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The Journal of the University of Leeds



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THE GRYPHON.

The next number will appear in June. The last date for receiving copy will be announced early next term.

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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the sun when she bath any shibe feathers; yet has
 not ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full well of weak
 matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have ever found than to the preciseness which
 we ought to fear."—LYLY.

The Aspidistra

NOW that the tumult and the shouting of the Jubilee have died away, and the captains and kings who honoured its celebration are but a memory, the *Gryphon* is free to dwell upon more general themes. No attentive reader of the present issue will fail to note the coincidence that more than one contributor to it alludes, relevantly or otherwise, to that beautiful and popular evergreen, the *Aspidistra*. This circumstance has led us to reflect that this plant, so widely disseminated and so generally admired, has received very little consideration from the philosophic author. Interpreters of the language of flowers have neglected it, possibly because its blossoms are not its strong point. Poets who have lingered affectionately over the simple pleasures of the home have overlooked its claim to a place in their ditties: chary of quadrisyllables, they have preferred, when such ornaments were required, the less alien honeysuckle. Even Shelley, who was thoroughly attached to exotic names and discoursed freely of the *Aziola*, the *Zucca* and *Ozymandias*, omitted the *Aspidistra* from the variegated flora of *The Sensitive Plant*. Nor did Erasmus Darwin, manfully handling the intractable vocabulary of the herbarium, celebrate its loves among those of *Kleinovia*, fair *Colechia*, imperial *Drosera*, modest *Rubia*, gentle *Lapsana*, and equally bright *Calendula* and *Digitalis*. Apart from a few bald references in the works of modern novelists, the present dissertation, a mere sketch for a more comprehensive work, is almost its only appearance in literature.

It is not unlikely that in those earlier days the *Aspidistra* still bloomed unseen in its primeval forests. The name of its discoverer and the date of its first acclimatisation in the sitting-rooms of Europe are doubtless commonplaces well known to every botanist. But the manuals on which the layman depends for information suppress these details. When, more than forty years ago, the *New English Dictionary* started upon its career, it left the *Aspidistra* alone. As late as 1897, Webster's *International Dictionary* knew it not. We have been unable to consult the edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* which, in the earlier nineties, was employed by the victim of the promoters of the Red-headed League. It will be remembered that his transcript included the articles on Abbots, Architecture and Attica, and should, therefore have embodied that upon *Aspidistra*; but the brief article in more recent editions seems to be a later and hasty insertion. To judge from its contents, there has been some development in our acquaintance with the plant and its original habitat. That invaluable repository, the *Grand Dictionnaire Larousse*, defines it as akin to the *Aroidae* or the *Smilacaceae*, and as a native of China and Peru, the two ultimate points, it may be noticed incidentally, between which the Great Lexicographer recommended observation with extensive view to survey mankind. A wide field is thus opened for the survey of the *Aspidistra*. But the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, shortly before embarking upon an account of Asquith, Herbert Henry, describes it as a small genus of the *Liliaceae*, and confines it to the Himalayas, China and Japan; and the *Nocturna Larousse Illustré*, which reckons it among the asparagus variety of the *Liliaceae*, is geographically stricter, admitting it only to Japan

and Southern China. Its right to a Peruvian origin is apparently as illusory as that of Mrs. Pipchin. Both these later lexicons, however, bring us close to the root of the matter. *Aspidistra laevis*, says the *Encyclopaedia*, is a favourite pot-plant; while, with characteristic Gallic terseness and clarity, the *Notre-Dame Larousse* adds the clause, "On les cultive fréquemment dans les appartements."

This touches the heart of things. A conscious emulation of the formal splendours of the Parisian *appartement* can hardly account for the readiness with which the British householder has welcomed the *Aspidistra* as a necessary part of his furniture, so that it has ousted the fern and the geranium, the crystal bowl of gold-fish and the bouquet of waxen flowers beneath its dome of glass from their pride of place in his front window, and has displaced even the family Bible from the centre of his parlour table. Our accessibility to ideas is still apt to be bounded by the English Channel; and, further, the domestic life of the *appartement*, as revealed by fiction, can scarcely be considered a fitting pattern for the British home. Whatever the reason may be, the *Aspidistra* has bloomed its way westward: having rooted itself in the drawing-rooms of the centres of continental culture, it sought, O Albion, next thy sea-encircled coast, whether by forcible invasion, or from a sympathetic intelligence of our national needs. Once arrived, its prolific qualities soon put an end to all competition from pampas grass and other barren weeds hitherto cultivated by the house-furnisher. Ships from the parent *Aspidistra* grew into vigorous independent life and luxuriated upon occasional tables, and, in house after house which provided the homeless sojourner with furnished apartments, jungles produced by a swift series of generations concealed and atoned for the scantiness of less romantic, if more necessary, fittings.

The *Aspidistra*, we understand, is a singularly temperate growth. To forget to water it regularly is no check upon its activity. Moreover, while it is indifferent to drink, it is meekly responsive, unlike many plants, to the cleansing influence of soap and flannel. This naturally endears it to the housewife, who from time to time can revisit the plant and remove its integument of dust at a minimum of trouble to herself, reserving a complete review and thorough lustration of her collection for the annual spring cleaning. We recall a poem in which the rose had just been washed which one young lady conveyed to another. Had the word been suited to the metre, we should have suggested that the author would have done better to substitute the *Aspidistra* for the rose, as more appropriate to the operation thus indicated.

But the real cause of the popularity of the *Aspidistra* is probably to be found in its name. All the authorities seem to be agreed that this is formed, by a philological process which we leave to the more competent to explain, from *aspilistos* or *aspidios*, signifying a little shield, for which authority may be quoted from the Septuagint and other sources belonging to an era before the *Aspidistra* had found its way into classical lands. Whether this is generally known to cultivators of the plant we do not know. Not all owners of an *Aspidistra* can spell or even pronounce its name accurately, nor, were a consensus of opinion invited to decide what object its shape most nearly resembled, would a little shield be the necessary answer. At the same time, the meaning, the appropriateness of which we do not venture to dispute, has probably exercised a sub-conscious influence upon the mind of the Englishman whose home is his castle. Firmly set in its flower-pot behind the glass of his bay-window, it stands as a symbol of defence, the little shield which guards his domestic arrangements from the too inquisitive eye, the buckler of his inviolable privacy. He may not know that there are such grounds for his love of the plant, but he instinctively feels the value of the living barrier which he has interposed between himself and the outer world. In the rows of *Aspidistras* presented by the windows

of our streets and terraces the old English spirit is still alive, and that much discussed method of defence, the shield-wall behind which Harold and his men fought at Hastings, preserves its continuity.

Some there are to whom other blooms are dearer. There are some even who profess to despise the *Aspidistra* and hanker to depose it from its reputation as the *semper eadem* of the national front parlour. Their zeal is in advance of their age, and as yet they are unable to suggest any worthy substitute. They may well hesitate before they proceed in their destructive propaganda. For there may be others to whom the *Aspidistra* is a beautiful thing, full of tender romance. As we pass along the suburban street, and the mute tangle of lurid and leathery leaves greets our eye in one house after another, who knows what individual tale each plant has to tell or conceal? The story, indeed, may not be worth the hearing; but more than once we have felt that the *Aspidistra* sends forth an appeal for confidence and sympathy. Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel, may have hidden beneath those branching roots some treasure with which her heart lies entombed; she may watch that profuse growth with the intolerable and incommunicable consciousness of the secret on which it flourishes. In view of this and like possibilities, let us refrain from depriving her of the source of her mingled comfort and sorrow; for it would be cruelty to steal her *Aspidistra*-pot away from her and disclose its contents to the hard-hearted and profane.

A.H.T.

Notes and Comments

IN this issue, as by this time no doubt everyone has observed (for we do not flatter ourselves that our readers eagerly turn to *Notes and Comments* before glancing at *Shoes and Ships* and the other brighter spots of the magazine), in this issue we have introduced one or two new features. No doubt you have all tried "I across" of the cross-word puzzle, or, if you've done no more than remark what rotten clues it has, at least you know it's there. We felt that a *Gryphon* cross-word was more than a necessity—it was a duty. Especially as so many kind-hearted and much-leisured people sent specimens for our consideration.

We chose the puzzle we thought most suitable to the intelligence of our readers. There are a few words of more than one syllable, but we flatter ourselves they are all familiar ones. We hope the great army of rejected puzzle-creators will not be hurt; before the next batch comes in, we may have a circular printed, expressing our regret that this is not exclusively a cross-word paper.

Our editorial, too, is new not only to the *Gryphon*, but, we believe, to the entire world of editorials. We have never before seen a leading article dealing with the burning question of the *aspidistra*, but we feel sure that it will immediately be taken up by dozens of contemporaries. It may surprise many, who know him only as a historian and archaeologist, to discover Professor Hamilton Thompson's extensive knowledge of that excellent plant. It plays a great part in this issue, but we think our readers will agree that it justifies its prominence.

In our next number we should like to include a cartoon, and invite ambitious young artists to send in their attempts. We received one excellent cartoon this time, and were about to send it to the printers when we happened to wonder where its point lay. Strange to say, we couldn't find it, and though we showed it to quite a few of our acquaintances, all reputed more or less to possess a sense of humour, we have not been able to unearth it. If the artist (he has modestly suppressed his identity) would kindly send in a clear explanation, with diagram, we should be glad to reconsider the drawing. Meanwhile, students with a leaning towards art could, we feel sure, find many spare moments—such as daring lectures—to sketch something that we should be glad to publish. But please don't forget the point!

We are grateful to quite a number of people for suggestions for *Shores and Ships*; some we have not used, mostly because we couldn't understand them. One gentleman had so taken to heart the story-teller's motto "Make it snappy," that he reduced his joke to six words, none of which conveyed any meaning to us at all. Such zeal, though commendable, is, we think, just a *little* over-done.

It is quite time, by the way, that we had another Limerick in the *Gryphon*. Poets, forward, please!

To turn to more serious matters, we are exceedingly glad to be able to print an account, by Professor Smithells, of the late Sir Edward Thorpe. No one could have done it with more sympathy and understanding, and we are very grateful to Professor Smithells for so kindly and promptly acceding to a rather belated request.

Mr. Murphy's article on "Lodgings or Hostels" touches a question which has needed ventilation for some time. We hope that something will be done—and that quickly—to give it a more satisfactory solution than it has at present. To those who have always lived in hostel, Mr. Murphy's picture of the habits of landladies, and their baneful effect upon that tender organ, the student mind, is little short of tragic.

The article which we publish concerning the Easter Congress of the National Union of Students is guaranteed absolutely official and correct. It is written by the Secretary of the N.U.S., and we hope it will tempt a number of Leeds students to spend an interesting (and very inexpensive!) part of their Easter vacation in Oxford. No one who reads the article can doubt that it will be tremendously worth while.

Talking of the N.U.S., we should be glad if anyone who would like to subscribe to *The University*—the Inter-Varsity magazine which is run by the N.U.S.—would communicate with either the Editor or the Manager of the *Gryphon*. We have received one copy, which will in due course appear in the Joint Common Room, and anyone who looks into it will see at a glance that it is well worth the sixpence you pay for it. It comes out once a term, so the yearly subscription is far from excessive. We should like to have a good number of orders for the next issue, for it seems that this is an excellent help towards broadening one's view and really getting to know something of the outlook, not only of the other universities as separate organizations, but of that much greater body, which includes every English university and every English student.

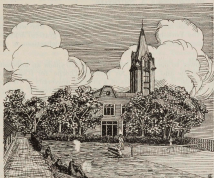
We advise all our readers—present as well as old students—to read the O.S.A. pages this time. "Pip" reappears in an unaccustomed place—complete with Helen, of course—and "Video," as always, is well worth reading. We don't want present students to turn over hastily, when they see the mystic letters O.S.A., thinking "This is not for me." Quite the reverse. They should turn back, and learn from their elders how to write for the *Gryphon*.

In conclusion, may we have a private word with our contributors alone! Nobody else need read any further.

CONTRIBUTORS ONLY.

Would you all be *very* careful, please, not to write to us on the back of letters you've already begun to write to someone else! We were staggered the other day when we turned over and found ourselves addressed as "Dearest C——." The rest of the page—(yes, there *was* some more)—we won't print. A word to the wise

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



IT is pleasant to sit in the gallery of the Great Hall, smoking your pipe, and hear the joys and sorrows of the martyrdom of man. This pleasure was given to us on February 27th by the Choral Society's performance of Parry's *Prometheus Unbound*. The music is not as good as the words, but it is good enough not to spoil them, and that's something. Stanford's *Reverie* is distinctly inferior, but one was pleased to have *Gondwanus Icytor* included in the programme. There is

no reason why every concert of the Choral Society should not begin with it. The singing was good on the whole, though it might have been crisper in places.

The Annual General Meeting of the Union was quieter than usual, but in spite of the time saved by the absence of interruptions, it lasted till six o'clock, and was then adjourned. Mr. McAdam, who has done as much as anyone probably for the cause of student federation, came specially to explain the work of the N.U.S. and C.I.E., and thanks largely to his speech, the motion to renew our membership of the N.U.S. was passed by a huge majority. The motion "That this Meeting recommends that the Union shall recognise political societies" was passed without any of the agitation which this question raised last year, and the University will probably soon have a Liberal and a Labour Society. The Meeting will be continued on March 10th, when the most exciting motion will be one to reform the method by which the President of the Union is elected.

On March 2nd, Count Kessler, of the German Foreign Office, spoke in the Great Hall on Germany's attitude to the League of Nations. He said that the majority of the German people want to enter the League, but warned us of the danger of losing their sympathy. Mr. T. Henderson's lecture on the Salt Water Ballads of John Massfield, which was to have been given on March 5th, has been postponed to March 19th.

By the death of Dr. Hellier last term, the University lost one of the most respected of its Professors Emeriti.

We now record the death of Sir Edward Thorpe and Sir Clifford Allbutt, both of whom were professors at Leeds. An article on Sir Edward Thorpe appears on another page; we hope to publish an appreciation of the work of Sir Clifford Allbutt in our next issue.

Sir Edward Thorpe

By PROFESSOR A. SMITHELLS.

BY the death of Sir Edward Thorpe, which occurred, in his eightieth year, on February 23rd, we lose the last of the four distinguished men who were the pioneer professors of the Yorkshire College of Science. The grateful acknowledgment of their service so recently heard during the Jubilee celebrations is still in our ears.

I wish it were in my power to convey to readers of the *Gryphon* an adequate idea of the significance of the life and work of Sir Edward Thorpe, for I feel that it ought to be of peculiar interest to the students of a modern university. Thomas Edward Thorpe was one of the first products of a provincial University College, and one of the best products, and it was he and such as he—no great number—who, at the middle of the nineteenth century, gave in themselves a living proof that university education in the truest sense could be attained in the new "Owens College" at Manchester. It is exceedingly difficult for us to realise how much that has meant, but it is of course the fact that the success of Owens College was the great stimulus to the provincial university enterprise to which we owe our existence in Leeds. Owens College was fortunate in its first professors, and nothing did more to establish its success than Sir Henry Roscoe's famous school of chemistry, of which Thorpe was one of the earliest and most distinguished pupils. But the College was also fortunate in its early students, for they included a number of young men not only of marked ability but of great strength of character, and imbued with a sense of what was due from them to the life of this new student community. Thorpe was a conspicuous leader in the social life of the young College; he threw himself heartily into every kind of enterprise calculated to bring into it those elements of good fellowship and recreation which counted for so much in the old universities.

I found, when in later years I was a student at Manchester, that there still lingered the memory of Thorpe's activity in the social life—in the Union, in writing for the Magazine, and in athletics, including an annual boat-race when a chemical laboratory four had challenged the rest of the College over a course on the unsavoury waters of the Irwell.

These early characteristics of Sir Edward Thorpe remained in evidence throughout his life. He was a man of immense energy and, though of abnormally small stature, he had a commanding presence. I recollect that at one period Sir Henry Roscoe, intent on expressing this concentrated energy, used to refer to him as "the electric spark." I have known no man who seemed more fully to use his powers to their utmost limit in whatever field of work he entered, no man who was more steadily industrious. Even his favourite recreation of yachting he combined for many years with the making of a magnetic survey, in which he had the co-operation of his colleague, Sir Arthur Röcker, the Professor of Physics at Leeds.

During the years of his life as Professor of Chemistry at Leeds (1874 to 1885), amid all the multifarious cares of establishing the new College, Thorpe maintained a steady output of original work in chemical science. He was also almost constantly engaged in authorship, for which he had remarkable and exceptional gifts. He had a fine literary taste and touch, and he was much interested in the history of chemistry. These qualities are evinced in his well-known volume of *Chemical Essays*, in biographies of Priestley, Davy, and Roscoe, as well as in the numerous contributions he made to "Nature," and he fully deserved the title of the "public orator of chemistry." It seemed remarkable that a man with this capacity and

predilection for *belles lettres* should become best known as the Editor of a compendious Dictionary of Applied Chemistry, of which, at the time of his death, he was engaged in completing a new edition. He exercised the utmost vigilance in this work, and, as characteristic of the man, I may mention a case known to me where, an article having to be shortened to meet typographical necessities, he marked with his own hand some fifty scattered superfluous words which, if removed, would give the necessary relief.

The steps in Thorpe's scientific career may be briefly summarised. On leaving Owens College as a student he worked under Bunsen at Heidelberg, and it is of interest to note in that connection that he took to Heidelberg at Roscoe's request a gas appliance which led Bunsen to design his famous "atmospheric" burner. After spending a further period at Bonn under Kekule, Thorpe joined the chemical staff at Manchester, from which he was soon appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Andersonian College, Glasgow. There he remained until he was appointed in 1874 as Professor of Chemistry in the Yorkshire College of Science. In 1885 he went to the Royal College of Science, South Kensington (now embodied in the Imperial College of Science and Technology) to succeed Sir Edward Frankland. In 1894 he became Director of the new Government Laboratory and remained there till 1910, when he returned for three years to South Kensington. He then retired to a beautiful home which he had built at Salcombe, S. Devon, a place admirably adapted to allow of his sustained devotion to yachting. He also developed his taste and skill in gardening. He continued to work hard at authorship, and maintained to a wonderful degree his vigour of mind. His last public appearance was as President of the British Association at Edinburgh in 1921. His address was noteworthy for the passionate protest it embodied against the degradation of chemistry to the purposes of gas warfare.

Of Thorpe's chemical discoveries it is hardly possible to give a record here. His scientific work was characterised by a high degree of refinement and accuracy. He determined the atomic weights of Titanium (this was done at Leeds) and Radium. Perhaps his most remarkable discovery was that of two oxides of phosphorus. There is much other work of chemical interest and importance standing to his credit, as well as measures taken by him as Government Chemist to secure the purity of our food and to establish other safeguards in the realm of hygiene.

Thorpe received many honours from learned societies. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1876, and was for a period Foreign Secretary. He received its Royal Medal in 1889, and also gave the Bakerian Lecture on two occasions. He was President of the Chemical Society, of the Society of Chemical Industry, and of the Chemical Section of the British Association at the Leeds Meeting in 1890. He was knighted in 1909.

Thorpe married in 1870 Caroline, daughter of Dr. John Watts, of Manchester; there were no children.

Of Sir Edward Thorpe's particular services to Leeds space does not enable me to speak with any fulness. My own acquaintance with him began in 1876, and I had some direct opportunity of seeing him at work in the old haunts in Cookridge Street. When I came to Leeds in 1885, it became more possible to understand how much had been accomplished in the eleven years of Thorpe's strenuous life in Leeds. I only wish I could state adequately the debt we all owe to him, and that I could have given a better picture of a man whose life of devoted and distinguished service, and example of high integrity, single-heartedness, manliness, and love of all things worthy and true made him an abiding power for good in the world of science.

The Visitor

"I AM exceedingly glad, my dear Rufus," said the Professor heartily, "that you have been able to pay me this auspicious visit, but still more so that you will have the opportunity of seeing a little of my own work in the University this morning. Of course we do not pretend to range ourselves beside such noble temples as the dear old Alma Mater—oh no! but nevertheless we are, as I believe and trust, inspiring Culture into the heart of Yorkshire.

Before we enter, just notice the houses opposite; in them are situated the Common Rooms, which are, I may say, the centre, the hub, of our cultural life at Leeds. There our students are constantly gathered in tranquillity to let Culture sink deep into their souls. I don't think we had such an institution!"

The Visitor shook his head regretfully.

"Alas no! I fear we were far behind.... ah, here is the door! Pause a moment, dear friend, it is overwhelming!—it takes my breath.... exactly the appearance of the Alma Mater, you know; the tower, this noble porch, and I am sure the quadrangle completes the resemblance."

"Of course," said the Prof., hurrying him into the Entrance Hall. A smoky haze hung over the vociferating throng there collected.

"Incense," whispered the Prof.; "They burn it here night and day to the Goddess of Wisdom. This is the Hall of Contemplation. Note their rapt, earnest looks, the fire in their meditating eyes. They can be found standing here as long as four hours at a time—just contemplating."

"Marvellous! marvellous!" declared the Visitor in a choked voice.

They went on, fought their way down corridors among a crowd all eager to reach the shrines of learning, and at one such shrine they stopped, heralded by a vigorous clamour from within.

"They must be discussing my last lecture," said the Prof.; "this is the advanced class."

They entered and took up a position upon the low dais before the blackboard, which was adorned with mystic chalk designs.

"These are drawings," whispered the Prof.; "Art positively oozes from my students; just notice the forceful lines, the exquisite curves of this figure; and there.... why, bless me! that's myself! Ah! they do not let us slip from their memory for a moment, they gratefully perpetuate us everywhere. Do you know"—his voice was triumphant—"I am perpetrated—I mean, perpetuated, upon six windows and blackboards!"

The Visitor was overcome.

Now the Prof. rapped sharply ten or twenty times on the desk, and there was an immediate silence. All eyes were turned upon the Prof., and his august friend, who sat near to him.

"Well," said the Prof., in a firm, loud voice, "will some student kindly summarize briefly my last lecture."

There was a pause, and then a superb youth on the back row replied:

"The answer, sir, is in the negative."

The Prof. leaned over to the Visitor, with a flush of pleasure.

"My most brilliant student—Mr. Blockhead,"—he confided proudly. "He helps me tremendously. He is taking his degree this year, and will probably also receive the Diefast research scholarship."

He faced the class again, and began to lecture. The silence was deep. The class wrote pages and pages of notes, absorbed in feverish concentration. A row of neatly shingled damsels at the front were the most industrious of all. Now and then a breath of wind caused an envelope or the page of a newspaper to flutter to the floor, but otherwise the silence was unbroken.

The calm penetrated even the soul of the Visitor. He felt deeply at peace. His eyelids drooped. He was next conscious of a bell tinkling insistently. The Prof. paused, sighed, closed his book, and the room was in a trice magically deserted.

"A most excellent class," said the Prof. "They never interrupt with foolish questions, nor let their attention wander; they are, in fact, very dear to me."

They joined the stream pouring down the corridor.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Visitor.

"Why, it is eleven o'clock; I expect they are returning home after the day's toil. And there they work, I am told, till eleven or twelve at night, all the year round, and keep themselves awake, like Balzac, by drinking eternal coffee. Their energy is superhuman."

They passed out through the Entrance Hall, where fragrant incense wreathed mystically upwards, and where the same figures stood, like ragged statues, meditating

MARGARET I. BAUMANN.

A Professor

A PROFESSOR is a kind of "breathing library," a living store-house of all Learning—he is a bee who gathers honey from many flowers, a worm who creeps through innumerable volumes, a ferret who dives into obscure holes and corners, a butterfly who loveth that which is bright and beautiful. As the sun giveth light and warmth to all, so a professor bestows the cream and essence of many wits upon his favourites. He weareth commonly a flowing robe, which flies out on either hand, for as the eagle flappeth his wings and is recognised as the King of Birds, so the Professor is known as the King of Learning by the flapping of his gown. He goeth commonly alone, and his words weighted with learning, do not as the giddy dandelion puff—float away, willy nilly sporting in the air, but sink upon the expectant multitude beneath. A prodigious memory hath the Professor, for as the sun forgets not to care with warm caress for the smallest of hidden flowers, so doth the Professor neglect not the most minute of facts—and as your common folk—your gossips know all that which concerns their neighbours, so this Prince of Facts knows all that which concerns the lives of the Dead.

As in a garden, tall and stately lilies grow amongst prickly bushes, and as the pale-pink languishing roses hang over prim ranks of pansies, so in a professor's speech are there towering stately hyperboles, sharp spiked satire, sweet, winsome sentences, brisk, neat, laconic aphorisms. The magnet draweth to itself needles, howsoever base may be their alloy, so doth Wisdom—as a lodestar—draw listeners, though of slender intelligence.

The sun shining on the waters of a fountain transforms each drop into gold—and the fiery imagination of the Professor converts each word to a pearl of great price. So he liveth, sometimes gathering to him knowledge in great quantities, as the fisherman who taketh a rich haul, sometimes as the beggar who shuffleth about in the dirt looking for an odd coin.

ECHIBUS.

Lodgings or Hostels?

I HAVE long had the intention of writing about a side of University life which, so far as I know, has not yet been adequately dealt with. But I never felt quite sure that I could treat the subject of the University lodgings with the breadth and humour that are necessary in maintaining a sense of proportion. Several times I have torn up half-sketched articles on various aspects of landladies. The subject seemed colossal, and at the same time unworthy of a man's attention. It has always seemed to me that students should not cheapen their powers by practising their wit and scorn upon people unable, for various reasons, to reply. Intellectual snobbery is a thing to be avoided at all costs. So I have reserved the full treatment of landladies for a later time. That they should be an important part of any novel dealing with the University of Leeds is clear enough to me. They would be an unfailing source of humour, or the sure cause of tragedy. But of that—later.

The present problem must be handled impersonally. Everyone knows that in the ideal conditions for a University, "residence" should be the rule rather than the exception. If that is true, then the modern University, situated in the heart of an industrial region, can never reach ideal conditions, for the simple reason that the majority of the students are able to live at home. It would seem therefore that any discussion upon the merits of the residential system is in the present circumstances irrelevant. By residence is meant living in a University Hall of Residence, or Hostel, and the argument in favour of this system is that the value of a University education depends not only upon the quality of the instruction but also upon an "atmosphere," an intangible network of social and intellectual relations which cannot be obtained anywhere else. It is the "spirit of the University," which should stamp a man for life, giving his mind a certain character which will impel him to use his knowledge and abilities for his own good and the good of the community. We have nominated this spirit; can we locate it in Leeds?

The University spirit remains a futility until it is incorporated in the life of the students. That is the problem before all the modern Universities; how to develop the corporate spirit! There are three great obstacles to overcome, or dangers to guard against. There is first the mercenary professionalism which tempts us to ignore everything not clearly directed to our own prosperity or professional interests. It used to be known as the sin of avarice, before it became the virtue of self-help. Secondly, there is the danger of departmentalism, which develops a narrowness of vision often disguised as singleness of purpose. The third evil is the social segregation of the students. The remedy for the first is prayer, for the second a uniform first degree, for the third none.

But it is possible to counteract the disintegrating influence of the daily departure of students to their homes or lodgings by developing the social life of the University. The Union does its best by encouraging all kinds of clubs and societies, and the *Gryphon* attempts to present a visible unity by reflecting every activity, but a great deal more can be done, and must be done.

At the moment I am concerned with only one possible improvement, but it is important and urgent. The position of the men in lodgings is far from being satisfactory. The women students are not allowed to live in lodgings, so we may confine our attention to the statistics for men. There are 1,062 men students, of whom 717 live at home. Clearly, a residential system cannot be the basis of a modern University where 70 per cent. of the students may live at home. In the future this proportion will probably increase, as other areas become independent. It is all the more important therefore that as many as possible of the remaining

30 per cent. should be brought into Halls of Residence. The actual position however is that we have only 120 men in Hostel, while there are 225 in lodgings. There is no accommodation for more! One wonders sometimes if the University authorities really take the interest in the students they say they do. Professor Smithells told us that when it was first suggested that the students should be provided with a playing field some people thought the end of the world was at hand. A lack of intelligent sympathy is still visible. There are still people who regard every concession to student needs as a pampering of the rising generation, and so we have commonly an attitude of mind which at best is only that of benevolent amusement. Improvements come slowly—every so slowly, broadening down from thingummy to whatist, when what is required is reconstructive action based on first principles.

The lodgings system is bad—for the modern University. Therefore the aim should be to put every man who does not live at home, into a hostel. Perhaps it would be better to say that there should be accommodation for all those who desire it. It is true that the non-collegiate system works well at Oxford, but there is a big difference between Oxford and Leeds. The whole city of Oxford is permeated and dominated by the University tradition. The lodgings are *really* University lodgings. Those who keep these houses know their job, they understand the needs of students.

In Leeds it is different. Many of the houses which accommodated students after the war were undesirable. Last year the list of lodgings was revised, and many houses were struck off the list. This was made possible because of the increased number of men taken by Devonshire Hall, and the decrease in the total. But there are still over 200 men in lodgings, and anyone who knows the conditions knows that the majority of these men are being hampered in their studies. In many instances men are living with the family, that is, they have no private study. They have to arrange their studies to suit the convenience of the family—washing and baking, babies, callers, and so on. The rooms, even where there is privacy, are chock full of decrepit furniture, ghastly ornaments, and damnable aspidistras. Hardly ever do you find a bookcase where the dirt may be kept at a respectful distance, and if you do find one, it is full of wretched old volumes of magazines, Sunday school prizes, and other trash which family sentiment has accumulated. Then the landladies more often than not have all kinds of superstitions, prejudices, and little meannesses which constantly irritate the sensitive mind. They all without exception believe that putting a poker across the fire is a more efficacious method of producing a blaze than cleaning the grate. Most of them seem to suffer from "bad-legs," stiff fingers, heavy hearts and what not; and they usually give way in the middle of term, or just before important examinations, so that it is quite common for a student to have all his plans upset at a critical time. Some of them turn off the gas at 11 p.m., just when you are pinning down that elusive idea which has been hovering about you all day. Most of the lodgings are in small houses in gloomy streets near the University, almost in slumland. The social life of students in these circumstances is cramped out of existence.

It is useless to complain about landladies; they cannot be reformed. They are what they are through pressure of economic circumstances. It cannot be said that they are a highly paid class, for the usual charge for board and lodgings varies from thirty shillings a week to two guineas, and few students can afford to pay more. At this price a student cannot expect that attention and consideration for his needs that success in his studies requires.

There is a heavy responsibility upon the University, an immediate one. There is always the tendency to leave reforms to the future. We cannot get all we want at once. One thing at a time. Everything must be done in an ordered plan. These

ideas are quite sound general principles. But at any moment there is always a choice between several possible actions. The University has only a certain amount of energy under its control, and it must therefore always be in the position of having to leave some important work to the future. No one would deny the difficulty of choosing which of many needs is the most urgent, but it frequently happens in human affairs that the urgency of various claims is considered not in relation to their intrinsic merits but in relation to the pressure with which they are urged. This is perhaps rather a polite way of saying that those who shout loudest get heard soonest. Then again, some needs are more visible than others, and therefore seem more urgent. The needs of students, their mental tortures and physical discomforts, are mostly hidden. It is difficult therefore to impress people with the real urgency of the lodgings problem.

There is little doubt that if the University could offer all the students now in lodgings the alternative of Hostel accommodation similar to that of Devonshire Hall there would be very few who would not accept it. It seems to me that this is eminently a matter suitable for the consideration of the University Union. I would suggest that a special general meeting be called to draw attention to the unsatisfactory position in respect of Hostel accommodation. Such a meeting would not only be a great encouragement to those who are in favour of more Hostels, but it would enhance the reputation and standing of the Union.

Both the Union and the University would be immensely strengthened and invigorated by the abolition of the lodgings system. With thirty per cent. of the students in permanent residence it would be possible to build up a real University tradition and spirit. It is hardly possible for a hundred men to accomplish the task. The immediate task is to destroy the idea that the lodgings system is satisfactory and to emphasise the urgency of the problem. Action ten years hence will not benefit the present generation of students. With every increase in hostel accommodation the worst cases of lodgings can be eliminated. There will always be a few men who will prefer the independence of lodgings, but they should be able to rely on the University list as a guarantee, and not have to waste time and energy finding out by painful experience the right sort. During the course of the year, every student in lodgings should be asked by the supervisor for a careful report on the lodgings. Personal visits should follow, and all unsatisfactory addresses struck off the list. Gradually we might obtain a really reliable list.

It may be asked, What of the students who cannot pay for the decent lodgings, nor for the hostel? I think that could be solved by means of a fund to subsidise lodgings. The Hostels are subsidised, that is, £2 a week does not cover capital outlay, depreciation, and all other charges. Supposing that all but one hundred students were either in Hostels or in first-class lodgings, for which the minimum charge is 45/-. Then an annual sum of £1,000 allotted in grants varying from £7 10s. to £15 per session to one hundred students would be sufficient to abolish the immediate evils. Thus a man who could not afford more than 35/- a week would be enabled by a grant of £15 to pay 45/- and so obtain excellent rooms instead of bad ones. If there were such a fund, then a clean sweep could be made of the slum lodgings where many a promising career has been ruined. But nothing will be done unless the students themselves express their dissatisfaction now. It is now that the plans of development are being laid down. There will be no chance of altering them once the schemes are in operation.

He that asketh nothing is seldom disappointed. What is the matter with Oxley Hall? Why is it vacant when there are 200 men in lodgings?

P. P. MURPHY.



Night

Night's a ghost that lurks in city streets
To catch the sons of Fear;
And with inexorable, muffled tread
Tracks down her victim,
Till he turns and meets
Beneath the lamplight pale, her leer,
Most evil in the fitful, flickering light,
And hides his head,
Blots out the sight,
And thinks of all the little comfortable ways
of home.

MARJORIE BEST.

My Heart

My heart is a bank of many-coloured stones,
Moved by the endless surging of time-seas,
My heart is a frozen icicle pierced by the sun
To a breathless rush of melting, and then
gone;
My heart is one plague-spot on a marble skin,
Or the orange curtain in a cool white and
black room;
My heart is a great spaciousness of air
That shines and quivers on blue December
mornings,
And fills with sluggish dirt in the afternoons,
My heart is the clear night-ringing of a deep
bell.

P.

The Guytrash

Have you seen the forlorn Guytrash
As he hastens through the wild?
Like a spectre, lone and fearsome,
Though he harms not man or child.

O'er the lonely lanes he wanders
In the quiet, moon-lit night;
Up dim vales and by dark waters
In his everlasting flight.

Who he is and what his mission
No'er a mortal seems to know;
But he wanders on for ever
Through the years that come and go.

H.E.W.

On the wastes and stilly moorlands,
Where the curlew wheels and wails,
There perchance you'll meet the Guytrash,
Aimless wand'rer of the dales.

By the elven feet you'll know him
And his monstrous, saucer eyes,
Which he turns on you so mildly
When he meets you by surprise.

The Song of the Rider

O fast, O fast to the sunrise
And the crystal spires of the light!
Away and away to the towers of the day,
Farewell! the haunts of night,
For there through the sun-gilt portals,
The golden gates of fire,
Is the place my soul has longed for,
The Land of Heart's Desire!

O fair, O fair my Love is,
Fairer than the morn;
She dwells in the halls of the sunshine,
The palaces of the dawn,
And thither I ride like the north wind,
And turn my steed away
From the weeks of men, and the ways of men,
And the gods with the feet of clay!

HORACE G. THORNTON.

Music

THE great feature of Berlioz's "Faust" is the very beautiful orchestral part. It cannot be hard to pass from being a complete master of orchestration to being a complete slave to orchestration. Doubtless Berlioz often suffered periods of this slavery. But in this work orchestration is never an end in itself; technical originality never replaces musical originality. Even in such parts as the Ride to the Abyss there is not merely physical excitement. The whole thing is tremendously zestful and not merely boisterous; this distinction was not made as clear as it should have been by the Leeds Choral Union at their performance of the work on February 4th. They sang with great power and evident enjoyment, but there was hardness and blunting of some finer points. Olga Haley gave a fine interpretation as Margaret. Her singing was beautifully smooth and even and her enunciation perfect. Tudor Davies took the part of Faust and Charles Knowles that of Mephistopheles; there might with advantage have been a little less pantomime performance by Mr. Knowles.

The Amateur String Orchestra under Mr. Mandi is having a time of great activity. Good intention cannot always be accepted as an excuse for inefficiency, but these players are evidently so ready to follow where Mr. Mandi's ambition leads them that the weakness of the orchestra (not very marked and mainly an imperfect balancing) can very well be forgiven. At St. Chad's Church, on February 17th, nothing played was sufficiently noteworthy to call for special notice. Everything however was well written, and there was not a dull moment throughout.

Miss K. Frise-Smith brought her series of excellent Chamber Concerts to a close on February 27th. It is to be hoped she can see her way to carry them on next year; anyhow, she has saved her artistic soul, and nobly endeavoured to fertilise, as it were, similar possessions of some few Leeds citizens. The programme began with Cesar Franck's A minor Quintet. It is difficult music to follow and difficult also to like, but it is sincere and powerful, and such music has a strange way of yielding its meaning only after much intimacy with it; and therein lies hope. Ravel's Quartet, on the other hand, seems to lose its appeal. Perhaps it is too hard to call it slight; it is written (and of course was played) with consummate skill. Dvorak's Quintet was played with terrific verve. You never know quite where you are with Dvorak, for you might be in the very act of thinking the music trite, when its character changes and you are charmed with its ingenuousness and unadorned beauty. The Quintet is undulating country and before climbing its hills of beauty you must pass through its hollows of stale pleasantness. G.A.D.

The Yorkshire Art Exhibition

IT is no doubt very creditable that it is possible to hold an annual exhibition of the works of artists "native of, or resident in Yorkshire," but certainly the exhibition this year is not very thrilling. The most interesting water colours are the three by Mr. Albert Wainwright. In *Scheherazade* (1) he is at his most sensuous: it is an epicure's feast of form and colour. The picture is crowded with delicate objects—Scheherazade herself is one of them—exquisitely drawn and coloured. But the surprising thing about Mr. Wainwright is that in spite of his delight in beautiful exteriors of things, he is sometimes interested in human feeling. In *The Boy Monk* (2) the faces are full of emotion, and the colour, though rich, is

at the same time sober. There are several of Mr. Lyons Wilson's cool and thoughtful drawings. *The Track of the Plough* (15) is the best designed and gives as well as any the feeling of atmosphere, the feeling that it is a particular place in a particular sort of weather. Mr. J. R. Gauld's *The Canal Side* (6) and *The Tall Bridge* (12) are also pleasantly cool. From the point of view of mere draughtsmanship, Miss Nina Roberts' *Le Temple de Diane, Nîmes* (58) is one of the best things in the exhibition. Apart from three, most of the water colours are very dull. Mr. W. S. Cameron's *Venetian Boats* (84), rather a Japanese sort of design, is the most striking in the Etching section.

Among the oils, one of the most interesting is Mr. Penzol's *Landscape* (102). It is completely without human interest and instead depends for its effect on its balance of lines and masses and its arrangement of light and shade. Another picture which uses the methods of the more advanced schools of painting is Mr. Forbes' portrait of Mr. Charles Ginner (116), which uses neo-impressionism, the system of placing little patches of pure colour side by side on the canvas and relying on distance to blend them. Seen from the proper distance, it has an extraordinary reality. Mr. Bottomley's *October* (105) and *The Cart* (131) are modest works, but full of beautiful and unexpected colour. There are several oil paintings by Mr. Ernest Sichel, but none so good as some of his works in the Permanent Collection. The drawing of the figure in *Interior* (106) is very weak, and the various pinks are quite unrelated. There are also two portraits by Mr. Naviasky, but though they are dignified and firm, they are dull in comparison with some of his works.

B.W.

Kumati

THE story in your December issue of the origin of *Kumati* will awaken pleasant memories in the hearts of many of the happy band of brothers who assembled at Headingley on that grey winter's afternoon to watch the night of Yorkshire go down in the mud before the all-conquering "All Blacks" of 1905.

But, strange to say, looking back upon that distant scene, I cannot remember Willbourn. He was doubtless there—he would not have missed it for a doctorate; but the central feature in my mental picture was another genial spirit, a man also of considerable and varied talents, not, however, in his case, wholly unacademic. The wildest dance in that scene in the growing dusk, and the weirdest yells which issued from the capering circle were, in my dim recollection, the efforts of the ever-effervescent H. P. Arnes.

And he it was, unless my memory errs, who, earlier in the fray, played lustily the part of leading tenor (or was it baritone!—it is hard to recall) in that accusing chorus—

"Oh where, oh where is Battle!"

which bewailed the extraction of drop after drop of the blood of the doughty champions of Yorkshire; and that other gleeful melody, that gentle serenade:—

"Kind, kind, and gentle is she,"

sung ecstasically be the whole band (their backs turned towards the stirring events on the field of play!) to the blushing maiden on the stand above.

Those were days; My ribs still creak and groan when they remember that fearful squeeze before we shot the gates. Happy days! Let not the highbrows frown. A little sauce lends flavour to the meat.

L.U.O.S.².



POEMS COLLECTED AND RECOLLECTED.

By Denis Botterill.

(North Country Chap Books, No. 3. Swan Press, Leeds, 6d.).

MR. Botterill has unquestioned lyrical gifts, and many of these poems have music and a delicate touch, as in:

And when the morning's child arose
With splendid fragrant white and red,
To open out a budded rose,
Or draw the birds from out their bed,
or: Oh happy rain that darts so much!
When you come winging on the wind,
I welcome your caressing touch—
You bring my love to mind.

His technique is not yet always quite faultless, and no doubt greater practice will bring greater ease in using a somewhat subtle instrument. A perfect lyric does not grow on every bough. But the music, the sincerity and the imagination are all there, and there is a charm and simplicity about many of these poems that augurs well for the future. One of the most pleasing is "Aftermath":

When I was young, oh, days ago!
I loved her, for her neck was snow,
Her neck was snow, each eye a star,
The moon her face—serene, afar.
The snow has melted, the moon has waned;
The distant twinkling stars remained.

YORKSHIRE POETRY.

New Series. No. 1. Edited by Denis Botterill. (Swan Press, 6d.).

THIS is the first number of a new series of "Yorkshire Poetry" under a new editor. It contains a large number of "new" poems, as well as poems collected from the poetry section of the *Weekly Post*. Professor Abercrombie's revised "Commemoration Ode" is the most notable contribution, a poem marked by noble images and itself an element in the building up of our University tradition. Mr. William Kerr's charming "For Mary, Aged Five," with its subtle and graceful rhythms, and Mr. Percival Coke's "Merchandise," a true lyric like many of his pieces, are two of the most pleasing contributions. Mr. Woledge's "The Strange Land" is beautiful technically, a snatch of muted music ending as suddenly as it begins; here are two verses:

A long field slowly rising,
Half stubble and half ploughed,
Dimmed with a drenching cloud,
And behind it houses.
To the man who watches,
His face wet with rain
They bring back again
Old forgotten ways.

Other contributors are Mr. T. A. Lamb, Mr. Milnes, Miss Dinsdale, Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mr. Thorn and Mr. W. P. Irving. The level of the verse is good, and shows a wide range of differing styles and methods.

WHEN ALL IS WELL, OR, THE FLOWER OF AINSTY.

By Douglas Boyle.

From the Author, West Hill, Stepney Road, Scarborough. (1/2).

MR. Boyle is apparently desirous of reviving the tragic glories of the Attie and Elizabethan stages. The ambition is no doubt highly laudable, but we doubt if this poetic play will do very much in the desired direction. The story of the abduction of Isabel Thwaites from Nun Appleton is treated by Marvell with a Puritan elegance in his delicious "Appleton House." Mr. Boyle risks comparison with Marvell rather than with Marlowe or Aeschylus. The blank verse is prosy, and the hero addresses an Abbess as "You hag! you tyrant!" The Lady Anne Langton is quite gratuitously libelled. Mr. Boyle's explanation of the affair smacks of a "No Popery" pamphlet, and the prevailing effect is that of a pleasing blend of "Maria Monk" and "The Castle of Otranto." Mr. Boyle should develop a sense of humour and read a few more plays before trying again. It is the moral duty of a critic to be rude about this strange production. W.R.C.

The Change

I COULD not understand it. She who used to be sullen, so cold and taciturn, now appeared abroad with a warm cheerful smile spread across her face. Her scowls were gone and she beamed. She must feel pretty safe for the terminals, I thought, as I once caught her grin. But no, it could not be that, because the exams. were still a long way off, and I saw that she still kept her usual seat in the library.

In the lecture rooms during the driest lectures her face was wreathed in smiles. She spoke to everybody (without being asked); she opened the windows, closed the doors, and was exceedingly obliging. I once saw her handing a bag of sweets round to the other women, who seemed to regard her with respect. I noticed several approach her with furrowed brows; they seemed to be asking her questions which she answered—and as they left her I observed that they were thanking her. Why, I knew not. Her dress was changed; she seemed much smarter with silk stockings and new shoes. I asked another man if he knew what was the matter, but he shook his head. He had, however, seen the great transformation and he also wondered. He said he would try to find out the reason.

I saw him later and he showed me an old newspaper cutting. It read "We are pleased to announce that the first correct solution of our cross-word puzzle was that submitted by Miss _____ (and there stood her name), who therefore wins the guinea prize which we offered."

So this was the secret!

I saw her the next day with her hair shingled. She looked quite young!

No wonder so many women students are interested in cross-word puzzles, and in Miss _____. I hope they all win!

G.E.D.

The Universities' Congress of the National Union of Students

THE problem of how to spend an interesting and economical holiday has been solved in advance for the five hundred fortunate people by the National Union of Students. They have arranged for a Congress to be held at Oxford from Saturday, March 28th until Friday, April 3rd. Lectures, debates, dramatic performances and even dances have been arranged to fill the mornings and evenings. The afternoons have wisely been left free so that those attending the Congress may explore the surrounding country, lazily punt up the Isis or play any game which their fancy dictates. The whole week's holiday, and this perhaps is its most attractive feature, may be enjoyed for an inclusive charge of fifty-five shillings. Board, food, and excitement could hardly be enjoyed elsewhere for so long a period at so low a cost. On account of the numbers attending the Congress the National Union will be able to arrange with the Railway Company for everyone to get return tickets at the rate of one single and a third, so that even the expense of travelling need not act as too great a deterrent.

The most interesting feature of the Congress will be a "Parliament" which will reproduce as faithfully as possible the actual conditions at Westminster. All who attend the Congress will be members of this Parliament. The Leaders of the three political parties have already been chosen. The President of the Cambridge Union Society, Geoffrey Lloyd, is leading the Conservatives; K. Lindsay, an Ex-President of the Oxford Union and an Old Blue, is leading the Labour members; while the Liberals are being led by C. G. Parsloe, of London University. The President of the National Union, F. G. G. Carr, is acting as "Speaker." The three political leaders have at least one thing in common; all have stood for Parliament, Lindsay at Oxford, and the other two in London; and all have failed to be elected. But that, no doubt, is a mistake their constituents will remedy in the near future.

When this Parliament meets for the first time in the Debating Hall of the Oxford Union, the discerning spectator will observe two things which he would certainly not observe at Westminster. He will note that half the assembled M.P.'s are women, and he will see prominent politicians sitting in unwonted exclusion from the Front Treasury benches. For the Congress is enrolling as many women as men; and several Ministers and ex-Ministers, including Mr. Baldwin and Lady Astor have promised to come and speak from the body of the House.

When the proceedings open the Conservatives will be in office. The "Premier," Mr. Lloyd is at this very moment engaged in forming his "Cabinet." The King's Speech, for which he is responsible, will be taken as read, and the debate on it will begin immediately. Both parties are bringing forward amendments and an interesting tussle will take place at the outset which may easily result in the overthrow of the Conservative Government. Members of the other two parties seem to be more possessed of the "Congress" mind, while they have in addition inter-university organisations which the Conservatives lack. But the uncertainty of the results will add an extra spice to the evening's entertainment, for the political opinions of the bulk of the delegates will be an unknown quantity until tested in the Lobbies of the House. On the Wednesday evening when the session is resumed, a Bill will be introduced by the Party in power and a full dress debate will take place upon it.

But the meetings of this mock Parliament are not the only events worthy of note. No day will pass but will be filled by some interesting function.

An address by Viscount Cecil will open the Congress on the Saturday evening. On the Sunday morning special services will be held in three of the Oxford churches designed so as to satisfy most forms of religious belief, and the Student Christian Movement will arrange a meeting for the evening. Monday evening will see the first session of the Universities Parliament. The Universities League of Nations Assembly will meet on Tuesday evening and again on the following Wednesday morning. On Wednesday afternoon a performance by various University dramatic societies will be given, while in the evening the Universities Parliament holds its last session. On Thursday evening the Congress winds up with a dance (the wisdom of having men and women represented on a fifty-fifty basis will now be obvious even to the man who considers his sex to be grossly under represented).

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning, papers will be read by prominent men and women, on subjects connected with social work, literature, etc. Open discussions will follow, while Thursday morning will be left free for the organisation of a meeting by the S.C.M., the N.U.S., and the I.U.L.N.F. The afternoons with the exception of Wednesday afternoon, when the Dramatic Show is being given, are free from all engagements, though arrangements will be made so that all who wish to play games may do so without extra expense.

When on Friday the delegates leave Oxford they will feel thankful that they have been privileged to take part in the holiday which has given them a maximum of pleasure at a minimum of expense.

Correspondence

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS.

March 4th, 1925.

DEAR EDITOR,

For three years in mind and pocket I have silently suffered, and now can be mute no longer.

I refer to the tyranny and extortion practised by the officials of our University Library. For I, dear Editor, am one of those unfortunate individuals whose memory is none of the best. Furthermore, my income is none of the largest. But whenever I borrow a book, as frequently I have occasion to do, fourteen days pass over my head like a flash, and I awake to find myself confronted with a postcard demanding a fine.

If, instead of the only record of the date when the book is borrowed, being retained by the Librarian, we could have some arrangement by which the borrower also could know when the book is due for return, I feel certain that much waste of time and trouble in sending out postcards would be avoided; and not only that, but many students would be both happier and wealthier.

If I could live to see some reform brought about in this direction, I should leave the University feeling that my time here had not been spent wholly in vain.

I am, Sir,

Yours hopefully,

ONE WHO HAS JUST PAID AN EIGHT-PENNY FINE.

THE DISPOSAL OF AN ASPIDISTRA.

DEVONSHIRE HALL,
4th March, 1925.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

MADAM,

In answer to one of your enquirers, may I say that three days after the publication of your last issue, a policeman was observed under suspicious circumstances in Manningham Park, Bradford, carrying a full-size aspidistra.

Should we not do well to copy this example and employ the Leeds force for such purposes?

Yours, etc., "BOY-SCOUT."

THE RAG FIASCO.

THE UNION,
THE UNIVERSITY, LEEDS.
March 13th, 1925.

DEAR SIR,

I feel that a strong protest should be made over the gross mismanagement of to-day's "rag" fiasco. It had been arranged, at a meeting held last night, that a party should waylay Mr. Baldwin at Mr. Beckett's house, kidnap him, and finally drag him to the Majestic in a hansom cab.

Chairs-a-banc had been ordered, and all arrangements made for the kidnapping.

And then, apparently, it had been thought fit to ring up Mr. Baldwin at 11.45 last night to ask him if he would object to being kidnapped! And the rag was cried off! Three of the kidnappers turned up at Moor-Allerton—two waited for an hour-and-a-half, one for over an hour. Twice they rang down to the Union Office. It was not known there that plans had been altered, for it was not known that there had even been plans to alter. During this time Mr. Baldwin's guard consisted of one rather tired policeman, and he left a few minutes before four City Councillors came up in a Ford to meet Mr. Baldwin. Twelve to fifteen determined raggars could have carried out the scheme—there were three!

Disgusted, the three motored down to the University, and were told a rag was in progress in Victoria Square. Going down to see if there was something doing, they were met by a sorry procession of eight raggars, wearily dragging a hansom cab, and all fervently hoping that the police would take in good part the fact that the cab had not been removed out of the way as quickly as they had desired.

The opportunities—an unequalled situation for kidnapping, a negligible opposition and a straight run down on the fastest motor road round Leeds.

The actuality—a feeble attempt to distract the attention of Leeds people by a rival hansom-cab procession. What is the use of it all? Why can't we get a little confidence in ourselves? Why should the same person, who warned the meeting to keep the plans dark, ring up Mr. Baldwin, and then cancel the operations? And why did the would-be raggars allow themselves to be put off, instead of going on their own? Let our rags be rags, not self-conscious parades. It can be done, even in an industrial city, and without raising antagonism on the part of the townsmen. The people of Glasgow are never allowed to forget the existence of the wild men

from Gilmore Hill, but it's not so long ago that they raised £40,000 in a fortnight, to provide new Union Rooms—a sum that wouldn't be raised in Leeds in five years. Glasgow is at present enjoying a period of "rest after toil," but the Rectorial Elections come off next session. I suggest that we send a few representatives to learn how to do things. We must learn that a greater sense of undergraduate solidarity can be got from a united, though harmless, defiance of the police than from anything else.

For Heaven's sake, let's buck up, and get out of that state when one man's telephone call can put the stopper on the rag of two hundred.

Yours, etc.,

EACHANN DONNAIDICH.

P.S.—Since writing this letter I have found out that the blame for the fiasco does not rest with one individual. It was he who telephoned, but he acted in consultation with a number of others. Still, the need for this protest remains—it is not written in special condemnation of any individuals, but as an exhortation to us all.

E.D.

In the Shadow of a University

IT is not a structure which claims to be possessed of any great architectural beauty but its solidity at once suggests dignity, and its precincts are alike subdued and refined. There are few carvings of any significance or distinction on its outer walls, with the noble exception of a recent bas-relief in memory of former students who fell in the Great War, but its very bareness of outline is an indication of its inner strength. Nor are its walls shaded with any natural growth of beauty, and except for fringes of yellow crocuses, daffodils and hyacinths in the Spring-time, there is little more colour to attract the eye of the passer-by, yet in passing, one is at once impressed by the thought of all that this massive building symbolises.

Within its secular walls, all that stands for culture and progress has its foundation, and the fundamental origins of Science, Art, and Literature, are ever being expounded by learned Dons, to be in turn imbibed by youthful students. In its Halls of academical learning, new thoughts and ideas have their origin which in their practical application enable the whole Universe to move on the wheels of progress. Without and within this bare, almost bleak structure, there is little that savours of artistic beauty, and most of its environments are drab and colourless, yet it is as the core of some luscious fruit, the hub of a highly efficient machine, and the broadcasting centre of a technical, engineering and textile field of industry and science, sending out its graduates to all corners of the Empire.

With the exception of occasional revelries by the youthful students round and about this great edifice, in strange contrast to their usual staid and intellectual bearing, the surroundings are remarkably quiet, and in its environments one can almost feel a sense of peace, as though the quiet concentration of the men of learning is actually radiated through the very walls and ushered round about its buttresses and across its quadrangles, into the adjoining streets.

In the shades of this University there is a feeling of rest, inspiring in its quietude, impressing one with the might of the seat of Learning, which at once commands a respect for the gifted Intellectuals who devote their lives to the research and expounding of theoretical knowledge, so that in practice, their fellow-men may derive of the best that life can offer, and the whole race of mankind may revolve, not only on the wheels of fortune, but on the surer rock bottom foundations of Science, Culture and Progress.

W. E. NEWTON.



The following heading appears in the current official list of students in the University :—

FOUR YEARS' COAL MINING (3½ hours).

"Speed and Accuracy" is evidently the motto of our Mining Department.

* * *

We hear that the Union is advertising for half a groundsman. Might we ask which half they would prefer ?

* * *

There is a freemasonry among our professors : at a recent public lecture in the Great Hall, the Chairman, at a certain point in the proceedings, gave a scarcely perceptible wink. Without a moment's hesitation, one of his colleagues rose and left the Hall. Two minutes later he returned with a well-filled glass, which he handed to the lecturer. Evidently great minds *do* think alike.

* * *

A correspondent informs us that he has been keeping a graph of the alleged ingredients of Refectory puddings as they occurred for two years ; but as the result was a straight line several yards long, we do not gain a great deal from his researches.

* * *

One of our learned professors says : "When you come to the end of the endless chain . . ." Whatever it is, we've no doubt they'll do it awfully well when they do get there.

* * *

Church-designing must be a fine art in Oxford, we think, judging from the N.U.S. article which appears on page 183.

* * *

This month's conundrum :—

If a horse-collar costs the Union £30, what would be the price of a stud.

* * *

We hear that our boxers are to have a new ring, two feet larger each way than usual ; this must be due, we suppose, to the increase in the size of the boxers this year.

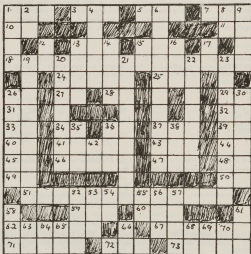
Our Cross-Word Puzzle

WE have pleasure in introducing our readers this month to a new (to the *Gryphon*!) type of competition. We have tried to make it as simple as possible, for the benefit of our younger readers—the children taking *Inter*, we mean.

Although there is no entrance fee, we offer some valuable prizes. The first correct solution to be opened will be awarded £5,000 a year and a motor car, or 4½d. down, at the Editor's discretion. The second will receive a year's subscription to the *Gryphon*, and the third an honorary degree (Fahrenheit). The opening ceremony will take place on Monday, April 27th, at 11.59 a.m. prompt., and solutions must be placed in the *Gryphon* box before 11.10 a.m. on that day. If the *Gryphon* box is full (which, considering the magnificence of the prizes, we fully expect it will be), envelopes may be placed on top of it.

The solver's name, department, birth, marriage and death certificates, with class ticket number and *nom-de-plume*, must accompany every entry.

No employee of this paper will be allowed to compete.



CLUES.

Across.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1. Something to cut. | 37. More palatable than No. 18. |
| 2. One of the Councils. | 38. That thing. |
| 5. The man who devours two College puddings. | 40. Curtain house controlled by 30 down. |
| 7. Bashful. | 41. Five-ninths of a Nonconformist. |
| 10. Decapitate and curtain osculation. | 42. University teams' usual score. |
| 11. The man with the strap. | 44. Ward of Leeds. |
| 13. Popular conception of a student. | 45. Company "bout turned." |
| 15. What we still hope to see the Dramatic Society do. | 46. A privilege of Felix. |
| 18. A dark liquid. | 47. An English river. |
| 24. Prominent in <i>Students' Opera</i> . | 48. An easy one! |
| 25. Curtain Carlyle's favourite idol. | 49. Whence winter comes. |
| 26. Motor mark for Co. Durham. | 50. Railway. |
| 27. Famous races. | 51. Found in 1 across. |
| 28. Lacrosse Club. | 52. Usually missed by 72 across. |
| 29. Preposition. | 60. A theatrical newspaper. |
| 31. Alternative. | 62. Pussyfoot II. |
| 32. My favourite character in real life. | 67. An acid. |
| 33. Indescribable gratitude. | 71. A good deal of University architecture. |
| 34. Territorial Army. | 72. England's last hope. |
| 36. Heraldic Gold. | 73. Also ran. |

Down.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Says he likes work. | 35. The sluggard's example. |
| 2. Life. | 36. Over. |
| 4. Parliament Nights—especially in the gallery. | 38. Contents of a famous cupboard. |
| 6. Sweet. | 52. Undesirable if wild. |
| 8. A "saucy" official. | 53. Small animal's egg. |
| 9. A lock. | 54. The man with the vocabulary. |
| 12. Belonging to. | 55. About. |
| 13. Wilfred's tail. | 56. Variant spelling of Noah's summer residence. |
| 14. Attendance at lectures. | 57. Extremity. |
| 15. Affirmative. | 58. A motor-cycle. |
| 16. Where the corn grows. | 61. Popular place of repose. |
| 17. Supposing. | 63. Exclamation. |
| 19. Students of this puzzle. | 64. Peculiar to kings and editors. |
| 20. Three in the Realm. | 65. Boss of <i>Gryphos</i> . |
| 21. Periodic. | 66. Not as good as Bart. |
| 22. An effect of the sun. | 68. Towards. |
| 23. Enemies of man. | 69. Appears on invitations. |
| 26. Mixture. | 70. That is. |
| 30. The larger the better. | |

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

Education Society

SINCE the last issue of the *Gryphon* this Society has been quietly working out an interesting programme.

A second party of twenty members paid a visit to Robin Hood Colliery on Thursday evening, February 12th, and the time was spent no less enjoyably than on the previous occasion. There was, however, some little difficulty in catching the tramcar for the return journey, but that was not a fault of organisation.

The Dance, which was to have been held in the Great Hall, on February 16th, had to be cancelled almost at the last minute. It was an unfortunate but wise step, for tickets had not sold well, owing to the number of other dances arranged in proximity to the proposed date.

Two parties of twenty students each visited the *Yorkshire Post* printing works, on February 17th and 24th respectively, and learnt something of the "hustle" connected with the production of a daily paper.

On March 4th, twenty-two members visited the studio and transmission works of the B.B.C. This too was most interesting even if somewhat mystifying to those who were not conversant with amplifiers and condensers.

Next term the Society will make itself known publicly. From 10-10.30 p.m. on Friday, May 15th, a representative body of Education Students will broadcast from the Leeds-Bradford Relay Station. It is hoped that the performance will be truly educational.

M. PRATT } Hon.
M. T. WOODHOUSE } Secs.

Liberal Association

THE resolution passed at the recent meeting of the Union in favour of the recognition of political societies may have been carried into effect by the time these lines appear in print. In any case it is sufficient to justify a passing notice of the Leeds University Liberal Association.

The Society has grown up from very small beginnings in the course of the last month, and now has a membership of about 50, which is steadily increasing.

Former meetings have been addressed by Mr. Elliot Dodds, of Huddersfield, and Mr. Ronald F. Walker, who was Mr. Philip Snowden's opponent at the last election.

The next Meeting is to be held at the Cavendish Road Presbyterian School-room at 1.15 p.m. on Friday, March 13th, when the principal speaker will be Mr. Ramsay Muir, Editor of the *Weekly Westminster*, late M.P. for Rochdale and former Professor of Modern History at Manchester University.

Meetings take the form of a half-hour's address on some political question, followed by a discussion and are generally held at 5.15 p.m. on alternate Thursdays.

It is one of the principal aims of the Society that the narrow outlook should be avoided and a broader conception of politics obtained by debates with people of other political tenets. In this connection the debate with the Leeds University Labour Society arranged for 5.15 on May 5th, is awaited with interest.

The Association is self-contained and is not affiliated to any external organisation. Its aim is not, except indirectly, to win votes for the Liberal Party, but to cultivate in the individual student the habit of thought, enquiry and criticism on Liberal lines; in fact, to carry into the sphere of politics the habit of honest and free enquiry which University studies in all their branches profess to inculcate.

The present generation of students grew up at a time when the country was accustomed to be rationed, conscripted and controlled even in its thought, and the infantile docility induced during that period (which places it at the mercy of stunts and scares) has not yet passed away. The ideal of Liberalism is democracy, in its literal sense of government by the people. The State in its view was made for man and not man for the State. If that principle is to be re-established under post-war conditions the individual citizen of the future must be made fit for his responsibilities,

Agricultural Society

DURING this Session the Society had had a regular alternation of papers and debates held fortnightly, and both types of evenings have been very popular judging by the large attendances and keen interest manifested in the subjects under discussion. Papers on "Ensilage," "Soiling," and "Potato Growing" were greatly appreciated, the author-reader often being snowed under with questions, while the debates "That sport is not detrimental to agriculture" "That the success of British agriculture depends on State assistance" and "That it pays a farmer better to breed and rear his own cattle than to buy" provided hours of keen discussion, the meetings being terminated only by the approach of liek-time.

On December 1st, the Society sent two delegates to take part in a three-cornered debate at Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The subject for debate was "That in the National Interest a better general standard of farming should be enforced." The Leeds men joined forces each with an Edinburgh University man to lead and second the affirmative and negative, while Armstrong College replied for each side. This proved a very successful means of bringing together the Agricultural minds of the three Universities.

Special interest was shown in the return debate at Leeds with delegates from Armstrong College Agricultural Discussion Society on the afternoon of our Annual Dinner, the subject on that occasion being "That for the trained agriculturist emigration is inadvisable at the present time."

Following the debate the Dinner in the Refectory the same evening proved an unusual success, old students being well represented.

Our Annual Dance on February 27th, 1925, was also a great success. The Refectory was full, and the presence of many old students will encourage the Society's desire to keep them well informed of its activities. Excursions during the summer term to noted farms are now being arranged and we hope they will be as well attended as those of last summer. On the whole we have had a very successful year.

F. BEKLEY, Hon. Sec.

Leeds Undergraduates' Labour Society

THE Labour Society programme for the Second Term has been considerably less satisfactory than that of last term. When the Liberal Party decided on its *felo-de-se* last October, it naturally made the immediate future uncertain for all politicians, and rendered them unwilling to book too many speaking engagements until after the election. The situation was made still more difficult for secretaries by the fact that the Zinovieff Parliament had no sooner met than it adjourned for a long period, leaving M.P.'s at least inaccessible until the middle of February.

Hence the fact that we have had so far only two meetings this term. The first was held on February 3rd, and was addressed by Mr. Wm. Leach (late Under-Secretary for Air), on the subject of "How the Municipality may save the World." The attendance was smaller than usual but the meeting was a distinct success in all other ways. The second meeting was held on Friday, February 6th, the speaker being Mr. E. F. Wise and the subject, "The Financial Side of Nationalisation." Our members (and others) turned up in force and were regarded by a profoundly interesting lecture, in which a number of problems hitherto untackled by the movement were outlined and lines of study suggested.

We hope shortly to receive the recognition of the Union and Senate, but in the meantime shall continue to meet in the Tennant Hall. The last meeting of this term will be held on Tuesday, March 24th, and a debate with the Liberal Society will take place on Tuesday, May 5th. Sympathisers and others (especially hecklers) will be welcomed at all meetings.

W.P.

Christian Union

JANUARY CONFERENCE.

FAIRLY good numbers attended the conference at the Y.M.C.A. at the beginning of the term when the speakers were Dr. Garfield Williams and Miss Zoe Fairfield. Dr. Williams, as at Manchester, was again stimulating, but much more appreciated.

It was a very great pity that T. Z. Koo was not able to come to Leeds owing to illness. He has met with a wonderful reception everywhere he has been, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool, Aberystwyth, &c., while the name "missionary" is still so misunderstood. These "queer creatures" (as people apparently think of them) still only get small audiences in comparison with the interest of what they have to tell us, and that people really want such news is shown by the welcome given to Koo Tz Zeung, the great young Chinese leader.

MEN'S MEETINGS.

The two men's meetings on "Christianity and Industry," and "The Churches, the C.U. and Politics," though but poorly attended, but have been very good discussions, particularly the Political one. It is a great pity that the more advanced point of view is so much more strongly represented than the liberal one. Is it generally admitted that this is the element that thinks most, or are the others frightened away, for assuredly they would be in the majority if they wished?

SWANWICK.

And now the question is, "Can we find 40 men to go to Swanwick? It is some time since Leeds had a really good delegation there. Could we not have two marqueses of our own?"

C.D.W.

Leeds University Employees' Social and Sports Club

IT is no doubt rather late in the year to talk about Xmas parties, but before we get too far in 1925 I should just like to say that I believe our 1924 Social was a success, and am taking this opportunity of thanking all who helped in any way to make it so.

We were very pleased to have the presence of our new Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Baillie, who were introduced to us by the oldest employee in service (Mr. Briscoe) who, in his few words of introduction gave them some idea as to how we all try and do our share of giving Leeds University the name it has to-day.

The Vice-Chancellor replied as follows :—

" I think the spirit in which Mr. Briscoe has spoken is admirable. It lets people see that in working for a common cause they really belong to one another. Nothing can be better for everybody concerned, and I think particularly at this time of the year it is desirable, when everybody's heart is free and glad. I think, too, that after the strenuous days we have had during this last week that you thoroughly deserve such a hilarious evening as Mr. Briscoe has promised, and I trust you will enjoy every moment of it to the full. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking every one of you for what you do for this University. We, who look after the other interests of the University see how greatly we are indebted to every one of you for the service you render. The University authorities realise that your work is extremely important—without it we really could not carry on at all.

For work must be done not merely for the credit of the person who does it, but for the University as a whole, and I should like to feel that this University is really yours. I agree with Mr. Briscoe when he says there is no University like Leeds University.

The importance of your work cannot be exaggerated. I should also like you to feel very much what a porter in one of the Scottish Universities felt. He once said : " We are all part and parcel of the same Institution." At such a gathering as this when he made his speech, he began by saying " Me and the other Professors." This is the proper spirit.

You realise in everything you do that you are acquiring some of the spirit—the spirit of friendliness which pervades it, the spirit of working to the higher end, and the spirit of working in and along with one another. That is the main idea I would like to convey to you to-night.

I trust Mrs. Baillie and myself will have an opportunity of meeting you again."

This speech and the spirit in which it was delivered, will, I feel sure, help us always to do our best, as we have always tried to do, and a little bit more when the occasions arise.

We then spent a very enjoyable evening, all artistes doing their utmost to give us pleasure.

Now for the Sports side :—

The spirit which the Vice-Chancellor mentions in his speech has been shown all through the University to our Committee for whatever we have asked. It is a very great help at this stage, as the start in this which we are trying to bring about for all employees, would be greatly retarded if we were to face any other kind. The staff and students of all parts of their union have done everything possible for us to make success our goal. The permission to play cricket in Westwood Park, the use of the Gymnasium, now also a qualified instructor has thrown in his lot (every Tuesday, 5 to 6 p.m.), the use of the Large Hall for our Social, and also the Physics Laboratory for Supper, and I believe a race for Employees at Students' sports. All these things promised as they were make us feel we are something of importance to the life of our University and will in future always remember the speeches made at the Celebration Ceremony and what is thought of Leeds University in very many other towns and countries.

R. H. VERRITY, Hon. Sec.



THE clubs are drawing to the close of their fixture lists, and by the time this article appears in print the last matches will have been played.

The Soccer club has achieved the distinction of sharing the Christie honours with Manchester and Liverpool in a triple tie. The half-back line continues to be the mainstay of the team and was selected *ex hoc* for the combined Durham and Leeds team to play the F.A. XI.

The Boat Club has opened its season in promising fashion. Three crews rowed in a "friendly" at York, with very pleasing results. The first crew was easily victorious by 3 or 4 lengths, rowing a slower but steadier rate than their opponents.

The second crew keeping together well won by a length, and the third crew on the outside station lost a good race by a length. The Bristol fixture is being looked forward to with keenness and confidence by all members and supporters.

The Harriers Club! This club deserves an exclamation mark; every Northern University has been beaten and of the fixtures run so far, only one has been lost, this by a depleted team. In view of the fact that only three of last years colours men were regularly available this is all the more satisfactory.

In the I.V.A.B. championship cross country run (of which a full account appears elsewhere), Leeds came second out of the nine universities competing, London for the third time winning first place. Thus in a knock out competition Leeds would have been in the final.

Hemingway has shown his best form this season and was of great value to the team. J. V. Hall, an old colours man, justified expectations. Carter (Captain) has been more consistent than usual if a trifle disappointing. Oddy has only been able to run in three Inter-Varsity fixtures but on these occasions has justified his inclusion. A. W. Taylor has shown very good form but lacks consistency. Smith and Oliver have run very consistently and been good team men, Oliver running very well in the I.V.A.B. championship, when he became a useful counting man.

The Lacrosse Club struck a bad patch when with a weakened team they lost to Manchester and Cambridge Universities, but have now regained proper form and won five matches in succession.

The first round of the Yorkshire Flags was played on Saturday, February 28th, when a strong Spen team was well beaten by 13 goals to 5, the whole team playing well.

The Women's Lacrosse Club has unfortunately had to cancel several fixtures owing to the weather and has only played two matches since the last issue of the *Gryphon*, versus Sheffield University and Thoresby High School, both of which were won. While the attacks have combined well, shooting is still their weak point, and the passing is faulty. The middle defences have, on the whole, been consistently steady.

At a meeting of the club on March 3rd, the following officers were elected for 1925-26:—

Captain, F. F. Steinberg; Vice-Captain, M. Grassham; Secretary, M. Eurich; Committee, above with D. Sage and J. Whittaker. Colours for the season have been awarded to M. Eurich, M. Grassham and F. F. Steinberg.

The "Rugger" Club played its first round in the Yorkshire Cup at Barnsley; a close hard game was lost by 11 points to 3 points.

The team played hard and was unlucky not to make a closer finish.

One University fixture versus Sheffield remains to be played.

The team as a whole has played very well on occasions, and then on other occasions has quite failed to produce its best form. This inconsistency has been the cause of many disappointments.

The Swimming Club continues to train hard for the I.V.A.B. Gala and Championship next term.

Two fixtures have been arranged for this term with Manchester University. The home fixture will be played on March 9th.

The lists are already up for tennis trials and all those who wish to be in either of the teams are advised to sign their names and start practising.

The I.V.A.B. Cross Country Championship

DURING the six years of its existence the Leeds University Harriers Club has called forth the respect and admiration of the cross-country teams of all other Northern Universities. This year, until the team met London University, it had won every University match (and had in fact been beaten only once, when a weakened team succumbed to the Airedale Harriers—a normal one averaged the blow). Durham who, for two previous seasons had checked us, could not do so this year. It is well that these facts be brought to the notice of a University that hardly realises the ability of its cross-country runners.

The great event of the University cross-country season, the I.V.A.B. Championship, was awaited with eagerness. When it was known that London, who have won the cup on both previous occasions, were running four of the men who had counted for them last year we were shaken. But we remembered MacAllister and were not demoralised. If the wresting of this coveted honour from those who had so gloriously borne it were beyond our power we could surely get nearer to it than anyone else. Still there was Birmingham—deadly rivals. Two years ago they were second, one point ahead of us; last year we were second, one point ahead of them.

The race was held under the auspices of the Liverpool University Athletic Club at Port Sunlight on February 21st. Nine Universities were represented, with seven men in each team. The course, just under 6½ miles, was rather complicated, for it was necessary to run one and a half times round a cinder-track, then into the country

for a lap which led back to the track. After again covering the course in the country the trail finished with three-quarters of the cinder-track. This is nothing like as satisfactory as a typical Leeds course—but the Leeds trails are pre-eminent. A blinding drizzle fell during the race—the going was heavy. The pace at the beginning was terrific, and the Leeds team starting from a bad "pen" got behind on the track. D. J. P. Richards, a Welsh international, was leading when they left the track for the country and Hemingway was now near the front. What happened during the next fifteen minutes we know not, but whatever it was, it called for tremendous energy. Richards appeared, having covered half the distance. He was running strongly and easily and caused great astonishment by having already a lead of 200 yards. Hemingway was second, dogged by a crowd of determined Londoners. Leeds were too far back, but advanced when gently urged to do so. Soon all the runners had passed again into the country, and we gave way to wild imaginings. Still there was a dread reality; nothing was likely to deprive either Richards or London of their victories.

And nothing did. Richards won by 300 yards. The next man to appear was B. C. V. Oddie of London. Hemingway followed him, and fourth came R. A. S. Castell (Birmingham, the 1923 Champion). Hemingway made a great effort on the track, drew well away from Castell and reached within fifteen yards of Oddie but was too late to draw level. All the seven Londoners ran home amongst the first fourteen—appreciate this by observing that they all finished before our second man, Carter, who was 17th. Hall and Addy, 18th and 19th, and Oliver, 25th, brought our score to 82. Birmingham were obviously perilously near, 85. We breathed again.

Nothing can detract from the splendour of London's victory. But it should be borne in mind that they have at London University vast numbers from which to draw; and also that cross-country running is viewed there in a saner and more favourable light. Let us get still more men to run; we must release terrific energies to make us I.V.A.B. Cross Country Champions.

RESULTS.

1. D. J. P. Richards (University of Wales)	32 mins.	51 secs.
2. B. C. V. Oddie (London University)	33 ..	54 ..
3. A. Hemingway (Leeds University)	34 ..	0 ..
4. R. A. S. Castell (Birmingham University)	34 ..	14 ..
5. J. B. Cochrane (London University)	34 ..	22 ..
6. R. H. Smith (London University)	34 ..	31 ..
7. D. W. Hubbard (Sheffield University)	34 ..	34 ..
8. J. F. Hacking (Sheffield University)	34 ..	36 ..
9. K. M. Cobban (Liverpool University)		
10. T. F. Spokes (Manchester University)		

CLUB PLACINGS:—

1. London (2, 5, 6, 11, 12)	Total	36 points.
2. Leeds (3, 17, 18, 19, 20)		82 ..
3. Birmingham (4, 16, 20, 21, 29)		85 ..
4. Sheffield		93 ..
5. Manchester		121 ..
6. Wales		142 ..
7. Liverpool		159 ..
8. Nottingham		247 ..
9. Bristol		254 ..

G.A.D.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

(Edited by P. P. MURPHY.)

Secretaries: Miss G. PICKLES, Mr. S. BEST.

Treasurer: Mr. W. R. GAZET.

Annual Subscription, 5/-; Life Subscription, £1 3s.

I REMEMBER that on one occasion when I was Editor of the *Gryphon* the article on Women's Affairs did not arrive and I had to bully "Pip" into writing the page. The absence of any news at the moment of going to press and a chance meeting with "Pip" in the Common Room gave me the idea that he might be useful again.

"Pip," I said casually, "We haven't had anything from you in the *Gryphon* lately." He looked up sadly. "I've been too busy looking for a job," he replied. "Besides, the last thing I did was rejected—that one on 'Advice to Freshers.' I reminded him that it had met a better fate by being broadcast on the Al Fresco night, and changed the subject by asking after Helen. "Oh, I'm just hanging round now to catch her," he added, brightening up.

I told him my difficulty and begged him to give me the latest news at once about himself and Helen. He promised to see her about it and let me have the article in time. Here it is.

Pip's LETTER.

I was delighted to have the chance of writing the O.S.A. page, and I told Helen immediately the good news that there was no news for the O.S.A.—no London Letter, not even a solitary birth! But Helen was sceptical.

"Pip," she said tenderly, "Don't let people put on you so much. Really, I don't know what *would* happen to you if I didn't watch you."

"Why?" I queried. "There's no harm in obliging a chap, is there?" Helen made herself more comfortable and looked at me with infinite misunderstanding shining in her hazel eyes.

"Don't you see, Pip," she cried, "that that man is simply exploiting your generosity. A real journalist would never admit there was no news. The man must have no imagination at all. Why doesn't he write about himself—same as that London girl?"

"Oh!" I replied, "He couldn't do that. He's frightfully modest."

"H'm," she murmured, "He certainly keeps *that* virtue well hidden."

"You are quite mistaken, Helen. Why, when he fell in a river once, he was too shy to ask the young lady who saved him her name."

"Oh, that!" said Helen. "I don't believe he fell in at all." "Perhaps he was pushed," I replied softly. But she has no sense of humour.

"If he behaves anything like you," she replied, in a withering tone, "that would not be surprising. Why don't you keep still?"

I felt hurt. "I was only removing your hair from my eye, Helen."

"I have told you before not to disturb my hair. I can't keep it nice. You men are awful."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Men!—do the-er-others annoy you too? I didn't know there were ———" I stood up.

"Now what's the matter?" she cried.

"I really must be going," I replied in a calm strong voice; at least I intended it to be so. "I must get this article done for the *Gryphon* at once. Video hasn't sent anything, nor H. L. Robinson, and there's no news from South Africa or China this time."

"But I thought you wanted me to help you, Pip," Helen faltered. "You aren't going, are you, so soon?"

I began to feel that spiritual weakness that always comes upon me when I see the moist appeal of her eyes. I sat down again. Tagore floated through my mind. "I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works that I have in hand I will finish afterwards."

"Yes, of course, I was forgetting," I replied. But although we talked for an hour, I am afraid we also forgot the O.S.A.

Pip.

N.B.—"Pip" was wrong. "Video" did send something at the very last minute. Fairly bubbling over, too.—P.P.M.

LONDON LETTER.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, LONDON.

President: Professor SMITHKILLS, 68, Lissonden Mansions, N.W.5.

Hon. Sec.: Mr. R. E. CHAPMAN, Toybee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, E.1.

Hon. Treas.: Miss I. E. CROWTHER, Video, 26, Coventry Street, W.1.

NOW last month I had too much material for this letter, whilst this time I have nothing official to talk about, at all, at all. All I can offer you is one of the following paragraphs. Take your choice according to the punctuality of the *Gryphon's* appearance.

1. There is just time for you to book a place at the London Dinner on Friday night, March 20th. Do it now.

OR

2. The London Dinner recently held was a great success. The Vice-Chancellor ^{was} accompanied by Mrs. Baillie to our great ^{delight,} ~~disappointment.~~ Miss Blackburn and Mr. Grist were also ^{able} ~~unable~~ to be present. Full details of the programme and business will be given in the next number of the *Gryphon*, by which time they will be quite out of date and will be omitted by the present scribe.

Yes, the Field Service Postcard style has its uses.

Now to think of something else to say. Here is a touching little anecdote from the University of London (a sufficiently non-committal address). A Greek

class was given a free afternoon to go and see "Hippolytus." When they got there, there was no room, and they went to "Alf's Button" instead. Problem: What are they to say to the lecturer next time the postponed class meets? A prize of a Life Subscription to the Old Students' Association is offered for the best solution written on the coupon which will not be found on the first page of this issue and accompanied by the pithiest slogan for the use of the O.S.A.

Personally my joy in competitions has departed since I successfully reached the second round of a £5,000 prize crossword and then never got a postcard qualifying me to go on to the next. What made it worse too was that I had finally succumbed to the lure of an unscrupulous bookshop that offered a free solution to all buying reference books to the value of 3/6. And they had just the same as I'd got already. Since then I have also heard of someone who sent in the wrong answer but duly received a qualifying card and is still going strong.

That hope gone, I am now wondering if I can make money by acting as a guide to American visitors next season. So many Leeds visitors drop in that I have become an authority who should be consulted by all sightseers. My record was reached a month ago when visitors abounded and were successfully conducted in one week to the British Museum, Tate Gallery, National Gallery, Wallace Collection, Whiteleys', Charing Cross Road bookshops, a Conference of Educational Associations, Westminster Abbey, Fleet street, the Embankment and Dickens Land. The strain on one's imagination is terrific if country cousins are to be satisfactorily shown the spots where every celebrity of the last three centuries was born, buried or pilloried, slept, had a meal or wrote his masterpiece.

Incidentally I should like to know how many theatres junior members of the staff should be allowed to attend in one week. They should be here now when there is a Shaw Season at the cheap Chelsea Palace, to say nothing of "Saint Joan" at the Regent. The joy of being able to get a reserved seat here for 2/9!

And the statue of Eros has really gone from Piccadilly Circus and next time you come you'll only see a nasty hoarding. Swan and Edgars' is half down, and Regent Street is worse than ever. And there are going to be arcades of show cases downstairs in the Tube Station so that when you're bored upstairs with the electric signs you just descend and look at the fashions without any fear of being tempted in to buy.

Sorry I have neglected my duties to the extent of not having been to the new Ideal Homes Exhibition, but I duly went to the Business Efficiency Exhibition, where they had the most wonderful machinery for doing all kinds of things. I should simply love to come and instal them all in Mr. Grist's office, for the benefit of the O.S.A. All the small boys who tried them thought they'd got to heaven. Plenty of solutions there for the millionaire who doesn't know what to give his blasé little boy for his next birthday. But I shall refuse to waste perfectly good French on the *Gryphon* until the printer gets some accents.

Oh, dee, I must have another page yet to fill up. Let me introduce you to the world of business and bring you away from your books and into contact with the stern realities of life in the cold world of commerce. We'll start with the fruit trade as not too technical. Latest news from Covent Garden: Apple market going very badly. Large consignments of Tomatoes expected shortly from the Canary Islands. Grape Fruit dear in the higher counts. We advise shipping Potatoes heavy and in straight lines.

The academic mind needs persevering training. I cannot persuade my Honours Classics pupil to call a bill an invoice because a bill is a bill of exchange. You don't quite follow what I mean? Why, it's as simple as A.B.C. What I mean is that what you unlettered, untutored people call a bill should be called an invoice because the meaning of bill is a bill of exchange in circles where they bill and eo.

Ah! Another piece of news. I had a letter this week from Mrs. Browne (née G. Dearden) who writes from Calcutta but is coming home in March for a holiday. The *Gryphon* keeps her posted with Leeds news, and with tactful treatment I think she might be induced to send it a contribution. By the bye what a consolation it was in this iconoclastic age to find that the *Gryphon* box is still in its accustomed place. During these populous times it must be difficult to drop in one's attempts unnoticed. But in these less bashful days I expect you stroll airily along with a "Just a minute, old thing, while I drop this in." (We still get a large assortment of cigarette ends, packets, pictures, and chocolate wrappers!—P.P.M.).

If you notice any glaring incoherencies in this letter (more than usual, that is) you must put them down to the fact that I am finishing it while listening to the dance band of a luxury hotel and contentedly waiting (payment by the hour) for my German customer. My one hope is that either he will be thin or else that he won't be called to the telephone while I am here. On my last interpreting job, the whole hotel lounge enjoyed the spectacle of him and me both trying to get into the small telephone box. He was even fatter than some of the people we were surprised to see in December had put on flesh to such an alarming extent.

Seventeen more subscriptions here have come in since I last wrote, and we have hopes of a good bag on the evening of the dinner. By the bye don't forget that on that night we shall fix the date of our May weekend in the country, so that if there is any chance of your being able to get to it—and it is our most attractive fixture and very cheap—you must write to the secretary in April and ask for details, because the next *Gryphon* may be too late.

VINDRO.

The Union Committee

The Fifth Meeting of the Union Committee for the Session 1924-25 was held in the Refectory, on Tuesday, February 3rd, 1925, at 2.30 p.m.

- 1.—The minutes of the last meeting of the Committee were read and confirmed.
- 2.—It was proposed, seconded and carried that the report of the Finance Sub-Committee be adopted:—

Swimming Club	£1	18	1
A.F.C.	£1	0	0

The Harriers Club were granted free use of the Piano in place of entertainment grant to Nottingham.

Half the fares of two Chess players to Cambridge was granted.

The application of the Photographic Society for an enlarger was not supported.

- 3.—The General Union Meeting Special Sub-Committee recommended that the meeting be held on Thursday, February 12th, 1925.

- 4.—Mr. Nicholls was elected Chairman of the 1924-25 Rag Committee.
 5.—Mr. G. P. Meredith and Miss A. Castle were elected as Union representatives on the Leeds University Relief Committee.
March 3rd, 1925. (Signed) H. F. AKERHURST.

The Sixth Meeting of the Union Committee for the Session 1924-25 was held in the Refectory, on Tuesday, March 3rd, 1925 at 2 p.m.

- 1.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.
 2.—SPECIAL BUSINESS.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that the Union Committee recommend to the Annual General Meeting that Section 97 of the Union Constitution be amended as follows :—
 after the words "5 to be 1st year" be added "or the maximum number under five on the M.R.C."

Mr. Paskin gave a brief report of the N.U.S. Executive Meeting at London, on February 24th, 1925, which was accepted by the Committee.

- 3.—It was proposed, seconded and carried that the following recommendations of the Finance Committee be approved :—

	£	s.	d.
Athletic Club	84	16	6
Gymnasium Club	5	10	0
G.A.C. (Delegate)	5	0	0
Debating Society	2	5	2

Men's Hockey Club. Fares to Manchester or entertainment at Leeds, whichever is arranged.

- 4.—GENERAL ATHLETICS COMMITTEE.

It was proposed, seconded and carried (a) that a boxing ring be purchased at a cost not to exceed £25.

(b) That £3 4s. be granted to the Swimming Club for fares to Manchester.

(c) That the question of hard tennis courts at Oxley and the Medical School be further considered.

- 5.—SPECIAL SUB-COMMITTEES.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that the Annual General Meeting be continued on Tuesday, March 10th, at 4 p.m.

- 6.—CORRESPONDENCE.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that the letter from the Labour Society be returned with a request that they revise their aims, and that, as soon as a favourable reply is received from the Labour Society, the letters be forwarded to the Senate with the approval of the Union Committee.

The Secretary was authorised to make further enquiries concerning the lecture by Dean Elbery on the Universities of the United States.

7.—OTHER BUSINESS.

- (a) It was proposed, seconded and carried that Miss Willoughby and Mr. Chadwick be elected as Leeds agents for *The University*.
- (b) That all members of all English, Welsh and Scottish Universities and University Colleges be allowed to become temporary members of the Union, for a period not exceeding three months, this privilege not to include voting powers.

The Owl

When the dim woods, shrouded in night,
Sleep dumbly through the silent hours,
The grey owl flits in restless flight
Around the ruined, gloom-clad towers,
Crying: Tu-wit-a-woo-a-woo,
Sad and forlorn the whole night through.

H.E.W.

Acknowledgments

"Yorkshire Poetry," edited by Denis Botterill (Swan Press); "Poems Collected and Recollected," by Denis Botterill (Swan Press); "When all is well," by Douglas Boyle.

The Student (Edinburgh); *G.U.M.* (Glasgow); *The Rag Rag* (Manchester); *The New Student* (America; three issues); *The Nonesuch* (Bristol); *Flourish* (Birmingham); *Vincula* (London); *The University Gazette* (Birmingham; two issues); *The University* (N.U.S.); *The Rag Times* (Bristol); *The Phoenix* (Imperial College of Science and Technology; two issues); *University College Magazine* (London). List of books added to the Central Library, Leeds, during the month of February.

Stop Press News

MARRIAGE.

On December 22nd, at St. Mary's Church, Fitzroy, Melbourne, Rev. MORLEY CECIL WEEKS, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Weeks, Dover Road, Folkestone, to ANNA, widow of the late Sir George Steward, K.B.E., C.M.G., of Melbourne, Australia. (Mr. Weeks was a student of the College of the Resurrection, and studied in the Arts Department of the University, 1911-1914).

BIRTH.

SHIDMIN.—On February 20th, at Hebans, Oxford Road, Guiseley, to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold N. Shidmin (née Hilda E. Bambury) the gift of a daughter. (Mr. Shidmin is Lecturer in Economics at Leeds University).

GRYPHON WAYSIDE PULPIT.

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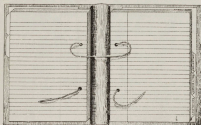
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