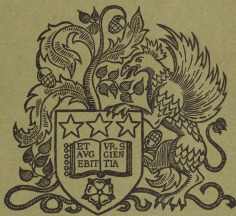


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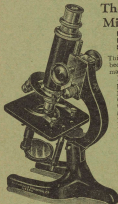
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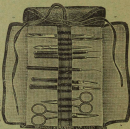
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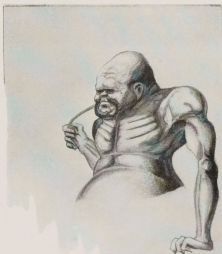
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The Lord

NAB. 1930

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"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the sunn when she hath any sick feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know there full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the criticism which we have ever found them to the preciseness which we ought to fear."—LYLY.

Editorial.

"And now the time has come for us
To talk of many things,"

and particularly of those things to which many of us must reluctantly bid farewell this Summer. Some will go down knowing that they have made some mark upon the place that sheltered them, whether they be rock-hewers freely smiting the towering cliffs, or whether they belong to the few who, fretted by the restrictions of academic courses, long for some more turbulent freedom, and feel that any carving they may do is but the cramped writing of the prisoner on cell walls. Others of us, alas! imagine that we have made no critical alteration or development in the progress of our University, and must perforce console ourselves with the thought that we dwell in a universe "where numerous numbers must be content to stand like lacteous or nebulous stars, little taken notice of, or dim in their generations." Perhaps all we shall leave will be faint initials scratched on a desk in remote Fresher days.

Yet, whatever peculiar significance University life has for us, there is generally a sound of melancholy about going down—a falling away of green and gallant days, the passage of another generation of lunatics, lovers and poets. Our daily life will no longer hold a visit to Mrs. B——, sitting at her desk of custom "full of anecdote" and reminiscences of students of all time, nor shall we glimpse the H.P. staking across the Entrance Hall with Malvolian carriage, nor hear the *limerick* quality of Prof. H—T's laugh as he hob-nobs with all and sundry. The University buildings will be our common destination no more.

Yet going "down" is not for a moment the closing of a door. We can leave Leeds without any of the shattering sense of finality that troubled poor old Sam Pepys when he bade farewell to his Diary and prayed God to give him strength in the darkness to come. A university is not represented merely by its lecture-rooms or even the Hall Porter's office. It is a fellowship of people—in some Utopian day "one equal temper of heroic hearts"—no less a fellowship because its members no longer skirmish at one another in the Debating Society or waste blissful hours together in Lab.

Once a member of the University always a member, and for this reason *The Gryphon* urges each individual student to join the Old Students' Association on going down, either by an annual subscription or life-membership. The University never loses sight of you even though you may forget her for a time. Ten years ago an Appointments Board was formed to help on the careers of past and present students. The forms sent in to this Board are not torn up and forgotten immediately any student gets a job, but are kept to follow up his career, so that the University may help him again if he ever needs it. Surely, then, the student must play his or her part also.

A word should be said here of Mr. Grist—who will probably be very angry to see it—of his untiring energy and idealism in making this University a vital element in the life of its members, both old and new. No one can estimate how much of the success of those jolly dinners and expeditions we hear so much of in O.S.A. reports depends on him.

Resolve, then, that your life-long membership is going to be an active one, and pay your first subscription before the end of term. Find out the Branch to which you belong, join it, and *Gryphons* will be forwarded to you every session with news of Old Students' activities. Do not let slackness on your part mean that some friend you cared for once attends an O.S.A. Dinner to find none of his intimates there and laments with Lamb for the departure of old comrades.

"Gone are they all, the old familiar faces,"

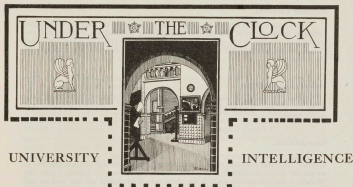
Remember that without you and all of you there would be no University.

A. O. Allen, M.A., B.Sc., A.R.C.Sc.

PAST and present members of the Physics School will learn with the profoundest regret, of the death of Mr. A. O. Allen, who had been lecturer in optics at Leeds since 1898. Although he had not enjoyed the best of health for some years, Mr. Allen appeared his normal self at the end of the Lent term, and the news of his sudden death, a few days after the commencement of the Easter Vacation, came as a great shock to everyone. Engaged chiefly in taking the "final" physics courses, he was noted for his brilliance as a lecturer; a rare clarity of mathematical and experimental exposition, combined with a subtle sense of humour, and a delicate and sympathetic reaction to the limitations and difficulties of his students, made his lectures at once highly informative and pleasant.

With the passing of Mr. Allen, one is left with the sense of the existence of a great gap, which it will indeed be hard to fill.

S.G.S.



University Buildings.

In University Road and Woodhouse Lane order is beginning to appear even in the midst of desolation. Much of the rubble is cleared and a small road-way has been made through to De Grey Road, in place of the way by the "nine-pins." Already the scene is being set for the laying of the foundation stone this term.

News of Staff.

Mr. A. E. Ingham, reader in Mathematics here, has been elected to a Fellowship at King's College.

Mr. E. W. Allam, B.A., Mus. Bac., Lecturer in Music, has been appointed organist and accompanist to the Leeds Philharmonic Society.

Chair of Latin.

Professor S. Noble, Lecturer in Liverpool University since 1926, has been appointed to the Chair of Latin in Leeds University, in succession to Professor Stewart. Holder of many academic distinctions and possessing a brilliant aptitude for languages, he will be a notable acquisition.

Other Recent Appointments.

Dr. F. S. Fawcweather, Lecturer in Chemical Pathology, has been promoted to the new Readership in Clinical Chemical Pathology.

There are also the following appointments:—Mr. B. Jeafferson, M.D. (London), F.R.C.S. (England), as Tutor in Obstetrics and Gynaecology; Mr. James G. Thompson, M.B., Ch.B. (Aberdeen), as Demonstrator in Pathology and Bacteriology; Mr. Norman H. Chamberlain, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Leeds), as Research Assistant in the Textile Industries Department.

Popular Lectures.

The Council have agreed to renew for another year the scheme of Popular Lectures in the County. In view of the growing demand for lectures and the consequent increase in the cost of the scheme, it was decided to make a nominal charge of ten shillings per lecture, as a contribution towards the expenses of the scheme.

Hostel Appeal Efforts.

College Hall is to be congratulated on the success of last term's Bridge-and-Whist-Drive, and Weetwood on their Tea-Dance, held so opportunely after the men's sports.

Competition.

Again, no article submitted for the "University Topic" Competition merited a prize. No, you sceptical person in the corner, the prize was not a myth, but it would be fatal to award it to mediocre contributors. "Auntie Visits the Varsity," the sole article sent in by some valiant soul, was all top and no tail worth speaking of. "Auntie's" striking opening remark:—"Now, John, don't argue. I remember Bunyan says 'no sin reigneth more in the world than pride among Professors,'" was not adequately followed up, despite the fact that this belief inevitably caused her to alight upon the H.P.

This is the last *Gryphon* this session, so there will be no further opportunities for entry, but next year if there are any competitions available more people should enter the lists, and those who have done so already should be more ambitious in their jousting.

Swimming Gala.

The Annual Gala of the combined Men's and Women's Swimming Club was held on Wednesday, April 30th. The outstanding performance was that of Miss J. Musgrave, who once again won the Women's Individual Championship, gaining seven first places and a place in every other event, though Weetwood, gaining almost every other point, carried off the Championship Cup. The men provided some magnificently-contested races.

Presentation.

On Friday, March 28th, 1930, a presentation of a case of cutlery was made by Mr. Hauty, on behalf of the Horticultural Evening Class, to Mr. A. S. Galt Horticultural Lecturer and Organiser at the University, on his retirement from the University owing to ill-health.

Mr. Galt was tutor at the beginning of the Horticultural Class; and leaves with all good wishes for better health during his retirement.

University Portraits.

II.—Some Academic Portraits.

THREE GREAT VICTORIANS.

IF I am to talk of the portraits of the past staff of the University, which are to be found in various parts of the building, it must be with even less responsibility than I felt when I wrote of the portraits of laymen. I mean that I shall not attempt to touch on all of them, and that I shall not try to give a complete account of any one of their subjects. As before, I imagine myself to be chatting to a group of students and saying whatever comes into my head. I shall begin not with the two Vice-Chancellors—though I should like to speak of them some day—but with three men who somehow are always connected in my mind: Professors Miall, Procter and Vaughan.

Miall was not actually on the staff at the opening of the Yorkshire College, but he is the first indite of all the Professors whose portraits are to be found on our walls. He was a man of great powers, of remarkable individuality, and he impressed something of his own character on the University for at least a quarter of a century. He was a representative Victorian and reflected the ideals in education of the fifties and sixties; there was much of Huxley and Tyndal in him; much of the non-conformity of the mid-century. Our first Professor of French, du Gillon, had taught Miall at, I think, Wesley College, Sheffield. I once asked du Gillon what Miall was like as a boy. He answered that he was just what he was as a man, and he defined his meaning by saying that he "was always eager to learn but most unwilling to be taught." He had graduated at no University and was pre-eminently a self-taught man; but it was a combination of an admirable teacher with a most industrious pupil. He would take nothing on trust; he must find out everything himself; and he thought that was the only way of real learning for every one. His book on teaching ("Thirty Years of Teaching") is full of most excellent sense, and is a challenge to routine and self-satisfaction. I think outside of his own department that was his great mission in the University; his presence threw us all on the defensive; in conversation with him we had to be ready to justify both our subjects and our methods. He had a low opinion of history as an academic subject and I am sure he did not approve of the way in which I taught it. I always felt that the Yorkshire College owed a good deal of its efficiency (I believe it was admirably efficient) to Miall's presence in our midst. He strongly disapproved of lectures and tried to substitute something else, but I believe that before he left us he had fallen back to a large extent on the lecture system. I am tempted to speak further of him; he was as clear, as honest, and as cold as some northern stream; but I will only add one point which perhaps is not in complete harmony with the picture I have tried to paint. He had a passionate love for some great things in literature, especially in Greek and Roman literature, but his tastes were far from catholic. He loved Homer and Virgil and Juvenal; but he could find nothing in the Greek tragedians to admire. He once told me that "some lines in the *Antigone* had interested him"; but he would go no further than that. I believe he had hardly read any novel published later than *Vanity Fair*. Once when I recommended "*Don Quixote*" to him he said that he took little interest in "fictitious narrative." The last time I saw him was in the Ben Rhydding Hydro, not long before his death. He would not talk of science; but his face lit up as he spoke of Virgil.

He was anxious I remember to find in English poetry some equivalent for the Latin *lastrant* in a line of Virgil's. He thought there was something in Wordsworth, but could not recover it. And so I must say farewell to my old, much valued comrade.

Professor Procter—whose portrait I think ought to be made more accessible—belonged to the same era and the same set of intellectual and moral forces. He too, was without University training, and he had a singularly alert and original mind. I gathered from the excellent notice which Professor Smithells wrote of him at his death that he had made really important contributions to science; but of course I cannot speak of that. He had none of Miall's rigidity. He was not so ready to doubt and deny. He had a very wide range of interests and talked excellently on all manner of subjects. When first I joined the University the teaching staff used to lunch in what is now I think the German special library. There were so few of us that it was large enough, though most members of the staff attended from time to time. I think Procter was always there and certainly there was no better talker in the group. He had a great power of talking about science so as to be intelligible to the unscientific, and I always used to like to hear him even when his subject was far above my comprehension. But it was not only of science that he would talk. His children have inherited something of their artistic gifts from their father, for he had a very keen taste for everything beautiful. I remember that it was he who first introduced me to Lascelles Abercrombie's poetry. And if the conversation touched on politics or economics or history he had always something to say that was worth listening to; and his opinions often had a touch of paradox and exaggeration which made his conversation all the more amusing and provocative.

How am I to give the readers of *The Gryphon* any idea of Professor Vaughan? Of all my colleagues I think he was in character and outlook the most original. He has written books of great and perhaps of permanent value. But he was himself greater than his books. He was Professor of English Literature, and a most stimulating teacher of the subject; but I always doubted whether he was quite in his right place. For I do not hesitate to say that his real interest was in philosophy or, if the word may be used with a rather wider meaning than is usually given to it, in religion. When he retired from active teaching he gave himself up to studies of Political Theory and especially of Rousseau, and it is in this direction that his most lasting work was done.

But all this gives no idea of what Vaughan was and it is singularly hard to convey any notion of the man. If I had to choose one adjective for him I should take "explosive." He felt life and all its issues with singular intensity. He was reluctant therefore to speak of deep things because he was so deeply stirred by them. His opinions were all his own and he had perfect courage in expressing them. His strongest sympathies were with spiritual revolutionaries: with Luther and with Rousseau and with Victor Hugo. His admiration for the Protestant Reformation was expressed with passionate enthusiasm. Well do I remember how I was once the victim of it. I took the chair at the Literary and Historical Society for a student's paper on Luther and, in order to start a discussion, I remarked platitudinously that Germany had to pay dearly for Luther in the Thirty Years' War. As soon as I had finished Vaughan was on his feet; and with outstretched finger, pointed menacingly at myself, he denounced me and my views, attributing to me, I remember, opinions which I had not expressed and did not hold. On another occasion I spoke to him with admiration of Tasso. He grew rigid at once and his face flushed. He had never read Tasso,

he said, and never would. The reason being that Tasso was the poet of the counter-Reformation, and he saw in him the spirit which he attributed to the Jesuits. There is (or was) no end of stories about Vaughan. I remember meeting him in College Road just after a prominent member of the conservative ministry had resigned, and I asked him what he thought about it; for in spite of my unsoundness on Luther we were in sympathy on many things. He stopped dead for half a minute and fixed his gaze on the pavement, and then said with passionate intensity: "He came in like a fox and he has gone out like an ass." I must add one more story. It came from a member of the biological staff; and truth surely belongs to that department, if to any. When Vaughan grew excited in his lectures his voice rose to a high scream. One day, so my biological friend told me, he met the late Hall Porter, Wilkinson, running down the corridor. He had heard, he said, a terrible scream and he thought some student was in a fit. It turned out to be Vaughan protesting to his class against the unfair treatment which Rousseau's doctrine of the General Will had received at the hands of certain critics.

And still I have given you no idea of Vaughan. Have I seemed to make fun of him? That is my mean revenge for my sense of inferiority to him. For I repeat there was real greatness in the man; greatness of intellect, I think; but certainly greatness of character and temperament. Let me recommend people to turn to the biographical notice by his life-long friend, Professor Little, in the *Bulletin of the English Association*.

A. J. GRANT.

Inaugural Lecture.

IT was with great interest that we heard Professor Richardson give his inaugural lecture on "The International Aspect of Industrial Relationships," for he comes to Leeds straight from the centre of international industrial research, the International Labour Office. What is needed to-day, he said, is scientific research to promote industrial welfare and co-operation. To all appearances the interests of capital and labour are conflicting, but is this really so? Great economic waste and social unrest have been caused in the past, and especially in this country since the War, by struggles between employers and employed, and in this sphere as in all other spheres of human action there is need for study and thought. It is fitting, therefore, that in a University there should be opportunity to study this subject. Professor Richardson spoke of the need for better relationships within the factory. How can the most efficient methods be used if there is suspicion and fear among the workers? Then, too, discipline is necessary, but there is far more to be said for self-discipline or discipline which has been accepted as just. There must also be closer understanding between the organised bodies of workers and employers. In Great Britain and Germany both sides were strongly organised and centralised, and for this reason, increasing responsibility rested with them. Professor Richardson then spoke of the growth of state control of industry, and compared the bureaucracy of Russia with the individualism of the United States. Yet in spite of the different policies of States the world has become an economic whole, and labour questions must now be treated internationally.

K. STOCKDALE.

Portrait of a Success or The Further Adventures of Septimus.

In which the Author, in furtherance of his Laudable Intention to provide Wholesome Instruction along with Pleasant Entertainment, describes how Septimus, hitherto known as Septimus the Simple, reaps the reward of a Well-Spent and Innocent Life, and Incidentally serves as a Shining Example of the Lasting and Solid Happiness that falls to the lot of the Meek in Spirit and the Pure in Heart.

OUR Readers will remember how we first brought Septimus on to our Little Stage, and how we showed that he was not only filled with Strange and noble ideals in the Period of his early Youth, but also retained those Lofty Conceptions unblemished until he reached a State of Maturity, or the Nearest Approach to such a State that he was capable of Achieving. We must not endeavour to trace in detail the Course of his Career as a Young Gentleman of the University. It would, as you know, be both Tedious and Unprofitable to describe the Work he did, and the Studies he pursued, for the Value and the Glory of his Career lay not in what he did, but in How he did it, and, indeed, as he would say to himself as he gazed at the Picture of Richmond Bridge, "Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, if it seem worthy the doing, and it be not altogether unprofitable, and it be not transferable to thy left hand, do it with a due proportion of thy might." Nor will we attempt to Distract the Young Ladies with details of the Sojourn of Septimus in the Department of Italian, knowing as we do, how Undesirable, and alas, how tempting and Easy it is to Draw them from their work, to which they so Rarely give that Whole-Hearted attention which their studies undoubtedly deserve. In short we must now bring before you Septimus at the Crowning point of his Happiness, and enjoying the Logical Outcome of his Virtues.

Now you must know that Septimus, having proceeded from his University to a Position of Considerable Importance, so impressed Certain Old Friends with the Excellence of his Progress and the Splendour of his Success, that he felt it incumbent upon him to invite them to dine with him, so that they might Profit by his Example at Close quarters, and also help him to dispose of a Certain Very Bad Wine which he had bought in the Innocence of his Early and Praiseworthy Affluence. And although in Septimus, as in all the Truly Virtuous, the spirit of Gratitude had become somewhat Atrophied by the Exercise of his own inexhaustible Powers of Deserving, yet he chose as his Guests those who might to the Undiscerning Eye appear to have Assisted him at Various Stages in his Career. His Guests therefore, included Curio, a young Man of pleasing character, though addicted to Bad Verse; Nimbo, whose Unseemly and Often Misplaced Frivolity must be placed before our Readers as a Warning and a Deterrent; Diog, who was a very Gentlemanly Cynic in the Intervals of his Very Gentlemanly Sentimentalism; an Artist who, having once been so-called by a Thoughtless Relative for a Joke, had incontinently seized upon the Appellation and adopted it in lieu of all other Names; and lastly, a very Serious Young Man. Now Septimus found at his table that evening several other Guests to whom he had not Issued Invitations, the chief of whom was a certain John or Jack Eden, who, presuming on the fact that he had passed through the University Contemporaneously with Septimus, had decided to be present at his Semi-Apotheosis.

It would be unseemly for us to dwell on the Details of the Dinner, except in so far as to remark that the Visage of Septimus became more and more shiny, and the glow of satisfaction in his eyes became more and more complacent as the repast drew to a close. Strangely enough, however, in proportion as Septimus progressed towards a state of Perfect Beatitude, the countenance of Mr. Eden grew steadily more and more sullen, a state of affairs which, in view of the fact that Mr. Eden had not been invited, betrayed the worst possible taste on his part. Septimus, however, was far too busy ministering to the Welfare of his guests, and ensuring that the wine he had reserved for himself should not, by mistake, be handed to them, that he was entirely oblivious to the surliness of John Eden.

When a favourable Opportunity offered itself, the Very Serious Young Man rose to his feet and addressed the company in the following words:—

"Mr. Septimus, gentlemen, I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my own thanks, and the thanks of all of us here this evening to our host for his generous invitation, which has given us all the privilege of meeting him again...."

The Serious Young Man paused, whereupon Septimus absent-mindedly murmured "Hear, Hear," and the rest nodded approval, except Mr. Eden, who yawned very obviously and very rudely.

"Indeed," continued the serious Young Man, "I hold as one of the proudest memories of my life the thought that there was a time when our generous host did not utterly despise my humble services in the composition of literature on Serious Topics. I cannot help but feel that in the productions of those days is still to be seen the same boundless energy, the same accuracy, and the same sanity of outlook which have won for our generous host the position which he holds to-day...."

The Serious Young Man again paused to receive the grateful acknowledgments of Septimus, and then continued. We will not burden the patience of our readers with a full account of his remarks, suffice it to say that by the time he finished, Septimus was leaning back, with a beatific Smile on his face, and his eyes half closed, whilst Jack Eden had just completed the Carving of a very Pointed and Uncomplimentary Remark on the Table with his penknife, an action so Ungentlemanly, that it could not have failed to offend the delicate Sensibilities of Septimus, had not that Shining Example been far too bemused to observe anything. When the Serious Young Man sat down, with that curiously uncomfortable look of a Man who feels that for once he has made a good speech, but does not want to betray that he feels like that, Curio rose, and thanking Septimus for his hospitality, said that he hoped his host bore no grudge for the badness of the verses which he (Curio) had supplied for him (Septimus) in the days of their youth. Septimus was about to reply, with a gesture indicating the absence of anything of the nature of Rancour, when Jack Eden, drawing a bundle of loose papers from his pocket, began to read extracts from the Abovementioned verses, Whereupon a tense silence fell upon the Party, and Curio left the Company, with a Queer Light in his eyes, after glancing strangely at Septimus, whilst that Worthy, sunk deep in his chair, stared fixedly at Eden. At that juncture, however, the Gentlemenly Cynic wanted to know how long the Recital was going to last because it was Unspeakeably Bad and Boring, and, moreover, however much Jack Eden grudged their host his Success, the Method he had adopted for expressing that grudge was really a Very Dirty Trick, especially to the rest of the Company.

The Company then banished the Tension with a Burst of general Laughter, whilst Jack Eden slowly destroyed his bundle of papers, and Septimus himself, hoisting himself into an Upright position in his chair, laughed as Loud and as long as any of his guests. Unfortunately, the Gentlemanly Cynic, Diog, under the Baleful Influence of the Execrable Wine, lapsed into one of His Rare Fits of Ungentlemanly Sentimentalism, and would not be seated until the whole of the Company was sobbing on each others' shoulders, and bright Tears were streaming Unchecked down the Shining visage of Septimus, who had relapsed into a sunken position in his chair, so that it was not until Nimbo rose to his feet that the Liquefaction of the Company was Stayed. Now although we have warned our readers against such frivolity as that from which Nimbo suffered, yet we cannot refrain from admitting that in his foolishness the young man displayed a Modicum of Sound Sense. Having been graced by Fortune with an Odd Sort of a Countenance, Calculated, not so Much by reason of any Definite Malformation as by a Certain almost inexplicable Peculiarity, to provoke in the Sympathetic Beholder a not Unpleasant State of Risibility, he had, at an Early stage, come to realise the impossibility of Calling upon that Gift of Nature for the Expression of any Profound Feeling or Seriousness, and therefore contented himself with the effects wrought by that Gift in its Normal State. Accordingly, he had not been long on his feet before the Tears of the Company had given place to a series of Smiles and Chuckles, and Nimbo, after making a few remarks, neither amusing nor Otherwise, seeing that he has Achieved his purpose, sat down, not without the Flicker of a smile of Contempt about his lips.

Then the Last of the Invited Guests rose. "Speaking as an Artist," he said, "and as one who also was privileged to place his meagre talents at the disposal of our Generous Host, may I be permitted to add my Congratulations...."

At this point Diog interrupted. "It very often happens," he said, "that very early in life, a Kindly-Disposed but Misguided Relative makes a Chance remark to a child which Ultimately debars the Child from ever becoming a sane and Useful Member of the Community. When you were about six, Your Uncle, to keep you Quiet, said that you were 'Quite a young Artist,' and according to the Intricacies of the Umltiate Design, though you should forget the names of your Dearest Friends, yet would you remember that Remark. May God help you!"

The Artist, with a look of High Disdain, seated himself, whilst Jack Eden chuckled delightedly for the first time that evening. In the Silence that ensued, the Invited guests, apparently satisfied that nothing more to eat or drink was forthcoming, paid their respects to their host and departed.

For some time neither Septimus nor Eden spoke. The long night wore on to the still, unearthly early hours. Septimus rose and walked unsteadily over to the window. "Where were your friends this evening?" said Jack Eden, suddenly. Septimus turned. "You saw them, they were all here."

"Not that crowd of sycophants, but the friends we both knew."

Septimus shrugged his shoulders.

"They were here," went on Eden, "but they were uninvited, and they did not stay long....they could not stand it. There are only two of us left now."

Septimus started, and noticed for the first time that there was a woman sitting by Eden. He saw the look of mild reproach in her eyes, and turned away, gazing towards Lancaster Gate and the Park. Jack Eden went over to him, and put a hand on his shoulder, but Septimus shook his head, and Eden went out, alone. Septimus sat down in the chair by the window to wait for the dawn. A light touch on his arm roused him. The woman was standing by him. He dared not look at her. "There is still time," she whispered, "you can begin again, if you will let me...." Septimus still avoided her eyes, and raised his head with as much Pride as his semi-bemused state would allow. "Thank you.... I do not need any help.... doesn't look as though I have needed any, does it?".... At last their eyes met, and Septimus buried his face in his hands. The woman moved over to a little desk by the fireplace, and sat writing for a few moments. She left the note on the desk, and going over to Septimus, laid her hand lightly on his arm for a second, and then was gone. He sat watching the dull cold light that was creeping into the sky. In the street below, a raucous voice crashed into the calm of that austere district, singing, and out of tune:

"What cheer! all the neighbours cried,
'Oo yer gotna meet, Bill?
'Ave yer bought the street, Bill?
Larf! Well! I thought I should a' died..!'"

The singer lurches on, and his voice grew fainter. Septimus did not move.

"Larf! Well! I thought I should a' died..!"

The voice trailed away slowly. Septimus listened carefully for some time. "Larf!" and then silence. And Septimus laughed, quietly and steadily, there in his chair by the window.....

MAROS.

Man Confounded—an answer.

MULIER est hominis confusio, so we are told. Evidently she has managed to confuse your contributor to some purpose. He tells us he believes in the higher education of women, and then suggests this might take the form of a year of the "hard and disciplined life of a hospital nurse." He does not consider that this year would be just as uncongenial to many women as a year's apprenticeship to a plumber would be to the average man. Yet see how useful it would be if every man could mend his own "bursts" when the frost comes. And if he boggled, the result would certainly be much less disastrous than if our nurse of a year's training made a slip in her treatment of Tommy's measles. (By the way, what do the Medicals think of a woman with a year's hospital training, being considered capable of treating without the aid of a doctor, the family ailments?).

What is the real cause for complaint with men like J.M.B. is their own attitude. In a civilised society for which a University exists, sex should not be so important to its members that the physical proximity of the opposite sex is disturbing. The boy or girl who leaves school at fourteen and does routine work of a kind which requires little mental effort, naturally gets all the colour and romance of his life from sex. It is this class which fills the picture houses and

for whom films featuring Sex-appeal are shown. But a boy or girl who has studied at school until the age of eighteen and then proceeded to the University, should have so many interests, so much richer a relish for life that sex is relegated to its proper place. Such a man or woman will seek in marriage, not merely physical attraction, but companionship. College-life may reveal that life-companion, and as youth is ever romantic, this idea will be present to most students as a vague possibility. But it should not interfere in the least with the intellectual life of the University. Those men-students for whom sex is so important that women students are disturbing, would be disturbed by sex even if they were in a University for men only. They can (and in my days usually did) get what dalliance they want in the town (incidentally too, they find non-college girls more to their taste).

University training is not vocational training merely. It should be a preparation for a fuller life. It may train one or two who are destined to be leaders in arts, science, politics. But the majority of the women and a greater majority of the men, will marry and most of their energies will be spent on their home life. They will become members of Suburbia. Unless they earn their livelihood as teachers, the angles of an isosceles triangle, the accusative infinitive, and the dates of the Kings of England will be relegated to limbo. But the essence of a University training does not lie in this. In so far as these old students—as husbands or wives, have imbued the wider spirit of enquiry, the broader outlook, the ability to look all round a subject and judge it impassionately, which a University should give, so far they will enrich the small society in which they move.

This applies equally to men or women. Young Tommy will have a better and fuller home-life if his mother has caught some of the University spirit. Her trained brain will probably cope much better with the many domestic problems of her home than her neighbours who are ex-typists, clerks or saleswomen. No one now believes that an educated woman is unable to wash-up or cook a dinner.

It might be more convenient to men of J.M.B.'s type if woman could be kept in her old place as a favoured hand-maiden to her men-folk, but it just cannot be done. Women—with all the disabilities which they still have to bear, have shown themselves capable of working alongside men and the community is the richer that both of its parts are using their capabilities to the full.

M.M.D.

June 28th - RAG DAY, 1930.

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The other day a magnificently hearty Empire Builder bounded into the shirt department of our Sheffield shop. He was very much amused at our system of stocking three lengths of sleeve, an idea apparently unheard of in the wide open spaces behind the beyond.

Having made a selection he suddenly noticed the name on the shirt. "Austin Reed's!" he said. "Has this shop anything to do with Austin Reed's?"

Our Sheffield Manager drew himself up to his full height and explained that, in his opinion, it was *the* Austin Reed shop—with excellent branches in Regent Street, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds and Glasgow, and from time to time in New York (whenver the *Aquitania* was in harbour there).

Our customer explained that he had arrived in London from the wilds with every intention of seeing the Tower, the Houses of Parliament and Austin Reed's, but he had found himself in Sheffield before he could find any of these institutions.

"Well, boys," he exclaimed, "this is very funny; I heard all about your London shops on the boat—everyone was talking about them. Fancy me missing you in London and finding you by accident here."

"Anyway," he said, "perhaps you can arrange to sell me as much as I want in Sheffield." Whereupon the opinion was joyfully expressed that everything could be arranged with the utmost facility. And it was.



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"The Testament of Beauty."

The Scientific Outlook of the Poet Laureate.

(This was written before the death of the late Poet Laureate).

TO be silent through lack of inspiration is one thing ; to guard silence until a great inspiration shall be fully matured and burst the bonds of silence is altogether a different thing. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, has so long been silent that all unconsciously he was being placed under the first category, when lo ! the silence is broken and what bids fair to become an English Classic "The Testament of Beauty" appears. Without being unduly eulogistic it is probably fair to say that quite irrespective of literary merit, this work, without intent on the author's part, paints in strong colours the character of such a man as the English Universities have long laboured to produce ; and on this account alone, should be adopted as a standard of ideals in all our Universities—and not least in our Modern Universities.

In philosophy, how near the Poet Laureate is to Professor Eddington (as given in "The Nature of the Physical World") will be gathered from the following quotations :—

"judging itself by its own besetuous judgment"

and—

"As a man thro' a window into a darken'd house
peering vainly will see, always and easily,
the glass surface and his own face mirror'd thereon,"

and further—

"See how they have made o' the window an impermeable wall
partitioning man off from the rest of nature
with stronger imperviousness than Science can allow.
Man's mind, Nature's entrusted gem, her own mirror
cannot be isolated from her other works
by self abstraction of its unique fecundity
in the new realm of his transcendent life ;"

The following quotations further show how strongly the idea of the blending of the subjective with the objective is held :—

"for in truth the mind
is indissociable from what it contemplates,
as thirst and generous wine are to a man that drinketh
nor kenneth whether his pleasure is more in his desire
or in the savor of the rich grape that allays it."

and—

"I who have never doubted of my authority,
who am the consciousness of things judging themselves—"

This naturally leads up to the position of Science in the philosophic outlook of our Poet Laureate, a fascinating study of which endeavour must be made to do full justice.

In the first place it will be well to realise the Poet Laureate's attitude towards Science in the light of that which he deems greater than Science. Thus he writes :—

"Delicate and subtle are the dealings of nature,
whereby the emotionable sense secretly is touch'd
to awareness and by glimpse of heav'nly vision drawn
within the attraction of the creative energy
that is the ultimat life of all being soe'er";

To Robert Bridges, Sebastian Bach is vastly nearer to the ultimate goal of humanity than Newton or Einstein; but this in no sense implies the insignificance of Science but rather a different field of human activities, important but not the most important. He continues :—

"While Science sitteth apart in her exile, attend
on her other own invisibles; and working back
to the atoms, she handleth their action to harness
the gigantic forces of eternal motion,
in servicable obedience to man's mortal needs;
and not to be interrupted nor call'd off her task,
dreaming, amid the scounders of her sightly works,
thru' her infinitesimals to arrive at last
at the unsearchable immensities of Godd'es realm."

This again is an approach to the outlook of Professor Eddington. And it will be well to realise even more fully how the Poet Laureate looks, as it were, through Science, to a greater reality beyond :—

"for while man's Reason drew him whither science led
to walk with downcast eyes fix'd on the ground, and low
incline his ear to catch the sermon-whisper of stones—
whence now whole carillons, by their treasure-drove catch'd,
crawl greedily on their knees musing the soil like swine,
and any, if they can twist their stiffen'd necks about,
see the stars but as stones,—while men thus searched the earth
stooping to pick up wisdom, women stood erect
in honest human posture, from light's fount to drink
celestial influences; and this was seen in them
that worship'd Christ nor look'd, as then the apostles did,
for some earthly prosperity or prospect, nor ask'd
what chief seats might be there reserved in the Kingdom;
his heavenly call drew them, and the Mary who sat
at Christ's feet in devotion, heard from him her choice
pronounced the one thing needful; and as 'twas for her,
so is it nowadays for us to our happiness."

But that Science cannot be, and must not be ignored nor thought disparagingly of is well set forth in the following quotations :—

"see how physical Science, which is Reason's trade
and high profession, booketh ever and docketeth
all things in order and pattern;"

What the Poet Laureate thinks the limitations of Science are is well shown from the following quotations :—

"Science, they will say,
knoweth nought of this beauty. But what kenneth she
of colour or sound? Nothing: tho' Science measure true
every wave-length of ether or air that reacheth sense,
there the hest checketh, and her keen hounds are at fault;
for when the waves have pass'd the gates of ear and eye
all scent is lost; suddenly escaped the visibles
are changes to invisibles; the fine-measured motions
to immeasurable emotives; the cypher'd fractions
to a living joy that man feelth to shrive has wot."

But just as the limitations of Science are suggested, so are the achievements of Science fully acknowledged as follows :—

" Science comforting man's animal poverty
and leising his toil, hath humanized manners
and social temper, and now above her globe-spread net
of speeded intercourse hath outrun all magic,
and disclosing the secrecy of the reticent air
hath woven a seamless web of invisible strands
spiriting the dumb inmate with the quick matter of life ;
Now music's prison'd rapture and the drownd voice of truth
mantled in light's velocity, over land and sea
are omnipresent, speaking aloud to every ear,
into every heart and home their unhinder'd message,
the body and soul of Universal Brotherhood ;"

That Science is a great means to a greater end is thus duly acknowledged ; then comes a note of warning :—

" that once upon a time,
or ever a man was born to rob their honeypots,
bees we're fully endowed with Reason and only lost it
by ordering so their life as to dispense with it ;
whereby it pined away and perished of disease,
which, whether it were or no, if men can judge of Bees,
will might be in their strange manner of life—so like it is
with what our economical bee-minded men
teach as the first intellectual principle
of human government welfare and happiness ;"

Perhaps the best example of the working out of the ideal here condemned is that of the Inca civilization of Peru. So orderly and well schemed had life become to these people that, apparently lacking an ideal which would make such an ordered life a means to a great end, they also lacked the capacity to resist the onslaught of the Spaniards, and metaphorically speaking were blown about like chaff before the wind." In view of this may we not be thankful for even strikes and lock-outs, not only as evidences of a virility without which we should perish, but also as indicative in some degree of a moulding of our lives within the limits of some great ideal of which, to-day, that of universal brotherhood is most in evidence. Of course, the Poet Laureate does not hesitate one moment. He goes on :—

" Not knowing the high goal of our great endeavour
is spiritual attainment, individual worth,
at all costs to be sought and at all costs pursued,
to be won at all costs and at all costs assured ;
not such material ease as might be attain'd for all
by cheap production and distribution of common needs,
we're all life level'd down to where the lowest can reach ;"

But this and the following page (pages 46 and 47) must be read and thought over to be fully appreciated.

And how delightfully the writer again and again strikes the note of high ideal totally outweighing the claims of our physical needs and yet not overlooking these needs !

Thus he writes :—

" like the grace of childhood
lost in growth, a glory of the past, not to return,
Such 'twere vain to deplore ; since true beauty of manhood

outfeatureth childish charm, and whether in men or things,
Best is mature; tho' Beauty is neither growth nor strength;
for ugliness also growth proudly and is strong."

And again where he writes:—

"the same full delight
of progress in performance."

Perhaps in concluding this all too brief review reference should be made to Dr. Bridges personal grip of Science—to his scientific outlook; for were his grip of Science feeble or his outlook coloured his work would lose much of its appeal to many of us. On page 19 he refers to:—

"Atomic, Organic, Sensuous, and Selfconscious."

Then a simile in which conscience and a natural flower-bud are likened to one another, finishes with:—

"and yet
this bud—as any primer of botany can teach—
is but a differentiation of the infertile leaf,
which held all this miracle in intrinsic potency."

And how many of us have ever thought of the following? :—

"Among low organisms some are called animals;
for being uprooted, else inseparable from plants."

And how splendidly he puts the Scientists' basic philosophy in:—

"Wisdom will repudiate thee, if thou think to enquire
If Ay things are as they are or whence they came: thy task
is first to learn what is, and in pursuant knowledge
pure intellect will find pure pleasure and the only ground
for a philosophy conformable to truth."

Or again, how very typical of much Science work of to-day:—

"So to Lucretius also seeking Order in Chance."

On page 25 will be found:—

"The wise will live by Faith,
faith in the order of Nature and that her order is good."

References will also be found in many places to the doctrine of evolution and to Mendelian research. That Dr. Bridges regarded the scientist mainly as an analyst must be conceded; and that what creative energy he may display can only be employed in the creation of further means contributory to a greater end must also be conceded. But here we are on very subtle ground which will perhaps best be dealt with when the Religious and Educational ideals in this remarkable work are considered.

A.F.B.

A March sunset shining over the woods,
Glistening with rain just fallen,
Quivering leaves covered with dewy drops,
And grassy undergrowth cool to the feet,
Sweet-smelling with the rain.

And suddenly——
A flock of birds wheeling in fight
Black—till across a beam of the pale sun
The radiance tipped the wetness of their wings
And they were silver.

March, Hare.

Verse.

A Ballade of Saleable Goods.

Why not? Farewell then, nobles of the pen,
Whose hearts are burning with diviner fire,
Gods amongst princes, princes amongst men,
Here I lay down a strained and feeble lyre.
Off with the trappings of an old desire,
And square the shoulders for a weighty pack
Laden with wares that all men may admire,
And I shall sing no more, save What d'ye lack?

Farewell to searching in a barren mine
Where shining gilt bedecks itself as gold,
And welcome, solid gold clean and divine,
And all the treasure that is bought and sold
My friendly pack at one time will enfold,
Resting secure on my contented back
While dreamers stoop and shiver in the cold,
And I shall sing no more, save What d'ye lack?

And yet if I should meet with them again,
And if I could not help but see their eyes,
All those who knew the longing and the pain,
Should I not turn to them with mild surprise,
And show to them the course that I advise,
And bid them trim their sails again, and tack,
As I did, sailing where the treasure lies?
And I shall sing no more, save What d'ye lack?

ENVOY.

Princess, you will not miss my paltry rhymes,
And though you call a wandering pedlar back
To talk with him for sake of former times,
Yet will he say no more, save What d'ye lack?

ZIMRI.

Fantasy.

I think I am out on the cold sands
In the youth of the morning.
I am young with the Spring, and I dance
A prayer to the morn'ning,
O joy for the cold of the pools
And hard ridges of sand,
For the sound of the incoming sea,
And the width of the wind,
O joy for the print of my feet,
And the sun on my hair;
For youth so to dance in the morning
In the blue of the air.

ENID M. JONES.

Widening Horizons.

And stretched at ease upon the yielding earth,
I watch the tall grass swaying in the breeze
Above me : some amazing secret flees
From blade to blade : they nod in gentle mirth.
They close in round me, yet there is a space
In which no green stem duffers. I can see
Pale apple-blossom dance upon the tree,
Investing its gnarled boughs with airy grace.
Beyond again white-throated swallows wheel,
Flash their dark pinions in ecstatic flight,
Fantastic arabesques of cloud drift by,
Their fine-spun texture parting to reveal
Fresh clouds until my gaze, as from a height,
Dives into the blue pellucid depths of sky.

"EAGLET."

A Memory.

Do you remember the stormy night, and the broad, bold sweep of the sky ?
The long, straight stretch of the road, with the East wind rushing by ?
That lonely, empty road, yet full of the wind's wild song,
And fuller still of a haunting, and soul-disturbing throng—
The host of the things that have been, and now will be no more,
The loves, the dreams, and the heartaches of the years that have gone before ?

Behind us lay the city, and above it the sky was bright
And shone with the widespread radiance of far-reflected light ;
Before us lay the darkness, the absolute Unknown,
And the sky was heavy with unshed rain, and the clouds were all wind-blown ;
And gleaming through the blackness, straightly tall and still,
Rose the whiteness of a sign-post, like the Cross of Calvary's hill.

And ever the wind shrieked by us, as we stood there face to face ;
It lashed the trees with fury, till they cried aloud for grace ;
But behind the leaden rain-clouds we knew that the moon was new,
That the stars were heavily shining—and the hope within us grew,
Till we laughed at the wind and its madness, as it tossed and tore our hair,
For our hearts were full of the Future, and the Wonder waiting there.

N.

Disturbed and sorrowful, one Autumn day
I wandered forth to seek in Nature, calm ;
And chanced to climb a steep and winding lane
Between high hedges, black and leafless then.
The hill-top gained, I paused awhile, and stood
And looked upon the stretching countryside,
The distant fells, mist-shrouded, and the woods,
The sky all grey and sunless, bare and dead.
There was no sound ; the stillness seemed to fold
Around me like a garment soft and warm,
And there upon that hill-top I found peace.

MARJORIE ARUNDEL.

Ingratitude.

For these things thou hast made me do, Ingratitude,
 There must be sorrow after many years.
 Oh! well I know that there are days to be
 When, though the soulful thrush shall sing
 For pure love in an orchard-tree,
 For me the calm of evening
 Will often bring
 Nought but an inward crying unobdured
 By any tears.

R. RERVE.

Lines.

Come then to the green ways, Oh my friend!
 Where the fresh wind sings in the cool lane
 And the lordly poplars bend,
 And all the silly sorrows and the pain
 Hide in the caverns of the heart, and sleep again,
 And the white road has no end.

Over the rich earth of the gentle rise
 The ploughman's horses toil; the baying
 Of the farm-dog faintly dies.
 Here the flecked sunlight through the leaves is playing,
 And the far mysterious woods are swaying.
 Dark and lovely as your eyes.

Come then to the green ways, Oh my friend,
 Where the fresh wind sings in the cool lane,
 And the lordly poplars bend,
 And all the silly sorrows and the pain,
 Hide in the caverns of the heart, and sleep again,
 And the white road has no end.

TRITON.

Lees.

When I remember how the mystic wine
 The gods had poured for me, had filled the night
 With its clear beauty, and the mad design
 Of myriad stars grew pale against the light
 Shining in the pure wine, I raised the glass
 And held it still against the quiet sky.
 Until the star-shed beauty seemed to pass
 Like fire through life, through those who may not die,
 Even through the gods themselves—and then you said:
 "These are the dregs of uncontrolled desire,
 The dull waste, and the earthy shame that mars
 Both loved and loving"—into the dull red,
 Dying embers the glass fell, where the fire
 Sang of the rich wine to the silent stars.

TRITON.

The Tale of a Voice.

IT was when Amos Topjee had just reached the interesting age of eighteen that a maiden-aunt discovered he had a voice. Amos himself hadn't noticed it particularly; in fact he was rather annoyed when his aunt, satisfaction gleaming in her eyes, proudly announced her discovery. For Amos had somehow got hold of the notion that singing was worse than useless; it was effeminate—although that word had not as yet crept into his vocabulary. Not wishing to hurt his dear aunt's feelings—for he liked her, although she was so fussy about his health—he managed with Herculean effort to swallow his natural indignation, and gently deprecated her suggestion.

To his intense astonishment, the whole family—father, mother and sisters—ranged themselves solidly on the side of auntie, and backed her up most energetically. Poor youth; he had not then found out that the average mother desires earnestly that at least one of her children shall develop a voice and reflect credit on the family at parties; and for the next few days he was subjected to a continual, concentrated dose of mass-suggestion, on the part of his female relatives, until, being only a boy, with the usual masculine inheritance of feebleness in the face of feminine determination, he succumbed, and allowed auntie to take him in hand.

This she did with alacrity. In her early childhood she had, for three years, gone once a week to the village organist for pianoforte lessons, and so had become known as the family musician. Her word, on anything pertaining, no matter how remotely, to the realm of music, was final. She knew, and there was an end to it.

In a very short while Amos knew "Poor Old Joe," "The Anchor's Weighed," "Tarpaulin Jacket," and one or two more links with auntie's youth; and in the evening, when the lights were low, the admiring family would sit perfectly still while auntie strummed the piano and Amos sang:

"Wrap me—up in my tarpaulin jacket,
And say an old buiter lies low—lies low."

Yes, they agreed, he was surely a tenor: no doubt about it. "Such clear, pure tone," said auntie; and they nodded their heads wisely.

Once auntie had classified his voice, she felt that the hard work was over, and only plain sailing remained. All she had to do was to obtain songs written in a tenor key, and it would then be Amos' duty to sing them, and to practise until he could sing up to top A. Nothing could possibly be simpler. Well, it may have been congenital stupidity, or merely natural cussedness, but Amos simply could not get above E flat without feeling that his vocal chords were tied in an agonising knot. He told auntie this, but she reprimanded him sharply.

"Rubbish, child," she said, "you're not trying. I can't see what the difficulty is; you're a tenor."

Amos flushed; but instead of rising in his wrath and cramming her inside the piano, he merely gazed at her rebelliously and said nothing. But he was no quitter. Quite obviously someone must be capable of singing top A, otherwise songs would never be printed in keys which soared to that difficult height. And if others could do it, why could not he? So for an hour every evening he would retire to the uttermost corner of the house and strive valiantly to make his voice perform the impossible. The unfortunate fact was—and I may as well tell you it now—that Nature, in her inscrutable wisdom, never intended that he

should be a singer at all, much less sing top A; but Amos, not being aware of that fact, practised until he developed a sore throat which proved a snag over which all the usual remedies stumbled, and which caused him to think homicidal thoughts whenever anyone mentioned singing.

But the family would insist that he was improving. Nothing that he could say—and he spoke at times with bitter eloquence—could change their opinion. And whenever company came, Amos would sit in utter misery waiting for what he came to accept as the inevitable: the invitation to sing.

It usually came about in this wise. As soon as the conversation began to languish, auntie would seat herself at the piano, and with a sweet smile would say: "Now Amos, come along and sing for us." Then, while Amos was walking miserably to the piano, she would tell the company that he was one of her discoveries, and that he had such a sweet voice. Amos' heart would sink as she chose a song which soared far beyond his natural range, and with a premonitory tightening of the chest he would begin to sing. He would sit down at the close, feeling as though someone had nearly succeeded in strangling him, and would listen moodily to the polite applause. He noticed, however, that he was never pressed to sing again by any of the visitors. Encores were always won by the united efforts of the family. Little did those enthusiastic relatives think that their misguided determination to make Amos a singer would result in stark tragedy, with a spread-eagled body lying—But I anticipate.

Some years later, when he had reached the age of twenty-one, Amos was invited to a young lady's birthday party. Everything went merrily. Amos organised games which, for the most part were variations on the old, old theme of kissing; he told fortunes with a verve and originality which stamped him as an artist; and he was, without exaggeration, the leading spirit. And then, somewhere about mid-night, when his popularity had just touched its apex, a lady asked him to sing.

Amos was momentarily paralysed. As though from a vast distance he heard the lady saying:

"Mr. Topjee is a beautiful tenor singer. His mother is very proud of him, you know. Now, Mr. Topjee," she added, coaxingly, "just one song. I'm sure you won't mind."

Amos stammered some incoherent excuse, but it was lost in the torrent of praise that poured from the lady's lips as she sought to convince the guests that if they missed hearing him sing they would deprive themselves of an artistic treat.

As though in a trance he walked to the piano and discovered to his horror that the pianist had selected a song which went up to top A. It was too late to protest; the opening chords were already being played, and the company had settled themselves in attitudes of intense expectation. So Amos, with despair clutching at his heart, commenced.

He felt rather than saw, the wave of amazement which swept over the company as his opening notes issued gratingly from his throat. On and on he went with grim determination, until with bursting head and blurred vision he came to the high note. With the desperation born of despair he essayed wildly to reach it; for one horrible second a loud crackling noise issued from his throat, and then, with a sudden clack his voice broke, and someone chuckled.

They applauded of course, in an amused kind of way, but Amos knew that his prestige was gone. In two short minutes he had tumbled from the heights of adulation to the depths of contempt, and from being the lion of the evening had

become the butt and jest of giggling females and their superior swains. Sick at heart he sat in a corner, whilst the ladies flashed amused glances at him, and the gentlemen sarcastically offered him cigarettes, "guaranteed not to harm the throat, of man."

He felt that this was the end. Stealing softly from the house he wandered under the stars until he came to the top of a high precipice, all silent and mysterious. Under the moon. As though giving himself another chance he commenced to sing. Higher and higher his voice rose, growing hoarser and hoarser, until with a sound as of someone snapping dry wood, it once again broke, and with a loud despairing cry he hurled himself into the void.

CAROLUS.

Vive Devonshire!

A LONG with other correspondents I also am furiously indignant at the repeated insinuations made by *Gryphon* contributors against the inmates of Devonshire Hall. That such a well-established periodical should attack so harmless a community of young and innocent gentlemen (many of whom have left their mammas and daddas for the first time) is thoroughly bullying. I suggest that the staff spend a day at the Hostel and they will soon learn that far from being a Fagin's den it is a veritable Children's Paradise.

Peep into the Library at the large-typed and beautifully illustrated volumes. Pick one or two at random. "Tetley's Tales for Tiny Tots," "The Adventures of Baby Mac," "Idylls for Infants," "Captain Bassbound's Conversion (No. 1)," "Worthington Towers," "How to play Hops and Scotch," "How to run a Band of Hope," "Lipton's Lyrics," etc.

Come to the Common Room. Listen to the frantic shouts of "snap," the tipping of tiddlywinks, the dropping of draughtsmen. Through the window you see the more vigorous playing taws and coachy-horses in the drive. Soon a playground with see-saws, swings and a sand-pit is to be built for them. O ooh!

Everyone is so excited. May the 1st is fast approaching and some are practising the Maypole dances while others are looking for a May Queen, in lieu of Mrs. B—ck, who is becoming a little too old. Bless all their little hearts!

No! A place that is being turned into a Wesleyan College must have had a sanctity and saintliness before. At all costs we must refute all the vile veiled charges made against the Hall and uphold the stainlessness of Devonshire. Other Hostels perhaps we—

"Well things are done you'd not believe
At H.O.R. on Carol Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles
When one from Oxley Hostel smokes
And Freshers faint when first they see
A College or a Weetwood 'she.'
In 'gas' and fuss none can surpass
The flurry of the Lyddon lass.
But Devonshire, oh Devonshire!
There's peace and holy quiet there.
Little children, lovelier than a dream
(Of students here you have the cream).
Such darling little things that creep
Round twilight corners, half-asleep."

"SYLVESTER."



THOUGHT FOR THE DAY.

"All disgracers of the Press in prose and verse should be condemned to eat nothing but their own cotton, and quench their thirst with their own ink."

Swift.

OVERHEARD.

A certain eminent Professor standing before a picture of St. Paul's Cathedral:—

"What a magnificent drawing of the new Library! I've not seen it done in such detail before."

FROM THE HISTORY SCHOOL.

Orator on "The Choosers and the Chosen," suddenly breaks off his discourse:—

"I believe this room has been spring-cleaned, for now my voice re-echoes."

SAID BY A FOURTH YEAR STUDENT.

"In the Education Department we have two very interesting courses of lectures on the same subject—only one is called *Sanderson of Oundle* and the other is called *Sawnderson of Oondle*."

Mr. H. M. D.—H., after a prolonged sitting of the Union Committee lasting three hours:—

"Now I'll just run through these points quite slowly."

IN THE WOMEN'S ROOMS.

X: "Are these examinations set by the Board?"

Y: No, I don't think so. You see, they're not printed, they're only *stereotyped*."

AT THE WOMEN'S SPORTS.

"Who is this Miss Hall? Is she a Fresher?"

ARE YOU DOING YOUR BIT FOR THE RAG?

DARLINGTON

DONCASTER

MIDDLESBROUGH

SHEFFIELD

Music.

M. CORTOT'S recital at the Town Hall was evidently one of the most notable musical events of the latter half of the Concert Season in Leeds if one may judge from the quality and the size of the audience which assembled there to hear him on March 3rd.

The four great Ballades, which are among the noblest of all Chopin's music, were the most important works included in the programme. Melodies of legendary character are essential to the very idea of a Ballade, and the Ballades of Chopin are well furnished with them. Both the opening subject and the second melody in E flat in the first Ballade are legendary in style by reason of their cadential character, and the working out is of great brilliance and richness. The first subject of the second Ballade is a lovely barcarolle melody and is the one which was played by Chopin to Schumann on the occasion of a personal visit. The third Ballade in A flat has two melodies skilfully intermingled with bravura passage work of great difficulty, and the fourth and greatest, a direct lament, is said to contain distinct signs of the composer's approaching death. M. Cortot's playing was wonderful, though sometimes inclined to over-emphasis, and his complacent disregard of a handful of wrong notes occasionally added greatly to the richness of effect. The Twelve Preludes (Book I) of Debussy, which are regarded more as picturesque and impressionistic than musical compositions were played with great warmth, as also were the Symphonic Studies of Schumann.

The last Chamber Concert of the Season was held on March 12th. These Concerts have been extremely popular and the audience on this occasion was notable for the number of students who attended. With this increasing enthusiasm, we may look forward to even greater success and far more frequent performances next session.

Schubert's Quartetsatz, which was played first, is the Sonata movement of a string quartet which was not provided with the sequential movements necessary to form a complete work. It is sweet and delicate music, and formed an excellent introduction to Debussy's quartet, which is his solitary essay in string quartet form. A sense of mystery pervades the music, and its shadowy and exotic charm was enhanced by the delicate playing of the artists. The Beethoven quartet, Op. 18, No. 3, began well, but the pace of the Allegro, though only a slight miscalculation, was sufficient to remove the composer from the general understanding.

The Viola and Piano recital at Mid-day on March 14th, was given by Maurice Ward and Doris Berenblum, when Brahms' F minor Sonata for Clarinet and B. J. Dale's Romance from the Suite for Viola and Piano were played.

The performance of the Sonata was rather casual, and one could not help feeling that the artist was an unsympathetic exponent of those lovely melodies by which Brahms so often expressed the character of his musical impulses.

The Music Society's Concert on the evening of March 18th, in the Great Hall, undoubtedly enhanced the reputation of the Society, and established a standard of attainment which will remain a challenge to serious effort in the future. The fact that the principal vocalist, Miss Rhoda Scott is a member of the Society goes a long way to prove that there is more latent musical talent amongst us than is generally known. Miss Scott's voice is of the "classic" order, fresh, pure and unaffected, and with a little more care in enunciation, she is an artist of promise.

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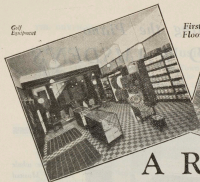
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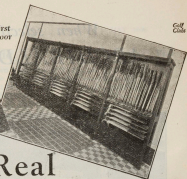
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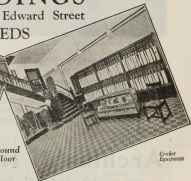
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The programme began with Gluck's Overture to "Orpheus," which was followed by Bach's Motett for Double Choir, "The Spirit also helpeth us." Mozart's Sonata in D for two pianofortes, played by Miss Doris Berenblum and Mr. Allan was charming, and Bach's suite for strings was also exceedingly well interpreted. Stanford's six Elizabethan Pastorals (Op. 49) which are good examples of the Composer's genius as a choral writer, were sung with great delicacy and fine feeling. The Orchestra was at its best in Mozart's Cassation, No. 1 in G, and the skill and brilliance of the first violins was largely responsible for an almost perfect interpretation of this lovely music. The performance ended with the Choir's singing of Schubert's "Song of Miriam," to pianoforte accompaniment by Miss Berenblum.

The Pianoforte recital at Mid-day of March 20th, given by Mr. Allan, may be described as a feat of velocity and finished execution. How exquisite an instrument the piano is when handled with judgment, and purity was made apparent when Mr. Allan, in playing "Classical" and modern works combined fine artistic powers with the decisive brilliance of the virtuoso. Bach's Italian Concerto was originally written for a harpsichord with two keyboards, while Beethoven's F \sharp Major Sonata, Op. 78, though rarely played in Concert rooms, is one of the loveliest of the Sonatas. Simple and straightforward in character, it is interesting, as being the only composition by Beethoven in that particular key. Ravel's Sonatine is a typical example of the composer's style, and the Fantasia Bactica of De Falla, though of considerable technical difficulty, reveals no distinctive personality.

LILIAN DAVIES.

Old Copies of *The Gryphon* needed.

The Director of the New York Public Library is anxious to complete his collection of *Gryphon* copies, for filing purposes. It would be of great assistance if old students, who no longer need any of the following numbers, would send them to us so that we can forward them to New York:—

NEW SERIES.—	Volumes 1 and 2.	OLD SERIES.—	Vol. 13. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6.
	Vol. 4. No. 1.		Vol. 14. Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5.
	Vol. 5. Nos. 1, 2.		Vol. 15. No. 2.
	Vol. 8. Nos. 1, 3.		Vol. 16. Nos. 4, 5.
	Vol. 9. Nos. 2, 4.		Vol. 18. Nos. 4, 5.
	Vol. 11. No. 2.		Vol. 20. No. 5.
			Vol. 21. No. 6.
			Vol. 22. Nos. 5, 6.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following and apologise for any omissions:—

The Dragon, The Arrows, The Gong, National Student, New Troy, Serpent, Deutschland, Die Stellenbosse Student, G.U.M., Tamesis, The University, The Palm, Bedford College Union, University Gazette, Birmingham, The Luciad, The Bede, Darton, King's College Review.



The Modern Universities.

The Life of a Modern University. (*The History and Significance of the Modern Universities*, by H. J. W. HETHERINGTON. *The Aims of Modern University Education*, by J. J. FISHLAY. *Academic Life*, by A. J. GRANT. *Social Life*, by EDWIN BARKER. *Students from Overseas*, by MARGARET READ. *Religion in the Modern Universities*, by SIR CHARLES GRANT ROBERTSON.) S.C.M., 1930. 2/-.

The British Universities. By SIR C. GRANT ROBERTSON. *Bruce's Sixpenny Library*. 1930.

The New Universities: an internal examination. By H. G. G. HERKLOTS. Benn, 1928.

THE modern universities, it may be supposed, have reached the adolescent stage of attracting sudden puzzled attention from their elders, while they settle down on their own to more deliberate and more profitable self-analysis. Mr. Herklots' book expresses the former attitude; it was published two years ago, but we notice it again because it is still sometimes spoken of without contempt. It has impudence without wit or sense, opinion without information or judgement.

The other two books come from the modern universities themselves; they are not perfect, but they are invaluable, and every member of the University should possess them both.

The S.C.M.'s book is excellent. Two chapters only are disappointing. That on *The Aims of University Education* is vague, and one can gather more on the subject from scattered references in the other chapters. That on *Religion* (by which is understood modernist Christianity) is not likely to appeal to non-Christians by its unconciliatory pages of cheap satire, or its plea for churchgoing as the only alternative to crosswords and aimless motoring on Sunday mornings; the pages addressed more particularly to Christians, carefully treading the narrow path that divides faith from doubt, dismiss believers in the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, apparently *pour encourager les autres*.

For the other chapters we have nothing but praise. Instead of taking them one by one, we will set in relief the chief problem which they raise.

Every one who has thought about the modern universities must have realised that their great danger is not the technological subjects, but the technological mind, the mind which regards knowledge not as a thing in itself, but as a means to an end. It is a danger of human nature, of course: but two courses make it particularly acute with us: the economic situation of most of the students, the infancy of our traditions.

Of the former, Dr. Hetherington says: "Few students enter the new universities without a pretty clear idea of the vocation in life which they propose to enter.... They know what they mean to do, and they are bent on getting in their university courses a professional equipment and qualification.... The acquirement of the qualification may count for more than the process of preparing for it." Recently published figures show that at one Oxford college nearly

a quarter of the entering undergraduates have not decided on any particular career; and it is obvious that a university where this is the case has one strong motive to disinterested study amongst its members which is bound to be largely lacking with us.

But only one motive out of many; for disinterested study is not of course incompatible with the necessity to use the results of study; and the atmosphere and tradition of a university does nothing if it does not encourage that spirit of disinterested study without which no student has a right to be at a university at all. It is impossible to be satisfied with our student traditions as they are now; great traditions are not made in 30 years; but the soil and air of a university is propitious to that sacred feeling which many of us bring to it from school, that the swot is a low creature; and from that seed there can be seen growing up in our midst, in spite of the damps of economic pressure, the blasts of athleticism, and the deceiving sunshine of honours courses, a healthy seedling of university tradition, a consciousness that man is more than the economic man, and that education is one of his prerogatives.

Dr. Hetherington suggests that each university might do well to include in its degree examinations a compulsory paper on its own history: "A student has no right to be ignorant of his own university; one of the first and simplest of his obligations to it is to make himself acquainted with the basis of its claim to his admiration and loyalty." Unfortunately, though, the obligations may be simple, to carry it out is anything but simple, for the facts about the history of the modern universities are extraordinarily inaccessible; only Durham, the Birmingham Medical School, and some of the London colleges, have reasonably up-to-date full-length histories, and there is no adequate survey of the whole field.

Sir Grant Robertson's little book is no doubt the best there is, but it is not satisfactory. It deals largely, as is quite legitimate, with the last hundred years; and the social and intellectual background of that period is admirably indicated, but so extensively as to leave too little space for the subject itself. It is amusingly significant that seven great schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are discussed individually, but not one of the makers of the modern universities. Altogether, the bold sketch of the main lines of the development of the universities has too many generalisations, too few facts, and too many inaccuracies in what facts are given. At the same time, *faut de mieux*, it will be a useful little book.

G.W.

Building Bridges. *

TO anyone with a real conviction that the Message delivered in Galilee nearly two thousand years ago has some very definite bearing on the needs of the present day, this book will be of some value: to anyone who believes that nothing exists which cannot be touched, tasted, or smelled; who believes that materials things are the only things, and that Science is the be-all and end-all in the formulation of a philosophy of life, it will be of great value. It is a simple record of things done by the Members of a Federation "the corner stone principle" of which "is the recognition of the supremacy and the universality of the Lord Jesus Christ, of His work as the only sufficient Saviour. In loyalty to his Person, leadership and programme the various national movements and local associations have wrought their most vital and enduring achievements." (p. 8). The Federation has a present membership of 30,000 students enrolled in twenty-three national movements: it is worthy of note as the only International organisation which survived the Great War without a rupture. Its work of healing and reconstruction after the War, when it was found necessary to create a special

organisation to deal with the famine and poverty-stricken students of Central Europe is well-known to the present generation of students: the story can be continued by the reading of the report of present activities among (for example) the students in the "distressed areas" of Great Britain.

The Federation exists for the purpose of challenging the student body with the fact of Christ: in the view of its members, students are mainly seekers after Truth. "Theirs is the search for reality. What roads to reality does the University world offer them?" (p. 5). Science is suggested, but "there are many, among scientists and other thinkers, who proclaim the breakdown of the scientific philosophy of life." Psychology is a false god, for "there are nearly as many psychologies as there are psychologists." Or there is philosophy, "but how shall we find the way in its intricacies, its technicalities, and how are they related to the crying need of the modern student to give meaning to his life?" The answer is, according to the Federation, to offer Christ to the Students: but what if the major premise be not true? if students are not seeking Ultimate Truth? The supposition is that students are the pioneers of thought, but the reality (at least in England) is that they are the most conservative of creatures. If you don't believe it, do or say something, or even wear something, different from the accepted standards of our time. You may even have a religion, so long as it is a negative one which teaches you not to kick the cat, or to be kind to your grandmother; but if it is positive, and makes you lead "a New Life," why, you must expect trouble. You will certainly not find many truthseekers enquiring from you.

Within the Movement itself there is a lack of clear thinking. Everywhere (we learn) people are overthrowing and challenging accepted standards, and this leads the student Christian into conferences ("Conferences are everywhere considered as having great spiritual value in the life of movements"—p. 12) on such subjects as "The Real Jesus," "To Understand Jesus as a Person." At the same time Bible study is decreasing in many places owing to a "strong prejudice against it" (p. 14) how, if you reject the Bible, and cannot accept the Authority of the Ancient Church, founded by Jesus, is not your material for study rather meagre? And yet in this Report occurs the question, "Has the Federation . . . any powerful Message of religious truth to deliver?" (p. 58). And the answer, and probably the right one, is given in the move towards the ecumenist principle: it is of special interest to the Leeds movement. "It will undoubtedly mean that in the next few years the differences between some of the intellectual and religious points of view held within the Federation will be thrown into sharper relief." (p. 58). If you know what you believe, you have something to offer a movement: if you don't, you are a mere passenger.

J. M. BOGGIS.

* Report of the work of the World's Student Christian Federation for 1929.

The Social Philosophy of Pensions.

An interesting bulletin issued by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, describing existing Pension Schemes in the U.S.A. for college teachers, public school teachers, ministers and civil servants.

How the Old Students do it in the Vac.

NOW on a certain day of a certain week not long ago there was a great rush from the four quarters of our little planet to a place called Paris (see the map of Europe).

Acquaintanceships of one to ten years standing were renewed and others made. It really wouldn't be the thing for me to tell you all we did during the days we were together—that would be letting the cat out of the bag—but perhaps I may be allowed to recount the happenings of one of these days.

One morning the chauffeur brought round the car—a nice big one to hold the twenty of us, and I can tell you we felt quite Prince of Walesish in the luxurious "fauteuils." Soon Paris was far behind us and we were speeding along the tree-lined roads in the country, non-stop to the artists' town of Barbizon, where in a quaint old museum someone talked to us of the painter Rousseau, of a famous French woman writer called Georges Sand (think he must have made a mistake) of R. L. Stevenson and heaven knows who else. Later on, this time at a spot in the Forest of Fontainebleau, we drew up again and youth and beauty went bounding over the rocks, sylph-like, and the woods re-echoed with silvery laughter. Some people did the usual thing—took photos.

Fontainebleau at last, remarkable chiefly for the good lunch, served in state and gaily consumed in an impressive hall of a certain hotel. We all chatted, drank French wines and felt gayer still. Someone said something about having lunch out in the court the previous year—evidently people do come again—under big coloured sunshades, you know, the Palm Beach effect—but on this occasion there was a suspicion of a cloud so we were served within doors. Of course, after lunch we did the correct thing, visited the Palace. The nice man who looked after us the whole day, pointed things out to us as we ambled slowly through the golden and marble halls, and told us funny tales about Napoleon in his anger stabbing the table after signing his abdication upon it, about King Louis the something being a clock-maker. We felt indeed superior as we saw the typical tourists being hurriedly herded through the rooms by an impatient guide anxious only to finish his cove and get his tip afterwards, and in spite of the weather, our conductor even took us to the lake to see the historic carp fighting over pieces of bread thrown to them by enthusiastic visitors.

The journey back was none the less gay, indeed, the frivolity caused me to miss the tale about the King's table in the forest. I have only hazy recollections of a mention of jellied chickens, truffles, champagne and suchlike princely dainties.

Finally, the hotel, personal spring-cleaning, dinner, and then what? Well I'm not at liberty to say, but have you ever heard of the "Folies Bergères," where fine feathers make fine birds; or of arabian cafés here, to native music, one sits cross legged on a satin cushion in Buddha like meditation, but with dainty cups of coffee by one's side, or where one gazes fixedly at the blue grey smoke curling and writhing at one's feet as one smokes a hubbly-bubble.

Paris, yes Paris! But also the O.S.A. and "The more we are togetherbe."

D.K. The Parisian.

COLLECTORS WANTED FOR RAG DAY, JUNE 28th, 1930.

Travel, 1930.

THE continental travel programme for the summer holidays has been arranged so as to cater for all tastes.

Finland.

The Finland tour combines comfortable sea travel with a most unconventional land tour "off the beaten track." When in Finland, members may vary the programme as much as they like, and according to length of purse. Attractive booklets giving fullest details may be had on application.

Switzerland.

The Swiss tour repeats the very popular itinerary of two years ago. The first week will be spent in the vicinity of Lake Lucerne, where ample opportunity will be provided for those who want to get into form for real mountain climbs. Less strenuous members have steam boats and funicular railways to help them, and there is an excursion for all to Engelberg. It is hoped that all the energetic ones will make this the occasion for a walk to the summit of Joch Pass *via* Trubsee. At the end of the first week those who are remaining with the party will proceed to Grindewald *via* Meiringen. The Gorge of the Aar and the Reichenbach Falls will be visited *en route*. With Grindewald as centre there are scores of interesting excursions: those which can be made on foot ranging in duration from an hour and a half to nine hours, and these exclude actual mountain climbing. Some of the most interesting glaciers in Europe are easy of access, and the imminence of such grand peaks as the Wetterhorn, Eiger, Monch and Jungfrau provides most impressive mountain scenery. Large scale maps of Lake Lucerne and of the Grindewald district will be sent to all members on receipt of registration form.

Oberammergau.

A number of applications for this tour have been received already. The list closes positively on **May 31st**, so intending members should send registration forms at once. Accommodation is strictly limited, and the longer we delay, the further away from Oberammergau will our party be lodged.

Leeds University Old Students' Association. London Letter.

Officers for the year 1929-30.

Hon. Treasurer:

Mr. H. HOLLINGS,
10, Orchard Drive,
Blackheath.

Hon. Secretary:

Mrs. STUART PENTON,
7, St. Anne's Villas,
Holland Park,
W. 11.

The next gathering of Old Students in London will be the last for this session, a lunch at Craig's Court Restaurant, Whitehall, at 1-30 on Saturday, June 14th, inclusive price 2/6. It is hoped that as many members as possible can will come, partly because the friendly lunch itself will be very enjoyable, and partly because there will be an afternoon and evening afterwards for arranging walks or theatre parties, but chiefly because the lunch is followed by the Annual General Meeting.

Last year this took only 25 minutes, so no one need fear the loss of a whole summer afternoon's fresh air. The meeting, though short, is nevertheless important, and again I should like to press for a good attendance, because it is



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Excellent Tourist Third Cabin accommodation has been reserved on these steamers, and the cost of this Three Weeks' Trip, including Ocean Fare, Inland Tour (Transportation and Pullman only) from New York to Boston, Niagara Falls, Toronto and Montreal, only just exceeds £50.

If desired, Members can remain for a further week in Canada or the States, and return by the "LAURENTIC" from Montreal, August 23rd, accommodation having been reserved on this steamer. For further particulars apply: The Secretary, L.U.O.S.A.

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at this meeting that the policy of next session's evening functions may be discussed, and next year's officers and committee are elected, both of which items should have the sanction of a major part of the Association.

During the winter a few people have reported that they have not received notices of the activities of the Branch. This is probably due simply to the fact that notices are printed and posted by the Central Association, and perhaps London members have not thought to notify the O.S.A. Secretaries at Leeds of a change of address. If they have your latest address and your subscription, either Life Membership or Annual, I think they are sure to send notices. If in doubt, send them your latest address and say whether they will find your name in the Life Members' File or the Annual Subscriptions.

London members we hope to greet on June 14th. To our friends in Leeds and all the Branches we send very best wishes throughout the summer, and look forward to descriptions of their activities in next session's *Gryphon*.

Manchester Letter.

I have to thank the O.S.A. Editor for kindly inserting my last report in *The Gryphon* although it was late.

On February 12th, we had a very interesting play reading at the Textile Institute. The play, Phillpott's "Devonshire Cream," was then running in London and a criticism of it appeared in the next day's issue of the *Manchester Guardian*. The play has defects, but our caste tackled it nobly, and we the audience, had a most interesting and amusing time. Mrs. H. L. Robinson gave us a good interpretation of the heroine and Mr. Chappell supported her with a realistic rendering of the hero. Mr. Guthlac Jones excelled as the father. We flew for the necessary egg in the form of a sandwich, then at the end of Act I, he stormily demanded his breakfast. The whole cast was good.

But, alas! the Devonshire Cream kindly ordered for us by Mr. Guthlac Jones did not arrive until the next morning's post. The Secretary was obliged to eat it herself—with help, of course.

On March 1st, we met for lunch at the Squirrel Restaurant, and then proceeded to the well-known Chetham's Hospital—a delightful old building in Long Millgate. After that we assembled at the Town Hall, where Mr. Webster had kindly arranged for us to be shown over the building. We disdained lifts—saw the Madox Brown mural paintings, the plate, and many other interesting things, and finally looked down on Manchester from the clock tower, and picked out well-known buildings. Later some of us went for tea at the Squirrel.

Our next meeting will take place on Saturday, 24th May, when we hope to go up the River Dee, and see something of the old town and Cathedral of Chester.

Our Branch Annual General Meeting will take place on Wednesday, 25th June. I am asked by our Branch to extend a hearty welcome from them to all old students coming into our district this year, and I am asked to say there will be no beer, but we shall be delighted to see them at our meetings. We hope they will come and see us.

I. K. MARTIN, Hon. Sec.

Birmingham Letter.

The satisfactory attendance and the trend of the discussion at the Annual General Meeting held on March 23rd, indicates a more active year ahead. We shall endeavour to arrange a more ambitious dinner towards the end of this year.

It was decided that the summer meeting should be held at Warwick, on Saturday, May 31st. Details will be circulated shortly.

Our President, the Rev. W. J. Hughes, has found it hopelessly impossible to fit in the time of our meetings with his duties and consequently wished to resign. We hope he will have more leisure in the early future and will join us then.

Mr. Hinckley, who was elected our new President, has been an active member of the Branch from its beginning and is well known to all.

The fact that a new member (Mrs. Butler) has joined us and, having received no circular with details of the meeting, actually made an effort to find us, surely deserves comment. It is not surprising that, after displaying such energy, Mrs. Butler was elected to serve on the Committee.

The tea which followed the meeting was a credit to the "powers that be" of the Imperial Hotel. Excellent fare was provided in a really secluded room and at terms which must make the Imperial Hotel our Headquarters for future meetings in Birmingham.

The subsequent theatre party was not all that could be desired as we were unable to obtain the required number of seats at the Theatre Royal. However, we were fortunate to secure seats at the Grand Theatre, and although the show was somewhat weak, it served to keep the party together for the remainder of the evening.

A. L. WILLIAMS.

The West Riding Branch.

[NOTE: All contributions for this section should be addressed to
Mr. G. WOLIDGE, The University.]

We should like to draw the special attention of our members to the activities of the West Riding Branch during the Summer. A most attractive programme has been drawn up, composed of such varied items that one or other ought to appeal to every Old Student in the West Riding. One-act plays, rambles, tennis, play-reading, week-ends, dancing and other forms of amusement and recreation are all included, and those responsible are to be congratulated on their enterprise. If any member has not received a copy of the programme, and would like to do so, please let us know. The meetings are not confined to members of the West Riding Branch, but all members of the O.S.A. are welcome.

The O.S.A. Cup.

A practical bit of work has just been done by some Old Students for Present Students by the provision of a Sports Cup. There have, until this year, been no individual trophies for the various events, but a suggestion was made that some such trophies would be gratefully received, and about 10 days before the sports this reached our ears. It was too late to circulate an appeal to all our members and a letter went out to a limited number, either known personally to us or known to be interested in sport of one kind or another. In full faith that the requisite amount would be received, we bought and presented to the Union a Cup, and our faith has not been disappointed. In sums of varying amounts, but mainly half-crowns, we have received enough to pay for the Cup (£6 10s. 4d.) and a little over. Is there any reason why we should not present a second Cup? Those who have already subscribed are not asked to subscribe again, but there must be many others who were not included in our hurried appeal and who would like to send half-a-crown or more towards such a good cause. We are always ready to receive money for any purpose, so send it now.

The Cup, which we have already presented and which is really rather a nice one (we chose it ourselves), is to be called the O.S.A. Cup and is for the 100 Yards Event. The first holder is J. F. Warin, and we take opportunity of congratulating him and wishing him success in the Christie and Inter-Varsity Sports.

News of Old Students.

ALBERT PEEL, M.A., Litt.D., B.Litt. (History, 1906-9), has just published *Letters to a Victorian Editor, Henry Allon* (Independant Press, 12/6). Dr. Peel is editor of the *Congregational Quarterly*.

G. HAINSWORTH (French, 1924-7) has published an article on *Traces of Dufé and Balzac in Molière* (*Modern Language Review* 24, 436).

GERALD W. SPINK (Mods., 1918-21) has published a note on *English impressions in Dingelstedt's 'Wanderschaft'* (*Modern Language Review*, 24, 445).

P. L. CARVER (English, 1922-5) has published a note on *The Evolution of the term 'Esemplastic'* (*Modern Language Review*, 24, 329).

F. AUSTIN HYDE (Arts, 1907-10) has been appointed headmaster of Pickering Grammar School. For the past nine years he has been second master of Woodhouse Grove School. He recently succeeded Mr. G. H. Cowling as Secretary of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, and his plays in the dialect of the Wolds are well known.

HAROLD WARD DUDLEY (Chemistry, 1906-10) has been elected F.R.S.

BIRTHS.

TO CECIL FREDERICK EXLEY (Arts and Education, 1913-1915, 1919) and DOROTHY EXLEY, a daughter. January 30th, 1930.

TO Mr. and Mrs. HENRY H. BASTOW (née ALICE M. HANBY, Botany and Education, 1920-5), in December, 1929, a son.

MARRIAGES.

DR. A. HEMINGWAY (Med., 1919-25) to Miss M. A. COOPER, on the 3rd April, at St. Luke's Church, Leeds.

MR. S. MATTHEWMAN (English, 1923-4) to Miss PHYLLIS BARTON, at St. Augustine's, Wrangthorne, on the 22nd February.

Lieut. K. T. ROPER, R.N.R., of R.M.S. *Mauretania*, to DOREEN M. OSBORN (Mods. and Educ., 1921-5), on the 16th April, at Victoria Road Wesleyan Church, Southsea.

MR. A. R. BAINES (Textiles, 1911-14) to Miss D. HARTLEY, on the 10th April, at St. Wilfred's Church, Harrogate.

DEATH.

Rev. MORLEY CECIL WEEKES, 1911-14, President of the Union 1913-14, died 1st February, 1930.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The Gryphon.

SIR,

I should be grateful for the use of your columns in making known the following announcement. Known formerly as H. M. D. Harrison, I would wish from now onwards to be known as H. M. Dodge-Harrison. This is not due, I need hardly add, to any devotion to hyphens, but to family reasons.

Yours faithfully,

H. M. DODGE-HARRISON,

How. Secretary, L.U.U., 1920-30.

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

MADAM:

An ingenious writer in your last issue made such a thoughtful contribution to the question of co-education that it behoves all who care for the University to weigh his suggestions with the attention and deliberation that he has obviously given to them himself; and accordingly I send you in haste my first reflections on the subject.

I am no theologian, and abler pens than mine must confirm Mr. Boggis' interesting statement that God hath put ascender men and women of University age; but from a purely human point of view I am in hearty agreement.

First of all, I should like to ask Mr. Boggis to abandon certain arguments of doubtful validity which clog rather than help his main thesis. To those, for instance, who do not believe in the authorship of the *Odyssey*, or are not convinced that Queen Elizabeth wrote Shakespeare, Mr. Boggis' opinion of the unquestioned supremacy of women in literature may appear unproven, and in the absence of a definite ruling as to which are the Higher Arts, one might feel doubtful there. Some men, again, would prefer a wife with an adequate knowledge of thermes and the working of gasfires to one with a third or a quarter of a nurse's training; for it is said that a little learning is doubly dangerous in medicine. Others, too, might enquire to whom the theory of education could be more profitable than to those whom we would have give themselves up to the care of children at the most impressionable age. Finally, an examination of statistics might undermine our case if we based it on the assumption that all women marry as soon as they go down.

But enough of these trifling objections. Mr. Boggis' main arguments are uncontrovertible.

The first of these, I take it, is that the higher education which is suitable for men is unsuitable for women. And granted that higher education is purely professional, that Latin and History are useful only to those who make a trade of them, and that a rigid university forces Physics and Mathematics on humanistically-minded Arts Students, I do not see how this can be reasonably disputed.

His second point, that women are a distraction to their male fellow-students, seems to follow equally clearly from a few propositions such as that lectures are more important than talk, and books are better worth knowing than human nature; that one is "much better all round" with one side missing; and that the crowning glory of a university is that pre-eminence in sport which women, alas! have driven from Oxford.

Some there are, I know, who would dispute even these simple premises; and Mr. Boggis and I will have to leave them in opposition; those who hold that the office of a university is to make professional education humane, and that Latin and History are worth remembering; those who hold that a university is a community which gains richness from its diversities and gives them unity; those who hold in short that the active life is nothing without the contemplative, and who love that prayer of Erasmus to the founder of Hebrew scholarship among the Gentiles: *O hely anal, bless all tongues and all men learned in tongues; be gracious to holy tongues; confound evil tongues tainted with the poison of Hell.*

But Mr. Boggis and I know that Erasmus was only a cloistered monk, and that living in the stirring times of the Reformation, he was too much immersed in old books and distracted by low company to throw himself into that glorious struggle. We will shake ourselves free from such preoccupations; we will march forward shoulder to shoulder to the rescue of our polluted universities, even though our fate should be as his whose name I borrow.

I am, Madam,

Yours, etc.,

ORPHEUS.

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All Contributions should be addressed to the Editor.

UNION NOTES.

THE Fourth Ordinary Meeting of the Union Committee was held in the Board Room, University House, at 2.0 p.m., on Tuesday, March 4th. The President was in the chair and 18 members were present.

MINUTES.

The Second Extraordinary Meeting. The Minutes had been circulated and were taken as read, and passed after the insertion of the design of the Boxing Shorts.

The Third Ordinary Meeting. The Minutes were read and adopted, after some remark by Mr. Smith on the frivolous strain in the Minutes.

Sub-Committee, Finance. Additional expenses had been granted, including the I.V.A.B. at Reading, and the total to date was now £2,006 2s. 2d.

G.A.C. Mr. Smith had no Athletics Meeting reports and declined to say anything about the present unfortunate state of the Athletic Clubs.

The Gryphon, unfortunately, again suffered a loss of £1 on the last number, in spite of increased sales, owing to photographs printed. They were still in hand on the Session Sales.

Entertainments. Leeds were to revive two Turkish Students early next term as part of a Tour under N.U.S. auspices. Delegates had been sent to Dances at Liverpool, Manchester and Nottingham.

Debates. Three more Debates had been held. Two Mid-day Debates, one against Sheffield, and one at Osley Hall. On the question of Afternoon Debates, Mr. Frangopulo had submitted the decision of the Committee to the Vice-Chancellor, but had as yet received no reply.

N.U.S. Miss Eaton asked for further support for the Universities' Congress at Cambridge, and stated the closing date for entries—March 10th.

Rag Committee. There was some discussion on the election of the Business Manager of *The Tyke*, and after the whole of the issues had been reviewed, Mr. H. V. Woodward was proposed, seconded and his appointment was confirmed by SIX votes to FIVE. Apparently several members were undecided and did not vote.

Mr. Sutcliffe also was glad to report on the keenness of the general body of the Students, and had great hopes for the 1930 Rag.

Appeal Committee. The Secretary gave the present position of the Appeal and made mention of the good work done by the Hostels. The Guarantors' Scheme would, it was hoped, bring more supporters as the Session advanced. In the meantime it had been impossible to arrange a big scheme, although it was still possible.

Library Sub-Committee. Mr. R. T. Black read the Library Report, which indicated that the Sub-Committee, whilst being cheered by the increase of presentations and continued use of the books, was in some doubt as to the method of recovering stray volumes. The Union Committee asked them to consider some solution on their own initiative.

Representative Councils. M.R.C.—None. W.R.C.—None.

S.R.C.—One meeting since last Union Committee, concerned with the Medical Ball.

D.R.C. Mr. Sleight was absent and no report was sent in.

M.W.R.C. The Medical Women had held their Annual Dinner in the Refectory on February 14th, and in spite of a small attendance, had spent a very good evening.

Any Other Business. The Motor Club applied for permission to use an official L.U.M.C. Badge on a sample submitted, and this was confirmed.

The Union Photograph. The date was fixed, March 17th, 1.45 p.m.

The Refectory. It seemed there were many complaints about the Refectory, and it was decided to make some definite attempt to call a Refectory Meeting as soon as possible.

Recommendations to the University Council. These had been handed to the Council and their replies would be considered at the next meeting.

There was no further business and the President closed the meeting at 3-15 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting of the Union was held at 2-0 p.m. on Tuesday, February 18th, in the Great Hall of the University.

The Vice-Chancellor was in the Chair, supported by Mr. S. Morgan, the President of the Union, and approximately 400 members were present.

In an opening address, the Vice-Chancellor commented on the work of Union Officials in connection with the proposed increase in the *Union Fee*, and made clear his appreciation of the proposal, inasmuch it was a movement begun and carried through by Students.

He passed on to the Student efforts on behalf of the Appeal Fund, and spoke particularly about the *Guarantee's Scheme*, and urged the members of the Union to support the effort to raise the Union Building at the earliest possible moment.

This speech was warmly applauded by the packed Hall, and soon afterwards the Vice-Chancellor resigned the Chair to the President and left to attend to important University business.

Minutes. The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting, and those of the Second General Meeting, were read by the Secretary and passed without comment.

Secretary's Report. In the absence of Mr. S. H. Barlow, the Secretary's Report was read by Mr. H. M. D. Harrison, and although it met with several comments from the Gallery, appropriate and otherwise, it was well received. The President then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Barlow for his work, and this being seconded by the Secretary, was passed unanimously.

Treasurer's Report. The Treasurer, Mr. Grist, presented the Financial Report and read the Auditor's comments on the excessive cost of Dances organised by the Union. Although not expressed, there seemed to be no little feeling on this question. Finally, however, the Report was accepted, and on the motion of the President, seconded by Mr. Stuart Smith, the Meeting thanked Mr. Grist for his hard work on behalf of the Union.

Mr. Edwin Barker introduced this new and important measure, emphasising particularly the unfair nature of the ambiguous position of the Secretary and President. The variety of points for the proposal all tended to prove the point that the *Union* was the body which would derive the greatest amount of benefit from the proposition. Mr. N. J. Franzopulos, in seconding the motion, urged that the fact of its being without precedent was rather in favour of its adoption than against it. If we were convinced of its necessity, it was right to lead the way in a reform of this nature, the house was obviously in favour of the proposal although no discussion was begun, and on the proposal being put to the meeting it was passed by 318 votes to 5.

Constitutional Change. Mr. Allison, in a sparkling speech, carried an obvious point on the matter of S.R.C. representation on the Union Committee and, after Mr. R. A. Hall had seconded the proposal, it was carried by 225 votes to 63.

As Mr. C. A. Sutcliffe rose to open the discussion, a scene of indescribable confusion presented itself. Catcalls, hoots and whistles from all parts of the Hall attempted to express in some small measure the hostility with which the suggestion of co-operation with other Colleges was regarded. Mr. Sutcliffe was, however, given a fair hearing, although interrupted at appropriate

points by his opponents in the Gallery: finally, he somewhat rashly, it seemed, proposed a motion on the question, and although expressing himself willing to answer questions, was greeted with more ironical cheers when he left the platform. Mr. Stuart Smith obviously received the support of the Meeting in opposing the motion, and advised the Union not to trust the rather shabby structure of the Training College Swings in preference to the celebrated Devonshire Roundabouts. On the discussion being thrown open to the House, Mr. Praegeropol ventured to second Mr. Sutcliffe's motion, much to the indignation and annoyance of the Gallery, although again he was given a fair hearing. There were now several demands for the motion to be put, and it was so heavily defeated that the Chairman did not consider a count necessary.

There was no further business and the President closed the meeting at 4-5 p.m.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY SWIMMING CLUB.—The Winter Season Training Class concluded at the end of last term with the "timing" of the members over the length of the bath. There was a general improvement in speed and many members showed a remarkable advance in speed and style and proved the value of the classes under Prof. Boyd.

The majority of the University matches were played off in the Easter term, but we were unfortunate in having a depleted team for many of the competitions.

Against Durham, Leeds was most successful. Away, at Newcastle, the Squadron Race was lost by three yards, but Lane won both the 25 yards and the 100 yards with ease. At home, a Leeds man won every event in a total of six, and the Home University was also successful in a Squadron Race and beat Durham at Polo by four goals to one. The whole gala was won by 40 points to 20, a very creditable performance.

Against Liverpool and Manchester the competitions were lost, in spite of keen swimming, and the polo matches were lost 3-6 and 7-4 against Liverpool and 2-1 against Manchester.

EMPLOYEES' DANCE.—The University Employees held their Annual Appeal Dance in the Large Hall on Friday, the 14th of March, which was a huge success, thanks to Staff and Students and Workpeople who bought tickets and came and enjoyed themselves in such a spirit that all were as one for that evening.

We handed the sum of £25 2s. 6d. over to the Building Fund, after all expenses had been paid, thanks to all who worked so hard, also to the ladies, who attended to the refreshments, and Prof. Whiddington for the loan of the Physics. Lab.

J. H. KING, *Hon. Secretary.*

Societies and Hostels.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The Society attracted a large number of members when Prof. Turberville opened the series of lectures on October 14th with observations "On Beer and Banu," relating to his recent tour in South Africa. On October 28th, Mr. Chas. Smith of the Civic Theatre, gave some interesting information about his intended production of "Back to Methusalem." Towards the end of term, Dr. Terry Thomas was amusing and instructive on the subject of "Examinations." Professor Hamilton Thompson drew one of the most appreciative audiences of the Session to hear his selection of "A Hundred Best Books." Professor Whiddington introduced to the Society a scientific subject of considerable interest in "Physics Past and Present." Canon Malden concluded the series of clear exposition by "The Battle of Jutland." He saw the action himself and retains a vivid impression of it. Our activities included a social on November 29th, which was well supported and generally enjoyed.

The Society is grateful to all those who have given lectures and to Members of the Staff for support throughout the Session.

Hon. Secretaries: K. JAMES,
F. G. WOOD.

LEEDS UNDERGRADUATES' LABOUR SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on March 14th, under the chairmanship of Prof. S. Brodetsky. The Secretary reported a slight drop in the membership of some 18 persons. The attendances at the meetings throughout the Session had been disappointing: apparently only spokes of almost national importance could draw a crowd, and even then not always: H. H. Elvin, the Secretary of a Trade Union, and Clifton Robbins, of the I.L.O., addressed very moderate gatherings. Evidently there was a decrease in political interest in the University. The Secretary's and Treasurer's report being adopted, a new Committee was elected, which included the unanimous re-adoption of Prof. Brodetsky as President, Miss H. Stead as Chairman, and Mr. W. J. Peryman as Secretary, for Session 1936-37. Prof. Brodetsky then gave a brilliant address on "Unemployment." May a most inefficient Secretary beg everybody's pardon and offer best wishes for the encounter with the Examiners?

J. M. BOGGS, Secretary.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—A friend has suggested that after the fiasco in the Rectory on the occasion of our last meeting, the only suitable notes for insertion in this issue of *The Gryphon* are "Requiescat in Pace." I am far from agreeing with him, for I can think of many good reasons for the scanty attendance: none of them, however, are really satisfactory if our Faith means anything to us. If the good resolutions of the Mission Week are to be carried into effect some really hard work must be done. Members are therefore urged to attend in force at the general meeting to be called this term. In the meantime, may I point out that mutual distrust and suspicion of people who see things from a different angle is not really conducive to good comradeship.

J. M. BOGGS, Secretary.

COLLEGE HALL.—When arrangements were made last term for a Bridge Drive in aid of the Appeal Fund, some of us felt just a little fainthearted. However, our fears proved groundless and we are happy to report a total of £16.

We were to have had a Tea Dance at the beginning of this term, as many people, no doubt, have heard. This has been found impossible owing to Westwood's Appeal Effort being so near at hand. Not to be frustrated, however, we intend to have one sometime between exams. and results, and take this opportunity of asking for the support of everyone.



The Association Eleven concluded a somewhat disappointing season by losing their final "Christie" Cup game against Manchester, at Westwood, by three goals to nil, Manchester thus winning the Cup. The Leeds forwards seemed unable to get going, and although Johnson and Threlow worked untiringly in the middle line, the weak positioning of the full backs enabled Hardman, the Manchester centre-forward, to score three goals.

The Rugby Fifteen, although they have during the past season shown, on occasion, better form than has been seen in any Rugby side at Leeds for some time, just failed to accomplish great things, and had to be content with second place in the Northern Inter-Varsity championships. Liverpool, who were top, defeating Leeds by six points to nil in the final game at Wrexham. The half was very slippery and Liverpool were superior in the loose. Leeds were best served by F. Hayton and Boyle, and might have done better had they not lost R. Hingworth, injured, in the second half.

Although they had lost the corresponding game at home, the Men's Hockey team gained a surprisingly good victory at Sheffield University by three goals to nil. J. J. Fry scored two good goals, while P. Sturte-fox and J. Balmer were safe in defence.

The Fives Club have had a very busy and successful season and, after a short tour in Scotland, embarked on an ambitious vacation tour in London. On the former tour they met the Universities of Durham, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Durham were beaten by 174 points to 117, Edinburgh by 12 games to none, while Glasgow beat Leeds eight games to four. From the point of view of victories, the London tour was not quite so successful, but the experience gained against new clubs should prove invaluable.

The Boxing section of the Gymnastics Club defended their "Christie" title at Manchester on March 29th, and of the five men who survived the eliminating contest at Liverpool, three won at Manchester, and Leeds and Manchester thus tied for first place with three wins each. Keidas once again had a walk-over in the featherweights, while Perlson and Baker, in the middle and heavies, both scored technical knockouts.

The Shooting Eight did well to beat a strong Sheffield University Eight by 1,463 points to 1,452. H. E. Dykes scored a possible (100) on application, while J. Day (183) and Wright (189) returned good cards.

The Men's Athletic Sports.

The Men's Athletic Sports took place on Saturday, April 26th, and for once the weather was kind and remained fine and warm until near the end. It was unfortunate that the date chosen was, perhaps, so near the beginning of term, as this undoubtedly accounted for the poor number of competitors for some of the events.

In the Sprints, run with a following wind, J. F. Waris was an easy winner, his time of 10½ seconds for the 100 yards being very promising. In the high jump, E. A. Leach came within 4 in. of the record with a jump of 5 ft. 5½ ins., while E. Grundy, hurdling beautifully, broke his own record, to win the 120 yds. hurdles in 16¾ secs. The field events, however, showed a deplorable lack of talent, although the pole jump could scarcely be considered as representative in view of the failure of P. M. Reddy, who pulled a muscle early in the contest. The half-mile and the mile both went to A. White, his time for the half-mile being 2 mins. 8½ secs. The 440 yds. produced, perhaps, the most exciting contest. J. J. Fry led for quite three-quarters of the course, but at the bottom bend he was passed by Keiser, who ran on to win in 55½ secs, while J. F. Waris, coming up strongly at the end, just managed to beat Fry for second place. In the three miles, F. R. Allison went right away from the start and at two miles had a good chance of breaking the record, but failed to do so. Had he been pressed in the last half-mile a much better time than 16 mins. 23½ secs. would have been returned.

The Medicals won the Inter-Faculty Cup with 75 points, the Engineers being next with 48. Professor J. Dolson, of the Medical School, presented the Cups at the end of the Sports.

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FINAL ANALYSIS OF RESULTS OF INTER-UNIVERSITY MATCHES.

CLUB.	MAN- CHESTER.		LIVER- POOL.		SHEEP- FIELD.		DURHAM.		NOTTING- HAM.		BIRMING- HAM.		GLAS- GOW.		EDIN- BURGH.	
	H.	A.	H.	A.	H.	A.	H.	A.	H.	A.	H.	A.	H.	A.	H.	A.
ASSOCIATION ..	L. 0-3	W. 5-4	L. 1-2	L. 3-5	L. 2-5	W. 6-5	L. 2-3	W. 3-2	W. 3-1	—	—	L. 1-2	—	—	—	—
RUGBY ..	W. 11-8	L. 0-3	L. 11-13	L. 0-6	W. 85-0	W. 22-0	L. 3-6	W. 16-14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MEN'S HOCKEY	D. 1-1	W. 3-1	D. 2-2	L. 1-2	L. 2-4	W. 3-0	W. 1-0	W. 3-1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	D. 2-2
HARRIERS ..	L. —	L. —	W. —	W. —	L. —	—	—	—	W. —	W. —	L. —	L. —	—	—	—	—
M. LACROSSE ..	L. 5-11	L. 3-11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SHOOTING VIII	W. —	W. —	—	L. —	W. —	L. —	—	—	L. —	L. —	—	—	—	—	—	—
FIVES ..	L. —	L. —	—	—	—	—	W. —	—	—	—	—	—	—	L. —	—	W. —
W. HOCKEY ..	3-2	1-7	2-2	4-6	5-3	8-3	6-4	2-11	4-3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
NETBALL ..	L. 12-21	L. —	L. 15-18	L. 15-20	L. 26-18	L. 12-17	L. 18-19	L. 14-18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
W. LACROSSE ..	—	0-21	2-10	0-20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

CLUB.	P.	W.	L.	D.	POINTS OF GOALS		POINTS.
					FOR.	AGST.	
ASSOCIATION ..	10	4	6	0	26	32	8
RUGBY ..	8	4	6	0	148	50	8
MEN'S HOCKEY ..	9	4	2	3	19	21	11
MEN'S LACROSSE ..	3	0	3	0	11	28	0
SHOOTING VIII ..	7	3	4	0	—	—	6
HARRIERS ..	10	5	5	0	—	—	10
FIVES ..	5	2	3	0	—	—	4
WOMEN'S HOCKEY ..	9	5	3	1	36	41	11
NETBALL ..	7	2	5	0	112	118	4
WOMEN'S LACROSSE ..	3	0	3	0	2	51	0

(Above judged on 2 points for win and 1 for draw basis).

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