldiers together. Conlon knew the value of Pollitt's dogged grasp of things, and Pollitt had seen Conlon stripped of his easy and charming manner, and knew that it concealed an inflexible loyalty, to which more than one man owed his life.

Pollitt was never quite sure of the relation between Arthur and Lucille. He was not fond of the company of girls, as Arthur was, and he usually avoided them. In fact most girls thought him rude. Yet he secretly admired Lucille. Lucille did not altogether dislike Peter, but he did not arouse her interest, perhaps because he had so little to say for himself. She was therefore very reluctant to accept Arthur's suggestion that Peter should take her to the Fretworkers' Dance that night. The Fretworkers' Department always gave a fine Ball, and most of Lucille's intimate friends would be there. She could not understand how Arthur could treat the affair so lightly as to let some unimportant appointment in Harrogate claim his prior attention.

"Why can't you put him off? It makes no difference to you whether you see the man or not," she urged.

"I cannot put him off; it is important to him, and besides, I promised to see him," replied Conlon, as if the matter were beyond argument.

"Yes, but—you are not supposed to inconvenience yourself to that extent for someone else—it is unreasonable," said Lucille, a trifle inaptly.

"There's some truth in that, but honour is above reason, and I must not break a promise when the fulfilment happens to be a nuisance, especially when the other party would be even more inconvenienced than I." Arthur lit a cigarette and stood up. His face was set and his eyes had assumed that passionless glint that Lucille already knew meant inflexible conviction.

"How stupid men can be," she thought. "Well," she said aloud, "I suppose Peter won't mind, but he's a——"

"Peter is the finest fellow in the world, true as steel. You'll be alright with him, and you'll like him when you get to know him," Arthur interrupted. He couldn't bear to hear adverse comments on Peter.

At that moment Peter was reading one of those humorous stories that occasionally appear in the *Gryphon*, but his face was as serious as a judge's. He could never see the point of an elaborate joke. Honest soul!

"I say, Pete, thou aged rock," cried Arthur. "Put that wretched thing away before you lose your reputation, and come over here a minute."

Peter came slowly across the room, without speaking. "Will you take my place at the dance to-night, old man?" asked Arthur coming straight to the point, as he usually did with Peter.

"Why, what's happened? Aren't you going?" Peter asked, sleepily.

Lucille answered, "I think he's very silly. He's got someone or other to see in Harrogate, and I can't persuade him to put it off."

"It must be something very important," said Peter, wonderingly.

"Oh, it's just because he promised," Lucille replied. The two men looked at each other.

"It amounts to the same thing, sometimes," said Peter, drily. "All right," he continued, "I was really wanting to go to the dance, but I didn't care to go on my own." He smiled quite good humouredly, and Lucille responded merrily. After all, she thought, it would be rather interesting with Peter. He was certainly a fine looking young man. The other girls would have something to talk about, too. Peter had never taken a girl to a dance before, though it was well known he was an excellent dancer.

* * * * *

It was Saturday, the morning after the dance. Peter was sitting in the J.C.R. There were only two other occupants of the room, Jim Oldroyd and Alice Gledhow. An extraordinary pair they were. Now they were lost in some abstruse problem in psychology. She had already published several volumes of poetry, and he was quite famous as a political speaker. They lounged in the big chairs as if their bodies did not belong to them. Alice had great physical beauty. Her proportions were excellent. But Peter wished she were not so obviously proud of her limbs. He turned his back on the two, half enviously.

Would Lucille come? It was near 12.30, and the education lecture would be over then. He had been unable to work all the morning, and had sat for two hours going over the previous night's enjoyment. Lucille had captured his heart completely.

Her eyes had searched him out. They were like the grey profundity of the great pool above Vedal that comes suddenly upon your vision as you breast the high Vosges at Hôhneck, when you look down from 5,000 feet through the encircling majesty of the immense pines upon the cool enchanted water. He remembered now his wild desire on first seeing the gem of a lake, how he had been seized with the notion to leap from the top of the ridge over the masses of splendid trees and dive into the very centre of the dark waves and sink, and sink for ever.

He had felt like that again in that last waltz. Her eyes had searched him out. His soul still burned with the fire of her kiss as he bade her good-night under the great chestnut in the front of her house. And she had promised to go with him to-day out on to the high moors beyond Snowden. What of Arthur? Had she not said she could not understand him? That inflexible calm at the depth of his nature was beyond her comprehension. And had not Arthur himself often said that love at first sight was nonsense, and repudiated the charge that he had ever fallen in love? Yet they were as good as engaged. Peter could not understand it either. A man had no right to fool about with a girl. Anyway, if Lucille came, that would prove there was nothing serious between her and Arthur.

She came; her eyes, softly luminous, transixed him. Their hands touched, and Arthur and all the world slipped out of Time's reckoning.

There was a nip of frost in the air. The roads were dry, and the moorland grass was firm. How she talked as they walked the upland! And how she laughed as he carried her across a swampy patch covered with a thin sheet of ice! Unhesitatingly he had picked her up at her first tiny scream when her foot went through the ice. His way! All women needed protection. Nothing simpler. But Lucille knew that Arthur would have laughed and walked on. At the farm house Peter played to her, revealing unexpected depths of feeling. Arthur went further into the background of her mind. She forgot her appointment with him for 7.30 at Jane Carraway's house. In the motor bus from Otley to Lawnswood they were crushed together. They talked, lightly, ramblingly, half oblivious of the other passengers. It was 9.30 when they reached the terminus. She remembered Arthur, and wondered. Well, it was his own fault. Perhaps it would teach him a lesson. Why shouldn't she be independent? There was a delightful thrill about the whole day's adventure. She put her arm in Peter's. How he gripped! "Aged rock!" So Arthur called him. Well, he was not immovable.

* * * * *

Arthur called at Carraway's at half-past seven. They were old family friends. Jane was entertaining and Arthur enjoyed her company. It was nine o'clock before he realised that Lucille had broken her promise. "I wonder where she is! I'm dying to know how she and old Peter went on last night. It was fine of him to take her. I'd been looking forward to the Fretworkers' show, and I could have murdered someone when I had to back out."

"But," said Jane, with sudden fervour, "Why on earth did you back out? Lucille wouldn't like it, you know."

"Did I like it? It was a matter almost of life and death to Rawlinson that I should go at once to Harrogate. Lucille knows I would not back out except for a good reason."

"Very likely, you dear old fossil, but you know nothing about women. You should pay attention to her, not Rawlinson, or anybody else, if you want her," said Jane in mock reproof.

"Oh, yes," Arthur admitted, "That's alright. But Lucille has sense enough to see that a man who breaks one promise will break another, if it's only personal convenience that counts."

"Lucille is a woman, and you're a fool," replied Jane with a frank smile.

Arthur became grave. "I am what I am, and I'm not bartering myself. You call it all vanity, I know, but I've proved my views to be right before this, and I'll be damned if I'll change them—and now, my beautiful Jane, if you were as plain looking as you are speaking you'd be a Holy Horror." He got up.

Jane laughed. "If there were more men like you——Well, anyway, your principle is alright, but it won't do for most girls. As a matter of fact I saw Lucille and Peter waiting for the bus at Lawnswood this afternoon, so I expect they got farther than they intended, or got lost, or something."

"I suppose so," said Arthur, abstractedly. He took his leave and set off over Woodhouse Ridge, unconsciously following the route he had so often taken with Lucille. Was Jane right? It would be tragic if Lucille had misunderstood. It would shatter his belief in human nature. There would be nothing to live for. Perish the thought. Jane was an ass, her head stuffed with Ethel Dell rubbish. What about Peter? Peter who stood with him in Hell once. Peter, the Rock! The thing was absurd.

He was nearing the Cross Roads at Star Lane, Far Headingley. There, at the corner, was the old chestnut he knew so well. The familiar sight reassured him. He would call at the house and Two figures were slowly approaching the tree—lovers evidently—arm in arm. They stopped. The man had a splendid back. The girl's arms were round his neck as she bent backwards in divine ecstasy.

A car with brilliant headlights came round the curve, throwing into full relief the startled lovers. They stepped back and stood apart, their eyes dazzled.

Arthur Condon gripped a railing. A blasphemous phrase came through his rigid jaws. He strode out into the roadway, hesitated and a scream split the night air. Lucille felt a heavy body dashed against her feet. She had seen those terrible eyes in the full glare of the headlights. Her heart stopped and she sank to the ground.

Peter was on his knees holding the head of his friend. Slowly the eyes opened. A look of unutterable reproach met his gaze. "Arthur!" he appealed hoarsely.

Faintly came the voice, "Peter—the Rock God forgive you." The head sank into the chest.

Peter got up stiffly. His eyes were glazed. He staggered down the lane, his fingers closing convulsively on the Webbley in his overcoat pocket.

A shot rang out.

P.P.M.

It is highly improbable that the next instalment of this thrilling and realistic novel will ever appear.—P.P.M.).

The late Sir Henry Roscoe took a keen interest in the fortunes of the Yorkshire College of Science. He had his foundation as the establishment of one more centre of intellectual energy in the North of England, and an earnest to develop into a place of scientific activity capable of serving the material wants of the district, and of ministering to its culture. This interest was no doubt quickened by the circumstances that two of his pupils, both originally connected with the educational work of Owens College as lecturers and demonstrators, became successively Professors of Chemistry in the Leeds and Liverpool to obtain University powers, an action which was well known estimated in the establishment of a co-ordination of the several colleges under the style and title of the Victoria University. This result proved to be only a temporary solution of an educational problem. It added no adequate settlement of the needs and aspirations of the constituent Colleges, and one after another succeeded in obtaining a special charter whereby it became an independent organisation with power to grant degrees and otherwise to exercise all the powers and privileges of a University.

Roscoe shared his interest in the progress and development of the Yorkshire College in innumerable ways. He was in constant touch with certain of its Professors and was a frequent visitor to Leeds, where he was always welcomed on account of his cheery optimism and wise counsel. It was the day of small things with the Leeds College, but Roscoe had himself lived through an even more strenuous period at Manchester. The progress of the Leeds College was unquestionably more rapid than that of the Manchester Institution at the corresponding period of its existence, a fact not without significance in indicating the growth in popular appreciation of the value of such institutions as these provincial Colleges in serving the intellectual needs of the district in which they are situated.

In my recollection the career of Sir Henry Roscoe seemed only right and proper that some reference should be made to this circumstance and some grateful recognition paid to his warm and active sympathy with the early efforts of the progenitors of the Leeds College to establish an educational institution worthy of the community among which it was placed.

Oh! Helen!

GIRLS, like most other things, are sent to try us. I am sure there is no more considerate, sympathetic, and broad-minded fellow in the University than I am. I join all the best Societies, I mean those that will be no earthly use to me, but which have for their object the perfection of human society. Regularly every Saturday morning I take part in the International meeting, and I never miss the League of Nations or the Social Study Society. The Christian Union can always rely on my attendance at its tea parties, and I accept all the invitations to Smokers and Hostel debauches; in fact, anything that is intended to promote fellowship commands my earnest co-operation. True, I cannot afford to go to the Union Dance, having been so well trained in Economics, though I might overcome my scruples in this matter if I could be assured that the ceremony would be enlivened with true Christian refreshments instead of citrous fruits.

Yet Helen is for ever criticizing my attitude to life. She thinks me lax and dreamy. Her heart is made of sterner stuff than mine. I often notice it when we attend lectures together occasionally. She likes to go with me to the public lectures and I confess it is not unpleasant to sit there in the gallery of the Great Hall holding her hand, for she is, strangely enough, very nervous in the dark. Not long ago a learned Professor who knows everything about Egypt's past was saying what a great woman was Akenhaten's wife, or mother-in-law. (I forget which, but it doesn't matter since it all happened so long ago). And he told how she had brought valuable trees from Somaliland to the Adelphi, or whatever they called the place where the King lived. Well, it seems that the Professor was making excavations recently in the hope of finding some more pyramids, when he discovered two of these trees, their trunks, branches, and roots still in position. Whereupon I, and most of the audience, burst into applause. Helen was quite annoyed! On the way home she explained what she called the psychology of applause.

"The fact is," she said decisively, "You didn't know what the man was talking about and your nerves were strained and your mind was wandering so that you formed some silly association of ideas and applauded when there was nothing at all to make a fuss about. The Professor hadn't done anything but find the trees. He hadn't made them last 4,000 years."

"Oh no!" I said, "It wasn't that at all. You are quite wrong. You see—you don't understand it at all. Anyone can see you learn your psychology where you learn your history—in the Education Department. Now what you can't see is that it was jolly fine of those trees to last so long."

I knew she wouldn't like that about the Education Department, but really the staff they tell their victims over there! . . . and the shocking way the poor things get camed for playing truant! . . . Well, it simply doesn't do to let them practise that sort of thing in educated circles.

But mind this, I admire her spirit. "Well," she said, half repentantly, "I admit I never thought of that explanation. It's rather a good one for an economist. But you shouldn't have been so sudden when you started clapping. You nearly tore my fur and you bumped your shoulder into my ear. I wondered what on earth was the matter."

"Oh!" I replied, "I didn't realise you were enjoying yourself so well. I thought you were listening to the lecture."

"My dear Pip," she said softly, "If you had been through our Department you wouldn't have thought anything so foolish."

"Ah yes!" I said, "I remember now—you just play noughts and crosses over there."

"You're really a most awful fool, Pip. Everybody knows we have splendid discipline. We believe in it. That's why I can stand the strain of a serious lecture without interrupting the business with stupid applause. You are such a woolly-headed dreamer, with all your ridiculous societies."

Now I am too great an artist not to appreciate such brazen lying. The fact of the matter was that she had her head on my shoulder and was looking at the ceiling during most of the lecture. Of course I didn't really know what the applause was about, but when people start applauding they also begin to look round, and it's really best to join in. But Helen, being a girl of spirit, didn't want to let on that she hadn't listened any more than I had. That's what I like about her. All the same, she has no need to run down my views of life.

However, I thought of a way to pacify her before we got to her house. I pulled out a piece of paper and said, "Well, look here, Helen, never mind about all that. Here's a bit of poetry for you." She brightened up at once, for she has been in the English School. So I read it out:—

"The white wave curls singing on the shore among the pebbles,

The white nymphs dance and sing: something about dark Helen.

Something about dark Helen

The sea's blue is in my eyes,

And in my ears the song of the white nymphs: something about dark Helen.

Something about dark Helen."

She gave me a shove that sent me into the middle of the road, and dashed into the house. Now what can a fellow make of it?

Pip.

"Helenic Ventilations"

Sir,

If "Pip" is going to ventilate his grievances in the press, I don't see why I should not do likewise. He has told his clientele about his horrible cruelty to Pussy and the affair of the Donation of the Florin. Now he is telling them how he annoyed me by saying nasty things of my new department.

A short while ago, I asked him to suggest an epitaph on a supposed dear friend of his who had passed away in the Education Department. (There's no knowing what is going to happen). He wrote:—

"Promoted—

From the Kindergarten of Earth

To the High School of Paradise."

What a fool! It makes me creep to just think of it. It's such a pity Pip's erudition has been of the "sprawling" variety. If only he were in the Education Department, he wouldn't be able to join so many silly societies, and waste his valuable time in the ridiculous fashion he does.

For instance, it took every effort I could command to get him to that interesting lecture on Egypt. When I got him there he sat down beside me and looked beside himself. I could see that he was upset; that he had something rankling in his breast. (Pip denies having had any eucumber.—Ed.). He just wanted an exit for his feelings and it came in that ridiculous applause. I have since discovered the cause of that spasmodic cachinnation: an incident at the back of the Hall which tickled the risibility of the crowd. Yet, I thought it rather smart of him to think out his subtle explanation and I told him so. But he damaged my fur I told him that too!

Pip seemed to think I was annoyed and needed pacification. He was very apologetic as we walked home. At the instant of our parting he overcame some natural shyness and said he had written some poetry to me. Oh Joy!

But then he read it out.

The insufferable trickster! The incarnation of absolute villainy! I recognised it at once as a sacrilegious plagiarism from the *Northern Venture* which he had pressed on to me a day or so before.* He hadn't even troubled to change the word *dark* . . . *dark Helen, indeed!* . . . and me . . . a *petite blonde* (Tears—Ed.). Now he wonders why I gave him a push that sent him reeling into the street and slammed the door in his face.

I saw him through the window muttering something about poet's licence. His countenance was set in madness and covered with tiny beads of perspiration. I watched and waited till someone took him home.

Now what can a girl make of him?

HELEN.

* (Pip admits presenting the *Northern Venture* to Miss Helen but denies having read the book. He says he won it in a raffle and didn't know what to do with it.—EDITOR.)

Correspondence

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

Sir,

The Review of *A Northern Venture* which appeared in the October *Gryphon* displays neither critical faculty on the part of the writer nor even common fairness. It is, of course, a little amusing that the only unfavourable review of this book should come from the one periodical from which a little praise and encouragement might have been with reasonable certainty expected, but it is not merely a question of the ambiguity of a University magazine failing to support a University publication: the high standard of last year's *Gryphon* gives it a legitimate claim to impartiality. The trouble is that the review was not impartial, nor even competent. What is one to think of the mentality of a person who judges a poem by its length, or lack of it? If brevity be unseemly where is the value of the Greek Anthology, of Herrick, of Shakespeare's songs, of most modern poetry?

Even if one considers the book as an anthology of verse with no allowance for the circumstances of its production there is only one really bad piece in it, and that one piece your reviewer chooses to quote as a sample of the quality of the whole. I am prepared to admit that there is much in the book which is not particularly remarkable, but I maintain that there is also much fine stuff in it. Such poems as Mr. Wolegde's *The Return* and *The Sunrise* and Mr. Tolkien's *Man in the Moss* would be noteworthy in any collection of poems, and if the book be judged, as surely in all fairness it should be, as being composed in the main of undergraduate verse, its quality should be seen to be remarkably high. Incidentally, the sneer at Mr. Wolegde is in the worst of taste, and I think that it should be stated that the contributors had nothing whatever to do with the selection of the contents.

Many poets whose names are now well known were first introduced to the public through the medium of just such an anthology and there is no reason why Leeds, which has already produced more than one successful writer, should not continue to publish anthologies as good as, if not better than, those of other Universities. But apparently it is to receive little encouragement to do so from its magazine.

Yours faithfully,

S. MATTHEWMAN.

"A NORTHERN VENTURE."

To the Editor of "*The Gryphon*."

Sir,

Mr. Matthewman's poor opinion of my "mentality" may be allowed to pass. It is clear that for once my friend's chagrin has got the better of his courtesy. He should, however, have kept silent on the matter of "taste," if he cannot find any better means of replying to a matter of literary criticism than by descending to personalities.

May I crave the indulgence of your valuable space while I add a rejoinder to one or two of the points raised in his letter?

First, Mr. Matthewman says "it should be stated that the contributors had nothing whatever to do with the selection of the contents." Did I say they had? I was under the impression that my remarks related to the contents themselves: not to their *selection*—a very different matter. If, however, Mr. Matthewman is right, my mentality must be even worse than he implies. What, in fact, did I say!—this: that none of the pieces in the *Northern Venture* seemed likely to "confer immortality on their authors." Now if Mr. Matthewman holds the opposite view he cannot prove it by merely saying so. We both shall have to wait and see.

Secondly, Mr. Matthewman chides me for quoting, as an example, the worst poem in the book. Well, that was the only quotation I did give, but my friend goes further by admitting "there is much in the book which is not particularly remarkable!" If that is Mr. Matthewman's considered judgment, then would he have had me to quote more? He adds that there are pieces in the book "that would be noteworthy in any collection of poems." Noteworthy for what? As the work of undergraduates? Possibly; but the book does not state that the pieces are the work of undergraduates. Nor are they all, though Mr. Matthewman pauses not to tell us which, if any, of the undergraduate pieces are amongst those which he admits are not "particularly remarkable."

Again, he asks "where is the value of the Greek Anthology," etc., if poems are to be judged solely upon the score of their length? Ah, where indeed! I agree with Mr. Augustine Birrell that the average reader of poetry in these days likes it cut short. What I did say, however, was that some of the pieces in the "*Venture*" run to no more than eight lines—a simple statement of fact, as Mr. Matthewman will see if he cares to count them. And the same is true of the number of Mr. Wolledge's contributions. For Mr. Matthewman therefore to say that I was sneering at Mr. Wolledge for giving the number of pieces in the book seems rather to call for an examination into his own phenological development. As to being "competent," one hardly needs to be a chef in order to appreciate a good dinner. If poetry is only to be read by specialists it is very little use offering it to the general public. But does not Mr. Matthewman rather give his case away by his naive confession of disappointment that the *Gryphon* failed to "boom" the work? Why should any University magazine praise the effusions of a coterie of its members irrespective of the merit of their work? If, last year, the *Gryphon* was in the habit of doing that, as Mr. Matthewman seems to imply, then so much the worse for its last year's reputation. I doubt it, though.

I wonder what Mr. Matthewman means by being "impartial"? Can he mean—I hesitate to say it—agreeing with him? If so, it may save misunderstanding in future if he would kindly say so.

Yours faithfully, H.S.

[In reply to Mr. Matthewman's charge that the *Gryphon* has failed to be impartial in this matter, it is as well to inform our readers that the review was done by a gentleman who has had a wide journalistic experience, reviews regularly for several leading newspapers and magazines, and who has no connection with the University. We have attempted to be, therefore, as impartial as possible.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*,"
SIR,

Dyeing Department.

A few months ago a protest was made in your columns against the number of "outsiders" attending University dances. A praiseworthy attempt has now been made to discourage people "who were out for a good dance on the cheap."

Unfortunately, apparently, old students of the University are classed with people who have no connection whatever, except in so far as the former are allowed to purchase tickets before November 15th—a concession which I scarcely think was common knowledge much before that date. This does not seem fair, nor even expedient, when one bears in mind how much help, it is hoped, will be forthcoming from former members of the Union. Surely every effort should be made to encourage old students to keep in touch with the present generation—especially as their Association is still in its infancy, albeit a lusty one.

Again, why should there be such an increase in the price of tickets? As an excuse the fact that last year's dance was a financial failure seems to me to be somewhat inadequate. The incurrance of greater expense is not economy. No doubt it is necessary to raise the price to cover expenses. But why have Olly Oakley's Orchestra? If we must have a London Orchestra, why not the Grenadier Guards' and have tickets at two guineas! Then, probably, there would be protests from the "outsiders" against the number of students present!

Yours, etc., H. F. CROW.

Marriages

ORTON-HOGLEY.—On August 22nd, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Holmfirth, by the Rev. J. Humphries, Herbert Wordford Orton, M.C., to Marian, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hogley, of Holmfirth, Yorks.

It will be remembered that Mr. Orton was Sec. of the Union with Mr. Seymour Jones, 1919-20, being at the University from 1914-15 and 1919-20. His wife was a member of University Hall and the History Honours School. The principal bridesmaid was Miss F. Ward, President of the W.R.C. 1919-20.

CURRIE-PILKINGTON.—On November 7th, at St. Michael's Church, Headingley, by the Rev. R. H. Malden, Vicar, Dr. Donald Currie, eldest son of the late Mr. James I. Currie, and of Mrs. Currie, of Clarendon Road, Leeds, to Kathleen Isabel, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Pilkington, Estcourt Avenue, Headingley.

Most of the members of the University will remember Donald Currie as being the second post-war President of the Union; one of that hardworking band of enthusiasts to whom the Union owes so much.

To both these happy couples the *Gryphon*, on behalf of the University, offers its congratulations and best wishes.

FI Chemistry :—

"Ammonia is a stable gas."

"Take, shall we say, a stout bottle."

Latest Translation :—

Tempus fugit :—"They close at ten."

A libel at the Union Dance :—

Fair young Fresher : "You know, I feel so young, I do wish I could look a little older!"

Fourth year escort : "Read the *Gryphon*, it'll put years on you!"

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

Current Union Affairs

IT is impossible to detail the amount of work which has passed through the Union Office during the last month, or to give any adequate account of the work of the numerous Committees of the Union; the work has been of all kinds from the elaborate arrangements necessary for a Union Ball to merely applying for cheap tickets for students. There are, however, two important decisions of the Union Committee to which I should like to draw attention—the decision to hold the General Meeting early next term, and a 'Varsity Week' at the end of term.

GENERAL MEETING.

There will be a General Meeting early next term and arrangements are now well in hand and it is hoped we shall be able to revive such enthusiasm as was witnessed at the first General Meeting two years ago. The importance of such a meeting, if properly conducted, cannot be over estimated. Although such a meeting is of immense value to the corporate life of any University and although it will always have its humorous side, it should be remembered that the ultimate aim of a General Meeting is business. It is here that the Union Officials submit their various propositions and the policy that they have pursued for the consideration of the Union members. Also, any member of the Union can bring forward a motion if due notice is given to the President or Secretary of the Union, and we hope that full advantage will be taken of this opportunity.

'Varsity Week.

The most important item which will appear on the Agenda at the General Meeting will be the proposal of the Union Sub-Committee concerning 'Varsity Week'. There is no need to elaborate at length on the value or the necessity of such a Week—it is obvious, but it is essential if this week is to be made a success that every member of the Union shall not only register his approval of the scheme but pledge his wholehearted support. Before the Union Committee finally embarks on this scheme every means will be taken to ensure this support. The Executive realise that it is one of those schemes which will either be a tremendous success or a miserable failure. We venture therefore to append the proposals of the Sub-Committee, although this is an unusual procedure, so that everyone will have time to consider these proposals before the General Meeting.

F. G. THOMAS.

Second Meeting of 'Varsity Week Sub-Committee held on Friday, November 30th, 1923, at 2.0 p.m.

1. In the Chair:—Mr. Thomas.

Present:—Misses Parkin, Foster and Stuart, Professor Gillespie, Messrs. Milne, Best, Shackleton, Shaw and Seager.

2. CO-OPTION OF MEMBERS.

In order that the Committee might keep a more sensitive finger on the pulse of activities for the week, the following members were co-opted:—

- (a) Miss D. I. Stuart and Mr. H. B. Shaw (Editors of the *Gryphon*).
- (b) Messrs. Anderson and Marsden.
- (c) Mr. Murphy (Chairman Debating Society).
- (d) Mr. J. V. S. Milne (Asst. Treasurer to the Union).

2. DATES.

The dates for the week were fixed as 17th to 20th March, 1923, inclusive.

3. PROGRAMME.

- (a) It was reported that the Senate have fixed upon 14th and 15th March, 1924, for the University Open Days.
- (b) The Viennese Exhibition: This shall be open (by invitation) on Friday, 14th March, 1924, and shall be opened to the public on Saturday, 15th March, 1924, when an invitation shall be given to some person (not yet nominated) to perform the formal opening.
- (c) The question of Patrons and of time together with other details shall be left to the Sub-Committee and the exhibition shall be held in the Great Hall for the duration of the Varsity Week.
- (d) The Gryphon staff shall make the second issue of the *Gryphon* for the term a special Varsity Week issue, the suggestion being made that the Union guarantee to pay any deficit on the number up to a maximum of £10. All further details to be in the hands of the *Gryphon* staff.
- (e) Inter-Varsity Debate shall take place on the afternoon of Thursday, 20th March, 1924, in the Great Hall.
- (f) Inter-Varsity Dance:—
 - (1) The Entertainments Committee shall be asked to undertake arrangements for the Dance, acting as a Sub-Committee of the above.

The following recommendations were made:—

- (i.) That 5/- be the maximum price for tickets.
- (ii.) That it shall be a full-dress dance, a reception being held at 7.30 p.m. and the proceedings finishing at 2 a.m.
- (g) Owing to shortage of time during the week, the International Concert and the performance by the Dramatic Section of the Choral and Dramatic Society shall be alternatives, the Secretary to write to the Dramatic Section.
- (h) Miss Parkin reported that an offer had been received from Oxley Hall to hold an "At Home" for the delegates during the week, and the Secretary was asked to express the Committee's acceptance and thanks.
- (i) Miss Parkin was asked to call a meeting of the Hostel Presidents to make further arrangements and Miss Foster was asked to organise the effort of the Women Day Students.
- (j) The Dinner:—The price to be 5/-; further arrangements to be made later.

THE PROVISIONAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK ARE AS FOLLOWS:

FRIDAY, 14th MARCH, 1924.

Viennese Exhibition to be open by invitation.
Theatre Evening.

SATURDAY, 15th MARCH, 1924.

Formal Opening of Viennese Exhibition.

SUNDAY, 16th MARCH, 1924.

9.0 p.m., Meeting in the Great Hall.

MONDAY, 17th MARCH, 1924.

Morning	Association Inter-Departmental Cup Final.
Afternoon	Rugby Football Match.
Evening	Performance by the Dramatic Section of the Choral and Dramatic Society.

TUESDAY, 18th MARCH, 1924.

Afternoon	Rugby Cup Final at Gledhow.
Evening	Performance by Choral Section of Choral and Dramatic Society.

WEDNESDAY, 19th MARCH, 1924.

Afternoon .. Association Football Match, Leeds v. Sheffield, at Weetwood.
 "At Home" at Oxley Hall.
 Evening Dinner.

THURSDAY, 20th MARCH, 1924.

Debate.
 Evening Dance.

L. G. SEAGER, Hon. Sec.,

'Varsity Week Committee.

The Union Dance

MOST of those who went to the Union Dance came away saying that they had just enjoyed one of the best dances ever held at the Varsity—for three reasons: First, the Great Hall was just comfortably full for dancing, collisions were few and far between; Secondly, the orchestra was one of the best to which we have had the pleasure of dancing—it was perfect in time, tune and all those attributes which differentiate a good dance orchestra from a jazz band; Thirdly, the percentage of outsiders was much lower than is usual at any Varsity Dance, Union or otherwise. As to the financial result, at so short notice we cannot be definitely informed, but we are assured that the deficit is not large.

This Dance has caused perhaps more criticism than any other in our time, but much of the criticism is answerable. The Entertainments Committee were told by the Union Committee that the Dance should, if possible, pay its way. Apart from the present critical financial state of the Union, much adverse criticism was levelled at the loss of £50 last year. Hence an increase in the price of the tickets was essential. It was unfortunate though, that 8/6 was fixed as the price, for 7/6 does not seem nearly so much, probably because we are used to 7/6 as a more or less standard charge for things. It was hard on the students who could not afford it, but only about 50 per cent. can afford to come to any dances, and tickets for the Rigger Dance are going well at 6/6 we are told. One would think that the average student would go to the Union Dance rather than any other dance, even at an increased cost of 4/- for a double ticket.

The cost of the orchestra came in for much criticism. That was because of the fact that the date of the Dance was fixed too late to engage any local orchestra. A Union Dance cannot very well be served by a second-rate orchestra, from a point of view of prestige. Such criticisms involving the suggestion that the Coldstream Guards' Band should be engaged show the ability of the critics to deal with the situation had they had the work to do themselves.

The Entertainments Committee undoubtedly made a mistake in making the 10/6 tickets applicable to non-Union rather than non-University members. This kept away many old students, especially recent members of the Union. But at the same time, it was very regrettable that so few of the junior members of the Staff thought fit to come. As an old student remarked, "Granted that a mistake has been made, I don't see why it should keep me away." Of course we heard on every side that it was "the principle of the thing, not the cost." Principle is often confused with principal. Most of the few members of the Staff who did come with their ladies were also old students, and so had two grounds for staying away—had they wished.

Medical Notes

SINCE our last issue he of whom Sir Michael Sadler spoke as "the Nestor of Leeds University" has gone from us. Mr. T. Pridgin Teale died on November 13th at the great age of 92; he was the G.O.M. of Surgery at Leeds, and we mourn his loss.

Our sympathies and our best wishes go out to Mr. Walter Thompson and to Dr. Veale, of the Infirmary Honorary Staff, both of whom have undergone operations recently and are progressing as well as can be expected.

The Annual Medical Dinner was held on November 16th at the Queen's Hotel, the year's President, Mr. Carlton Oldfield, F.R.C.S., presiding, and some 160 members were present. We are happy to report that the Dinner reached, and the speeches came very near to reaching, the usual high standard.

The Students' Evening of the Medical Society was held on November 6th when two Papers were read: "Maladies of the Great," by Miss M. E. Knowles, and "The Anatomie of Melancholy," by Mr. T. H. Taylor. The Papers were much enjoyed and the whole evening was a great success. On November 21st, Dr. Vining, M.D., M.R.C.P., read a Paper on "Generalism and Specialism." He dealt with the work and life of the General Practitioner comparing them with those of the Specialist—not the Consultant, but the Medical man who, through a Practitioner, specialised in one branch of disease. The paper was of great interest, especially to those Students who will shortly graduate and are called upon to decide what line of service they are to take.

The Medical Ball has been fixed for January 11th.

Apropos of Rugger—the Medical subscription list for the Engineers' wreath has amounted to 29/3. As there are rumours of a University v. Medicals match it would be wise to start a list now as the wreath will necessarily be a much more costly one.

Women's Representative Council

THE Second Meeting of the W.R.C. was held on Thursday, November 22nd, in the Committee Room.

A letter was read from Miss D. Hoyle resigning her offices as Treasurer of the W.R.C., Swimming Representative and Chairman of the Union Rooms Sub-Committee on account of pressure of work. Her resignation was accepted with much regret.

Miss M. Blench was elected Treasurer.

Miss M. Heptonstall was elected Swimming Representative.

Miss M. Simpson was elected Chairman of the Union Rooms Sub-Committee.

Arrangements for the Inter-Varsity week to be held next term were discussed. It was suggested that open evenings might be held in the different Halls, and some form of entertainment be given.

It was proposed that a General Meeting of Women Students should be held early next term.

M.C.P.

Cavendish Society

THE Society is flourishing, having a membership of over 170. Four meetings have been held this term, all of which have been well attended.

Professor Cohen in his Presidential Address ("Chemistry—Scientific and Unscientific") exposed the weaknesses of legislature in this country dealing with the sale of drugs and patent medicines. Turning to the Scientific side he gave a brief summary of the work being done on antiseptic action in relation to structure.

On October 30th Professor Gray gave an account of his work on "Smokes as Aerial Colloids." The results show the strict analogy between smokes and colloidal solutions—the phenomena of coagulation, peptisation and protection, etc., being forcibly demonstrated.

On November 13th Mr. Hoskins read a Paper on "Temperature Extremes." The attainment and measurement of extreme temperatures were described in some detail and several types of pyrometers were on view. As the result of work in the Leiden Laboratories the lowest temperature yet obtained is 0.82° absolute, at which temperature Helium still remains liquid.

On November 20th a Special Meeting was held, to which all members of the University were invited. Sir J. C. Bose, F.R.S., gave a very interesting account of his apparatus for measuring the rate of assimilation in plants. He showed us the actual apparatus in use and the results he had obtained with it.

Through the kindness of the *Yorkshire Post*, a number of parties of members of the Society are being conducted round the printing department, where the production of the *Evening Post* is seen in detail. J. A. Sugden, Hon. Sec.

Choral and Dramatic Society

THE Choral and Dramatic Society has already showed itself to be still alive and going strong, with its first production for the season—the repeat performance of the concert version of "Merrie England." A large audience showed itself to be enjoying the fare offered, by numerous encores, and the Choir acquitted itself well, and some numbers could not have been better rendered anywhere. But, let us make an appeal here and now for a few more male voices. Many men hold back through fear of a musical examination or a voice test, through being afraid of the formalities of entrance. They are afraid of what does not exist. The Society exists solely for pleasure, and whilst not catering for a revue loving public, it is not "high-brow." Therefore, if those men who have held back hitherto by reason of bashfulness will come to the rehearsals they will find themselves welcomed by a group of informal, happy and enthusiastic people who are, after all, only students like themselves. Rehearsals are in progress for a "Tale of Old Japan," and these take place in the Great Hall on Tuesdays at 5.0 o'clock, lasting only an hour. Only a few rehearsals have yet been held so that prospective members will not find themselves left behind. Let us repeat the invitation for all those who care to to come along and join us.

The Dramatic section is also suffering from a lack of enthusiasm, but to a far greater extent. The response to requests for assistance, in connection with the production of the "Birds," has been so disappointing that unless matters improve greatly and quickly, the scheme will have to be abandoned.

The Society is not limited to any one section of the University but makes its appeal to all, to help it either by joining its ranks or by supporting its productions, and at present we want more helpers in order that we may provide more and better concerts. Stand not upon the order of your coming—but hustle.

Debating Society

ONE of the chief events of the winter term, both for the Debating Society and the University is Parliament Night. The happenings of that night are chronicled elsewhere, but there are one or two comments which need to be made here.

The debate, both on the side of attendance—there were between 700 and 800 present—and quality of speaking was more successful than any held in recent years.

Unfortunately there was a small element present which had apparently come for no other purpose than of acting the hooligan. These people, with their attenuated sense of the really humorous, and their exaggerated idea of their own importance, were so obsessed by a desire to appear "sporting" that they lost all vestige of sportsmanship. I would suggest that for those who are ignorant of the rules of debate, a single comprehensive rule will suffice. It is, *behave like a gentleman*.

The first dinner-hour debate was held on October 22nd, when Mr. Murphy proposed that "Dancing is in itself a trifling, silly thing, but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform, and then they should be able to do it well." He was opposed by Miss D. Jenkins, in a clever speech which the entertainments Sub-Committee might do well to utilise when approaching the Pro-Vice-Chancellor on the subject. The voting was: For, 14; Against, 45; Majority, 31.

The second dinner-hour debate was held on November 22nd, the subject being "That the League of Nations is the only means of preventing war."

Mr. Weaver proposed the motion, pooh-poohing any other means of attaining that desirable end; Mr. Robertson, opposing, in turn pooh-poohed the League and stood out for the Economic Interpretation of History.

The voting this time was more even, the proposition being carried by one vote.

Although the attendances at these debates have improved, the general level of speaking has not been noticeably high—a fact which demonstrates the soundness of the Committee's policy of arranging for a large number of big debates like the one on Wednesday, December 5th, when (I am writing beforehand) four prominent members of the staff will lead for and against the proposition that "*De gustibus non est disputandum*."

H.M.R.

Engineering Society

TWO highly successful meetings of the Engineering Society have already been held this session. On November 9th, Mr. C. B. Trye, who was a Civil Engineering Student here two years ago, read a most interesting paper on "The Reconstruction of an important Bridge on the London, Midland and Scottish Railway." He described how the bridge was demolished and rebuilt whilst the traffic was allowed to proceed both underneath and above. The lecture was well illustrated both by slides and sectional drawings.

The second lecture of the session was given on November 16th by Mr. L. C. Perkins, on "Spinning Tops and Gyroscopic Motion." Mr. Perkins had with him some score of models to illustrate his subject. It was regretted that owing to the short time the lecture had to be slightly curtailed.

On November 15th a smoking concert was held in the Refectory. Numerous students and a member of the staff sang songs and gave recitations. Altogether the evening was a very jovial one and passed all too soon. Another Engineering Smoker has been fixed for December 14th, to clear the air after the examinations, and it is hoped that all students, particularly first year men, will make a point of attending. For further particulars see W. H. Vickers.

It is to be hoped that more first year men will be seen at future meetings of the Society—it is the duty of all Engineers to join.

Dec. 7th. "The Uniflow Engine," T. B. Perry, Esq.

Jan. 18th. "Sewerage Purification," G. A. Hart, Esq.

Feb. 1st. "Recent Developments in Heavy Security Work," E. Chubb, Esq.

Feb. 15th. "The Railways of the Union of South Africa," H. K. Bamber, Esq.

March 7th. "Relativity," Dr. Brodetsky.

The Annual Dance will be held in the Great Hall on January 25th, 1924, at 8 p.m.

As this is one of THE dances of the year, tickets should be booked early.

E. SHACKLETON,	} Hon.
H. F. ARKHEURST,	

International Society

THE new Society has had a very successful term. The fundamental problem is the relation of independent Nation-States to Society as a whole. This is only a new phase of the very old conundrum about the individual and the community. But it is the most urgent problem before the world to-day, and it is also one which Universities are peculiarly fitted to solve.

The International Society has shown wisdom in its method of approach. Sentimentality may be good, but political students need to be practical. For this reason the Society has courageously tackled actual National problems before discussing idealistic solutions. Thus we have had this term a series of weekly discussions on Italy and Mussolini, Indian Non-Co-operation, the Young Chinese Democratic Movement, Swiss Democracy, Egyptian Independence, Zionism in Palestine, and the present European chaos. Except on the Italian question, a representative of the nation concerned opened the discussion.

The method will be continued next term, when the new Central European tangle will be dealt with by a Tebecko-Slovakian. Other problems down for discussion are Mexico and the U.S.A., Spain, Sinn Fein, and White Australia.

It is hoped that the knowledge thus obtained of the facts of particular problems will form a sound basis from which to begin a study of the Geographical, Historical and Legal aspects of modern international relationships.

Sometime in February an international social will be held.

P.P.M.

Newman Society

WE have backed a few losers this term. Dr. Vance cancelled his engagement to lecture to us in October. He hadn't heard of it! On Nov. 13th Father John O'Connor, who was to have opened a discussion on Francis Thompson, got misplaced. But the Social and Dance went on in the Refectory in spite of the disappointment.

Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., due at 7.30 p.m. on November 26th was an hour late on account of train accidents and fog. But the time was passed in a Fireworks Debate on "Cushions or Bayonets." Father C. C. Martindale arrived eventually bringing cordial wishes from Sir Michael Sadler, whom he had just left at Oxford.

The dance arranged for December 5th was cancelled after the tickets had been printed, as the prospects of failure seemed too bright. The Apologetics Class met with a ready response from members, but had to be postponed till next term for lack of a suitable tutor.

The Society has co-operated successfully with the Cathedral Social Study Club in providing lectures and debates. The joint debate between the Newman, the College Old Boys, and the Study Club took place on Friday, December 7th. The debate was preceded by a Tea and Benediction. P.P.M.

Officers' Training Corps

ON October 19th we received a visit from the Adjutant, Major P. I. Currie, O.B.E., M.C., and Major Green, the War Office representative. The latter was pleased to see the social side of Corps life catered for by the Common Room, and suggested further additions which would make the club more comfortable. These additions will shortly be made. We hope to obtain before long rugs, curtains for the windows, some good pictures, and a writing table—small items perhaps, but articles which will greatly add to the appearance of the rooms. Major Green complimented us on the keenness shown in the O.T.C. work, adding, that although the Contingent was small, he considered it had reached a high standard as regards organisation and efficiency.

The Contingent "Smoker" was held in the Refectory on Wednesday, November 14th, a welcome event, following as it did, the "A" and "B" certificate examinations. The attendance was not large but we spent a very jolly evening, and we should like to thank those members who contributed to its success.

The Geddes Axe is evidently not going to spare the O.T.C. It is proposed to reduce the capitation grant, Camp, and other allowances, by 10 per cent. Fortunately our position is happier than that of some of the other Corps in the Senior Division, but the reduction of the Camp grant would affect us, and we sincerely hope it will never come into operation.

Our strength is now 64. There is still plenty of room for new members and plenty of time for newcomers to complete their efficiency parades before next year's Camp. The roster of Officers has been increased by the attachment of Lient. H. B. Shaw, from the 5th Battalion The Durham Light Infantry, for drills and instructional parades.

S. J. CURTIS, Captain.

Officer Commanding.

Social Study Society

THE Presidential Address of the Society was given on October 18th, by Mr. A. N. Shimmin, who outlined a scheme to collect details for a Social Survey of Leeds to be carried out by the Society.

In the course of a few introductory remarks on "Our Social System," he said we are trying to develop ideas and ideals in face of a rigid, ill-balanced and unevenly working industrial system, which had developed piecemeal in response to the rather capricious demands of our own community and other communities. He mentioned as an obvious mistake the belief that wealth creation or acquisition, as the whole end of co-ordinated effort, had given us the idea that if we specialised on the development of powers which would give us a certain skill, we could then purchase the equivalent of the development of other powers with the wealth acquired.

The object of the scheme was to enable the community in Leeds to understand how it lives, and the idea had been formulated, not in a spirit of self-advertisement or of superior action towards the less fortunate, but only in the sense of a purely scientific investigation to find out and place within reasonable compass the essential facts. There was much evidence which might readily be tapped. The scheme, which was not in its final form, consisted of three main sections. A Society must pay attention first of all to its public health; secondly, to the development of its brains, the educational system; and last, but by no means least, to its industrial system. Other headings were destitution and special schemes, and voluntary social effort. The whole community could not proceed with a full scientific course of social training at the University, but University students could do something to bring before the public of Leeds the benefits of corporate study. He had offered as the information came in to check, supervise, and co-ordinate it.

In reply to the discussion, Mr. Shimmin welcomed the suggestion of adding a section of recreation. He explained that his first aim was to get a snapshot of Leeds under these headings, because no co-ordinated view was available. A pen picture of the slums might be sketched, and the point of view of those who lived there recorded. Rather than a mass of statistics relating to the number of rooms occupied, and the diseases which had prevailed, he would like a picture of how people viewed industry and the social life around them.

The Second Meeting of the Society was held on November 15th when Mr. W. Macpherson (Inspector of Schools to the Bradford Education Authority) spoke on "The Education of the Group Mind." The President (Mr. A. N. Shimmin) was in the Chair.

The Lecturer discussed the psychology of groups, and compared the workings of the group mind with those of the individual mind. He upheld the view that the gregarious instinct can be so educated that the evils of group action may be avoided. The corporate conduct, he said, of groups such as trade unions, churches, civic corporations, and parliaments was different from that of the individuals comprising them, and tended to be of a higher or lower order. The conditions for the education of the group mind were organisation and the development of true group consciousness. It was, moreover, essential that members of groups such as trade unions should learn to realise their relations with individuals and with members of other groups. We were now on the right lines in the education we were giving in our schools, and in not using repressive methods to the same extent. Those methods, he added, had in the past led in some cases to perversion of the herd instinct.

"The Gryphon"

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H. Balmforth Shaw, B.A.

Sub-Editors :-

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General .. W. R. Cooper, M.A.
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W. B. Childs, Esq., M.A.
Union .. F. G. Thomas, B.A.

Acknowledgments

The Northerner; *The Student* (4); *The Glasgow University Magazine* (3); *The Otago University Journal*; *The Serpent*; *The Mermaid*; Leeds City Library additions Catalogues (4); Foyles' Catalogues of educational books (5); Proceedings of the Medical Association; *Yorkshire Poetry* (December); Miles' Catalogues (Leeds).



BY now we have had time to note the results of the choice of the selection Committees in picking teams at the beginning of the season. And there is not much room for criticism. The only club which has not yet settled down is the Men's Hockey. Of the other clubs, we might mention the Soccer Club which made more changes by way of infusing new blood at the beginning of the season than any other club. The Committee are to be complimented on their work, which is well justified by results. The Harriers hold pride of place among all the clubs, for neither team has yet been beaten—and this without any support from Freshers! They are closely followed by the Women's Hockey club, who took their first defeat of 6-2 at the hands of Ben Rhydding so seriously that until their collapse at the end of the Sheffield match, we thought they had refused to be beaten again. Their win of 5-0 over Liverpool on a wet and greasy ground is eloquent of the strength of every line in the team.

With regard to general administrative work by the General Athletics Committee it may be of interest to state when the grounds have been loaned. The Lacrosse grounds, both men and women's were used for the Women's Yorkshire Trials, Yorkshire v. Cheshire match and Northern Trials, and the Women's Hockey ground was lent for the Women's County Trials. While the G.A.C. wish to help County Associations as much as possible and lend the grounds to them free of charge, they feel that they cannot do the same when clubs apply for the use of a ground. The G.A.C. Secretary attended a meeting of the Inter-Varsity Athletics Board at Cardiff, and although a great deal of business was transacted the only items of immediate general interest to Union members was the draw for the I.V.A.B. finals and semi-finals which are as follows:—

Semi-finals:—

Hockey ..	North v. South.	Wales a bye.
Rugger ..	South v. Wales.	North a bye.
Soccer ..	North v. Wales.	South a bye.

Semi-finals are to be played on or before 8th March, and Finals on or before 15th March.

The Women have branched out on a University Board of their own, known as the W.I.V.A.B., with a constitution of its own. Through an oversight (we hope), the I.V.A.B. were not informed of this, and nearly fixed the dates of the Women's Hockey Semi-finals and Finals at the meeting in Cardiff. However, the Women have now fixed their own dates at a recent meeting in Manchester, as follows:—

Semi-finals: North v. Wales, at Manchester, 5th March. South a bye.
Final at Birmingham, 12th March.

The G.A.C. have had the very unpleasant task of reducing all club expenditure by 12½ per cent. on last year's estimates. The work developed into a rather complex matter of high finance, but was eventually settled to suit most people. The cut has generally been made by reducing secretaries' expenses to £1 10s. and reducing

the grant for Durham fares by 5/- per head of each team playing at Durham. Durham was chosen for the cut because it is the only Northern Varsity not in the I.V.A.B. and so the Union are not morally bound to support expenditure entailed by fixtures with them. The expenditure so reduced comes to rather more than 12½ per cent., but an attempt was made to wipe off an extra expenditure of about £20 caused by two new clubs, the Women's Lacrosse, and Netball. The way in which all the Athletic Clubs have taken this cut, especially with the small extra cut just mentioned is very gratifying indeed to the G.A.C. executive. Such a feeling between clubs and the G.A.C. lightens the work of the executive a great deal, and gives the work quite a pleasant aspect. The economy of the Athletics Clubs is an example to all other institutions and organisations which spend Union money, and who look upon the Union as "the ever open door." As a result of this cut, clubs with a team of less than twelve will have tickets to sell when they journey to away matches. The prices of the tickets are about 4/6 to Liverpool or Durham or Newcastle, 2/6 to Manchester, 2/6 to Sheffield. These tickets are open to any member of the Union on application to the secretaries of the clubs concerned, the dates can be obtained from fixture lists. It affords a chance for a very cheap day's outing and there has already been a queue for tickets for one club's match, so early application is advisable.

Arrangements have been made for insertion of University Athletics news in three important newspapers. In conjunction with the other Northern Universities, a combined column is used every Tuesday in the *Manchester Daily Mail* and every Wednesday in the *Manchester Guardian*. On Saturday evenings a half-a-column of a more informal character with occasional photos of the "people who matter," appears in the *Leeds Sports Post*. Occasionally also the weekly column in the *Yorkshire Observer* is leavened by a little Athletics news. While of interest to all Union members, these items, we have good reason to believe, are much appreciated by old students who like to keep a closer and more regular connection with Varsity Athletics than the *Gryphon* can give them.

The Athletic Club were unfortunate with the weather in the new venture of holding the "Freshers" Sports in October. The conditions of entry were the same as for the old Preliminary Sports at the end of the Easter Term. However, the Sports achieved their object—that of finding prominent men for the consideration of the Athletics Committee, not necessarily for this session, but for other sessions to follow. Of the sprinters, H. Brabbon was most successful, and ought to do well in his final years. H. O. Andrews who entered for most events gives one the impression that his best distances are the mile and half-mile. H. S. Weathered appeared out of a year's oblivion to win the mile and three miles. With training and careful massage to distribute muscle a bit better, or rather, to take off superfluous flesh, both he and Andrews ought to do very well indeed. The field events did not bring out much talent. We must have some Freshers concentrating on the weight, discus, javelin, jumps and hurdles, or we shall be left standing in subsequent Christie Sports, in which we have a reputation to keep up. C. R. Hodgson has a very free and supple style over the hurdles and the high jump, and would do well to concentrate on them. F. S. Hardy also showed good style in the high jump and the sprints.

The Boat Club has every reason to be satisfied with its present position. The influx of new members and the proficiency which most of them are showing is very cheering, as an ambitious programme is being arranged for the first and second crews. As a preliminary to entering upon more serious work, the club is holding some scratch Four-oared races this term, to be rowed in the heavier boats. The first really big event of the year is the Inter-Departmental Fours, to be held on 2nd February. If the present keenness is maintained, and still more people join the

club at the beginning of next term, this event should prove a bigger success than ever before. It is expected that at least eight Departmental crews will compete for the Sadler Cup. With this behind, will come the selection and training of crews for the fixtures with Bristol, Durham, Edinburgh and Glasgow and with local Rowing Clubs. It is here that the Club realises how fortunate it is in having Mr. W. A. Wightman as coach. His keenness, and practical interest in the Club acts as a stimulus and inspiration. If the membership of the club warrants it, at least two fixtures will be arranged for a third crew.

The Fives Club has been doing well this season. Out of four matches the 'Varsity strings have not lost a game. The first match was a win of 4-0 against the Hostel of the Resurrection, and a similar result obtained in the second match with the Staff, who unfortunately were only able to turn out with one string. In their return game the Hostel of the Resurrection turned out a very strong team including S. Eley who was captain of the 'Varsity Fives Club 4 years ago, but the 'Varsity won again. Manchester unfortunately only brought two strings for their match, and this combined with the differences in the Leeds and Manchester courts accounted for their defeat of 8-0. In the return game it is hoped that matters will be more even.

As mentioned before, the Harriers Club has met with success usually attendant upon a Club which combines keenness with ability. So far the first team has beaten four Clubs, including Sheffield and Manchester, and the "A" team, three. It is a curious fact that all the new members of the teams are men not in their first year who now deeply regret those wasted early years. Individually, the outstanding man is the captain, B. B. MacAllister, who has improved even on last year's form. He had the satisfaction of reversing the win of Colley of Sheffield in the I.V.A.B. Sports, when the two Clubs met across country at Sheffield. Hemingway is running well again, and Herklots, Hall, Addy and Sanley pack in a scientific way which is delightfully effective. C. B. Taylor is to be congratulated on finishing a good third against Manchester and the Old Mancunians. Owing to pressure of work and pleasant Saturday afternoons of "geologizing," C. Carter is unable to run this year. It is good to see that at least one of us tries to strike the happy mean.

At the commencement of the season the prospects of the Hockey Club were bright, but the promise shown at the practices has apparently only been a promise, the fulfilment of which has still to come. The first two matches against York and Huddersfield were quite satisfactory, but since then, the team seem to have lost any ideas they may have had as to how to play hockey. After losing two or three matches in succession, it was decided that a change must be made in the formation of the first XI. The halves and forwards were altered, then the backs, but with no success, for more matches were lost. The forwards lack finish in front of goal, the fact of being in the opponent's circle seems completely to unnerve them. The half-back line, round Hornby, is the strongest part of the team.

The second team, winning four matches out of five have given a creditable account of themselves; but when a second team man is given a trial with the first team, he seems stricken by some malady, and plays no better than the man whose place he has taken.

The Lacrosse Club has done quite well so far, having played eight matches, won five, and broken a goal post (necessitating a supplementary estimate of about £4). Such energy could hardly help being rewarded, for in that same match they beat Spen, who up to then were the only unbeaten team in the Yorkshire League. Unfortunately Spen were not at full strength, Waddington for one being off injured, and also they played a man short for some time. However, the victory of 13-8 was very satisfying. The only inter-varsity match was against Sheffield at Lawnswood.

when Leeds had a runaway victory of 16 goals to 2. The team have now become accustomed to each other's play, and should steadily improve their position in the Yorkshire League. The defence play consistently well, but are a little slow in getting the ball back to the attack. They are well led by Elam and Cork. The attack combine well but are still not quick enough to seize every opportunity that is offered. The following list of goal-scorers will give some indication of the work done by the attack :—

Carr, W. H. (Capt.), 21; Chalmers, W., 20; Pickard, M., 9; Sugden, J. A., 8; Yates, D., 5; Carr, T. H., 4; Elam, J. F., 3; Pickard, J., 1.

The Club was honoured in having two of its members, Chalmers and Elam, chosen to play for the County at Bristol against the South-West of England.

The efforts of the Rugger Club this season have met with only a fair measure of success, and it is very encouraging to note that, while the 1st and "A" XV's have each suffered a few defeats, the "B" XV. still remains unbeaten, despite the fact that two matches were won with 12 and 13 players respectively.

The 1st XV. after undergoing various changes and alterations is settling down fairly well, and it was a matter of keen disappointment to lose to Liverpool University at home at 8-9, but there is still a chance to win the Whitworth Shield. Unfortunately we have lost the services of Marsden for the present and Pawson is not regularly available. The forwards, although somewhat light, are doing quite well under the leadership of Kenna, the captain, and the backs, of whom Burgess, Pawson and W. A. Sledge have been most prominent, have shown that they can score tries if given the opportunity. The full-back position, which seemed likely to be troublesome, has been very well filled by Lampitt, a Fresher, whose tackling and fielding is quite good.

The match with Manchester was lost 9-6, and it says much for the doggedness of our men that the Manchester score was not much greater, for the ball was in the Leeds half for most of the game after the interval. In spite of the gym training our forwards seem not to be able to stand a gruelling game for more than an hour—but then, it is easy to criticise from the touch line.

The Soccer Club, last year's "Cinderella," finished sifting cinders in March, 1923. This is the one Club where new blood has effectively come to the rescue. We are pleased to note that Flowers, the Vice-President of the Union, has come into the Team, and is playing very well at inside left. Of the Freshers, Billingham and Speak in the forwards, Harrison at centre-half and Lee in goal have quite justified their inclusion. The team were unfortunate to lose at Manchester, 2-1 in a very close game. They seem not to give of their best on a heavy ground (though Lawnswood is dirty enough), but they are on the light side and find it difficult to out-play a heavy team on a heavy ground. The Second XI, as usual is very strong, every match having been won. The ground at Weetwood is now re-laid and First XI matches will be played there after Christmas. For the first team the goal scorers are :—

Billingham, 7; Flowers, 7; Speak, 3; Harrison, 2; Gledhill, 2; Craggs, 1; Milne, 1.

For the second team :—

Towers, Wilson and Pyrah, 5 each; Readman, 1.

And now we come to the Women's Athletics. Theoretically they should have come before the men's but as things in these notes are taken in alphabetical order and as "m" comes before "w," this explanation will do instead of an apology. At least we hope it will.

The Women's Hockey Club has already had special mention. The first XI. have played five matches and won four, two of these being Varsity matches, the one against Liverpool, and one against Durham which was won 3-1. The team has

improved very much since the beginning of the season, and the forwards, three of whom are new to the team are combining very well, though they are inclined to muddle each other at times, and have a penchant for getting off-side. The halves work well and do good constructive work, while the defence is steady and reliable, the goal giving good promise. The Club had the privilege of sending three of its members to the County Trials, M. Heptonstall, M. Durrant, and B. McMillan, and the captain, M. Heptonstall was eventually chosen to play for the County second XI.

The following are the goal-scorers:—

M. Durrant, 9; G. Hawkesworth, 5; K. Wrigglesworth, 4; B. McMillan, 2; D. Menzel, 1; K. Sawney, 1.

The Women's Lacrosse Club though faced with all the difficulties of a new Club has aimed high in challenging first-rate teams. It is very unfortunate that their dressing accommodation is so poor, especially as they are entertained by away teams on an almost luxurious scale. Little can be done, however, until matters with regard to the Weetwood grounds in general come out of the state of flux in which they are at present. The first two matches against Harrogate and The College, Harrogate, were lost, but the third against Thoresby High School showed a marked improvement and the fourth against Queen Ethelburgh's was only lost 7-6. Just as this article goes to Press, two days late, we hear of the fine performance put up against Sheffield Varsity. Sheffield are in their third season, and yet Leeds in their first Varsity match "put it across them" in no uncertain way as the score of 12-0 indicates. The whole team rose to the occasion, in spite of the Union Dance the night before. Judging by the goal scorers, one would think that staying up late is conducive to goal-getting, the number of goals increasing with the lateness of the hour.

The thanks of the team are due to Miss Huxley, the captain, for her patient coaching. It is a very healthy sign when schemes of attack and defence are worked out in practice matches, and it is encouraging to find tangible results accruing so soon. In the defence the prominent players are W. Oakes, E. Shufelder and F. Steinberg, while the attack is illustrated by the goal scorers:—

M. Pratt, 16; M. Huxley, 9; H. Goodall, 5; M. Grassham, 5; M. Thomas, 2; M. Winder, 1.

TABLE OF RESULTS.

If the number of matches played in this table does not coincide with the narrative it is because the table was kept until the last possible moment, to be as complete to date as possible up to and including 8th December, 1923.

MEN:—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals or Points.	
					For.	Against.
Fives	6 ..	5 ..	1 ..	0 ..	24 ..	5
Harriers	6 ..	5 ..	1 ..	0 ..	238 ..	376
Harriers "A"
Hockey	9 ..	1 ..	8 ..	0 ..	6 ..	33
Hockey "A"	6 ..	4 ..	2 ..	0 ..	17 ..	13
Lacrosse	10 ..	7 ..	3 ..	0 ..	112 ..	94
Rugger	11 ..	5 ..	4 ..	1 ..	89 ..	131
Rugger "A"	9 ..	5 ..	4 ..	0 ..	85 ..	86
Rugger "B"	6 ..	4 ..	1 ..	1 ..	46 ..	29
Soccer	10 ..	7 ..	2 ..	1 ..	31 ..	20
Soccer "A"	8 ..	8 ..	0 ..	0 ..	31 ..	12
WOMEN:—						
Hockey	9 ..	5 ..	2 ..	2 ..	32 ..	18
Hockey "A"	6 ..	3 ..	1 ..	2 ..	18 ..	12
Lacrosse	5 ..	2 ..	3 ..	0 ..	37 ..	37

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Leeds University Old Students' Association

Edited by P. P. MURPHY.

ANNUAL DINNER.

Arrangements have now been completed for the Christmas gathering of old students. The dinner will be held in the Refectory on Friday, December the 21st, at 7.0 p.m. It is intended to make the affair a really social one, and Mr. H. Robinson, of the Choral Society, has kindly consented to arrange the musical programme. Miss H. Robertson and Miss Skinner, Clerk to Convocation, have promised to attend. It is hoped that Sir Michael Sadler and Professor Smithells will find it possible to be present. All old students, whether members of the Association or not, are invited. The price—which is certainly reasonable—3/6, may be paid at the dinner. But all those who intend to come are asked to let Mr. Grist know by December 17th. Accommodation for a limited number of women will be arranged for those who wish to stay in Hall overnight on December 21st. Application should be made before December 17th to Miss Holgate, Warden of College Hall, University Road, Leeds.

BRANCHES.

The relation of branches of the Association to the Central body is one that will have to be dealt with forthwith. In London there has been an Association for some years, and Mr. H. L. Robinson is organizing a branch at Manchester. It is suggested that the Affiliation Fee of a Local Branch should be 1d. per member per annum, with a minimum subscription to the Central Association of 5/-. This would ensure that at least one copy of the *Gryphon* would be sent to every branch. An extra copy would be sent for every additional 60 members. The local secretary would take whatever means were most suitable to acquaint members with the latest news. The main idea is simply to keep old students in touch with each other and with the University.

Miss Dykes, who is shortly going to Canada, will take steps to form a Canadian Association when she arrives there. So if those who are already in Canada will let the Secretary know of any old students they come across, Miss Dykes will attempt to call a meeting. It is hoped that something similar will be done in S. Africa. Perhaps Denis Witney or G. M. Miller may be able to arrange a Summer Camp on the Veldt.

WOMEN.

The statement in the Women's Handbook issued in July last explaining the formation of a joint Association has brought no adverse criticisms from old members (writes Miss Holgate). Some enquiries, however, suggest that the following information will be useful:—

LOAN FUND.

It is proposed to hold a short meeting for women on the same day as the Annual General Meeting when a statement will be made on the use of the Loan Fund. This valuable work is being continued with no less effect than in previous years.

HALL ASSOCIATIONS.

It has been customary for Hall Associations within the larger group to arrange meetings on the afternoon of the day chosen by the O.S.A. for its Re-union. This practice may not be found convenient when a Re-union is not held in Term time. It is suggested that secretaries of Hall Associations bring before their members the Affiliation scheme adopted by the Committee of the O.S.A.

LIFE MEMBERS.

There is a distinct demand for a Life Subscription, and it is hoped to have details worked out soon. The matter will probably be discussed at the Dinner. From the point of view of the Officers, it is a very desirable thing, for it would mean much less office work. The fee of three guineas has been suggested. Of course, the *Gryphon* would be included in the amount. The Treasurer, Mr. Grist, intimates that he is going to make arrangements for annual subscriptions to be paid by means of a Banker's Order. This will mean that the member will be relieved of the painful necessity of remitting small sums of money periodically. Instead, the Bank will pay the subscription as it falls due.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

A complete list of members, with addresses, years, and appointments held, will be published towards the end of the academic year and circulated with the last issue of the *Gryphon*. Although the Association has only been formed a few months, there are already over 400 members. This is undoubtedly a good beginning, but we hope to have 1,000 within two years. Those already members should make known the Association to all old students they meet, as it is likely that many of the addresses at the office are out of date.

Dr. HERBERT HEATON, (M.A. 1912, D.Litt. 1921), Lecturer in Economics in the University of Adelaide, is expected home at the end of December, after nearly ten years' absence in Tasmania and Australia. He is to give a course of lectures early in 1924 at the London School of Economics, and in addition, hopes to continue some of his earlier research work. It is hoped that an opportunity will be given to present and past members of the University of Leeds to hear Dr. Heaton.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

- BASIL I. ARKLESS (1923), Wm. Lupton and Co., Whitehall Mills, Leeds.
COLIN BARNES, B.Sc. (1919-23), Demonstrator in Physics at Toronto University, Canada.
ERIC THOMAS BURGESS (1920-22), Tea and Rubber Planter, Keregal Estate, Kurveita, Ceylon.
ARTHUR E. FERGUSON (1919-23), English Master at Institut Bitterlin, "Mercuria," Lucerne, Switzerland.
C. L. HARRIS, B.Com. (1920-23), Manager, Crystal Springs Aerated Water Co. Ltd., Box 255, Nairobi, Kenya Colony.
GEORGE HESSELDEN, M.Sc. (1919-23), Engineer at Société d'Études, de Recherches et d'Exploitation des Pétroles en Algérie, St. Aimé, Dépt. Oran, Algeria.
SYDNEY H. HOPPER, M.A. (1917-21), Assistant Master at the Anglo-French Institute, Lyons, France.
GEORGE M. MILLER, B.A. (1919-22), Form Master, Umfolozi High School, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa.
ROGER SAYCE, B.Sc. (1919-22), Assistant Advisor to Cambridge County Council.
Miss BEATRICE SCROFIELD (1922), Secondary School, Meyborough.
GEORGE SENIOR, B.Sc. (1912-14 and 1919-22), Assistant Lecturer in Agriculture, Wiltshire County Council.
DENIS WITNEY, B.Com. (1919-22), Assistant Master, Boys' High School, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa.

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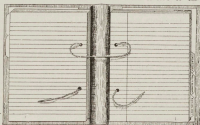
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