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# The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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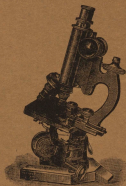
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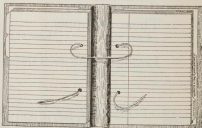
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The next Number of the *Gryphon* will be out on November 5th; last day for copy, October 20th.

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## THE GRYPHON.

### THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any ricks feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we knowe them full well of weat matter; yielding ourselves to the carlesse which we have ever feared them to be the precieuses which we ought to feare."—LULL.*

## Editorial

### "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

THERE is a class of people frequently gracing us with its presence, which looks upon the University as a Holiday Resort combining all the best features of a high-class hotel and an exclusive pleasure beach. To them the billiard-room, the lounge, morning coffee in the refectory, golf and tennis are all attractions which the University offers in return for the pleasure of their company. You may know them by the graceful and languid manner in which they adorn the Porch and festoon the Entrance Hall; by the tired look upon their faces; by the weary way in which they crawl to such lectures as they have not the strength to "cut"; and by the energy with which they play bridge from two till four.

These are the lilies of the field. They toil not; and the only thing that they spin is the yarn. We admit that the ability to spin this is an art that often comes in useful later on—in another ten years, for instance, when the autobiographical period of life is reached, a man may spin the yarn to an unlimited extent with unspeakable pleasure to himself and his friends and to the joy and comfort of his printers. What is wanted from undergraduates, however, and particularly from Leeds undergraduates, is not talk, but action; and this we appear likely to get from our lilies of the field at about the same classical time as pigs begin to fly. The fresher, therefore, who comes up this term with the idea of being a lily will do well to disabuse himself of it as speedily as possible. We do not want that sort of student; and are better off without him. He is an excrescence on the body academic.

But to those students who come up this year determined to give something to the University as well as take something away—and we are confident that the great majority of freshers are of this mind—we offer a very cordial and a very hearty welcome to the Varsity. As Napoleon would have remarked if he had thought of it, every fresher is a potential "First," a potential President of the Union, and a potential sports colours man. It is improbable any fresher will be all these; it is possible he will not be any one of them; but it is with the determination to do his best in the matter that we want to see freshers come up.

The advice to work hard and play hard, to know when to play and when to work is old, well-worn, and perhaps stale, but it is not unprofitable; and we make no apologies for reiterating it here. If you are one of the people who are blessed with only one talent, for heaven's sake let's see it brought into use, and not buried in that state of mind which is more like that of a caterpillar than of an alleged rational being. A man may be utterly incapable of playing games and yet retain the respect of his fellows; and there is still a place in heaven for low-brows, in spite of the neo-Georgian poets. Inability to understand which is the business end of a hockey stick or a croquet is no more indicative of a void in the intellect than inability to appreciate Nietzsche or Proust. But lilies of the field are utterly damned; there is a compartment in Malebolge for them unknown to Dante.

The Union Handbook—which all freshers will, of course, have bought—gives plenty of detailed advice to newcomers on deportment and other interesting things; and as we have no wish or even ability to challenge the sagacity of our Union Committee in such matters we will not pursue the point any further; but will again offer the warmest of welcomes to those who are coming up with the determination to earn a more substantial right to shout "Kumati!" than the mere presence of their names in the Matriculation Register.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.



**A**N October *Gryphon* is usually a difficult bird to hatch, owing to the difficulty of getting into touch with club secretaries and other contributors; and the difficulty has been particularly great this year owing to the fact that it was decided to get the first number out on Bazaar Day. After careful incubation, however, one has been produced which we think will be found agreeably free from "sicke feathers" or other signs of decadence.

As the aim and policy of the *Gryphon* has been stated *ad nauseum* in other issues, we do not propose to dwell on them any further here. We merely remark that copy is always welcome, and if of the right sort, will be given a good home. Contributors must understand, however, that any sort of fifth standard slop will not be tolerated.

And another point. The *Gryphon* will not be held up this year by late contributors. The next number will be out on November 5th, whatever happens to contributors; and the last date for copy will be October 20th. It is hoped, however, that a steady stream of copy will begin flowing in some time in advance of that; as printers are curious people, very like caged wild animals in their general behaviour. So long as they are fed with a certain amount of copy each day they remain soothed; but if they have to go without for a day or two they get restive and make a terrible noise. On the other hand, if their food is presented to them in one large batch on the closing date for copy, they get morose owing to the indigestion induced by the necessity of bolting the lot at once. Contributors please take notice.

There have been complaints in the past that the *Gryphon* does not take a sufficiently broad outlook, and as a result makes a very limited appeal. Readers of this number will discover an essay "On Centenarians" which should do something to remove that erroneous impression. The Poetry section is not so well filled as usual, though its contents are, we think, well up to the *Gryphon* standard. It has been necessary to reject a very large amount of bad stuff this time; and we take this opportunity of impressing Poets that humorous free-verse does not consist merely of a string of bad jokes broken up into irregular lengths. It is advisable to note also that the notion of parody as consisting merely of the inversion of selected words in the original is quite played out.

It is expected that the University Development Fund monster appeal will be fully floated by the time the next *Gryphon* appears; but details are not at present available. Students will be glad to hear, however, that their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York have consented to act as Patrons of the Fund, and will attend the inaugural meeting on October 23rd.

We are promised also an important announcement in connection with the University playing-fields, which for some time now have been distinctly inadequate. It is understood that the scheme takes the form of the centralisation of our playing-fields, so that in no long time we shall have a large central Sports Ground with pitches for all games. Full details will be given in the next number of the *Gryphon*.

In connection with the students' societies (the secretaries of which, by the way, have done their part very well in preparing copy for this number) the *Gryphon* offers a prize of half a guinea for the best design, submitted by a student, for a vignette heading for University Societies on the lines of those already in use for "Reviews" and "Athletics." Designs must be handed in by November 20th.

It is intended in the next issue to resume a feature which has fallen into decay during the last two years. The Medical students are, we understand, feeling a little sure that they get so small a show in the *Gryphon* (though we hasten to assure them that we are not to blame in this matter). We hope, therefore, to begin in the next number a regular feature devoted to Medical School activities.

Term ends on Saturday, December 19th, and the Spring Term begins on Wednesday, January 13th. Freshers are reminded that the Freshers' Smoker will be held to-morrow (October 2nd) in the Refectory at 5 p.m., and all students are urged to make a special note of the date for the Union Dance—Friday, October 30th.

If you should hear that I have died  
By my own hand, some tremulous day in  
Spring,  
Do not be sure you understand this thing,  
Saying, "She posed, even to suicide."

It may be Beauty broke my will;  
Seeing I would not leave for sorry reason  
This sky, these hands, such bonny hurrying  
season,

You, and the goose and yellow tormentil,

Determined not again to ache and weep,  
I'll strike the Roman highroad some sweet day  
And, surer of quiet that way than other way,  
Fly from insatiate Beauty into sleep.

Once too often, it may be,  
I shall meet Beauty and be too aware  
Of colour that is too delicate to bear  
And haggard line, perfect to harm me.

And once more than is safe or wise  
I may look breathlessly on the waning moon;  
Dizzy because of shadows that are strewn,  
Too sharp and lovely for my woedly eyes.

HILDA BREARLEY.

## The Dreamers

SHAW, Housman and the Dean of St. Paul's!

SHAW, Housman and the Dean of St. Paul's! Hovering fascinated round each, Briscoe wearied at length, sick of diabolical cleverness, clay-haunted pessimism and a mystical kingdom of values. Old problems were stated in new ways, but in spite of them, the world still remained the same world of beauty enthroned over strife, and there was the sum of all that had ever been said. Certainly different angles gave different hues to this string of coloured beads called life, but could man ever do more than wander round the bauble admiring and wondering?

And so it came about that Briscoe approached the month of June and the ordeal of examinations full of one idea rather than many facts, a deplorable state of mind, but one which never gave rise to the stabbing uneasiness that besets the deliberate slacker reflecting on his coming failure. Failure had no terrors for Briscoe. In a way he had already reaped the benefit of his student days. He had set out to amass facts, to be able to say what was wanted. But the facts in themselves had led him to conclusions far more important than the mere capacity for retailing "tags" within a time limit. He had followed the gleam and wandered far from an altogether irksome curriculum.

But a trio of astute thinkers had finally commanded his whole attention, so that the "words, words, words," of the lecturer induced a not unpleasant lethargy in one who had come to realise that the beginning and the end are one, that the path of dialectic is in the form of a circle, or if you will, an ellipse. He had trodden that path and was pleasantly tired. To juggle with abstractions now was like attempting to find interest in a novel, the *découverte* of which was already known. If it ever crossed his mind that professors and lecturers persisted in expounding problems which they knew were meaningless or unanswerable, he forgave them and kept his cynicism in check; for after all, these drooping voices had a certain aesthetic value, inducing as they did the languorous torpor of some summer afternoon spent where

"Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragons fly  
Hangs like a blue thread."

And so this futile note-taking was the induced note of the professorial ground bass over which Briscoe weaved the most exquisite variations.

\* \* \* \* \*

A couple of months later Briscoe was "ploughed." On hearing the sad news he wavered for an instant. The prospect of material success had been sacrificed to an idea, but ideas would not buy bread, he thought, and in addition there was somebody whom he had been meeting and liking. He suddenly remembered Iago's advice to Roderigo on the subject of women—"Put money in thy purse, put money in thy purse"—and so, feeling acutely his lack of pence he fell definitely in love. He was rejected gently but firmly, and its cause he knew well enough was the lack of two letters after his name. But it was a false idea that two letters could mean cleverness, character, wealth and happiness. As for his one idea, that was a true one, a gloriously true one, and as he packed up his few household gods he hummed to himself:—

"I have had enough of women and enough of love,  
But the hand waits and the sea waits  
And day and night is enough;  
Give me a long white road,  
And the grey wide path of the sea,  
And the wind's will and the bird's will,  
And the heartache still in me."

And it was small wonder some years later that Briscoe—poet and literateur—had the supreme satisfaction of refusing an honorary degree, the moral of which is that many are called but few are really chosen.

H.P.D.



## The International Society's Conference

TO confer about foreign affairs at Ilkley would be rather nice, of course; but isn't it the conventional sort of thing to do when you're young and at College? rather too much like a novel by Rose Macaulay. Still, finals were over; results would be out in a week, and (unless the examiners had managed to see through one) one would be a graduate in a fortnight. Youth, after all, is the season made for a good many things. One might as well go.

As soon as one had paid one's deposit to Pickles, of course, one began to have misgivings. It wouldn't really be as nice as a novel by Rose Macaulay; one had heard far too many lectures already, and there would be a lot of dull C.U. people there.

One got out of the tram at Guiseley with Horace and Larochevoucauld and one's pyjamas in one's knapsack, and looked anxiously at the group of people waiting. The first one recognised was T.; the conference would at any rate be tolerable.

We arrived at Ilkley and said Hello to Symonds (who was host); and then we had tea, and there was Miss Sileox, and there was M., and there was W.

After tea there was Mr. Soltan on "France and Germany"; one asked the charming Nottingham delegate who sat next to one for a page out of her notebook and scribbled "Formerly France dep. on for. pol., now reversed," and things like that. And when Mr. Soltan had finished everyone else began, and then Murphy explained the real problem, and summed everything up.

And there was Mr. Eppstein, the chairman, who came from Oxford and apologised for being middle-aged, though he wasn't a bit. When we had meetings in the open-air he presided very elegantly in his shirt-sleeves. I haven't really got to the out-of-doors meetings yet, but one's memories get confused. It is not certain before which breakfast one went up on to the moor and lay down in the heather and watched the rabbits, and before which one went down into the garden and climbed trees; nor which night one lay awake till one the next morning discussing the nation state, and which one lay awake till two, disproving the existence of God. And the lectures were all good (how unlike the University). There was Mr. Harvey on "Poland and the Balkans," and Miss Fry on "Russia," and Mr. Eppstein on "Nationalism"; and there was a special emergency meeting on "China," with a paper by Lu. And every one discussed after all the papers, and the ones we had on the moor ended with bracken fights. And one night there were charades, and another night dancing, in the intervals of which we discussed ethics and theology, until a cosmopolitan discussion on religion absorbed all the dancers.

About a third of the people were foreign, and everyone was very friendly; and a delegate from another modern university told one that their people never discussed foreign politics or stuffed bracken down one another's necks; and one glowed with modest pride, and tried not to look superior because one belonged to Leeds.

And then one went back to Leeds, and to Orals; and how very dull and stupid the examiners were, asking one questions one couldn't answer. One thought of Ilkley, and was comforted.

## Steps in Art

IN his abysmal ignorance of art, taste, aesthetics or any of the thousand and one designations given to the contents of art galleries, he was a Martian. His comments upon the pictures were not illuminating. As he walked along dully between rows of oil paintings and water colours, he said he liked them all, thereby displaying a pathetic confidence in the infallibility of the curator. Soon, however, he stopped before one picture, and remained mute with admiration, his eye fixed and glittering. Could it be that something had inspired him at last? The silence was broken by his usual formula. "I like that," he said, and was dumb again.

I had never noticed that picture before. It stood in a room dedicated to Victorianism, against which my conservative temperament has always revolted. Now, however, I regarded it with more interest. My eyes beheld a high purple ridge, very dark, up which wound an ochre road. At the foot of the hill was a wagon in deep shadow, toiling through dark green fields. Above the hill shone something white, mystic—the moon! I hardly knew how to undecieve my friend. The picture repelled me, with its falsified tones and dead, meaningless shadows; but he liked it, it enthralled him, and so I moved away, remarking that I did not know the artist.

I was stirred to thought by this experience. Should such a man, ignorant of the true constitution of good art, be told that the only picture he is capable of admiring is bad? If he is to be robbed of his illusion, how is he to be taught to appreciate art, even when he sees it? These questions are by no means as simple as would at first appear. If the aim of art is to give pleasure, to lift the observer above ordinary experience, whilst still relating him to his own experience, a Martian will accept bad art as being to him good, for he will not need, nor will he appreciate, a picture which is full of spiritual subtleties, and fine shades of expression. If he is told that the picture he admires is not good, he will either ignore the warning, or regard art as being above him, an heirloom of the initiated. Rather than discourage him in this way, he should be left in the enjoyment of his ignorance.

But if by any chance he is convinced that there are higher forms of art than those which have moved him, how is he to be taught to distinguish and appreciate them? With the old, comparatively obvious art, in which the representation of nature is in some measure recognisable, the task is at least practicable. From a butcher's calendar, adorned with snow, sheep and a few shrubs, it is but a step to a landscape by Paul Potter, whence the Martian may be led, until at last he can look at pictures without first looking at their titles, which feat is the ultimate test of a lover of art.

To lead a Martian from Landseer to Velasquez may be easy, but I halt appalled before the task of teaching him to appreciate what is known as modern art, post impressionism, or even by some as the devil's own art. Here the critic might give to thousands of eager panting Martians added intellectual and emotional joys, and perhaps also an increased sense of self-importance. To see the art critic gradually educating the vulgar throng to look upon Henri Matisse as the prophet of a Golden Age is a fine conception! Unhappily, my hopes are dashed by the principal critic of post impressionism. His words are simple, laconic. "The appreciation of modern art is an inborn characteristic." Voilà tout!

The moral of which is: Leave the Martian to root happily in his paint patch, and never listen to art criticism.

S.T.

## The Architectural Growth of the University

THE founders of the Yorkshire College might have taken as their motto the famous diagnosis of the Athenian character which Thucydides attributes to Pericles, *gubernantes per civitatem vel gubernantes bene patriam*. Their pursuit of art was tempered with economy, and their zeal for science was proof against the temptations of luxury. The temporary buildings taken on lease in Cookridge Street, which were ready for occupation in October, 1874, occupied, as we read in an early report, "an area of nearly a thousand square yards, and by a minimum of structural alteration . . . proved to be excellently adapted for the purposes of the College." There were "a good entrance hall, a secretary's office and board room, three excellent lecture rooms with raised seats and desks, a chemical laboratory with working benches for more than thirty students, a private laboratory, rooms for balances, gas analysis and spectroscopic investigations, a large lecture and loom room for the development of textile industries, private rooms for the professors, a students' room, apartments for the College porter and other offices."

For nearly ten years these buildings, formally inaugurated on 6th October, 1875, remained the centre of our activities. The Council justly believed that "the experience to be gained as to" the "exact scope and operations" of the College "should precede, and not follow, the erection of permanent buildings." But the experience thus obtained was sufficient to warrant the purchase of the Beechgrove Hall estate for £13,000 in 1876, and in the same year an offer of £10,000 from the Clothworkers Company initiated a series of benefactions which are to be measured in terms of gratitude rather than of mere money. This justified the beginning of the present buildings. Meanwhile, the department of Textile Industries spread into an annex to the temporary College, in which the power-looms intended for its prospective home were placed.

In 1877 the foundation stone of the new building was laid by Archbishop Thomson. It was possibly overlooked by those present that the day chosen for the ceremony, 23rd October, was, according to some ancient chronologers, the anniversary of the birthday of Adam. Although the need for textile industries did not arise until a later period in the life of our first parent, the day was at least auspicious for the longevity of a new institution. The architect was Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, whose free adaptation of Gothic architecture to the purposes of collegiate and public buildings had left its conspicuous mark upon Cambridge and Manchester, and concealed the modest antiquities of Balliol College at Oxford behind a more ambitious frontispiece. The building proceeded steadily, with a slight interruption of two months during the heavy frost of the winter of 1878. It was completed in 1879 and formally opened on 3rd December, 1880, by the Master of the Clothworkers' Company. The choice of a quasi-Gothic design for a structure intended for the purposes of scientific research does not commend itself to the purists of our own day; but I think we may say that this, the most venerable portion of the University, is also the most picturesque.

This happy completion led to fresh endeavour. In the same year, 1880, a new fund was started. The Chairman of Council, Mr. (shortly afterwards Sir) Edward Baines gave part of a memorial fund which had been presented to him towards a new building for the accommodation of the Chemical department. Promises of subscriptions were made to the extent of over £23,800, and in 1882, contracts were signed for £25,000. But a further £12,000 were necessary for architect's expenses and other extras. Mr. Waterhouse gave assurance of strict economy, and the Council on their side expressed their confidence "that he will give to the institution buildings

admirably adapted to their varied purposes, with a character of excellent taste, and finally, as a result of his skill, and of the present favourable period for building operations, at a very moderate cost for works of such magnitude.<sup>5</sup> No gloss on the text *patentibus per circuitum* could be more satisfactory.

The contracts stipulated that the new buildings should be ready for occupation on 1st October, 1884, and in September of that year Cookridge Street was finally abandoned for "the spacious and convenient laboratories and lecture-rooms in the new College." Meanwhile, the Clothworkers' Buildings were being extended to make room for new dye-houses, and an Engineering building was "proceeding as fast as is compatible with good workmanship." On 15th July, 1885—it was St. Swithun's day, but, to the best of my recollection, in a remarkably fine summer—the new College buildings were opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales. A temporary Reception Hall was erected on what was described as "the site of the future Museum"; the Prince inspected the laboratories and lecture-rooms "with considerable interest," and the Chairman of Council referred in courtly language to the lustre of the scene "under the radiant attractions of her who will share the throne of England."

The Engineering department was opened in October, 1886, by the President of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. In the following year the Yorkshire College was admitted to the Victoria University. Already in 1884 it had incorporated the School of Medicine, then pursuing its honourable career in those somewhat gloomy apartments in Park Street which afterwards were the joint home, until the present year, of the Yorkshire Archaeological and Thoresby Societies. In 1888 the Mount Pleasant estate was purchased for the Department of Medicine, and about the same time Mr. Waterhouse produced an elevation for a College Hall and Library to occupy the space between the buildings of the Engineering and Dyeing Departments.

For these new additions, including the new Medical School, of which Mr. W. H. Thorp was the selected architect, some £70,000 were at first judged necessary; but the estimate grew, and the story of the next few years involved some wrestling with a slowly growing building fund. On 5th October, 1894, the Hall and Library and the Medical School were opened by the Duke and Duchess of York. From this period onwards until 1901 hardly a year passed without some extension of buildings which, fast as they were added, soon proved inadequate for the constant demands of technological training. The Clothworkers, ever ready with grants, provided additional buildings for Textile Industries and Dyeing. In 1898 the foundation stone of the Leather Industries building was laid by the Master of the Skinners' Company. A year or two later the site west of the Textile buildings was bought, and an old malthouse on that site was appropriately converted into a refectory.

To chronicle the progress of these extensions in detail would take far too long. It should be noted, however, that the last item of architectural interest in the history of the Yorkshire College was the opening in 1901 of the Agricultural buildings at Garforth by Lord Spencer, the Chancellor of the Victoria University. Three years later, the University of Leeds came into being, and from that time until the present the work of addition and enlargement has proceeded. The main building was extended eastward and westward; the Mining building rose on the extreme north of the site; by successive purchases we brought our frontier to Woodhouse Lane; new administrative offices united the entrance Hall with the Baines Memorial Building. The late Mr. Paul Waterhouse did his best for us; his latest work is to be seen in the Agricultural building now nearly ready for occupation. Time would fail to tell of the growth of our hostels, of the steps by which University Hall engrossed

its collection of villa residences, of the formation of College Hall, whence the eye of the pensive undergraduate may keep watch o'er man's mortality, and of our invasion of the northern heights of Leeds, where we acquired in Westwood Hall a possession of some architectural interest and beauty.

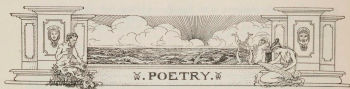
*Sic fortis Etruria crevit,  
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.*

The example of John Willis Clark, the inimitable model for all who would write the architectural history of a university, reminds me that, in a record of this kind, aesthetic criticism is out of place. Still it is impossible to avoid remarking that our present buildings are more conspicuous for Etruscan fortitude than for Roman beauty; like the Florentines of the age of Dante, they retain a strong element of unkempt rusticity from the period of their origin. Block after block has risen under the pressure of successive needs, and our architecture necessarily lacks coherence. Its plan presents no connected idea: its elevations have no logical relation to one another. There is one obvious inconvenience of the haphazard method of growth which circumstances have forced upon us. Departments belonging to one faculty, which should have adjacent homes, are widely divided from each other; even in a single department, lecture-rooms, libraries, professors' rooms are scattered over and outside the main buildings. Our largest faculty, the faculty of Arts, has no structural centre; its geography is singularly complex; much of its instruction like the rites of the early Church is carried on in catacombs, in *speluncis et cavernis terre*; its departmental libraries are far apart. Our work, we believe, prospers in spite of difficulties; greater ease, indeed, might induce indolence, but we feel some need of it.

Again, there is the inevitable inconvenience of site, crowded with temporary buildings. Whatever may be said of our frontage, our back premises lack stateliness and repose, and the surrounding terraces on our property into which our work has spread have no advantages of beauty or dignity. We have high authority, as I have said, for the pursuit of art under the restraint of frugality. But the age which set this standard produced the Parthenon, and, in comparing that relic of a wise economy with—shall I say?—our own Temple of Education, I am inclined to think that the restraint has been so severe that the object of our pursuit has vanished out of sight.

At the present time, there are visions of new buildings worthy of a great university, in which each faculty will receive the full accommodation due to it. This consummation is devoutly to be wished; yet I may express the hope that, when it comes to pass, we may not be allowed entirely to forget our ancient home and the days when we sat and walked in darkness, and the noise of the water-pipes made music in the History library. In the interests of the excavator and the historian of the future, of the debates which rage perennially round such monuments of the past as the Roman Wall and Domesday Block, in the interest of the funds which are necessary to the earthly happiness of antiquaries, I would plead that these memorials of our infancy may not be altogether swept away. Some centuries hence, the University of Leeds, achieving signal triumphs in its splendid home, may derive added renown from the neighbourhood of famous ruins, the varying width of whose labyrinthine corridors will be one of the standing mysteries of archaeology, while the learned world will be divided over the problem whether some of our lecture-rooms represent dismantled hypocausts or were merely prisons for refractory students.

A.H.T.



## Hardwick Arras

I dream of a White Hart that through the meadows  
Of an unending tapestry runs and runs ;  
And through great forests lit by languid suns  
It leaps, and into gulfs of velvet shadows  
Plunges with pearl-pale sides and on and on  
Tireless and fearless races, still pursued,  
By hounds in gaping-mouthed multitude,  
And huntsmen clad in rich coparison  
On steeds with fiery manes and nostrils red ;  
Yet ever safe it bears its amber hoofs  
And hoods of dimmest green and silver tail  
Through infinite shades and daisy-mottled fields,  
Betwixt slim trunks of many a magic vale  
And under lonely towers, which virgin morns  
Illumine, and its swift pace never yields,  
Calm, winged, beautiful, unhurried.—W.R.C.

## Long Ago

(After the "Master of Lamborn").

There is a church the painter knows  
That greets the sunshine with a smile,  
Whose slender pillars, white and rose,  
Rise up like flowers round the aisle,  
With windows made of glass most bright,  
Suffusing all the place with light.

And round about the tapering spire,  
That through the years will yet endure,  
Whose golden vane is touched with fire,  
A little city rests secure,  
And gaily gleam vermilion roofs,  
And cobbles echo horses' hoofs.

And busy sounds fly down the street,  
A mercer's cries, and here the clang  
When hammers on the anvil beat ;  
Or when a lusty merchant sang  
The praises of his broiery,  
Borne many miles across the sea.

And out beyond the city gate  
Mid tall slim trees of apple green,  
Long past the shrins where travellers wait,  
A distant winding road is seen,  
And on the pathway, just in sight,  
There waves the pennant of a knight.

But now the armour does not shine,  
The days of chivalry are sped,  
Leisure and learning and divine,  
Content and sturdy pride are dead,  
The church remains, but where is flown  
The spirit of the little town ?

—PATRICK DALLAS.

## Manoa

In what place lay that city recondite,  
Where rosy temples shone in the moist heat,  
And strangely curven figures lined the street,  
Thronging with fairest people garbed in white?  
And golden were the roofs in the sun's light,  
And golden were the stones beneath the feet,  
And golden were the walls of rare retreat  
That shone with emerald and Malachite.

Perchance in some far valley, girl about  
By woods that offer death to alien eyes,  
Manoa lifts up battlements sublime:  
Or have long creepers sprung there, stretching out  
To hide the earth wherein the city lies,  
Her beauty trampled by the feet of time?—PATRICK DALLAN.

## Dusk

The lake's white breast received the night,  
There was amongst the trees the vague echo  
Of steps and voices from the road below,  
As through the trees they had sounded to him long ago,  
When pale on earlier daylight.

He leant his hand to a thick-barked  
Crisp-barked birch, standing forward from the hill's crest.  
Raindrops filled the silence the birds had left,  
So he had known the earth, warm and heavily embraced  
By night, one breathless summer of old.

On opening leaf-buds tapped the rain,  
As when before him was undraped and long  
Imagined life, and every day was a young  
Unremembered happiness. A distant thrush's song  
Rose, and then fell to quiet again.

1925.

GEOFFREY WOLEDGE.

## Precious Drops

The rain descends in grace upon the earth  
Of white July and from the drunken grass  
A mist of delicate joy and odorous mirth,  
A sweet perfume arises, like some Mass  
Of thanksgiving for parching ills that pass,  
An incense from the bushes and the flowers,  
A gush of love up towards the skyey towers,  
Whence comes refreshment clear as living glass;  
The chalices of gorgeous blooms are veiled  
In diamond wisps and glittering drops of dew  
Emmesh the violet, crimson, virgin blue  
Of beautiful shapes; the fields that waned and paled,  
Beneath those too long heats shine out again,  
While Nature drinks this sacramental rain.—W.R.C.



## TWO YORKSHIRE BOOKS OF POETRY.

*Inhabitants*, by Oswald H. Harland; *What You Will*, by Percival Hale Coke (Swan Press, 1/- each).

Mr. Harland's verse has a sturdy vigour and has a deep traditional element in it. He is impressed by the strength and endurance of the old North Country life, interested in quaint types, old records, rogues and vagabonds, sailors and witches. "The Witches" is one of the best poems in this collection; it has a mighty wind blowing through it and goes with a swing; it makes poetry out of fine old names:—

If Stephen Lutton of Hunmanby  
And Roger Rockley of Yedmandale  
And Robert and Harry Wilkoughby  
Were here and alive to tell the tale,  
Or y Mary Elizabeth Crosley, say,  
That witched a man with a docken stalk,  
Could only rise from the earth to-day  
And give us the story in Yorkshire talk."

Another very fine and solemn poem is "Thomas Dacre," the old ploughman who turns up the relics of ancient tribes and forgotten wars as he ploughs the "stony fourteen acre"—

"Grey bones and rusty helms;  
A wind that overwhims  
The screaming of the gulls;  
And shattered yellow skulls,  
And, up above him, high,  
A swiftly darkening sky."

He thinks that, perhaps, his own bones will be turned up in future ages by some careless person who will

"not . . . recognise one whit,  
The mystery of it."

"Passing Guest" is a noble sonnet with a note of tragic dignity in it. Mr. Harland's easy mastery and sturdy simplicity of fiction steeped in old lore constitute his book a distinct addition to the poetry written and published in Yorkshire.

Mr. Coke gives us further specimens of his delicate lyrical technique and charming strain of fantasy. The book is less impressive than "Only for Wantonness," because it contains far fewer poems and there is nothing with quite the grave and original beauty of "In Memoriam," but there is much of great merit in this garland of lyrics. "Make Believe," "Middle Age," and "Night the Vagabond" have all the freshness and spontaneity of Mr. Coke's best work, and in "The Crusaders" he successfully attempts a blend of satire with a grave theme. The poem is headed—"After their dedication service in Westminster Abbey, the Crusaders dined at the Trocadero":



"Had I a cross upon my breast,  
 Had I too knelt before the shrine,  
 And vowed to succour the oppressed,  
 And storm another Palestine!  
 Methinks I'd not go thence and dine,  
 Where London lights most lowly shine,  
 But after such a gracious day  
 Go, end it in a knightly way,  
 Keep vigil till the east was gray,  
 Lest men should think my oath a jest  
 Had I a cross upon my breast."

Such a little poem, with its intricate simplicity, its direct yet finished statement, is a very good example of the graceful and restrained art of this writer. Very tender too, is "There is a Vale":—

"There is a Vale in Paradise  
 In which our Blessed Lady plays  
 With little waifs of circumstance,  
 Who lived in London all their days,  
 And never knew the pleasant roads,  
 That amble through the steepy shires,  
 Or ever looked on gracious things—  
 Cattle brooding in their byres,  
 A garden full of singing birds,  
 A Maypole on a Village Green,  
 Blue-gray smoke from cottage fires,  
 A bridge of houghs athwart a stream—  
 There is a vale in Paradise,  
 In which our Blessed Lady plays  
 With little waifs of circumstance,  
 Who lived in London all their days."

There is concentration, too, in the Epigram, "On a Dead Boy":—

"He left us half-way through the feast,  
 Ere the lights were cold or the roses dead;  
 Gay and gracious and debonnaire,  
 He took his candle and went to bed."

W.R.C.

#### APOLOGIAS.

It is somewhat embarrassing for the prospective critic to find his teeth drawn before ever he gets to work.

In the Foreword to *Conseula Y Raffell*, a little book of verses admirably printed by the Swan Press, Leeds, Mr. T. W. Collett, the author, remarks "Conscious that they possess nothing of literary excellence or originality of thought, the Author would fain propitiate critics by mentioning that for him schooldays ended and life in the factory began in his twelfth year."

If the first part of this statement is true, there can be no excuse for printing the poems, and it might also be as well to point out that the critic is concerned with the intrinsic merit of the work before him, and not with the circumstances that contributed to its making. Fortunately, however, Mr. Collett is over-modest, and we must join issue with him in his estimate of himself.

In the narrative poem, "Conseula y Raffell," from which the book takes its title, there is great warmth and colour, and, above all, the power of telling a story clearly; the versification is careful, and the diction restrained and concise, with only occasional flaws, such as the line:—

"As in the awful strife I strove."

"The Singers" possesses simplicity and genuine pathos, and many of the other poems combine a feeling for nature and the power of expressing that feeling. "Winter in the woods" is a good example, and ends with the fine line:—

"The wild, weird splendour of the Winter storm."

Altogether an accomplished little book, and not nearly so black as the Author has painted it.

From the Swan Press, too, we have another little book entitled *The Happy Isle*, by Jessie Hare Wakefield, who also has something to say in the Foreword. This lady hopes that her verses "will not be received in a critical spirit." We must confess that it is hard to understand how the book should be received—in a spirit of blind adulation, or blind abuse?

However, the inhabitants of *The Happy Isle* are better than their Foreword, and show considerable power of natural description in such poems as "Fen Country," "A January Morning," and "Sea-Gulls at Piley"—the latter being written in a skilfully contrived metre.

Less successful are the verses about people and everyday life, some of which are written in dialect.

*The Happy Isle* itself has great charm, and *Ariel and Caliban* is interesting, although, in so far as craftsmanship is concerned, the writer's task has been rendered easier by the inclusion of quotations from "The Tempest," and a paraphrase from St. Paul.

A book with plenty in it to interest and please.

P.D.

#### A FAMILY IN THE MAKING.

R. O. Hall (S.C.M., 3/6).

Mr. Hall's book on post-war reconstruction—its problems and its difficulties—is a work of singular earnestness and beauty. His is a conception of the whole world as one great family, the children of one common Father, and he makes an eloquent appeal to mankind to forget petty frictions and animosities and to pull together as a body united in faith and endeavour. Mr. Galsworthy sees in the capacity "of human nature for unselfish brotherhood the one element of hope in a distracted world," and it is this "unselfish brotherhood" which Mr. Hall wishes to see fostered by an energy produced and directed by a Church more largely awakened to the real needs of the future.

"The purpose of the Church," says Mr. Hall, "is to turn the world into a home. So far it has only succeeded in turning it into an institution" (and by "institution" Mr. Hall means a sort of club). It is this ideal of the world as one big home and one big family for which he pleads, and the vision of a united family whose Father is a real father, and not an empty name used chiefly for purposes of emphasis, is painted with remarkable force and earnestness.

It is easy to criticise Mr. Hall's work in detail. For example, his picture of "capitalistic Japan allying herself to Bolshevik Russia" while Chinese students seek to join hands with the West in a brotherhood animated with one common spirit, would scarcely appear to be borne out by present facts. A higher value is placed on the possibilities of Internationalism, too, than one is disposed to allow. But it is not for its estimate of present conditions, or even for its practical proposals, that the book is valuable. Its worth lies rather in the lofty ideal which it sets before the

world as the ultimate goal, and in the eloquence of its appeal to nations to realise that the attaining of that goal and not the preparing for another war, is the real meaning of Peace.

Similar in its ideal, but approaching the subject from a somewhat different angle, is

#### RE-BUILDING EUROPE.

By Ruth Rouse (S.C.M., 4/-, in paper covers, 2/6).

This book gives a remarkable description of the work accomplished during the last five years by the European Student Relief Fund, and is an account of the clearing away of initial obstacles and the preparation of the ground for the new edifice of universal brotherhood visioned by Mr. Hall.

We are compelled to differ from many of the theories set out by Miss Rouse, particularly those resulting from her optimistic estimate of the possibilities of Internationalism. We cannot agree that Internationalism is the basis on which world peace must be built; it seems to us to be impractical and opposed to many of the strongest elements in the nature of man and of society. World peace must develop rather from a nobler national ideal; the direction of each country's steps to a loftier purpose, and the realisation of the higher possibilities of self.

The book's story of the work accomplished, however, is one which is beyond either praise or criticism. An unbounded measure of admiration and of gratitude must be accorded to the organisation which, in spite of many handicaps, fought a gallant battle with misery, disease and devastation.

We have received for review a copy of *Great Logicians*, by J. N. Ruffin, B.A. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.). It is a remarkable book. The secondary heading is: "Their lives and writings, to Aristotle inclusive." It is perhaps as well that it is not "to J. N. Ruffin inclusive"; for we do not remember ever to have seen so startling an example of illogical treatment before. There is certainly something of value in the book; but it is so well hidden in a maze of turnings, involutions, tergiversations and cross-references that to find it would be to discover the proverbial needle. There are sentences in the book which have made, and will again make, good logic; but as it stands it almost looks as though the printer's devil had been let loose either on the types or on the proofs.

If the matter is extraordinary, the setting out of it is more extraordinary still. All the type faces in a printer's fount appear to have been pressed into service; and the resulting appearance of the book is, to say the least of it, remarkable. Mr. Ruffin's book is published at 5/-. We tremble when we think on his larger work which, so the wrapper informs us, is published at 19/6 net.

*The Answer to Evolution and its Fallacy*, by Sidney C. Tapp (Kansas City, Missouri) is a contribution to the dispute which has lately troubled the calm repose of Dayton, Tennessee. Mr. Tapp, who is stated to be the author of some forty other books on "Government, political science, the Bible and Science," is a Ph.D. and an LL.D. If this book is a measure of the intellectual level required of graduates at certain American Universities, Columbus has much to answer for.

We have a catalogue of Educational Books from Messrs. Foyles, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2, which is remarkably comprehensive in character and appears to be a particularly useful compilation.

## On Centenarians

I HAVE often thought that one of the happiest experiences which can befall a man is to celebrate a hundredth birthday. In itself, of course, a hundred years of existence signifies very little; it all depends on the nature of the life lived. The Struhalbrugs, for instance, appear to have found immortality very small potatoes; and were pitied by those who could only expect the normal allotted span. On the other hand, of course, we have the classic example of the Phoenix, whose habit of periodically springing into renewed life from its ashes has caused it to be regarded with peculiar veneration by Greeks and insurance companies. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think it must have been a bird of very low mentality; an intelligent modern fowl would certainly determine to rest in peace after a thousand years of an existence so monotonous as that of the Phoenix appears to have been.

Life, like other commodities, is a thing to be measured in terms of quality rather than of quantity. A man who really lives his crowded hour of glorious life can pack far more memories and experiences into forty years than the centenarian who exists for forty years simply as an oldest inhabitant. A centenarian therefore interests me only at the precise moment when he actually becomes a centenarian, and is invested with the insignia of his office. It is the elaborate ritual accompanying the initiation into the select circle of centenarians which fascinates me. After that, he becomes of little account either to me or to anyone else; and retires into the obscurity from which he has for one day emerged. In fact, I rather think there must be a colony for retired centenarians hidden away in some old village, where each holds "at homes" in turn to tell the others of the remarkable ideas he gave to the world on his hundredth birthday.

The day itself, however, and the events leading up to it, are things so much to be desired that I have almost decided to become a centenarian myself. The preliminary blasts in the local Press during the ninetys first herald the discovery of a likely addition to the ranks of the elect. A few months before the event the more obscure section of the provincial Press takes up the chorus, which is gradually augmented by their larger brethren, till finally the great occasion is ushered in by an announcement and a photograph in that Court Circular of centenarians—the *Daily Mail*.

Who would not live a hundred years to celebrate a centenarian birthday, with its congratulatory telegrams from Royalty; its photographs in the London Press; its perfect liberty of reminiscence; and its endowment of oracular powers unlimited in extent. For on the day a man (or woman) becomes a hundred a miraculous power of understanding and interpreting each and all of the complexities of life is conferred upon him (or her). Pressmen and reporters wait upon him to hear with respectful awe his opinion on every subject from Chinese Trade Unions to the Pious State of the Brewing Industry (but especially his estimate of how many hundred per cent. the "good old days" of eighty years ago were better than these degenerate days); and the pearls of wisdom which drop from his lips are reverently gathered by countless readers the subsequent day. Altogether what a jolly thing, I used to think, to have a centenarian birthday!

But alas! England is going to the dogs nowadays. This, of course, has been said with some emphasis by retired colonels, week-end papers and washerwomen for the last twenty years. I have been reluctant to believe it even from these oracles, but now I am compelled to admit it. What else can one do when a heresy like the following goes practically unnoticed in our daily press, whilst trifling matters like coal strikes and textile disputes fill whole columns.

An Enfield centenarian, who has just celebrated his 102nd birthday, states in an interview that he has no particular specific for attaining longevity; and cannot say that anything he has done or left undone has assisted in promoting so happy a result. This is serious. He was even given an opening for making his contribution to the literature of the subject, the interviewer specially asking him his view on temperance as an aid to longevity. But instead of doing his duty to the problem, this man, like a second jesting Pilate, says "What is temperance?" and will not stay for an answer.

What is the use of being a centenarian if you can't indicate some definite excuse—reason, I should say? A total abstainer or a ten pints a day man; a non-smoker or a chain smoker; a man who walks ten miles a day or a man who never walks at all; a man who breaks the ice in the Serpentine every Christmas or a man who climbs Mont Blanc every August Bank Holiday—these justify their existence as centenarians, but this! A man might as well be a nonagenarian, or even a niere octogenarian! What is the rising generation to do when their elders, who are supposed to indicate to them the way in which they should go, behave like this?

I suppose next we shall be hearing of an arrested burglar who failed to say "I done it"; of a theatre star who has never lost any pearls; of a man who fought as a private in the American Civil War; or of an angler who sometimes catches fish so small that he has to throw them back again. But whichever of these calamities arrives, I shall be beyond feeling the shock. This interview with an alleged centenarian has destroyed all my faith in our ancient traditions.

T.L.A.

## The Power of the Press

THIS is an entrancing subject, one that all may write about yet none exhaust. A learned German professor would no doubt be able to write many volumes as an introduction to the study of this modern miracle. There is the historical aspect, and the scientific or technical, the economic, the psychological, to mention only a few of the considerations necessary to any adequate judgment. But in this brief article it is only possible to express a few personal opinions on a widely disputed question.

The question itself is difficult to frame, but it generally takes a form something like this: "Does the Press make Public Opinion?" Anyone trained to exact habits of mind will see at once that a simple answer cannot be given. Who is there so bold as to define public opinion? No sooner do you begin than difficulties mount up. You ask yourself one question, and immediately a dozen more clamour for answers, and each of these produces others at the same prolific rate. Thus we at once need to know the difference between a public opinion and private opinion. The trouble here is, that if there is one thing above all others that we are determined to make public, it is our private opinion. Whereas public opinion seems to be the most strictly private thing in the world.

Now comes an even more profound question: What is an opinion? Maybe it is only a guess at truth. Sometimes it stands for an instinct, sometimes for an exercise of the will. There are those who say that public opinion is the General Will. Rousseau has much to answer for, but whatever one may think of the General Will, everyone will agree, and hope, with my more accurate statement, that the most important thing for a statesman to consider is the General Won't.

It is this discovery of mine that gives me courage to tackle the all-important problem of the influence of the Press. The fabric of every society is maintained by the cohesive force of certain ideas. The origin of ideas is unknown, despite the

philosophers, but the fact is certain. So it is on the plane of ideas that all social struggles take place. And it is asserted that on this plane the Press exerts a dominating influence.

Let us consider calmly some of the charges against the Press. It is said that the newspapers are controlled by a few rich men who have made a monopoly of the chief organs of public opinion. Yet all the evidence is against this. There is more real competition in the newspaper business than in any other, even amongst the great London Dailies with millions of readers, whilst there are countless local newspapers which are much nearer the hearts of the people.

It is true that there is a strong tendency to syndication in the newspaper world, but the movement is entirely economic, and it has very definite limits. But even if we make the absurd assumption that all the newspapers are controlled by one group of financiers, this would not mean that the influence of the Press had increased. On the contrary, the larger the reach the weaker the grasp. The larger the circulation of a paper, the more heavily discounted are its "inspired" articles. Those who fear the power of the Press ought to support heartily the newspaper Trust.

Again, it is claimed that apart from monopoly, the Press dominates public opinion. That is to say, the people do not think for themselves, but accept the ideas they see in the newspapers. But the truth of the matter is that in so far as people do accept their ideas from the papers, they only accept them from the papers whose ideas are acceptable; which, in plain English, means nothing at all.

Where this is not true, the paper is bought simply for its news, while its opinions are ignored. Newspaper managers know this quite well, hence the ever increasing efficiency of the news service. An examination of the news any day reveals the humiliating fact that it consists mainly of club chatter and charlady's gossip. "Have you heard the latest? So-and-so has got married—died—had a baby, broken a leg, got a job, murdered her husband?" There is very little news of any higher intellectual level, and none so interesting. That is the stuff fortunes are made from.

The great social changes are not brought about by the Press any more than by statesmen. They just happen because the General Won't has been denied expression. I don't believe there is a General Will that the Press or anything else can direct. Wise statesmen carry through their great works of social construction without much explanation, either by sheer force, or by trickery. It is much easier to organise a general strike—"we won't work"—than to organise a general overtime to catch up our losses.

The tremendous forces which govern the progress of nations are hardly known to us yet, let alone under our control. Ideas may be communicated by letters, but not created. They come out of the social organism itself, and are expressed in, and communicated by, our institutions. The Press is only one means, and then one of the least important. It seems absurd, therefore, to blame the Press for all the ills of society. Newspapers deal mainly in news, things that have already happened. The most efficient and popular newspaper in the country can only pride itself on having the very latest news. But it is always too late to mend.

So why then should we disturb ourselves about the irresponsibility of the Press? It is no more irresponsible than is any other industrial undertaking. But it is easily the most responsive to public opinion among our institutions. It is ever seeking to catch up our thoughts and express them, but it is generally too far behind to be guilty of the charge of exerting "undue influence."

P. P. MURPHY.

## The Poet Shops

I HAVE shopped with My Friend, the Poet, three times; I would shop with him again if I could only catch him at it—but I know, that apart from the buying of books and cigarettes, shopping is a ceremonial that he detests.

Of course, it sometimes turns out expensive for me, for the Poet rarely knows how much money he has in his pocket, and it rarely happens that he has much. Yet it gives me ample chance to prove my friendship for him, for I always give the shopman my name and address, tell him to send on the bill—and there the matter ends.

### I.

I met the Poet in the street the other day. He was a trifle excited. "It's Babs' birthday to-morrow," he exclaimed after we had helped ourselves to my cigarettes, "and I'm just going to get her a present."

"What's it to be—chocolates?"

"Oh, no. Must show some originality, you know. As a matter of fact, I have an idea."

And he expounded it then and there. It appears that he had come to the conclusion that shopkeepers were blessed with brains. "They know their business," he argued, "And all one has to do is to walk in, and explain for whom and why one wants the present, and he immediately will go somewhere and get something, wrap it up, take my money—and there you are. Saves lots of worry. Just leave it to him, and all is well. He is pleased because I've realised his worth, I'm pleased because I'm saved any amount of unnecessary thought, and Babs is pleased because she gets something good that she likes."

Knowing shop assistants as a class, I was doubtful for the scheme's success, but I decided to accompany him and see what happened.

He selected the best known emporium in the city, one that was reputed to sell things infinitesimal to things gigantic. He chose one of the centre counters and at once plunged into business.

"I want," he explained to the anæmic-looking male assistant, "something to give to a girl as a birthday present. I am about to give you all particulars, and leave the selection in your hands. It must not be anything hackneyed—such as handkerchiefs—but something that on opening she will at once realise to be a gift from a powerful and original mind. To begin with, she is the most wonderful girl in the world—"

I swear I almost caught a furtive wink from the assistant as the Poet said this, but before I could be quite certain, the Poet continued:—

"She is fifteen—has dark bobbed hair—pearly white teeth—the daintiest mouth imaginable. Her smile is like the kiss of the sun on garden flowers, and her laugh like the tinkle of moorland waterfalls.

"She is five foot four—slim—has intellect and a delicate, exquisite taste. Vulgarly appal's her, but she is very sensitive to beautiful suggestion. She must have something pleasing, uncommon, useful, and of good quality, not costing more than half a guinea."

"Anything further, Sir?" asked the man behind the counter—rather sharply, I thought.

"Only that she is the most wonderful—"

But the shopman had disappeared.

He returned shortly afterwards with a large oblong parcel.

"I think this will serve your purpose excellently, sir," he observed.

"Good! How much?" asked the Poet.

"Twelve and sixpence, if you please, sir."

The Poet fished about in his waistcoat pocket in the manner that I had come to know too well. He produced a florin, and looking down at it ruefully exclaimed "Confound! I must have left my money at home."

"That will be all right," said I, stepping into a widening breach, "just send the bill to this address," and I handed an astonished assistant my father's card.

The Poet and I left the emporium arm in arm.

## II.

I met the Poet in the bookshop about three days later. The shop was crowded, so we were able to remain in a corner and talk.

"Well," said I, "how did Babs like her chocolates?"

"How did you know they were chocolates?" came a disgusted query.

But the question was too obvious to need reply.

We talked of Poetry and Books for awhile, and then we both came aware of someone tugging my companion's sleeve.

"Excuse me, Mister," wheezed a voice, "but did you drop this?" and a dingy, unkempt, horsey-looking man waved a dazlingly gilded fountain pen in front of my companion's eyes.

"No," said the Poet.

The man seemed disappointed.

"I found it just outside in the road," he said, "I made sure it belonged to you. 'Taint no manner of use to me. I don't know nowt about pens—shovels is more in my line. I thought mebbe it was yours—you look like a writer." He seemed rather sad about it, and my Poet, susceptible to flattery as 'a writing man,' was touched.

"You'll never find the owner," he said, "Why not sell it?"

"I will—for half a crown."

And before I could prevent it, money and pen had changed hands, and the horsey man was out in the street. I looked reproachfully at my friend.

"Do you mean to say you've never seen that trick done before?"

"Trick?"—the Poet looked blank.

I grabbed his arm and dragged him out of the shop, and made my way to Webson's bookshop a little higher up the road.

"Look!" I whispered dramatically, as we peeped through the doorway.

There stood the same horsey individual waving an exact replica of my companion's new fountain pen before the astonished eyes of Webson himself.

"'Taint no manner of use to me," came a voice, "Shovels is more in my line."

The Poet bit his lip, and turned away.

"I thought I'd got a good bargain," he muttered.

"And all that you have done, is wasted two and six," I replied angrily—for I was sorely annoyed.



His answer startled me.

"Well, it's not so bad as all that. You see three shops have already refused that half crown on account of its being minted at a private press."

### III.

My friend, the Poet, has no more idea of the value of money than a rabbit.

Yesterday I met him striding cheerfully down Upperhead Lane. "Hello!" he called, "Come on—I'm just going to Rox, for a new lid"—from which I gathered he was considering the advisability of purchasing a new hat. Knowing that a sensation would be caused as soon as my ever carelessly dressed friend entered the doors of Messrs. Rox, the principal hatters in the City—I went with him.

I verily believe he would have been thrown out of the place, had not I, respectably dressed, as usual, been with him.

"I want," he announced, waving his right hand, "a hat—a good hat—a tribly of distinctive qualities."

In a moment a large counter was flooded with hats, and the Poet tried each in turn.

"I like the colour of this," he said, indicating a shapeless atrocity with a shot silk band.

"But you can't wear that!" I objected.

"True, but I like it all the same—and I'll take it."

It was no use arguing with him in this mood, so I kept quiet.

The next hat that took his attention was certainly a pleasing shape. Unfortunately it was nowhere near a fit.

"Haven't you another in this shape—a little larger," he asked the man.

"Sorry, sir, but that is the last in that style. Perhaps this—?"

But no. My friend was silly side out, and bought a second hat that was no earthly use to him.

A third purchase consisted of a hat that fitted, but which was elegant in neither shape nor colour.

Having paid for the three hats, and left instructions for them to be sent on, the Poet and I left the establishment.

"It is a pity," said my friend, "that hatters cannot combine good quality, colour and shape in one hat—it would have saved me such a lot of money." And the Poet sighed.

To-day when we met he was hatless—as usual.

D. BOTTERILL.

## Acknowledgments

*G.U.M.* (Glasgow); *The Student* (Edinburgh); *The Serpent* (Manchester); *The Vineyard* (London); *The Magazine of the University College of South Wales*; *The New Student* (America); 3 numbers; *Presidency College, Calcutta, Magazine*; List of Books added to the Public Libraries in June, July and August; *The Olympian* (The Yorkshire Aeroplane Club); *The Dragon*; *Clipsheet* (America); 3 numbers; *The Chinese Student*; *Bedford College Magazine*; *Leeds Girls' High School Magazine*,

## The Oxford Movement

RICHARD hurled the newspaper into the coalbox. "The populace of Leeds," he proclaimed suddenly, in a tone of bitter scorn, "is a mob of turnip-headed reptiles without the brain-power of an earwig. Compared with the reporters on their putrid papers, a caterpillar is a D.Litt."

I felt disturbed, for though Richard's language can never be mistaken for that of a turtle-dove, this was a bit strong even for him. Besides, we were on holiday together, and I felt that, sorry as I should be to cut short our well-earned relaxation, if he was going to develop feelings like this, in self-defence I should have to leave him.

Hiding my fears, however, beneath a mask of unconcern, I nonchalantly asked "What's up?"

"Read that!" said he, much in the tone that one imagines Macbeth would say "Take that!" as he gives Duncan the k.o. in Act II.

I took the paper and saw that Richard's wrath had been aroused by a brief paragraph headed:—

### LEEDS DOESN'T LIKE OXFORDS.

The writer of the article explained that very few examples of that exotic garment, the Oxford bag, were to be seen in the streets of Leeds, and that on enquiry of several well-dressed men-about-town he had learned that Oxford bags were not "good form," that they would very soon disappear entirely, and that only fops wore them anywhere.

Leeds, presumably, was devoid of fops.

I handed him back the paper, registering at the same time what is known in the world of fiction as a *waste inquiry*. I must have done it rather neatly, for Richard responded at once with an impassioned harangue:

"Ungrateful swine!" he raved, "I had 'em made in Leeds, too. And then they say nobody wears them! Rrrraah!!! (that is the nearest I can get to the snort of disgust which he produced at this point). "And I wore the beastly things for weeks, went everywhere in them! But there you are! A man who tries to serve the public, who really wants to do his king and country a bit of good, is ignored—scorned by the many-headed!"

I edged into a corner. Things were beginning to look dangerous. Suddenly the orator turned on me: "Why, you know what trouble I went to to make the bully things popular!"

I did. For four entire Saturday afternoons last term, from 2 p.m. to 5.30, I had been compelled to walk up Boar Lane, along Briggate and back via Commercial Street, over and over again, myself insignificantly arrayed (by Richard's advice) in my oldest suit, while he stalked beside me, resplendent in voluminous Oxford trousers of a delicate shrimp colour. The fifth time I had struck, for he refused to allow more than two very short intervals for refreshment, with a temperature at 95 in the shade. Even an old-established friendship such as ours will not stand such a strain . . . .

I realised he was still speaking: "But I'll show 'em! I'll write a shorter to that one-horse paper, and just spread myself on what I think of it and its mouldy ideas about fashions. Fashions! Why, I'll bet he thinks a Sandringham's the latest thing in hats!"

"D'you think they'll print it?" I ventured at this point. "The chap may know more about it than you think, you know. They wouldnt let him write if he didn't."

He glared at me speechless for a moment, then inquired in a tone that would have chilled a refrigerator, "Are you aware that my great-great-uncle was the first man in Wigan to wear elastic-sided boots?"

I indicated my ignorance of this momentous fact in sartorial history, and subsided. Richard sat down and began his letter. After writing furiously for some minutes, he looked up, fixed a glance of stern inflexibility upon me, and said in a concentrated voice: "I shall have my Oxfords widened as soon as I get back. Four inches, at least."

\* \* \* \* \*

He posted his letter majestically, and I noticed that for some time he scanned the Correspondence Column closely every day, but with no result. One morning, I saw upon his plate a bulky envelope with the name of the offensive newspaper printed on the back. Richard said nothing about its contents, but he ceased to look at the Correspondence Column; in fact, when it did intrude upon his notice, he glanced at it, I thought, with a rather venomous eye.

He took his Oxford bags to the tailor's a few days after we returned to Leeds. I have not seen them since, but yesterday I noticed him going out of the front door (rather stealthily, I fancied) in a pair of shrimp coloured trousers of a perfectly orthodox width.

R.Y.

## Ballad

(With apologies to the "Scottish Students' Song-Book").

Riding down from Westwood  
On a winter's day  
(Tram was filled at West Park  
By men who'd been to play)  
Quite expensive jumper,  
Suit of plus-fours new,  
Sat a student fellow,  
A Rigger man I knew.

In that tramcar crowded,  
One seat served for two,  
Sitting on our student's  
His friend, another stu'.  
Enter ancient lady;  
Someone gives his seat;  
Enter charming maiden,  
Beautiful and sweet.

As the damsel enters  
Students stare with bliss;  
Lady, disapproving,  
Seems the pretty miss:  
Student on the "top haye"  
Rises to his feet;  
"Pardon me, dear madam—  
Will you take my seat?"

Modestly she answers,  
"Thank you, gentle sir."  
Seats herself, not looking—  
Where? You may infer,  
Not a moment's warning  
Tramcar lights go out,  
"Trolley off the wire!"  
Someone gives a shout.

Then the tram conductor  
With his bamboo pole  
Causes radiant lamplight  
To fill the tramcar's whole:  
Maiden now is standing—  
Lady gives a shriek,  
For on the student's jumper  
Is the powder off her cheek!

"COTTERHAM."

## Thirty Years Ago—and Now

IN May of the year 1895 an event of some importance in the eyes of Leeds students took place. I have amongst my most treasured relics the programme of the "Grand Bazaar," held in the "Great Hall of the Yorkshire College under the auspices of the Students' Athletic Union." Its immediate object was, of course, the acquisition of filthy lucre, but the more aesthetic aim was the provision of a Gymnasium. The Yorkshire College was still in a state of adolescence, and, as usual, at such a period, found itself in somewhat straitened circumstances. The authorities did not expect to be able for many years to make adequate provision for the athletic needs of their students, so with admirable prudence not often found in heads on young shoulders, the students themselves set about finding the remedy. If any of the present generation, conscientiously trying to follow the recent advice of their Editor to read the literary effusions of their elders—(No! I did *not* say "betters") have heaved the awful antiquity disclosed in my headline, and have read thus far, will they please pardon the above insinuation? Present students are, of course, in this instance, the second exception which proves the rule. Is not their wisdom abundantly clear in their sympathy for those who have had the misfortune to be born as long ago as the last century?

But let us to our mittens. For the interest of those very few still connected with Leeds University (I can only find less than two dozen names of, or previous to, 1895, in the O.S.A. Handbook) I should like to reminisce for a few moments. On looking through the old programme I find the name of one present member of the staff only, that of Professor Connal, who, serving on the Executive Committee, showed himself, as always, so practically interested in the students' welfare. On the entertainments' side, we remember with great pleasure Professor Stroud's so-styled academico-farceical comedy "Ploughed," and can still see him as Professor Doggerel Popinjay; Mrs. Schüddekopf too, in the operetta, "Peter's Treasure," which, like many plays in later years, she stage-managed so admirably. I wonder how many, or how few, remember the Students' Stall under the Gallery, and the glory of the white academic gowns and trenchers, complete with maroon hoods and tassels, of its stall-holders. It was pleasant to meet again at least one of their number, Miss Wright, at the Jubilee.

From the long list of wives of members of the Staff and the still longer list of Leeds citizens of renown who gave unstinted help in raising funds it is impossible to quote now; suffice it to say, that if the recent allusion in the *Gryphon* to the amount of financial help received by Glasgow University from its citizens be true, an allusion which seemed to convey disparagement of the amount of help received from a similar source by Leeds University, then the relationship between Town and Gown has very materially altered. Of course, the whole position of the University is changed by the tremendously increased numbers, but some of us ancients viewing with amazement the present facilities enjoyed by students, think that, by comparison, they have made their academic entry with silver spoons in their mouths.

For, remember, oh fellow-students of the eighteen-nineties, the original Women's Common Room under the platform of the Hall, with its narrow flight of stairs as entry, where it was impossible for two to pass at once, no matter to what degree of desperation the late-comer was reduced by the warning bell and the stream of outcoming students wending their way lecture-wards. Think also of the Women's Refectory in subterranean regions crammed to suffocation if it had more than a dozen people in it, and then consider whole houses given up to the use of women students alone, to say nothing of a *joint* common-room as well. What would the

powers-that-were in the times of which I write have said to that! Why, so late as 1899 we thought we had made wondrous progress when we surreptitiously had an hour's dancing in the Library after the *Conversazione*, and it was rumoured that certain members of the Staff were called over the coals for having encouraged such insubordination. I had visions of that first Dance as I watched the scene in the Hall at the Students' Dance last December.

I cast my mind back to the days when the total number of women students was not more than thirty, and I, though still a school-girl, was allowed to reckon myself a student by virtue of an occasional class, and to join the Women's Debating Society. With what care I took my own tea-cup as requested, being fearfully anxious lest its shape should not be consistent with the dignity of taking tea with one who had actually risen to the sublimity of the B.A.! These were the times when it seemed necessary to discuss whether it was improper for a woman student to speak to a man in College. The proposer of the motion thought it was at least inadvisable, but the Noes had it. Evidently there were Pips and Helens in those days also. However, I am quite sure that they, too, were averse to "writing about themselves," so who shall draw the veil now?

Yes, after all, ours were the better times.

## Officers' Training Corps

THIS year the annual O.T.C. camp was held at Kinnel Park, near Rhyl, in North Wales. The University contingent numbered seventy cadets, which is an increase on previous years, but is still far below the strength allowed by the War Office.

For the first time we took with us a signalling section. This section consists of about ten cadets equipped with two transmitting and two receiving sets. When in action, the section divides, and the two parts place themselves about half-a-mile apart and "try" to communicate with one another. We are told on good authority, that on the morning of the annual inspection a message was actually transmitted, and what is more, received, but the only time the section was called upon to co-operate with the rest of the contingent communication was never established.

One of the "officer cadets" created a precedent by bringing with him to camp certain "articles of furniture." These, however, mysteriously disappeared—we now know that Devonshire Hall is not the only place where side-whiskers are removed free of charge.

The men lived up to the saying that "a good soldier never looks behind," and as a consequence were rather upset when told to clean the portions of their equipment which did not show on parade; whether this was the result of our "sub's" second "pip,"—on which we offer him our heartiest congratulations—are do not know.

The annual general meeting of the O.T.C. was held during camp and officers were elected for next session. Here it was decided to run the Annual Dance during the first term. Next session, a new system of parades will be in force, which should result in our taking to camp next year a contingent of fully-trained men. If rumour is true, attempts will be made this session to form a contingent band!! We wish it every success, if for no other reason than letting the rest of the University know that Leeds does possess an O.T.C. which intends to be very much alive.

H.H.

## A Modern Sphinx

THERE are several problems which students, especially those of the more intellectual type, are faced with during their course at the University. The Christian Union deals with some of them. But this article is an attempt to deal with one against which the student is generally left to strive alone, the problem of what to do in lectures. It has been written particularly for the benefit of freshers, but not without a hope that it may be useful to others.

At first the Fresher may find lectures very pleasant. This is partly due to their mere novelty. There may also be a feeling of privilege at learning from such authorities as, say, Dr. Entwistle, whose books on Assyriology are the best in the world. Universities are noble institutions, for in them the wisdom of the ages lives, and man triumphs over time. But one day Entwistle asks you why you laughed in one of his lectures, and after that you take less delight in the wisdom of the ages. Professor Lender is another world-famous authority (I forget his subject) but he does not always come and lecture when you expect him. Things like this discourage the Fresher, and there are some who adopt a policy of cutting all lectures. Though this is advised by some responsible people, it is not really practicable, because you are not allowed to take exams, without having attended a certain percentage of lectures. (To know the exact percentage apply to the Clerk to the Senate).

This, then, is the problem: one must go to lectures; what is one to do there? Of course all lecturers are not authorities, like the learned gentlemen we have mentioned. This makes the problem still more serious.

We must now consider the solutions. These may be divided into two classes, inactive, and active. The inactive solution is the simplest. It consists of inducing in oneself a state of semi-sleep, or of nirvana almost, if you are a practised lecture-goer. How delightful it is to be just conscious, feeling nothing, hearing nothing, and seeing only the sun falling on a yellow jumper and papers bathed in light. This method succeeds best where the lecturer has a style that is continuous, but not *aggressive*.

The sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring.

The active solution consists of finding yourself more positive employments. Of these there is a great variety, and the ingenuity of the lecture-goer himself will no doubt suggest many. We will indicate some of the more important classes, however. Many people play noughts and crosses, but in my opinion that is little better than giving the lecture one's whole attention. Writing is a suitable activity, the most usual and appropriate kinds being, letter-writing, ver-e-writing, and the writing of exercises on subjects not that of the lecture. Drawing may also be recommended. The drawings done in lectures may be divided into two classes: first, topical, as drawings of the lecturer or of other students; second, non-topical, including landscapes, figure compositions and the like. There is also much pleasure to be gained from looking at other students and speculating on their characters.

But we claim no finality. We propose solutions, like the philosophers, but the problem remains a problem, like life. Nor have we suggested all the solutions, for as the problem concerns all students, many have tried to solve, in many different ways.

There are even some people who work in lectures. And there are some few lectures where it is worth while.

TOXOPHIL.

## UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

### Literary and Historical Society

THE work of the Literary and Historical Society during the last year merits a highly satisfactory report. Under the presidency of Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, lectures were given by the President himself, Professor Hamilton Thompson, the Rev. R. H. Malden, the Rev. H. Cook, and Messrs. Wilkinson, Featherstone and Matthewman. Meetings invariably attracted splendid attendances, and as the Society is financially sound and numerically strong, such an interesting programme of lectures guaranteed a highly successful year.

Members of the Society now number considerably more than a hundred, but a cordial invitation awaits all students, but especially those of the English and History Schools who would care to join. The Syllabus for the present session should prove both entertaining and instructive, and the first Meeting is down for October 12th, when Mr. E. Wilkinson will grapple with the problem, "Why we laugh." Those who remember his lecture last year on "Some Humorous Books" will have some idea already of the solution of the question.

Officers for the Session 1925-26:—President: Professor Lascelles Abercrombie; Vice-Presidents: Miss D. M. Hardaker, Mr. W. Lincham; Secretaries: Miss Beaumont, Mr. R. W. Harrison; Committee: Misses Best, Evason, Messrs. B. Woledge, Fisher.

### Christian Union

THE Annual Freshers' Social of the Christian Union will be held in the Great Hall at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 6th. Tea will be followed by an entertainment, including among other items a play by Lyndon Hall. Professor Grant will be the Chairman.

Every Fresher should have received a ticket for this Social, and as this offer of a free Tea comes but once in a student's lifetime, the opportunity should not be rejected lightly. Tickets will be on sale for those who have left their "fresherhood" behind, and all are invited to turn up.

This is not the place to attempt a description of the nature and the doings of the C.U. Hitchcock, the President, will do this at the Social, and in the meantime, we refer all who are interested to the notice in the Handbook.

The C.U. has many and varied activities, but its chief aim is to promote fellowship and friendly discussion between students who realise the importance of Christian ideals in their lives, but who differ as to their application. If this purpose interests you, speak to one of the Committee, but in any case come to the Social on October 6th.

H.R.F.

## Cavendish Society

TO those unacquainted with the aims of the Cavendish Society the following will probably be of interest. The society is the oldest students' society in the University, and provides one of the few opportunities whereby all students of science may meet on common ground. The syllabus arranged is one which will appeal to all, but especially so to students of physics and chemistry. There are eight ordinary meetings in the the first two terms, prior to which tea is served in the refectory at 5.15. An additional Annual Lecture is also arranged on which occasion the speaker is some scientist of note. This year we have been fortunate to obtain Sir Oliver Lodge. Another attraction is the joint meeting with the Natural History Society to be addressed by Prof. E. C. C. Baly. We are assured that any new members will be amply repaid. The membership fee is 4/- inclusive of teas at each meeting. If desired members are admitted for meetings only at 1/6. All meetings are held in the Large Chemistry Theatre on alternate Tuesdays, at 5.30 p.m.

F. C. SAWARD (*Hon. Sec.*).

## Leeds Undergraduates' Labour Society

THE Labour Society, now in its third year, may look forward to a really successful session, since it may now meet in the University, provided the necessary permission has been obtained before each meeting. Despite the obstacle to progress which existed last session, the membership reached the hundred mark and it is hoped that this number will now be exceeded. The subscription is 2s. 6d a year. Staff, Graduates and Undergraduates may become members.

The session opens well for us, for our first speaker is the eminent chemist, Professor Frederick Soddy, M.A., F.R.S., of Oxford University. Professor Soddy, apart from his attainments in natural science, has original views on Economics. Orthodox Economists and followers of Labour must be at this meeting, the subject of which is not merely a party question. The second meeting should be as successful as the first, since Councillor John Arnott, leader of the Labour Group in the City Council and prospective Lord Mayor, is the speaker.

Just a word to Graduates. Professor J. J. Findlay, until this year Professor of Education at Manchester and present Labour candidate for the English University Constituency, will speak on Tuesday, February 16th, 1926, in the Education Lecture Room at 5.15 p.m. He particularly requests that graduates shall be there. Book this date now.

The first three meetings are:—

Tuesday, October 6th, at 5.5 p.m.—General Meeting: Election of Officers and questions of policy. The meeting will be over in twenty minutes, but members must be there.

Tuesday, October 13th, at 5.15 p.m.—Professor Soddy in the Large Chemistry Lecture Theatre: "Look after the Pounds and the Pence will take care of themselves."

Tuesday, October 27th, at 5.15 p.m.—Councillor John Arnott, in the Education Lecture Room: "The Mending of Mankind."

B. BRETT, *Secretary*.



## Debating Society

AT the Annual Meeting of the Debating Society on July 1st, the following Officers were elected for the Session 1925-26:—*Chairman*, H. R. Fuge, *Hon. Secs.*, Miss R. Herklots, H. R. Guerin; *Committee*: Misses A. M. Cocks, H. North, E. Olzewska and Messrs. J. E. Hitchcock, J. E. Saxton and H. J. Weaver.

At a subsequent meeting of the committee the following programme was drawn up:—

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| October 12th.       | "That this house deplores the admission of Freshers to the University." Education Lecture Room, 5.15 p.m.                                 |
| October 20th.       | Impromptu Debate. Education Lecture Room, 5.15 p.m.   |
| November 13th.      | PARLIAMENT NIGHT. Great Hall, 7.30 p.m.   |
| November 23rd.      | Men v. Women. "That woman's sphere is the home." Education Lecture Room, 5.15 p.m.  |
| January 18th, 1926. | Staff Debate. "That the examination system completely fails to establish any just standard of ability." Education Lecture Room, 5.15 p.m. |
| February 1st.       | "That doctors are frauds." Education Lecture Room, 5.15 p.m.  |
| February 19th.      | INTER-VARSITY DEBATE. "That the family stands in the way of Utopia." Great Hall, afternoon.   |
| March 1st.          | "That the party method of Union election is undesirable." Education Lecture Room, 5.15 p.m.   |
| March 19th.         | OPEN DEBATE. Great Hall, 7.30 p.m.  |

Last year showed a distinct improvement in the attendance at the debates, but the accommodation of the Education Lecture Theatre was never unduly strained. On the whole there was no lack of speakers, but the men were allowed to have things too much their own way. Far too rarely did the silvery notes of some fair maiden come to relieve the monotonous succession of deep throated males. Now women, what about it?

The programme this year has been made as attractive as possible, though to the serious minded it may appear a little too flippant. But that is a good fault. The subjects for debate are of a general nature, so the timid speaker cannot shelter behind the excuse of lack of relative information.

With the exception of Parliament Night and the Open Debate, the debates are held in the Education Lecture Theatre on Mondays, at 5.15 p.m. H.R.F.

## Newman Society

THE General Meeting of the Newman Society was held on May 19th. It was reported that there had been held a Retreat, a Mass and Corporate Communion and two meetings for Benediction, while intellectual activities included five lectures, two debates and Apologetics Classes. Three Socials had been held also in the Refectory.

The Newman Society has, it was stated, succeeded in establishing in Leeds a branch of the Catholic Stage Guild, an association which tries to assist Catholic artistes on tour by offering them hospitality. Some help had also been sent to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a charitable organisation for helping the poor.

The elections for next session were as follows:—President: W. R. Childe, Esq. M.A.; Secretary: E. A. Doughty, Esq.; Treasurer: J. McDermott, Esq.; Committee: Misses Scott, M.A., Kilbride and Wisely, B.A., Dr. Cave and Messrs. Keogh and Gaukroger, B.A.

At the General Meeting the Secretary informed members that the Annual Federation Meeting was to be held in Glasgow, August 1st to 8th, and the Congress of the "Pax Romana" (by which the Federation is linked to the Confederation of European University Catholic Societies) was to be held at Bologna in September and would be followed by a visit to Rome.

An appeal was read from the "Comité Catholique de Coopération Intellectuelle," which is connected with the League of Nations, and which asked for a contribution towards providing books to the impoverished University of Lublin, Poland.

Membership of the Newman Society is open to all Catholic members of the University. Its aim is to unite the efforts of Catholic students in striving to foster and propagate the Catholic mind. It tries to do this locally by bringing together the Catholic students in this University and giving them opportunities to practise their religion and to further their knowledge of it; nationally by its connection with the Federation; and internationally by its connection with Catholicity abroad.

Catholics wishing to join the Society should communicate with E. A. Doughty, (Arts) or any members of the above mentioned Committee.

MARY C. DAWSON,  
*Secretary, 1924-25.*

## Sonnet

(NOT VERY ORIGINAL).

To a Lady wasting August at a popular seaside town.

I sought deep drinking for my airless throat,  
And mellow peace, woven of country suns,  
Stems blue and white, and the slow chanted note  
Of evening, and many fields and trees where runs  
The scent of green-snowed summer; dreaming hours  
Were filled with waters' cool accompaniment,  
And long dusk soothed the passion of wild flowers,  
Hushed for me to a laughing clear content . . .

But you—oh, you were sitting on the pier,  
Probably cutting up some worms for fishing,  
Or looking at twopenny "Coloured views from here,"  
This was the place you'd all along been wishing . . .  
This frenzied clucking of a third-rate band,  
And senseless chatter on the tortured sand!

P.



**T**HERE exists in the University a club for practically every sport in Yorkshire, except ludo and rabbit-coursing.

Opinions on sport may and usually do differ; and it is possible that there are people—so perverse is the character of some undergraduate minds—who refuse to recognise as legitimate sport billiards and bridge. I will not attempt to express my opinion of such misguided persons here; but will merely point out that fresher enthusiasts on these games will soon discover the headquarters of what are undoubtedly among those things which have made England what she is to-day. Unfortunately a ruthless sub-editor refuses to allow me to write a eulogy on the arts at which Cæsar and Cleopatra did not disdain to try their hand; and it is therefore my duty to point out to students whose tastes lie in other directions that, whatever those tastes are, they are catered for by University clubs.

Football players can take their choice of either code. The soccer player will be delighted to know that his club, on the authority of its officials, is the premier club of the University—an honour that is shared only by the Rugger club, the Athletic club, the Boat club, the Cricket club, the Fives club, the Golf club, the Gymnasium club, the Harriers club, the Hockey club, the Lacrosse club, the Motor club, the O.T.C., the Rugger club, the Scout club, the Swimming club, the Tennis club, and—last but by no means least—the Chess club. Freshers, therefore, who are invited to roll up and taste the prime quality of the Soccer club should not hesitate lest it be too late. The captain is R. W. Harrison and the secretary A. Towers.

The Rugger club has somewhat fallen from grace this last two seasons—but it is hoped with the help of rugger-playing freshers to make a better show this year. We shall be glad to hear from them in the Yorkshire Cup. Three teams will be run, and intending players should see either D. A. Hole (captain) or W. King (secretary) as soon as possible.

The Athletic club colours are probably the best worth winning in the University. To give freshmen a chance of showing their form the Preliminary Sports are to be held this month. Carter, the captain, or Coultas, the secretary, will be glad to hear from any fresher who runs, skips or heaves things about to any extent. And a word in your ear. A.C. men are very susceptible to flattery; so if you want to do the right thing go to one of them early and ask him what is the correct way to heave a brick. He will be ever so glad—my Handbook says so.

Leeds has one of the best Rowing Clubs in the North of England. You will probably have seen some of its members (not unaccompanied) in the back-waters of the river at Wetherby or Knaresborough this vac. The club had a really fine record last year, and has an invitation to compete in an international Regatta at Vienna this session. It has rowing rights on a splendid stretch of water at Rodley; and freshers who have not rowed before are taught free of charge how to dispose of crabs. Either H. O. Andrews or J. Way will tell you all about it.

The curse of civilisation has not passed by on the other side of University Road. I refer, of course, to Golf. Indeed, there are in the University men who have been known to cut "lab." work for the sake of a round on the links. The Golf club plays by arrangement on the Cobble Hall links, and I am informed that "low handicap" men—whatever they may be—are urgently needed. So if you are in the habit of spoiling a good walk occasionally, go up to the first man you see who is not wearing plus-fours, and he will give you details. Or a note to H. Steel (Eng.) or G. W. Patton (Science) will do the trick.

Besides purely gymnastic work, the Gymnasium club offers training in boxing and fencing. White hopes, acrobats and swordsmen are therefore requested to communicate with T. I. Pound or P. S. Briggs; or to take the first turning to the right to the Methodist chapel-like structure called the Gymnasium, where the instructor, Mr. Mason Clarke, is usually to be found.

The Harriers club has a remarkable habit of producing a crop of "firsts" men each year. As it also provides splendid training for future business men, for whom the transition from training for a run to running for a train is an easy and natural one, freshers are heartily invited to do a little Harrying (is that the correct verb, Mr. Hall?) on Wednesdays and Fridays. Either the Mr. Hall hereinbefore mentioned or A. W. Taylor will be pleased to give you full information.

The Men's Hockey club has done better than its record suggests. It experienced a good deal of bad luck last year; and should make amends for it this season. Several members of last year's team were awarded Yorkshire County caps, and it is hoped the club will be similarly honoured during the coming season. T. W. H. Breckons is captain, and J. Tasker secretary.

This distinction of recognition by the County Selection Committee was shared by the Lacrosse club last year, which had a remarkably successful season. So far as I remember five players were selected for County matches; and the club only went down to Headingley in the finals of the Yorkshire Flags after a strenuous fight. J. A. Sugden (captain) or H. R. Wormald will be glad to hear from freshmen having lacrosse experience; and there would appear also to be a vacancy for an assistant with spelling experience, judging from the announcement that "practise matches" have already been held.

Owners of motors, motor-cycles and Fords are invited to join the Motor club. Motoring is presumably a sport, since it is included under that heading in my Handbook. Probably it is so called because pedestrian-coursing is rumoured to have formed part of its programme last season. Motorists—or their chauffeurs—are requested to communicate with C. T. Dracup if they wish to qualify as sportsmen.

Not having the necessary technical knowledge, I am not prepared to explain either the presence of the O.T.C. in the University Handbook under "sports," or the place which the Corps fills in University life. I do not even know whether there is either a language test or a billiards test for freshers who wish to join; and I therefore hasten to refer them to the Corps headquarters at the top of De Grey Road.

The Swimming club, Tennis club and Cricket club are left for review in a later number, as they are more properly summer sports.

For women students there are, run on parallel lines to the men's, a Lacrosse club, a Hockey club, an Athletic club and a Swimming club. The Athletic club is especially worthy of note, since it put the men's club to the blush in no uncertain fashion last session by winning the Women's Inter-Varsity Athletic Championship

with ridiculous ease. It is hoped with the assistance of freshers to do likewise this year. L. Culpan is captain and K. Hemming secretary, while B. MacMillan is Championship holder.

Owing to the unfortunate non-existence of a woman correspondent, I am unable to offer any information on the activities of the women's Hockey club. B. MacMillan or B. Smithson will probably be glad to do so, since they urge Freshers! with all the energy of exclamation marks to come and try for a place in one of the teams!

The Lacrosse club, which is one of the youngest of University clubs, has made remarkable progress. Matches are played for an Inter-Varsity Cup, which it is hoped to bring to Leeds this season. Freshers may obtain further information from F. F. Steinberg or M. F. Eurich.

There is also a Net-Ball club for women, which is now, I believe, permitted to grant colours for this spectacular game. As two new grass courts at Westwood for the club, Tennis players on the Refectory court will perhaps be able to go their peaceful way this term without being summarily ejected by a horde of damsels in abbreviated skirts, descending on them like Byron's Assyrians. For this relief much thanks! I speak with feeling on this subject. The club captain is K. Lineham and E. Love the secretary.

I have endeavoured thus, in obedience to the editorial behest, to give a short summary of the various athletic organisations in the University. Any further information will readily be given by the officials mentioned; and it is hoped that freshers will not fail to rally round this season and make the University a stronghold of athletic as well as of intellectual activities.

A.

## Men's Lawn-Tennis Club

|                  |              |           |           |
|------------------|--------------|-----------|-----------|
| 1st team .. .. . | Played 15 .. | Won 11 .. | Lost 4 .. |
| 2nd team .. .. . | " 14 ..      | " 11 ..   | " 3 ..    |

I was very fortunate for Leeds that, with only one old colours man available it was able in the first season of the Sheffield Shield Competition, to raise a team that will bear comparison with the much talked of sides of 1920 and 1921. Every University match resulted in a clear victory, and our 100 per cent. of points obtained against the 66⅔ per cent. of the runners-up—Manchester—shows how decisively the Shield was won.

The Yorkshire Clubs provided stronger opposition, and the early fixtures with Leeds and Chapel Allerton strengthened the team, despite defections. An interesting new fixture was that with Scarborough, honours being easy after two scores of 4-5 and 5-4.

T. Fox and A. Fehmers were the great strength of the team throughout the season, never even losing a rubber in Inter-Varsity matches. Gledhill and Carr also proved a good couple. Fox is undoubtedly one of the best players the University has ever had, and he has not escaped the notice of his County. G. L. France is another of whom more will be heard in the future. He put up a good fight against Fox in the final of the Men's Singles Championship, and should win it next year if still up. Well deserved colours were awarded to all these players.

The second team was perhaps the strongest that the University has ever had, and was not extended by many of its opponents, the Leeds Club 2nd's alone proving itself stronger. This should ensure a good team next season, despite the probability

of most old colours having left. Uncertainty on the latter question decided the Club to leave the appointment of next year's captain until the summer term. The new secretary is I. E. S. Fox (Textile).

Now that the new hard courts near the University are open, winter play ought to become more popular; and most do so if the Sheffield Shield is to find a permanent home at Leeds.

Finally, one little complaint. The slackness shown over the University Tournament was as marked as ever. Entries were poor; very few people tried to play off their matches until the last few days of term; and as for paying the entrance fee without being chased to Oxley once or twice, it's simply not done. It might be all right if the secretary could borrow a motor car every day.

L.J.

## Leeds University Old Students' Association

(Edited by G. WOLEDGE)

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

*Treasurer:* Mr. W. R. GRIST.

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

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting was held on Degree Day, July 4th, at 5.30 p.m. at the University. Some seventy members were present, Professor Gillespie being in the chair. There was no wandering from the business in hand as we were all resolved to descend upon Mrs. Beck for dinner punctually at 6.30.

The following officers were elected:—

*President:* Sir MICHAEL SADLER, K.C.S.I.

*Vice-Presidents:* PROFESSOR SMYTHIES, Miss ROBERTSON, Professor JAMIESON, Sir BECKLEY MOYNHEAN, Professor GILLESPIE.

*Hon. Secretaries:* Mr. S. E. J. BEST, Miss GLADYS PICKLES.

*Hon. Treasurer:* Mr. W. R. GRIST.

*Council, 1925-26:*

|                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Mr. A. E. WHEELER.     | Mr. P. P. MURPHY. |
| Mr. L. K. W. FRANKLEY. | Miss HOLGATE.     |
| Mr. F. W. BEATON.      | Miss CUTBERTSON.  |
| Mr. H. L. ROBINSON.    | Miss CROWTHER.    |
| Mr. C. E. BRITAIN.     | Miss CARTER.      |

The Committee was empowered to appoint as its Chairman one of the Vice-Presidents.

It was decided that a Year Book should be issued during the coming session, in view of which we would urge upon all members the importance of notifying us soon of any change of address or appointment.

Mr. Wheeler then gave us a short address in the nature of a confidential account of the needs of the University and its plans for raising the funds it requires.

The question of the date of the Christmas Reunion was raised, Saturday, December 19th being suggested as a more convenient day than Friday, the 18th. The choice of the date was left to the Committee, who invite members' opinions. There is also a possibility that the Christmas Reunion may be made the occasion of the Annual General Meeting, as 380 came to the Dinner in December.

Between 80 and 90 members were present at the Dinner following the meeting, and all voted it a greater success than the Christmas gathering—for there were no speeches. Everyone seemed glad of the opportunity of saying Hou-do-ye-do to old friends—a proceeding which lasted with some until 10 p.m.

G.P.

#### HEADQUARTERS.

The Association Headquarters opposite the University are duly swept but still awaits garnishing, as the fund is still £20 short of the £100 needed. Philanthropists are reminded that £20 = forty ten shillingses = eighty five shillingses = one hundred and sixty half crowns.\*

#### MEMBERSHIP.

The membership has now reached about 1,100; but some of the eleven hundred have not yet paid their subscriptions and some even owe two subscriptions. The best way to pay is by a life subscription, the second best, by banker's order; but just to send the subscription you owe is better than not paying at all. Those who can't write will find printed forms for paying in any or all of these ways opposite p. 38, so you've really no excuse. Mr. Grist will be equally happy to receive subscriptions or donations to the Furnishing Fund.

#### YEAR BOOK AND UNIVERSITY WHO'S WHO.

The Association Year Book, containing names, addresses, and appointments of all members, will be issued during the term; will any members who have changed any of these please inform the Secretaries?

The compilation of the University Who's Who is progressing. It is to include all old students of the Yorkshire College and the University, and though we have already particulars of old students in all corners of the earth, many, especially those who were up in the earlier years, have still not been traced, and we should be very grateful for any information about any one who is thought likely to have escaped our net.

#### MANCHESTER BRANCH.

We have no doubt that the Manchester Branch is still alive and kicking, but it takes its vac. too seriously to disturb it by writing for the *Gryphon*.

#### LEEDS BRANCH.

The London and Manchester Branches are hereby warned to look to their laurels. We haven't really started yet, but already we've got Mr. Best, one of the Secretaries, for our home branch secretary, and we play football. Besides having these unique distinctions, we intend to beat London and Manchester at their own specialities in the course of the year; any one living in or near Leeds and hasn't yet sent his name to Mr. Best ought to do so at once.

We've already arranged several rugger fixtures, by the way, and Mr. Best would now like to hear of people to play them.

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\* Our indefatigable Treasurer has kindly supplied these figures.

## LONDON LETTER.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, LONDON.

*President:* Dr. DRAPER, The Master's House, Temple, E.C.4.*Hon. Secretary:* Miss I. CROWTHER, Video, 26, Coventry Street, W.1.*Hon. Treasurer:* Mr. B. HOLLINGS, 10, Orchard Drive, Blackheath, S.E.

Mes chers et chères.—I have been given ink to splash, so here goes:—

This is the time of the year the colony begins to get excited, wondering what new settlers Leeds and the world are going to send us, and what we are all going to say, do and wear at the outings and dinners to come.

The colony is thriving so well that we shall soon have a *London Gazette* of the L.U.O.S.A., telling us where to go for L.U.O.S. meat, coal, glue, permanent waving, motor-cars, etc., etc. No wonder it thrives. Isn't London the place where the fresh blood pours in and the enthusiasms and the hopes? Sceptics should steal in upon our gatherings in Soho, and note the ever-swelling numbers, and see what a mad-merry-wise mixed lot we are. Imagine Yorkshire in Soho while painted and sophisticated city folk gape from an outer room at the piano from whose interior trickles, "Polly-wolly-doodle" and at the throng which, having chatted, laughed and dined, lustily sings a chorus.

Now, to headquarters. They are, as you know, in the centre of Metropolis—Piccadilly, where he who hesitates, is left behind. Maybe for that reason, maybe because young and vigorous colonies must try their stride and strength of limb, we get over miles of business and planning, but are often retarded by the Patriarch's pace not being ours, so that we have to wait for her sanction or co-operation before we can formulate some of our vital rules.

You must sometimes wonder, especially if you don't know London, how it affects the brethren and "sistern" that have left the Leeds fold. This you could learn from the elder among our visitors who have the advantage, not so much of remembering the cow that ate the grass that grew by the gate that stood at an end of ex-College Road, as of knowing who, for instance, was a quiet mouse of a girl, with temples screwed into wrinkles, thanks to the tightness with which her hair was pulled back; and certain smiles of theirs, rich in reminiscence, would prove to you that evolution is not a slow process everywhere. But pictures flash to your mind of young women starving in Bond Street whilst exotic-looking women and elegant escorts skip by unaware, of showers of glass from street lamps tinkling about us because two luxury cars have digged each other in the ribs, and turned for support to a lamp-post obligingly near by. You trace in our letters how we have learned to pass by dead horses and bruised men without too much emotion and know that all these are everyday matters, and that if the colony put its most thrilling adventures together, we could outdo the *Arabian Nights* and supply the *Gryphon* with copy for ever. Then you cease to wonder that those who go to Mexico, to Egypt and the rest, turn pretty sharply into new directions.

Where, we should like to know, is the L.U. historian or facetious fellow who won't leave it to the Daily Press, to text-books and books of commerce exclusively to tell of how, after tasting nutty fruit cake in South Africa, we could with a hop buy a 6d. bottle of wine in Palestine, with a skip buy a gaudy lantern in China, and with a rash jump into stately white India, be caajoled into pouring our pence behind stalls of silks, beads and ash-trays?



For Empires and Colonies rise and fall; Wembley, like Rome, having risen, may, etc., etc., and so stands in need of a Gibbons. We offer this as a dissertation subject to the History Department and, for future use: "The Rise and Most Glorious History of the London Branch of the L.U.O.S.A."

P.S.—As it is a prerogative of the sex to indulge in the *post scriptum* and to include there the choicest news, so we do here announce the Social events for our London members and visitors to be:—

*Dinners*.—On Tuesday, November 17th, with the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Bailey as guests of honour, and on Saturday, February 13th, with Professor and Mrs. Connal.

GRADUETTE.

#### OLD STUDENTS' SUCCESSES.

The Commonwealth Fund of New York has founded twenty travelling fellowships for British graduates, tenable for two years at any of the chief American Universities. The fellowships are on a munificent scale, and a correspondingly high standard of personal character and academic attainment is demanded from candidates. Leeds is honoured by the award of one of them to J. R. Bellerby (M.A., B.Com., 1913-14, 1918-21), who will go to Harvard.

Our heartiest congratulations to him. One cannot think of a more worthy recipient. Bellerby left Leeds to join the Army in 1914 and returned with the Military Cross, which we are told he earned several times over, and minus his right arm. This, however, did not prevent him from graduating as B.Com. in two years, to be followed up the next year by First Class Honours B.A. Economics, since when he has graduated M.A. At the same time he entered for a stiff competitive exam. for the appointment he has just relinquished in the International Labour Office on the League of Nations at Geneva. In this work he has made himself an expert and an authority. His publication, "Control of Credit as a Cure for Unemployment," among other papers is very highly thought of in the Economic World.

He was always a strong member of the Union, and at one time, we believe, was offered the post of O.C. in the O.T.C. He played Soccer in his early days and in 1917 won the Championship of the Athletic Sports.

He will probably meet more than one Old Student in the U.S.A.; we believe there is one at Harvard. What about an American Branch, Jack? Can you imagine them having their annual dinner followed up by a Kumati down Broadway?

Mr. P. L. Carver, B.A. (English, 1920-25) has been appointed Assistant to the Professor of English Literature in the Queen's University of Belfast.

Mr. F. A. Beaumont, B.A. (Science and English, 1920-24) has just published "The Hero: a Theory of Tragedy," of which a review will appear in the next number of the *Gryphon*.

Mr. P. P. Murphy, B.Com. (1919-25) has been appointed University Extension Lecturer in South Staffordshire under the University of Birmingham and the Workers' Educational Association. There is no room here to expatiate on Murphy's student activities, and it is fortunately unnecessary, as every one knows of them. We believe they include, like Bernard Shaw's recreations, everything but sport.

Miss E. Shuffelder, B.A. (French, 1921-24) has been appointed private secretary to the President of the Alliance Francaise in London.

Mr. W. L. Foester, B.Sc. (Engineering, 1921-24) has obtained a post as petroleum prospector in South Mexico.

Mrs. Cecilia Offen, *nee* Goldstone, B.Sc. (1909-11) has written to tell us that she has taken a hotel at Mentone, and would be glad to welcome members of her old University at any time. She also sent a fascinating little map with the Hotel Cote d'Azur in the middle, and trains go off to Italy on one side and to Monte Carlo on the other.

#### MARRIAGES.

PARKIN-ALCOCK.—Miss Evelyn Alcock, B.A. (English and Education, 1919-23) and Mr. T. R. V. Parkin (Dyeing, 19—), were married at Lancaster on the 17th September.

MOTT—MUSGRAVE.—On August 19th, at Theaker Lane U.M. Church, Armley, Reginald Arthur Mott, M.Sc., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mott, of Whitehaven, to Elsie Selina Musgrave M.Sc., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Musgrave, of Armley, Leeds. (Mr. Mott was in the Fuel Department, 1916-17, 1919-22, and was a coloursman of the Harriers and Athletic Clubs; Miss Musgrave was in the Chemistry Department, 1918-22.)

NEW—NOXON.—Miss M. Noxon, B.A. (History and Education, 1915-19) and Mr. A. A. New, M.Sc. (Dyeing, 1920-23) were married at Gretton, Gloucestershire on the 3rd August. Miss Noxon was Secretary of the Debating Society and the Literary and Historical, and a member of the Women's Tennis Team, and has been on the staff of Prince Henry's Grammar School, Otley. Mr. New played in the second Rugger Team and the first Cricket Team, and received his Fives Colours. He is now with the Western Electrical Co. at Woolwich.

MENCER-BRIGGS.—Miss Elsie Powell Briggs, B.A. (1913-16) was married to the Rev. G. H. Mercer on the 2nd September.

To all these we offer our heartiest congratulations, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. Mott, whose marriage, with Miss Hull and G. Tyson as bridesmaid and best man, was a real Kumati affair. R.A.M. at one time held the I.V.A.B. 3 miles record and still holds the Christie and Leeds records, if memory serves us right; and it looks as if he's going to run much better in double harness. They've got a Flat opposite the Varsity at Sheffield, and . . . but we've said enough.

And congratulations to A. Hare (Physics, 1919-24) on entering the married state, but we do wish he'd send and let us know who, where, and when he married. [And why!—Ed.]

## SUBSCRIPTION FORM FOR O.S.A.

Please return when completed to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. R. Grist,  
The University, Leeds.

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The Hon. Treasurer,  
L.U.O.S.A.,  
The University, Leeds.

.....19.....

I enclose.....Five Shillings, being my subscription  
to the L.U.O.S.A. for the year ending June 30th, 1925.

Name .....

Address .....

Years at University.....

Present Appointment .....

(2)

To Messrs.....19.....  
Bankers.

Please pay to the Treasurer of the Leeds University Old Students' Association  
(Bankers: Midland Bank, Ltd., Park Row, Leeds) the sum of Five Shillings on July  
1st, 1924, and continue to pay this sum annually every July 1st until further orders.

Name .....

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The Hon. Treasurer,  
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The University, Leeds.

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