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New Series
Vol. 5, No. 5

2nd copy

June, 1924



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J. Stephen Reuthwaite
Gladys Pickles
(Hon. Secretaries)

The University,
LEEDS.
26th May, 1924.

Dear Sir (or Madam),

The Annual General Meeting of the above Association will be held in the Great Hall on Saturday, July 5th, at 2.45 p.m. immediately after Convocation Lunch. The Committee hopes that all members of the Association will endeavour to be present if possible.

An important Agenda is to be considered, a preliminary draft of it being:-

1. Secretaries' Report
2. Treasurer's Report
3. Affiliation of Branch Associations
4. Life Subscriptions
5. L.U.O.S.A. Year Book
6. L.U.O.S.A. Club
7. L.U.O.S.A. Badges
8. Part to be taken by the O.S.A. during Jubilee Week in December.
9. Other business.

After the General Meeting, afternoon tea will be served at the Refectory at a small charge, and a Tennis Tournament is being arranged, to be played on the Refectory Courts or at Oxley Hall, according to the number of players. You are cordially invited to the Re-union.

We should be glad if you would let us know as soon as possible:-

- (1) Whether you will be present at the Meeting and the Re-union.
- (2) Whether you wish to enter for the Tennis Tournament.

Yours faithfully,
J. STEPHEN REUTHWAITE,
G. PICKLES,
(Hon. Secretaries).

IMPORTANT.
Please reply to:
The Hon. Secretaries, L.U.O.S.A.,
The University, Leeds.

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The University, Leeds.

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- (1) The Hon.Treasurer,
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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreads its wings in the innu when she hath any sick feathers; yet has not ventured to present one exercise before your judgements when you know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the carcase which we have ever found than to the pretences which we ought to fear."—LXXV.

Editorial

PHILOSOPHY AND TRADITION.

IT has lately been brought to our notice somewhat forcibly that there is an increase in the number of those persons who style themselves philosophers, or, at least, philosophic thinkers, and who, apparently, have relegated the rest of the human race—so called in a moment of immense optimism—to certain trans-Stygian regions where the infernal chemist has had considerable success in high temperature research; and to which regions a name of tenser application has been given but which is the close literary preserve of the late Editor.

These persons give wind to their thoughts in serious and measured tones and with such gravity of bearing that the superficial may well be imposed upon, and the wise man does right to speak with his tongue in his cheek.

Publications, such as the articles which have appeared in past issues of this magazine are much to be deplored, for in them the authors twist the commonplaces of life and term them philosophy and then dare only append their initials.

And pray, what is this philosophy? It is but the invention of a jaded race to protect its weaker members from the consequences of their own inefficiency; it is an oubliette where everything of an odious nature is smothered, and the harder the philosophic Othello can press down the pillow on the screaming truth, the greater philosopher he is acclaimed.

These philosophic gentlemen take an everyday Stoicism, call it philosophy, and then fall short of it.

These persons, with their slippered, fireside, easy-chair comfort, are responsible, not only for themselves—which indeed was a horrible responsibility—but also for a great deal of the upsetting of the social equilibrium.

They themselves admit that their system is not strong enough to make possible the bearing of toothache with complacency, and one known to us very intimately has confided to us that he has suffered pains far less agonising than toothache, which this philosophy has failed to overcome, and which because of the region of those maladies and the number of our feminine subscribers we are unable to inform you in the pages of this magazine.

They do also undoubtedly make their existences more difficult *apparently*, and make the existences of those who are so unfortunate as to fall into this way of thinking, in the early stages, *really* difficult. We feel compelled to point out that, in the words of a member of the philosophic fraternity, a hair shirt may tickle as well as scratch. "Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity," exclaimed another philosopher, and surely this is the vainest of them all, for to what lengths will a philosopher not go?

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We once read of a person who evolved a system of philosophy all his own, based on the positions of the human body, from the upright, the most dignified, to the upside-down, the most undignified, and from this basis he was confidently going to work out the whole problem of his life.

What can our comment be on such a proposition? And yet it is not alone nor even an extravagant member of its kind. On consideration, we are compelled to hold all such systems as superfluous and redundant in this present age. Persons who speak good English have no need of a grammar; persons who have lived and who know how to live have no need of a stereotyped system of philosophy.

The wise man keeps his eyes invariably open, understands things, talks on occasion, and acts sympathetically, and perhaps swears a little quietly now and again.

To come right home to Leeds University; what do we need? Tradition. What do we get? Philosophy! What has this done? Look around and see! In time of need these bespectacled foolish ones expound their philosophies in loud voices the one against the other, as in an Eastern bazaar the merchants shout each other down trying to dispose of their cheap wares.

The wise man makes tradition, but these persons pull down without building anew; the destroyers are sweated—the bricklayers are idle. But civilisation has had need of many strange things, and it may be that in later days this philosophy, this exotic growth, may function as a necessity to other people. In the meantime it is in the way; a cumberer of the ground. Leave your varying philosophies. Build up our tradition!

H.B.S.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE COUNCIL MEETING

Wednesday, February 20th, 1924.

(The Pro-Chancellor, Mr. E. George Arnold, in the Chair).

CHAIR OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

Mr. Christopher K. Ingold, D.Sc. (London) was appointed Professor of Organic Chemistry as from the 1st October next, on the retirement of Professor J. B. Cohen, F.R.S. Dr. Ingold was educated at Sandown, Isle of Wight; University College, Southampton, and the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London. During the War, Dr. Ingold conducted important research work for the Chemical Warfare Committee and assisted in the design and erection of extensive plant for the manufacture of substances required by the Committee. In 1918 Dr. Ingold joined the research staff of the Cassel Cyanide Company, Glasgow, and soon after was placed in charge of the general research work of the firm. In 1920 he joined the staff of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, where he at present holds the position of Lecturer. During the last four years Dr. Ingold has supervised the Organic Chemistry Research Laboratories of the Imperial College and has had a large share in the direction of a Semi-Large-Scale Organic Chemistry Laboratory. Dr. Ingold has made noteworthy contributions in Chemical Research and during the last nine years has read over 40 original papers—most of them on Organic Chemistry subjects—before the Chemical Society of London.

The Council learnt with pleasure that the Yorkshire Board of Legal Studies had granted the sum of £585 in support of the Law Department of the University for the session 1923-24, and that the Leeds and District Leather Trades Association had subscribed 50 guineas to the Leather Industries Department.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



LAST term we vacated the chair of the chronicler to become a seer and prophesy mightily the glories of the coming Varsity Week. And now before dropping our mantle and resuming our usual rôle, we can stand up boldly before our patrons, and proclaim, in the style of our fellow-prophets at Newmarket, "What did I give you for the Friday?—A great Rag." "What did I give you for the Wednesday?—The time of your lives," or in fact,

"What did I give you for the Week?—All Winners!"

For unlike many much-boomed events the Week did not flatter to deceive. It all happened, so to speak, according to plan, and one cannot accord too hearty a tribute to the officials concerned for their carrying out of a difficult piece of organisation.

The only comment we should like to make is on the Theatre Night. The conduct left nothing to be desired: at the end of the show, the management, who, we learnt, had suffered from a slight attack of cold feet (it being the Union's first "official" visit to the Empire), extended us a hearty invitation to come again. But we thought some of our members detracted from the full enjoyment of the rag by their lack of discrimination in the making of noises. For instance arrangements had been made before-hand and the performers well-primed with topical information—but owing to the row quite a number of excellent gags failed to "get over." A theatre night would be nothing without noise—one goes with the intention of stretching one's lungs to their fullest extent—but it need not be continuous.

So much for the Week. It will be a long time before it is consigned to the limbo of forgotten things by those who took part in it; but a University organ can give but little time to retrospect. Things move too fast, and already the "dinner-and-dance" spirit seems out of tune with the Summer Term—and FINALS; the corridors are not yet peopled by the haggard faces which begin to greet one as the fatal days draw near, but already the buildings are pervaded by an atmosphere of stern endeavour. A man remarked to us the other day, apropos of work, that there seemed to be a larger proportion of finalists seriously bitten by the cramming germ, this time, than he had noticed in past years. Is it possible that there has been growing up around us, an unusually strong-minded generation, filled with a sense of responsibility and the feeling that life is real, life is earnest? We hope

It is so, but we hadn't noticed it. Perhaps it is only a violent reaction from the carnival spirit of last term, or it may be the weather has had something to do with it. We have heard the rain described as a blessing in disguise to those who are torn between their love for tennis and duty in the library.

However, it is always a sore subject; but if it is any consolation to the finalist, we might remind him of the encouraging words of the parson to a dying man who feared, with good reason, for his future state: "Thousands of better men have gone there before you,"—so if you pip you'll pip in good company.

By the way, for the benefit of people who may feel in need of a rest-cure during the coming long vacation, it is hoped that a University camp may be organised (for men students)—at Scarborough. It would be held at the Scarborough Summer Camp, special terms being obtained. This is not yet settled, but, if it goes through details of the date and terms, etc., will be given later.

We hear the Choral Society are going to give us a Midday Recital this term. It is a sound idea and we gather that some Union members are hoping the idea will be extended to several middays.

A few Recitals would help to fill a want which, they say, is already making itself felt, now that the authorities have been inconsiderate enough to build an Agriculture department on the tennis courts—with the consequent removal of the seats.

The English School Association have now compiled and produced the book of verse which the *Gryphon* mentioned last term: "*Leeds University Verse, 1914-24.*" We cannot do better, here, than quote the comment of the *Yorkshire Post*, whose reviewer remarks: "We do not for one moment suggest that this little book gives for a florin four-and-thirty geniuses baked into a pie—but it is a collection of which the University should be proud and of which every Yorkshire citizen should possess a copy."

Have you got yours?

W.R.C.

The Yorkshire College in 1881

By THOMAS H. EASTERFIELD (M.A., Ph.D., F.I.C.).

Director of the Cavendish Institute of Scientific Research, Nelson, New Zealand, and Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in Victoria University College, Wellington, New Zealand.

I HAVE been asked to jot down my recollections of the Yorkshire College in its early days, and I do so willingly, for though it is forty-three years since I first entered the College precincts, I recall with pleasure the impressions made upon me during those days of the childhood of the University of Leeds.

It was in January, 1881, that, at the age of fifteen, I called at the Textile Department—the only portion of the present University Building then in existence—in order to decide whether the Yorkshire College was a place where I was likely to study with benefit. I was a little crestfallen to find that for information I must go to the Leeds Museum in which temporary accommodation had been provided for the College registrar. Fortunately at this juncture a gentleman of precise and kindly manner came forward and offered to do what he could for me. He advised me to read certain books and suggested that I should sit for the Entrance Scholarship Examination in the following April, although I had learnt nothing of any of the sciences. This man became to me an ideal of manner and behaviour, and as I followed his advice blindly, or perhaps because I was the only candidate taking

Geology, or still more probably because of the kind encouragement given to me by one of my schoolmasters, I amazed myself and my schoolfellows by winning the coveted scholarship.

The man who made this deep and lasting impression was the Principal of the College, Professor Rucker—at a later date Sir Arthur Rucker, Principal of the University of London. He was a most accomplished lecturer; indeed his lectures were so finely polished and delivered with such perfect intonation, that the students failed to realise the fundamental difficulties of the science of physics, until, leaving the lecture room they attempted to restate the arguments or rework the calculations which had appeared such child's play in the hands of the professor.

A striking contrast to Rucker was A. H. Green, the Professor of Geology, whose style I was advised by Cyril Ransome, the Professor of English literature to copy—if possible. Whereas Rucker's English was beautiful in its elegance and polish, Green's language was characterized by effective and striking simplicity. The two men might indeed be taken as representative types of the ancient Universities in which they had graduated. Both had taken first-class honours in mathematics and had been elected to fellowships; Rucker at Brasenose, Oxford, and Green at Caius College, Cambridge. By the irony of fate Green was elected Professor of Geology at Oxford in 1886, and those of his students who were familiar with Oxford conditions wondered what kind of an impression this singularly unconventional character would make upon the Oxford people. Whatever may have been their first impressions, it is known that he rapidly won their esteem, and that during the eight years of tenure of his professorship he organized a teaching museum of quite unusual excellence.

Green had a bright eye, a hearty voice, a cheerful laugh and a white beard. Not unfrequently he lectured in gown and knickerbockers. In his enthusiasm he would attempt to show us the probable gait of the fossil reptiles on which he discoursed. Yet nobody laughed. A testimony surely to the hold which the lecturer had upon his audience.

When Green learned that I proposed to go to Cambridge, he at once offered to coach me, without a fee, for an entrance scholarship, and the credit of winning that scholarship belonged entirely to the Professor. Green's geological excursions were a delightful experience. Upon them he was a boy amongst boys, though he never for a moment lost sight of the object of the excursion. He was an excellent raconteur, and when the work of the day was over he interested us all by the stories drawn from his wide experience. Quite recently, after a two thousand mile railway journey across the Australian Continent, I found Gibb-Maitland, a fellow geological student in 1881, and now Director of the Geological Survey of West Australia, awaiting me on the railway platform. We spent a day together in the Australian bush and relived those Yorkshire College days, but our thoughts and conversation were chiefly of A. H. Green, the excellence of his teaching and the delightfulness of his friendship. It may be asked how it was that so few of Green's students took up geology as a professional calling. One reason and the one which operated in my own case, was that he dissuaded us from such a course on account of the very small number of geological appointments and the meagre salaries offered to geologists in the latter part of the 19th century.

The science of Chemistry claimed the largest number of students in the College, and the class was swelled by a number of students from the medical school—at that time an independent institution. T. E. Thorpe (now Sir Edward Thorpe) was Professor of Chemistry, and the lectures were very profusely illustrated experimentally. I do not think there was a single failure in a lecture experiment

during the whole course of about 100 lectures. The course was well designed for the polyglot collection of students which attended it, though at the present day it would be considered to give insufficient attention to chemical philosophy. Thorpe had a unique and most convincing style, and we all felt that if he stated a fact to be true, it would be hopeless either by experiment or deduction to show it to be otherwise.

It would be interesting to learn how the early band of Professors, of whom Sir Edward Thorpe alone remains, were chosen for the Yorkshire College. I do not think there was a professor on the staff who was a poor lecturer. This is a strong position which is most difficult to secure. Indeed in several of the Institutions with which I have since been connected, the complaint has been that some of the greatest scholars have been the poorest exponents of their subjects.

Excellent as were the lectures at the Yorkshire College in those early days, the equipment was severe in its simplicity. The arts and science classes were held in the old Colosseum building in Cookridge Street which was neither rainproof nor convenient. The professors' rooms and the arts lecture room (there was only one lecture room for Latin, Greek, English, French, German and Philosophy), were on the ground floor facing the street, and the noise of the trams was at times overpowering. There was one chemical laboratory, a long narrow room, one end of which had to be used as a passage to the Chemical lecture theatre. I believe we had two chemical balances, both longbeamed Oertlings, one small and the other of the kilogram type. Draught chamber accommodation was very limited, and all sulphuretted hydrogen work was carried out in a lean-to shed outside. When in later years I called and saw the excellent laboratories in the new buildings, I wondered if the students realised the comparative luxury of their surroundings. The Physical laboratory was a very small affair indeed, in fact most of the students were not aware that there was one. Although I attended classes in physics for three years and was awarded prizes in the subject, it was never suggested that I should attend the Physical laboratory—an omission I have always regretted.

The classes in biology were held in the Philosophical Society's Museum, where Professor L. C. Miall was curator. I never had the privilege of attending any of his lectures, but I remember him as a very keen naturalist who was always glad to name for us any of the rarer specimens of plants which we met on our geological excursions. If I remember rightly he was at that time beginning his studies on the development and anatomy of insects—investigations which will always be regarded as classical.

Of other researches of scientific value which were being carried out at the College in those early days, that of Rücker and Thorpe on a Magnetic Survey of the British Isles and of Thorpe on Specific Volume and the Atomic Weights of Titanium, deserve mention. In Geology Green made something of a sensation by predicting the discovery of coal at workable depths in the Snaith district—predictions which were completely justified by the borings, and led to the development of the great East Yorkshire Coalfield.

Few students were engaged in research work during those early days, but some of us can look back with thankfulness to the fact that our earliest investigations were carried out at the suggestion of the Professors. The institution suffered from a shortage of funds, the buildings were inadequate, and in many directions the College was understaffed; but all these disadvantages disappear from the minds of the old students in the realization of the benefits they received from the great teachers who formed the Academic Board of the Old Yorkshire College.

Student Life at Leeds

REMINISCENCES AND COMMENTS.

By PROFESSOR ARTHUR SMITHELLS, F.R.S., *President Leeds University O.S.A.*

IN response to an invitation from the Editor to say something about the student life in earlier days at Leeds, I wrote to Mr. C. H. Bothamley, Director of Education for Somerset. Mr. Bothamley was a student in the Yorkshire College in its very early days and was active in the promotion of student enterprises. The following is a short memorandum which he supplied in answer to my enquiry:—

The Yorkshire College Students' Association was formed in 1878 and continued in active existence until it was merged into one Students' Union. The Association was open to present and past day and evening students and some of the latter were amongst its most active members. Meetings were held regularly during the winter at which papers both scientific and literary were read and discussed. Technical subjects were not allowed to predominate and "poets' evenings" became a very popular feature, the works of a particular poet being selected for reading and discussion by the members. The Association organised our first evening conversazione that was held in the College buildings and thereafter a conversazione or a concert, to which members' friends were invited, formed a regular part of the winter's programme. An annual excursion open to the College in general was arranged each summer and a College supper during the winter. The President of the Association was one of the members of the Senior Staff and the business of the Association was managed by a Committee of the members, the Chairman of Committee and the Honorary Secretary being the chief executive officers. At an early stage in the growth of the society provision was made for serving coffee at the meetings and this was a very popular feature.

In 1879 a College Cricket Club was formed and played a series of matches with fair success in that and the following years, but difficulties inseparable from the non-possession of a ground of its own prevented the Club from becoming permanently established.

In October, 1883, a College Photographic Society was started and continued in active existence for a number of years. Regular meetings were held for demonstrations and discussions during the winter, whilst in summer photographic outings were organised from time to time. Competitions were held between the members and an annual exhibition of lantern slides (then much more of a novelty than now) became a regular fixture and attracted large audiences of the members' friends. Amongst the attractions at the evening conversaziones held in connection with the opening of the College Road buildings by the then Prince and Princess of Wales, was a large and varied exhibition of photographs organised by the Society and consisting mainly of the Society's own work.

In 1883 also, a Football Club was formed by combination between our College and the Medical School, and it met with some success but suffered the same fate as the Cricket Club and for the same reason.

I have tried, in fulfilment of my promise to the Editor, to follow Mr. Bothamley in writing some notes of my own recollection of students' affairs in subsequent early days at Leeds. I regret to say that I have failed to produce anything of the kind that I think would be at all adequate. I have not been "gravelled for lack of matter" but from excess of it.

I should, however, be glad to be allowed to say a few words relating to the general question of the student life in the University of Leeds. It is the commonest

thing to hear laments about the inadequacy in our modern Universities of material provision for that life outside the class-rooms and laboratories which all acknowledge to be so important. We are compared, of course with Oxford and Cambridge, and found most grievously wanting. People cannot understand why this has been allowed to happen. "Why," they say, "was not the Yorkshire College set up in Beckett's Park, with ample playing fields, with recreation rooms, hostels, and all other reasonable provision for that social life of young men and women—the life of a University that means more than its *learning* in its influence on the character and destinies of undergraduates?"

The answer is simple: it was impossible. To understand our difficulties we must go back to consider the conditions under which were founded the modest institutions from which our modern universities gradually developed. Some account of these conditions has been recently given in your pages. The impulse to the foundation of the University Colleges came from the need of University teaching in busy centres of industry, in buildings easily accessible to day-students from the surrounding districts, and on terms possible to the poor in purse. The first call was for teachers and teaching premises, and the funds barely sufficed to produce of these enough to make a beginning.

I do not think that the difficulties of bringing into existence in our modern Universities the elements of a social life, can possibly be understood by those who had not to contend with them. Nor can they estimate and be cheered by the great progress that has been made in bringing things to their present state—however far that may seem from what might be wished. In a long retrospect that progress seems quite remarkable: I can remember the time when the Yorkshire College had nothing more of a material kind for the out of class-room life of its students than a small common room furnished in the rigid style of a railway general waiting-room and a small gloomy room as a Refectory. There was not a scrap of ground for any kind of game. I remember endless sporadic outbursts of activity, lasting over two or three years of some exceptional student's College career, and then collapsing. It took years of the most sedulous nursing to get anything like a reasonable beginning made—and to get a fraction of the students and their parents to regard the Yorkshire College as having other aims than that of a day establishment for the marketing of knowledge.

The College went ahead rapidly as a place of learning and grew naturally on the increasing demand for the knowledge it supplied. But the development of anything pertaining to social life was not stimulated by public opinion or by outside demand and it called for arduous and continuous efforts from all those within the University circle who realised its vital importance. The provision of two tennis courts at the College on a piece of ground (now built upon) was considered a great achievement, whilst the purchase of our first sports field on the sale of the Cardigan estate was regarded by one of the warmest friends of the College as so reckless an adventure that, in protest, he resigned an official post of some importance. Still things moved, if only slowly. There has been a steady and sound growth. We hoped and still hope for the pious founder who would immortalise his name by providing the resources for Union buildings and the like—but we have had no luck of this kind and I confess it has rather surprised me that no rich man has availed himself of the opportunity of making a benefaction which would contribute so directly and so much to the soul of the University. We are given to hope that the political powers that now prevail are eager for University development. They are eloquent, and I believe entirely sincere, in declaring that the organisation of our national life must be imbued with idealism. How fine a thing it would be if they ordained that the first charge upon an increased grant to the new universities should be the better provision for their life as human and humanising societies! But let no one despair.

I think that those who have laboured most in the cause have always been sustained by the conviction that as certainly as civilisation progresses so certainly will our modern universities acquire the amenities of life which will give them the character we so much envy now in looking upon what of that kind time has achieved for our great precursors, Oxford and Cambridge. I have seen what can be accomplished in a first and most critical generation of these new Universities. I only wish I could convey to others the confidence it gives me for the future and the zest which that would give for continued effort in a cause and a duty that must appeal to every student who wishes for his successors a University better and yet better provided for its great offices in the inspiration of the rising generations.

On Rambling

NOTHING seems easier than to go rambling, and yet in truth there is hardly anything so difficult. Often a number of friends announce their intention to have a ramble to some spot famous perhaps for its beauty, or for its historical associations. They organise the tour perfectly, visit the place, and return home well contented. If you ask them how they enjoyed the day, they will say they had an excellent ramble.

But they are mistaken, they know not the joy of the true rambler. I have joined many of these organised tours, and enjoyed the exercise and the pure air, but always the freedom essential to a ramble was lacking. There was always a guide, or at least someone who knew the way. And there was always the time table. We invariably arrived at wherever we were going to at the right hour. Perhaps this regulation is necessary to some people, but it is not rambling.

Strange it is how the routine of daily life dominates us even in the few hours when we have liberty. With some it is the idea of distance. They must cover the ground at so many miles an hour, and they look upon a walk of twenty miles as being twice as good as one of ten. Others will be sorely worried if every detail of a pre-arranged plan is not adhered to, and every place of interest not visited. And there are even those who must feed at a particular time!

To me a ramble means freedom of mind and body. To throw off the fetters of organised life for a day is the real aim of a ramble. The essence of it is an aimless wandering. In less strenuous times it was easy to lead the errant life, to go nowhere and be a long time returning. But now it is almost impossible. One must set out for some place even if one turns back half way. Nevertheless it is possible to ramble a whole day if one is determined.

Great strength of purpose is required in him who would go nowhere and do little. In selecting companions, let them be few, and well-chosen. Tell them not where they are going. Choose a wide area for your destination, for remember that you may march to a definite spot, but you must ramble about a region.

The real difficulty about successful rambling is in the social side. The solitary walker has a pleasure which cannot be shared. He loves the conversation of the trees and streams. Affectionately he walks the springy turf, and jubilantly embraces the rocks. Solitude is necessary for that deep communion with nature which refreshes the springs of our being, but this joy is reserved for the few who have the divine simplicity of fools.

A ramble is very different. It is a sort of pilgrimage, in which all the pilgrims are united in mind and purpose; but the purpose must be hidden. For the individual wills must be submerged in the common happiness. It is better not to have any

clear notion of a destination. If any definite place has been fixed on, no effort should be made to get there. How is it possible to plan a ramble beforehand? If you are really enjoying it your mind is bound to change before you have gone very far. Mere destination will lose all attraction in the present pleasures.

And this is the real test! How many rambles have I had spoiled by some member fidgeting about an altered plan, a delay in reaching somewhere or other, or a failure to pass a certain spot? There are some people who cannot free themselves from the machinery of modern life. They are perpetually looking at a watch or a Railway guide. They are continually wondering how long it will take to get to some river or how many miles the Abbey is from the nearest station. Never for a moment do they lose themselves. They are chained like slaves to the mechanism of civilisation.

That is why it is so important to choose the company well. That is why there should not be too large a number. Six is perhaps best, though I have known twenty to succeed. Sometimes the obnoxious person reveals himself early. In that case he should be dealt with ruthlessly, sent on an investigation at once, and lost. For all must co-operate if the true spirit of the ramble is to be achieved. It takes several hours even among the best chosen friends to reach the turning point when the walk actually becomes a ramble. Each one has to be steadily getting rid of the memories of the City that stain and cramp his soul. Unnoticed the change comes over the whole company, until at last there is a new feeling present, a calmness and a lightness of heart, a sense of complete freedom combined with a sense of close fellowship. It is a delicate intangible thing, this spiritual glow that lightens the company, but it is the real reward awaiting those who can shake off for a day the shackles of their routine life.

It is, I said, becoming a difficult thing. The motor char-a-bancs is the latest infernal machine to poison the purity of the human heart. It stands for everything the ramblers abominate. Mass production, distance, time-tables, sloth, sight-seeing, and every vulgarity. It allows no chance of contact with the earth, the slow intimate fondling that gradually binds the whole company into one family. You are rushed through filth and fumes and dumped somewhere, and before you have time to pray for your soul you are hunched back into the dead cart. But the trees breathe freely again.

P.P.M.

A Post-Impressionist Eclectic

ONE of the most annoying things about the unintelligible modern painters is that they claim not only to be good painters, but to be the only good painters. Thus, to appreciate Picasso, one must reject Michelangelo, Velazquez, and Hokusai, and to appreciate Severini, one must reject not only these, but Picasso as well. Mr. Isaac Lichtenstein, however, who held an exhibition in Leeds last February, is unconventional enough to admit that there are several methods of painting well. He sees the truth in the Cubists, and in the Impressionists, and in the Japanese artists, but he knows that none of them has the whole truth; and so he varies his method according to what he wants to express, sometimes combines the methods of two schools in one picture, and never paints for the sake of a method.

What Mr. Lichtenstein usually wants to express is three-dimensional form. He usually paints objects—trees, or people—not so that they may be recognised as trees or people, but so that they may be felt as masses of form, and he arranges them

not as they would be arranged if they were real trees or people, but so that their form may be rhythmical. To express this he uses cubism because of its insistence on the third dimension. A good example is "A Winter Morning" which shows a tree on a range of mountains which recedes into the background, all made rather angular. The adjustment of the various masses is perfect, and the rhythm swings easily through the picture from the tree to the farthest background.

But Mr. Lichtenstein is far too interested in life to be content, like the thorough-going cubists, to paint nothing but abstract form. His use of bright and varied colour frequently gives an emotional tinge to what seem at first studies in pure form. Sometimes he rejects cubism completely, but in some of his best and most characteristic pictures he combines it with feeling, showing an interest in the subject while emphasising its significance as form. In the portrait called "Haham," for instance, the mystical character of the sitter, expressed by colour and facial expression, is as important as the formal aspect obtained by treating the head as a number of angular blocks. Somewhat similar are "Kabalists" and "Talmudists," groups of scholars, with big arches in the background which are equally important emotionally and plastically.

Totally different from cubistic distortion is the distortion used in some exceedingly clever pen-and-ink drawings of heads. The aim in this is neat, rather satirical, characterisation, and the distortion, so far from making the features less recognisable, increases their expressiveness as features.

Among the least cubistic things in the exhibition are some water-colour drawings of buildings being demolished. The lines of scaffolding-poles and arms of cranes are emphasised and arranged in simple and vigorous compositions. The strong touches of red and blue add to the vigour.

One drawing which is different from all the others seems to show the influence of Japanese art. It represents a fisherman meeting his wife and child on a pier. It is seen rather from above, so that the design gains in clearness by becoming almost a plan. But it is not at all an abstract picture; the incident is seen with the benevolent but unpatronising interest in human activities that is characteristic of the Ukio-ye school.

There is a great difference between this flat design and the three-dimensional form of the cubists, and Mr. Lichtenstein expresses something personal by means of both. One cannot help wishing that other modern artists would adopt his eclecticism, and confess that no one method, however excellent or however new, is the final solution of the problems of painting.

B.W.

Appointments Board

STUDENTS who are leaving us this summer are reminded that they may make use of the Appointments Board. In order to register it is necessary to call and see the Secretary at his office at 11, Beech Grove Terrace. The register thus formed is a permanent one and Old Students whose names appear therein are notified of all suitable appointments which come to the knowledge of the Secretary. No fees are charged either for registration or in connection with posts obtained through the Appointments Department.

Students are urged to consult the Appointments Notice Board in the corridor and to make full investigation of all vacancies that interest them. The Secretary is in touch with all Government Departments, including the War Office, Colonial Office, India Office and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Queen's College, Newfoundland

FOUNDED 1841.

(Associated with University of Durham).

SIR,

This College was founded in 1841 for the training of candidates for the ministry of the Church of England, and already some two hundred Englishmen and Newfoundlanders have been sent forth to the mission stations in Britain's oldest colony, while some have taken up work in Canada, where the College is represented in the Prairie Provinces and as far west as the Pacific Coast Mission in British Columbia.

The non-graduate course at the College is exactly the same as that at the best English Theological Colleges, and the graduating examination is that of the Durham L.Th. or the General Ordination Examination. Preparation for these for non-graduates is normally three years from matriculation, which is that of Durham University or its equivalent. For graduates we provide a shorter course according to needs.

We are able to offer, on certain conditions, exhibitions covering, in some cases, the greater part of the cost of training both for graduates and non-graduates.

Applications accompanied by testimonials from at least three persons of standing, including a parish clergyman to whom the applicant is well known and an authority of the College or University should be made to the Principal, Queen's College, St. John's, Newfoundland, as early as possible.

One of the staff of Queen's College will be visiting England during the summer, and arrangements will be made for personal interviews with those whose written applications are favourably considered.

N. S. FACEY.

French Holiday Course for Foreign Students

UNIVERSITY OF TOULOUSE.

A VACATION Course will be held in Bagnères-de-Bigorre this summer (20th July-20th Sept.) for the fourth time. The Course provides for the British students of the French tongue and manners an excellent opportunity of improving their knowledge and their health at the same time. Bagnères is a delightful little town within easy reach of some of the finest scenery of the Pyrenees. There are many walks of different lengths, mineral springs, swimming bath, Casino, and facilities for tennis and motor excursions. The lectures given by secondary school teachers and University lecturers are of a high standard.

For particulars apply to Hon. Sec. of the Holiday Course, Bagnères-de-Bigorre, Hautes-Pyrenees.

Marriage

HALLIDAY—KIRKWOOD.—April 17th at St. Peter's Church, Bramley, by the Rev. J. Clarke, M.A., Wilfrid Joseph Halliday, M.A. (1907-10) to Winifred Kirkwood, B.A. (1912-16).

Inter-'Varsity Debate

THIS is no report of the proceedings—only a reminder, for you all ought to have been there. As you know, University Week was brought to a close with the Inter-'Varsity functions.

In the afternoon of the 20th of March was the debate. The harassed committee were greatly relieved when, shortly after the advertised time of opening, the delegates were safely shepherd into the Great Hall, and Mr. Thomas, complete with the new ceremonial stole of the Presidents of the Union, was able to welcome the visitors on our behalf in his usual happy manner. Mr. Hirsch (Manchester) then set the ball rolling, proposing the motion, "That ignorance is more conducive to happiness than is knowledge."

Tall, dark and melancholy-looking, he developed his theme in a serious-sounding and thoroughly pessimistic vein, making us feel sorry that happiness could not be the lot of this University-educated gentleman.

Mr. Stone (Sheffield and ex-President of their Union) opposing the motion set out to liven up the proceedings. Seriousness had no part in his speech, "The one place where ignorance and complete happiness reigns together is in the lunatic asylum."

Mr. Murphy (Leeds), seconding the proposition *impromptu*, was in his element in this philosophical problem. He told an old legend of the once-upon-a-time, about a certain unhappy king, who was told that to be cured he must wear the shirt of a thoroughly happy man. But, alas, this happy man could nowhere be found, until at last, shipwrecked in Ireland, the king came across him, and begged for his shirt. But the happy one did not possess a shirt!

Mr. Williams (Bristol) also infused much humour into his speech—mainly the humour of the Medical School—and it was well received.

The debate now being open, the other delegates got their chance to speak, and most of them took it, but it was Leeds that was to the forefront!

On looking through the list of subjects touched on, it appears that they were the same as in the debate with the Training College, and all other debates before that.

Mr. Todd continued his murderous ravings; for the rest we had beer, refectory food, corpses, love, sitting-out at dances, and the other matters dear to the student heart. They'd nothing to do with the motion, of course, but they're inevitable and always raise the much-needed laugh—even though some people were inclined to take Mr. Flowers' love reminiscences more seriously than was intended!

Mr. Crow (Birmingham) and Mr. Sandbach (Liverpool) wound up in less light-hearted vein, and on a division, the motion was lost by 103 votes to 43.

Afterwards the visitors—they came from all over, Bangor, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool, London, Manchester and Nottingham—were entertained to dinner in the Refectory, a meal which did Mrs. Beck great credit, and then began the real business of the day—the Dance.

This was thoroughly enjoyed; even the committee lost their worried look, for each and every delegate was safely supplied with a partner for every dance.

And so to bed. And for those who provided that kind hospitality to our delegates in this matter, again many thanks.

H.M.R.



Choriambics

Now comes Spring to the world, Spring and the buds waken where
 once they slept ;
 Now in hedge-row and holt, meadow and moor, clamorous green has leapt
 Crying gladly the news out to the world, waving the banner wide ;
 Warmly now come the sun's rays and the earth smiles like a happy
 bride.
 Now again to my heart, silent so long, music and joy have come,
 Bringing out of the dark, song to my lips ; I who so long was dumb !
 Yet why sing I of Spring ? Poets have praised Spring since the world
 was young ;
 Years have waxed and have waned, nothing remains still to be said
 or sung.
 Nothing ? Yet as the years come from the silence of futurity
 Breaks she fresh on the world, glowing with youth, riding in panoply ;
 Young who never was old, still is there new joy in her bourgeoning ;
 Still my songs shall arise, year after year, young with the youth of
 Spring.

S. M.

Spanish Poem

Would she had died when youth
 Filled all her flower-sweet body.
 We should have memories now
 Who have only sorrow,
 We should have memories now
 Of love, of light and of laughter ;
 The fragrances of her youth
 Would remain for ever.
 Now is she dead indeed,
 For in her place is a stranger
 Who has killed the sweet memory
 That death would have left us.

S. M.

Footprints in the Grass

My Goddess walks beside me in the grass ;
 The clovers touch her trailing robes, her eyes
 Mourn in the greying twilight as we pass.
 Wistful, the golden Presence from me slips ;
 The wind shares in my loneliness, and sighs ;
 Only a footprint marks the ground, alas !
 Only a kiss still lingers on my lips.

M.I.B.

SOME University Verse

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—Our Office Boy, on hearing of the forthcoming publication of a book of University Verse, attempted some prophesies of the contents).

L-se-ll-s Ab-rur-mb—:

You have kindled fierce fires in me,
Strange, like the new-born splendour of the sun
Rising, new to the world, flashing with light
On the astonish'd sea, the earth rising
Prepares with ceremony to welcome him
And all the inhabitants, each in their several kinds
Fict, and the rocks, working against them
With purpose not to be appeased with thought,
Glowing with exultation and strange imaginings
Kindle to perfection; and the soul, leapt with whips,
Glow to the wonder of the clashing flame,
She being enrap't as in the flesh glowing,
Pasht on by goods (and so ad infinitum).

W-lfr-d R-wl-nd Ch-l-d—:

The maiden towns in sweet surprise
Gaze up from all their golden towers
At this strange wonder of blue skies,
Celestial, clear as crystal flowers....
The smoke-wreaths curl like chrysopephus
About the spires, and pure as glass
Are thoughts of holy foods that gaze
At virgins as they come from Mass....

G-r-nt V, J-n-s:

Across the waters of the wide Lake Tchad
I saw the sun sink in a ball of fire
And leave the evening sky a tender pink;
And all the sails upon the fishing-boats,
Returning for the night to Timbuktu,
Were brown, and all their crews were brown as well.
And then I said, communing with my soul,
"How infinitely pleasing all this is."

(NOTE.—The remaining 653 lines of this poem have been deleted owing to shortage of space.—Ed.).

S, M-4th-u-m-n:

A single lute was throbbing through the gloom
On plangent wires plucked by unseen fingers,
And the hushed scent of the magnolia bloom
Stole through the quiet room
Like the faint fume of incense-smoke that lingers
Round unlit censers swinging in an empty tomb.
Song is forgotten and the singer's mate
Yet still those fingers plucking at the wires,
Unknown, unrecognised, seem to impute
What time shall not refute,
That still some flicker of those first faint fires
That stirred in Helen waken for that lonely lute.

H-rb-rt R-d:

Oh damn! I've lost a button!
A brass button,
What the devil am I to do?
Blas't!
Ah, I know!
A safety pin!
This is the happy student,
This is he....

T. W-r-y M-h-n-s :

The curlews cry upon the Yorkshire hills
 But after Sunday's meal I seem to see
 A vision of the pure white snow that fills
 The bushes on the road to Richmond.
 A sense of mystery comes over me
 And the tobacco in my pipe's clear bowl
 Flares upwards like some flaming owl.
 Come, Tuby, we'll depart, for in the throng
 Of dusty, earth-bound souls we have no part.
 To dimly find *she* for whom still we long,
 Nor heed the throbbing of an aching heart.
 Was that a cuckoo's voice that seemed to start
 Out of the ropes? I listen all in vain
 For some assuagement of eternal pain.



"CONTROL OF CREDIT, AS A REMEDY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT."

BY J. R. BELLERBY.

P. S. King & Son, 3/-.

MR. Bellerby, a graduate of the Economics and Commerce Department of Leeds University (1921) will probably be remembered by many present students. As a member of the Secretariat of the International Labour Office, Geneva, he will have ample opportunity to study the subject which he discusses in this book. The book is a report submitted to the International Association on Unemployment and published by them, not as engaging the collective attitude to the problem involved, but because they believe the evidence collected forms a valuable contribution to the study of the relation between currency policy and unemployment.

In the notice of the book which appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* of February 7th, 1924, the reviewer says that this matter "has been argued over and over again, and much better than by Mr. Bellerby, who relies too much on quotation of other people's opinions." This is an excellent example of the futility of much reviewing to-day. As Mr. Bellerby says in his preface—"If the Science of Economics is discredited in the eyes of the lay reader, it is because he can discover so little apparent agreement amongst economists on the essential problems of industrial life. In the present Report an attempt is made to show that almost unanimity of agreement is to be found on certain conclusions of vital interest for the solution of unemployment." A good deal of the Report is therefore taken up with extracts from the writings of economic experts of many nations. One might perhaps agree that the quotations are too long and too numerous, but Mr. Bellerby gives his reasons for adopting that method, and they are quite legitimate. In any case, the idea of presenting a consensus of opinion on a much discussed problem was well worth carrying out. Mr. Bellerby has certainly succeeded in his aims. He shows the very close relation between the wide fluctuations of prices and currency policy, and brings out very clearly how the banks may co-operate to steady these

fluctuations by their control of credit through the Discount Rate. We are glad however, Mr. Bellerby is not fanatical about currency control, and must admit that he gives due weight to the opposing arguments. We would suggest that the international difficulties of the problem needs further hammering at. It is really on this side of the question that there is most ignorance and most prejudice.

The book should prove useful to students of economics but they would be well advised to read Hartley Withers' "Bankers and Credit" also, to see what the "business" men think about the idea of putting the control of credit into the hands of economists or politicians. P.P.M.

"LEEDS UNIVERSITY VERSE, 1914-1924."

Swan Press, 52, Belle Vue Road, Leeds. 2/-.

THE young "English Association" of the University has now put forward a volume of what no one will hesitate to call poetry, though the modesty of the Association has called it only verse. It was not so easy to speak without hesitation of "A Northern Venture," which, though welcome as a harbinger, was not altogether a shapely birth. Now a wider and longer field has been searched, and the flowers are rarer.

Most will agree whole-heartedly with the advertisement when it explains the inclusion of these by members of the lecturing-staff—who would, likely enough, be the first to call themselves the fellow-students of the younger contributors. As it falls out happily, the first pages hold two poems by Professor Abercrombie of which it is hard to say which one is the more beautiful; and entering under the spell of this lovely porch, the reader will stray in sweetness of mind through the greater part of the book, until he finds in the farthest corner that Geoffrey Woldge, whose writings have often tempted one to accuse him of being little better than an artistic person, is writing lyrical lines like "Sweet is the song of a bird."

It is of no use for one who finds on the contents-page the names of so many friends, to think he can speak with level judgment of the book. But no very fine balance of reason is needed for one to see how healthy and vigorous the intellectual life of the University is becoming when such a book can be published. The poetry of Professor Abercrombie and of Mr. Childe needs no advertisement, though a few may feel disappointment that a poem like "The Gothic Rose," which was published since Mr. Childe's coming to Leeds, is not included. Herbert Read, however, is well represented by "The Falcon and the Dove," with its lovely rimlessness; and Sidney Matthewman's "Li-Po," has the unmistakably firm touch of a craftsman. For the rest there is much that speaks, at least, of good taste; and now and then there are lines like the first and last couplets of Hilda Brearley's "Fugitive," with a magic that seems to tell of true poetry that will yet be written, and published in far thicker volumes than this. The dialect poem of A. H. Smith, and "A Ripon Wedding" of the late Professor Moorman, send through the book a breath of air laden with the wholesome scents of the farm—all the more welcome and delightful when one remembers the alternate bookishness and persillage of most University verse. Quite certainly here is a book that all members of the University should already have bought, and not through mere sentiments of loyalty. J.R.W.

"THE MICROCOSM."

FOR several years, a little Yorkshire periodical has been circulated among a small body of subscribers and friends which, it is felt, is good enough to make a wider appeal. The magazine *The Microcosm*, has been the work of Yorkshire men and women almost entirely; in fact, the chief reason for its

existence has been a desire to concentrate in its pages the talents of men and women of the County working in various branches of art and literature. There has been no desire on the part of anyone to make any personal gain; the expenses of the production have been borne by Sir Edward Allen Brotherton, Bart., and the total proceeds of sale devoted to charities.

Up to this year, *The Microcosm* has appeared each quarter; this year, two issues only will appear—July 1st and December 1st—each of them considerably larger than the former quarterly issue, though the price will be the same, namely, 2s. 6d. per copy.

We hope that you will become a subscriber, partly in order to help the children's charities of the North of England, for which *The Microcosm* will, this year, be sold, and partly to assist an endeavour, which we are sure has a literary value.

It may interest you to know that last year, the sales of *The Microcosm* realised £202 18s., which was divided between:—

The North Riding Boy Scouts' Association.

The Braille and "Servers of the Blind" League.

The Society for Waifs and Strays.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Your generous support will be very much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

EDITOR.

Apologia Pro Libro Suo

(Some Notes on the Editing of the book of Leeds University Verse, by one of the Editors).

THE editing of a book of University Verse presents difficulties which are not apparent to the editors of other anthologies. The usual standard, that of quality of verse has to be modified by at least two other conditions: the circumstances of the writing and the necessity for making the anthology fully representative. Student verse can not be expected to be of the same quality as more mature work, and it sometimes occurs, also, that a writer the quality of whose verse would not otherwise gain him admission needs to be represented because of his prominence during his period of residence. Nevertheless in spite of difficulties we think that a fairly high standard has been maintained.

Covering as they do the years of the war, the poems vary very considerably both in subject and treatment. The alteration is even more noticeable in the pages of the *Gryphon*, from which many of the poems have been taken. The change is especially marked in the writers who contributed both before and during or after the war.

On the whole the writers of the 1914 period have a tendency towards traditional themes treated in a conventional manner. "My Lady" is praised or lamented over with unflinching regularity and the near (!) approach of death is anticipated in quite competent if not very noteworthy or individual verse. Two poets are represented from this period: Madeleine C. Munday and Nellie Normington (Personne); though they represent the best features of the period. The first has two dainty and graceful "Ballads of My Lady" and the second "The Ride to Camelot," a treatment of the Arthurian story which, if a little reminiscent of Tennyson in form is quite individual and much more virile than anything Tennyson ever wrote on similar subjects. G. H. Cowling, whose student-days were a little previous to this date, is represented by a piece of sly yet dainty humour in dialect. F. W. Smith, who was a student

both before and after the war is represented by a later piece, and Rose E. Speight by a poem contributed to the *Gryphon* only a couple of years ago.

Followed a lull in the output of verse, broken only by a few bitter poems in *vers-libre* from the pen of Herbert Read which astonished those who remembered his trivial prettinesses of a few years before, written in strictly formal verse. "The Happy Warrior" which we have reprinted, startled indeed a wider circle than that of the University and brought the realities of war home to many who were still blinded by ancient shibboleths; and on the publication of his savage "Naked Warriors" in 1919, that amiable beast the *Gryphon* might almost be said to have pawed the air! "The Falcon and the Dove" however, shows that the war has not killed either his feeling for beauty or his sense of word-values.

The war years, too, saw the publication of T. Wray Milnes' first poems. An absolute contrast to Read's they were marked by a dignified formalism and a quiet and sincere thoughtfulness. Mr. Milnes has advanced since then, but his first poems are no mean achievement.

In 1917-18, W. F. Harvey's contributions, signed and unsigned, filled more than half the *Gryphon*, and a note by the Editor at the end of the year renders special thanks to "W.F.H." for his assistance in a time of dearth. His contributions shew him to be an extremely versatile writer; in the book of verse, "Rigor Mortis" shews his somewhat macabre imagination and the two poems on death his depth of feeling for the beauty of the earth.

After another period of dearth a poetical renaissance seems again to have been brought about. The later poems reflect that greater freedom of form and subject characteristic of the general trend of modern verse; several are in *vers-libre*: not mere incompetent formlessness but deliberate experiments in rhythm. Perhaps the main fault of the present generation is the tendency towards purely descriptive writing, although this is frequently redeemed by the form. Typical of this is "Silence" by Geraint V. Jones which, although skilfully conveying the atmosphere of evening, together with a statement of "reverence and contemplation and endless wonder" nevertheless touches no fundamentals. Similarly S. Matthewman's "Night Journey" has more of atmosphere than depth. But the modern writers are by no means so restricted in range as were their predecessors of a decade ago: almost every poetic field is explored. Margaret Baumann gives new form to an old story in her remarkable "Sleeping Beauty," a poem of distinction and individuality, and Geoffrey Wodege makes an altogether successful attempt to capture the Caroline manner in a delightful and quaint poem, "De Naso Dominæ." Of more permanent value, however, are his finely-chiselled poems, "Sweet is the Song of a Bird" and "Matter," but his "Episodes" partake more of the nature of *tour-de-force* than of true poems.

In "Li-Po," S. Matthewman expresses another phase of modernity, the increasing influence of Oriental literature and philosophy, as also does T. Wray Milnes in his "Plaint of Chang-Chih-Ho," and whether due to the same cause or not, Brian Wodege's "Deis Academicis" strongly resemble the Japanese *hokku* in construction. The first one in particular has all the tightness, unity and vividness of the Japanese form. Still another phase is seen in Hilda Brearley's "Fugitive," a poem almost reminiscent of Edith Sitwell, but with a coherence, clarity of purpose and freshness rarely achieved by the elder poet.

Our action in including the work of members of the teaching staff has already come in for some severe criticism and some surprise has even been expressed that they should allow their work to be printed alongside that of students. Yet the example of the staff must surely be as great if not a greater influence than their precept,

and it cannot be without significance that so many of them (every tutor, indeed, in the English department) are writers. Professor Abercrombie and Mr. Child have both, of course, published a number of books, and Professor Garstang's "Songs of the Birds" has achieved a wide and deserved popularity. Mr. Gordon's small output is nevertheless of fine quality and it seems a pity that Mr. Tolkien's delightfully fantastic verse should remain in MS or scattered about the pages of magazines and anthologies. Mr. Cowling demands representation both as a tutor and a past student and his "Yorkshire Tyke" was a distinct contribution to dialect literature.

The book is really what it claims to be: a University anthology and not merely a departmental publication. As is natural many of the contributors are from the English department, but Agriculture, Economics, Engineering, Geology, Leather Chemistry, Medicine, Textiles and Zoology are represented, as also are the teaching and executive staffs. Another notable feature of the book is the linoleum cuts on the cover, which were both designed and cut by a present student and contributor to the book.

We have carried out, we hope not unworthily, an almost herculean task. No one but those engaged upon it can have any idea of how big it actually was; the searching through ten years of *Gryphons*, the copying of poems, the search for the owners of pseudonyms and initials (one poet, hiding coyly under the initials "M.A." eluded us altogether, but the poem was too good to be left out), then, above all, the delicate task of selection and condensation.

Leeds has now its anthology, fit, we think, to rank with any other University anthology, whether from Oxford or Cambridge or a more recent foundation. The editors have done their best, the publishers have done their best (incidentally, the printing was directed and largely executed by a present student); it now remains for the other members of the University to do their best and give the venture all possible support. Don't borrow the book, buy it!

Floreat Ledensium! (et augetur ars).

Good-bye Dance

THE Good-Bye Dance will be held in the Great Hall on Thursday, July 3rd at 8 p.m.) No tickets will be booked for this dance, but may be obtained after June 12th (price 5/-, from the following):—

Miss Foster.

H. Helliwell.

C. E. D. Nicholls.

Miss Wilby.

I. H. S. Fraser.

and Union Office.

At the time of going to Press, the band has not been decided on.

E.S.

"The Gryphon"

The next issue of the *Gryphon* will contain a special photographic supplement.

Leeds University Union

Leeds University Song Books	4/6 each.
Books of Views of the University (including correct copy of the crest of the University)	1/6 each.
Correct copy of the crest of the University	9d. each.
Handbook and Diary Covers	2/- each.
Postcard Views of the University	2d. each.

To be obtained at the Union Office (opposite the main Entrance), The University, Leeds.

The Sports were a great success, the only noticeable defect being that there seemed to be a slight lack of proportion, e.g.



The 3 miles was rather too long —



While the javelin throw was somewhat short.



The high jump was a bit low —



whereas the hurdles seemed too high.



The shot was a trifle heavy —



While the Engineers were a bit too light.

THE SPORTS.

Fantasia for E.D.C.

LONDON, December, 1923.

I SAW London for the first time two days ago. I had no time for the river, London Bridge, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the jewels of my private academic list; and as soon as I left King's Cross Station I forgot them. Everyday living London was so much more lovable than I had expected. I spent the most of my meagre hours on the tops of buses, enraptured with the lights and the people, sitting in a quiet ecstasy when the traffic blocked in Piccadilly Circus.

For the rest, I have two memories, etched in dry-point; the Serpentine in the late afternoon, utterly still and so mingled with the mist and with the shadows of the trees that it seemed like the vapours of Nifflheim, as one peers over the end of the world; and Russell Square at twilight.

I feel now that I want to become a collector of capital cities, as of jades or of first editions. I should like some discerning friend to say, during those three or four days after death, when folk must speak of one, because one has accorded to them the last hospitality of the funeral baked meats—"Did you know? She was quite a famous collector."

How Yorkshire mouths will loosen and eyes glaze—with interest or envy, or merely indignation that "we were not told," and what peerings and questions there will be.—Collector?—What of?—Didn't know she had enough brass to collect out but cigarette cards—Are they worth anything?—Who's she left 'em to?—Then the delicious truth! "Oh! She collected the capital cities of the world; strung them together like pearls into a necklace of knowledge and memory. She could tell them like the beads of a rosary; each pearl had its own unmatchable spirals of light; Rome, Belgrade, Montevideo, Tokio, London, Petrograd." And perhaps some Yorkshireman, mourning over lost and fabulous fares to the waters of the sun, will end the gentle fantasia of my friend—"Well, nobbut she's ban t'add t'capital of Hell to her Collection. It'll be no more'n she deserves, wasting such a mort o' brass."

H. B.

Economics for Helen

I HAVE two reasons for bringing Helen once more before the public. One is that she thought she ought to have been mentioned in my last dissertation on "Lunching Out," the other is that she thinks she has discovered that as an economist I am a humbug. For this Mr. Belloc is to blame. He has written a book called "Economics for Helen." At first Helen thought I had been talking to Hilatre about her, but I explained that there was another Helen in a Sussex Village whom I knew and whom Mr. Belloc probably knew.

"You didn't tell me about her—what is she like—this other woman?"

I felt chilled by her tone, and replied, "She's not exactly a woman—only seventeen—face like a Madonna, with a sweet fresh innocence in her eyes. She is deliciously simple—hates factories, towns and most modern things. She is learning hand spinning and weaving and vegetable dyeing and all that sort of thing—most charming girl."

Helen did not seem impressed. "H'm—sweet seventeen—charming, innocent, mediaeval—and you spent your last summer vacation in Sussex, now that I remember. Ah well? I suppose you think I'm sophisticated, ultra modern, dry, and nearly 22 years old."

"Well, aren't you?—twenty-one, I mean."

"And what if I am," she replied defiantly. "you're a lot older than me—and you certainly haven't much gumption—you and your Sussex beauty."

"You know, Helen, I sometimes wonder if you really are a product of the English school—your grammar is vile, and you never write poetry. I shouldn't be at all surprised if you were really History. Anyway, so long as you're not Botany, it doesn't matter," I added appeasingly.

"If you knew half as much about Economics as you seem to know about English you'd be able to explain at least what wealth is. You admit that you have never been able to explain it, but Mr. Belloc makes it all perfectly clear—in fact, I can't see why it should take four years to learn Economics. You are always talking about Belloc and his lucid style, why don't you copy it?"

I took the book from Helen and opened it at page eleven. It is not a horse that constitutes a man's wealth, says Mr. Belloc, "but something attaching to the horse." "Now, my dear Helen," I suggested mildly, "you cannot deny that all this is as clear as the River Aire. Is he talking about the horse's tail, or about the owner of the horse? I once knew a man who was very much attached to his horse, and—"

"It's no use trying to get away with funny army stories. You are a humbug, Pip, and I'm going to see 'Lilies of the Field' with Sullivan to-night. He does know his own mind."

"Oh! Are you?" I answered rather annoyed at this utterly illogical outburst. "You are evidently like the rest of them—can't resist making a fool of every good natured fellow you meet. You think you're very clever. But you haven't seen through Belloc, and I'll just show you what an ass you are."

"That is very kind of you," she replied calmly. "That book is simply an attack on financiers," I continued, "The whole of it is built round the last chapter but one, that on Usury. He says no economist he knows ever mentions it. I could name a dozen who are writing about it. 'Usury is the taking of any interest whatever upon an *Unproductive loan*,' he says. Well, it is nothing of the kind. The whole point about the prohibition of Usury was that a loan of money was regarded as a *sale*, not as a loan. In a loan, the lender parts with the use of the thing, but not with the *ownership*. But this was held to be impossible in the case of a loan of money—according to the Canonists. The borrower was regarded as the *owner* of the money, and therefore the lender could not charge interest on the use of a thing which was not his; if he did so he committed the sin of usury. Productivity had nothing to do with it. Even if the borrower made a big profit with the money, the lender could not charge interest."

"Oh, I see," Helen murmured.

"Yes," I went on, "Belloc has a bee in his bonnet, that's all. I think he's trying to show that you have no right to the interest on your War Savings Certificates because the money you lent was not used productively. It was wasted on a war."

"Well, the check! I . . . Oh, I'm sorry, Pip, you are really quite clever in spite of your . . . er, I mean, oh, I was only joking about Sullivan, . . . and there's no one at home to lunch to-day"

"I'm afraid I get rather excited, sometimes, Helen. Shall we lunch at Bones's? It's quiet there."

"That's just what I wanted, Pip. Why on earth didn't you ask me before? It would have saved all this argument."

Pip.

Spring in Wensleydale

THE laburnum is out again, dropping its wealth of gold everywhere. The trees are so slender that the great mass of bloom seems almost top-heavy. So abundant are the flowers that the leaves are not seen; the foliage seems entirely composed of flowers.

The laburnum flowers mark a definite period. Earliest of all, perhaps, the currant bushes in the garden put out their light green leaves and tiny pink bundles of blossom. A little later the sycamores adorn themselves with huge and wonderful pink buds. Then the laburnum comes to mark the crowning of the spring and the year pauses awhile and slips imperceptibly into summer.

The appearance of the laburnum, too, is a signal for an hundred other events, all equally wonderful and important and all so quickly past that the mind is hard put to it properly to realize them before they are gone. There is the lilac, again rich with enormous masses of blossom, and so fragrant that in town and villages where there is much of it it is impossible to escape from the scent. There is the hawthorn, rolling in lines of white foam across the countryside, to be replaced later in the year by the briar. In the orchards, pears and apples are masses of pink and all about the country lanes the chestnuts light great candles of pink and white. Then too there are the sweet meadow-flowers again; buttercups, vetches, clovers and a host of others, the tall meadowsweet dominating all, and down by the stream the forget-me-nots wink out again. The sunshine bathes everything and spring waits on the summer and is glad.

II.

The stream ran singing beneath the bridge, paused a moment to chuckle in a patch of sunlight and then hastened on into the dappled shade of the woods, where solemn trees rose bank upon bank into the sunlight far above, where a thousand birds fluted and trilled. Birds and stream together made a perfect harmony to lull the mind to sunlit drowsiness.

There is no music so sweet as that of a stream crooning to its pebbles, unless it be the solemn hush of the sea. So subtle that not the most delicate ear could tell its notes and yet containing the very soul of music its fragile song contains such a message of unutterable peace that the most weary heart might find rest in listening to it.

Over the sunny shallows and in every patch of sunlight that chequered the stream's path through the woodlands the gnats danced; danced in such great clouds and so rapidly that they seemed like grey smoke hovering over the water. The transient life of the gnat is often taken for an example and a warning by the moralist, yet in a day the gnat has fulfilled his destiny and died, and can more be said of man in his three score years and ten? A second, an hour, a day, a year, a century, an æon; what are they but names, meaningless save in their relations one to another? "Now is Eternity, now I am in the midst of immortality," and in the world of Reality there is no distinction in the absolute between a second and a century; the life of a gnat and the life of a man. Each is complete in itself. The stream knows, for the stream is ever changing, yet ever the same, transient, yet immortal. The waters change, yet even the ripples reduplicate themselves,

III.

Sometimes a wind blew through the tree-tops, bending them that way or this to his will, but down there all was silent and the glade idled in the sunlight. The trees were so very tall! If one climbed to the topmost branches, how tiny a man standing below would seem! Whatever went on up there was never felt in the glade, so far away were they.

What a lazy thing is sunlight! One might be all day bathing in its warm gold and never even dream. Thought-waves quietly rise and fall just below the level of consciousness and the mind drowns in that happy state which is not sleep and yet is not waking.

S. M.

The Letters of Timothy

V. ON UNCONVENTIONALITY.

DEAR PEOPLE,

Can anyone inform me why, to be anyone nowadays, one must be unconventional? Apparently, to be styled 'conventional' is to be socially damned!

A person who has a 'taking way with him,' who burgles other folks' houses at dead of night, who lifts small but valuable articles from the emporia of—we hope—honest tradesmen, is now no longer a thief! Oh no! he is a psychological problem, a being who hates convention, and who shows his hatred by living in an original manner, avoiding the 'conventional organisation of society'—which, being translated, means the Police—in an ingenious and, to him, satisfactory manner!

The 'artist' must splash his canvas with hideous daubs of sickly yellow and bilious green; must draw in squares and angles; and must babble about the 'new cult'—whatever that is! The sculptor must put his models of bygone times into modern dress, his modern models into the garb of the Garden of Eden; then he is a 'great man,' a 'fore-runner' of the 'New Age'—apparently an extra Circle that Dante forgot to mention—and the Art Critics—save the mark!—blackguard the Academy for refusing to frighten their staff into hysterics by such nightmare creations.

Some years ago the public—or the *Gryphon*, I forget which, but the terms mean the same—was shocked at Mrs. Pat Campbell's language in "Pygmalion." Yet that same public would sit through a series of drivelling scenes in order to hold up their hands in horror, and because they hated to be styled conventional. They took their sons—their daughters knew all about it years before—to show them how to look shocked, and how to cultivate an appreciation of the unconventional. And what was the result? Well, look at the modern novel; the artistic use of a few initial letters, dots, and dashes, can rival the language of a Sergeant-Major, And don't tell me that the readers do not know what these hieroglyphics stand for! And the American films! The devices in the sub-titles make one think of Billingsgate. But it is perfectly alright—so unconventional, you know!

Gentlemen used to raise their hats to ladies. Though I admit that ladies are extremely rare nowadays, to follow the 'latest' one must wave one's hand in a light and airy manner in the region of one's right ear, like a railway guard with a flag. And look at modern ethics. Pick up an average book and read about them for yourself. Take a typical example—the hero who exhorts the fair lady to throw off the chains of convention—the said chains usually being her husband—and to go

with him in search of life—spelt with a capital L. She generally replies by raving about man-made marriage laws—made, curiously enough, for the protection of the female, in order that any attempt of the male to make a collection of wives should be stopped. And to be known as 'daring' the correct thing, if you are a man, is to compromise someone-else's wife or sister. If you are a woman, the best procedure is to become compromised as soon as possible. Of course, folks read such books because they wish to be unconventional. And probably they would become so, only that the Police Court and the *News of the World* are so horribly conventional!

Now what on earth is all this going to lead to? Simply that in time the burglar who burgles because he wants to burgle will have to attend a three-year course in the Psychology of Burglary—and if he persists in burdling because he wants to burgle, the *Times* will be full of letters on his unconventional attitude. The artist who paints things naturally, who can depict a woodland scene in all its glories of light and shade, will be thrown out of polite society as being too 'daring.' The gentleman who raises his hat will probably be taken in charge for insulting a lady. The novels which do not contain a few wives leaving their husbands for lovers of a week's seniority will be banned from the libraries as pernicious. And the married man who has not an extra wife somewhere will be altogether outside the pale. Lastly, there is sure to be a national crisis when the British workman, deciding for once to be unconventional, determines to work.

Anyhow, it is the pious hope of yours truly that someone will be sensible enough to point out the foolishness of it all.

As ever, TIMOTHY.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

THE O.S.A. is issuing a Year Book in July, which will contain the names and addresses of all members. This is to be an annual publication given free.

It will also contain the annual report and the programme for the following year. Will all those who have changed address or appointment this year please inform the Secretary at once; so that correct information may be available.

New Members.

Several hundred students will be leaving the University this year, and we wish to make a special appeal to each one of them to join the O.S.A. before the end of June. In the first year of our existence we can show a membership of about 500, a really remarkable feat; but there are thousands of ex-students with whom we find it extremely difficult to establish relations. They come in twos and threes, and will no doubt, continue to do so for some years. No large increase of numbers however, can legitimately be expected from that source. Our main reinforcements must come from new graduates. At any rate we must make a big effort, to reach the 2,000 mark within two years. We remind every one that the subscription of 5/- per annum includes the *Gryphon*. By joining the O.S.A. you will thus not only be getting something for nothing (out of Yorkshire, too!) but you will be helping the University by widening its sphere of influence, and you will also be helping the *Gryphon*. The present financial arrangements with the *Gryphon* can only be retained if we succeed in doubling the circulation. Another 500 members and we are safe. Think it over.

Annual Meeting.

The date of the Annual Meeting is fixed for Saturday 5th July, at 2.45 p.m. in the Great Hall. It is likely to prove an important meeting. Besides the usual business of the Report and the election of Officers, there are several things to discuss which are of great interest to the future of the Association. The question of Life subscriptions should be settled at once. The position of branches needs to be made clear. Then the very important question of a club needs attention this year. Finally preparations have to be made for the Jubilee celebrations in December. It will be for this meeting to lay down policy on all these matters. Those who wish to submit Resolutions to the Meeting are asked to send them to the Secretary of the Old Students' Association, The University, Leeds, by Friday, the 27th June. After the Meeting Tea will be served in the Refectory at a small charge and there will be a Tennis Tournament. Further details will be sent to members by post.

General News.

Mr. W. R. Grist, the Treasurer, is going to begin a scrap book of the O.S.A. He wants newspaper cuttings of any references to the "doings" of our members. Remember, one of the main ideas behind the O.S.A. is the fraternal one. We want to keep members in touch with the University and with each other, so we ask for little "personal" details—nothing scandalous of course! Many of our members are doing interesting things, which we never hear about, except by accident. Why aren't we told when some one writes a book, or paints a picture, or gets married?

The new book of "Leeds University Verse, 1914-1924," will interest many old students. We can confidently recommend it. It is not, like the "Northern Venture" of last year confined to present members of the English School, but is representative of all Departments of the University for the last ten years. There are 52 poems—for 2/-. Really, a halfpenny a poem is very cheap. The new venture deserves every support. The University Song Book, by the way, is still on sale, so also is the *Gryphon Supplement*, containing ten pictures of the University. All three publications may be had from the University Union Office.

We are pleased to be able to announce that all members of the O.S.A. will receive a copy of the 1923 Annual Report of the University, which is now in the hands of the printers. This is a very interesting document of 180 pages—full of useful information. Future issues will only be sent to members who send a special request to the Secretary, L.U.O.S.A.

Members of the O.S.A. may obtain University blazers from Messrs. Hardy, Ltd., 1, Boar Lane, on presenting an order form signed by the Secretary of the Union.

Mr. J. R. Bellerby, M.A. (1921) who holds a First Class appointment at the International Labour Office, League of Nations, Geneva, has compiled a very useful Report on the relation of unemployment to currency fluctuations. His book, "Control of Credit and Unemployment," published by P. S. King and Co., at 3/- is well worth studying by all interested in Economics or Social problems.

We regret to announce the death on 14th April, 1924, of Mr. L. E. Nixon, B.Com. (1922). Mr. Nixon was only 25 years of age and had entered the Accountancy profession on graduating in 1922. His death resulted from complications following influenza.
P. P. MURPHY.

Third Annual Charity Rag

SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1924.

WE should like to take this opportunity of reminding all students that the Annual Charity Rag will be held on Saturday, July 5th, 1924. This is one of THE days of the year which should on no account be missed. Cut lectures, cut lab., cut even finals, but under no circumstances cut the rag.

Last year it will be remembered that we managed to collect just over £1,000. This year we want to see if we cannot double this amount. The proceeds are to be allotted as follows:—

Leeds General Infirmary	50 per cent.
Leeds Public Dispensary	30 per cent.
Leeds Maternity Hospital	10 per cent.
Leeds Women and Children's Hospital ..	10 per cent.

The Rag Committee has already met and preliminary arrangements are in hand, but it is felt that instead of the Committee doing the whole of the work, this should be spread out amongst the various departments. The present Committee will form the Executive, whilst each department will nominate a representative to the Rag Committee. Each department and hostel has been asked to set up a Committee to get up and work a stunt, one of the members acting as the representative. Certain groups of students will no doubt wish to work on their own. All the Executive asks is that they nominate a representative in order that the Committee may be kept informed of what they are doing. If required, the nature of their stunt will be kept secret, but it is as well that the Executive should know what it is for purposes of organisation.

As in previous years, it is intended to hire or borrow a certain number of lorries for the convenience of collectors (people desiring these should make application to the Union Office early). In this way, it is hoped that a more efficient organisation will be secured; thus we shall have a more successful rag.

If anyone has any suggestions to make or desires any information, will they please see the Hon. Secretary of the Union, or leave him a note.

Finally, students are asked to tell their friends of the date and to remind them to bring full purses.

We must raise £2,500 this year!

Correspondence

To the Editor of the "Gryphon,"

Thursday, April 24th, 1924.

Dear Sir,

I have intended to write this letter for some time, indeed the subject has been in my mind ever since the Kramer controversy, an episode of University Life now lost in the mists of antiquity. I have an awful suggestion to bring before you, a suggestion, sir, which will make the hairs on the heads of the members of the Union Committee stand up and tingle with horror. This last phrase may sound like the House that Jack Built, but it is nevertheless true, for, to be brief, I would form a new society, or at least I would graft yet another branch on to the stem of some older tree, if such an operation is known to the exponents of gardening. This new society will be for the study and practice of the graphic arts, and of sculpture.

I will not enter into details of the value of such a society to the intellectual life of the University; that will be obvious to any thinking person. The only trouble is the Union Committee, and should that Committee in a panic, accuse me of trying to split the University into cliques, then I suggest that my new pet, hanging its head with shame, shall shrink within the embrace of the Choral and Dramatic Society, and there shall have the effect of a strong mustard poultice, or if it does nothing else, shall change that society's name.

I hope that these suggestions, offered timidly, as by one who expects to be rebuffed, may bear some slight fruit, as well in the correspondence columns of the *Gryphon*, as in the future life of the University.

Yours sincerely, S. Tonn.

Leeds University Camp

Union Office,

Leeds University,

May, 1924.

To the Editor of the "*Gryphon*."

Dear Sir,

There have been many discussions about the possibility of holding a Students' Holiday Camp, because it has been realised that the merited popularity of Swanwick and the O.T.C. is largely due to the attractiveness of their camp arrangements; but there has been no camp for the student who wishes to spend one week or more under canvas, without any moral obligation beyond those of good fellowship.

This year, we have been fortunately able to arrange for a students' week at the Scarborough Holiday Camp (a descriptive advertisement of which appears in this issue). From experience we know the excellence of this camp and already several well known past Leeds University men arrive regularly each season for their week under canvas. We should like a contingent of Union members to arrange a holiday together under canvas on the North Cliff. There is every facility for camp arrangements and it is cheap—we have been able to obtain reduced rates for a University Week.

Before the appearance of this issue of the *Gryphon* a meeting of Union members will have been held and if sufficient number of men avail themselves of this opportunity a date will be fixed and further arrangements announced. It is purely a men's camp and we are inviting men from Manchester and Sheffield to join us. Together, we could have a splendid time, wet or fine.

This is only a small beginning. In future years we should like to see permanent camps run by students dotted up and down the country; and above all a permanent residence among the lakes where students who are willing to share the work as well as the pleasure of the holiday could have an enjoyable and a very cheap vacation but we must first show there is a demand for these things.

We hope as many men as possible will take the opportunity of having a week holiday with us at Scarborough. You could surely spare one week from your vacation!

Yours sincerely,

F. G. THOMAS.
S. BEST.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

Debating Society

THE feature on the Monday evening of University Week was a debate with the Leeds Training College

On February 8th, Mr. F. G. Thomas, Miss L. K. Wilby and a fairly large contingent had gone up to Beckett's Park to debate on Civilization, which was apparently the *bête noir* of the majority of the house, and, in return, on March 17th, three stalwarts of the Training College invaded the Great Hall at the head of a large following, to propose that "Nothing can be completely wonderful so long as it remains sensible."

Mr. Murphy in his introductory remarks, welcomed the visitors, and then proceeded to say that although it was his habit to define the motion of a debate, he was quite unable to in this case, so that he hoped some definition of its scope would emerge during the course of the debate.

Mr. Dunning (T.C.) evidently felt the same difficulty, but manfully trying to step into the breach, and by means of a double avenue of approach—either through logic or emotion—he advanced the thesis, that as wonderful meant full of wonder, there could be no room for sense in a thing completely full of something else. On the emotional side we must see that the creation, though wonderful, is not sensible, as it has faults.

Mr. Dunning proceeded to give us examples of things wonderful, but not sensible, citing the Mount Everest expedition, murder, love and work, ending on what he told us was an epigrammatic note—"Sense is the drawn blind between ourselves and the dawn of wonder"—leaving us in deep doubt as to whether this was to be looked on as a wonderful or a sensible remark.

Mr. Flowers, opening for the opposition, told us of his communion with his dog—of his unhappy love affair, so wonderful, and so sensible—and other secrets of his life. Common sense, that rare virtue was wonderful but so sensible; Kramer and Paul Hell's Bells were not wonderful because they were not sensible. There was nothing wonderful about a corpse, nor was Beckett so wonderful as Carpentier.

Therefore if to be insensible or non-sensical banished wonder—wonder and sense must go together.

Miss Bingham (T.C.) said that common-sense *was* common. Religion was the one thing truly wonderful. And that was not sensible. Miss Jenkins begged the proposers not to be too hard on themselves. Dancing was completely wonderful, but only so long as it remained sensible. The imagination was completely sensible, so was the law of gravity. Mr. Robertson shewed that the proposition could neither be proved or disproved deductively. To disprove it by inductive methods required proof of one single instance of a thing both wonderful and sensible. That instance was to be found in his speech. The debate was continued by Mr. Sewell; Mr. Paskin, who said that while being in love was both sensible and wonderful, it became no longer sensible when one thought of getting married; Miss Lewis (T.C.), instancing *Alice in Wonderland*; Mr. Todd continuing with a treatment of the subjects of corpses and murder; Mr. Pickles, attempting to disprove the proposition logically, was howled down with requests for a black-board. Then followed Mr.

Naurie (T.C.) on Beer, Love, Body-Snatching, Tram-cars and Examinations; Mr. Saiyedain, differentiating between the long and the short point-of-view; Mr. Fuge, on Felix the Cat; Mr. C. E. D. Nicholls; Mr. Wimpenny, on Elephants and Wine-glasses; Mr. Wahab—"The more a scientist understands phenomena, the more he wonders"; Mr. Best, whose mother never let him keep a dog; and Mr. Twist (T.C.) who said it wasn't sensible to debate.

The voting resulted in 207 votes being cast for the proposition and 135 against.

The impression gained of the debate was that while it was interesting it never really "got there." Nobody knew exactly what it was all about—our visitors seemed to find some deep and wholly non-apparent meaning in the adverb *completely*—all were inclined to try and prove the case by merely quoting instances—by simple enumeration—the only one to tackle the problem squarely (Mr. Pickles) being met with requests for a blackboard, owing to the non-appeal of academic soundness.

Nevertheless it was well worth-while, if only for the concert at the end, when the yells of both College and 'Varsity sprang lustily in chorus from 350 throats, and so—

"*It clarior caelo.*"

H.M.R.

Union Notes

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE OF STAFF AND STUDENTS.

March 14th, 1924.

The Committee was convened to consider the following resolution passed at a General Meeting of the Leeds University Union held on February 14th, 1924:—

"That the question of Sectarian Societies under Union control be referred to the Joint Committee of Staff and Students and that a report be issued and be submitted for the consideration of the Union early next term."

As an outcome of the discussion, the following recommendations were agreed upon:—

- (a) "That the Senate be asked to incorporate in its Standing Orders the resolution passed at the Senate Meeting in July, 1922, to the effect that before reaching a decision on an application for the recognition of a new University Society, the membership of which is intended to be mainly undergraduate, the application should be referred to the Union Committee for the latter's observations."
- (b) "That the Senate be asked to investigate the question of the usefulness of sectarian and political Societies, including the Christian Union."

On behalf of the students, Mr. Thomas, President of the Union, asked the members of the Committee to convey to the Senate their appreciation of the cordial manner in which the Senate and Staff had supported their efforts to foster a corporate spirit among the students during University week.



A PART from the Rag-Match at the end of last term, which was a great success, the Athletic Sports have been uppermost in most athletic minds since last March. The Sports themselves are dealt with elsewhere; one may appeal here for consideration when criticising the performances put up. The bad weather, while it has not seriously damped the enthusiasm for training has been wholly inimical to good form. The entries, both for the men and women were few, so few in fact that the 'copy' from the women's correspondent is almost unprintable. Only about 35 men entrants is a disgrace. Perhaps next year when at least two of the objections to large entries have gone down, there may be, as there should be, over 100 entrants. It was pleasing to note the interest taken both by spectators and competitors in the Javelin and Discus. There must be at least 20 men who could do quite creditably at these events with practice; they are graceful events and make for proportional bodily development without undue strain. There are indications of a large entry next year. One still wonders where a thousand students go on Sports Day. They can't say the standard of the Sports is not worth watching for it is as high with us as with almost any club in the country.

This enthusiasm is undoubtedly due to the visits of Capt. F. A. M. Webster, the second of which we had in March. It is pleasing to note that it was through the efforts of Leeds on the I.V.A.B. that Capt. Webster was enabled to make a tour of all the English 'Varsities and Varsity Colleges. He is greatly appreciated, for he is a fine athlete as well as a coach.

A similar visit was that of Mr. A. B. George, the Manager of the team which will represent Great Britain in the Olympic Games at Paris in July. After attending the Sports and presenting the prizes he gave a delightful lecture to a crowded Chemistry Lecture Theatre. Here we must thank the University Authorities for allowing us to have the use of this Theatre on these two occasions. The lectures have been open to the public and many athletes from the District have attended them, including two who will be in the British Olympic Team. That this new departure in opening Varsity facilities thus is appreciated is evidenced by the remarks in the sporting papers and letters from N.C.A.A. officials and from Mr. Tom Abraham, the Chairman of the British Olympic Committee (Northern Section).

At last the Colours question is settled and cursed be he that resurrects it. The Colours Blazer is cream with a green edging of half-an-inch all round, and on the tops of the side pockets. The breast pocket has the 'Varsity Shield surmounted by a red Gryphon worked into the pocket, with dates on the top and lettering on the bottom of the pocket in red. The half-Colours Blazer (for Shooting, Fives and Golf) is the wide-striped blazer with green pocket, 'Varsity Shield surmounted by a silver Gryphon with lettering in white. The ordinary non-Colours Blazer is the wide-striped one with a striped pocket with a 'Varsity Shield, or a plain blue blazer with the 'Varsity Shield on the pocket. Only Colours men and women are

allowed to wear a Gryphon over the Shield. Some non-Colours men have been seen with these Gryphons and we hope they will remove them. The Colours tie looks *très chic* but can hardly be described—it has to be seen.

Some doubt has arisen—we suppose such doubts arise in cycles—as to correct lettering on the Colours Blazers. For winter games, lasting for both the Autumn and Spring Terms, the lettering for both years is to be used. Thus a Soccer man with colours for last season will be entitled to the lettering L.U.A.F.C., 1923-24. For summer games, however, only the dates for the year in which the colours were gained and not the dates of the session, will be used. A man gaining cricket colours this season will have for lettering L.U.C.C., 1924. The lettering is placed below the Shield and the dates above. If lettering for Colours in more than one game is desired the arrangement should be left to the individual taste.

The Boat Club has three fixtures on which to report. Last term, on March 15th, the First Crew, P. M. Connor (bow), J. M. Dodds (2), F. Anderson (3), W. S. Gibson (stroke) and L. H. Angus (cox), went down to Bristol for a fixture with the Bristol University Boat Club. The race, over a three-quarter mile course, was keenly contested, and eventually won by Bristol by two-thirds of a length. Very early in the race Leeds drew ahead to the extent of half a length, and with better luck would probably have maintained that lead to the end.

On the following Saturday, March 22nd, the same crew rowed against the Glasgow University Boat Club First Crew, on the Ouse at York. Our opponents were a much steadier and better balanced crew, and, rowing with an almost mechanical precision, won comfortably by three lengths. This race also was rowed over a three-quarter mile course and the fact that it was won in 3 minutes 50½ secs. testifies to the prowess of the opposing crew. Mr. W. A. Wightman has very kindly coached the Leeds crew throughout all their training.

Also on March 22nd there was a Second Crew fixture rowed at York, against the St. John's College Boat Club. Leeds led from the start, winning by 3½ lengths in the excellent time of 3 mins. 52 secs.

Crew as follows:—G. S. Dean (bow), H. O. Andrews (2), H. Dale (3), S. A. Senior (stroke) and R. W. Edwards (cox).

The Captain, W. S. Gibson, was responsible for the coaching of this crew.

Before the close of the season the Club hopes to send crews to compete at the York Regatta and to engage in friendly races with the York and Bradford Rowing Clubs.

Of last year's cricket eleven which won the Mayo-Robson Cup, five players are again available. The weather really has been execrable as far as cricket is concerned, for 3rd May—Sports Day—was about the only time when a good practice has been held. A fruitless journey was made to Sheffield on May 10th, and in addition, fixtures with the Yorkshire Gentlemen and the Training College have been cancelled though the return match with the Training College was quite disastrous. Part of the wicket has been relaid during the winter and it may be some consolation that frequent cutting, and constant rolling during the wet weather will probably be responsible for the best wicket Lawnswood has seen for some years.

The Tennis Club even, have had to respect the Clerk of the Weather. One hears of them brushing water off the Oxley Courts after he had rudely interrupted the match with Sheffield. The two new grass courts at Lawnswood will be in fine condition as soon as they become dry. This year's team is not as good as last year's and they

did not make a good beginning at Manchester. However, if the Committee keep their eyes open for fresh talent as it is required they should have quite a good record at the end of the season. There are many men in the 'Varsity who would develop into good tennis players if they took up the game seriously and were not merely content with playing to pass a lecture hour.

The women take tennis much more seriously than the men, and were able to make a comparatively good start because the Committee had sifted out most of the aspirants to first and second team honours during the Winter Terms. They have even played this term until the balls were too wet to bounce. So long as the balls were their own we suppose it's all right. At the time of writing the first team have still to play a match. The second team in their first match found the Manchester second team far too good for them.

The Inter-Hostel, Day-Students and Medicals Tournament which always causes so much excitement is nearing completion. The Final is fixed for May 22nd at Oxley when Miss Silecox will present the Cup. University Hall and Day-Students have yet to play off the Semi-Final; the winning couple will then have to face the formidable representatives of College Hall in the Final, the latter couple having beaten Westwood and Lyddon with comparative ease.

The Women's Open Tournaments, singles and doubles have commenced, and we are expecting some very interesting matches. The number of entries shows that the Club is not short of supporters and the willingness shown by people in turning up to trials, and practices, in volunteering as tea-makers (!) and umpires is good evidence that enthusiasm is not lacking either.

The Men's Swimming Club have little to report except that the Gala will be held at the Meanwood Baths on Wednesday, June 18th. As yet no date has been fixed for the I.V.A.B. Gala. The Board lost most of its capital on the last Gala, and at the last meeting the question of the Gala arose but was dropped from lack of a proposal from any member of the Board. An attempt is being made, we hear, by Manchester to get a guarantee from the Constituent Athletic Authorities of the Board, but nothing can be settled until the next meeting of the Board on 31st May.

More than usual interest is centred on the Women's Swimming Club this year in view of the fact that Leeds has accepted the invitation to hold the W.I.V.A.B. Gala, when 10 Universities and University Colleges will compete. This is a very large and costly business which we were morally bound to undertake or resign from the W.I.V.A.B. The Union can ill-afford to lose much on it, and it was only through the trust placed in the members of the 'Varsity by the G.A.C. that the Union Committee consented to hold the Gala. We must here emphasise that it is up to the students to see that every inch of available seating and standing accommodation is taken up. The Gala is fixed for June 26th—a good date; the venue is not yet fixed.

The General Athletics Secretary has received a letter signed by some of the most prominent women in the University—prominent in Athletics as well as Sport—asking for some material in the 'Varsity Colours which could be made up by them into, well, what women usually do make things up into. The details of the material were rather vaguely stated, but it was understood that it was to be of striped spun silk. However, the aforesaid youth, being out of his depth, sent the letter to his fiancée who replied that the stuff would neither wear nor wash, so without calling a meeting he acted on his own initiative for once, and refused the application.

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Number 6. Last of the Session.

LAST DATE for Copy - June 17th

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The Christie and I.V.A.B. Sports

WHILE sorry to part with the Christie Cup, Leeds were glad to hand it over to worthy successors, especially as Manchester won it in the same way that Leeds won it last year, with their second strings; while they won five first places, both Leeds and Liverpool won four each.

Leeds will not grumble at their ill-luck, but Dame Fortune must have been mightily displeased at something in both of these meetings. J. V. S. Milne was beaten in the Christie by inches in both of the sprints. S. Best was beaten for second place in the Hurdles by two feet and in the Discus by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches; he was compensated by finding the form he lost at Leeds in the High Jump to win at 5 feet 2 inches. Although not very high this jump on a very sticky take-off and against a head-wind was quite good enough. He jumped better in the I.V.A.B. but only to tie at third place. After running third in a terribly gruelling 440 Hurdles he lost his heat in the 120 Hurdles by nine-hundredths of a second, incidentally beating the man he lost to in the Christie by quite 10 yards. If the shorter race had been run first as it should have been, the result would undoubtedly have been better for Leeds. Though beaten in the two sprints Milne ran the best race of his career to finish the 440 yards in 50.98 seconds. On a grass track which had not quite recovered from a month's rain, with no help from slope or wind, this time is beyond praise, and he will be unfortunate if he does not beat 50 secs. on cinders in the A.A.A. Sports at Stamford Bridge.

It is good to see H. F. Crow at last putting as far as one expects him to—thanks to Capt. Webster. All he requires now is more speed in getting across the circle and he will beat 35 feet. He deservedly won the Christie Put, and was quite up to form in gaining second place in the I.V.A.B. C. Holm as was expected, won the Discus, but was far from well and did not come anywhere near true form either in this event or the Shot or the Javelin. R. Addy ran a very good race in the 3-miles as did A. Hemingway in the Mile. The going was much too heavy for Carter, who had to drop out of the 3-Miles with a sprained ankle. Of those who were not placed at either meeting one must congratulate G. V. Hall. He is not used to track running and the way he hung on in the half-mile and 3-Miles—especially the latter in the I.V.A.B. sports—was good to see. The experience he and the others gained will do them a world of good.

With regard to the general aspect of the Sports, as a comparative outsider on his first visit, I could not help being struck with the wonderful camaraderie which exists between the Varsities competing here. These Christie and I.V.A.B. meetings have an atmosphere quite different from any other meeting in the country, one could almost say in the world. We get the "local Derby" atmosphere in the Christie Sports where everyone not only knows every one else, but where all the old stagers are firm friends. In the I.V.A.B. this does not obtain in quite the same way, though by the dinner is over on the Friday night all is plain sailing. Here again we get the old stagers pairing off, or going off in groups to have a good "chow-chow" over a cup of coffee. The Friday night dinner is a great institution and we were pleased to see Leeds honoured by having S. Best chosen to reply to the toast of the Inter-Varsity Athletics Board of which he is a very prominent member.

F.

We are glad once again to have accounts of these sports written by a man outside the Athletic Club, so we make no comment, except to say how pleased we were with the "whole-show" (except the weather) and with the enthusiasm shown all round. We cannot remember the time when the Athletic Club had so many

promising youngsters coming up to fill the gaps; there never was a time when the Varsity Athletic Club was in such intimate contact with the governing bodies.

Among the spectators we were pleased to note some old students, prominent among whom were A. B. Rath, and that evergreen enthusiast R. A. Mott, who has never missed the I.V.A.B. Sports since he went down.

Lastly we congratulate Milne, with our sincere wishes that he will realise one of his ambitions by being chosen for the 400 metres in Great Britain's Olympic team.

S.B.

CHRISTIE CUP.

At Fallowfield, on Wednesday, 7th May. Results:—

100 Yards.—E. T. Cusaghi, Manchester, 1; J. V. S. Milne, Leeds, 2; W. J. Eastwood, Liverpool, 3. Inches; half-yard, 10.75 secs.

220 Yards.—E. T. Cusaghi, Manchester, 1; J. V. S. Milne, Leeds, 2; D. Mc C. Bone, Liverpool, 3. Inches; 2 yards, 24.00 secs.

440 Yards.—J. V. S. Milne, Leeds, 1; S. W. Butterworth, Manchester, 2; C. W. Jackson, Manchester, 3. Five yards; yard, 54 2-5 secs.

880 Yards.—E. W. Johnstone, Manchester, 1; J. L. Schofield, Manchester, 2; W. H. A. Dodd, Liverpool, 3. 8 yards; yard, 2 mins. 10 secs.

1 Mile.—E. A. Johnstone, Manchester, 1; T. Hyland, Manchester, 2; A. Hemingway, Leeds, 3. 6 yards; 3. 5 mins. 3 secs.

3 Miles.—K. Cobban, Liverpool, 10 mins. 45 4-5 secs, 1; R. Addy, Leeds, 10 mins. 57 4-5 secs., 2; I. F. Spokes, Manchester, 17 mins. 11 1-5 secs., 3.

120 Yards Hurdles.—R. B. Maxwell, Liverpool, 1; S. M. Barker, Manchester, 2; S. Best, Leeds, 3. 5 yards; 2 yards, 18.35 secs.

440 Yards Hurdles.—S. M. Barker, Manchester, 1; R. J. Flint, Manchester, 2. 2 yards, 64 1-5 secs. D. Mc C. Bone, Liverpool, finished first, but was disqualified for knocking down three hurdles.

High Jump.—S. Best, Leeds, 5 ft. 2 in., 1; H. M. Collinson, Liverpool, 5 ft. 1 in., 2; K. D. Downham, 5 ft. 3.

Long Jump.—R. W. Buckley, Liverpool, and H. G. Woolman, Manchester, 20 ft. 2 in., dead heat; S. J. Cameron, Leeds, 19 ft. 3½ in., 3. In the jump off for the Cup, Buckley won with 19 ft. 10½ in.

Shot Putting.—F. Crow, Leeds, 33 ft. 6½ in., 1; K. D. Downham, Liverpool, 32 ft. 2½ in., 2; H. B. Maxwell, Liverpool, and L. C. Peringuey, Manchester, 3.

Javelin.—R. B. Maxwell, Liverpool, 131 ft. 10 in., 1; K. D. Downham, Liverpool, 120 ft. 8 in., 2; C. Holm, Leeds, 115 ft. 4 in., 3.

Discus.—C. Holm, Leeds, 87 ft. 5 in., 1; R. B. Maxwell, Liverpool, 82 ft. 4½ in., 2; S. Best, Leeds, 81 ft. 0½ in., 3.

Points:—Manchester, 46½; Liverpool, 33½; Leeds, 34.

Chess Club

DATE.	OPPONENT.	PLACE.	RESULT.
Wednesday, 24th October ..	Crossgates	Home ..	Won 7½-4½
" 31st " ..	Blenheim	Home ..	Won 7-2
" 7th November ..	Manchester	Home ..	Won 4½-2½
" 14th " ..	Liverpool	Away ..	Lost 6½-5½
" 28th " ..	Leeds 2nd	Home ..	Won 6½-5½
1924.			
Thursday, 31st January ..	Y.M.C.A.	Away ..	Won 6-2
Wednesday, 6th February ..	Liverpool	Home ..	Won 8½-3½
Friday, 22nd February ..	Blenheim	Away ..	Won 10½-2½
Wednesday 27th February ..	Manchester	Away ..	Won 5-4
" 12th March ..	Crossgates	Away ..	Won 6½-4½
Thursday, 13th March ..	Leeds 2nd	Away ..	Lost 8½-7½

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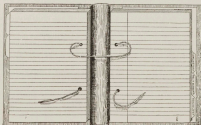
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