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# The Gryphon

The Journal of the University of Leeds



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Vol. 7, No. 4

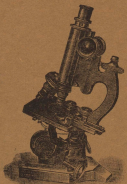
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25th February, 1926.

The Leeds University Union request the pleasure of the company of *Mr. J. A. Symington* at an Appeal Dance to be held on Wednesday, March 24th, in the Great Hall of the University.

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## Contents

	PAGE
EDITORIAL: "A Relic of the Dark Ages" .. .. .	121
NOTES AND COMMENTS .. .. . N.L.C. .. .. .	122
NEWS:—The Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher .. .. .	147
University Societies .. .. .	149
Athletics .. .. . J. S. Fox .. .. .	147
Old Students' Association .. .. .	152
Manchester Letter .. .. . H. L. Robinson .. .. .	154
Birmingham Letter .. .. . P. P. Murphy .. .. .	156
Union Minutes .. .. .	158
POETRY:—Filaments .. .. . James Baxter .. .. .	138
Wharfedale .. .. . R.M.O. .. .. .	138
Query for Gretchen .. .. . James Baxter .. .. .	138
The Nightingale .. .. . R.M.O. .. .. .	139
Inspiration .. .. . Denis Bottenill .. .. .	139
Summer .. .. . E.A.O. .. .. .	139
Consequences .. .. . Anon .. .. .	151
The Passionate Student .. .. . Ipu .. .. .	146
REVIEWS:—A Theory of Tragedy .. .. .	135
The Basis of Modern Atomic Theory .. .. .	136
The Leeds Petronius .. .. .	136
ART:—The Portrait .. .. . S. Todd .. .. .	124
DRAMA .. .. . J. Symonds .. .. .	137
MUSIC .. .. . F.E.C. .. .. .	144
Mid-day Recitals .. .. . Musicians .. .. .	144
A Craftsman and Clavichords .. .. . N.L.C. .. .. .	145
SPECIAL ARTICLES:—	
All-India Hockey Tour .. .. . J. Kak .. .. .	143
Alphonse Talks about Life .. .. . Alpha .. .. .	140
Educational Visitation, an .. .. . Quarto Anno .. .. .	125
Graduates in Industry .. .. . "Works Chemist" .. .. .	130
Helen Speaks Out .. .. . "Pip" .. .. .	128
Howlers .. .. . Rose E. Spright .. .. .	133
Medical Memories .. .. . Prof. Wardrop Griffith .. .. .	126
My Churchwarden .. .. . C. .. .. .	142
Prophetic Souls .. .. . T. L. Aked .. .. .	132
Women Students and the Appeal .. .. . J. Willoughby .. .. .	141
CAMBRIDGE AND THE FULLER LIFE .. .. .	146

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## THE GRYPHON.

### THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

*"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any shibe feathers; yet have wee continued to present our exercises before your judgements when we knowe them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curses which wee have ever founde than to the punishment which wee ought to feare."—LIVY.*

### Editorial

"A RELIC OF THE DARK AGES."

THE recent pronouncement of a learned professor on the subject of examinations must awaken grateful response in the hearts of countless undergraduates; together, perhaps, with a pleasing sense of a superior intelligence that has known for many years past what has only lately been revealed to their instructors. For a recent revelation clearly it must have been, or logically-minded professors would surely have shown at the Christmas terminals signs of repentance fit to warm the hearts of students—in the Maths. Department, at all events.

Perhaps, though, the failure to carry precept into practice may have been due to that academic delicacy which shrinks from revealing the presence of an heretical element in the Senate. The sentiments of that assembly of grave, reverend and learned seigneurs must always be supposed to be exactly what they ought to be; a clash of opinions there must awaken echoes that would shock the four corners of the academic world. Two opposing voices proceeding from the Delphic oracle itself could not arouse greater consternation.

However the case may stand, the system appears likely to continue, turning out its finished products all stamped with the hall-mark of academic approval and bearing the Senatorial superscription. We have read somewhere of a sociable giant who pressed the hospitality of his castle on all passing travellers. Unfortunately he had only one spare bed, but the happy humour peculiar to giants enabled him to overcome this difficulty quite simply. If the guest was too short he was stretched until he fitted the bed; if he was too long, his feet were lopped off to suit. So is it with our Senate. Instead of making the bed fit the guest, the guest is made to fit the bed. Examinations are the standard, and the student who fails to conform to that standard has the unhappy experience of being trimmed to fit.

Originality is killed. Professor Brodetsky puts the whole matter into a nutshell when he says: "Examinations are a relic of the Dark Ages, when a man had to think according to schedule or be condemned as a heretic." And this brings us to another aspect of the matter. Examinations are simply organised gambling—they are the Spanish state lottery applied to education. And, while leaving the ethics of gambling to the more competent judgment of the President of the Union, we feel that students' passports on life's journey should not be handed out like tickets in a sweepstake. Many of the courses on which examinations are based are far too broad and diffuse to be studied in detail throughout their length; and the result is that students not otherwise particularly depraved in character take refuge in the practice of "spotting" likely questions.

There are, indeed, many points of comparison between taking examinations and backing horses. Each student has his fancy of likely questions, and backs the "Siege of Plataea" for a place just as the man at the street corner backs "Charley's Aunt," or whatever his fancy is, both ways. We cannot help thinking what an artistic finishing touch would be added to the examination system were a Man on the Spot—to set up his office for the sale of examination tips—"Selections for the Great June Handicap!" ..... "Who gave you Constitutions of Clarendon for the Mediaeval History Stakes?" ..... A pleasing picture!

And in the last scene of all, Degree Finals, the unknown quantity presents another pitfall—arising from the fact that even professors have opinions. In all except the exact sciences, there is a real danger of approaching a question from a different standpoint to that adopted by the examiner. A Protectionist, for example, may have the misfortune to take an economics paper set unknown to him, by a professor of free-trade sympathies; and if the Free-Trader is of the dogmatic, club-oracle type, the student is going to find it out. As Sir Roger once remarked, there is something to be said on both sides of most questions; but if the student and the examiner are ranged on opposite sides of an examination question—so much the worse for the student. Third class honours may not infrequently be defined as the tax paid by a student to the examiner for holding independent views.

## Notes and Comments



1926 had begun before the half-way mark of the Appeal was reached. Now we must think of the amount as nearing £300,000. There is no need to be dissatisfied with the progress. Let us check the pessimists, both in and out of the University, who fear we shall never reach the desired figure. Let us remember that we can help by showing confidence. Tell the world that when you start earning the Appeal will positively soar upwards. "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."

In any case the Union Committee have sat. Its members have been annoyed when one has innocently asked what they were doing. They thought it absurd that they should be expected to think brain-waves in profusion. We always thought, however, that this Committee was the cream of the place. And now they have sat: you may turn to another page to judge the result.



The Secretary bird has been busy trying to enrol new members at a reduced price and takes pains to announce an all-star cast. Actually, of course, the secretaries are most successful whilst freshers are still fresh and green, and they are most annoyed when the victims of their allurements cease attending. Political societies especially are now suffering from apathy; though it is not true that the Liberal Society has come to an end simultaneously with the crossing over of Sir Alfred Mond.

In the Union handbook under "Concerning Publications" it is hoped "in the near future to issue the magazine monthly." In addition we read "There are always many articles, essays and short stories of general appeal." We are amused rather than amazed at the number of people who willingly criticise the magazine and the very choice few who are willing to help supplying the articles, etc., of general appeal, without which a monthly magazine is impossible. Possibly it may be news to some that they have to be written. The Editorial staff are not desirous of filling the magazine by their own efforts; moreover, many people (on their own confession) can write much better things themselves. We refuse to believe that the average undergraduate is utterly devoid of humour, intelligence, ability to write, and spare time.

Of course some are only too willing to fill our pages. Writers of lengthy reports of Conferences and society meetings ask themselves, like Voltave, "Did I really write that?" on seeing their effort reduced to reasonable size. Does not McDougall tell us that the ability to profit from experience is the prime symptom of the presence of Mind?

The *Gryphon* is the very place to air your grievances and worries. But, judging by the absence of correspondence, everyone is perfectly satisfied, there are no grounds for complaint, nothing can be improved, and (let us whisper it), only one person ever desires to smoke in the Great Hall. We now confidently await the deluge for our next number—March 18th; the 4th being the last date for copy.

Lectures and Recitals, some of which have already taken place, are distinctly attractive. Science students when desiring a visit to some den of vice should casually announce that they are to hear a lecture on "The Carbo-Hydrate Metabolism of Micro-Organisms." All natives of the shire should find much of interest in the Popular Course of Lectures on Modern Yorkshire. All the lecturers are well known to undergraduates. Prof. J. H. Jones has already lectured on "The Industrial Revolution, Dr. C. B. Fawcett has shown what a fascinating study are those of "The Distribution of the Population," and "The Rise of the Industrial Towns." The economic aspect of Industry has been dealt with by Mr. A. N. Shimmun under the headings of "The Distribution of Industries," and "The Wool Textile Industry. The all-important question of Agriculture is in the able hands of Dr. A. G. Ruston, who will consider the North and East Ridings on February 23rd, and the West Riding on March 2nd, this being the conclusion of the series. The course of seven lectures is well worth the fee of 3/-.

Undoubtedly the most fascinating lecture of the term was that by Mr. Henry W. Nevinson on "War Correspondents." Certainly there is no other man who could lecture so well on that subject. Mr. Nevinson has acted as official correspondent to every decent-sized war since 1897, and his work has taken him into Greece, Turkey, Crete, Spain, South Africa, Central Africa, Russia, India, Morocco, the Balkans. In the last war he was present in the Dardanelles campaign, in Salonika and Egypt, lastly in France and Germany, and was wounded during his activities. A lecture by one with such a variety of experiences together with no little literary ability and an amazing personality is a thing not to be missed.

## The Portrait

A TALL spacious studio, crowded with canvases, completed and half-completed pictures, statues of Greek gods, copies from Titian and pictures by Rembrandt. A stove in one corner, littered with brushes and daubed with pigments. The artist is sitting on the throne, and is busily engaged in sorting bladders of paint, and squeezing some colours on a palette. He is small and thin, with knee-breeches, a periwig, and large horn glasses, through which he peers like a stage dragon. On an impulse he drops his palette, and draws out his snuff box. He has just taken a pinch of snuff out, and is going through the preparatory exercise of tapping the silver lid, when the door opens ponderously, and in stamps a short stout man.

He also is dressed in frock coat, knee-breeches and eighteenth century periwig. His face is red, and he puffs mightily as he walks towards the artist. He trends carefully, circumspectly, with the whole weight of his intellect bent on his task. The artist is just rising to greet him, when with an impatient snort he hurries back to the door, and recommences his entry. The artist shrugs his shoulders, and relapses into his seat.

*R.* My dear sir, why do you still affect this preposterous habit, even when we are alone? Surely you may relax a little before me—we know each other's weaknesses sufficiently well, I hope.

*J.* Sh! (He creeps to the door, and looks stealthily out. Then with a sigh of relief he walks back to *R.* and sits on the edge of a table). Damn that man! he sticks to me like a leech, and I must act his conception of my personality when he is about. Sir, I would rather be a Scotchman and eat horse-food, than be so constantly dogged by that — toad, Boswell!

*R.* Oh! never mind Boswell! He is really quite harmless, my dear sir. Why! he wrote me a letter only the other day. Now where is it? Oh! just listen to this, Sir. "My dear Sir, It is with the deepest humility and awe, that I dare to approach you on a subject which, I know . . ." He is writing about one of his new schemes—a life of yourself, in fact.

*J.* (rather pleased). Is he, now? That does make him a little more bearable. But I despise him, Sir, for his low, cringing, Whiggish manner.

*R.* Perhaps he is rather insinuating, but, my dear sir, he is not an interesting subject for conversation. And besides, the light will soon be fading. If you will just sit up here, and take a book, we can begin.

*J.* I will have my dictionary, Sir!

*R.* I would suggest a book which would furrow your brow a little more—

*J.* What!—but you are only an ignorant painter, Reynolds, though you have been to Italy. What difference can Italy make to a man so patently and debasely ignorant of the deepest learning and science of our modern etymologists and lexicographers? Italy can only serve as a polish to that fine carving which is a result of the consummate blending of knowledge and discrimination—two assets which, sir, I am afraid you are unable to boast. (He puffs indignantly).

*R.* Come, come! I at least can appreciate Rembrandt and Titian.

*J.* Rembrandt! a low Dutch boor, whose paintings are as black as the mud which exudes from his native marches! Titian! A vulgar painter of the nude, fit only to titillate the senses of his debased and utterly abandoned fellows! Can you appreciate that magnificent man—Frenchman though he be—Claude! And our own superb and most highly moral Hogarth? I tell you, sir, your taste in art

is as little to be considered and as greatly to be contemned, as your taste in books—  
Furrow my brow, forsooth! (Puffs again, triumphantly).

R. Come, my dear Sir. You had such a perfect pose, and that last puff has completely spoilt it. (Hastily, as Johnson's brows contract, and his mouth opens for some terrific denunciation, Reynolds takes his brushes, and paints feverishly).

## An Educational Visitation

THE members of the Education Society were privileged to see the *Gryphon* staff at work. None of the party had thought of counting the stairs, and so were unable to compare with York Minster and the gods at the Grand. They accepted without demur the statement that the height was roughly equal to half that of Mount Parnassus. Mr. W——n lapsed into his best demonstration method, and explained the many advantages of the position; that angry critics had lost their breath when they had reached the top stair, and that the said critics could descend much more quickly. The castle, that is to say the office, had never been taken by storm.

Though the door was carefully opened, still an O.T.C. water bottle fell to the ground. The lecturer continued; the cupboard could hold, in time of a siege, provision for three persons for ten days; three hundred bottles altogether. One, of great antiquity, was found. The label was now illegible, but a pale-brown liquid in the bottom of the bottle was identified as dandelion and burdock.

Attention was now directed to the tables. Permission was readily given to observe the methods of work. While the Manager read Plato in the original Hebrew, the sub-Editor casually selected a report of a conference. "We take out half, and then look at the remainder," he explained. The Editor then carried on the good work. The lecturer pointed out how admirably 1,200 words had been reduced to 150, and spoke extempore for ten minutes on the necessity for eliminating useless matter, and the virtue of brevity. One member (a contributor) suggested that the Editor would gladly receive articles reduced to their absolute minimum. "I always endeavour to combine brevity and symmetry," he said, "my work cannot possibly be cut down."

"There is nothing that cannot be cut," the Editor replied, as he blocked out an introduction and a conclusion.

The ladies asked to hear some specimen poetry. "I have here," said the Editor, "a little thing that may appeal to you":—

"Come with me to the vaults,  
Where idle we'll not be,  
But drinking thirstily,  
A good man never halts  
In drowning all his faults,  
Until 'tis half-past three."

"What admirable sentiment," all exclaimed. The Editor would not reveal the author but deep suspicion seemed to rest on the Manager.

The lecturer resumed. One could not help being inspired here. He noticed that two of the staff were members of his department. "I fear you have an advantage over the rest, working in this perfect quiet [it was Wednesday afternoon, and the card-room was deserted]. You cannot but write excellently. May I ask what mark you received for your last discussion?" The Manager and sub-Editor together replied "C minus."

QUARTO ANNO.

## Medical Memories

**A**FTER a man has been thirty-eight years on the professorial staff of a University, and then retires from the position of an active teacher, he is bound to experience a wrench and to feel that a milestone has been passed. He will naturally look back over the years and reflect on the changes and developments he has seen, and especially on those with which he has been, no matter, how humbly, associated.

I, who am in that position, can carry my mind back four years more, for it was in 1883 that I was appointed House Physician to the General Infirmary at Leeds. At once I found myself in a congenial atmosphere, because I became associated with the work of teaching the students. The Yorkshire College and the Old School of Medicine had recently become amalgamated, and hopes were being entertained as to an early union with the Victoria University. This union actually took place in 1887, the same year as that in which I was appointed Professor of Anatomy, and for a good many years the federal University carried on its work with efficiency, though, as we now more fully grasp, under some conditions of disadvantage. Our existence as a separate and independent University dates, as we all know, from 1904.

The union between the old medical school and the General Infirmary was very close, very friendly and very efficient. That between the faculty of Medicine of the University and the Infirmary is of the same character, and certain additional bonds of union have been forged during the last few years which make the union secure and free from any risk of dissolution.

It would be an easy, and in many respects an interesting, task to comment on the many changes and developments which I have seen; how when I started as Professor of Anatomy in 1887 there was but one full-time demonstrator in the school, and he was attached to the Department of Anatomy; how there then followed a demonstrator in physiology under Professor de Burgh Birch and how Dr. Jacob manfully did his best for pathology which had the most meagre and the worst accommodation I have seen anywhere. The building of the new school, which was opened in 1894 by our present King when he was the Duke of York, was a great event. Mr. Scattergood was a tower of strength in this work, and he devoted his great energies and his wonderful powers of organization—sparing neither time nor labour—to securing the best result. Professor Birch worked out the details of what was at the time an up-to-date physiological department, and I had the joy of securing for anatomy a department in which it was a pleasure to work and in the planning of which I had the able assistance of my first demonstrator, Dr. M. J. Oliver, who is now medical officer of health for the county of Roxborough. The accommodation for the subject of pathology at the new school, thought to be abundantly adequate at the time of our removal there, has, of course, for long been periodically increased in an endeavour to keep pace with the work. This is now a fine department with a large and efficient staff and an excellent head in the person of Professor Stewart, but it sadly lacks adequate accommodation, and this we all hope to see in a department which shall be at once compact and capable of expansion.

As I have now retired from the steady collar work of daily teaching at the Medical School and Infirmary, I feel free, in my position of partial detachment, to say that at no time has the teaching been better, at no time have the relations between staff and students been more cordial, and at no time has the future been more promising.

Some few years ago Sir Berkeley Moynihan and I, as heads of the two departments of Surgery and Medicine, brought to the notice of the Council of the University

what we deemed to be a great want in the education of the medical student. During the critical period when a student was beginning his work at the Infirmary, after having received instruction in the fundamental subjects at the school, he seemed to us to require a greater amount of systematic guidance than could be obtained were he at once to be launched on the duties of the regular clinical appointments. The Council adopted our views, and agreed to the appointment of one Medical Tutor and two Surgical Clinical Assistants, who should be whole-time men and should have as a very important part of their duties the teaching and the guidance of the students during the earlier months of their Infirmary work, so that they should be able to gather every advantage from that which is the essential and the most characteristic form of British teaching, that, namely, which is provided in the wards, in the out-patient departments and in the operating theatres.

The Board of the Infirmary, fully alive as they always have been to the fact that the welfare of the University and of the Infirmary are closely interwoven and interdependent, carried out certain structural alterations at the Infirmary, desirable, indeed, on other grounds, in such a manner as to provide the nucleus of what may develop into a first class instructional block with a properly equipped lecture-theatre. In anticipation of the structural alterations necessary for the provision of this being carried out, the "Faculty of the Infirmary" (for I love to use the old term to indicate the collective honorary staff which was in use long before there was a University with "Faculties" in Leeds) have collected from among their own number a sum of money to equip the department as a memorial to their late colleague, Mr. Littlewood. One might hope that, as the union between the University and the Infirmary is now so intimate and so secure, some arrangement might be made by the two so that this important scheme may soon be brought to completion.

If I seem to have spoken mainly, if not entirely, about that which concerns the Faculty of Medicine, it is due to my greater familiarity with that Faculty than with the others, and this is natural. But I venture to plead with the members of all the Faculties for what I may term a greater spirit of University loyalty. As I have recently said elsewhere, it is a great thing to have been a student of the Leeds School of Medicine, with all its fine traditions and with its present reputation; and the loyalty manifested to their old medical school by former students leaves nothing to be desired in that respect. But something more is required. Could there be a more intimate fellowship between the different faculties—and here I refer to staff and students alike—I cannot but think we should all gain much in width of outlook, that the welfare of the University as a whole would be promoted and that our graduates, when they go out into the world, would look back with affection and loyalty not only to their own particular faculty but to the University itself as the great mother of all—interested, and equally interested—in the welfare of all the faculties.

T. WARDROE GRIFFITH,

*Emeritus Professor.*

*The Editor of the "Gryphon."*

DEAR SIR,—The religious society to which I belong recently had occasion to build a new Headquarters. Some energetic member calculated the approximate cost per brick (it came to about 3d.) and members were asked to buy one or more "bricks" and so have some personal share in the new building.

I wonder if some such idea would help our University Appeal to gather in those small donations that we so urgently need.

Yours, etc.,

RONALD B. LITTLE.

## Helen Speaks Out

"YES," said Helen firmly, "They are quite right." She was reading the *Gryphon*, while I was engaged on the much more interesting task of trying to make out exactly what colour were her eyes. It is a favourite amusement of mine, and this was a good opportunity to continue my research, since we were both occupying a piece of furniture specially built (I imagine) for such an occupation.

"I never can make out what colour . . . ." I was beginning, when she interrupted me with her elbow, saying, "It's not a Colour Ballot. It's the Sports Ballot I was just reading about."

"Oh, sorry! Yes, good idea, wasn't it?" I replied.

"Now Pip, be sensible for once . . . . This Sports Ballot is disgusting, and I'm surprised at you supporting it. You economists will support anything if there's money in it."

"Anyway," I replied, slightly indignant, "You don't seem to object to my support."

"Oh! I can go if you're going to be nasty," said she, moving as if to rise.

I restrained her determinedly. "Helen," I said gravely, "It does not augur well for our happiness if we cannot agree to have different opinions. Let us sit here and discuss calmly this very important matter and see how far you are wrong."

"That's just it," Helen replied, "You always say I'm wrong. But you see that other people have the same opinion as I have. Look at these letters in the *Gryphon*. They all say the University shouldn't encourage gambling to get money. It isn't worthy."

"Let me look," I said, taking the brown covered magazine (which in my opinion encourages much worse things than gambling).

"The first letter," I went on, "says that (a) the ballot is a very underhand method of getting money; (b) it appeals to the acquisitive instinct."

"Yes," said Helen warmly, "It appeals to the wrong motive."

"Wait a moment," I replied. "In the first place, I cannot see anything underhand. Even if it is robbery, it is at least daylight robbery. Secondly, the acquisitive instinct is the motive upon which the British Empire has been built. How then can it be a wrong motive?"

"Oh I know it isn't much use arguing with you, you twist everything round."

"If you twist much more," I replied, "You'll break my arm."

"It's sheer gambling, and it ought to be stopped," she continued, her elbow again emphasising the argument.

"Gamblers," I replied, "are not acquisitive." "Don't be a fool, Pip," she said coaxingly, "All these letters are from important people in the Christian Union."

"That accounts for it," I replied with decision. "Now Helen, dear," I went on, as she showed signs of tears, "I know what a noble nature you have, and I don't like to see you ungenerous or uncharitable. Why can't these Christians admit that people may buy ballot tickets with quite a good motive?"

"Because the motive isn't good," she replied, "I almost think you've been gambling yourself."

"As a matter of fact," I answered, "I have bought a few tickets, and also sold a number too, but . . . ."

"There," she cried, "I knew it. That's why you couldn't take me to the play this week."

"My dear Helen," I murmured, "You will choke me if you don't argue more calmly. Surely you don't object to my making a sacrifice for the good of the University?"

"It never occurred to you, I suppose," she replied rather tartly, "to stop smoking, or anything like that. You know you never thought of sacrifice. It was just the gambling instinct."

"I wish women wouldn't always be so personal in argument," I protested resignedly. "Just let me explain in a friendly way a few fundamental truths of philosophy and economics" . . . .

"Oh! go on, you've started now," she consented. "I suppose I'll have to listen."

"There are fourteen sports here," I began, "And you have to arrange ten of them in order of popularity. If you work out how many different ways there are of arranging any ten, you will find that there are over two hundred million—which means that there are two hundred million chances to one against any particular person winning the prize. That is the maximum, but as there can hardly be more than half a million tickets sold, any one ticket has about one chance in five hundred thousand . . . . Are you listening?" "Yes dear, go on, I love to hear you," she replied. Thus encouraged, I went on.

"Two things follow; first, a man who buys a ticket must feel fairly certain that he is parting for good with his money. Second, this will prevent him from expending more than he can afford. Therefore to buy a ticket is neither the sin of avarice nor the sin of prodigality. In short, it is not gambling."

"Neither is it speculation, for the foresight required in legitimate speculation is here seen to be missing. The intellect has too few facts to work on to make the forecasting an intelligent operation."

"Splendid," exclaimed Helen, "And now Philo, tell me what on earth it is then."

"I am glad, my dear," I replied gently, "to see you following my argument so closely. From the weight of your head I thought you were asleep. However! Since the act is neither a vice nor an intellectual operation, there is only one category in which we can place it. It must of necessity be a virtue, and that virtue is generosity."

"Who said the devil was dead?" asked Helen admiringly.

"The devil will never die," I replied, "so long as the Christian Union can amuse him."  
"P.P."

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## Obituary

It is with deep regret that we publish the death of Major Walter Rowley, an original member of the Council of Leeds University, who has served continuously in the Yorkshire College and the University of Leeds for over half-a-century.

## Graduates in Industry

*The Editor of the Gryphon.*

Sir,—May I take up some of your space with a rather lengthy disquisition?

A degree may help a man to get a position. It won't help him to keep it. In industry, it is not a question of how much a man knows; it is what can he do? The object of industry is to turn out the goods and pay a dividend. Anyone who cannot help to do this by acclimatising himself to the inevitable compromise between perfection and cost is not going to get very far.

What are the factors which decide if he can? We must put knowledge in an important position, but everyone knows that very many people have done great things without much technical knowledge. It is much more important in industry to understand men. Given a firm grasp of the broad principles of any trade, the proper place for details and special knowledge is in reference books, and in the heads of the men who are on the job, till required. These practical men are the more important storehouse. Other men's brains must be picked, but every lock is a Yale with its own special key.

"All the most important and most lucrative training comes later; it is after a man takes his degree that knowledge comes and wisdom lingers," says Dr. Miall in "Chemistry and Industry." This knowledge, or "practical experience" is very difficult to gain by the man just leaving the University. A good many leave college with an "I am Sir Oracle; when I open my lips let no dog bark" attitude, and the result is that the dogs don't bark, a great deal of valuable knowledge is missed, and some bad mistakes may be made. The fact is that a chap who has just got a degree is no earthly use in industry, and he costs whatever firm he goes to a good deal of money and time before he is of some value.

Sensible grads, accept this, and sensible firms spend a year and a little money in giving him practical experience in actually handling the goods like a workman, as far as the trades unions will allow. I feel sure that this experience cannot be gained in the colleges. The experience too, is really necessary, not to get to know how to do things, but because it gives the point of view of the man on the job. The practical man's knowledge only needs sifting out a little in this light, and should never be despised.

A third requirement is an aptitude for business. Perfection and accuracy in business are almost always subservient to cost and speed, and the business man likes the technical man best who will work on these lines.

Financiers say they can buy experts to work for them, they say that there are too many technical men for the industry, or rather, that many of them are not of the right kind.

It has been pointed out above that three very important factors in deciding the success or otherwise of a student in later life, are not dealt with at a University. A man goes through a four years' technical course, and never once hears any mention of C.I.F. terms, indents, or Bills of Lading, whilst such common business expressions as drafts, accounts current and proforma invoices are Greek to him. Very important things such as trades union organisation, business methods, and accountancy are never touched upon.



On the other hand, at the present time, there are huge masses of facts which the student is expected to know, and which he must know if he wants a decent degree, which are forgotten as soon as possible after the examination. If broad principles were mainly taught, any detail could be readily learnt afterwards if and when necessary. The important thing is to know *where to find* information.

Only scholastic subjects have been touched upon. "The race is to the swift and the battle to the strong" and a man has a much better chance of getting himself pretty fit at college than he will have afterwards. This is quite as important as a degree. A further question which can only be hinted at is the one of general education. Anyone who goes into industry has to live largely on the interest on his cultural capital acquired at the University.

Yours, etc., WORKS CHEMIST  
(Bradford).

\*\*\*We regret that owing to pressure on our space we have had to compress "Works Chemist's" views. The substance of his argument, however, remains untouched; and we feel that he has taken up a position very precarious of tenure. His conception of the function of a University, indeed, is curiously paralleled to the ingenious Mr. Squeers' scheme of education as practised at Dotheboys Hall. "What is a horse?" asks Mr. Squeers; and being told that it is a beast signifies his approval and adds: "As you're perfect in that, go and rub down my horse; and mind you rub him down well, or I'll rub you down." Some such happy and close co-operation between theory and practice appears to be in "Works Chemist's" mind. For our own part, we think that such a system is more likely to result in a mental falling between two stools, than the perfect works manager, sprung fully armed at all points from his *Alcea Mater's* head.

In our opinion Works Chemist is merely beating the air. There is a lot of loose thinking in his letter, but his two main points appear to be, first, that the University fails to turn out graduates who are able to handle men, and secondly that it fails to give instruction in the practical side of business methods. With regard to the first point, no one expects a man straight from college to be able to handle men and take charge of affairs as though he had been born a works manager. To complete a man's training University and workshop are, we submit, equally essential; each supplements the other. It is the business of the University to train a man's intellect in the way of thinking clearly and quickly, and to equip him with a thorough technical knowledge of the industry in which he is to engage. It is the business of the workshop to enable him to apply that intellect and that knowledge in getting a grasp of the practical side of the industry.

The second point has no relation to fact. So far from business terms being Greek to the technical graduate, special courses in economics and business routine are held at the University for all science and technology students. And a last remark. Are there many business men who really believe that perfection and accuracy in business are almost always subservient to cost and speed? What view of this do they hold at Bradford Technical College?

## Acknowledgments

*Sphinx* (Liverpool), 2; *Serpent* (Manchester), 2; *G.U.M.* (Glasgow), 3; *The Northerner* (Armstrong College, Newcastle); *University Gazette* (Birmingham); *Florenamus* (Sheffield), 2; *Bruxelle Universitaire*; Magazine of Bangor, U.C.W.; *Student* (Edinburgh), 2; *University College Magazine* (London); *Gong* (Nottingham); *Mask* (Glasgow Technical College); *Nonesuch* (Bristol); *A.M.A., New Student* (New York); *Presidency College Magazine* (Calcutta); *Dragon* (Aberystwyth); *Olympian*; "The Just Price."

## Prophetic Souls

THE beginning of Spring is a season of the year for which most people have a warm corner in their hearts. Some, the Queen in the nursery rhyme for example, like it because it brings the onion; others because it brings the snowdrop and the daffodil; others because it is the close season for poets, who may at this time sing their lays in public without fee or licence, let or hindrance. I myself welcome it with open arms, because with it comes that best of all year-books, the Prophetic Almanack. And as the familiar cry comes down the street, and I hasten forth with my two pence, I cry "O good old man, how well in thee appears The constant service of twelve months, spent hardly in casting of horoscopes and calculating of ascendants!"

I thought, as I read the Sage's greeting to his friends within the bounds of earth, what a wonderful old man this must be, who thus casually could commend to his friends his eighty-third Almanack. There was an engraving of him too—a venerable figure in flowing robes and with long white beard, that might well be envied by the Arch-Druid himself. Can it be (I asked myself) that this aged and wrinkled man is still actively engaged in the profession? Is it not rather likely that a grateful country, after enjoying the fruits of his labours for so many years, has rewarded the Sage with a seat in the House of Lords, and that the mantle of the Aged Seer has been made into a spring overcoat for Sold More Junior?

This fancy was the more borne in on me because as I read I thought I detected a distinct falling-off in the general quality of the predictions—a general lowering of tone in the Monthly Prophetic Notes. Instead of the sagacious, steady *conservative* predictions of an Old Hand, there appeared the rash, impetuous, *liberal* promises of headstrong youth. Where we had been accustomed to the soothing generality of "A number of deaths are to be apprehended this month," we found the Prophet specifying not merely the number, but the time, place and cause of the mortality. The cautious "Internal dissensions are apparent in the Cabinet" gave place to "A severe attack of indigestion compels the Chancellor of the Exchequer to postpone the Budget for three weeks." And then, when the Budget does come along, the Seer burned all his boats behind him by promising a decrease in the income tax; while another month was singled out as being entirely free from labour troubles. This is contrary to all the accepted practice of the Propheteering profession. Only the weather remained of the old familiar phrases, to remind us of what used to be. There was the same comfortable balancing of "Rainy weather, with fine and warm to follow" and "Weather dry, with occasional showers." But except for this, there was a general impression of a Youth rushing in where an Old Sage had been careful not to tread, and specifying where its predecessor had been content to generalise.

Perhaps, though, the root of the trouble lies even deeper than this. What, it occurred to me, if the art of the Seer, down the centuries an impregnable stronghold of individualism, has at last become a prey to commercialism, and has swallowed the bait held out by the Company Promoter? Throughout his history, one of the noblest attributes of the Prophet, as of his first cousin the Wizard, has been his indifference to base wealth. How many instances do we read in legend and in history of seers who, presented by a tyrant prince with the alternative of revealing the winner of the forthcoming Derby (or its mediæval equivalent) or being flung from the castle battlements, have chosen the latter rather than pander to greed? And how many modern prophets are there who, out of the overflowing kindness of their hearts, offer to reveal the future to patrons of the Turf (for the nominal sum of one shilling, while themselves refusing to accrue any financial profit from their superior knowledge)?

But these are all workers on individual lines. It is when collaboration steps in that dissensions and failings begin to appear; and the combining of the divergent beliefs, opinions and prejudices produces a ragged, patchwork result. And so there rose before my mind's eye the picture of a company promoter who, on the retirement of the aged prophet from active service, had turned the concern into a limited company. I saw a Board Room, and round the Board were seated the directors—a retired Admiral, an Archdeacon, the Lord Mayor of Littleborough, two inhabitants of Burke, a Major-General, and Sir Ginery Dunkle, the Chairman. The Chairman's silk hat was being gravely passed round, and each member of the Board withdrew in turn a small slip. On these slips were written the prophecies for the year, previously selected at random by the office boy from the pages of "John Dull," the leaders of the "Daily Wail," and the Rhymes of Mother Shipton. And as each member read out his selection the Chairman chose an appropriate date by stabbing a calendar with a gold pin. As I looked the Admiral read from his slip "Heavy cloudbursts will flood the Lake District."

"Middle of August," said the Chairman, withdrawing his pin.

"Mr. Chairman, I must emphatically protest against this," said the Admiral warmly. "I have considerable interests in a series of Hotels in Cumberland, and this will be enough to knock the bottom out of the shares. I move that the cloudburst be postponed till October." There was no great objection to this save from the Archdeacon, who disapproved of hotels on principle, and on the motion being put to the meeting it was carried. And so the business of arranging the next year's events went on, there being constant interference with the intentions of Fate, as symbolised by the silk hat, to fall into line with the wishes of individual members of the Board. . . .

No, I cannot, I will not believe that the noble Art of Prophecy has fallen so low. I am convinced my Almanack is still an individual concern: and the Young Man who now runs it will cast off the impetuosity of youth when he realises his responsibilities. He will soon acquire the art creating an atmosphere of importance about nothing, and of making every statement face two ways. It is said that the prophet is without honour in his own country, but I feel assured that Sold More's flag will brave for a thousand years yet the battle with rival prophets and the inauspicious breeze of scepticism. The war has been responsible for many changes, but I am confident that, though all else may change, for many years yet there will be found in Yorkshire homes, each succeeding year, a copy of Sold More's Almanack. There it will hang, in the place of honour by the "jarn," to be appealed to, on all questions of moment, with that simple confidence which is so touching a characteristic of Yorkshire folk.

T.L.A.

## Howlers

MANY people think that magazine howlers are fakes, but those who are experienced in school work know that there is no exaggeration. It is hardly believable what pupils, even intelligent ones, will say or write, and perhaps grownups are apt to forget the mistakes they themselves made, and the channels by which knowledge came to them. Every howler, here, I can vouch for, most of them being taken from term exam. papers in a Harrogate school, and others shown to me by colleagues in Leeds schools.

A beginner in French, translating the story of the Sleeping Beauty, rendered "Elle devait dormir cent ans" by "She was put to sleep by a hundred donkeys." Another child wrote "She often revelled with the King's son" as a translation of "Elle fut réveillée par le fils du roi." An older scholar, translating an extract

about the late war, submitted this little gem: "The soldiers were eating soup in the farmyard. *No other sound* was heard." The italics are mine.

An explanation of Strychnine—given by a girl who always seemed to think there was some catch in every lesson—was, "A shortened form of a stitch in time saves nine." The same girl described Semolina as "Meaning to get into trouble, because Tom Thumb got into trouble when he fell into the semolina padding." A little girl of eight, in a geography lesson, said that a Buffalo was "A cow-kind of bull with bobbed hair," and another Junior in a Scripture Exam. Paper, wrote that "Samson married Phyllis Tine." Once, in a Scripture lesson, when the teacher was telling the story of Hannah praying for a son, and promising to give him up to God, if her prayer were granted, one girl of eleven was quite thrilled. Her face became redder and redder, and her eyes shone with excitement, and at last she blurted out indignantly, "I don't see the good of that! Why didn't she ask for twins, and then she could have kept one for herself!"

An older girl was once overheard describing a play she had seen, and her school-girl audience collapsed when she solemnly assured them that "The ghost said 'Come! Come!' in sculptural tones." In a Scripture paper, a Junior wrote that "A man was cured who was sick of the parsley." A girl of eleven said that an Elegy was a figure of a person that you burnt when they had done something wrong, and others were quite sure that a Phantom was some kind of a hen, a Wrangler was a thing you put clothes through, and Methuselah was a Gorgon, whilst the Monster in the "Tempest," was described as "Half man and half gorgonzola." One wee mite gave the plural of Ox as "Oxo," and the plural of Scissors as "Curlingtongs," whilst an Optimist was "A fish in the sea with a lot of legs on." D.D. was said to mean "A dud," whilst the principal classes of food were "Carburettors and Emetics!"

It is difficult, sometimes, to see the line of reasoning, but not in the case of Phalanx, which a child explained as "A little thing at the back of your throat." Affidavit was said to be a thing to swing boats on to ships, Epicure was "Something you have done to your nails," Philatelist was explained as "an insect," and Tripod as "waterproof leather," whilst a girl of thirteen thought that Caoutchouc meant "Fairylake," an Old Blue "a Policeman," and a Bull's Eye was a "humbag." (In Yorkshire eyes, she was certainly right).

It isn't always wise to laugh openly at Howlers, especially in the case of a girl who has been trying to reason the thing out, and has arrived at some kind of conclusion, by a rather tortuous route. One somewhat backward girl, confronted with the question "Express in one word—A cure for everything," wrote "Dying." She explained afterwards, "I racked my brains and *couldn't* think of anything but that, and I thought dying would cure everything, as you wouldn't need to worry any more."

In a Scholarship Examination, a small boy, in answer to the question, "What would you do if your little sister showed signs of choking," solemnly informed the examiner in his written answer, "I should hold her by the hand tenderly until she either recovered or died!" A girl of ten, when asked "What would you do if you were lost on a moor?" wrote "I should write HELP on a tree, and sit down and wait until it came."

From a psychological point of view, it is interesting to find out the child's processes of argument, for often a lot of hard thinking has gone to the making of what proves to be a funny mistake. Of course, some Howlers are caused by sheer thoughtlessness, and very occasionally, by an irresistible desire for "leg-pulling," but one learns to discriminate, and after all, very few pupils are willing to lose marks in examinations by indulging their sense of humour.

ROSE E. SPEIGHT.



## A THEORY OF TRAGEDY.

*The Hero: a Theory of Tragedy.* By Albert Beaumont. Routledge, 5/-

THIS book defines a type of character whose activities, the author claims, are what constitute tragedy in life or art. Tragedy in life is not, except in the jargon of the reporter, a clearly limited conception. Tragedy in art, however, though past attempts to define it have not been conspicuously successful, is at any rate limited by a fair consensus of opinion as to what things are, and what things are not, tragedy; and with this the theory can be tested. Will Mr. Beaumont's carefully defined and consistent formula take the place of the old rather casual definitions? The present work only contains the first part of his theory, and is to be completed by a second book to be called *The Spectator*, to deal with the apprehension of tragedy, including the catharsis—that is to say, with all the elements in a tragedy which do not occur in the events of real life. Till this appears, it will be impossible to form a final estimate of the theory. It is possible to say definitely at present that Mr. Beaumont has at any rate provided a very subtle and powerful instrument for the analysis of character, and that with its aid he has written some extremely just and penetrating criticism, especially in the analyses of *Hamlet* and *Hedda Gabler*.

Tragedy, Mr. Beaumont argues, lies in the behaviour of a particular type of character, which he calls indifferently the "hero" or the "tragic character." The group of activities in which he distinguishes this character are directed to the obtaining of a feeling of "security" and harmony with the environment, a feeling which the normal character possesses or, if it should be disturbed by a crisis or a loss, at once recovers by the normal adjustments of mental life.

Plausibly but purely dogmatically, Mr. Beaumont traces the continual "insecurity" to "organic or glandular defect." In the hero's sense of social relations, his insecurity emerges as a feeling of inferiority to others, and his conduct is continually attempting, and failing, to convert this into a feeling of superiority. "This feeling (i.e., of insecurity and inferiority) is the *anagnis* or so-called "tragic flaw," and is common to every hero." (p. 67).

This theory he develops from a consideration of *Hamlet* which in itself is a criticism of the very highest importance. An equally penetrating discussion of *Hedda Gabler* is only less noteworthy because less ink has already been spilt over the play by earlier critics. In these two analyses, both the power and the justice of Mr. Beaumont's criticism are beyond question, an important tribute to the soundness of his theory.

The method of the book is that of an investigator, not of a professor; instead of giving a system of dogma, Mr. Beaumont leaps from point to point of the earlier investigators, combining and correcting with brilliantly agile scholarship.

"The head of Janus," says Mr. Beaumont, "rises from out every theory of Hamlet, one face revealing the philosophy of the author, the other expressing something of an explanation we would all accept could we have it entire. An ideal theorist would be one who could separate, in previous theories, the constructive from the non-constructive, who could show, in the broader and deeper sense of his own work, that their faults were but faults in development, and their contradictions apparent only" (p. 43). It is in this spirit that Mr. Beaumont approaches the work of his predecessors; from the eighteenth century to Freud, he handles the vast bulk of the *Hamlet-Literatur* with discrimination and thoroughness and lays a firm foundation for the bold structure of his own work. In this, the future writer on tragedy will find far more of permanent constructive work than of the theorist's own philosophy. If one may venture to predict, the whole conception of "insecurity" as the basis of tragedy will be permanent; the physiological roots which Mr. Beaumont suggests for it, and the strong dichotomy he sets up between tragic and non-tragic characters will perhaps be left as his private property. At any rate, the work is of the greatest importance; and the University may well be proud to have produced criticism of this calibre. G.W.

#### THE BASIS OF MODERN ATOMIC THEORY.

C. H. Douglas Clark, B.Sc., D.I.C.

MR. Clarke has attempted, with admirable success, the enormous task of collecting together the mass of data accumulated by modern research, and resulting in the modern atomic theory. He has produced a book which binds the different parts of a truly enormous subject into one whole—and has arrived at his theoretical conclusions by logical argument from an experimental background. The wide scope and completeness of the outline is remarkable.

The necessary brevity of parts of the book may lead to vagueness in the mind of a reader insufficiently acquainted with the details, but this difficulty is overcome by the extensive and valuable list of references at the end of each chapter, by means of which the student can enter into detailed study of any portion. This addition enables the book to fulfil the two-fold purpose of presenting a readable summary of the present position and acting as a reference book for further investigation.

Noteworthy sections of the book are those dealing with Sommerfeld's extension of the Bohr atom, Bragg's work on crystal structure, Planck's quantum theory, and magnetic theories relating to the atom. Stress is laid on several important points which are only too often omitted.

The book will satisfy a long felt want among science students who wish to distinguish hypothesis from fact, and estimate what progress modern research has made in this realm in its search for reality. K.E.C.

#### THE LEEDS PETRONIUS.

The widow of Ephesus: the delectable tale from the Satyricon of Titus Petronius Arbitrator done into a play by Thomas Wray Milnes with designs by Albert Wainwright. (Mr. Wray Milnes is an Old Student, and a Past President of the Union).

Leeds, Swan Press, 1925, 1/6.

IT was a gallant forlorn hope, the attempt to bring the cynically delicious anecdote of the Arbitrator Elegantium into line with the accepted standards of *courtoisie* and good feeling; but one may be permitted to doubt whether it had any chance of success. The world of Petronius is possibly truer than life, but it is certainly

not equally true; and while one accepts it, the most unimpeachable moral sentiments have a rather awkwardly sundayschoolish air. In Mr. Wray Milnes' version, the Maid says of the ladies who visit the Widow with their condolences:

" 'Twas kind of them, maybe;  
Or else 'twas only curiosity.  
That were more likely. How some women love  
To gloat on sorrow, and betray a ghoulish temperament  
In their most innocent domestic lives!"

This may be a just comment on reality; but it is precisely against this attitude that the anecdote directs those critical missiles of which Mr. Wray Milnes seems virtuously unconscious. His dialogue fails to convey that comprehension of all the shades of criticism implied in the situation which is the triumph of the subtle art of Petronius. Instead of the cynically accurate balance of the original, we have what approaches painfully close to sentimentality.

In style, too, the play will be a disappointment to admirers of Mr. Wray Milnes' work. In his verses on a select gathering of bourgeois intellectuals, which originally appeared, we believe, in the pages of the *Gryphon*, he showed how deftly he can handle light satire in blank verse; but it would be impossible to find a passage from all the play to put beside it.

The play has achieved a not unpleasant celebrity from the Lord Chamberlain's refusal to licence it for performance. Readers will easily see at what it was that his Reader took offence, and that he did so with the lack of discrimination typical of his office.

The illustrations, by Albert Wainwright, display all that artist's deftness and charm; they alone prevent one from saying, in the words of the author of the story: "tunc primum me etram Petronius offendit."

## Drama

### "EVERYMAN" AT THE LEEDS CIVIC PLAYHOUSE.

A COPY of the programme informed me that this Mediaeval Morality Play was produced by the Civic Playhouse to form a contrast with Hofmanisthals' "Great World Theatre," to be presented next year. That being so, it is reasonable to suppose that the contrast lies either in the fact that one is mediaeval whilst the other is modern, or else in the difference of their appeal.

In the first case, the play would have better performed in the mediaeval style, in extreme simplicity, either by daylight, or by suitable artificial light. In the second case, further refinement would have been an improvement—bearing in mind the Art Theatre production of the modern play.

As a result, the production struck one as ill-balanced—the lack of simplicity and directness being ill-compensated by the use of modern equipment. The acting, in the main, was good: Everyman was forceful without being tedious, the other persons taking their lead from him with a nice sense of their relevancy and importance. The costumes were beyond comment, and the disposition of the actors was good. The whole production, however, lacked breadth and suggested a lack of appreciation alike of the end-motive of the play and the capabilities of the players. It will be interesting to see a production of the "Great World Theatre" by the same players and to note how much they have benefited by their experiences.

J. SYMONDS.



## Filaments

The coloured lamps burned low ;  
From far beneath, the trembling threads of  
sound,  
Soft, woven, rose ; and echoing soft and slow,  
In glittering music curtains hung around.

And from a seat austere,  
We watched the flittings of the Shadow Show ;  
And people sitting round us far and near,  
Half seen, and motionless, or shuffling slow.

I felt thy hand : my soul,  
Flung out upon the precipice of Night,  
Away beyond the heaven's inverted bowl,  
Grew half afraid, and filled with strange  
delight.

The woven music shined ;  
Among low glances at thy fingers white,  
I saw the silken sheen of threads that bind  
Us two, then trail beyond the Infinite,  
JAMES BAXTER.

## Wharfedale

A dark majestic sweep of heath-crowned hill,  
A patch of purple heath the misty cloud,  
Untainted by the feet of alien crowd,  
A broad white roadway wanders where it will,  
Calm old grey cottages for ever still,  
Resting beneath the shade of that dark brow.  
In one grey harmony ; as though they bow  
In awe of Him whose wisdom they fulfil,  
But suddenly the laughing sun has kissed  
Each heather bloom and crowned the hill with gold,  
The old white road smiles dreamily thro' the mist  
To see the shadows of the leaves grow bold.  
Each delicate tint of Autumn seals in light  
The age-long covenant of joy and night.

E.M.O.

## Query for Gretchen

In the dappled Winter woods  
I have never heard to sigh  
All the white untrodden snow,  
Newly fallen from on high,  
Because it was not whiter.

Yet, beneath the Winter stars,  
Why didst thou so solemnly,  
Burning with a sacred fire,  
Ask forgivenesses of me,  
Because thou burned'st not brighter ?  
JAMES BAXTER.



## The Nightingale

There is a silence in the wood  
 The moon's clear beams shine palely down,  
 A dog howls on the silent night,  
 The Night Jar grates, and all is still . . .  
 But oh! what melody soft falls  
 In little notes from yonder bough,  
 A calling from the glittering leaves;  
 In pure cold music born of joy;  
 An exultation from the heart  
 Of some proud feathered minstrel bard.  
 He grows more bold—another start—  
 Fresh courage fires his tuneless soul,  
 A long low note beaks on the night,  
 And every leaf is still in ecstasy.  
 Beauty is born on the boughs of the moonlit wood.

E.M.O.

## Inspiration

Rustling leaves of valley trees,

Wind on the barren hill,  
 And Love coming kirtled to her knees—  
 O heart be still! Be still!

Dew drops on the warm rough grass

Around my naked feet,  
 Far bells toll for an evening mass—  
 Then Spring's voice echoes sweet.

Above—the crags, that reverberate  
 To shrill thin winds that whine,  
 Birds send their fragile call to mate—  
 Only my heart calls mine.

DENIS BOTTEBELL.

## Summer

In the long, glittering days of brazen heat,  
 The trees stand motionless, weary, grieving,  
 Dull'd beyond wild lamenting, yet seeming  
 Stabbed and transfixed by a blinding, dumb pain;  
 Imbecile, unwinking, the white sun stares  
 From blue intolerable at the parched earth  
 In unrelentful vividness harshly clad;  
 Thought halts, bewildered in that senseless glare;  
 All creation droops, languidly craving—  
 While, as on the face of a dreaming girl,  
 On the face of the dimly suffering earth,  
 False serenity broods . . . . .

Soft colours blended on mist-laden hills;  
 Dim, cool distances by rain-clouds cloistered;  
 Faint whispers of leaves offering strange solace;  
 Odours elusive of soil, wet grass and flowers  
 Dew-spangled, stirred by complacent life;  
 O'erhead, dim wings of a caressing spirit  
 Born of Nature's joyous vitality—  
 So Earth, rain-sweet, smiles gently through her tears.—E.A.O.

## Alphonse Talks about Life

## I. THE CHIANTI WINE.

ALPHONSE shrugged his shoulders. "*C'est la vie!*" he muttered despondently. But anyone who knew Alphonse well knew that if he had any attitude towards life it was not one of despondency . . . . He was one of those irresponsible Frenchmen who exist in the pages of Leonard Merriek and W. J. Locke; and he was one of the very few who existed outside of them as well. When I have said that, I hope you will know what Alphonse was like. The only further commentary on him was his delightful conversation, which contained much futility and much truth. For is that not so with the conversation of all great talkers?

I met him first when I was trying to find a way out of the Park at Versailles; and after meeting him he so engaged my attention that I scarcely knew that I had arrived in the gare St. Lazare. In this black, ugly, immense terminus, with its twenty-four platforms, its innumerable engines making noises like saw-mills, its strange tram-like imperial carriages with ladders and upper decks, looking like nothing on earth—in all this *melange* of human and mechanical activity, Alphonse seemed like a statue of the Milo Venus in an ironfoundry. No wonder his comment was "*C'est la vie!*" . . . .

He was talking; this time at a table in the Restaurant Colbert (a few minutes' walk up the rue Richelieu, which branches off the Boulevard des Italiens). We had been to the Pathé building, listening with dozens of other people, to its mysterious gramophone machines . . . . Alphonse was tired of it . . . .

"You see this wine," he said. "Life is like that. It is sometimes sweet and full of energy—then you become satiated with it and it puts you to sleep, so to speak. *La vida es sueño!* Have you read Calderon? No! Well; life is a dream. Sometimes a bad one. The wine! Yes. I once had a bottle of Chianti, my friend. Covered with cobwebs; rich; full of that sensuous flavour which appertains to everything from the South. Ah, that Chianti! Life was like Hasken, monsieur. It was full, delightful; I was young, vigorous, full of the joy of life—you understand. I was then—well, since then, I have charged from gynolatry to misogyny. And all because of the Chianti wine. It was like this. It was down in my native town, Avignon. I was in love with a charming Provençale who lived at the old village of Arles. The sparkle of her eyes was like that of this Amontillado which I am now drinking. See, the bubbles in it, glistening and lustrous in the electric light. Her name was—I have forgotten. *N'importe*. Do you know Persian? Have you read Feryd'eddin Atar? Listen:

"The scent of the hair of my beloved is like the musk-rose,  
Blooming in the garden of Omar. But the lustre of her eyes  
Departs when my wine of Iraq forsakes the marble tables

"That is what she has done. I have almost forgotten her, and I have not drunk Chianti since. I drank too much then; the charming Provençale left me, and married—whom do you think? The wine-merchant who sold the wine which made me inebriate. *C'est la vie!* Be aware of wine, monsieur. Especially old wine . . . . Misogyny! Yes; when one had adored an angel, and the angel has forsaken one in a minute when one shows a lack of self-restraint—is one to remain an adorer of the sex? I admit that under the influence of Murcherbeer, Bordeaux, Amontillado, Douro, and other select wines, I have expressed my love time after time; but the glamour of love wears off when the fumes of the wine leave the brain. One cannot be baccharian and bacchanalian at the same time, monsieur . . . . Life is not like that. One has to choose . . . .

"The crowds on the Italiens, on the Capuchines, and the Boul' Mich'—what are they, where are they going? *Qu'en s'ont-ils*? as the Spaniards say. They drink their wines, they perfume themselves, they go to the Folies Bergeres, to the cabarets; they spend their lives in the cafés—and to what purpose, monsieur? Life is a bad dream—a *sa couchette*—and these people are part of it. O for that Chianti wine to take me out of the sordid gaieties of Paris into that heavenly world of beauty and tamarisks and plantains of Feryd'eddin' atar! Where the dark eyes of swarthy Venuses gleam behind their veils . . . . Where the minarets shine in the starlight against a sky of infinite depth! But what is even this if one has forsworn the Chianti wine, Monsieur? It is as dust, as the wind which blows to-day, and to-morrow is—where?"

The restaurant emptied itself, and we followed—into the glare of flashing electric advertisements—but with the flavour of Amontillado on our lips and the ghost of Chianti in our souls.

ALPHA.

## Women Students and the University Appeal

THE Women Students are decidedly keen on the Appeal. They have certainly shown their keenness (so far) in a more material fashion than the less enthusiastic male, for almost as soon as the Appeal was launched various schemes for raising money began to float around the Women's Rooms and to animate hostel gossip. Last term the W.R.C. started a Shilling Fund, which is now growing steadily, but it will probably be merged into the Half-Crown Levy that is being organised by the Union. Those who have already paid their shilling will have reason to congratulate themselves, for they will not be asked (unless they choose) to add the other one-and-sixpence. Their pioneering spirit of generosity will be deemed as great as many half-crowns. Though all the same we would not have that spirit die for lack of exercise, and anything else it may move them to contribute will be most gladly added to the fund.

Early last term, too, one or two hostels organised collections of their own, and we hear rumours of still greater hostel activities. College Hall is to give an "At Home" on the 22nd, at which there will be music and a play, as well as afternoon tea, and lighter amusements, such as competitions and fortune-telling. The exact form of the other hostel efforts is not yet made public, but there has come to our ears a murmur suggesting a *Thé Dansant* and a sale of work in the near future. We hope Devonshire will follow up with a hostel "stunt" of some sort—now that they own a Jazz Band they should be able to earn large and frequent sums for whatever charity they favour with their patronage—it may, of course, be a Fund to Provide Drinks for Necessitous Students, but apart from so worthy an object as that, we suggest that the Appeal might benefit.

Many women are hoping to take part in the Rags which are to be organised in different towns where the Appeal is being supported; no doubt there will be scope for plenty of collectors, to gather up the shillings earned by the more magnificent stunt merchants.

If, as we hear rumoured, a Dance in aid of the Appeal is to be run in some hall outside the University, we hope the rule will be relaxed which at present prevents the women in the hostels from attending outside dances. Such an affair ought to be supported by as many students as possible, for it would be a pity if it should lose its character as a *University* function, by however many outsiders it is attended.

We should like to say a word here about the Scrap Silver Collection which is being run by the Ladies' Committee, and to which everyone is asked to contribute any old piece of silver or jewellery which they do not want—size and value being of no importance. We imagine that almost every household has something of this kind to spare, and if students would hunt them out and bring them to any W.R.C. Member, they would be most gratefully received. [N.B.—This applies to men as well as women students].

## My Churchwarden

I HAVE looked into Chapman's Homer, but it is as nothing compared to my first adventure with a churchwarden. The pride of ownership and the spirit of daring are strong within me. Many people own a Ford, many have a private billiard cue; but how many can confess they own a churchwarden, to call their very own, and to put to bed at night? Nothing common about it, is there?

Churchwardens, you must know, need nursing: very careful nursing. They demand respect—you cannot leave them anywhere. I know two Society Presidents who always carry three pipes—but you cannot treat churchwardens with such familiarity. You cannot pull three out of your pocket, choose one, fill it with somebody else's tobacco and smoke it under the clock until she turns up, Oh no!

If modern youth wishes to preserve his dignity and still have something the ladies cannot ape, let him cultivate the churchwarden. As I looked at myself in the glass while trying on the new friend I murmured "a manly man..." Amelia says I look silly, but that is all jealousy. She can manage to chew up one of my cigarettes in six puffs, but a churchwarden is beyond her.

Amelia has another reason for disliking it. She says I prefer the odd pipe to her. But what possessed her to want to kiss me when I was indulging? [or at any time? Ed.] Then she blamed me because she had to wait three minutes while I laid it down tenderly, carefully and sorrowfully. Yet she later confessed that she would like a photograph of me smoking one. So there must be something in it. I reminded her that when I became famous my churchwarden would be a household word, like Baldwin's briar. She laughed. Queer things, women.

It would be a fine sight to see all the men at Mid-day Recitals with eighteen inches of pipe. But I fear the H.P. would be stationed at the foot of the stairs, with a table and the notice "Owing to lack of accommodation students are requested to leave their churchwardens here." You must not expect, though, to acquire proficiency immediately. At present I can balance it without elbow-support, but between two certain teeth only. You must not fill it as if someone had passed his pouch. I have a faint recollection that a pipe—or is it the smoker!—should be left to soak in mellow ale for three days before smoking; I must ask the manager of the *Gryphon* about that.

My final message is "Smoke a churchwarden and see life." I cannot promise you that it will preserve that schoolgirl complexion, or that it will prevent that sinking feeling. On the other hand—but I won't discourage you. It will develop the teeth muscles, make you look like a real uncle, will enable you to write the bilge required by the ——— Department with the greatest ease. Something within me prompts me to warn you. Possibly the picture I have painted is too rosy. Yes, that internal feeling—is it instinct?—confirms my belief. I cannot just state what it is—but it will soon come to the surface. "Smoke a churchwarden—and die."

C.

## All-India Hockey Tour in Belgium and Spain

IT was on the afternoon of the 10th December that we left London for Brussels. There were sixteen of us in all, the 'Varsities represented being Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh and Leeds. The channel being favourably disposed towards us we had a pleasant trip, reaching Brussels about 11.30 p.m.

Not much time was taken in trials on the 18th to make up our team. The afternoon of the 19th found us facing a hot team, selected by the Belgian Hockey Federation. The game was evenly contested, and resulted in a draw of one goal each. Many times the defence on both sides had anxious moments. There must have been some three to four thousand spectators, quite a fair number in them being Englishmen, resident in Brussels and its neighbourhood. In them particularly we found keen supporters, though the public as a whole was very sporty indeed.

The Antwerp match was a "wash-out." It was something between a swimming competition and water-polo. After 25 minutes of play the game was abandoned. After a few hours of sleep, for "dance" was the order of the night, we found ourselves preparing for our journey to Barcelona. We left reluctantly, as the warm reception given to us and their magnificent hospitality were too fresh in our minds.

After 30 hours of tiring journey reached Barcelona. On the 23rd we played "Real Polo Jockey Club" and won by 7-1. The day following we had a rest. On the 25th we played Barcelona and won 3-2.

Once again we were in the train, this time for Valencia, which we reached on the night of the 26th December. Next morning was the match which we won 3-0. In the morning of the following day we left for Madrid and arrived there the same night. Whilst on our way to hotel we noticed that our two matches at Madrid were well advertised.

Both the matches were well contested and witnessed by huge crowds. The British Ambassador was a keen spectator in the second match. We won both—2-1 and 1-0. If ever we realised how a goal-keeper can demoralise the opposing attack it was at Madrid. To pass the ball between the posts was our problem. Even Jarpal Singh, with his wonderfully deceptive flick shots, was repeatedly left beaten and wondering by this extremely agile goalkeeper. We hope to see him at Folkestone this Easter, when Madrid probably visits this country.

Leaving Madrid on the morning of the 2nd January we reach Bilbao the same night. About 11 a.m. the next morning we played our last match of the tour winning by 3-1.

Our captain was to a great extent responsible for the retention of our unbeaten record. It was his untiring energy and that charming smile of his that always kept us bright and smiling everywhere, and went a long way to make us in many places more popular than the home sides.

When we entered Spain it was with some curious notions about the country and its people but when we left it was with quite a different idea about everything. No hospitality can beat that of Spain. Throughout our tour we had fine drives in a fleet of cars which seemed to be always at our disposal. The friendliness of the Spaniards was warm and appealing that we had a very happy time. On our departure from Madrid Count de Glines de Barbante and Marques de San Dions honoured us by driving our train for a part of our journey to Bilbao. Spain will always welcome good sporting teams was the message from them to all.

J. Kāk.

## Music

THE programme of Musical Recitals and Concerts for this term is as admirably balanced and varied as it well could be. Five Mid-day recitals have been arranged, each one illustrative of a different development in musical art, and each one of more than ordinary intrinsic worth. There is perhaps one small point on which criticism might dwell for a moment. It is that the programmes for Mid-day Recitals are weighted too heavily on the side of the German classics.

Thus there is one Recital given up to Brahms' *Liebeslieder*; another consisting chiefly of Chopin preludes and etudes; a chamber music recital in which the chief item is a Beethoven Quartet; and a violin recital of the familiar Beethoven "Kreutzer" Sonata. There is only one recital in which modern music preponderates, and that is the Song Recital by Miss Ivy Ackerman, on March 11th, when a series of Old English and Modern Songs will be sung, with a sop to the classicists in the shape of two Handelian arias.

But without question the chief musical interest this term centres in the Festival of early chamber music which is to be given on February 23, 1926, in the Great Hall by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his family. Leeds is highly honoured by this visit from the famous students of early music and musical instruments and it is hoped that students and the musical public of Yorkshire generally will lend their very hearty support to this series of concerts. Three recitals will be devoted to early English chamber music and the fourth to chamber music by Bach, and the instruments will be used for which the pieces were actually written—the lute, the complete family of viols, the family of violins, and the harpsichord. This is indeed a musical treat not often afforded, and one not lightly to be missed.

The next Concert of the University Choral Society will be given on Friday, March 19th in the Great Hall. The choir will sing Madrigals by Byrd, Wilbye, Gibbons and Morley; part-songs by Brahms, with accompaniment for horn and piano-forte; Stanford's Songs of the Fleet and other selections; and items will be given by the University orchestra. It is hoped that much more interest will be shown in the Society's efforts than was apparent on the occasion of the last Concert.

F.E.C.

### MID-DAY RECITALS.

SIR,—I am provoked by the list of mid-day musical recitals to make a criticism. I am afraid that they are deteriorating in quality. The music itself is not open to much criticism, for of course it is impossible to compile a programme that would suit both artists and every individual member of the audience. My complaint is about the artists. On hearing Brahms' "*Liebeslieder*" for example, I came away profoundly dissatisfied. In spite of the deficiencies of the singers I realised what fine music it was, and was filled with longing to hear the songs again, but by better singers with more agreeable voices. The sensation was very much that of seeing a fine play given by mediocre actors, or of seeing a good film when the projection was poor.

The other recitals may be, and I distinctly hope they will be, much better. Yet I feel confident in saying that the standard is far below that of previous years. In times past we have had Miss Kathleen Frise-Smith, Mr. Frederick Dawson, Mr. John Ireland at the piano; and last year we had the rising baritone Roy Henderson. Would it not be better, is necessary, to have fewer recitals and improve the quality?

Possibly the authorities do not consider that the average student has any musical taste. Attention may be drawn to the fact that chamber music recitals have been something of a fiasco. It should be remembered that a student can seldom afford time or money to attend musical recitals on three or more successive nights. Further the fact that they are held at 8 p.m. means that many music-lovers not living in Leeds are unable to attend.

Mid-day musical recitals, however, come at a time when almost everyone is up and with time to spare. I hope the authorities do not take the view that student drop in to the recitals just to follow the convention, or to kill time. The excellent gathering of students at the Leeds Orchestral Concerts proves that there are many music-lovers who are capable of appreciating the best in music, and who really want performances by first-class (or even second-division first-class) artists.

MUSICUS.

#### A CRAFTSMAN AND CLAVICHORDS.

**M**R. Arnold Dolmetsch, who, together with his family, is giving three concerts of Early English Chamber Music and one of Bach's Chamber Music, is undoubtedly the greatest living authority on early musical instruments. He was born in France, his mother being French, his father Swiss, but after beginning his musical education at the Brussels Conservatoire he soon came to England, and proceeded to South Kensington. Later he became a teacher of music at Dulwich College.

It is thirty-one years since he made his first clavichord. At the time he was at Dulwich, and with the encouragement of Sir George Grove began to make three clavichords. One was sent to the Royal College, but the authorities placed it in the museum, although the maker had intended it to be for the use of students. Over eighty clavichords have been made by him, and there are still many orders from all parts of the world. Among the noted owners of Dolmetsch clavichords are G. B. Shaw, Sir Henry Wood, Lord Berners, and Dr. Robert Bridges.

Mr. Dolmetsch is a mediæval craftsman born out of his time. Every effort is made to procure the finest walnut, and nothing is done to spoil it. Varnish, stain, beeswax, glass-paper polishing, veneer—all these are ruled out. The wood is worked with the greatest care and skill, and with the finest tools. Polish is obtained simply by fine rubbing, the final touch being given with marsh horsetail, after which the wood is slightly oiled with linseed oil and rubbed dry.

Artificiality has a fierce enemy in Mr. Dolmetsch. He does not believe in treating nature. Unbleached ivory is used for sharps, unstained ebony for naturals (exactly opposite to the arrangement in our pianos). The crude even whiteness of the treated ivory of piano-keys is not reproduced, but the natural colour is retained. The craftsman does not believe in painting the lily.

Similarly real gold-leaf is used for the front of the keys. Mrs. Dolmetsch bases her decorative patterns on real flowers, and all colours are specially mixed by hand for the occasion; being ground and mixed with egg as by painters of the thirteenth century.

The superiority of the clavichord over the piano is that it is homely. Mr. Dolmetsch thinks that big orchestras and mere noise are driving music out of the home, his delicate instruments bring back music. You cannot annoy your neighbour for the clavichord cannot be heard distinctly outside of the room in which it is being played. Its responsiveness is fascinating; it will respond to the most feathery touch; and delicate touch is only too rare nowadays.

The piano finds no lover in Mr. Dolmetsch. He likes neither the instrument nor the music written for it. Too often the piano is a glaring example of machine production, too often the players are absorbed with the idea of producing volume. He thinks that the world's most beautiful music has been written for the clavichord, the harpsichord and the virginal, that is for instruments far more delicate than the piano.

N.L.C.

## Cambridge and the Fuller Life

[We have received a letter from the Congress Secretary of the N.U.S., extracts from which we publish below].

Dear Lassies and Lads,—Are you coming to the N.U.S. Congress? Please do. It's next Vacation, from March 25th-31st. As Old Someone remarked, "It's an ill March wind that blows no one any good." Just look what it is blowing you. A week in Cambridge, my dears, where great mathematicians and all people who count are bred.

There will be weighty discussions—"The Ideal of a University," "The International Labour Office," "China," and, most important of all "Careers and Service." There will be two Sessions of a Universities Parliament and a Universities League of Nations Assembly, at which Lord Grey will speak.

There will be a reception, two dances, excursions to Ely and round the delicious old-world environs of the town. Reduced fares for punts, canoes, Rob Roys, Funnies, hard tennis courts, etc. will be in force. A boat race excursion will be arranged for the Saturday, with a hard paper chase for the kiddies who remain behind. Dramatic performances by University Societies, a daily Congress Newspaper—why it will be Life. Life itself made jolly for Playboys and Playgirls, but with the serious note sounding softly on the double bass throughout. We will show the world that Youth's the stuff that will endure. Our deliberations of two months hence will be the policies of ten years to come.

The N.U.S., 3, Rutledge Street, London, W.C.1. asks you to write and register now.

## The Passionate Student to his Love

[A recent issue of *The University* contained an article advocating marriages amongst second year students.]

Come live with me and be my wife,  
Why, dearest, should we wait till fifty?  
Let us enjoy our nuptial bliss  
Without the cares of being thrifty!

Your pa, of course, will pay your fees,  
While I shall also have my pitance,  
And with what joy, sweetheart, we'll share  
Your dear old father's fat remittance.

And Julia you shall darn my socks  
While you are thinking out your thesis;  
And my dress-suit—you could not bear  
To see its loveliness in creases.

And if next year you still are mine,  
And have to take your finals, may be  
I'll give to you a helping hand  
And stay in hostel with the baby.

But should revision pale your cheek,  
Another maid I shall, of course, court.  
There'll be no need to make a fuss—  
The Senate shall be our divorce-court.

I cannot work for thoughts of you—  
I'd crush my passion in its dawning—  
But, Julia, tell me first if you  
Sit sweeting until early morning. Irc.



## The Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M P.

The Vice-Chancellor has received the following letter from the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, Member of Parliament for the English Universities :—

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD,  
9th February, 1926

MY DEAR VICE-CHANCELLOR,

I am writing to tell you that finding my duties at Oxford becoming more and more difficult to reconcile with the discharge of my office as a Member of the House of Commons, I have decided to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds.

I have naturally many close associations with the University of Leeds, and I should like the members of the University to understand that, although I shall no longer have the honour of representing them in the House of Commons, my interest in the progress and welfare of the University is unabated and they may rely on me to render any service to the cause of Higher Education in Leeds which it may fall within my compass to discharge.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) H. A. L. FISHER.



By J. E. SYLVANUS FOX.

Only the results for January are given below. A complete table for this term, with a page of comments by the Sports Editor, will appear in the next issue.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. 1st XI.

Jan. 20	..	MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY	..	away	..	lost	..	1-3
.. 23	..	Leeds Nonconformist League	..	home	..	won	..	7-1
.. 27	..	Leeds City Tradesmen	..	home	..	won	..	5-2

### 2nd XI.

Jan. 24	..	Old Almondburians	..	home	..	lost	..	2-7
.. 27	..	Yorkshire Penny Bank	..	away	..	won	..	7-0

### HARRIERS' CLUB. 1st Team.

Jan. 16	..	NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY	..	home	..	won	..	
.. 23	..	LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY	..	home	..	won	..	36-58

### HOCKEY CLUB. 1st XI.

Jan. 20	..	LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY	..	home	..	lost	..	0-1
.. 27	..	MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY	..	away	..	won	..	3-0

## 2nd XI.

Jan. 23	..	Sandal 2nd XI.	..	..	away	..	lost	..	0-1
.. 27	..	Pontefract Garrison	..	..	home	..	won	..	3-0

## LACROSSE CLUB. 1st Team.

Jan. 23	..	Parkside	..	..	home	..	won	..	16-5
.. 27	..	MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY	..	..	home	..	lost	..	8-20

## RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB. 1st XV.

Jan. 13	..	LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY	..	..	away	..	lost	..	0-25
.. 16	..	Orley	..	..	away	..	lost	..	3-21
.. 20	..	SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY	..	..	home	..	won	..	3-0
.. 23	..	Illey	..	..	away	..	lost	..	12-19
.. 27	..	MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY	..	..	away	..	lost	..	0-3

## "A" Team.

Jan. 23	..	Harrogate R.U.F.C.	..	..	away	..	won	..	12-3
.. 27	..	Manchester University	..	..	home	..	lost	..	6-9

## "B" Team.

Jan. 27	..	Hymer's College	..	..	home	..	won	..	7-9
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The various Christie Cup results as they stand at present are as follows :-

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Leeds	3	1	2	0
Liverpool	2	1	1	0
Manchester	3	2	1	0

## HOCKEY.

Leeds	4	2	1	1
Liverpool	3	1	1	1
Manchester	3	1	2	0

## RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Leeds	3	0	3	0
Liverpool	2	1	1	0
Manchester	3	3	0	0

All tennis players are reminded that the preliminary trials are held at the end of the present term, and therefore any who hope to gain a place in one of the University teams must watch the notice board for a notice which will be posted in good time before the trials and which will give all information as to the date and place where they will be held.

## Employees' Social and Athletic Club

At the General Meeting, on January 12th, it was decided to start the envelope system in support of the Appeal. The Treasurer will distribute envelopes, and members may return them weekly or monthly. At the end of the Session the total will be handed over to the Fund. Reminders are here given by the Treasurer that the Annual Subscription (4/-) is now due; by the Sports Secretary that he awaits the names of those who intend to play cricket. Mr. W. Gray, Physics Department, received a bat at the annual social to mark his feat of heading both batting and bowling averages.

## UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

The following are the details of the various classes of the Annual Exhibition to be held in March.

I. Advanced workers.—A cup will be awarded to be held for one year.  
II. Beginners.—Photographic materials will be awarded.

III. Open.—A medal will be awarded.

IV.—Scientific and Natural History.—Exhibition only. No award.

V.—Lantern Slides.—Exhibition only. No award.

(a) Classes I. and II. are for members of the Society only.

(b) Work shown in previous Exhibitions of the Society will not be accepted.

(c) Photographs must be the sole work of the exhibitor. They must be mounted, preferably on stiff card.

(d) Prints in all classes may be of any size but in Class II. must be contact prints.

(e) There is no entrance fee in Classes IV. and V. A charge of 1/- for any number of prints in each of the Classes I. II. and III. is made.

(f) Packages containing photographs must be sent carriage paid to "The Exhibition Secretary," The Photographic Society, The University, Leeds, and will not be returned unless the cost of return carriage is prepaid. They will also be received and returned through the Hall Porter's Office. They must be received not later than Monday, March 1st.

(g) The committee reserve the right to reject any work which they consider unsuitable for Exhibition.

\* \* \* \* \*

The committee asks everyone who has any photographs or who can make any photographs to send them in and appeals especially to the staff of the University to support Classes IV. and V.

T.S.

### NEWMAN SOCIETY.

The events of the Autumn term included a Retreat (followed by Mass and a Corporate Communion), on October 10th, a Social on October 16th to welcome Freshers, a lecture by Rev. V. McNabb, O.P., on "The Breakdown of Capitalism and Socialism," and a Tea and Social in the Women's Union Rooms, on the last day of term, when Rev. C. C. Martindale lectured on "Hungary."

The Spring Term opened with Mass and Corporate Communion on January 21st. This was followed by the visit of Father Ronald Knox, on January 22nd. His wireless burlesque and its unexpected results are still remembered. Prof. A. Hamilton Thompson is expected to lecture later in the term. It is also hoped that tradition will be maintained by holding debates with the Cathedral Study Club and the Catholic Teachers' Association.

E.A.D.

### LABOUR SOCIETY.

A lecture on "Russian Reconstruction as I saw it," was given on Tuesday, February 9th, in the Education Lecture Theatre, by Miss Gilchrist. The lecturer, a former member of the Education Department, spent a fortnight in Russia in 1924. Those who heard Professor Soddy in October may like to hear what Professor J. J. Findlay, of Manchester, and Labour Candidate in the British Universities

Constituency, has to say about him. The full title of the lecture is "Adam Smith Soddy, and Veblen—some reflections on the Foundations of Capitalism." This meeting will be held in the Maths. Room.

#### THE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION.

"Yes, isn't it a beauty. I caught in it the River Aire." Even the most hardened fisherman-raconteur would hesitate to tell that to his wife as he presents the trout he has just bought at the shop round the corner. This, however, was the prospect opened up by Sir Charles Wilson, LL.D., M.P., when he addressed the Conservative Association on Tuesday, January 26th, on "Municipal Problems." Leeds, he said, had hundreds of miles of drains and sewers; and when the present ambitious sewage scheme was complete the Aire would be cleaner after entering Leeds than before. Closely connected with the problem of drainage is the question of City extension, which he has advocated for nearly 30 years. "I answered over 2,000 questions at the Ministry of Health enquiry," said Sir Charles with natural pride. He explained that in spite of the Ministry's approval the Extension Bill was thrown out, largely as a result of extensive lobbying. "But," triumphantly concluded Sir Charles, "one can no more stop the spirit of Leeds than Canute could stem the tide."

H.J.W.

#### OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Since the last issue of the *Gryphon* few things of importance have occurred. The billiard table in the common room has been re-covered and is now in first-class order, also thanks to the efforts of our commanding officer; we have at last obtained a piano—this has been our ambition for the past four years.

A billiard match was played against Devonshire Hall, at Devonshire Hall, on December 16th. We were hopelessly out-classed, but we hope to hold our own in the return match owing to the difference in size of the tables.

A Contingent Mess followed by a Smoker will be held in the Refectory, on January 28th and the "Annual Mess Dinner and Prize Giving," on either February 24th or 25th.

Another O.T.C. dance has been arranged for March 12th, whether it will be an "Alfresco" or a Minor dance has not been settled yet, but it will be just as informal as the last one. We hope the women will support us even better than they did last time. Application has been made to run a major dance next session—the result will be known next term.

The Annual Camp will be held at Scarborough, starting on July 6th; there is still room for a few more recruits and anyone who wishes to join us this year must do so before March 31st.

#### SHOOTING EIGHT.

The team finished the term by beating the Sergeants of the Leeds Rifles by 69 points on December 11th, thus having suffered only two defeats during the whole term.

R. C. Jelleyman leads the averages with 81.5 per cent., followed by F. Batson with 77. The team average was 74, which is much higher than for previous years.

This term is well filled with matches including those against Sheffield University, our old rivals, and a team which has not been beaten for several years.

H. HOLNESS.

# UNIVERSITY LABOUR FEDERATION CONFERENCE AT LEEDS, JANUARY, 1926.

A GATHERING of some thirty graduates and undergraduates of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Leeds, and Exeter at a Leeds hotel in the early days of January was a lively proof of the existence of an organisation whose aim is to bring together annually representatives of all University Labour Clubs. Although it drew delegates from only one northern university; yet the delegates hailed from countries as far apart as Latvia, Australia and America.

Sir Henry Slesser, M.P., welcoming the delegates on behalf of Leeds said that it was important that the young critical mind of the Universities should know the claims of Socialism. The next generation would have to bring moral conceptions and political ideas into line with the new scientific knowledge and technical powers of society. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., in his Presidential address attacked the government's policy in education.

Mr. E. M. H. Lloyd and Mr. Frank Varley, M.P., led a discussion on methods of nationalisation which divided most sharply on the question of confiscation versus compensation. Later Mr. Robbins of the International Labour Office opened a discussion on the policy and work of the I.L.O., particularly its attempt to secure an international standard of labour conditions. It was claimed that before tackling conditions abroad, the Labour movement should direct its attention to the generally unsatisfactory and often disgusting conditions of life among the rural workers of Yorkshire.

The most interesting proposal made during the private business at the Conference was that the U.L.F. should publish a magazine twice yearly to be a record of the activities of all University Labour Clubs and publish literary efforts of members. The first number of this magazine is due in March. Arrangements were made for the part to be taken by the U.L.F. at the mock Parliament of the National Union of Students next March. Mr. Greenwood was re-elected President of the U.L.F.; the Hon. Bertrand Russell, Dr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Vice-Presidents. It was decided to hold next year's Conference at Cambridge.

## Consequences

- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| I. Ha . . . . .!    | Ah . . . . .!      |
| Turkey,             | Doctors,           |
| Stuffing,           | Diet,              |
| Big plum pudding.   | "Rest and Quiet."  |
| Lots                | Bread              |
| of Cake,            | And Milk;          |
| Old Port,           | And Pills          |
| And long Coronas.   | For Indigestion.   |
| II. Ha . . . . .!   | Ah . . . . .!      |
| Parties,            | Ah me!             |
| Dances,             | Hooked;            |
| Dress and Fancys.   | Caught and Cooked. |
| Pret                | Soon               |
| ty Girls            | To wed             |
| Dark Nooks          | O' Woe             |
| And hidden corners. | To mistletoe.      |

ASON.

## Leeds University Old Students' Association

Secretaries: GLADYS PICKLES, SIDNEY BEST.

Treasurer: Mr. W. R. CRIST.

Gryphon Representation: GEOFFREY WOODCOCK.

### THE DINNER.

THE Annual Dinner was held in Refectory on the 19th December, and was a very great success. Mrs. Beck surpassed herself, there were 200 members there, which is neither too many nor too few, there were only two speeches and they were both very good, everybody talked, and at the end of the evening the young and energetic cleared away the tables and danced.

The health of the University was proposed in a delightful speech by Dr. H. M. Robertson, a past president of the Yorkshire Guild of Glasgow Graduates, and, as he claimed in his speech, a link between Glasgow and Leeds, as his two sons are Leeds graduates. (H. M. Robertson Junior's writing on some of the practical applications of economics are familiar to *Gryphon* readers; "though he is supposed to have some knowledge of economics," says his father, "he does not practice the science, to my regret and disadvantage." Such are the weaknesses of the great!)

Dr. Robertson proposed an important academic development, the addition to the University's curriculum of "the highest degree of all—Master in the Art of Angling,"—a subject which should be ranked with philosophy: "both deal with cold facts, and entire absence of theory and speculation—so Professor Gillespie says—and I would suggest that Mr. Joseph Dobson be requested to fill this chair in addition to that of clinical surgery. If you wish to see Mr. Dobson at his best just watch him operate on the River Awe or a stretch of the Border Esk; there he is a genial philosopher charmed (aye, primed) with real old Highland Dew, with never a snappy word of irritation as in his other sphere of operations. Skilful surgeon though Mr. Dobson is, he will at once admit that to land a 4 lb. sea-trout on 4x gut requires far more skill than to yank out any appendix, no matter how adherent, or that a bag of 12 gall-stones is a poor morning's work compared with a dozen bonny trout or herling in your creel."

He went on to praise the V.C.'s angling, and even—we regret to have to chronicle it in the *Gryphon*, but remembering that we write under the eye of posterity, we have no choice—even to express doubts about a tale Dr. Baillie tells, of "how on the Inchmarlo stretch of the Aberdeen Dee he hooked a mighty fish—it rose to a fly called "the Parson," in English "the Curate," so it must be true. He played it and struggled with it for two hours, and was dragged down the river for two miles; and then the mighty brute gave a splash like a whale, and broke his tackle." "Yes," commented Dr. Robertson, with the severity of a fellow angler, "That was a whopper."

He concluded his speech with a praise of fellowship. "Fellow-creature, fellow-feeling, fellow-man, see the dignity the word fellow has got. A scholarship is a poor thing compared with a fellowship. So with the fellowship of angling, the fellowship of University life and training, the fellowship of the mine and the factory, the fellowship of the office and the shop, the fellowship of birth, of joy, of sorrow, the fellowship of pain; that common fellowship of death binds us common fellows in a common cause, the fellowship of service. The University of Leeds, the nursery and training ground of men and women in the fellowship of life and service!"

Dr. Baillie, responding, referred to the rebuilding scheme. We are not out, he said, for magnificent structures rivalling St. Peter's at Rome; we should be

perfectly satisfied to have something which would secure architectural uniformity of effect. A fundamental feature of the development scheme was the provision of an adequate building for the Students' Union, for in his estimation a building for that purpose came next in importance to the Library for the maintenance of the corporate life of the University.

Dr. Baillie also mentioned a fact which some old students might find suggestive. In Canada, it is not an uncommon thing for Old Students to show their interest in their *Alma Mater* by taking out a policy for a certain sum for ten years; if they happen to die during the ten years, it is an insurance on their lives; and if not, they hand the money over to the University.

#### THE Y.C. DINNER.

The Y.C. dinner took place in the Staff House, on Friday, the 22nd January. About thirty people attended, including two or three of the committee, who were glad to make the acquaintance with whose names they were quite familiar on a card index. From the earliest days there were Mr. Dodgshun (1874-5) and Mr. Whitehouse (1878); two members, Mr. Mundy and Mr. Kilburn Scott, came all the way from London, and nearly thirty letters of apology and encouragement were received from those who were unable to come, ranging from Brighton to Fife, and including the Vice-Chancellor, the Pro-Chancellor, and Sir Michael Sadler.

#### COMING EVENTS.

The corporate week-end is a delight that every one indulges in; the more serious-minded call them conferences, but the thing itself is always the same. We call ours by the honest, straightforward name of weekend; and the first of them is to take place at Throxenby Hall, Scarborough, on one of the week-ends beginning the 6th, the 13th, and the 20th March; and if there are too many for one week-end we shall have more. A circular is enclosed with this *Gryphon* asking which of these dates will be most convenient, which members are asked to fill in and return as soon as possible.

#### THE CLUB ROOM.

The Club Room at the O.S.A. Headquarters (23, University Road) have now been furnished, and will be open on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. As these are the chief public lecture evenings, members in whom the lecture habit persists will be able to drop in before or after being edified; the more reasonable class of those who consider that one's undergraduate career supplies enough lectures to last a lifetime will be able to spend the whole evening there. Members of the committee are coming as often as possible to help the secretaries to get in touch with more old students by exploring all the available sources of names and addresses.

#### THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS.

We would like to call the attention of Old Students to the extraordinary activities of the National Union of Students, and the advantages to be gained therefrom. From time to time we have had enquiries from our members about the Tours run by the N.U.S. on the Continent which are so popular. All our members have been able to take advantage of these Tours when they wished by paying a registration fee of 5/- and thereby saving themselves about £5.

The Secretary has recently had a long talk with Ivison Macadam, the organising secretary of the N.U.S. about this and we agreed that it would be a good thing if

more past students of universities went on these Tours. They do an enormous amount of good in promoting international understandings and sympathies, and moreover, (base thought which rises in a Yorkshire breast) they are amazingly cheap. The registration fee being required in every case, we thought it would be more simple and advantageous if past students of the universities became individual members of the N.U.S. for 5/- a year; the registration fee would then not be asked for. At Easter-time there are tours to six to ten days to Paris, Normandy, Belgium, Geneva and Edinburgh, a camp in Somerset and a Congress at Cambridge. No Tour will cost more than £10.

A member of the N.U.S. receives *The University*, the N.U.S. magazine three times a year and has the privilege of using the most comfortable club-rooms at 3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

This is well worth thinking about. Some N.U.S. literature is inserted in this copy of the magazine and any further information may be obtained from the Secretary of the N.U.S. at Endsleigh Street, or from our Secretary.

#### . . . . . AND A NATIONAL UNION OF OLD STUDENTS !

Our annual dinner was attended by representatives from the Liverpool and Sheffield O.S.A.'s, and on New Year's Day, Mr. Best and Miss Pickles went over to Sheffield for a Sheffield O.S.A. dance, which was very enjoyable. There were also present delegates from Birmingham and Liverpool, and the representatives of the four O.S.A.'s held a meeting, at which our secretaries suggested a scheme of Inter-O.S.A. co-operation. The first step is an arrangement for Sheffield, Liverpool, and Leeds to send all their publications and notices to every discoverable O.S.A. It is a small beginning; and it must be followed up. A National Union of Old Students is as necessary to complete the N.U.S. as the O.S.A. is to the individual Union; but the field of activities open to it will be much larger, and much more important.

#### LONDON BRANCH NOTES.

A Dinner will be held on Saturday, February 13th, at which Professor and Mrs. Connal will be our guests. Full particulars (including the proposed weekend from May 29th-31st) can be obtained from the above or from the Leeds officials.

#### MANCHESTER BRANCH NOTES.

These are written just too early to describe our visit to the Rusholme Repertory Theatre to see a performance of "Hindle Wakes"; I must perforce leave my notes thereon for "next time." My impressions of the Annual Dinner were that my company was delightful (but alas! the ladies may not see these notes after all) the dinner, as food I mean, was Beckian (need I say more?)—the speeches were excellent, albeit a trifle too long. I think, if I may venture on a mild criticism, that, save for the top table and the ends of the branch tables, now by custom reserved for professional dignitaries, it would be wiser to leave all seating unreserved. It was amusingly incongruous to see the "before the flood" table occupied in part by sweet femininity not more than well, twenty-odd, I'll swear. But we would have been glad to see the centenarians, had they been able to come, all the same.

Being, witness the above, nonetheless this month, I seize the opportunity to bring to the notice of my fellow O.S.A. ites the manner in which it's done in "God's own country." I quote from the Journal of the North Dakota Agricultural College, which has an illuminating article on their "Alumni and Former Student Association."



The Secretary says :—

Nearly every college and university in America now has an active Alumni Association with an alumni secretary and an alumni paper. *Every one of these associations functions for the specific purpose of promoting in an organized way the welfare of its Alma Mater.\** This organised power has broadened the usefulness of the Colleges, and with it has come a keener competition of service between the institutions of higher learning.

That puts the case for an O.S.A., as neatly and forcibly as one could wish, I think, and the organisation in the case above seems to have been most successful, since the writer goes on to say that :—

The response from former students from all over the land has exceeded all expectations. The *encouraging letters and liberal contributions* are evidences of the splendid spirit existing among the former students of the institution. Their enthusiasm and loyal support has led the officers to believe that every student who has ever attended the A.C. is back of an active campaign to make a greater and better State College.

The campaign seems to be pressed with the greatest energy, and the object is to make "every former student a life member." The College journal is to be published in co-operation with the A. & F.S.A., and a general outline of the projects of the Association is given :—

1. Maintain an information bureau and act as a clearing house for former student communication.
2. Keep classmates in touch with each other.
3. Establish headquarters for returning former students—"their home."
4. Direct class and general reunions.
5. Secure life membership from every alumnus, and develop a powerful organisation.
6. Develop "alumni spirit" out of the undergraduate "college spirit."
7. Initiate and develop projects for development of alumni and institution welfare.
8. Raise special funds: Scholarship and loans.
9. Develop an employment office for alumni.
10. Prepare material for the alumni magazine.
11. Publish and distribute an alumni directory at stated times, and other important information for former students.
12. Reveal to the world what the finished products of the school are doing.
13. Assist in college publicity for various purposes.
14. Keep alumni and school in close touch with each other.
15. Secure alumni opinion on college matters, and place before the institution officers constructive alumni criticism and suggestions.
16. Promote public interest in the State College.
17. Obtain needed financial support for the institution, and do anything further that will promote the college and alumni interests.

Local "booster" clubs are to be formed, and upon these chief reliance is placed for getting and maintaining a live organisation. This seems to be something really worth while emulating, though I am aware that our own organisation will have its own characteristics and peculiar problems to solve. However, it may serve to show that our movement is worth while, since in a land where energy is rarely allowed to run to waste, it has been duplicated and re-duplicated many times over.

Wishing all old and present Leeds folk a prosperous new year.

Yours, etc., H. L. ROBINSON.

\* The italics are mine.

## BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

Those who attended the inaugural meeting of the Branch on December 12th, 1925, will not forget it in a hurry. All Birmingham seemed to be visiting the Co-operative Stores that day to see the Christmas display. Fortunately we had a private room in the Café, and though some members had to fight their way in, most of them arrived in good time. Shackleton apologised for his lateness by explaining that he had been standing in the "Dividend" queue by mistake. (Nay, lad!).

There were twenty-seven members present. After Mr. Grist had explained the Branch Affiliation Scheme, which was adopted, the following officers and committee were elected:—

*President*: Dr. W. Conrad Gill; *Treasurer*: Miss D. Satchell; *Secretary*, P. P. Murphy, 18, Birmingham Road, Walsall; *Committee*: Misses F. Lucas, J. Maude, E. S. Blakeley, Messrs. A. Hinckley, A. Henderson, Dr. R. Chester, N. K. Holmes.

During tea various suggestions were made to the Committee, which are being dealt with. The next gathering will be later in the evening, and a constitution will be formally submitted. At the moment, we have fifty members on our list, not all of whom have paid their subscriptions. The new list of members will be sent out before the next meeting, along with full details of future activities.

Mr. Hinckley is making inquiries of the Society of Yorkshiresmen in Birmingham with the intention of securing a number of tickets for their Annual Dance in February. It would be very pleasant if we could make up a party to attend this reunion, as our own numbers are as yet insufficient for an independent dance.

A committee meeting was held at the house of Dr. W. Conrad Gill, on Saturday, January 23rd, and it was decided to have a social evening at the Imperial Hotel, Temple Street, Birmingham, on Saturday, February 20th, at 6 p.m.; full information will be posted to all members at an early date. The charge will be one shilling a head, exclusive of refreshments. Members are reminded that they may bring friends along. Those members who can sing, recite, or comfort themselves in any way likely to amuse us, are asked to offer their services as soon as possible.

The president, Dr. Gill, is also arranging for the former students of Professor A. J. Grant to meet him on the occasion of his visit to Birmingham University, on February 18th. Will those who would like to be present please inform the Secretary?

A letter from Miss Ivy Crowther ("Video") of the London Association, suggests that a Co-op. Café is hardly a suitable meeting place. We hope she will approve of the name of the hotel we have chosen; but if anyone knows a nice Bohemian Hotel, or a café with an Italian name in Brum, we should be very happy to arrange the next meeting there. We couldn't by any stretch of imagination visualise Londoners meeting in a Co-op. Café. The Londoner cannot have a night out unless he goes to an Hotel. But Birmingham is a circumspet and economical place. Still, there's something in a name. We don't wish to frighten away the very dignified people, but we are inclined to think that in our case, we lend distinction to the place we meet in. Reflected glory is rather expensive.

Dear me, how Birmingham gets hold of one!

P.P.M.

## OBITUARY.

The death took place in December of the Rev. W. H. Stables (1880-92), who was the first M.A. of the University.

He was at school in Leeds, and after winning the Ackroyd and Brown Scholarships, proceeded to the Yorkshire College. Here he won the Government gold medal for electric light, and took the Victoria B.A. in history in 1891, the M.A. in 1894. He received his theological training at the *Schola Cancellarii Lincolniensis*, and was ordained deacon in 1893, priest in 1894. From 1892 to 1902 he held a curacy at Runcorn, and since 1902 he had been Vicar of Over, Cheshire.

Mr. Stables was an able musician, and in his youth he was organist of St. James' Church, Horsforth Woodside, for six years. In politics he was a Tory; he was secretary to the Leeds Church Defence Association, and vigorously opposed Mr. Gladstone's disestablishment proposals. He took a keen interest in football, and did much organising work for boys' teams both at Leeds and at Over.

#### MARRIAGES.

HOY-WEIR.—J. Denzil Hoy (1919-22, Science and Education), to Miss May Weir of Airdrie, at the Grosvenor Hotel, Glasgow, on the 5th December, 1925.

JORDINSON-WHITEHEAD.—Frank Jordinson (1916-20, Dyeing), to Miss Hilda Mary Whitehead, at Lockwood, on the 29th December, 1925. At home: 10, Batley Avenue, Marsh, Huddersfield.

STEEL-WAREHAM.—Henry Northrop Steel (B.Sc. Liverpool) (1922-3, Education), to Miss Kate Wareham (M.A. Liverpool) (Education), at St. Barnabas Church, Barnetby, Lincs., on the 29th December, 1925.

#### NEWS OF MEMBERS.

Miss FRANCES Cuthbertson (1904-6) sends on some interesting extracts from a letter from Mrs. Lee Hamilton-Paterson (formerly Constance Brown) (1904-7), whose husband is a missionary in China. After such excitements as numerous kidnappings in the same street, and raids in which her house was burnt down, she is still reluctant to leave China to come home on furlough this spring. The letter gives a vivid picture of the anti-foreign riots.

"We landed in our small Chinese boat at the back of Hankow just as the trouble was starting (on the way to Kuling for the hot months). I couldn't understand it—nothing had happened at the time we left Tsao Shih and of course we had no news on the way—Lee had not come with us, just mother, two children and myself. Beyond getting surrounded by a rude crowd nothing more happened—but poor mother went faint and ill; she had not recovered strength after her long illness. She was quite bad and I couldn't even borrow a chair for her—was actually refused because we were foreigners—but we eventually got a ricksha and I had to walk along holding mother in it. We simply had to leave the children to their airish."

#### BIRTHS.

WORMALD.—To Mr. and Mrs. S. Wormald (née Ethel Robinson), a son, on February 4th, 1926. Mrs. Wormald was at the University 1919-1923 (B.A. 1922); Mr. Wormald was a student 1919-1922 (B.A. Hons. Mods., M.A. 1924).

## Union Minutes

**M**INUTES of the Third Meeting of the Union Committee for the Session 1925-26, held in the Refectory on Tuesday, December 1st, 1925, at 2.30 p.m.

Mr. C. E. D. Nicholls occupied the chair.

### 1. MINUTES.

The Minutes of the Second Ordinary Meeting were read and confirmed.

### 2. SPECIAL BUSINESS.

It was proposed, seconded and carried, that a Sub-Committee be formed to organise a General Meeting of all students going down this year, in order that a Sub-Committee and Secretary be elected from these students. The following members to form the Union Sub-Committee :—

Miss J. Willoughby.

Mr. A. G. Grant.

Mr. G. V. Hall.

### 3. FINANCIAL BUSINESS.

The following estimates were sanctioned :—

Delegates to Dances .. .. .	£3 18 0
Cricket (Bats only) .. .. .	£12 16 0
G.A.C. (Delegate) .. .. .	£2 10 0
Harriers' Club .. .. .	£37 10 0
Fives Club .. .. .	£3 12 8
G.A.C. (Crockery) .. .. .	50 8 0

### 4. REPORTS FROM SUB-COMMITTEES.

(a) The G.A.C. Secretary reported that he had promised the I.V.A.B. that the I.V.A.B. Sports for 1927 should be held at Leeds, and that the condition of the Grounds prevented these Sports being held in Leeds this year.

The G.A.C. recommended that all students wearing a *Gryphon* above the University Crest on Blazer pockets should be ordered to remove the *Gryphon* unless club letterings were worn under the Crest.

It was reported by the G.A.C. Secretary that the next I.V.A.B. Meeting would be held on December 5th.

(b) The Entertainments Sub-Committee reported a deficit on the Union Dance of £7 10s. 3d.

It was proposed, seconded and carried that a vote of thanks be passed to Mr. Spencer and the members of the Entertainments Sub-Committee, for their work in connexion with the Dance.

(c) It was proposed, seconded and carried that the following recommendations be forwarded to the National Union of Students :—

(i.) The Union Committee of Leeds University, whilst in no way being desirous of curtailing the activities of the National Union of Students, is of the opinion that an increase in the salaries account beyond the 1924-25 level is undesirable at the present time.

(ii.) The Union Committee of the University of Leeds, whilst sympathising with the desire of the National Union of Students to promote the ideal of social service among the students of Great Britain, is of the opinion that such work should be left for the present to the constituent Universities, and suggests that the N.U.S. should abandon its Social Service Scheme.

- (iii.) The Union Committee of the University of Leeds suggests to the N.U.S. that matters involving politics should not be dealt with in the "University," but, where this is impracticable, an attempt should be made to obtain articles representing all points of view.

It was proposed, seconded and carried, that the team of 3-6 debaters be entertained.

#### 6. CORRESPONDENCE.

A letter was read from the Manager of the Westminster Ballroom, in which the Ballroom was offered for a Dance in aid of the University Appeal. Owing to the fact that several other dances were to be held at the University round about the date suggested in the letter, it was decided that the offer be not accepted.

It was decided that a Meeting of the Finance Sub-Committee, at which a representative of the Photographic Society should be present, should enquire into this Society's request for a grant of money to provide extra facilities for printing, enlarging, etc.

It was proposed, seconded and carried, that a précis of business for each Union Committee Meeting be sent out instead of the customary Agenda Cards.

#### 7. OTHER BUSINESS.

It was proposed, seconded and carried, that an official reply be sent to Mr. Best's letter in the November issue of the *Gryphon*.

1st February, 1926.

(Signed) C. E. D. NICHOLLS.

### STUDENTS AND THE APPEAL.

A Special Meeting of the Union Committee was held in the Refectory on Tuesday, January 19th, at 2.30 p.m. The Meeting was called to consider ways and means in which students might aid the University Appeal.

The following motions were proposed, seconded and carried :—

1. That a half-crown subscription be organised by each R.C. among its members.
2. That Mr. J. E. S. Fox and Mr. R. H. Olver, with the Union Executive, should constitute a Sub-Committee with the object of running "rags" in near-by towns.

That all "Appeal" Organisers in their several districts be informed of the existence of this Sub-Committee.

That the York "Appeal" Committee be informed that the members of the University Union would be willing to hold a "Rag" in York during February.

3. That Miss Readman, Miss Willoughby, Mr. H. W. Spencer and the Union Executive, should form a Sub-Committee to organise a Dance in the Leeds Town Hall.
4. That the following Sub-Committee be formed to enquire into the possibilities of running a "Rag" edition of a newspaper. Messrs. Aked, Weaver and Hole.
5. That the Dramatic Society be asked to repeat the play they propose staging in the Great Hall on Thursday, March 18th, in local Halls.
6. That Mr. Hole should approach the Choral Society to enquire from them the possibilities of forming a Concert Party.
7. That in future, Union Committee Meetings be held on alternate Mondays and Tuesdays, the next Meeting to be called for Monday, February 1st, 1926.

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