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The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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Vol. 7, No. 2

November, 1925

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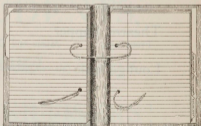
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THE GRYPHON.

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the house when she hath any ripe feathers; yet have we ventured to present an exercise before your judgements when we knew them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curioſity which we have ever found than in the pretence which was ought to feare."—LXXV.

Editorial

THE APPEAL.

SINCE our last issue, the Appeal for funds for the University has been launched, and up to the present the response has been highly satisfactory. The amount of the sum raised within the last few weeks shows that the public is conscious of the place which is filled by the University of Leeds in the system of national education, and that it is ready to help it to do its work with greater effectiveness. Magnificent donations have come in from all sides; more than a third of the sum required has been subscribed already, and we do not doubt that the whole will eventually be forthcoming. Success is assured if members of the University realise, and make all with whom they come in contact realise that, until the full half-million pounds which are necessary to our further development have been collected, the appeal remains a matter of urgency.

In looking back over the fifty years in which the University has reached its present position, there is much reason for satisfaction. A small College of Science has become a great centre of liberal education, not only for the district which it was originally intended to benefit, but for students from a much wider area. There are doubtless people, even to-day, who are not quite clear with regard to the meaning of the word University, and regard it merely as a high-sounding title for a place of education. It would take too long to explain here how a word, applicable in its most general sense to any corporate body of persons, came to acquire the special significance in which we understand it. In this special sense it has become the ordinary name for what was known in the middle ages as *studium generale*, a generally recognised place of study, whose graduates, by virtue of the degrees which it confers, possess the *jus ubique docendi*, the right to give instruction in any place where they can find an audience. The University is the corporate body of persons engaged in this work of study, comprehended under the several faculties in which the various branches of knowledge are classified. Thus the name, as applied to the whole institution, means an united collection of faculties, *universitas facultatum*. It would be too much to say that a University teaches everything, for of no single University is that wholly true; but the elements of which it is composed give it a capacity for instruction and an authority which can belong to no more limited body.

With all the responsibility which this involves, no University can remain stationary. Even Oxford and Cambridge, with the prestige of a long career and noble buildings, are continually in need of expansion to keep pace with the exacting demands of modern education. If they feel this need, much more do the younger Universities, which have grown up in great cities on narrow sites. If we are to do

our work properly in the future, we must have better equipment for it, more convenient and spacious buildings, more room for apparatus, better means for co-ordinating the work of departments. Our library, as all who make systematic use of it know, is worthy of a University; but for want of suitable accommodation, it is scattered throughout our buildings in a number of temporary abodes, the supervision of which overtaxes the energy of the librarian and his highly competent staff. This is merely one, though a prominent, example of our present deficiencies. If we maintain our standard, it is in the face of difficulties; if we are to continue to do so, those difficulties must be speedily removed.

At this stage in the proceedings, we are grateful for what we have received, but we are not content. Until we get all that we have asked for, the appeal will be always with us. It is not a case of asking for a large sum in order that we may get a bare sufficiency to go on with. We want every penny of the sum that is needed to place us upon a substantial footing and enable us to face the future with ease and confidence. Once more the Clothworkers' Company, whose trust in our ability to further the interest of those industries with which it is specially associated, has come forward with a munificent addition to its previous benefactions. Once more citizens of Leeds have shown that they are conscious of the work which we are doing and of its advantage to their city. We have received, and we look forward to further support from those districts of Yorkshire from which our students are recruited. We are able to say with proper pride that such contributions, however large they may be, help, not only us, but the givers as well. We can give them their money's worth in return, and we want to receive more that we may give more abundantly.

A.H.T.

II. THE CLOAK OF DARKNESS.

The question has been raised recently, why do not Leeds University students wear academic gowns, as is done at other Universities—Aberdeen and Sheffield being instanced as examples. It is pointed out that besides being undeniably useful in wet weather as ulsters, as dishcloths in laboratories, and as dusters in lecture-theatres, academic gowns would lend an air of dignity and of sobriety (we use the word in no profane sense) which would be more in keeping with the classic precincts of a Temple of Learning, and which at present (it is alleged) is not always as obvious as might be considered proper.

We admit all this, and other arguments which the ingenious rhetoricians of the Debating Society could doubtless furnish of equal value and importance. We know one professor who would defend the aridity and utility of his cap and gown in rainy weather, against the most expensive mackintoshes that the brain of man has devised, and who never stirs abroad minus a mortar board. Nor are we ignorant of other lecturers the extremities of whose academic gowns indicate only too well after strenuous blackboard exercises the base uses to which they have returned. But we foresee a grave obstacle to the fruition of such a plan. We will not allude to the occasional embarrassments which must ensue when a gowned undergraduate, slapping the back of a friend in amiable greeting, discovers that the other gown, so far from being an undergraduate robe, contains the person of the dignified Professor of Comparative Doxology, from whom he has lately parted on terms of pained misunderstanding relative to a series of "cut" lectures. Nor will we allude to the misfortunes which must arise when an undergraduate, testing a friend's new A and M model along University Road, discovers that the loose ends of his robes are being drawn into the cylinders or other essential parts of the machine, and that an immediate and abrupt halt at a stone wall or shop-window is in prospect.

Doubtless the development of a severely classical and highly academic atmosphere, in which gowned undergraduates would move in a procession of reverend, grave and learned seigneurs along our labyrinthine corridors, to the toll of a clock whose cheerful ticking should be changed to the solemn note of a monastery bell, would be a process dear to the hearts of academic purists. But ours is a co-educational University, and we foresee an opposition from our women students that might well prove unsurmountable. To proceed in stately procession once a year before an admiring throng, arrayed in all the pomp and circumstance of green hoods and black robes, is dear to the feminine heart, but dearer still is the freedom, which in this land of liberty must still remain when all else has vanished at the rude touch of a bureaucratic government, to dress in a spirit of emulation and desire to outshine. The liberty to wear a "creation" (O blessed word!)—or even a pair of Russian boots—outshining in splendour any other object on the firmament, is one of our women's most cherished possessions; that it should be removed by the degradation to a dull, dead level of shapeless black, is a horrible thing, which must repel even the most modern and advanced of undergraduettes.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE



THE issue of the University Appeal is calculated to warm the hearts of all undergraduates, even though few of them are likely to feel, personally, the full benefits of the public's munificence. Few can know better than they the serious extent to which academic and social activities alike have been hampered by the primitive and inadequate conditions under which these activities have had to be pursued. Our "kindly mother" has grown

more and more into an Old Woman living in a Shoe, with so many children that she didn't know what to do; and there are few students who have not felt the pinching of that Shoe in the inconveniences and disheartenings which have accompanied their efforts during the years since the war. This is not to minimise the vigour and importance of the results achieved under such conditions—the Archbishop of York has placed it on record that our University is considered in many ways "the most vigorous and forward-looking of all the new Universities," but with more adequate and worthy resources the University will be able to offer to students a training that

may well be reflected in notable manner in no long time in our Yorkshire industries and manufactures. And, for this reason, as we point out elsewhere in this issue, the Appeal is to be regarded by Yorkshire people not as a deserving charity, but as a profitable investment.

One aspect, which we cannot contemplate with entire satisfaction, is the attitude of present students actively towards the Appeal. There is, we fear, somewhat of an apathetic disinclination among students to take an active part in furthering the Appeal and swelling its funds. We do not demand that individual students should contribute large sums; we know that they cannot do so; but we do think that a little more enterprise in corporate organisations for the raising of funds might be displayed. There are honourable exceptions to this, notably the O.T.C., and a suggestion that others might follow these examples will be found in a letter in our correspondence pages.

In this connection the *Gryphon* proposes to make an appeal to undergraduates. The price of this issue will remain at 6d., but students when getting their magazines are asked to pay 3d. or 6d. extra, as they may feel inclined, and all this surplus will be handed over to the Appeal Fund. A collecting box will be found in the *Gryphon* desk in the Hall.

Miss Eileen Usherwood's song recital on October 29th was a sheer delight. Miss Usherwood has a fresh soprano voice and a straight-forward, unaffected style; and while her selection of songs, all by modern composers, did not call for any elaborate display of virtuosity, her technique was always sound, with a firm command over the finer points of voice production and control. If one item stood above any others, it was Rutland Boughton's "Immanence," which was almost perfectly rendered. Miss Usherwood is a most promising singer, and fully maintained the high musical tradition which the University has established.

The good work was well carried on by the Edward Maude String Quartet, which visited us on November 10th. There is always a brilliance about the chamber-music performances of this notable group of players, and seldom has this been better displayed than in the rendering of that lesser-known work for Strings—Glazounov's Quartet in G. After this the Andante from Schumann's Quartet in F (Op. 41), though pleasing enough most times, came almost in the nature of an anti-climax. On November 13th and 14th the London String Quartet repeat their visit of last December; and it should scarcely be necessary to urge students to support in force so important and so valuable an event. The sparse attendances on the previous occasion cast a slur on our musical reputation which calls aloud for removal.

Lecture programmes, both of the "popular" and of the—well, the other variety, are now in full swing, and the voice of the Society Secretary Bird is heard in the land. There is on the horizon a cloud of terminals, but it is as yet not even the size of the Clerk to the Senate's hand; and casts no shadow on the gaiety of Friday "Hops," the first of which, the Union Ball on October 23rd, proved in many ways the most successful held for several years. So it deserved to be, if the poster's art held any lure to guileless fresher or sophisticated senior.

Intellectual stars of divers magnitudes have passed across the undergraduate horizon, and Sir Oliver Lodge filled the large Chemistry Lecture Theatre by an address on "Radiation." Even more people were drawn into the Great Hall on November 5th to hear Mr. Belloc speak on "Divisions of Europe since the War"—only the

Rugger Club, slaves to muscle rather than to mind, turning away to "sink in the swinish revelry" of a Ragger Hot-Pot. Whether Mr. Belloc's visit was intended to divert students' thoughts from Gunpowder Revelries is not known; but there was no Guy Fawkes "Rag" this year. For this relief much thanks.

Coming events to be specially noted are:—Sir Henry Hadow's lectures on Chamber Music on November 30th and December 7th, at 8 p.m.; Dr. G. W. C. Kaye on "X-Rays in Industry," on November 30th at 5.15 p.m.; Mr. Louis Peckskai's Violin Recital on November 26th; and the Pianoforte Recital by Miss Lucy Pierce and Mr. Charles Kelly on December 8th.

A Full Life

I MET him on Bazaar-Day. I was selling for the Lit. and Hist., but did no business through shyness. Then he offered to sell for me, and I accepted. We walked round together, I observing his mode of attack. Victim No. 1 objected that he really couldn't afford to join the Lit. and Hist.; but within two minutes my friend had roped him in for the Dramatic Society.

No. 2 was harder: he was a second-year student. No, he wouldn't join the Lit. and Hist. Last year he joined and attended one meeting only. This year he intended joining only a political society. I did not believe him, but found out that lies did not pay. "Shall I introduce you to the Secretary of the Liberal Society?" I asked. "No, I'm a Socialist." There he was caught—my friend dived inside the right hand trouser pocket and produced a receipt-book and a red card.

Another fresher wasn't literary, but was joining the Cavendish. "Why, the Secretary is a friend of mine," and out came a receipt book from the depths of the left trouser pocket. Victim No. 4 was not joining the Lit. and Hist., the Cavendish or the Labour Society. No, Social Welfare was his line. I gasped as I saw the hand travel to the right-inside pocket. "The price for six teas and meetings is 3/-" I heard a voice saying.

This victim had a friend, who did not believe in the Social Study Society. "What can they know of England . . ." he started. My friend now discovered that the man of wide outlook had no lectures after 11 a.m. on Saturday. "The International starts at 11.15, so that is all right," was the reply.

We strolled up to a group and heard an O.T.C. canvasser seeking a convert. "The O.T.C. is diametrically opposed to the principles of the League of Nations," said the non-militant. The hand now moved towards the left coat-pocket, and another subscription was obtained for the L.U.L.N.U.

"I would like to ask three questions," I said, when we were alone. "First, are there any societies which are not favoured by your presence on the executive?"

"Oh, several," he replied, seriously—"The Choral, the Mining, and the Jewish Students' Association."

"Secondly, are you any relation to Lord Poo-Bah?"

"I don't think so. What's his special line? Is it any use trying to get him to speak for one of my societies?"

I ignored the questions, and asked, "Have you any more pockets?"

CLYNAL.

Footsteps

AS man is no longer uncivilised, he goes no more on bare feet, so his individuality is obscured by the latest fashion in boots. In olden times, when the primitive Sherlock Holmes was on the trail, footprints were carefully examined, and each individual peculiarity noted, but nowadays we specialise in finger prints. We can discuss the beauty of our neighbour's hands but not his feet, for all we can really fasten upon is his preference for a certain kind of footwear—that is, if we work by sight alone! To those with a fine discrimination in sound, there is a difference in every footstep. Footprints only record your shoemaker's art, but footsteps reveal a subtle something that belongs to you alone. Have you ever noticed this, and tried to gauge the character of others by listening to the sound of their feet? For instance, that man across the way, hurrying along with spasmodic nervous steps, shows an anxious temperament that climbs mountains before he reaches them. The quick jerk of his well-shod feet conveys quite a different message from that which is literally shouted at you by the careless clatter of a schoolboy, who reck nothing of to-morrow, but is content with the fact that to-day is a half-holiday, and there's jam for tea!

All these considerations came home with special force one night. Lying awake in the blackness, I could almost *hear* the silence, when, from far away, came the faint but unmistakable beat of footsteps—short and decided, and absolutely rhythmical in their movement. What manner of man was this traveller in the night? His was not the stately measured tread of the policeman, or the businesslike bustle of the lamplighter on his rounds in the small hours to put out the lamps. There was something singularly unhurried and unagitated about these footsteps, in spite of their quickness, so the man was evidently not bound on an urgent errand. He could not be an early labourer at three o'clock in the morning! The British workman does not rise to such things nowadays!

The steps receded, farther and farther, with not the slightest change in the quality of sound, and the listener could follow his lonely march under the dusky skies. What were his thoughts as he passed the houses looming up in the dark, or as he watched the thousands of stars, serene and remote, twinkling on him just as they twinkled on the first tree-dueller who gazed up, fearful and awe-inspired, through his canopy of leaves? There was nothing to speak for the solitary wanderer but the sound of his footsteps, yet one could almost be sure that here was a man of character, with firm belief in himself, and an unshaken optimism concerning the destiny of the world.

And there is something further! Footsteps do not reveal character only, but they reveal moods. A person may be weary in body, and his footsteps will drag, from sheer physical tiredness. For one who is susceptible to sounds, an unfamiliar tread can cloud the sky, because, sometimes, a footstep conveys such unutterable misery, that a sensitive mind longs to put everything right. That is probably why a great city can be so soul-sickening, for the innumerable footsteps, with their varied echoes of hope, fear, sorrow and tiredness (and the last three seem the most in evidence) make one feel so helpless and useless.

The next time you go out, practise reading the language of sound—as applied to footsteps—but you will never progress beyond the primer, unless you are keenly interested in your fellow beings.

ROSE E. SPRIGHT.

The Leeds Festival

THE Leeds Musical Festival this year showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that Yorkshire folk have a sounder idea of what constitutes the real value of music than many of their self-constituted critics. It is impossible, as yet, to say how far the Festival will be a success financially, but as a social and as an artistic success it must be written down in red letters in the annals of Yorkshire Music.

It has been too often complained that Yorkshire people fail to show a due appreciation of good things musical, and that the International celebrities who fill large Assembly Halls in other parts of the country obtain but a scanty hearing in Yorkshire, and especially in Leeds. I fear that this is true. Yorkshire folk are so perverse people that they refuse to echo the fulsome praises by publicity agents of celebrities who serve up second-rate stuff which has no merit save that it displays in a showy and glittering manner their own exceptional talents. Yorkshire people prefer—so low have they sunk—to hear music of the highest order, and to develop an appreciation of all good things musical, rather than be spoon-fed with what virtuosos choose to give them. Such a programme as that given at the Festival, combining as it did a representation of the classical masters with a recognition of the modern trend and contemporary developments, was one which fully satisfied the Yorkshire demand for nothing but the best.

There are criticisms to be made of the programme, of course. I thought the balance was a little too heavily weighted on the side of the German masters. It is admitted that our debt to the German classical school is one which can scarcely be over-estimated; but still, one looked for some recognition that France has made her place in music; and scarcely anticipated that the combined force of Debussy, Saint-Saëns, Ravel and César Franck would not be able to edge in at one modest corner of the programme. It seemed almost a slight, too, on the greatest of living English composers to consider him sufficiently represented by his *Allegro for Strings*—a dainty work, it is true, but one which more than one lesser man might have written.

I thought it was a pity, too, that old Handel should have been treated so miserably as to use him for a sort of curtain raiser, as the travelling showman plays his barrel organ to let people know his show is about to begin. Even if the two choruses from "Solomon" are not Handel at his noblest, it is an indignity to use him thus as a mere stop-gap, so to speak. Nor did Mr. Coates bring out to anything like the full the undeniable grandeur of the choruses; his was clearly an alien temperament. Mr. Coates committed an error of judgment too, I thought, in the drastic "cuts" which he made in Brahms' "Nanie." All the beautiful balance of the work was, for me, at least, destroyed, and what before was supremely beautiful became a shapeless Caliban.

Nevertheless, the programme showed catholicity which, while maintaining an exceptionally high standard throughout, yet was sufficiently varied to be acceptable to the most diverse tastes. From Bach to Holst, and from Mozart to Scriabin, most of the schools of music were represented which have helped in the development of the art to its highest levels. It was particularly pleasing to see that eight native composers were represented, and that the development of musical technique and feeling across the Atlantic did not go unrecognised. Howard Hanson's *Orchestral Poem, "Lux Aeterna,"* struck me as being a vague striving after self-expression which hardly succeeded in attaining its goal; but Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass" was a highly intelligent and colourful expression of humour in music—even though such devices for raising mirth as the bassoon cadenza and the percussion interruptions are staled by custom.

The chorus demonstrated to the full how well merited is the reputation for musical skill and musical appreciation which Yorkshire-folk possess. The sopranos were almost flawless—never have I heard such a display of purity of tone allied to perfect technique and voice control as was shown. The wonderful tone and unanimity which was maintained throughout that headlong rush in the Scherzo of Holst's Symphony was nothing less than amazing. To the basses laurels no less green are due. While they displayed throughout a sonority and resonance of quality that was most impressive, they never lost their sense of precision or of choral technique. In Bach's B Minor Mass, indeed, they were too overpowering; they thundered down from their lofty heights in almost stunning mass. This may have been in some measure due to the unnecessarily slow pace at which the work was taken, which resulted in a severe rigidity and emphasised the weight of sound.

Of the contraltos and tenors one must speak with more reserve. The contraltos had no positive defects that I noticed, but they were colourless and negative; they failed to assert themselves, and seemed aloof in spirit to the work in hand. The tenors were disappointingly weak. In several places they lost all sense of unanimity; while their middle register was robust, it was harsh at times; and their upper notes were weak and lacked control. This last defect, I thought, was possibly due to the fact that there seemed to be a large sprinkling of baritones among the tenors—true tenors are rare birds.

Still, when all this has been said, the fact still remains that the success of the Festival was due in a very large measure to the quality of the Chorus. Right from the opening they showed entire control of the situation, and by their handling of Dvorák's "Stabat Mater"—itself a work with many pitfalls for the careless or the unwary—prepared us for the masterly handling which followed of such supremely difficult things as Bach's B Minor Mass and Holst's Choral Symphony. This latter work, in particular, was one to test the resources of the finest singers, but the chorus came through with flying colours. The first movements are of an extraordinary complexity—though they display in no uncertain manner the art of a genius—and surely no test more exacting could have been written for any chorus than the amazing Scherzo, taken at a pace which almost left one breathless. The unanimous praise with which the interpretation of this work was received constitutes the final criticism of the chorus; to add anything would be merely to refine gold.

The two unaccompanied motets of Bax—"Mater Ora Filium" and "This World's Joy"—breathed an old-world fragrance and air of gentle repose which showed the Chorus off to nor less advantage than the thunderous roll of the great Mass, or the noble grandeur of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

Holst's Choral Symphony was, of course, the central work of the Festival, and it is the work for which this year's gathering will be remembered. It has an almost Elizabethan sense of melody and atmosphere, but the scoring is amazingly original and daring. In the hands of a lesser genius the central idea might have been irreparably mutilated, and all the inspired beauty of Keats' verse lost—for the vocal part is unpromising, almost thin. It is in the orchestration that Holst has displayed his power of giving life to an inanimate form, and in the bringing out of the warm flesh tints he was admirably served by the London Symphony Orchestra—whose work throughout the Festival, indeed, alike is careless of praise and defies all criticism.

Delius' "Song of the High Hills" is full of delicate and sensitive beauty; while Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony has great qualities, and was well worthy of being repeated at this year's Festival. Mr. Coates' own work, "The Eagle," was full of sound and fury, ladled out with unsparing hand; but to me, at least, it signified very

little. Respighi's "Pines of Rome," too, was a freakish thing in which even the nightingale's song only seemed to add to the general impression of ugliness.

The principals were mostly singers familiar to Leeds audiences, and their respective merits and demerits have been discussed at sufficient length. I will, therefore content myself by remarking that the outstanding singer to me was Miss Dorothy Silk, to whose superb work Mr. Holst's Symphony owed not a little of its success. Miss Brunskill's voice gains steadily in richness, and Miss Suddaby is the most promising singer Leeds has produced for some years. Mr. Widdop has a voice of singular beauty and power; while Mr. Radford was as sonorous as ever. I thought Mr. Allin, however, had become more ponderous in his singing than he appeared as the Aged Priest in "Samson and Delilah" a few weeks earlier.

Finally, I must thank the Festival Committee for bringing Mme. Suggia to play for us. In her hands the Haydn Concerto and the Bach Suite in C major, were spells which still cast a mystical enchantment over the memory. F.E.C.

A Shrine by the Wayside

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ILKLEY.

THE mention of a shrine at once repels those to whom it conveys nothing but an idea of "goody-goodness" and pious respectability, for they imagine the worshipers to be fiddle-faced, psalm-singing individuals whose discussions are narrow, valueless controversies on vague doctrinal points, but, in reality, no description, if applied to the gathering at Ilkley, could be further from the truth. In our gathering most of the inspiration was due to the fact that we felt ourselves to be a band of brothers, such a band as John Massfield's "Seekers" who were united by the burning hope of reaching the City of God, for we felt our own longings, often inarticulate, strengthened and helped by the sense that we were all desiring the same thing.

The discussions made it very plain that what we were seeking was not the salvation of our own petty souls, but the happiness and progress of all. The spirit which pervaded the whole was the spirit of service and self-sacrifice, and it was borne in upon us that we, to whom had been granted so good an education, must use our knowledge for the benefit of mankind, since we were the natural leaders upon whom rested the responsibility for guiding the people of the world into peace and brotherhood.

After the many animated discussions on politics and economics, came each evening the less exciting but equally important talks on "Friendship," when it was very stimulating to be told plainly that shyness is half a crime and half a disease, and that the art of making friends is the art of forgetting oneself. Perhaps all this sounds very excellent and good, but just a trifle stodgy, but in reality it was far from it, for amusing incidents were not lacking and the whole atmosphere was one of high spirits. Father Bull caused great amusement when he said that after all we do not know but that it is we who are mad and so-called lunatics who are sane, since it is only through superiority of numbers that we are able to impose our will upon them. They are quite convinced of our insanity and perhaps some who saw and heard us at Ilkley thought that the lunatics were right! There was also an amusing description of an optimist as a man who "cares not a damn what happens to anyone provided that it does not happen to him," and of a pessimist as "one who has lived with an optimist"; and on the last night there was the long sing-song and the apple-pie beds.

LUCY ISABEL GILL.



The Cave

Come with me to the cave,
For idle lies the sea,
Whispering dreamily,
Scarcely creeps a drowsy wave
The golden strand to lave.
Come to the cave with me.

Round the bend of the sand
There lies a sunlit bay,
There, where the ripples play,
The cliffs, erect and grand,
In lonely vigil stand
Silently, night and day.

Here the wandering eye
The lone sea-cave may trace
Deep in the rock's rude face,
Sea-birds that wheel and cry
O'er pools where star-fish lie
People the lonely place.

Off the waves dash and leap
From out the angry sea,
Booming triumphantly,
Now, murmuring half-asleep,
Around the rocks they creep,
Seeking for you and me.

Come with me to the cave,
For storms will wake the sea,
Raging in days to be,
How softly steals you wave
The golden strand to lave!
Come to the cave with me.

ROSLAND E. HERKLOTS.

Dead Leaves

'Twas very strange when you and I were
there,
And hot words spun the blushes to your
face,
I shouted that the August stars might hear
Those words, caprices of a soul's disgrace.

Your face grew pale; Fear sprang upon my
breast:

A dead leaf fluttered to a darkening bed,
As wind-borne Shame close on my temples
pressed,

Stemming the baffled blood around my
head.

And then I left you, trembling, hurriedly;
Like the dead leaf spun through the misty
air.

The black trees moved their arms about the
sky—
And pierced my empty soul with fingers
bare.

JAMES BAXTER.

A Few Short Words

One fair, bright day in June,
I heard a gay bird sing,
And with his clear, sweet tune
The woods and fields did ring.
Of notes and eggs he trilled,
And while I heard his lay
With joy my heart was filled
And all the world seemed gay.

But ah! he ceased his note,
And life was dark and drear.
Down on my soul there smote
A hush, a chill, a fear.
I thought of woe and wee,
Of streets and mills and towns,
Of cars that come and go,
And men in long, black gowns.

The haunts of earth I tread,
The speech of men I hear,
It falls like tons of lead
All day on my sad ear!
Oh say, whence comes the bliss
That thrills through songs of birds?
I know at last! From this:
They do not use long words.

ROSLAND E. HERKLOTS.

The Everlasting Daffodil

In Little Organs under Ledyard hill,
Where swinging scythes keep tune to
Wormbury bells,
There grew a single monster daffodil:
Folk said 'By Chops! how raddy sweet
it smells!'

Fate, snickering, bound it in her woeful
spells,
And Harry Waterfield of Upper Choat
Picked it and stuck it in his Sunday coat.

Hard-bitten, mustard-keen was Waterfield.
He came of farmers who had made their
picks;
Early and late their sickles would they wield.
Till Elmer meads lay cropped for many a
mile.

They grew so rich that they forgot to smile,
Gold was their god, their thirst was griping
grievous;
The flower of poverty is wealth's rank weed.

Old Waterfield had wedded flaxen Em:
She came from Panton Firs, down Newent
way.

Where twinkling glow-worms all the hedges
gem,
And in the moonshine lies the scented hay,
He wooed her. When the couple went
away.

Her kindred shook their heads o'er Emma's
lot,
Some wives, they say, are happy; she
was not.

When she was glad, he frowned; if she
was sick,
He grumbled, "Got a move on, idle jade!
—! I'll stash you with my hazel-stick."
He never broke a promise that he made:
The stick was broken. She was quick
to fade.

A few short summers saw the last of Em.
One child, a square-set boy, was born to them.

They called him Henry after Henry Pious,
The wealthy bachelor at Shepherds' Down,
Who owned half Byo Street and the Coburg
moss.

The boy grew stout of limb; his face was
beown;

At ten he was the terror of the town,
His aim said "Stripes! there ain't no use
in he."

And kicked him out of house. He went to sea.

At twelve he worked his passage round
the Horn.

The bowsprit buckled and the mainstay
split:

Young Harry cursed the day that he was
born.

And fell amiships in a fainting-fit.
The life was hard, but he got used to it;
The ship sped on; at night the singing sails
Held chorus with the trumpeting of whales.

Time passed; and Henry, captain of a ship,
Trading in things with simple names
like jade.

Thought nothing of the perils of a trip
From Valparaiso to the Kyles of Bute.
When he retired, he was a hefty brute.
On Christmas Eve, when he was full of gin,
He did his sole surviving parent in.

His jaw was strong and stiff as Wychwood oak,
His eyes glowed redly, and his voice was
grim.

Old Squire said "Split me! what an ugly
bloke!"

The Vicer shuddered at the sight of him.
The village lassos, when the light was dim,
Fled him. One eye was gone. His nose
was bent.

He lost three fingers sparring down in Gwent.

Love brooks no rival mightier than he.
Love is a tyrant pitiless and stern.

Love is a source of painful tragedy—
Witness the case of Jim and Shepherd Em.
On Ledyard Edge, among the frosted fern,
Love, to whose power the daughtiest warriors
yield.

Came and o'ermastered Henry Waterfield.

Jim had been hanged a year. A local scare
Saul Kane had caused. A nine days'
wonder, Saul

Was quite forgotten when a sad affair
Fluttered the daffodils at Poor Maist's Hall.
We will omit the tale, for space is small,
That next convulsed that doleful neigh-
bourhood.

In need of fresh sensation for its food,

ASOS.

A lecturer on music is reported as having said recently that the shallowness of judgment of the modern jazzist was abyssmal. This is what is known as the Fourth Dimension.

The "Inferno" up to Date

IN his portrayal of the various circles of Malebodge in the "Inferno," Dante thought he had achieved the climax of discomfort which could be imagined as inflicted on the sinful human race. I am now in a position to say that he had not. It was perhaps fortunate for the Poet personally, who both as a Man of Letters and as a Patriot—the earliest of the Fascisti—appears to have found it necessary to do a considerable amount of travelling, that he lived before the mechanical era; but in so far as he died before the invention of railways, and more especially of Railway Waiting Rooms, he missed a unique opportunity of setting the seal of perfection on the literature of Unpleasantness. For in that sphere railway waiting-rooms are the *summum opus*.

What a pregnant adjective is contained in the phrase, "Waiting Room"! Other waiting rooms there are in which one may do many things besides wait. In a doctor's surgery there is always a fire to poke, bound volumes of *Punch* for 1890 to turn over, and sometimes even the *Times* for a week last Friday; while in a dentist's waiting room one may either look at sporting papers (for a dentist is always a sporting man) or study an interesting and highly select collection of teeth in a show case—though it is usually considered impolite, even nowadays, to pick one's teeth in public. But in a railway waiting room there are no such enemies to monotony. There are bills of a hideous green colour, which announce an excursion for last week from some place you have never heard about to others about which you care even less; but of literature there is no vestige. Perhaps, though, this is merely an instance of the inherent kindness of heart of railway directors and traffic managers, which guards them against offering any temptation to passengers which may lead to eye-strain or other unfortunate consequences. For in all railway waiting rooms the gas, acting doubtless in sympathy with the melancholy atmosphere of the place generally, is of that sickly, yellow ghostliness which foreigners erroneously assume is the peculiar heritage of London during one of its "Particulars." It splutters, it buzzes, it scents the room with a spicy breeze of stale pea-soup—but it never illuminates.

Sometimes there is a fire, which, however, can only be detected by those initiated into such mysteries, as it differs from domestic fires in one or two notable directions. Just as the blood of the gods, as we are told by Homer, is not real blood, but only something like it, so the coal used by railway companies is not real coal, but only something like it. The consequence is that railway fires are conspicuous neither for warmth nor for light, and station mice gain cheap reputations as salamanders among their brethren by running in and out of the grate. The easiest way to detect a fire is by the thin streams of smoke which float fitfully down the chimney and in grey clouds round the gas mantle, in contempt of the notice over the fire which says "No Smoking." A railway fire may smoke for a week without official rebuke; but let a passenger as much as open his cigarette case, and the night porter will be upon him. This, by the way, is one of the two known methods of summoning the night porter; the other is to poke the fire. No other method has ever been known to meet with success; but neither of these has ever been known to fail. I freely offer this tip to Mr. Bradshaw, for inclusion in the next number of his interesting work of fiction.

The foregoing observations are the result of experiences gained in a junction waiting room, not a hundred miles from Leeds, where I was compelled to wait three hours for a train which I had missed by ten minutes. I did not know I should have

to wait three hours, of course, or I should have walked or rolled or something of the sort. Thanks to the engaging understanding and harmony which prevails between Mr. Bradshaw and the railways, I was under the impression that the next train would be along within an hour. Why is it that such conspiracies, such Dual Alliances as these, so insidious and so deadly in their encroachments on the liberty of the subject, are ignored by newspapers which quiver with indignation and alarm at vague whispers of Triple Alliances and Minority Movements?

I tried to find the night porter for advice as to a Refreshment Room, but he was nowhere to be found. I learned the little green hand-bills off by heart, and recited them to the fire. I then struck a match to light my pipe, and immediately, as though I had been Aladdin himself, in came the porter with words of warning about smoking. I wanted to ask him many questions, but before I could speak he had gone; I thought of the Canticle "At thy rebuke they flee; at the voice of thy thunder they are afraid," and I knew that the Psalmist was referring to a night-porter.

Attempts to sleep were defeated by the song of the gas, which whistled in appallingly melancholy monotone, like the wind which is reported to have moaned through the harp suspended by the Israelites upon trees. I thought how nice it would be to see a traffic manager suspended on a tree. Then I thought of the man who, though in sound mental, physical and financial circumstances, had jumped in front of an oncoming train a day or two before, causing the Coroner to remark that he must have been actuated by some uncontrollable suicidal impulse—and I knew that he had been a belated passenger held up three hours before the train arrived.

Here I recalled a happy plan, formulated, I believe, by Mr. Chesterton, for relieving the monotony of a three-hour's wait at a railway station. The idea is that you have committed a murder in that waiting-room; how are you going to dispose of the body? This seemed promising; but on elaborating it the only person against whom I could work up a homicidal instinct was Mr. Bradshaw, the inventor of junctions and hence of waiting-rooms; and as I am not personally acquainted with him I was unable to decide how to murder him. Because, after all, I suppose the method varies according to the characteristics of the intended victim. I personally should never dream of attempting to strangle Mr. Jack Dempsey. There is a fitness in everything.

I was still meditating on this, when the porter-genie re-appeared and my train rumbled into the station. I scrambled in quickly, for these night-connections have to be seized quickly; else the porter, own cousin to Beelzebub, will seize the first opportunity to wave it off in the darkness and leave you behind. But I am still considering that scheme of Mr. Chesterton's; and the next time I miss a connection there will be a tragedy in the papers. T.L.A.

Acknowledgments

The Student (Edinburgh); *The Sphinx* (Liverpool); *Clipeus* (two numbers); British Medical Association Handbook (1925-6); *Brucelles Universitaire*; *The New Student* (two numbers); *The G.U.M.* (Glasgow); *The Chinese Student*, *The Olympian*, *The Bible and Natural Science* (S.C.M.), List of books added to the Leeds Public Library in October.



In view of the Motor Club's advertisement poster, we would suggest as a suitable opening hymn at meetings of the Club, number 972 P. and M.—
 "We have our *trials* here below."

As the enthusiasm of students for the formation of Societies evidently still continues unabated, we offer a few suggestions for suitable additions:—The Association for the Prevention of Housemaid's Knee in Aged Professors; A Society for decreasing the Consumption of Eggs by Carates; a Guild for Studying the Specific Gravity of Refectory Coffee; a League for the Support of Indigent Abyssinians; a Society for the Prevention of Kindness to Examiners.

We are still waiting to hear, by the way, from the Society (or Club) which does not anticipate having a successful season this season.

In conclusion, with the search for new talent for the Athletic Club, we understand that the Club officials are making a careful study of the form displayed in the daily lunch-time handicaps on the Refectory Track.

It is now stated that Professor Grimme, who claimed to have deciphered a stone inscription relating to Moses, had translated the cracks on the stone's face. This shows the remarkable advance made in education since Pharaonic times; Moses himself could get nothing but water from the rock.

In view of the number of "humorous" poems submitted for the *Gryphon*, the Union Office is considering the establishment of a special department to deal with the issue of Poetic Licences.

"Shall it be Never Again?" said a Labour Society poster in connection with the visit to the University of Mr. W. H. Ayles. We rather think it will be, Comrade!

The latest news from America is that Socrates, the patron saint of Ireland, died as the result of an over-dose of Shamrock.

Drama

THE LEEDS ART THEATRE.

IT has been said recently that, as a city, Leeds has been transferring its allegiance from music to the drama. Of this movement the Art Theatre is either a cause or a sign. It has been amongst the pioneers of the "little theatre" movement, and certainly one of the most successful. Under great difficulties it has persevered, and succeeded, in its aim (as its manager, Mr. L. B. Ramsden, has put it) of "worthily producing worth-while plays." These difficulties have been not so much those of acting—during its few years of life the technique of its actors has reached a very high standard indeed—as of finding a suitable building for its productions. For two years it laboured in the Albert Hall, a building inconvenient and uncomfortable alike for producer, actors, and audience. This year, in the Little Theatre, the dream of its founders is realised, and its faithful supporters find their reward in the plushiest of seats and the most tasteful of decoration.

It is sufficient to add that its plays for this year are to be selected from a list which includes "Shakespeare" (Bax-Rubinstein), "The Third Finger" (by the Editor of the *Yorkshire Evening Post*), Ibsen's "Romsdholm," Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," and a play of Tchekov's.

"SHAKESPEARE" (Bax-Rubinstein).

The other day, Sir Barry Jackson said about this very play that "there is no reason why a play on a great man should not be greatly written." Very true; but it does not apply to this production of Bax-Rubinstein. The play may be greatly written, but it does not portray a great man. We are told that its hero wrote this or that play, but he himself possesses nothing of greatness. He is presented as a libertine who deserts his wife and plays with love for pleasure or advancement, as a blasphemous cynic hurling filthy epithets at the world and at his best friends, as a neurotic on the verge of suicide, and in the end as a senile idiot who refuses his daughter education, makes his son-in-law forsake poetry, and wishes nothing more than to forget his own already famous plays. Even the chief motif of the play—plot proper, it has not—is made base and paltry. Can it be greatness to love so unworthy a woman as this Dark Lady, to use his own art to browbeat her, and then to live as if she had never been?

And what is the foundation for all this? The undeniable facts of his unhappy marriage, the highly controversial matter of his Sonnets, the sombre passion of his Tragedies, and the few years at the end of his life when he retired to Stratford and wrote nothing. Yet may not an impoverished man of genius seek in London food for his growing family; may not an Elizabethan dramatist weave into his sonnets a highly-coloured tale of love and jealousy, or in tragedy search the depths of passion; may not a successful playwright enjoy honourable peace at the end? The Shakespeare of this play was not he whom all—save the embittered Greene—called "gentle," the wit and boon companion of the "Mermaid," the friend of noblemen.

Yet the play grips; it has progress as well as situation; its Shakespeare grows visibly older by a greater art than that of mere make-up. Moreover, it successfully conveys the intention of its authors—a life lived, lessons learned, passions developed, let loose, and burned to ashes.

Finally, under any other label, it would have been a great, as it is a successful, play.

C. W. MORRIS.

Bazaar Day Impressions

BAZAAR day impressions are now somewhat vague, but I should like a little space to give a few recollections.

'Tis said the study of mankind is man. Enrolment day certainly provided a splendid opportunity. There are several types. First the old students—the 4th year men—those great plus-foured pieces of manhood who look on Bazaar day as a boring repetition of a time-honoured custom, who present themselves at the last possible minute and carry out the necessary details of enrolment with the greatest possible speed. Why censure them? There are other things, and after all, Robert Burns could sum them up:—

‘Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us.’

Then there is the second year man who likes to forget his “greener” days. He can be picked out from the motley crowd blocking the corridors. He will be there, bargaining for a locker, laughing, talking, smoking, arguing, reading the notice board—or merely busy doing nothing at all and doing it well, and last, but by no means least, flaunting his greatness before the freshers.

There is yet another type—the Fresher—but for him Bazaar Day does not hold much pleasure. Pale-faced youths, awed and quiet, with fear-filled eyes (once bumptious captains of our Public Schools) find themselves, on entering these portals, branded for all time. You can easily spot your fresher. He will not surge with the mob, or rush a queue, he will not smoke, or joke or laugh—mere politeness forbids, but there he will be found, looking strangely alone, with his diary, his prospectuses and his multi-coloured forms, his Refectory ticket and Class ticket, his bunch of receipts from known and unknown societies, from *Gryphon* Manager and Editor, from Union Officials and all those other great authorities.

Yet he is a most amiable being. Did he not buy a diary the first time of asking? Hasn't he subscribed to the *Gryphon* (although maybe he didn't know what it was at first and already kept a rabbit)? Hasn't he agreed, at one and the same time on his next off-day, to play Fives, Hockey, Lacrosse, Golf, Soccer, Rugger, Poker, Dummy Whist, and to attend the O.T.C. parade?

Such types are interesting to study. Opening day impressions were many and varied. Of course, there is a certain amount of organisation involved on these first two days. When many hundreds of students have to be dealt with, schedules, forms and even “Timing-in” notices have to be brought to the fore.

This is another impression. Slowly the hour draws near, as hours will, and one of our future graduates reaches the front of the queue. Nervously he taps in succession all his many pockets and the awful truth bursts on him. He has forgotten his “Timing-in” notice! A look of agony crosses his face, and he wonders vaguely if he can “come” without it? However, he is here, and cheers up somewhat, for there is quite a blasé old-timer in the same box—and after all—“These circular things are a bit of a nuisance, what . . . ? Name? Yes, he has one (a great longing seizes the questioner to ask of all the god-mothers and god-fathers who gave it to him), but time presses. There is the Department, too, we like to hear about, and if the study pertaining to rocks and earth and seas may possibly be a Science. Well, it needs thinking out, and meanwhile there are other things. Well, that's that—and will you go straight forward, please? Of course, there is a way to the right, up and up, but the forms are there below. Might I go? Might I go?

This now is getting interesting. Here is a crowd, and one bit of that crowd has been disposed of. Another man steps to the fore—this time an Engineer. Yes, he has his notice with him, or at least he had; but let me see . . . ah yes, here it is. Out comes the wallet, another shower of photos drops to the ground and another crumpled notice is added to the pile. The Engineer passes on smiling—After all, it is rather great to remember things. So it goes on. Each one passes, giving place in turn to another, and I realise at last the great force of individuality. Is it not a worthy asset? N.Y.

The Economics of Angling

THREE editors have been insistent on further articles to follow the Economics of Love and the Economics of Marriage, which appeared in the *Gryphon* two years ago.

It is only natural that they should want a continuance of these articles of such outstanding merit, but it is perhaps advisable that the subject should be somewhat less erotic.

In the following article I deeply regret that the results of Comrade R. S. Wimpenny's admirable researches on the Plankton are not yet available, and hence much valuable material has been denied to me.

By the Economics of Angling I do not mean such obvious problems of *Marketing and Business Organization* as those connected with the provision of a *Supply* to meet a *Demand*. There is no need to labour the fact that if the trout are rising to a hatch of Olive Owms you won't catch any by offering them a March Brown. Nor do I intend to say anything about the creation of a *Demand* by such means as *Advertising*. The coarse fisherman, who ground-baits a feeding ground by throwing in handfuls of gentles before casting in the ones he has baited his hook with, is, to the fly fisher, almost beneath notice. Such is the caste system of angling.

Angling conforms strongly to the *Law of Increasing Returns*. The ten-pound pike I caught in 1918 only cost 9d. to send by parcel post. And the 2 lb. sea-trout I lost this summer is already nearly 4 lbs.

Some anglers order their catch at the fishmongers before setting out. This is known as the *Mercantile System*. The successful angler is as a rule disliked by Butchers, as his activities lead to a falling off in the *Joint Demand*. The well-known economic phenomenon of the very wide degrees of difference in the *utility* which the same article has for different persons is well exemplified in angling. Think of the ecstasy with which a fisherman will hail the capture of a Chub. Yet the Chub is a fish that not even the cat will eat!

There is little *Division of Labour* in the angling industry. It is true that there is an aid to *production* (or *extraction*, for angling must be classed, like mining and dentistry, as an *extractive industry*) which is sometimes met with. This is known as the *Ghillie*, but its use is rare as it is very expensive in fuel. The chief things to remember in landing a fish are to keep your line tight but not to put too much strain on. (This, incidentally, holds good of the subject of my earliest research). The economic lesson of the tight line is the importance of maintaining direct *communications*. If you put too much strain on a fish you'll never get him to the bank. But in ordinary business, if you put too much strain on some poor fish the first thing he does is to go to the *bank*.

Strange . . . but then river banks don't provide *overdrafts*. H.M.R.

Some Recollections of the Yorkshire College

MY acquaintance with the Leeds University and with the Yorkshire College that preceded it is a very old one—almost as old as the institution itself—but my recollections of the days when the College was in Cookridge Street are vague and not very trustworthy. At that time the Department in which I have always been most interested was a humble one. The Department of Biology was the first to be added to the original three departments, and its professor did not devote his whole time to it, but was also Curator of the Museum in Park Row. This was an advantage from some points of view. There was very little room in Cookridge Street even for the small number of students then attending the College, so all the practical work in Biology and some of the lectures were taken at the Museum. I was talking the other day to one of the very first students and tried to find out how and where the practical work was actually done. All that I could remember myself of a Biological Laboratory was a sort of attic over the Museum. One had to go through the Curator's private room and up some spiral stairs that impressed my childish mind with a sense of danger and led to a trap-door in the floor of a dark, low room that smelt of methylated spirits and crocodile. Some of the practical work certainly was done there, and it was used as a biological store-room, but could hardly be called a laboratory. The students apparently worked where they could. "I," said my friend, "had a table by the window in the Curator's Room. Some of us worked in the Library. There were very few of us and we managed quite well. We used to have lectures at Cookridge Street sometimes, but if we happened to be at the Museum, we had our lectures there, in the Library or the Philosophical Hall."

Those were makeshift days indeed, but full of interest and promise. The whole staff numbered about half a dozen professors who met at one another's houses for the discussion of business or social purposes. There was an intimacy and freshness in the social life of those days that was inevitably lost when the staff became too large to meet in one another's drawing rooms.

The smallness of the classes in the Cookridge Street days is almost incredible now. Professor Ransome gave the substance of his School History of England to three students—two men and a woman.

The question of women attending College as well as men—a strange idea at that time—had been settled in rather a characteristic way. When the College of Science had been going a year or two, a woman one day presented herself as a student and it had to be decided whether or not she could be admitted. It was found that there was no rule in the constitution of the College *against* the admission of women, so she was allowed to attend and henceforward women were encouraged to do so. It was rather a formidable thing in those days for a solitary woman to join a class of men who were inclined to make fun of her and play practical jokes on her in the laboratories. The first few women were very steady, earnest students who lived down these difficulties and showed that they could be trusted to take care of themselves even without a chaperone! It is a strange thing to us now, but the threat of chaperones still hung over us at a later time when I was a student at the College, and there was actually a rule admitting chaperones to classes at a reduced fee. I only remember one such being, whom we used to call the Gordon—a very harmless person who soon ceased to attend her pupil in that capacity. Those who smile at such an idea must remember that there was a great deal of prejudice against women students in those days, and the first few who attended the Yorkshire College were obliged to be very much on their dignity. Some of the men students resented the admission of women and some were inclined to be over familiar. I heard many tales of the

trials endured by the first two girls who braved the terrors of a chemical laboratory full of medical students, and by their steadiness and good sense made it possible for others to follow them in peace.

But I must go back to a time of great expansion, when the Yorkshire College was obliged to move out of its home in Cookridge Street to what we used to call Beech Grove. It really was a Grove and the beautiful trees had to be cut down to make room for the new College buildings. There were endless building committees that the Professor of Biology had to attend and he often came home late for meals, but had interesting things to tell us sometimes. I remember hearing of a wall that had to be taken down because it had been filled up with rubbish instead of cement. When the buildings had reached a certain point, it was necessary for some of the building committee to go round them in a basket attached to a crane. The walls were almost their full height, and the proposition did not appeal to many of the committee, but two volunteered and were carried all over the buildings in a basket. One of these was Sir Edward Baines, then over 80 years of age.

The buildings that were opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1884, were very well planned for the needs of that time and for future development. If the College had grown slowly and building had kept pace with it, there would be nothing to complain of now. But the vision we had in those days of the future growth of the College buildings has not been realised—the scheme has been spoilt by the hasty construction of so-called temporary buildings, and only here and there is there anything that answers to the original plan. If you go through the buildings and come across something that is well designed and spacious, you will know that that is how it would all have been if time and money had allowed.

The Biological Department received a compact home of its own in the upper part of the Edward Baines Memorial Wing—a fine, large laboratory where forty or fifty students could work without being crowded, a lecture-room behind it, a professor's room and a corridor which housed the Biological Museum. There was also a cloak-room and up in the roof a good-sized store-room—altogether very convenient and complete. A former student painted a large number of tiles with botanical and zoological subjects and made a present of them to the laboratory, where they were set along two of the walls and may be seen to this day. But the laboratory cannot be seen as it was then. The department of Biology is now divided into the two Departments of Botany and Zoology, with two professors instead of one. The laboratory also has been divided up by wooden partitions which have quite spoilt its appearance; extra laboratories have been built on at the end and the Department of Botany has further overflowed into two or three private houses in De Grey Terrace, where the senior students work in cellar kitchens that still have the old kitchen ranges in them. A return to the makeshift conditions of Cookridge Street and the Museum, only on a very much larger scale! If a new Department of Botany were built, I suppose the old Biological Department in the Edward Baines Wing could be restored to its former beauty and convenience as the Department of Zoology. Meanwhile those who work there have a much less comfortable place than we had thirty years ago.

I could tell of other visions that have come to nothing—of the granite pillars in the North Corridor that were to have supported an arcade and opened out on to a Museum when the end wing of the Quadrangle was finished. The bricks still stick out irregularly where that wing was to join on.

These dreams, I suppose, will never be realised now, but is it not time that we took another forward move as important as that which transferred the Yorkshire College from Cookridge Street to Beech Grove?

W.W.

Boat Club's Trip to Italy

THE day came at last for the departure of eight members (crew of five, spare man, manager and a spectator) of the Boat Club for Italy. At the last moment "bour" was missing; a female supporter of the club immediately dashed along the platform and the missing one is dragged from his hiding place and shares the farewells.

Taking the cars across London caused much staring and astonishment, for to see a taxi with two 12 foot bundles stood on end and pointing skywards is no usual sight. Even the guards at the palaces had to turn and look.

The journey to Newhaven and the crossing were quite uneventful. The whole party passed the customs at Dieppe and found the reserved carriage on the Paris express quite easily. At Dieppe the train runs along the road from the Quay Station to the Town Station, and for this distance—about a quarter of a mile—a man runs in front carrying a trumpet and a red flag. Good training! The chief thing to be noted in Paris was the way in which stroke aired his French—with more or less success. He was thereupon appointed interpreter for the party.

At Milan we find from a dapper gentleman in gaudy blue and gold uniform—labelled "Interpreter"—that the train for Pavia leaves in five minutes and we have to collect our bags and cars and get tickets; and after spending 30 minutes and about 100 lire we are ready to continue, and find the train has not started yet, so we get in and wait, and about 15 minutes later the train starts and we get to Pavia about 5 p.m. on Sunday, May 17th.

At the station were great crowds of shouting, cheering students, making more noise than we had ever heard; all talking and shouting in Italian and French and a few trying to talk English. We were introduced to various officials of the University and Boat Club, but they were so many that we never really knew until two or three days later who they were. Our bags were seized by students wearing small velvet caps of different colours, we found out later that these caps are always worn and that there was a different colour for each Department.

We were then driven in motors at a furious rate round the town to the Boat Club, where more introductions took place and then weak Italian beer and "American sweet drinks" were handed round. Our digs turned out to be a large number of army beds set up in a school class room; being first we got choice of rooms, and after dining on soup full of small macaroni, beef (so-called) and fruit, we went to seek some sleep. In this we were assisted by singing and ragging, which went on most of the night. Even in the early hours of the morning a large crowd collected outside and sang.

Each day the crew went out twice, in the morning and evening, when it was coolest. Our blazers were much admired. We were always asked one question, the discourse being thus:—

"English?" (Pronounced in many ways). "Yes." "The University of Cambridge?" "No." "Ah! Oxford?" "No." (Looks of great astonishment. English but not from Oxford or Cambridge? Impossible). "Where then?" "Leeds." (Greater astonishment and puzzled looks). To the students of Pavia there are now three Universities in England: Leeds, Cambridge and Oxford.

On one occasion "three" put his foot in it. At dinner in the Mensa we were asked: "Do you like the Italian girls?" and "three" said "No." At first they took it seriously and there was almost an uproar, which was saved only by the heroic efforts of our interpreter.

The day of the race was wet and our event, timed to start at 15.30, was at least an hour late. At last four crews, representing the Universities of Zurich, Genoa, Warsaw and Leeds went to their stake boats and got ready. The starter took the megaphone with an "Apporte!" "Prante!" "Via!" Leeds made an excellent start, Genoa being second and the others level. They slowly increased their lead and at about half a mile are ahead with Warsaw and Genoa almost level a length behind. At the mile Leeds were still in front, with Warsaw second and Genoa and Zurich slowly getting left. A hundred yards from the post Leeds still led, but they had shot their bolt, and Warsaw, rowing like a machine, with a wonderful final spurt passed the Leeds crew to win by a short length.

That night we joined tables at dinner with the Warsaw crew and drank many bottles of "Barbera" together. As a result bow, feeling happy, endeavoured to stop the train service and upset the telegraphic arrangements of the town.

We had a great reception on arriving in Leeds after a second rough crossing, during which cox and bow found it necessary to retire. But the people who laughed at the thought of the Boat Club going to an International Regatta found that the Boat Club was alive and not altogether an expensive luxury.

Concerning Enrolment

New man, or Old? Any Grant, any Grant?
Blue, Pink or White?—That's the chant,
it's a chant.

Fill it up now—don't delay, it's the day:
Further parties? Well, there's '8d. to pay.
Engineer, Medic., Mining or Zoo?

Take up your stand—Join the queue, it's a
queue—

Blue, Pink or White? (You are Green, man,
'tis true).

Your loss, and your sub.? Are you old, man,
or new?

Any grant, any grant? Hear the chant,
it's a chant—

Blue, Pink or White?—How they pant,
what a cant!

Scholarship? Fellowship?—That's how it
goes:

(Gee, but this queue's mighty cold for one's
toes).

Pink if you're new: You are old if 'tis blue—
Have you scratched on a form of particular
hue?

You put down your name? It's part of the
game.

And you paid all your dibs out as soon as
you came?

Engineer, Medic., Mining, or Zoo.

You've done all those things that you ought
to do?

You feel bold? You've enrolled? And
paid up, too?

And each and all have done with you?

. . . Have a cig., old man . . . You're
through!

N.Y.

The Call of Geneva

I BELIEVE some of your readers will be interested to know something about the large gatherings of students and the series of lectures organized this year at Geneva by the International Federation of Universities. I was able to persuade—by mixing diplomatic lies with the truth!—a few friends of mine, from our own and some other Universities, to accompany me to Geneva and there we spent some very delightful weeks. I need not say anything here about the Students' Congress at which Mr. Harrison, I believe, was the official delegate deputed by the L.U. League of Nations Union. He may submit a report on its technical aspect. I will content myself with giving personal impressions, with all the irresponsibility which comes from having no official position

First, a word about Geneva. It is the moral and aesthetic duty of every one, who can afford to do so, to go and see it. Of all European towns, barring Constantinople perhaps, it has the most beautiful situation. The blue waters of the Lake Lemann mingling with the blue waters of the Rhone and the snow-covered Mont Blanc gleaming in the sunshine—it is a magnificent sight.

The credit for organizing four series of lectures by eminent men goes to Prof. Zimmern, who worked with untiring zeal, presiding at nearly all the meetings and almost performing the miracle of being in several places at the same time. The lectures were so arranged as to cover a wide field of national and international politics and culture. In quality they ranged from some that were of absorbing interest to others that were just "amusing" or boring. Especially fascinating were two series of lectures, one on the "Genius of Spain," by Prof. Madriaga, and the other on "Le Civilization de l'Extreme Orient," by Prof. Challaye. Great interest and enthusiasm was likewise aroused by Prof. Zimmern's own lectures on "The British Empire," given both in French and English. The lighter element was not wanting either. That would be introduced some time by a trans-Atlantic speaker, who would affirm, with lovable sincerity, that some curiously-named "philosopher" of theirs had "entirely upset the foundations of the old world philosophy!" It is a blessing to be young—both for nations and individuals. It gives you a home in a rainbow of illusions!

Then, of course, there was the session of the League of Nations which a large number of students stayed on to see. Perhaps even more useful than hearing the mutually complimentary—and sometimes self complimentary!—speeches of the delegates was the attendance at the morning lectures of Prof. Zimmern, who explained and criticized the game that was being played by the various nations behind the curtain. In the evening, delegates of various countries addressed the students about their own national problems and provoked interesting discussions. In short, there was enough to do if one wanted to be busy—as students are, . . . in fiction! Otherwise one could just lounge about, go out boating or on excursions, play tennis, get hold of some foreign student and perpetrate one's French on him! This last was real fun—sitting round a small table in a Café and explaining to a German student in French why India could not get home rule.

One last word about the language difficulty. Unfortunately, almost everyone in Geneva either speaks or understands English. I say unfortunately, because for that very reason many English students—and more so the Americans—never try to learn any French. I know of some who went back after two or three weeks' stay without being able—or willing!—to say "*Bon jour*" or "*Merci bien*." Also the habit (strongly marked amongst Anglo-Saxons and more or less prevalent amongst

all, whether Europeans or Asiatics), of forming national blocs is a great handicap to free intercourse. Why on earth should we try to form flocks of our own 'species,' like sheep and buffaloes? Why not mix with other nationalities, even if you "do not appreciate and understand their sense of humour"? If we do so, we shall go back to our countries with a much wider outlook and broader sympathies and a capacity to realize imaginatively the point of view of others.

Geneva has beautiful blue skies and golden sunshine in August and September—except when it rains. No, you don't believe it! Well, I don't blame you. The November fogs of Leeds will make any one a sceptic! All the same it is true. Go to Geneva next year and see for yourself.

K. G. SATYIDAIN.

With the N.U.S. at Nottingham

THE Annual Council Meeting of the National Union of Students was held during the week-end October 16-19, at Nottingham, at the invitation of Nottingham University College. Every University and University College except Durham was officially represented, and a most interesting and strenuous meeting was the outcome. Of course, the perennial Mr. Iveson Macadam was greatly in evidence, four years of voluntary work having failed to damp his enthusiasm. A superficial observer would have been struck by two things, the variety and intricacy of the details being considered, and the tone of enthusiasm and good will which pervaded the meeting.

It was stated that next year 15 Tours are to be organised during the vacations, including winter sports in Norway and Switzerland, two camps in Germany and Czechoslovakia, walking tours in Normandy, Austria, and the Scottish Highlands, and visits to Ireland, Holland, Italy, Poland and Denmark. The Congress this year is to be held at Cambridge during the Easter Vacation, and arrangements are being made to accommodate 800 students. As last year, a model Parliament, a miniature League of Nations Assembly, and two dances will figure on the programme.

Next year's visitors to England include Russian, Hungarian and South African students. It is to be hoped that Leeds students will show their appreciation of the hospitality given on such a generous scale to Mr. Flowers during his visit with the debating team to South Africa, by giving a rousing reception to the Dominion Team due here in February. Look out for details of the great Olympiad of Science, Arts and Sports to be held at Rome in 1926.

H.J.W.

To the Future

When I am dead a hundred years,
And dust to dust am sped,
The grass will still be powdered thick
With daisies white and red;
The daffodil will still enchant
The wild wind with her grace,
And dandelions cast adrift
Their feathered sprites in space.
The thrush will charm yet other hearts
With harmony divine,
And beauty will enchant the sight
Of other eyes than mine.

Old sceptred Winter crowned with ice—
Pale Spring adorned in green;
Rich Summer trailing drowsy charms,
And Autumn's gold be seen;
The Rose will still be sung of men,
The Apple-trees still bloom;
And yellow honeysuckles sweet
May hark across my tomb.
Haply some simple lines of mine—
Some jewel-veined chain—
Will, though a hundred years be gone,
Flower with the Rose again.

JOAN WORTHINGTON.

Correspondence

STUDENTS AND THE APPEAL.

SIR,—One hardly likes to have to write such a letter as this, but really the attitude of the present students to the Appeal leaves a great deal to be desired. Is the Union waiting to be asked to do something? Have they so little thought for the Varsity that they can stand still and watch people from outside giving over their heads. Probably they haven't time. No one ever had, especially those in office. Yet it is not so long since we saw everyone buckling in to make a "Varsity Week" the success it was and deserved to be. This required no prompting; why should the infinitely more important subject of the Appeal?

To get down to brass tacks: one might reasonably expect that anyone in office on the Union or the Captain of an Athletic Club would subscribe £5, spread over a period of years, if only as an appreciation of the honour conferred on them by their fellow students. Allowing for overlapping, each of these committees could have given £100; and it is almost too little to expect £500 from the remainder of the Union.

The University Union, £500.

The Union Committee £100.

The Captains of Athletic Clubs, £100.

What an impression that would have made, even if it did require an effort.

Yours, etc.,

SIDNEY BEST.

A FEDERATION OF SOCIETIES.

SIR,—At present there are so many Societies in the University that meetings inevitably clash. It is rather difficult to be in two places at the same time, and thus we are often reluctantly compelled to miss many good meetings. Why not form a Federation of Societies? The executive might consist of two representatives from each Society, with a general secretary. Each society would still have its own secretary, who would arrange his meetings in co-operation with the general secretary and with the other societies' secretaries. The Federation would decide on an official day for all its meetings, possibly Thursday. Each society would be allotted a fair share of meetings, though the C.U. on account of its many other activities might be content with a smaller number. Each Society having fewer dates to fill, a higher standard of speakers would result; and every meeting would be well attended, for there would be no counter-attractions. Societies might arrange extra meetings on other days, if desired.

If a Federation of all Societies is too unwieldy, we might have a Federation of what I term the Reformist Societies—the Political Societies, the International, the Social Study, the C.U. and the League of Nations Union. The meetings would still be on Thursday, while Monday could be allotted to the Debating Society, Tuesday to Academic Societies, Friday to Religious Societies. I do not claim that the idea is original, but I ask that it be seriously considered. It could hardly be worse than the present chaotic system. Old traditions must be broken down.

The only difficulty I can see is one which unfortunately might prove insuperable. I refer to the dissensions which would inevitably arise among all present societies when the question of a name for the new Society came to be considered.

BERNARD BRETT.

Sir,—It is not pleasant to be compelled to acknowledge one's deficiencies. To point out one's ignorance is particularly painful. This punishment, a blow to conceit, is one of the tragedies of the examination room. The sight of a printed line of Greek gives to me the peculiar pleasure that one associates with having nuts but no nut-crackers. There should be something good inside, but it is of no use unless we can get at it. I know no Greek—such is my ignorance. When Professor A. H. Thompson quotes Greek he is like a wealthy man rattling money before a beggar. I envy his wealth, and ask him not to flaunt his better fortune in my face. No doubt there was no deliberate intention to make me conscious of my poverty: I am sure the writer was inwardly compelled to quote at that point. In not knowing Greek, however, I feel sure that I belong to the great majority. Of 1,400 students possibly 40 know Greek. On behalf of some 1,360 ignorami I ask that we be spared Greek quotations. If the thought is essential, let us have a translation. And, although more people study Latin, I dislike Latin quotations only slightly less.

IGNORAMUS.

Nocturnal

She fluttered from the misty veils of darkness,
Hung between the brooding stars,
And faked by the winds:
A soft illumination,
Gleaned from the silver lamps of Paradise,
Followed in shining curves.

The icy wind laughed,
Laughed in a freezing sear to the brooding
stars
And screamed out to the sky;
She shivered at his rudeness
As she drifted down to earth,
And the frozen sod.

I, with a wondering pity, silently
Cast my cloak around those trembling wings
And shivering shoulders:
I did not feel the wind and cold,
But drew long breaths of the night air,
Peacefully

Unseen, she flew away
Out among the veils of darkness,
Hung between the brooding stars—
Out from this lonely interstellar space
To some bright sphere unknown—
Swiftly, silently.

But in my arms, discarded, lay the cloak;
Slowly, pensively, I donned it;
And as I pulled it o'er my bulky shoulders,
I felt a little of the warmth of heaven,
And the ambrosial warmth
Crept to my soul. JAMES BAXTER.

UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

The International Society

THIS term the attendance at meetings has increased so much that the Society is in danger of becoming too large for its traditional home, the Union Lounge.

At the first meeting, on October 10th, Mr. Robert Hall, a Canadian Rhodes scholar, spoke on "Canada in International Affairs." He insisted on the virtual independence of Canada, and claimed that the British Empire was the nearest approach to a real League of Nations. There was a lively discussion, which wandered to various subjects. Dr. Brodetsky, who was in the chair, regretted the Locarno pact; Mr. Todd attacked the British Empire; Mr. Weaver defended the League of Nations.

The next week Mr. Hussein spoke on "The Present Situation in Egypt." He gave an account of affairs during the last three years that was remarkable for its moderation and absence of bitterness. The following discussion was interesting, though too much limited to the Egyptians who were present. Mr. Todd then announced the Inter-Varsity conference which is to be held in January to consider the position of Egyptian students in English Universities. He told the Egyptians frankly that they didn't mix enough with other students; they retorted equally frankly that the English students weren't friendly to them, and the result seemed to be an increase of good feeling on both sides.

B.W.

Natural History Society

ON Thursday, October 15th, the Natural History Society listened with great interest to the address by the President of the Society for 1925-6, Miss A. Cocks, B.Sc., on "Stages in the Development of Biological Thought." After a definition of what Biology was not, we were taken from Aristotle, who was probably the founder of Biology, down the long road of discovery to modern times as typified by Prof. Priestley, stopping at the various milestones of progress to discuss their significance in the development of the science; the illustrations being taken mainly from Botany.

The strange conception that a plant was really an inverted animal of a very lowly type, was dominant in the 16th century, while a still stranger belief was put forth in 1590, and held throughout most of the 17th century as follows:—"Mushrooms are neither herbs nor roots, neither flowers nor seed, but merely the superfluous moisture of the earth and trees, of rotten wood and other rotten things."

With the introduction of the microscope a new sphere of discovery was opened up, but not until 1840 was a real impetus given to botanical study. Schleider in 1845 placed the science, previously so distorted by functionists, on to a sound basis. The modern study of plant physiology probably began with Wiegand in 1846 who, in that year, put forth his cell theory, but not until the discovery of the importance of protoplasm in 1860 as the fundamental basis of both animal and plant life, did Botanists really begin to understand the complex reaction of the plant with its environment.

P.W.A.

Leeds Undergraduates' Labour Society

THE first of the great men coming to the University this session was introduced by the Labour Society on Tuesday, October 13th, when Professor Frederick Soddy, speaking on the rather cryptic subject of "Look after the Pounds and the Pence will take care of themselves," visited the Leeds Undergraduates' Labour Society.

Commenting on our immense powers of production Professor Soddy showed how, as a result of the discovery of the power of steam, the older economists could not be accepted as a basis of modern economics. Wealth must be the result of some kind of work, and steam had enabled one machine to do the work of thousands of men. A handful of women and girls carried on the abnormal war production, and now, in peace, we had poverty. "Unemployment and Poverty is a monstrous contradiction at the present time," was the first of the slashing blows at the present system.

Proceeding, Professor Soddy explained that the community has in its possession about 2,000 million pounds, which is its claim on future production. This amount, chiefly created by the Banks, which receive 100 million pounds interest on it, is what Professor Soddy called the Virtual Wealth of the nation. Those with this virtual wealth hold the community in indebtedness, since they have a claim on the nation's production, and, because the banks create most of this virtual wealth, they must have the power to control the indebtedness of the community. Thus the banks, working unitedly as the big five, have power over the community. Parliament is powerless. With the gesture of an actor, Professor Soddy drew from his pocket a coin. "Georgius V.," he read, "A Big Five. Now it is the big Five only. The banks can omit the Georgius."

With great scorn Professor Soddy gave a concrete illustration of how the nation had allowed the banks to usurp the national function of creating money. To finance the war, they created money to be taken up as war-loan. The holder got 4 per cent. from the state, paid the banker 3 per cent. and gained 1 per cent.; the banks benefited on all the money they created.

The suggested system was that money should increase as real wealth increased, and that its creation should be arranged to keep prices, based on an index figure, constant. No private company must have the power to hold the community in indebtedness. Many points were made with tremendous effect, scorn, bitterness and sincerity all being shown, whilst humour often crept in, as when Professor Soddy said we had enough gold to stop our teeth and gild our spoons for ever. The listener grasped the significance of the banks' power, the powerlessness of Parliament, and the absurdity of Poverty to-day. The audience's applause was tremendous and spontaneous.

ON the evening before Armistice Day, Mr. W. H. Ayles, ex-M.P. for North Bristol, will address the Society. Mr. Ayles, a conscientious objector during the war and the mover of the disarmament resolution in the last Parliament, is now the International Secretary to the National Council for the Prevention of War. Professor Jones, who needs no introduction to an University audience, is our last lecturer this term.

Tuesday, November 10th.—Mr. W. H. Ayles. "Shall it be 'Never Again'?"

Thursday, November 12th.—Debate with Liberal Association.

Tuesday, November 24th.—Prof. J. H. Jones. "Some aspects of the unemployment problem."

B. BRETT (*Secretary*).

Social Study Society

THE opening meeting of the session was held on October 13th in the Women's Common Room, but the attendance was much below the usual on account of the meeting addressed at the same hour by Professor Soddy.

Mrs. Kitson Clark, one of the pioneers of the Child Welfare Movement in Leeds, gave an address on "Women and Social Service." The attitude of women to social affairs, she said, had changed in the last half century. At the beginning a passage from Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* illustrated the typical state of affairs, whilst at present women were being urged by an American writer to get out of the "spot-light," forget they were women-workers and become just workers. The intervening period could be likened to the chess-board traversed by Alice in Wonderland; in the march of progress we had passed from square to square. The voluntary worker had been superseded by the paid, and the amateur supplanted by the professional. Here the speaker had some thrusts at the product of the modern university which were later parried by Mr. Woledge. Youth of to-day, with A.B.C.D.'s after its name, believes itself very clever, but a cultured elderly person would soon perceive its rawness. Mrs. Kitson Clark appeared reluctant to abandon her ground even when it was pointed out that many of us do retain a little modesty, and humbly recognise that in our university courses we have merely touched the fringe of things.

Mr. Shimmis, President of the Society, acted as chairman and Miss Sileox wound up the meeting. The number of the members is still below the normal, and it is hoped that more will come. The subscription is 3/- with teas and 1/6 without. Syllabuses can be obtained from

Miss LOWE, } Hon.
G. WRIGHT, } Secs.

League of Nations Union

ANYONE interested in International Politics cannot but feel his confidence in the League of Nations confirmed by the Pact at Locarno. This year it is hoped the University Branch will be placed on an even firmer footing, and its success will be secured if members of the University, both staff and students, show sufficient interest. The annual subscription is 1/-, or 3/6 including the monthly magazine published by the League.

The first meeting of the session took place in conjunction with the International Society, on Saturday, October 10th, when the Rev. Robert Hall, B.A., a Rhodes Scholar, of Montreal and Mansfield College, Oxford, dealt ably with the subject of "Canada in International Politics." In the afternoon at 3.30 a Public Meeting was held in the Great Hall, organised by the Leeds District Branch, the principal speaker being the Rt. Hon. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., supported by James H. Hudson, M.P., and S. Sherrman. The subject was "The Place of Peace in Education," and Professor J. Strong took the chair.

A General Meeting of the University Branch will be held in College Hall, on Thursday, November 5th at 5.15 p.m., when Mr. M. Harrison will give his report on "The Work of the Sixth Assembly at Geneva." All present and intending members should attend. What about Geneva for a holiday next summer? There are facilities both for education and for pleasure.

Towards the end of the session it is expected that a film will be procured dealing with the life history of the League of Nations.

S. H. BARLOW, Hon. Sec.

Photographic Society

THERE is every indication this year that the Society is going to have the most successful session it has had since 1921. Thanks to an ambitious scheme of advertising and a go-ahead committee the membership has increased enormously. We claim to offer greater advantages to members than any other Society in the University. We provide tea before meetings and a really excellent syllabus, in conjunction with which a series of beginners instruction classes are held throughout the year. There is a fully-equipped darkroom with enlarger, which can be used all the year round. Finally outings and rambles are arranged during the summer months.

A part of the advertising scheme mentioned was a small Exhibition of work in the main corridor of the University, and this has proved very successful. Owing to lack of space some equally good work had to be rejected, but we hope it will be shown in the Annual Exhibition next term. We have already had the first lecture of the year from our President, Dr. R. B. Forster, entitled "Niagara to the Sea by Water." It was a good lecture illustrated by some excellent lantern slides.

One of the most interesting lectures in our syllabus this year is "Home Cinematography," to be given by Pathé of France Ltd., on November 24th, at 5.30 p.m. in the Large Chemistry Lecture Theatre. It will be a practical demonstration of the "Baby Ciné" cinematograph camera and projector, and will be interesting to EVERYBODY. The Society extends a cordial invitation to everyone in the University to come and hear this popular lecture.

T. SPIKINS, Hon. Sec.

Officers' Training Corps

SINCE the last issue of the Gryphon we have had time to watch the result of our new system of parades, namely, one compulsory parade per week, from 4 to 5 o'clock on Thursdays. It has been a huge success, and we feel confident that we shall take to camp with us a company of men who will place Leeds University at the top for general efficiency and smartness.

The newly-formed pioneer platoon offers great possibilities. Although it is only in its infancy it is good to see the keenness of those members who are in the Engineering Department. The new recruits show that the O.T.C. is more popular than ever, and their enthusiasm promises well. We still have room for a few recruits, especially in the pioneer platoon, and further information may be obtained at Headquarters any Thursday at 4 o'clock.

The Rifle Club expects a very successful year, for among the recruits we find several good shots. The first function was a Spoon Shoot on October 17th, when a record attendance was made. The spoon was won by Cadet Jelleyman—a Bisley shot of several years' standing and a new member to the O.T.C. Spoon Shoots are arranged every month, and all members of the O.T.C. are expected to attend. The highest scorer for the day is awarded a silver spoon. It is from these shoots that the Shooting Eight is chosen. Our first match is against Liverpool University O.T.C. on November 4th, when we hope to wipe off old scores.

We take this opportunity of welcoming to our ranks Lieut. Salt of the Leather Department, Sergt. McCarthy, our new Sergeant-Instructor, and all new recruits. We hope they will have such good times as we have already had.

H.H.

Christian Union

A GOOD start promises well, and the C.U. Freshers' Social was quite a success, over 400 being present. It is therefore hardly necessary to report the reminiscences of Professor Grant and Hitchcock's assurances that the C.U. does not stand for a milk and water religion, or to describe the excellence of a "variety" programme which included a play by Miss Worthington.

We have had one meeting so far—an address by the Rev. George Barclay on the Inspiration of the Bible—at which the attendance was quite satisfactory. On Nov. 3rd, Rev. W. R. Maltby visited us, and on Nov. 27th Dr. Balme will speak on China. We particularly urge all members to support a lecture by J. H. Hudson, M.A., M.P. on Nov. 9th, though it is not strictly a C.U. meeting. The subject is "The Duty of the Individual in the Culture of the International Spirit."

Study circles, which are quite as important as meetings, are getting under way. Information may be obtained from any of the leaders or the notice board. Joining a study circle does not necessarily imply membership of the C.U. There is a library in the Men's Newsroom and another in the C.U. room in the Women's Rooms. These libraries include several new and excellent publications of the S.C.M. If you are interested investigation is worth while. Devotional meetings are held every Friday at 1.40 in the History Room. All who wish to join us at these or any other of our meetings will be very welcome. H.R.F.

THE C.U. AT WIGAN.

Thirty five C.U. enthusiasts, representing all denominations, held a campaign in Wigan during the vacation. Ambrose Reeves was an untiring Chairman. We were not out to create a revival, for we deliberately avoided emotionalising our meetings. Our aim was to get the people to see that the world to-day needed people who would live out the teachings of the Master.

Our work was not entirely independent of churches and chapels; indeed the success of our effort owed much to their magnificent support. We were glad to be able to speak in the many places of worship. We aimed at talking to the people, but at first we had to break down the barrier of distrust. Our earnestness won them over, and we ended with a feeling that we had not worked in vain. We talked in Cinemas on Sunday evenings, in the yards of mills and factories during the day time, and held discussions at street corners at night time. Time was found for a Soccer match with the unemployed, whom we afterwards entertained to tea. We realised that we had a message for all classes, however, and our chairman even spoke at a Rotary Club meeting. The ladies performed wonders among the women and children. We should here express our thanks to Father Paul Bull, Rev. A. Robertson, and Dr. A. Underwood. Their help and advice were always extremely stimulating and valuable. W.F.T.-B.

Mathematical Club

THE Mathematical Club has been in existence since January, 1924, and its life, though comparatively short, has proved highly successful. The membership is open to all Honours and Post-Graduate students of the mathematics department. The aim of the Mathematical Club is to promote friendly intercourse and stimulate social activity in a department of the University which is apt to become a matter of routine. Five meetings are held during the session: the Annual General Meeting and Social Evening, three meetings, at which papers of interest to mathematical students are given by members of the club, and last, but not least, the Annual Dinner in the refectory. G.R.M.

University Conservatives

MANY students were very doubtful of the wisdom of forming yet another society. However, it was felt that they could not leave their political opponents unchallenged. Consequently a group of students met together on Thursday, October 15th, and decided to form a Leeds University Students Conservative Association, having as its object the furtherance of Conservative opinions among the students, in support of British Parliamentary Institutions, the British Empire and a conception of society based on individual freedom. It was decided to apply to the Senate for recognition, and the following officers were elected: Chairman, H. Weaver; Hon. Sec., R. W. Harrison; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Smith; Committee:—Miss Irvine, Miss Child, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. Bradburn. The annual subscription was fixed at 2/6, and a list of meetings will be published shortly.

H.J.W.

Leeds University Employees' Social and Sports Club

OUR efforts during the past Summer have created a firmer bond of fellowship amongst us. Cricket is, no doubt, one of the out-door games which develops this, and in all matches we have played there has been no lack of it. The matches standing out during the past season were without a doubt those with the staff and students. We are looking forward to being able to field a stronger team with better results for our side in the future.

We now take this opportunity of thanking the Students' Union for the loan of the ground, also gently reminding them that we should like the use of it again next season if possible.

Great credit is due to W. Gray (Physics Department) who headed batting and bowling averages, although he is nearly the youngest player. The Captain worked hard in fixing matches and getting the team together, sometimes under very trying circumstances.

The Football Club is postponed for another season as there is no ground available. We hold a Gymnasium Class every Tuesday, 5 to 6 p.m., under the direction of Mr. Blanchard, who has kindly volunteered his services. There is also some talk of a swimming class, and quite a number of members have already given their names in. Will any others wishing to join kindly give names in to sports secretary as soon as possible.

The list of officers for the coming year are as follows:—President, Dr. Baillie (Vice-Chancellor); Chairman and Sports Secretary, L. Parker; Secretary, H. Marvell; Treasurer, J. H. King; *Gryphon*, R. H. Verity.

R.H.V.



By J. E. SYLVANUS FOX.

I HAVE endeavoured to collect as much of the latest information as the respective clubs are willing to dispose of. I fear, however, that several of them must be in a bad way, because they either have no news to impart, or else what news they have is of such a nature that they are unwilling to let us know about it. I will therefore begin with one or two things which concern all those right-minded people who take an active interest in at least one of our sports clubs, and thus do their share in building the *Esprit de Corps* of a University in which athletics play a great part.

Whatever your bent in the athletic world may be, please, please do watch your notice board. I know you are busy and haven't got time to look at it when you go down the passage, but has it ever occurred to you that your club secretary may be busy too, and it is hardly fair on him if you wait till mid-day on Wednesday before you sign on, while he is left wondering whether you will turn up or whether he must find someone else to take your place. Perhaps I may add a word of encouragement to those freshers who have been overlooked in the practice games. Don't despair. Often talent is unearthed later in the season, and anyway, ability is always bound to show itself. If you can't get into the Hockey team try a little Harrying or take up Fives, or even join the Scout Club. You might prove prodigious at something you have never yet tried, so make the best of your chances while you have got them.

Now for some bright and cheerful prospects. First comes Association Football. The prospects of this club are exceedingly good. The team has made a good start, winning their first match against Leeds City Tradesmen by 3 goals to 1, the Captain scoring twice. Two freshers are included in the First XI., and the second team, which has eight freshers, is also shaping well. The club has hopes of having a very good season.

The Boat Club can give us a very pleasing report. All the members of last year's record breaking crew are still at the University, and they have hopes of even higher distinctions in the coming season than those achieved last Summer. Freshers are turning out well and competition is keen for the second crew, which it is hoped will also beat last year's form. More men still are needed, however, if the existing high standard is to be maintained in future years. The inter-departmental races will take place in December, and every member of the club will then take part in a race. Crews for these races should get together as soon as possible.

The Golf Club is affiliated to the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs, and the subscription to the club is only 5/-, while for a further sum of 25/- you can play over the Cobble Hall links on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays each week throughout the session. A medal competition is held every month, and all members of the club should enter for this. Each month's winner will compete in the third term for a prize presented by the club.

The first few runs of the Harriers' Club have been very well supported, and there seems to be no lack of talent amongst freshers. The large number of new members is very gratifying, and should ensure good *A* and *B* teams. Competition for places in the first team is very keen, and it is hoped that a good fight will be put up against Sheffield University in the first fixture, in spite of the loss of most of last year's team.

The Women's Hockey Club has secured the services of many promising players, and several fixtures have been made for a third team. Three old colours have gone down, but two good freshers have been discovered. In addition to the usual fixtures it is hoped to arrange games for people not in any of the teams who are desirous of playing.

The prospects of the Lacrosse Club unfortunately do not appear so hopeful as was anticipated at the end of last season owing to the fact that three of the remaining members of last year's team will probably be unable to play for a considerable time. There is the makings of a good team again this year, but membership is low, and the Captain or Secretary hope to hear from anyone who is interested in the game and would like to take it up.

For the Women's Lacrosse Club the membership is also low, and for the first week the club had only ten members and almost despaired of raising a team; but in the second week some very promising talent was discovered. The attack promises to be much stronger than last season, and the general level in the whole team is higher. Unfortunately one or two members cannot play regularly, which may prove detrimental to combination; but the team is hoping to do better than they have ever done before.

Owing to the enthusiastic support of several Freshers the Netball Club is able to run a third team, and matches are being arranged. Inter-University fixtures have been arranged, and they are hoping this year to capture the Certificate which is held at present by Liverpool University.

Now comes the Rugger Club. They are fortunate enough to have lost very few of last year's team, and hope to see a great improvement this year. The XV. have won both their matches up-to-date, and deserve great credit for beating Skipton by 6 points to nil. They should figure well in this year's Inter-Varsity competition. They have been lucky in obtaining once again the services of Professor Ritson and Mr. Hume whose assistance is greatly appreciated by the club.

The Swimming Club holds practices at the Meanwood baths every Monday at noon, and every Thursday from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m., when all freshers and others interested will be welcome. Swimming and Water Polo matches will be arranged during the session and members should start training now. If you are cold on Monday morning come down and have a dip.

The Women's Swimming Club is still in its infancy, but hopes to have a successful season. The subscription is only 3/-, and they have the use of the Meanwood Baths on Fridays from 8 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Expert coaching will be provided once a fortnight, and they hope by hard practising to do well in the inter-Varsity sports.

Finally, concerning Tennis. If you will practise during the winter we shall stand a better chance of repeating last season's performance of winning 100 per cent. of our Inter-Varsity matches. You know, or may be that you don't, that there are three hard courts available for play at Oxley Hall, and two new ones at Beech Grove House. The Refectory Court is no longer available for tennis, but we hope before next Summer to have two more new courts close to the University and possibly ten new ones at Oxley Hall.

Swimming Club

THE Club can report considerable progress during last year, especially in the organisation of a water polo team, which in its first season had the very creditable record of:—

Matches played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
7	4	2	1

The squadron team holds an unbeaten record.

The Annual Gala was held on May 13th in the Kirkstall Road Baths, when several good times were made. The following are the results of the events:—

50 yards Open: 1, D. R. Riddell; 2, T. E. Kenny (29 sec.).
 50 yards Freckers: 1, E. Tolson; 2, P. Glover (34 sec.).
 100 yards Open: 1, D. R. Riddell; 2, T. E. Kenny (58½ sec.).
 150 yards Open: 1, T. E. Kenny; 2, D. R. Riddell (1 min. 53⅞ sec.).
 225 yards Open: 1, T. E. Kenny; 2, A. Tuitt (3 min. 9 sec.).
 440 yards Open: 1, T. E. Kenny; 2, J. R. Russell (7 min. 4 sec.).
 100 yards Back Stroke: 1, P. E. Headford; 2, H. Sutcliffe (1 min. 42½ sec.).
 100 yards Breast Stroke: 1, E. S. C. Nicholls; 2, P. Glynn (1 min. 42⅞ sec.).
 Plunge: 1, E. G. Williams; 2, J. R. Russell (47 feet 2 ins.).
 Net Dive: 1, J. H. O'Donnell; 2, P. Glynn.
Inter-Departmental Relay Race: Medicals—swum over.
Champion: T. E. KENNY.

The Inter-Varsity Gala was held at Nottingham on Saturday, May 23rd. Leeds did not do as well as was hoped, being fourth out of eight competing Universities.

R.H.M.

Leeds University Old Students' Association

(Edited by G. WOLEDGE.)

Secretaries: Miss G. PICKLER, Mr. S. BRET.

Treasurer: Mr. W. R. GRIST.

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

OLD STUDENTS AND THE APPEAL.

BY this time, it is unnecessary to explain the University Appeal, above all to Old Students. For us it has a special meaning; it touches our filial piety as well as our public spirit. The buildings where we have passed our student days mean much to us. The enthusiasm of youth and the reminiscence of later years can cast a romantic glow over even the most unventilated dungeons of the Arts Wing; and much of the present buildings are not unworthy of their purpose.

The unromantic Victorian Gothic of the north and west sides of the Clothworkers' Court is worthily significant of the zeal of the earliest generation of our founders and benefactors; and the Victorian drawing rooms where the student mind unbends and where every year more of our departments are to be found redeeming Truth from Time's jaws, may serve as a reminder of the debt of our common civilisation to the ages when they were first, and more appropriately tenanted. We are reminded, as it is fit that a university should be reminded, of antiquity, and even of decay; and we may trust that future generations of students will always be conscious of the origins of our academic tradition. But a university must look forward with even keener sight than it looks back; and the memories of future generations of students should be of a place worthy to be the home of the high purposes of youth.

Many old students, we know, are wondering how much to give and are waiting to see what others have given. We are therefore enclosing a list of Old Students who have subscribed—at least as many Old Students who we can pick out from the general list of subscribers; we hope we have left no one out. Several people, too, are wondering if the money subscribed by Old Students is to be earmarked for any particular purpose. The matter is under consideration, always subject to the wishes of the donor. While we have, as yet, little to show as our share of work for the appeal, we can assure Old Students that the joint Appeal Committee of Convocation, Old Students, and the Union has been far from idle, and has more than one scheme afoot which will help us adequately to do our share.

LEEDS ACTIVITIES.

FOR some time now, we in the Central Office in Leeds have felt, more or less impotently, that we were lacking in something; we were jealous of the London and Manchester Branches, with their chummy dinners, theatre-nights and week-ends. We are far too busy trying to get new members, sending *Gryphons* out and asking for subs., to do anything in that line ourselves. But there was no reason why someone else shouldn't do it, and now we have got a strong sub-committee going; its members are not definitely settled yet, but we have already got Miss Pat Simpson, G. L. Sharpe, A. W. Cook, J. V. Crossley and F. W. Beaton roped in. They have met and provisionally fixed a theatre-night at the "Grand" on the 18th of November, when Horace Hodges is coming in "Lightnin'." Members living in the West Riding will receive a card with this number of the *Gryphon* giving precise details (the cost won't be above 3/6, we think). Any other members who are likely to be in Leeds that week will be more than welcome if they let us know in good time.

Future arrangements have as yet only been discussed, but tend towards a musical evening in the Refectory, and a week-end, may be at Scarborough some time next term. There are at least 250 O.S.A. members living in the West Riding, so we ought to get some really good crowds at these gatherings.

THE DINNER.

The Dinner, the great function of the O.S.A. year, has been arranged for Saturday, the 19th December, in the Refectory. A form will be sent to all Old Students with the next number of the *Gryphon*. It will be in morning dress, and will cost 3/6; there will be no tickets, members will pay at the dinner. But don't forget to Book THE DATE.

RUGGER MATCH.

Will all Old Students who would like to play in the O.S.A. v. University rugger match, on the afternoon of the Dinner, December 19th, please send their names to the Secretary? We might be able to arrange a practice match before this comes off, but this is not essential.

APOLOGIES.

Some members of the O.S.A. received their copies of the last *Gryphon* late. The Secretaries ask for the forbearance of members; and the present writer, having been called in to assist, can assure them that they deserve it; the sending off of over a thousand *Gryphons* is no light task, even without the additional impediment of a shortage of wrappers.

Some members may have received requests for subscriptions they'd already paid; this was a pure accident, and not due to a desire to extract two subscriptions a year. Both these mistakes were due to lack of staff, and not to carelessness, but it is hoped that they will not occur again.

THE ENGLISH SOCIAL.

The annual social of the English School Association will be held in Refectory, on Friday, November 27th, beginning at 6.30: plain or fancy dress of any kind. This function has always been patronised by a few Old Students, but the Committee wish to invite very cordially all Old Students who took English Honours, or English in Mods., and to make the function a reunion between Old Students and an opportunity for them to meet those who are still up. Tickets, price 2/-, can be obtained from Mr. A. H. Smith, the University, or from any member of the committee.

MISCELLANY.

Dr. Alexander Cannon (1919-24 Medicine) has been appointed Port Medical Officer for Nanning (China) and Surgeon to the Nanning Hospital. He has gone out to China under the auspices of the Bible Church Missionary Society.

Can anyone tell us the whereabouts of E. O. Dawson, 1913-15 Textiles? He is a life member and some time ago the *Gryphons* we sent him to Wilberforce, Denholme, near Bradford, were returned by the Post Office "Not known."

We still get them from the ends of the earth or thereabouts.—John Dalby 1916 and 1919-22 (History), writes from Wesley College, Colombo, where he is Vice-Principal. There is a young colony in South Africa, we're always hearing from them. Mrs. Warmington (1895-97 and 1900-02 Science) writes giving us three or four addresses of other Old Students out there who will shortly become members; at least we are doing our best to get them. Then there is R.P.Y. Rouse (1919-21 Arts) who is priest in charge in Western Transvaal. From almost the same longitude we heard from F. K. Jackson (1908-09 Agriculture) who has a post under the Director-General of Agriculture in Baghdad. R. J. Thomas (Fuel 1920-23) writes from an ammunition factory at Kirkee, India.

MARRIAGES.

BEAL-LIGHTFOOT.—Miss Edith Margaret Lightfoot (B.A., 1914-1917) was married to Mr. W. C. Beal, at Boston Spa, on the 12th August. Miss Lightfoot has been on the staff of the Tadenster Grammar School, 1918-1925.

CARRUTHERS-FINCH.—Mr. James N. Carruthers (M.Sc., Geology, 1914-17 and 1918-20) was married to Miss Ethel Finch, at Lowestoft on the 24th June, 1925.

TIPLADY-DARBYSHIRE.—Mr. George Tiplady (M.Sc., Colour Chemistry Dept., 1920-24) to Miss Elizabeth Darbyshire, at Crook, on the 20th August. Mr. and Mrs. Tiplady's address is Institute House, Pease's West, Crook, Co. Durham.

SEYMOUR-JONES-YOUNG.—Mr. F. L. Seymour-Jones (1913-14, 1919-22, Leather), was married to Miss Olga Matilda Young, at Toronto, on the 27th of August. At Home: 358, Knickerbocker Road, Englewood, New Jersey. Mr. Seymour-Jones was President of the Union in 1919-20, Secretary in 1914, Editor *Gryphon* 1920. Left Leeds with an 1851 Exhibition (among other things) and took Ph.D. at Columbia University.

ROWSTREE-KAY.—Miss Marjorie D. Kay (1920-1923, Philosophy) was married to Mr. Ralph Kay Rowntree, on the 3rd October, 1925. At home: 28, Ellesmere Avenue, Sutton Ings, Hull. Miss Kay was President of the W.R.C., 1922-23.

CROWTHER-KAY.—Dr. Edward Mortimer Crowther (1914-17, Science) to Miss Elizabeth Dorothy Kay, at the Friends' Meeting House, Jordans, on the 26th August, 1925.

WOOLER-SEED.—Mr. C. U. Wooler (1920-23, Electrical Engineering) to Miss Doris Mary Seed, at Wakefield, on the 17th September. At home: 71, Barford Road, Evesham.

SOULSBY-HEAPS.—August 30th, at Fort William, Ontario, Canada, E. J. Soulsby (Dying, 1919-22) to Miss H. Heaps (M.Sc. Botany, 1917-21).

HAWTHORNE-DRESSER.—August 12th, at St. Luke's Church, York, John Eric Hawthorne to Miss Elsie Dresser (both of York). Mr. Hawthorne was one time Secretary of the Gymnastic Club and was a colours man in fencing, taking Physics and Education 1919-23.

OBITUARY.

We regret to announce the death of Harry Huke, 1914-20 Arts, who was killed in a motor accident in South Africa. We have no details as yet, until the next mail.

MANCHESTER LETTER.

THE Manchester Branch recently held its Annual General Meeting, conducting therewith the usual election of officers. Mr. F. Scholefield succeeds Professor Raper as President and Mrs. Guthrie-Jones and Professor Raper become Vice-Presidents, Mr. Fred Webster and Dr. E. J. Wayne are again Hon. Treasurer and Auditor, while, with Miss J. K. Martin as assistant, the writer undertook for another period the duties of Hon. Secretary. Finally, Miss Olive Gray and Mr. A. B. Roth were elected committee members. The programme having been discussed, the meeting instructed their committee to proceed upon the same lines as before, since last year's events having proved generally acceptable. As one might expect, Manchester University has its Old Owensians' Association, and we are to have some form of joint meeting with this band of kindred spirits; of that, more later. Quite by a fortunate chance we discovered last year that Bristol University has an Alumni Association branch in Manchester, and arranged a joint theatre meeting with them. We have again every hope of a joint meeting, though something of a more intimate character is desired. We have visions of a dance, but such an affair is rather a big undertaking when no Great Hall and Physics Lab. are available and no enthusiastic "Jack" Henthwaites are around simply asking to be allowed to run a dance.

We then turned our attention to the Appeal and discussed three propositions: (a) an annual subscription, i.e., on the now familiar seven years basis, from the Branch; (b) a lump sum this year, from the Branch; or (c) individual subscriptions on any basis fancied by the individuals concerned. By the first method we felt we should be committing the branch to a seven years' scheme for which we had no authority, and by the second we might reduce the total from the branch very materially and therefore we decided to urge upon all members to make their own subscriptions, and to do so liberally. Dr. F. M. Rowe represents us on the Convocation, O.S.A., and Union Appeal Committee, and from him I understand that we are to be kept posted as to subscribers from this branch as well as in respect of matters of development more definitely interesting to those three bodies.

So much for the routine side of branch matters. But the O.S.A. editor, worthy successor to our old friend P. P. Murphy, says the next *Gryphon* is to be "a special Appeal Number," and that if I can think of any "specially appropriate news or comments" he will be glad. He ends up by a most subtly alluring phrase, "the more persuasively you can paint the charms of the O.S.A. or the needs of the University, the better." What an opportunity to give me, of all folk, and what a wily bird this O.S.A. Editor is, to be sure! The "appropriate comments" take some holding back, but the "charms of the O.S.A." and the "needs of the University"

simply will not be restrained, and so here goes. Why did we start the O.S.A. ? Well, frankly, because we had captured some of the charm of the University ; it had cast its spell on us and we wanted almost above all things to retain that charm, to remain under that spell. It is impossible to remain at Leeds for ever—though I believe some wonderful records have been established—and so it became necessary to ensure constant contact with other Leeds men and women. Nothing short of an O.S.A. of a really comprehensive nature could secure this, and I fancy our achievement (How many strong are we now, Mr. Grist ?) is in itself something of a record. The Staff proved most helpful, and it need hardly be said that both Sir Michael Sadler and Professor Smithells gave us their cordial support. By the *Gryphon* you may keep in touch with the ever changing, yet strangely similar, student life. Yet something more is needed if you are not to drift slowly into an isolation entirely opposed to the aim of the O.S.A. I can think of no better way than by the holding, not only of Headquarter functions—welcome as they are—but of branch meetings where one renews old friendships and creates new friendships. Thus you maintain the charm and widen your knowledge and appreciation of the University at the same time. If the *Gryphon* Committee present a true picture of student life in the *Gryphon's* pages we may be kept in touch with our beloved University even when the wooden huts and adapted houses of our day have passed away, and we fervently hope they may soon do. We loved them and used them to the full, but we could not and do see the need for something better. There seems to be ample evidence that more branches of the O.S.A. could be started and, if desired, I am willing and I think others of our branch would also be willing, to "go over into Macedonia and help" in the starting of others. York, Hull, Liverpool and Birmingham,* all seem possible homes of O.S.A. branches. Cannot they be started soon ? One other point comes to my mind in thinking of the *Gryphon*, though it was not in its pages I perceived the heresy. In the local press I saw, not long ago, reference to "The Students' Union." Has all our work gone then for naught ? It was called, when we came, and was to be, we hoped as, so we gathered, our forerunners also had hoped, "The University Union." It would be a sad blow to learn of any change of name or character. Students and Staff, not laboratories and libraries, form our University, the University with which we still proudly claim allegiance and whose influence, not merely in Leeds nor even in Yorkshire, is increasingly felt for impulses to present endeavour and inspiration for renewed efforts in the common good. I could say more, much more, but even the *Gryphon's* wings are not elastic and so I will urge, once more, all old students to answer the appeal with both hands, to give that bank balance of theirs an upper-cut that it won't forget in a hurry and to join the O.S.A. at once, I know no sum of money in the form of O.S.A. subs. could possibly daunt our worthy Treasurer, so "Pay, Pay, Pay." H.L.R.

* Birmingham has already started negotiations to form a Branch.—[Ed.]

LONDON LETTER.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, LONDON.

President : Dr. DRAPEL, The Master's House, Temple, E.C.4.

Hon. Secretary : Miss I. CROWTHER, Videos, 26, Coventry Street, W.1.

Hon. Treasurer : Mr. R. HOLLINGS, 19, Orchard Drive, Blackheath, S.E.

EVERYTHING loose in the roots had been blown, pelted and washed off the gardens when I arrived at Kew, on Saturday, 19th September. Not an Old Student about : just a policeman at the Lion Gate, who might, and might not have seen a party of young men and women pass by at 3.30 for 3 p.m. Video thought they must have looked distinguished to be even so far remembered.

I knew where to find them, however, so hurried over the sandy paths towards the tea rooms, without once reproaching the rain for stabbing me in the back, because it made the turf glisten so fresh a green, and showed Kew marvellously beautiful in drench, solitude and autumnal colours. I found about fifteen people steaming round something like a hot Yorkshire fire in the front room of the Ivy Restaurant, waiting to greet any that chanced to trickle in. The best of being late on a wet day is that you get a special hail of welcome. Four tardy folk found that so. Before four we were tackling the bread and watercress, being, in the meantime, squashed and enlightened on the subjects of American literature, skyscrapers and liquor, federal government and racial elements by one of our friends back from the States, just in time for tea at Kew.

Idyll after tea: a stroll through the Gardens, maidens bareheaded, cropped locks very much wafted by a strong, noisy wind: men dignified with covered heads: complete respectability established at the station when *oil* hats are donned.

Some of us knew we were in for a cold meal when we went to Video's to arrange for the November Dinner, which is to be at Pinoli's, on Tuesday, the 17th, but we thrived on the following vision: from 7 to 7.30 everybody was arriving, in evening garb or not, according to individual fancy. Mr. Chapman, armed with a cash-box, was holding up his fellow-men in the dressing-room, relieving each of 4/6 or double, if there were a lady in the case. Miss Shuffleder, in the women's cloak-room turned box-office, also extracted silver, from the unescorted, the unbetrothed and unwedded, *bien entendu*. In this way we could go with free conscience and lordliness to a banquet we knew was ours by right of cash in advance; and service rewarded too. There's dignity for you!

No one waited for introductions. We were all labelled and that sufficed for us to meet and chat with President Dr. Draper, the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Baillie. The Committee, busy bees in rosettes, hummed among and linked up this flower and élite of Old Student gatherings. We trooped off to dine and the wine flowed. After which—but we had better leave the programme; something to anticipate and confirm. There are enough plans above for full circumstance to upset.

Numbers are expected to be high. The Old Members, knowing what's what, will come along; the new one's ought to come to learn. We hope to welcome our almost unflinching Leeds visitors—Prof. Priestley, who might volunteer "Tea for Two" this time; Miss Blackburn, who is surely ingenious enough to find a weighty excuse for joining us at Pinoli's; Mr. Grist, who couldn't not turn up; Mrs. Beck, whose duty we prefer to think it is to study London culinary fashions. The welcome is extended to all who are tempted to slip in amongst us. Temptation is all one, so don't think twice. Just use your energy to notify the Hon. Secretary or Hon. Treasurer.

NOTE.—*Pinoli's*—17, Wardour Street, between Shaftesbury Avenue and Coventry Street. Anyone sending money in advance to Video, or the Hon. Treasurer will be blessed by them, but Dinner tickets will be distributed only on the evening of the 17th. Further notice of Saturday, February 13th, when we entertain Prof. Connal and Mrs. Connal, will be given in due course. E.E.S.

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