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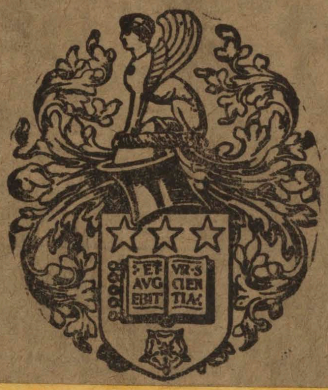

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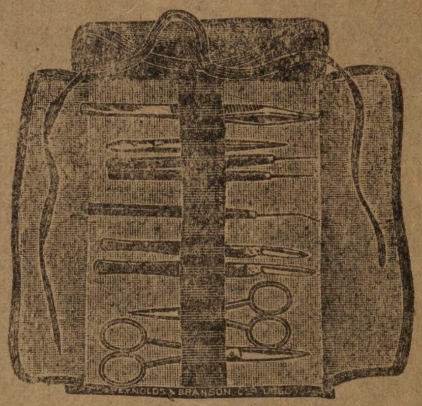

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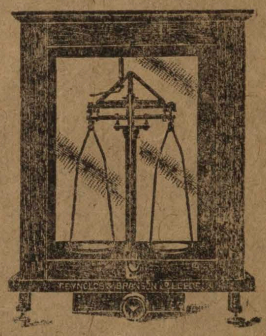

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PROFESSOR ARTHUR SMITHELLS, C.M.G., D.Sc., F.R.S.

THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

Editorial

IT is inevitable on an occasion such as this, that our Editorial concerns itself with retrospect and prophecy. For we should be strange human being indeed if we had no thought for those whose works we celebrate, no hopes for the greater puissance and distinction of the University. Even in the midst of our Jubilee, we seem on the brink of much educational change, tending perhaps towards a more democratic basis. In Leeds for instance, we are developing a strong cosmopolitan tradition which reminds one of the mediæval idea of an international University—but with one essential difference. All grades of the community are not represented, and this exclusiveness is a serious barrier to the creation of an educated and cultured democracy. The real education of the people demands open doors at our Universities, and we must be prepared therefore to outwear the ancient ways even while we celebrate their achievement. This thought will be uppermost in many minds this week.

When we consider the local educational centre which was the nucleus of the University, with its handful of students, with no facilities for residence, and its small equipment, and contrast this with the present community of men and women brought together from all parts of England and the Empire, enjoying so wide a range of study, we may legitimately feel proud of our membership. At the same time, without being accused of carping, we may look for still greater advantages. To get from the University all that a University can potentially bestow, much still must be achieved. The cramped and ugly buildings along one side of University Road, the wooden huts irregularly scattered about the Quad.—and what a squalid business it is at the best of times !—are a perpetual reminder of the work that remains to be done. In gaining unique facilities for technical subjects we have wandered far from the gracious things of existence, spelling leisure, comfort and charm. Our Dyeing Department and dynamoes make us more akin to the mill and factory than to the older tradition of beauty.

Yet even these dark " Satanic " edifices, we accept as of the new order of things, through which we must attain our new Jerusalem. The acute problem now before us is that of acquiring a sound financial basis to ensure other headquarters, sites large enough and fair enough for more spacious and beautiful centres of activity, for a residential University. Perhaps the fine old manors which are already in our possession, situated in their own grounds, so discreetly secluded, may one day expand into the Colleges of a large University, their diminuative libraries the basis of some valuable and lasting collection, which the present generation may not live to see. After all, we are working for posterity, and we, too, are the pioneers.

Hence we are led to mention the question of co-education in Leeds. We have not long passed the time of Ruskin's hostility to women's education, and it is still possible to hear at first hand the story of the early strugglers. We have eclipsed their very dreams. Freed from the mad passion for equality which had often masked

the vital issue, since the war wider activities have been demanded of the nation's womanhood. As a result, after a notorious struggle, women have been admitted in Oxford and Cambridge. Long before this, women in Leeds were admitted to full membership and co-education, here is therefore a growth, not a graft. The question of women taking courses originally designed for men, of making the best of the existing conditions, does not arise. It would be superfluous to enlarge on the advantages of such a system.

The essential principle always, is freedom to develop as an expression of those behind and working through the institution. The vastness and variety, the resources and resonances of life to-day are the outcome of the past, and yet discordant with it. Our business is to reconcile the two sides of the paradox. The University still justifies itself by its effect upon the community for life, and not by its conformity to any rule or ideal.

D.I.S.

* * * * *

Looking Backward and Forward.

It will, we hope, long remain a proud memory of the present members of the Union that they were privileged to be witnesses of and partakers in the Jubilee of the Yorkshire College and the Coming-of-age of the University. Such a period forms an admirable halting-place in the march of events to take a glance backward along the vista of years to the foundation date of 1874, when the Yorkshire College of Science was established, and to mark the progress made, the work accomplished, and the benefits conferred upon the County and Nation by the long line of illustrious sons and daughters of so worthy an Alma Mater. It is especially pleasing to those of us who had the honour of being students under the late Vice-Chancellor that the University has invited Sir Michael Sadler to write the official history, which is to be not only a compilation of academic and administrative records, but which is also to contain interesting personal reminiscences of all aspects of the early College activities contributed by old members of the Staff and by old Students. It is hoped that the book will be completed and ready for publication in the autumn, in time for it to be on sale at the Council and Senate Celebrations at the beginning of the next Session.

Few of us can realise the extraordinary progress that has been made. Indeed, comparison of the early days with those known to us is somewhat startling. The College commenced on a fund of only £20,000, of which the largest subscription was that of Sir Andrew Fairbairn—of £1,000. The present expenditure of the University which, we believe, is hardly balanced by the income, is £170,000, of which some £65,000 is obtained through students' fees. At the inauguration there were 80 students: now there are 1,600 full-time students, 400 part-time students, 250 evening students, and approximately 8,000 extra-mural students. The original Staff numbered barely a dozen: now it consists of 223 members, and there are 40 Departments of Study. But more than this great increase in numbers and in financial responsibility is the growing importance and value placed upon the University of Leeds by the whole County. While it has taken its title from the City in which it is situated, it has ever been the policy of the University to insist that it is the property and the servant of all three Ridings, and though in the West our younger—we might almost say our twin—sister at Sheffield now serves the needs of that area, Leeds still receives a grant from Councils and Corporations other than our own. Indeed, it is an open secret that without them the University would be unable to carry on, and in this respect we tender our thanks to the Financial Committee of

the Leeds Corporation for increasing our grant as from August 1st next—and that without discussion! For what is expended in cash, there is a more than adequate return. What of the University men and women who have gone out into the world to do their share in the labour of rolling it along the road to perfection? What of the achievements in the realms of Literature, Art, Commerce and Industry? What of the characters influenced, directly and indirectly; widened, deepened, and toughened by contact with the corporate life and spirit of a University? Truly an excellent and worthy record!

But we must not halt here long. We cannot live on the Past, wonderful as it has been. We must think of and apply ourselves to the future. The best is yet to be! If the future is not better than the past, then a large share of the blame will be ours. It is up to us to benefit by the efforts of those who have done so much in the early days of the history of the University, to profit by their example, and to do our bit for the Institution in which it is our privilege to work and play. Let some of the energy generated in the Jubilee Festivities be applied in other directions, and not only the University will profit, but so long as the direction is a valuable one, the person will profit as well. In this way we can predict the next fifty years of the life of the University of Leeds being more worthy, more important, and of even greater service to the County and Nation than the first.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
And more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before, BUT VASTER."

H.B.S.

Clair de Lune.—Chartreuse

I.

Fir trees shew softly limned
Crowding the mountain-side
Watching thy light.
Quiet as Death they stand
Wraith'd in the mountain mist
List'ning the night.

II.

There in the silent glen.
Glimm'ringly magical,
Statelily white,
Steep-roof'd the convent lies—
Chartreuse the beautiful,
Ark of the height.

III.

Faintly the echo comes,
Rising from rocky depths,
Far out of sight,
Moaning of torrents' pain
Plunging through boulder'd gorge,
Crashing down height.

IV.

Charmed is the quietude
Here, of this elfin scene—
Yond courts so fair,
Rapt in old memories,
Moon-shadowed eerily,
Noiseless and bare.

V.

Still all things are, and tense
Held, with expectancy
Spell-bound and fey,
Waiting across the years,
Lost sounds of other days,
Vanish'd away.

VI.

Straining to catch the lost
Chanting of midnight choir
O'er mossy towers—
Floating across the vale,
Lin-lan of mellow bell,
Tolling the hours.

VII

Fir trees show softly limned,
Crowding the mountain-side,
Watching thy light . . . .
Quiet as Death they stand,
Wraith'd in the mountain-mist,
List'ning the night . . . . A.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE

IT seems only a few days ago that the Editor approached us with blood in his eye and the editorial poker in his hand, to demand a supply of Intelligence for the last issue : and now here he comes again with his " Going-to - press - to-morrow " face and presents the writer once more with the old task of steering an anxious course between the dangers of Stale News and No News. We haven't looked up the files, but other chroniclers have probably remarked before us, that University activity comes in bursts, instead of keeping up a nice equable flow—and since our last issue we have been resting in the lull before the storm, which promises to break with hurricane force and no preliminary warnings, on the night of the 14th (incidentally in this case the old superstition which precluded commencing an undertaking on a Friday, is going to be proved definitely fallacious)

As we write, the Notice Board is already plastered with " Final Day for Tickets " notices and when this *Gryphon* appears we shall be in the thick of it accompanied we hope, by a large number of our readers in the Old Students' Association—and, the more the merrier. As all the old roads led to Rome, so all conversations at present inevitably seem to turn to " The Week." It certainly saturates this *Gryphon*, so the writer makes no apologies for yielding to the general pre-occupation and holding forth here. There is one side of the question which we feel painfully impelled to refer to, especially when we consider how near it is to the end of term. We hope everyone has taken the *Gryphon's* oft-repeated advice to save up ! With the invariable inability of the advisor to follow his own advice, the writer did not, with the result that after reckoning up such costs of " The Week " as may be calculated in advance, he has decided, being an optimist, that with a bit of luck his finances may recover in time for the Good-bye Dance. Still, to leave unpleasant themes, we hope to roll into bed sometime in the small hours on the 21st, singing with variations the chant of Rupert Brooke, " It aint going to happen again, Old Girl—but by jove, it was worth it."

Incidentally we are wondering whether (even with a bath chair as a necessary adjunct) we shall be here for the celebrations of the Yorkshire College Centenary ? But—*Quien Sabe ?*

It was a fine idea on the part of the Old Students' Association to have printed the copies of Professor Smithell's photograph, which they have presented to the *Gryphon* for distribution in this issue. It is a memento which every member of the Union

will receive, we know, with unusual appreciation and no more fitting time could have been chosen for its appearance. We should like to take this opportunity, also, of thanking Professor Smithells, on behalf of the *Gryphon* and the Union, for the article he has kindly contributed to this number.

One passes naturally from the University Week, to the "Jubilee Week" in December next, when "it is the intention of the Council and Senate of the University to celebrate simultaneously the Jubilee of the Yorkshire College and the Coming of Age of the University." The scheme, as so far outlined, has received very wide publicity, so we shall not, here, record what must be old news to everybody interested in the University.

What strikes us, at present, as the most exciting item is the announcement that Sir Michael Sadler is writing the History of the University. The appearance of the work will be eagerly anticipated. If it is not superfluous we should like to congratulate the University on obtaining the offices of such a historian. At present, as we have said, only the main outline of the programme has been put forward—rather in the nature of a preliminary announcement than anything else: but when the Scheme begins to develop the *Gryphon* has been promised full details as they come to hand.

The University of Leeds

[By Professor ARTHUR SMITHELLS, M.A., F.R.S., Vice-President of the Old Students' Association.]

THE *Gryphon* has been fortunate in securing for its readers the authoritative and interesting account, given by Sir Edward Thorpe in the December number, of the beginnings of what is now the University of Leeds. I can add nothing to what he has written without first saying, as I am sure I may say in the name of all the living teachers (how many hundreds are there now?) who are or have been in the service of the Yorkshire College and the Leeds University, how gratefully and reverentially we salute Sir Edward Thorpe as the last survivor of the four men of science who, half a century ago, were called by enlightened citizens in Leeds and its county to raise the banner of University education in Yorkshire. Their success has been no accident. What seems an accident—of the providential kind—is that four men of such exceptional gifts should have been available and have been brought into common action for the new cause. In Arthur William Rücker (Mathematics and Physics), Thomas Edward Thorpe (Chemistry), Arthur Henry Green (Geology), and Louis Compton Miall (Biology), the Yorkshire College of Science secured to its service a very remarkable combination. All were discoverers and became Fellows of the Royal Society; Rücker's talent for administration led ultimately to his appointment as Principal of the London University and Treasurer of the Royal Society; Green became Professor of Geology at Oxford; Miall was one of the greatest forces of his day in the wide world of education; Thorpe became Government Chemist and among many other distinctions has long enjoyed the unofficial position of public orator in chemistry. Beyond their scientific and teaching talent, the four professors were distinguished by exceptional width of culture and strength of character. Though of marked individuality, they were united by the bonds of constantly strengthening friendship and laboured in perfect accord and with undeviable aim for the realisation of their clear and high ideal. That ideal embodied all that we treasure most in the conception of a University. It is difficult now to realise the magnitude of their task or fully to appraise their success, but their labours should never be forgotten.

Sir Edward Thorpe's story ends with an account of the laying of the foundation stone of the new buildings in University Road in October, 1877. These were completed and occupied for the session 1884-5, and in July, 1885 were formally opened by King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. In the intervening time the most important event had been the fusion (in 1884) of the Leeds School of Medicine with the Yorkshire College. The School of Medicine had been founded in 1831, so that the Faculty of Medicine has claim to the position of being the most ancient member of the University. Noteworthy also was the establishment of a continuing Principal of the College, and the appointment to this office of Mr. (afterwards Sir Nathan) Bodington, who held also the Professorship of Classics. He became subsequently the first Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds.

The Yorkshire College, when I entered its service in 1885, had passed into comparatively calm waters. There were echoes of old troubles and I remember being approached as a hopeful subject by one of the prominent citizens who had striven untiringly but unsuccessfully to give the institution the functions of a College devoted wholly to scientific and industrial ends. It should be stated that at that time there were but two Professors in the Faculty of Arts, one charged with all the Classics and ancient history, the other with English Language, Literature, and History. It seemed therefore still just possible, with the whole-hearted assistance of two or three energetic young Philistines, to cast out the angels of unpractical and antiquated humanism and let the Yorkshire College fulfil its destiny as a restricted educational annexe to the world of industry and commerce! But I think the fidelity of the men of science and technology at Leeds to the ampler view of higher education has never been seriously or justly in doubt.

The most serious element in College life at Leeds in the days I speak of was the domination of our teaching by the externally-examining University of London. The College itself seemed, and no doubt was, far from having the proportions of a University, but the foresight of its founders, in resisting the attempt of Manchester to create a new northern university without provision for the inclusion, when it was fit, of the Yorkshire College, soon became evident. In 1884 the Victoria University, established at Manchester in 1880, had admitted to partnership the University College of Liverpool, and in 1887 the application of the Yorkshire College for a like privilege was granted, though not without a good deal of resistance.

From 1887 to 1903 the three Northern Colleges co-operated in the Victoria University. That transition stage to the condition of autonomy, which we reached in 1904, was no doubt a necessity, but it was in many respects very unsatisfactory. The geographical separation of the three Colleges was a serious hindrance to effective co-operation, and the necessity of attending meetings in Manchester was an intolerable burden to busy teachers at Liverpool and Leeds. The very name of Victoria University was a perpetual difficulty, and to the last only a small section of the public knew what it meant. It was a common subject of jest in the academic world and was perhaps most happily dealt with by an Irish wit in a comparison with the game played with three thimbles and a single pea. Liverpool in particular was restless in the nominal bonds of sisterhood with its rival city, and when in 1900, Birmingham, no doubt mainly through the great influence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had succeeded in setting up a self-contained University, Liverpool was finally stampeded and without ceremony broke away for independence.

The defection of Liverpool was viewed at Leeds with very great anxiety, and opposition to the rupture of the Victoria University was rapidly and vigorously organised. In the end a special Committee of the Privy Council was appointed to investigate and report upon the question, and the various cases were heard with

due display of learned counsel and witnesses. I have, I believe, somewhere in my possession a burlesque of these momentous proceedings, or what, without departing far from the veridical, has all the appearance of a burlesque. The fact was that the counsel engaged in the case had no proper understanding of the Victoria University and its system, and they made the most ludicrous mistakes. The present Lord Haldane was to have been counsel for Liverpool but was prevented from acting by his appointment as a member of the Privy Council. He did appear as a witness, and among other things produced a scheme for a University of Yorkshire, which, had it been attempted, would, I believe, have sent some of us to the asylum. In the end the Privy Council gave Liverpool its charter and Leeds the opportunity of independence on certain terms. The University College of Sheffield was naturally interested in the establishment of a University in Yorkshire, and was also quite reasonably alarmed by what now became the favourite project at the Yorkshire College, namely, that it should become the University of Yorkshire. Negotiations between Leeds and Sheffield for co-operation failed to bring about accommodation, and eventually local courage reached the point of contemplating the simple project for a University of Leeds. It would be easy to enlarge upon the circumstances of this extremely anxious and agitated period of our history, which, so far as I am personally concerned, was the most strenuous one in my academic career. But it must suffice to say that the Charter for a University of Leeds was granted on April 25th, 1904.

I think no one doubts now that the establishment of the four northern universities was the right solution of our difficulties. The fear that we should languish without the academic strength that came of union with Manchester and Liverpool soon proved to be unfounded. So also did the suggestion that the separated universities would begin to undersell one another in their terms for degrees. There had been, no doubt, a certain amount of interest and perhaps some profit from the frequent conference of professors with their colleagues at Manchester and Liverpool, but on the other hand, the expenditure of time and the restriction of individual enterprise entailed by having to adjust the ways of three partners were a disadvantage far outweighing any incidental gain. I can honestly say that I know of no particular in which University development of Leeds has suffered by the action of 1904. On the contrary, I am certain of many resulting advantages, and I would even go so far as to say that I am not sure we should not have still gained if we had extended our severance from our previous partners to the matter of matriculation. It is perhaps only a hope, but I think that in such an event we might by now have gone much further in mitigating the baneful influence of matriculation examinations on schools.

Since 1904 there have been no changes of the same magnitude as those which have been briefly recorded by Sir Edward Thorpe and in this article. There has been change, continual change, and rapid growth. To the student community and to the outside public, the University may seem to have been keeping its steady course in calm seas. To those who are most closely concerned with its guidance and safe progress, there are always anxieties and always the call for a keen outlook on all quarters of the horizon. This article, which was intended to be one of easy reminiscence, has, I am afraid, degenerated into a dull compacted history. Perhaps I may be allowed. to complete it by confessing what have been some of my own anxieties in the later period of my Leeds University life

I have an intense faith in the potency of Universities for the good of the world—that is, of course, our chief tie to them. When I look about and see what the world is, how it lives, what it believes in, and when I consider how the accumulated wisdom of the world in the spheres of intellectual and moral experience is going to be passed

on to the new generation, I can see no agencies so potent at present or in prospect as our Universities. People do believe in knowledge, at least to this extent—they believe that the sort of knowledge offered at the Leeds University is a genuine, honest thing, even if they go no further towards believing that it is also both useful and edifying. They will find out more and more that it is profitable in the worldly sense. Taking things on that mundane basis alone, it makes one confident that the people who are going to have most influence in the working world will more and more pass through a University career. Such being the case, it is in the Universities—and I cannot see where else in like degree—that the opportunity will be presented for giving a strong and enduring impress on the character of the rising generations at one of the periods of life when, according to my experience, human beings are most impressionable. It becomes therefore a matter of the greatest concern to secure to the New Universities all that is possible of the conditions which have given to Oxford and Cambridge their tremendous influence on their own communities and so on our national life. Of all these conditions, the one that seems to me to be most important is freedom—freedom to grow and to do their work in their individual way, ready if need be to defy all principalities and powers or to perish rather than to sacrifice their character as voluntary assemblies of men and women seeking in their own way what they conceive to be the light. The State aid of Universities, their implication with what is so often yet so significantly called the " machinery " of our national system of education—this has been at least my own great bogey. I know as well as anyone how much good feeling has been shown to us and how little intention there is to bring us into bondage. And yet I have remained uneasy, ever hoping that the long-looked for day might come when pious founders will bring the ample and unconditioned gifts that are the natural and only safe sustenance for a University that is to possess its own soul and preserve inviolate its character as a temple of learning.

In beginning this brief record I felt bound to pay tribute to the first four professors of the Yorkshire College of Science ; I cannot conclude it without testifying to the splendid service which has been given by those citizens of Leeds and public men of Yorkshire who by their gifts first made our beginning possible and ever since, by wise and liberal statesmanship, have so largely determined our success. They have allied themselves with men of the academic world in equal zeal for the advancement of learning, and in unselfish service have linked us to the world of action and brought to the guidance of the University their indispensable knowledge of men and affairs.

ARTHUR SMITHELLS.

The Uses of a University

A DIALOGUE.

THE Scene is a Special Library in one of the newer universities. James White is writing at a table ; many books and papers are spread out in front of him. Selwyn Courtenay enters.

SELWYN : " Hello old chap ! What are you doing here on Wednesday afternoon ? "

JAMES : " Working."

SELWYN : " Seen Miss Ashley anywhere ? I want to take her to Field's."

JAMES : " Of course not ; she never comes into the Library."

SELWYN : And you never go out of it : well, so much the worse for you . . . . I say, have I told you about Miss Ashley ? Her eyes—— "

JAMES : Oh ! tell me about her in lec. to-morrow, if you must. I want to work now ; I'm doing a magnificent essay of Gray. I'm showing that he belongs to two centuries, the Eighteenth by his elegance and the Twentieth by his passion ; and, nicely discriminating between violence and art, I'm explaining

that this is not a defect, but the highest excellence. My essay will attract great attention; the class will regard me with awe, and the Prof., I hope, with respect, if not admiration."

SELWYN (*as he talks, he walks up and down*): "Once bring passion into the Eighteenth Century and you ruin it. I keep elegance and the Eighteenth Century for the vac.; during term, give me passion and the Twentieth. Oh! I adore Mi——"

JAMES: "Yes, I know you do; your idea of passion and the Twentieth Century seems to be a sentimental love affair."

SELWYN: "My dear fellow, there are only two states of mind: the intellectual and the sentimental; if you can't be in one, you must either be in the other or cease to exist."

JAMES: "I prefer annihilation to sentimentality."

SELWYN: Look here, it seems to me you neglect all the advantages of a university—"

JAMES: "By not falling in love, you mean?"

SELWYN: "Well, falling in love is one of the Uses of a University; there are others."

JAMES: "Falling in love is one of the risks of a university; and one which I have so far escaped, I'm glad to say."

SELWYN: "Pray, what is dangerous about love?"

JAMES: "It prevents you from working."

SELWYN: "That is one of the delights of love, not one of its disadvantages. In any case, I don't see that there's any connection between work and the University."

JAMES: "My dear Selwyn, allow me explain my idea of a university: it is a large ugly building containing several hundred Philistines and a few of the most cultured people in the world. One must forget the building, avoid the Philistines, and spend as much time as possible with the cultured. The University has a library, where it invites me to work——"

SELWYN: "Oh! good Lord!"

JAMES: "To work, I say; and where librarians put their learning at my disposal. It hangs good pictures on its walls, and gets elegant musicians to play for me. Where else can the man of taste and learning find his needs so well satisfied? Where but in a university could I be writing my essay on Gray?"

SELWYN: "But, I say——"

JAMES: "I have still to mention the sublimest, the supreme function of a university: it is the conferring of degrees. A few more essays like this, and a good deal of swotting,———"

SELWYN: "Ugh!"

JAMES: "And I shall get a First. My books will soon attract attention, I shall get the Slade Professorship, and as soon as the Director of the National Gallery dies I shall take his place. It will be partly because of my brilliance itself, of course,——"

SELWYN: "Of course!"

JAMES: "My brilliance itself, as I say, but chiefly because I shall have a First. The university, by giving me a First, ensures that, as an extraordinarily intelligent man, I shall have what I deserve: and *that* is the Use of a University.

SELWYN: "My dear James, this is *my* idea of a university: an excuse to one's parents for not earning one's living, and a tolerably efficient means of entertaining oneself for three or four years. But the essence of a university is that it is a social——"

JAMES: "Nonsense!"

SELWYN: "A *social* institution. It is a group of people living together, and if you're going to despise most of them, there's no point in coming to Coll. at all. To make proper use of a University, you must in some way or other profit by the company of the other people there."

JAMES : " My *dear* Selwyn ! "

SELWYN : " Well, the nicest people in the University are the girls, so I spend my time talking to them, dancing with them, and flirting with them. I don't suppose I shall get a first, because the longer you work the less time you have for the important things of university life. But I shall go down with something much better than a degree."

JAMES : " What ! "

SELWYN : " With knowledge of how to live in the world : I shall always have friends."

JAMES : " Poor chap ! "

SELWYN : " In a word, a university combines the best features of a club and a hotel."

JAMES : " The lecturers being the waiters, I suppose ? "

SELWYN : " No ! The lecturers are the club bores."

JAMES : " If learning bores you, why come to a university ? "

SELWYN : " Because I was sure I shouldn't find any there."

JAMES : " My dear fellow, we know that Miss Jones and Jemima Smiles are not exactly learned, but I think the Prof. and I can claim a certain amount of culture."

SELWYN (*angry*) : " Culture has no part in university life."

JAMES (*angry*) : " Culture is the end and aim of university life."

SELWYN : " Flirting is the end and aim of university life."

JAMES : " Flirting is a disgrace to university life."

SELWYN : " People like you are a disgrace to university life."

JAMES (*jumping up*) : " People like you are a damned——"

(*The door opens and Helen Angel, a pretty girl, comes in*).

SELWYN : " Oh ! Miss Angel, White has just made such a funny mistake ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! He thinks you ought to work at a university."

JAMES : " Oh ! Miss Angel, such a pity ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Poor Courtenay is under the delusion that he's in a hotel."

HELEN : " Well, the University does look rather like one from outside, doesn't it ? But it's very different inside. . . . . The University, like everything else in life, is for you to make whatever use you can of it."

SELWYN : " Whatever use you want to, you mean."

HELEN : " That comes to the same thing. But the point is this : a university offers thousands of opportunities and facilities, and you've got to choose some of them. The man who comes to Coll. to dance has as much right to be here as the equally silly man who comes to get a degree."

JAMES : " Oh ! Miss Angel ! "

HELEN : " No one person can use a tenth of the opportunities of a university, but it's a pity not to use several of them. Mr. White, why don't you learn dancing ? Mr. Courtenay, why not take up Greek ? "

SELWYN : " I think, er, I will, if—if you would be good enough to give me a little help, my dear James."

JAMES : " Oh ! delighted, old chap. As for dancing, I think . . I could learn . . . . if, er, you——"

SELWYN : " Oh ! I should love to teach you, my dear fellow."

JAMES : " My dear Selwyn, you are too good."

HELEN : " One of the Uses of a University is that you can get things to eat there ; shall we go across to the Common Room ? "

JAMES } " Delighted, Miss Angel." [Exeunt.
SELWYN }

B. W.

The Economics of Love

THE first symptom of the growth of the Grand Passion is the supersession of an era of free competition by attempts at Monopoly and Combination. If successful in this attempt the theory of wants and their satisfaction resolves itself into a question of Value and Exchange, in which the male feeds out of the hand of the female, while the female feeds out of the pocket of the male.

This naturally brings us to the very real problem of Banking, Currency and Credit.

As love is a primitive passion, it is not surprising that indulgence in that passion leads to the adoption of primitive methods.

We all know how before the growth of the banking system people used to deposit their money with a goldsmith. This return to the primitive is precisely what is done by the modern lover, the only difference being that whereas in former times on depositing your money with the goldsmith you received in return a receipt, or token, which circulated throughout the district as paper currency, you now only receive a ring, or token, which merely circulates round the third finger of your lady-love.

The problems connected with credit have always been problems of selecting the happy medium between too much and too little.

It is complicated, however, in this case by the existence of two different credits, and if you act in such a manner as to secure your credit at the bank you must run the risk of losing credit with the young lady of your choice. And of course, *vice versa*. On the side of demand you may notice an increased desire for chocolates and the like, which may be called internal goods, and for seeing the pictures, which though sometimes called payment for a non-material and intangible service, is indulged in because of the opportunities provided for tangibility.

For visits to the theatre, or dance, two tickets always are desired. This is known as Joint Demand. The question of Consumers' Surplus often arises when the chocolates are more than enough to last the evening.

The conception of Rent only arises in the case of Scotsmen, who usually desire some darning ability on the part of their *fiancées*.

Occasionally the attempt at Combination fails. Then may be discerned the operation of a law in every way analogous to the laws of Increasing and Diminishing Returns. This law is known as the Law of Accumulated Returns and is sometimes vulgarly called "Getting your presents back." There is in this case a strong tendency to a simultaneous operation of the law of Diminishing Returns.

At times the lady calls in the assistance of the law and sues her reluctant lover for damages for Breach of Promise. If successful she may be said, in Professor Marshall's words, to reap a Compromise Benefit.

On the other hand, the parties to a Combination may desire to have it made permanent. This necessitates some little expense, but treatment of that subject must be left over to the next issue, when another of these absorbing articles, "The Economics of Marriage" may appear.

H.M.R.

On Lunching Out

SOME people "lunch out" regularly. This is one of the unforseen consequences of the progress of civilisation. By which I mean that this utterly modern thing, the massing of men in great cities or connubations where the sun seldom pierces the incense of industrialism, has not only torn the citizens from their God-ordained intimacy with the living earth, but has added a further crime to its black list of wilful sins which was never intended by God or man.

There is a double guilt attached to this sin which not even the fires of purgatory will cleanse from the soul. It is a sin which assuredly carries with it eternal damnation for our species. If there is one test of progress more certain than any other, it is the unity and stability of that most ancient institution, the home. I intend later when I am freed from the intellectual tyranny of Universities, to develop my thesis fully and startle the world by proving conclusively to all thinking men that economic progress is now limited not by war, pestilence, famine or scarcity of capital, but solely by the immobility of that factor of production which is the real source of wealth, Labour. I will show that the mobility of labour can only be increased by destroying the family. One great dramatist, Karl Capek, has already had a vision of this stupendous truth, but it will need a great economist to classify it sufficiently to enable the generality of mankind to foresee their doom as the inevitable culmination of this rake's progress.

For the moment I am concerned with a single aspect of the social problem—the matter of lunching out. I maintain as my major premiss that the lunch, or mid-day meal was intended by God to be taken in the family circle. It is the pivot of the day, and from it should radiate all the graces essential to a happy home. To me there is a sacramental quality in the meal of noon's reunion, which is absent from breakfast. Breakfast indeed is the meal of philistines, the cultured races ignore it and treat it contemptuously. And as for dinner, that is universally accepted as a social function. You invite guests to dinner, or you go out to dinner. It is the meal of greatest elasticity, capable of being spread over several hours. In Scotland where these things are well understood I recently attended a dinner which lasted till 2.30 a.m., and started I forget when.

But lunch is the centre of family life. Take it away and disintegration follows. But this is exactly the price we are paying for progress, for who to-day has time to go home to lunch? Cafés are springing up everywhere, and it is not a meal they provide, but merely something to eat. There is no gracious ease nor homely affection; no change for the mind when it most needs it; no prayer of thanksgiving, no lifting up of the heart to meet the high heaven. Nothing but a dull mastication of rapidly cooked masses of indigestible solids. The devil's own meal!

But I said there was double villainy in it to-day. There is an element of surprise still attached to the phrase "lunching out," which indicates its true purpose in this sorry scheme of things. And so it should be. I am one of the few people left who can enjoy the sound of it. For it is seldom indeed I break the daily round by lunching out. And when I do—ah! What excitement! I meet an old friend and he invites me to lunch in town. It becomes an adventure. The conversation sparkles the while I think of wondering eyes at home. Messengers are out looking for me. I may have been kidnapped, run-over, arrested. Anything may have happened. And then the joyful return home in the evening, the passionate welcome, the eager questions, the tender sympathy and fond embraces; these things are what make life wholesome.

But alas! They are not for the many. The toiling millions of advanced civilisation use their homes mainly to sleep in. They lunch out daily. The homes of the free have become the doss-houses of slaves.

"PIP."

The Reformation of Rupert

IF Rupert had not jumped to conclusions—but then, Rupert was addicted to this form of mental gymnastics; and of all human activities it is the most dangerous. For instance, if Prince Rupert of Rhinish fame had not jumped to the conclusion that Roundheads were as stupid as they looked, the history of England might have been very different. Now the connection between these two Ruperts is no accidental one. For Rupert's mother in her youth had attended a boarding school where besides learning to dance and pass the salt in French, she had been introduced to the pageant of history. The acquaintance was a casual one: and she retained a clear recollection of only one historical figure, that of Prince Rupert complete with curls and slashed doublet. He was her youthful hero, and on the strength of this, she married a poet, that being the only species of modern manhood whose hair approached the length of her hero's. And quite naturally her only child she called Rupert. Thus from his father, Rupert inherited a strong bent for engineering, this, as is so often the case with poets, being that man's true profession had he only known it. And Rupert in due course came up to take engineering: at least in his spare time, which was in fact very spare indeed, for Rupert was keen on dancing, the cinema, and revues, besides being a hockey enthusiast, and wielding the stick as valiantly as aforetime his princely namesake wielded the sword; and doubtless, with much greater damage to his opponents.

But to come to the particular conclusion to which Rupert jumped; he was waiting one afternoon with Bill who shared his diggings, for a Lawnswood car to materialise, when they heard a little shriek. Rupert ever responsive to feminine distress swung round to behold a large dog growling fiercely as it endeavoured to persuade a very pretty blue dress to part company with its wearer. And the conclusion to which Rupert leaped was that the girl was in danger of immediate disruption at the paws of the savage monster. As a matter of fact the dog was merely demonstrating in its doggy way, its supreme joy at having accidentally encountered the familar scent of its mistress in the inferno of stray smells which assails a dog's nostrils in a town street. And the shriek was one of surprise and delight, not of fear. But Rupert only discovered this when having hurled the dog aside and placed a protecting arm around the damsel, he met her amused smile and a placid "Don't be afraid. He won't bite you." Truly the lot of the modern knight is hard.

And that was how the business began. For in that brief and disconcerting encounter, Rupert had met his Marston Moor. Of course he did not know it. He only felt rather dazed, like one awakening from a vision; indeed as he confided to Bill, it was his firm conviction she was an angel, which is a conclusion jumped to by more mortals than Rupert, on similar scanty data. And indeed, Bill, ruminating on the strange fact that if you want to go to Lawnswood all the cars flaunt Headingley in your face, was unimpressed.

"The Gryphon"

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Yet however deep the impression made on Rupert, doubtless time would have effaced it. But it happened that some days later Rupert and Bill were sipping an afternoon glass of milk in the Refectory. Now the Refectory was also occupied by the members of a certain society who were stimulating themselves to feats of mental comprehension by the Spartan method of physical hardship, in this instance, the digesting of Refectory buns. And so it was that Rupert making his way to the door suddenly stopped dead, as if confronted by a vision, then walked blindly to the door where Bill awaited him. "What's this bun-eating business about?" he whispered hoarsely. Bill was calm. "Oh, some old society or other," he replied, "lot of rot—ought to be out playing hockey—Litanist or something, I think. Come on." But Rupert did not come on. For Rupert had met a crisis and the cause of that crisis was sitting placidly inside eating buns with the devotees of Litanist—the Literary and Historical Society to give them their full dress title. It has been hinted that Rupert was somewhat of a barbarian. As the son of an unsuccessful poet he had been brought up in a lofty scorn for all things poetical. Of literature and art he knew nothing and had he ever thought of them, which he had not, he would have gloried in knowing nothing. His art was dancing, his literature the cinema supplied, and his history the hockey records for the last twenty years. And for societies which preyed on the dead bones of this culture, he had nothing but the loftiest contempt. And here in the ranks of the worshippers at the despised shrine, was She! The She he had longed to meet again ever since his body had been interposed between her and her own dog on that memorable afternoon. If you wish to realise the state of Rupert's mind at this moment you must cast back in memory to that birthday of yours, your seventh or thereabouts. Do you recall how, weeks before, a maiden aunt had promised you five whole shillings, and how you dreamed of what you would do when this untold wealth was yours? And how at last the long expected morning dawns, the five shillings arrive—accompanied by a proviso that they must be expended on a red flannel chest protector. Recreate your state of mind at that moment and then return to Rupert.

It was after some moments grappling with the crisis that he discovered that unideal as was the condition evidently attached to his re-discovery of Her, to leave her was unthinkable. So with sudden decision he turned back and entered the Refectory. By now, the floor was being cleared for action, and Rupert brought chairs to where she stood and they sat down. Rupert enquired about the dog and they laughed over the incident. In fact Rupert forgot all about the crisis till she said presently, "So you come to the Lit. and Hist." Rupert hesitated; here in the temple of the despised God it did not seem so easy to be a barbarian, especially if you are in love with one of the angels. His courage left—how could he face her scorn—how indeed explain why he had come? "W-well," he said, "I-I haven't been able to get much so far—busy you know—." A sympathetic nod. Yes, it was worth the implied capitulation to the unknown God, thought Rupert. And after all, had he been right in his scorn? Wasn't there something in this culture and these societies, in all these people so keen? He would see at any rate, for just then the lecture began. But just what Rupert saw it is difficult to say. He saw a dainty profile out of the corner of his eye, and he saw the speaker. He also gathered that the discourse concerned the Metre of somebody, a poet evidently. But as all Rupert's definite knowledge of metre concerned the unit of linear measurement of that name, it is doubtful if he added greatly to his stock of information. However, he leaned forward intently and nodded at intervals, and once or twice frowned judiciously as if in query of the speaker's point. This he achieved by careful observation and imitation of a studious looking individual in front of him. And at the end Rupert clapped vigorously, smiled round on everyone rather vacantly and otherwise

fulfilled the rites of an audience. "Wasn't it great?" he said in tones of hushed reverence. And to judge by the enthusiastic way they looked at each other, it evidently was great.

The remarkable change in Rupert was first noted by Bill. Coming in one day to get his hockey materials for an important match, he found Rupert frowning intently over a ponderous volume. "Time we were going," said he breezily, "match begins at 2.30 you know." Rupert laboriously uncreased his features. "Not going," he said. Bill turned slowly from the cupboard and stared at him dazedly and at last found words for his perplexity. "But I don't understand—you're not ill? No? Then why on earth—" a dreadful suspicion came to him—"you're not *swotting?*" The supreme scorn in his tone stung Rupert to vindication. "Bill, I've made a discovery. For nineteen years we have lived in utter and abysmal ignorance of all the higher things in life. We are barbarians; we have no refinement, no culture, no knowledge of art and literature; we eat and dance and play barbarous games—like savages. I've been thinking this last week—I'm going to reform, and as a start I'm cutting hockey and reading this." He held up the book, "Art and the Higher Life." Bill's face at that moment, with its perfect expression of blank astonishment, would have put any cinema star to shame. "Good Lord," he said, and bolted. And to Bill's dismay this state of things continued. From Rupert's book-shelf a collection of pipes, shin-guards and magazines was deposed in favour of a long row of prepossessing volumes. The mantel shelf held a collection of receipt forms certifying Rupert's membership of various societies—he had picked the societies out in the handbook and joined them *en masse*, to the great astonishment of their respective secretaries. These meetings and a host of lectures he religiously attended; not alone of course. "You'll be going to the so-and-so, of course," he would ask her at the end of each meeting; and of course, she was. There were musical recitals too and Rupert gave up mutilating ragtime and was heard giving one finger performances of Debussy and Chopin. Fortunately Bill did not detect the difference and accompanied on the coal scuttle with as great a gusto as ever.

Of course it is not to be supposed that Rupert found all this easy. True he took up his pursuit of Culture with zest; but he hardly attained the whole hearted satisfaction which aforetime accompanied his prowess on the hockey field. There was a subtle element of dissatisfaction about it all, of bewilderment. Had Rupert analysed this feeling he would doubtless have attributed it to his former deficient education. Had you suggested he did not really like all this and that the reason for his pretending he did was twenty, with grey eyes and golden hair, he would have repudiated the suggestion with scorn. His reformation was genuine so far as he knew; and any glimmerings of doubt he might have only increased his dogged conviction that his new life was ideal. And of course he *was* abysmally ignorant. It must be admitted he divided his time at most lectures between thinking what a good lecture it was, and trying to recall a paragraph from some book on the subject to quote to her at the end. And this classical music—how rare the pretty tunes in it were; though certainly the conductor's antics were amusing. And how many pictures there were without an interesting story attached to them. Indeed had he not at an early stage hit upon a golden rule, he might have found it hard to pass honestly as an ardent devotee of the arts. The rule being that if he did not like a picture or a piece of music, it was certain according to all laws of art to be a good one, and to be safely praised. Conversely, he would safely run down anything he did really like. Which, after all, is a proceeding not confined to Rupert amongst devotees of art. So on the whole he got on very well; and fortunately she usually agreed with him about things, or she was discreetly silent. This Rupert put down to her great superiority in such matters and her not wishing to hurt him. And so

matters progressed for many weeks. Bill had stoicly accepted the new state of affairs. At first he would converse as of old about hockey or the latest film, but as Rupert countered with long harangues on the last recital or lecture, or on culture in general and the barbarity of Bill in particular, he soon gave up. Indeed their relationship became a trifle strained. They even politely offered each other cigarettes and first use of the bathroom in the morning . . . .

And so the reformation of Rupert might have become permanent despite his subterranean unrest, had not circumstance prepared for him an event which was too much for his newly adapted system to accept. They went to a music recital composed entirely of the works of one Scriabin, a modern. It was an afternoon of fog and darkness, the hall shrouded in gloom in which white faces loomed mistily. And at the first discords, a sense of coming disaster crept over Rupert ; after six pieces his overstrained nervous system showed signs of rebellion. The pieces were of two kinds ; one consisted of a series of detached notes played at intervals of half a minute, the other was a furious mad medley of discords and clashings, a veritable musical babel it seemed to Rupert, a wireless concert during a thunderstorm . . . The hall grew gloomier, performer and audience lost in the fog of a winter afternoon, a deep melancholy brooded over all. And at the tenth piece, sudden realisation came to Rupert. He knew that if he stayed one moment longer he would rise and howl, as his dog Jip used to howl when Rupert, six years old, rendered Home, Sweet Home, with one finger and drum accompaniment—an agonised and plaintive howl. And to avert the catastrophe, Rupert rose suddenly and fled.

Now you may think that Rupert, after a night's rest, would return to normal and excuse his strange conduct to his deserted companion on grounds of sudden illness. But it was not so. This performance had loosed some long wound up spring in his nature, loosed all his subterranean discontent and revealed to himself his total unfitness for a life of culture. He realised he could never return, saw himself as the barbarian he was—and was not ashamed to see it. She was an angel, of that he was still firmly convinced ; to give up her companionship meant more than he dare contemplate. But while worshipping the angel he was painfully aware of the harp he must accept with her. And there are some things even angels cannot make endurable. So on the next day Rupert approached her determined to reveal his pretence and his total unfitness to share her life. He would get it over quickly. " I ran away yesterday," he told her, " because I couldn't bear that music. It was diabolical." She looked surprised : " Did you ? Well, to tell the truth, that's just what I thought." Rupert stayed the flow of his confession at this unexpected agreement. He even had a momentary temptation to accept this good fortune and say no more. But his overnight decision triumphed and he went on desperately, staring over her shoulder into space and talking rapidly, " But that's not all. I'm sick of all the rest as well, all this music and art and these lectures. It doesn't suit me. I thought it did till yesterday. Though I didn't know or care a thing about it till I—well, till I met you." In the ensuing silence he stole a glance at her face and saw, not scorn and contempt, but surprise, bewilderment, and, he thought, relief. " But why on earth didn't you say so ? " said she. " Well, you see, well in fact I wanted to see you and talk to you and as you were keen on all this I just pretended—lied at first—" At this point she interposed, " But who told you I was keen ? I'm not. I thought you were." Rupert frowned uncomprehendingly ; " You remember, don't you ? " he said, " I saw you at a Lit. and Hist. affair. I concluded of course you were keen on such things and so I came in and pretended I'd been a member for years. I joined next day as a matter of fact." Surprise gave way to sudden laughter as she replied " Well, we have been fools. Lit. and Hist. ! Why I hadn't been to one before, never saw anything in it. But that day I missed my train and dropped in to have tea with a friend who is a member—I was going

out after tea, but you came, so I—well, I stopped because I was interested, in you, not the lecture. Since then I've been reading books galore and pretending I don't know what—what a strain it was too. But you seemed so keen and I—well there is no use to pretend I didn't like you after that!" She stopped and watched the slow moving of comprehension to Rupert's face. And at last he grasped this new and wonderful fact that his angel cared no more for harps than he did. The possibilities of the future flashed into his mind one by one, "Why—I say, are you keen on dancing? Splendid, there's one to-morrow. And there's a good show at the Empire this week—by jove, we shall have a time. And oh—but that's too much to expect." "What?" she enquired. "I was going to ask if you played hockey, but I daren't hope for any more from Fortune." "But I do," said she.

That night when Bill came home he found to his surprise that there was no fire. Inquiring into this, he discovered the cause of the fire's extinction—a mass of half charred papers. And turning it over gently with the poker he found here a book back, there blackened leaves, and in the hearth a bundle of receipts from various societies—amazingly mutilated. Bill whistled softly.

The Reformation of Rupert was ended. J.W.T.

Mixed Feelings

When you think at last you've settled
All your fees with the Accountant,
And you find you hadn't reckoned
More than half the proper total—
You know the fainting feeling—don't you?

When you hail a passing student
With a greeting loud and slangy,
And you find a moment after
He is really your Professor—
You know the frozen feeling—don't you?

When you've waited for your partner
Till the waltz is nearly over,
Then you see her floating past you—
Not a glance in your direction—
You know the fed-up feeling—don't you?

When the tennis courts are crowded
With spectators—mostly female—
And in spite of all your efforts
You can only serve eight doubles—
You know the "flattened" feeling—don't you?

When you've swotted like a madman
For your first examination,
And you sit benumbed and white-faced
Vainly waiting for a brain-wave—
You know the "failure" feeling—don't you?

When you're trembling on Result Day
Tightly wedged among the victims,
And the alphabet swells upward
Till your name leaps out and hits you—
You know the fatal feeling—don't you?

When at last you've passed your Final
And you mount the stairs to glory:
You already feel your halo
And you stumble on the top step—
You know the funny feeling—don't you?

H.M.N.

HINCKLEY.—15th February, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hinckley, a daughter.

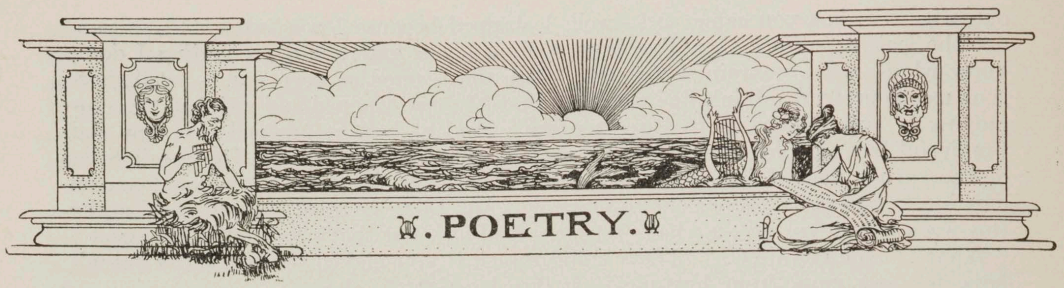
IT is suggested that instead of the conventionally dull notices which encumber the Notice Board, the various items of information etc., should be given in attractive rhyme, *e.g.*:—

LOST.

A fountain pen has been mislaid;
Will finder please return it.
I much regret there's no reward;
A recompense I can't afford—
Besides, he'd surely spurn it!
Signed . . . .

SCHOLARS.

The undermentioned Scholars are
Besought to come from near and far
For money! Cheques! allowances! ah,
See them run!
We hope that they will bear in mind
If Class Tickets are left behind,
Though they had wept and they had whined,
They'd get none! H.M.N.



O Happy Wind!

Oh happy wind that creeps to-day
On mischief bent in little mossy places,
And stirs the fragance of the hay
Throughout the long field's loosely-lifted furrows ;
Oh happy wind that on the moors to-day
Whistles and laughs and races ;

Oh happy wind, out of your store
Of happiness and joy so lightly bought,
Can you not spare a little more
For us who faint beneath the long day's burden ;
Oh happy wind, will you not give your store
To one who long has sought ? M. B.

The Tree

Outlined against a faint grey sky
With few clouds floating, branching high
Into the windless heavens, the tree
Stands solemn-trunked, majestically.
Leaf upon leaf, each rainbow-clad,
Lifts it's curled red point ; and glad
The rustle of the heat-dried throng
Now singing the trees' autumnal song.

Below the ridge the noisy hum
Of fretting crowds, who go and come
About their work in blindfold care.
Up near the sky the old tree there
Lifts it's head with calm content ;
Not all it's coloured freight has bent
It down ; and still the ridge it rules,
A monarch in a world of fools. M. B.

A Lover

The patient trees, my hands, these walls,
Fade in your beauty's light ;
Familiar things are now most strange ;
At the once kindly world I stare
Of sound and touch and sight.

My home is home to me no more,
Your heart is now my home ;
Beneath the keen curve of your breasts,
Where your blood wheels and throbs and eddies,
There must I come.

There must I come, oh lovely woman,
Till your world fades as mine,
And your mind in your glowing flesh
Makes a new strange familiar world
With sudden radiance shine.

There must I rest, oh lovely one,
Finding those things I know ;
The untroubled, tremulous dawn of sweet
Love, and love's last contented peace.
And you bid me go.

I go, into this fading world
That shuts you from my sight.
The things I was no more I feel ;
My house, my flesh, the friendly trees,
Fade in your beauty's light.

G. W.

Deæ Academicæ

Your black lashes met for a moment and
parted again,
And the clear cool ice of your mind
Was quiet contempt and very quiet ignorance;
So now in a dull lec.
I write verses about you.

B. W.

Verweile doch

I push back my papers.
My eager eyes run busily round the room,
Finding all sorts of little uninteresting details :
The horrible wallpaper,
The flickering gasfire,
The untidy shelves,
The window holding a square of night,
The littered mantelpiece.
I know all about them ; they don't interest
me a bit ;
But my eyes, dancing and playful, pick them
for me like flowers.
"Yes, dears," I say in a tone of pleased
surprise,
"How nice. And how kind of you to bring
them to me."

G. W.

Out of Catullus

My Sirmio, you're nicer than any other
island,
In any gleaming lake,
Or set by Neptune in the wider sea.
And I, how glad I am to come to you, how
happy.
I can scarcely believe I've got right away
from Thunia
And from Bithunia's level meadows ;
I can scarcely believe I see you safely again.
Oh, what is sweeter than to cast off care,
Letting the mind's burden slip gently to the
ground ?
I'm sick of travelling abroad ; now I've
retired
To you, domestic god,
To sleep again in my own longed-for bed,
This is the gain of all my wanderings.
Now, lovely Sirmio, be glad : your master's
back ;
And you too, waves of the Lydian lake :
Laugh all the laughter that there is at home.

G.W.

Belinda

Belinda in the fire-light sits
Playing on a dulcetone
An old, old tune that ghost-like flits,
Round about we two alone.

Belinda has a bird-like voice,
Fluting low and sweetly clear,
When she sings her true-love's choice
Only meant for me to hear.

Belinda in the fire-light sitting,
Gay and heedless of my distant tears,
Softly at her dulcetone is weaving
Tender memories for future years.

T. Wray Milnes.

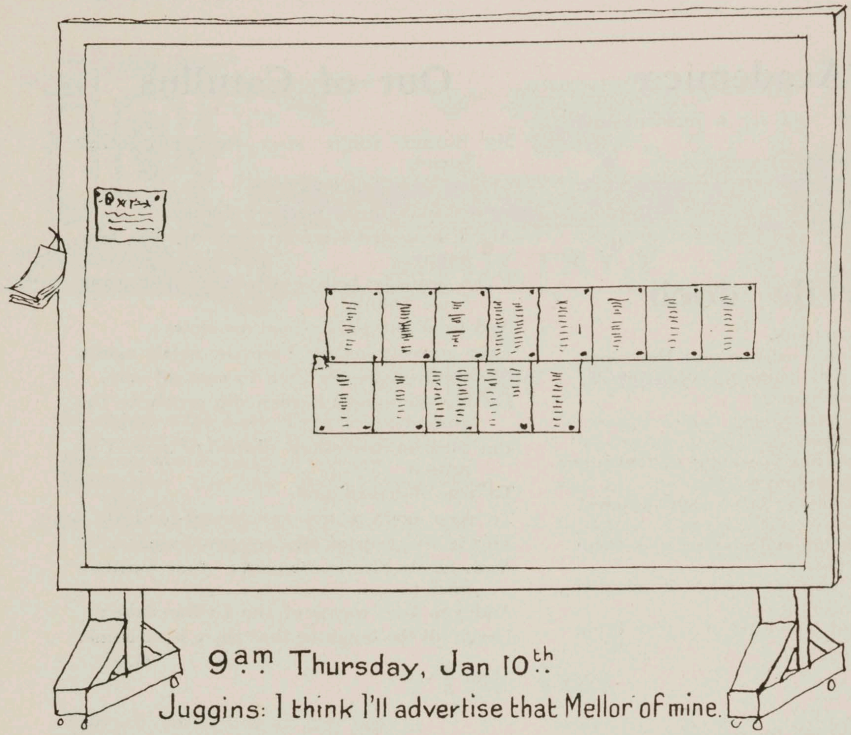
The Magic Pool

There, when the twilight-whispers make
The rustlings of the wood to wake
Around that shining, reedy pool ;
At this one hour—the wise ones say—
The nymphs desert their waters cool,
To wander in the trees and play.

Of the wood's magic who can tell ?
I only know, one feels a spell
Which haunts the pool and clings around
This fairest temple of the grove,
Making the green aisles holy ground,
And sacred all the paths I rove.

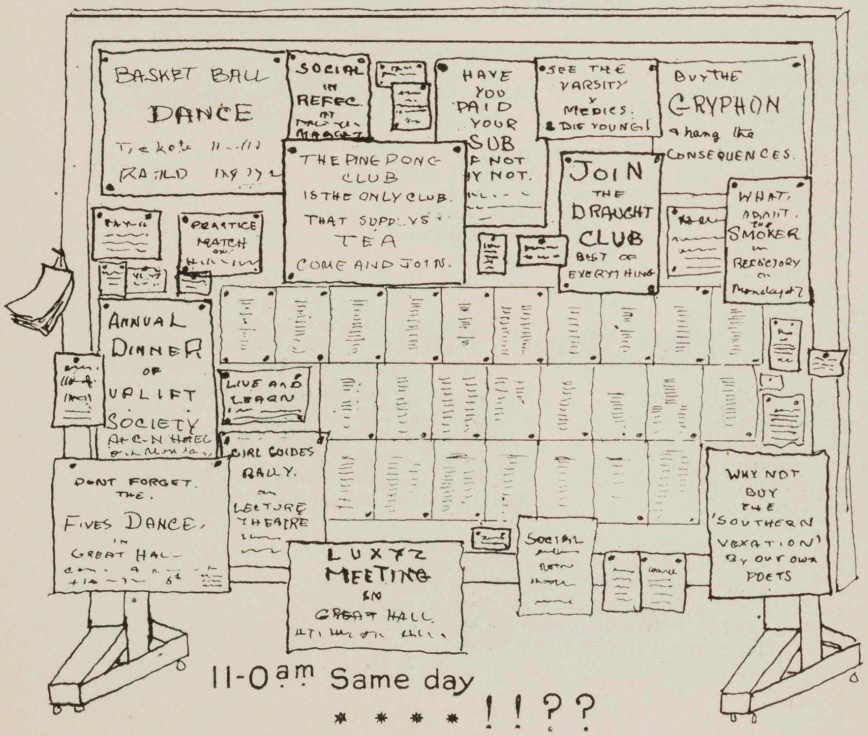
I only know one hears a song,
Wistful and sweet, which lingers long ;
And sees a gleam, between the oaks,
Of some young dryad's golden hair,
Before descending darkness cloaks
The sylvan Paradise that's there.

M. I. B.



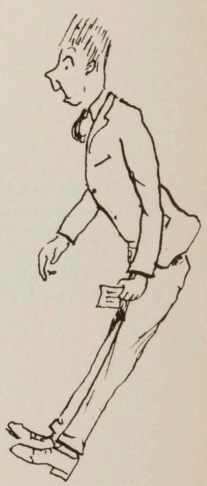
9 a.m. Thursday, Jan 10th.

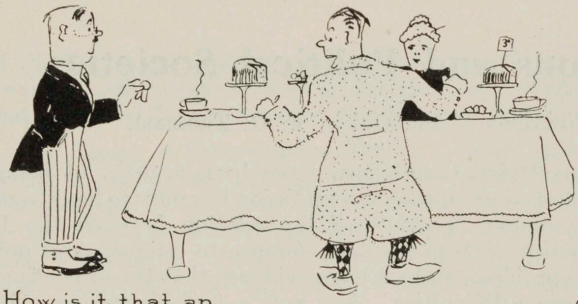
Juggins: I think I'll advertise that Mellor of mine.



11-0 a.m. Same day

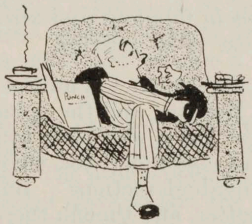
* * * * !!??

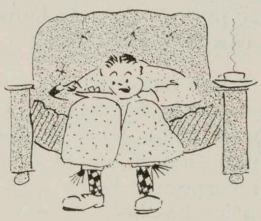




How is it that an Afternoon.....

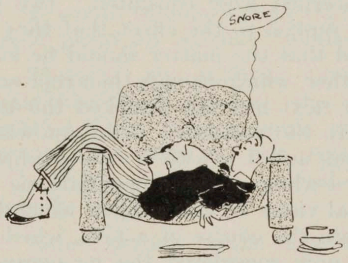
I

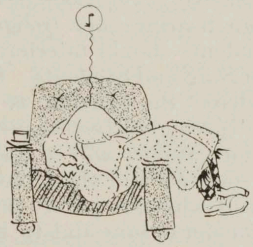




II

In the 'Chemmy' Lab always.....





.....drives us to.....

III

.....this sort of thing.?

IV

The Ibis

On Religious and Political Societies

(By the President of the Union, F. G. Thomas).

THE present and recent Union Committees have been accused of being too ambitious ; that perhaps is why the present Union Committee have ventured to tackle the very complex problem of the relation between the Union Committee and student societies, with particular reference to religious and political societies. This is not a local problem, and we have evidence that the other Northern Universities are facing the same difficulties. Nor is it a topical problem ; in this matter the Union must seek to legislate for the future, ever keeping before it the larger vision of Union corporate life, allowing for expansion of growth which to many present day students may seem fabulous and absurd. This matter cannot be too carefully considered ; nor must it be hurried.

Some have complained that the Union Committee seems to have shelved the two issues laid before the General Meeting, and the opinion expressed there has been ignored. The delay is inevitable as those who have sought to find a solution, have realised that it meant defining and classifying the whole relationship of the Union as a corporate body with its individual sections. But a considerable amount of attention has been given to this matter, and though there is no unanimity of opinion, yet, nor any satisfactory solution, a memorandum has been drafted which seems likely to be accepted as at least suggestive of the lines of solution.

The memorandum as outlined was submitted to the Executive, and on general policy an agreement was reached, but dealing with religious and political beliefs is a very delicate business. The Societies concerned were consulted ; two gave the memorandum a fair hearing—one (religious) replied to the effect that they saw no reason why the students should interfere, and that the matter should be left to the Committee of Joint Staff and Students ; the other, which, though their representation favourably considered the scheme, at their next meeting attacked the Union and its officers for not giving early recognition to the societies. I do not wish to complain ; I only ask for patience and co-operation, and it is with a view to soliciting the goodwill of these societies and the Union as a whole in these negotiations, that I venture to put in print what are purely personal views on this subject which have been embodied in a memorandum and to indicate the course of action, which the Executive hopes to follow. The M.R.C. have now considered the memorandum and given it their support. On March 11th it will be submitted to the Union Committee ; on March 14th to the Joint Meeting of Staff and Students and early next term to a Special General Meeting of the Union.

The problem in itself is difficult and complex and surrounded with peculiar temperamental difficulties. At present there are two types of societies—Union, and Union Affiliated Societies. Union Societies are those which are practically or wholly financed by the Union, *e.g.*, Athletic Clubs and the Debating Society ; Union Affiliated Societies are those which have been recognised by the Senate and the Union Committee and are granted certain facilities, such as the use of rooms, office apparatus, etc., under Union control. The Union accepts *absolutely* no financial responsibility, but annually inspects their balance-sheets in the interests of the students.

Among these are a number of religious societies, which have Senate and Union recognition, and now political societies seek similar and full recognition. This is the first serious complication which faces anyone tackling this problem—the Senate

and the Union has already granted recognition to some of these Societies. It was extremely unfortunate that these societies were recognised before the policy of the Senate and the Union on such matters was formulated.

The danger of Sectarian Societies in a Union was well explained at the General Meeting of the Union, and has since been excellently stated in a recent Editorial in this Journal. There is no need to reiterate these. It does, however, seem essential that the Union as a corporate body should not have any sectarian creed whether secular or religious ; it must be able to include the atheist, the pagan, the Christian, the Mohammedan, and all shades of political thought with impartiality.

It should, however, refuse to identify itself with their aim and basis, not because it believes them to be wrong, but because they are of a sectarian nature. On the other hand, the Union should endeavour to provide facilities for as many of its members as possible in their varied pursuits and the Union Committee, to whom these powers are delegated, must not become a judge of which of these is or is not desirable.

Nor must its views on this problem be biased by any personal likes or dislikes either of the creed or the people behind the creed embodied in the sectarian societies. This is one of the difficulties. The people behind these societies are earnest and sincere, they are seeking in their varied ways to face the larger issues of life along lines which they believe to be true ; and they ask the Union, not to be their judge, but to grant them as members of the Union, certain facilities so that they can study, discuss and think together. Where there is any considerable body, Union members who have interests in common and wish the Union to grant these facilities for meeting together, the Union should do so if it is at all possible.

It would therefore seem that the Union Committee (and, of course, the Union) should grant all possible facilities without identifying itself with these societies.

There are alternatives ; one is full recognition, and this means that the Union would identify itself with the various sectarian societies. It is also extremely doubtful if the Senate would give the recognition, should the Union Committee pass it. The other is " non-recognition," which means that because the majority of the Union disagree in general creed, it will not allow any who may agree to hold meetings together.

Before passing to the suggested solution, there is one argument very prominent in some quarters, which demands that the Union Committee should recognise the ruling of the General Meeting on the question of Political societies, and as the voting was in favour of these societies, they should be recognised by the Union and application made to the Senate for recognition. This is absurd and suicidal in practice. The motion came when most people had adjourned for tea—and was carried by three votes ! Would the Union Committee be justified in asking the Senate to grant Political societies on a majority of three ? If the Union decided on this course a referendum would in all probability be demanded and I have no doubt that the motion would then be lost by an overwhelming majority. It is this kind of agitation which makes it extremely difficult to deal with this question, as it strengthens the hands of those who pass for " non-recognition."

I have endeavoured to suggest the possible solution in the memorandum—by creating a third class of student societies, which are not affiliated to the Union. They do not need the sanction of the Senate and not having the full recognition of the Union shall not attach the word Leeds University Union ; on complying with these and other Union conditions, they shall be granted all the facilities of affiliated societies.

This would give the Union Committee power to cater for all student interests however varied may be their nature, without necessarily identifying itself with any of them. Should this memorandum be accepted by the Union Committee and the Senate, it might, in its amended form become part of the amended constitution.

It is necessary to emphasise that this cannot as yet be considered the official opinion of the Union Committee, but purely personal views on the matter which have been embodied in a memorandum and submitted as a basis for discussion. It is rather an interim report arising out of the General Meeting.

In Memoriam

WILLIAM NEWBY ROBSON, LL.D.

A correspondent sends us the following communication :—

While going through some old letters recently the writer found the photograph of Dr. Robson, whose brutal assassination took place at Cairo on December 22nd, 1922, as he was cycling towards his home ; and though this notice of him may appear to be somewhat belated, we cannot help but think that full justice has not been done to his memory, and that there may be some who will be glad to have a fuller account of his life and work than appeared in the daily press at the time.

William Newby Robson was the son of a well known and highly respected solicitor at Stockton-on-Tees. He was one of the first students to enter the Law Classes at the Yorkshire College after their establishment by the Yorkshire Board of Legal Studies in 1899. He completed the full course under Professor Phillips and Mr. G. G. Alexander, and graduated as LL.B. of the Victoria University with honours. He then proceeded to Cambridge where he became a scholar of Gonville and Caius College and took a first class in both parts of the Law Tripos and in due time proceeded to the degrees of M.A. and LL.B. Cantab.

Becoming a solicitor, he settled in practice at Sunderland, but the academic side of law appealed to him more strongly than the rough and tumble work of the courts, and after a few years of actual practice he accepted the position of Lecturer in the Khedival School of Law at Cairo, where he was living and teaching at the time of his untimely death, trying to enforce the principles of law and order in the midst of a community almost anarchical.

In 1914 he took the degree of LL.D. at the University of Leeds by a thesis entitled " The Principles of Legal Liability for Trespasses and Injuries by Animals " (subsequently published by the Cambridge University Press).

In private life Dr. Robson was one of the kindest and gentlest of men, a well-informed, pleasant companion and a staunch friend. Those who were privileged to know him will always retain a deep and lasting affection for him. The tragic circumstances of his death were given at the time in the newspapers, but such was his modesty that few people seemed to know anything about his private life and personal character. He died doing his duty as a pioneer of civilisation in a far off land, and he can be regarded only as a martyr to duty. His only fault (if it be a fault) was that he was a man of culture and knowledge and an Englishman : his murderers were fanatics.

It is understood that the Egyptian Government has made what it considers ample pecuniary compensation to his widow and child, but this is poor consolation for hearts that are broken. We respectfully tender them our deep sympathy.

G.G.A.

The National Union of Students

PROPOSED IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

HAVE you an "International" mind? If not, the National Union of Students can help you to cultivate one. We cannot all perhaps possess the "universal" mind. That is a priceless gift reserved for the Shakespeares and the Shelleys, but we can, at least, divest ourselves of our hampering national cloak of insularity and enter into the freedom of internationalism.

The National Union can help you to this freedom through the proposed Imperial Conference to be held in connection with the British Empire Exhibition, in the summer.

This should be an important event in the Union's short but already crowded history. The importance lies, not so much in the material benefits it will give—for example, parties of students will perhaps be arranged to visit the Exhibition at reduced rates—but rather in the fulfilment of the Union's two great aims.

These are to get into touch with students from other parts of the Empire and to begin the formation of National Unions in their countries.

"Getting into touch" with other people is not easy, and, perhaps for that reason, it is well worth doing. "Getting into touch" with other people means getting into touch with other thoughts, other minds, other beliefs, other ideals. It means a greater and better kind of freedom than any individualism can give.

The meaning of Empire for too many people is "power," or at best, the singing of patriotic songs about never being a slave. Sometimes, it means "kicking your inferiors." A better meaning to give it, however, would be that of an "influence," either for good or evil.

The formation of student unions can make the Empire an influence for good in the best possible way.

Until lately, students of different countries have had little opportunity for knowing each other—certainly none for the interchange of ideas. They have that opportunity now, and if they take it, if firm international friendships result, that should go far towards securing the permanent world-peace which the hard-headed people with their souls in their pockets, as well as the idealists, must whole-heartedly desire.

The Yorkshire College

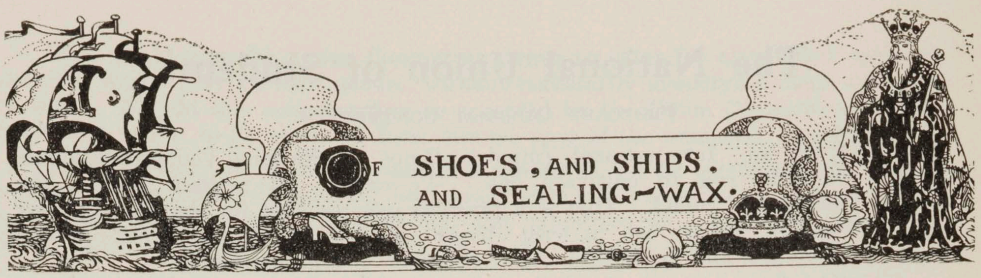
There was a little College born in 1874:
It had no great pretensions—it's equipment was quite poor:
The students—you could count them on the fingers of your hand,
And the staff, though wise and famous, was a very little band.

But bye and bye it's learning spread, it's value rose and so
It grew into a 'Varsity just twenty years ago.
It's interests have widened, it has spread beyond compare,
And if you want to get on well you're sure to do it there.
It's forty odd departments make your choice of study free,
And all the great professors are as wise as wise can be.

It's not a pretty place, you know (to flatter is mere talk),
But it's reputation fits it for the County of old York.
It's learning is prodigious; in sport it holds it's own;
And it's Union activities are second'ry to none.

Oh, we've had to struggle through it all; we've set our teeth and worked:
We're young and lack experience, but no, we haven't shirked.
And I'm sure when things are settled and we've got our new V.C.,
This is just the little 'Varsity that's right for you and me.

H.M.N.



Mr. M–n–h–n : "Flu' always leaves something behind it. I'm glad it left *me*."
That's the worst of those diseases—they always leave something.

* * * * *

"No I didn't get my Rugger Colours."
"Oh! Why?"

* * * * *

A gem from the Debating Society : "Better have a good crossing sweeper than a bad professor."
Out of the mouths of———!!

* * * * *

Professor C*h*n : "If you look at this formula clearly, you will observe that there's a twist in it."

* * * * *

How your Committees work : The G.A.C. :—
Miss ——— : "I certainly think that a large red *Gryphon* for the pocket most unsuitable."
A long pause.
Mr. K***a : "*Do* have a chocolate."
Another pause.
Miss ——— : "Well, as an alternative, I certainly think the large red *Gryphon* more suitable."

* * * * *

Professor St**ng : "I should not be at all surprised if half a million years hence we shall have developed a sixth sense."
And *when* this has happened we shall not be at all surprised :—

* * * * *

If M*In*s sub nasal fungus had become an undergrowth.

* * * * *

If H. M. R*b*rts*n knitted his own jumpers.

* * * * *

If P*sk*n got through Inter.

* * * * *

If the H.P. passed through the eye of a needle.

* * * * *

BUT, if the Dramatic Society produced a play, we *should* be surprised!

"A Hunting we will go"

HAROLD Wakerley had been referred to on more than one occasion as a "grave young man." True enough, his manly and well-pleasing countenance bore habitually an expression of serenity and seriousness; he inspected the notice-boards regularly every day, and was never known to join in the Refec. rush. Thus it was natural that to him the problem of his new digs. was of the profoundest gravity.

He was leaving the old ones because the son of the house had installed a wireless set in his (Harold's) room, and every evening produced groups of delighted friends and relatives to listen in to concerts from London and Manchester. This, remarked Harold grimly to his friend Latham, as they sat one afternoon in the J.C.R., was the limit.

"Privacy," pursued Harold, "the watch-word of every Englishman, violated, desecrated, trodden underfoot by the rabble."

Argument had proved vain, and there only remained to find new lodgings, and that quickly, if Harold's sanity was to be preserved. Unfortunately Latham could suggest no new rooms, so they were forced to explore the advertisement columns of a local paper.

"Board lodging, single gent., cheerful disposition, good cooking, 3 mins. from station."

"I don't care for that bit about the cheerful disposition," objected Harold, "Sounds like having to dance in the front lobby on Friday evenings, and I'm sure Marion would object. What's next?" His eye roved on. "Married couple . . . no fear; 'elderly gentleman'—nix." But at length they discovered the very thing; a widow with a comfortable home and delightful family had a spare room which she was desirous of letting to a single gentleman, "preferably student," meals to be with the family; electric light throughout.

"That does it," he decreed with firmness, "electricity, do you hear? Priceless! I'm off at once. Wish me good luck, old man, I'll be up at your place by eight."

Ten minutes past five, therefore, saw him boarding a car bound in the direction of 39, Heskith Avenue. Harold felt just like the adventurous Pilgrim Fathers, setting forth to plant the seeds of Washington and Ford cars in American soil. Arrived, and setting his shoulders firmly, the intrepid youth found himself confronting a tall angular house with garden-path red tiles. He drew a deep breath, opened a squeaking gate, and advanced, only to find his way blocked by a stout lady kneeling upon a mat with brush and bucket beside her.

"Good morning," said Harold heartily, "I mean, good afternoon. Are you Mrs. Kidd?"

"No," snapped the stout female, "I'm the Char. And I've just cleaned the steps, so you'll 'ave to go round by the back."

Though this was a disappointing welcome to his new home, Harold retreated with a good grace, and was just reaching the gate and wondering how the dickens one got "round by the back," when the front door opened and out popped a little girl, who called after him shrilly, "Come back! Come back! Ma says you're to come right in and never mind Mrs. Jones. And you needn't mess her steps, because you seem to have long enough legs to get over without touching."

Harold retraced his steps, with a slight feeling of reluctance, and achieved the feat of mounting four stone steps "without touching," the door closed behind him, shutting out the somewhat pointed remarks of the injured Char.

Harold found himself in a small lobby, hemmed in on all sides by heavy pictures frowning down from their dark and massive frames. A rickety card-table and an umbrella-stand, unsteady as to the legs, were all that remained to be seen. The little girl regarded him vacantly without speaking, and he made so bold as to deposit his hat on the card-table and his cane in the umbrella-stand already mentioned.

Up spoke the little girl, shaking her stiff pigtails in a friendly way as she condescended some information.

" Ma's upstairs, dressmaking," and then, after a pause, " She's sewing something for Teddy—that's my brother. He fell and tore them coming home from school and she's putting a patch on, but he won't wear 'em. He says all the kids would laugh at him, but she's sewing just the same. Ma's always like that. She'll be down soon. Won't you come into the parlour ? "

He found himself in a faded and rather shabby parlour, with the inevitable stuffed parrot and gimcrack ornaments and atrocious family portraits. Seeing his eye roving in the direction of these, the child launched forth into a long and intricate narrative of the virtues, life, and death of each of the unfortunates depicted, who gazed forth so unblinkingly from the walls. In the midst of the death-agonies of great-uncle Matthew, she stopped short and turned round with a face of consternation.

" Oh," she said, " Ma told me to ask you to sit down, an' I forgot. Squat ! Teddy always says " squat," and so do I. I always do what Teddy does . . . oh ! Don't sit there ! The leg'll come off."

But it was too late, for Harold had already lowered himself into the nearest chair. True to expectations, the leg did come off. So did Harold. When he had arisen, feeling unduly irritated, the little girl inspected the floor with grave anxiety.

" Someone must have spilled something, then," she said. Harold stared.

" I thought you said it was damp," she said impatiently, " but I can't feel nothing."

The young man blushed.

" I-I was referring to the weather," he said hurriedly.

The tension was relieved by the entrance of a small and very grubby youth.

" This," explained the girl, " is Teddy. He's been playing marbles with Bill and Jeff. Teddy, this is our new lodger."

Harold started violently at this rash statement.

" Did you see it in the paper ? " enquired the young hopeful genially. " Our Alfred put it in. You're the first to come, and Ma was sick of waiting. She said somebody must have been spreading humours . . . rumours about the drains."

At this awkward moment Harold's eye rested by chance upon an old paraffin lamp upon the table. He choked.

" I-I thought there was electricity ! " he gasped, with increasing dismay.

" There is, only it's gone wrong. Alfred writes to the department every week about it, but they'll never come to see, because he always forgets to put the address, so we're using lamps."

Harold's heart sank. He chose a chair with caution, and, sitting down, leaned his head upon his hands and groaned.

" Feeling sick like ? " The little girl was all sympathy. " Our Alfred always feels like that when he has to sit near to the lamp—we have to take it in turns to sit there, and you mustn't move the chair because there's a hole in the carpet."

"Shut up!" said Teddy rudely, "you know we've not to tell about the hole. Alfred said that lodgers don't like holes . . . See that chair you're sitting on?"

Harold jumped.

"Well, see that mark on the arm?"

The young man inspected a large patch where the dismal upholstering had been burnt away.

"That was our last lodger," said Teddy darkly. "He did it with his cigarette, and my! Ma did give it him!"

"He never came back!" chimed in his sister, not to be outdone, and Harold quaked in his shoes at this dread narrative. He felt a vague feeling of pity for the poor beggar under discussion—and then the girl fixed him with her cold blue eyes.

"I hope you don't smoke," she said primly, "we don't like smoking here. We're all in a League against it—Ma and me and everyone, all except Elsie. And Elsie wears them curls; you can get them at Mrs. Grey's round the corner and they're three-and-six, an' all colours except red. People with red hair don't want curls, Alfred says, they want a wig. And there's a magazine for the League and Alfred wrote an article in it once, all about our lodger."

"Who *is* Alfred?" enquired Harold out of an oppressive silence.

"He's our brother." There was a wealth of pride in Teddy's voice. "He works in an office, and he gets thirty shillings a week and he gives Ma twenty-two and spends the rest; but he's only waiting till we have a new lodger to help him to find a new job (Harold trembled), and then he'll have two pounds a week, and he's going to buy a car or a gramophone, I forget which, and when he gets three pounds we're going to have a new carpet on the stairs, and send *all* the washing to the laundry, and sit in the ninepennies at the pictures every week. And when he gets four pounds he's going to marry Madge Hollis's sister and . . . ."

From the room above there sounded trampings like those of a young elephant with imminent danger of collapse on the part of the ceiling, while the Ancestors on the walls rattled dismally.

"That's Ma!" cried Teddy joyfully. "She's coming down."

Harold rose. Rather than face another of the Kidd family he would exit through the window. Somehow he escaped, having promised (futilely) to return, and found himself outside in the beautiful air of freedom at last. At the gate he collided with a pale, anaemic-looking youth who was just entering. Harold gripped him by the arm.

"Hold on," he said, "if you're going about the digs take my advice—and don't. I've only just escaped with my life—woman who must weigh a ton, to judge by the sound, and some abominable kids; house full of ancestors with liver complaints and tragic death-scenes; and there's a girl with—with side-curls, price three-and-six, and a brother called Alfred (must be no end of an idiot) and paraffin lamps."

The youth poked his face (a none too pleasing one) within a few inches of Harold's nose.

"Think you're being funny, eh? Say all that again, will you?"

Then, as it had done once before that afternoon, the front-door of 39, Heskith Avenue burst open to let out a wiry little girl, like the cork from a pop-gun.

"Alfred!" she squeaked joyously.

Harold threw his dignity to the winds and fled.

Seated in the J.C.R. he scribbled a hurried note to Latham. "Feeling rather queer in the head, so am going straight home. Digs no good. Have decided to take an interest in wireless. Heavens, what a day!"

M. I. B.

The Letters of Timothy

IV. ON JUBILEES.

DEAR PEOPLE.

I hope you have all recovered from the effects of the Jubilee week. Personally I can quite truthfully say that I have never had a more interesting time; in fact, I consider that I have got the Jubilee spirit as a permanent possession, and believe me, it beats Kruchen's into a cocked hat! Mind you, as soon as I saw the wonderful array of amusements and stimulating assemblies arranged by a thoughtful Union a feeling was engendered (good word, that!) within me like to something never before experienced. So I said to myself, "Timothy, old man"—I like to talk to myself now and again; it's so very seldom I get the opportunity of talking to a really sensible chap, you know—"Timothy, you're in for a beano!" And behold, it was so! I attended everything my strength and exchequer permitted, and although my memory of some of the events is a little hazy I have got sufficient material stored up to work off on the Members of my Club when I have attained my Jubilee. You know the sort of thing: "I say, old fellow, did I ever tell you how we celebrated our Jubilee in '24 at the 'Varsity? No? Well, it was like this, you see . . ." and so on, *ad lib.*

But speaking of Jubilees reminds me what a terrific lot our little celebration stands for. Have you considered it? Think! For fifty years generations of worn and studious students—I say that advisedly, 'cos students exist who aren't studious—have perigrinated (Help!) through the portals of this pleasantly situated detached building (h. and c., hall, kit., elec. throughout). They have played similar games, albeit in a different way—fancy playing Rugger in whiskers and cricket in top hats: can you imagine the President of the Union with a beard? (Yes, I know, but he does not mean to give up shaving altogether!). And fancy attending lectures in a real stand-up "choker" collar! And the ladies playing Net Ball in skirts that got under their feet, sleeves that ballooned out to a leg-of-mutton shape, and necks that interfered with the wagging of the ears! And just imagine a female education lecturer in a "Bustle."

Though, mind you, I'm not saying that all the relics of the cobwebbed past have disappeared. Oh, No! I shouldn't be suprised to learn that in the year 1880 some poor English student was reported by the H.P.—the same one? Well, I can't say for certain!—for taking part in an innocent game of tiddlywinks in the Seminar. Then look at the crockery in the Refec. Who is not of the opinion that it was purchased out of the original grant of £1,000? Why, I cut my dough-nut regularly with the serrated edge of my coffee cup, and I spent many a pleasant hour unravelling the wire puzzles that serve for tea-spoons.

Ah, I'll warrant many an old ex-Student has been thinking of his old days in the now-departed Yorkshire College. The septuagarian in front of his fire musing on the happy hours when he first led Ermyntrude through the mazes of the "Sir Roger de Coverley" at that Dance when the Great Hall was first opened: of the time when old Rupert FitzSmith came to the Maths. Lecture on a "Safety"—or was it a Velocipede?—and how dear old Gubbins got excited at that Debate and his shirt-front came off and floated down the Hall. Ah, them was days!

Oh, it's all very well laughing, but have you considered how we shall be doing similar things at the Centenary Celebrations? (But we SHALL be alive: only the Good die young!). Some of us may come doddering round the University with our sons and grandsons—real chips, as the Frenchman said, of the Old Block-head—and cackle in a falsetto key of the brave old days. Or we may sit at home and ponder on the old familiar faces and the doings of the student-times. I can see some of us thinking—

"Of all the pretty girls we used to know,
Ten, Twenty, Thirty, Forty, Fifty Years ago!"

Yours ever, TIMOTHY.

The Leeds Geological Association Jubilee

THE Leeds Geological Association, one of the oldest societies connected with the University also celebrates its Jubilee this year as well as the "Yorkshire College." An account of the Jubilee celebrations appeared in the first issue of the *Gryphon* for this session.

In 1874 a party of Leeds geologists first met and inaugurated this Association and Mr. Sollas (now Professor Sollas of Oxford) was the first president. As frequently is the case the society passed through a period of leanness in its early years, but partly due to the work of the late Mr. Adamson its fine publications caused its recognition by Science and a period of remarkable success ensued.

The Association is not only of the type which discusses matters once a month, but independent practical work is done and past records of excursions and research form a true memorial to the first fifty years of its existence and particulars are to be found in the "Transactions of the Association."

In its early days connection with this University was not close but since 1907 the society has met here and drawn a number of members from the Geological Department. During the war another period of struggle ensued but lately, owing to the work of the secretary largely, prosperity has been marked. The Leeds Geological Association in commencing its Fiftieth session has a fine record behind it, and with this year's programme it appears that it will far exceed any previous attainment in the quality and value of its proceedings.

J.H.B.

Photographic Society

THE second term's programme of the Photographic Society opened with a delightful lecture by Mr. Alex. Keighley on "An Evening in Lakeland," for it was a lecture in the true sense of the word, being a reading of Wordsworth's "Evening Walk," illustrated by a series of beautifully coloured slides, each one forming a finished picture such as Mr. Keighley alone could produce. Readers of the *Gryphon* should realise that Mr. Keighley is recognised as one of the leading landscape photographers in the country, and the University was fortunate in having received, through the good offices of the late Vice-Chancellor, a typical collection of his most artistic productions, which were hung in the corridor last term. That no word of appreciation or recognition should have found expression on the part, or at the instance of the editorial staff of the *Gryphon* is a little unfortunate.

The remaining three lectures on the syllabus promise varied and attractive topics. Mr. Twigg's lecture "Simple Chemical Experiments in Photography" ought to appeal particularly to those who aspire a scientific knowledge of the art. The next lecture on February 19th is a pictorial discourse with the suggestive title of "Keep on Keeping On," and should afford a stimulating subject. The exhibition of A. P. and P. prize slides on March 4th will form a suitable closing event to what has been a most successful session.

W.E.P.

Christian Union

ON the whole we feel justified in reporting steady progress since October, but this we do with diffidence not due to pessimism but because it would be rash at this stage to review the work of the Christian Union this session; we look forward interestedly, and perhaps anxiously, to developments this term. A fortnight after the Freshers Social, R. O. Hall, on Thursday, October 18th, gave an address on "Praying and Working." Praying always seems to go deeper after an address from "R.O."; one feels that he is speaking from genuine experience. His main theme was that prayer should aim at fellowship rather than cajoling.

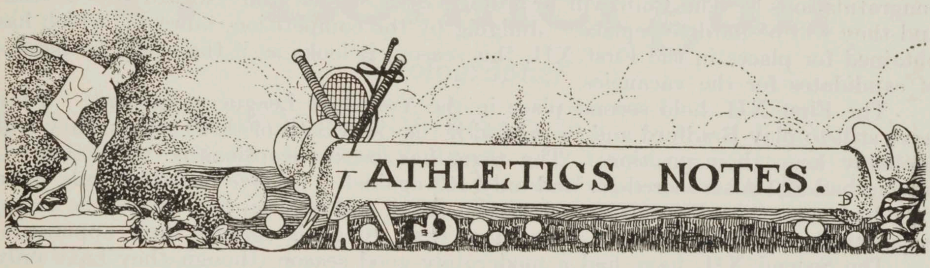
We had two lantern lectures during the term, one on November 9th by Rev. W. Hand—an old student of Leeds, on "The Australian Blackfellow," the second was on the occasion of the joint meeting of the Christian Union with the Geographical Society, November 26th. Professor Roxby of Liverpool spoke on "Our Relations with the Far East."

Men's and women's study circles were held regularly throughout the term and also a joint circle for leaders.

Two men's meetings were held, "Does Christianity Conflict with Science?" being the topic of the first, and "Problems of Belief" at the second. In addition to these activities a small group of people met several times to discuss the relations of students and the Church—this in preparation for the Civic Universities Conference which took place at Swanwick during the Christmas vacation. An account of this Conference will be found elsewhere. At the beginning of this term, arising partly out of "Civics," partly out of tradition, the Christian Union pre-terminal Conference was held, the first session on January 21st in the Blenheim Chapel Lecture Room. F. A. Cockin gave an address on "Evolution and the Fall," in which he stressed the importance of taking Genesis in the spirit in which it was written—the Bible is not a text book of science. On Sunday, January 23rd, the Conference continued through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, in their house at Horsforth. The Civics delegation reports were made and discussed in the afternnon, and in the evening in simple language F. A. Cockin, in his address on "Atonement and Personal Experience," opened out the line of thought which leads to an appreciation of the personal value in the Cross.

Particulars of the Devotional meetings, which are being continued this term, will be found on the Christian Union notice board, and we shall welcome all those who recognize the value of a few quiet moments in a busy day of University life.

G.P.M.



THE Season is now ended, and as far as possible we will try and give a summary of the various clubs' achievements.

The Fives Club though not very well known, has had a very successful season, only losing two matches, both of which were away matches played on courts greatly differing from our own.

The Harriers Club do not leave much room for criticism. We all very heartily congratulate B. R. MacAllister on coming in first in the I.V.A.B. Cross Country Championship held at London on 16th February. Our team came second to London, and were one point in front of Birmingham, the team scores being :—

London, 36 ; Leeds, 65 ; Birmingham, 66.

The individual placings of the Leeds team were :—MacAllister, 1 ; Hemingway, 11 ; Addy, 15 ; Carter, 16 ; Weatherhead, 20.

The Hockey Club have only won three matches, two of them, however, being Inter-'Varsity matches. The team has not come up to early expectations, the weakness throughout the season being in the forwards who lacked finish in front of goal. The defence, both halves and backs, have played a fairly consistently good game throughout the season. In spite of numerous set-backs, however, it is good to note that the Committee have spent the year doing hard work in team building and selection. O. S. Hornby has carried on the tradition of the Club in awarding colours, and those granted to G. M. Johnson, D. R. Allison and T. W. H. Breckons, have been hardly won. Hornby has also been honoured by being selected on several occasions during the season to play both for Yorkshire and the North in the International Trials. The officials for next year are :—Captain : G. M. Johnson. Vice-Captain : O. S. Hornby. Secretary : R. A. Lilliot. Treasurer : M. S. Scott. The Second Eleven has had more success than the First Eleven, but has not been a good source of reserves to be called upon for the first team. It is a rather staggering fact that the First Eleven have had 11, and the Second Eleven 10 matches cancelled—mostly home matches—on account of bad weather. It is indicative of the bad state of the Lawnswood grounds. The Hockey pitch was drained only last season, but the sub-soil of boulder-clay makes draining almost a waste of money.

The Lacrosse Club has had quite as good a season as usual, and are to be congratulated on reaching the Finals of the Yorkshire Flags. This match will be played on April 12th, the ground and the time will be advertised later, in the Press. The 'Varsity's opponents are either Headingley or Spen, and it would be a very welcome change if a crowd of 'Varsity men and women living in Leeds turned up at the match. The Club has had some of its members playing with the first or second Yorkshire XII., and Carr, Chalmers and Elam have been awarded County Colours. More

congratulations! The Club will be losing Cork, Sugden and Pickard this session, and they will be hard to replace. Judging by the competition, however, which has obtained for places in the First XII. this season, it looks as if there will be plenty of candidates for the vacancies.

The First XII. hold second place in the Yorkshire League at present. They have still to play Bradford and Spen, and if they win both of these games, they will probably keep their position. The team has been exceptionally well-balanced, having had 229 goals scored for and only 153 against. On five occasions only have they had more than 10 goals scored against them, and only on six (almost the same) occasions have they failed to score more than 10 goals against their opponents.

The Second XII. have had a moderately good season, though they have only played 9 matches. As some 'Varsity matches and the Flags Final have yet to be played, no colours have as yet been awarded, and the General Meeting will not be held until next term.

We have had no report from the Rugger Club, either for the *Gryphon* or the Press for a very long time. As far as we can make out, they have had a very poor season, having won about six matches out of over 25, and having been dismissed in the first round of the Yorkshire Cup by Kirk Sandall. Two 'Varsity matches were won, both substantial victories over Sheffield. But in view of the comparative failure of the Club through the season, as impartial observers, we rather fail to see quite why the enormous number of 16 colours were awarded.

The Soccer Club has certainly had its best season since the war, and really only required a smile from Dame Fortune to have won either the Christie Cup or the Northern Championship, though they were the first to realise that in their last match Liverpool were easily the better team in beating them by 4 goals to 2. In view of the success of the Club, 10 colours have been awarded. The I.V.A.B. have received an invitation to send a Soccer team to Italy. This team has not been picked yet, but three names—Milne, Harrison and Craggs—have been sent up from Leeds. It is almost certain that one will be chosen, and whoever it may be, we hope he has a jolly good time—and plays a jolly good game—incidentally, in order that the *Gryphon* may still keep her tail up.

We have not heard from the Gym. or Golf Clubs this session so far, though we hear rumours of a resuscitating of the Boxing Club. The new lighting arrangement kindly placed by the Staff Badmington Club in the Gym. is a boon and a blessing—and we hope the lamps won't get smashed!

The Women's Hockey Club have the balance on the right side for both teams in the "won" and "lost" columns. The great feat of the season was the home match with Liverpool. A wire cancelling the match arrived in Liverpool too late, and, determined not to disappoint the visitors when they unexpectedly arrived in Leeds, a scratch team was gathered from the highways and hedges. The team was composed of 4 first team women, a few second team, at least one member of the Lacrosse team, and a few more whose only qualification seemed to be that they thrived in a Hostel. However, the qualification was sufficient, for Liverpool were played to a draw of one goal all. The first team has improved a great deal since the beginning of the season, but the forwards are still the weakest part. The wings, D. Mennell and B. McMillan, have done good work in all the matches, but the inners have muddled too much when within the circle. The halves and backs have always been good, while the goal has shown steady improvement throughout the season. Colours have been awarded to B. McMillan, D. Tyrell, K. Sawney, D. Sykes, K. Wilby, and M. Heptonstall. Next season's captain is B. McMillan.

The Women's Lacrosse Club have a really good record for their first season, and have been granted full colours by the Union Committee on the recommendation of the G.A.C. Although they have lost two more matches than they have won, they have made up for it by scoring 72 goals against 58. M. Pratt, M. Grassham and M. Huxley were the chief scorers. Enthusiasm has been keen enough, but after a rapid improvement at the beginning of the season, the individual and team improvement has not been as steady as was hoped. The greatest fault has been in too much individualism, especially in the attack; the defence has steadily improved in combination. The club should continue to do well if collectively and individually it will take as its aim "Finesse" in all branches of play. The team must not forget that next year they will be without M. Huxley who has been the real mainstay and coach of the Club all through the season. Colours have been awarded to:—F. Steinberg, W. Oakes and M. Huxley. Next year's Officers are:—Captain: F. Steinberg; Vice-Capt.: M. Pratt; Secretary: D. Sage.

The Netball Club has done fairly well this season, though it might have done a little better, especially in the second team. The need for hard practice cannot be over-emphasised, especially in the reserves. The Club has played on the Refectory Court under difficulties. Through the weather and tennis players their own goal-posts became ruined, and it was only through the kindness of the Education Department in lending their's that matches were able to be played.

With regard to coming events, the Athletic Sports will be held on Saturday, 3rd May, and the Heats on the day before. This is a new departure from the usual days, but we have to fix our dates back from the I.V.A.B. Sports, which, in turn, at the suggestion of the Leeds representatives, were fixed back from the Northern, Midland and Southern Championships on May 24th, so that 'Varsity athletes might compete there. The I.V.A.B. Sports will be at Manchester on 16th and 17th May; and the Christie Sports at Manchester (probably) on 10th May. A Trainer will again be engaged, but any student who wishes to take advantage of his services should do all the "donkey-work" in getting fit during the vacation himself; we shall not allow the Trainer to work on an unfit man. Besides, a man who is not fit at the beginning of term cannot hope to do anything in the Sports 10 days later. J. V. S. Milne and S. Best have both been selected by the N.C.A.A. for special training organised by the British Olympic Association.

The Women's I.V.A.B. have asked Leeds to hold the I.V.A.B. Swimming Gala on Thursday, June 26th. The Union Committee have consented, realising that it may mean an expenditure of £30 which we can ill-afford. It is a moral obligation on us to hold this Gala, and it is up to the students to justify the confidence placed in them by the Union Committee by turning up in large numbers to watch the events, and so help to reduce the expense on Union Funds.

Leeds University Union

PERSONAL MEMORANDUM ON THE QUESTION OF RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL SOCIETIES.

PREAMBLE.

The Constitution, paragraph 99 and 100 is extremely vague in regard to Union Societies. Union Societies, of course, are those for which the Union is financially responsible. The Union is represented on all these Societies. The following are the pertinent reference in the Constitution with regard to other Societies :—

99. (*c*) Those which are " affiliated " only to the Union, for these the Union accept no financial responsibility. The Union Committee is not necessarily represented upon their Committees.

100. *Laws relating to Formation, Sanction, etc., of Societies and Clubs.*—The sanction of the Senate is required for the formation of any Club or Society of Union members holding meetings in the University buildings.

You will note that the constitution does not define what is meant by " affiliated " and merely states what these societies are *not*. It is essential therefore to try and find out what actually is the relation between the Union and " affiliated " societies.

UNION AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

(i.) *Moral Support.*—They have the moral support of the Union, that is, the Union recognises these Societies because it believes that they have a definite contribution to make of the intellectual and corporate life of the Union, and that these Societies are in charge of *bona fide* students.

(ii.) *Facilities.*—The Union grants them certain *facilities ;* for example, arrangements for the booking of rooms and when possible, arranging for meetings in the rooms under the Union control ; the use of Union notice-boards, and apparatus at the Union Office, etc.

(iii.) *Finance.*—Where these Societies make a subscription, the Union watch their finance in the interest of the students concerned, and these Societies present a Balance Sheet annually for the confidential inspection of the Union Executive. But the Union is in no way responsible for any loss incurred by the Societies at any of their functions.

(iv.) These Societies are allowed to use the name of the " Leeds University Union."

NON-AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

Under this heading I think it advisable that all Sectarian Societies, whether Political or Religious, should be included. Un-affiliated Societies are those with which the Union does not feel it advisable to identify itself, because their aim or objects are of a Sectarian nature ; but as there seems to be a demand for these Societies, and the Union is desirous of catering for as many student interests as possible, it is willing to grant them certain facilities as in Union Affiliated Societies sections (2) and (3). The following conditions *must* be complied with by these Societies :—

(i.) They should apply to the Union for permission to be recognised as un-affiliated Societies and this will be conditional upon their complying with the regulations, and upon the demand justifying their existence.

(ii.) Only members of the University can be eligible for membership.

(iii.) These Societies do not need the recognition of the Senate.

(iv.) That they shall not attach the name of " Leeds University " or " Leeds University Union."

These things are conditional upon the above being granted the facilities of Union Societies.

F. G. THOMAS,
March, 1924.

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