

THE GRYPHON

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JUNE, 1919.

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THE JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.

"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers: yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

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No. 4.

Editor: ELEANOR E. PRINCE.

Committee: Prof. MOORMAN (Staff Rep.), Prof. BARKER (Treasurer), A. G. RUSTON, B.A., B.Sc., C. A. BOTWOOD, F. W. TRIMNELL, Miss GIBSON, C. S. BUTCHER, B.A. R. S. WATSON, M.A.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL NOTES	35
MORE "WISE SAWS," ETC.	36
SONNET	36
EXAM. NERVES	37
THE CHANTY OF GEOLOGY	38
MARRIAGES	38, 40
COIFFURES AND CUPID	38
TOBACCO	39
ECHOES FROM THE HALL	39
MORE MALICIOUS MURMURINGS	40
SUNDAY MORNING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS	41
SIR MICHAEL E. SADLER, K.C.S.I., C.B.	41
WELCOME TO THE VICE-CHANCELLOR	41
SPEECH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR	41
REVIEWS	42
DR. J. NEVILLE FIGGIS	44
DEGREE DAY.. .. .	45
TRENCH COOKERY	45
THE UNIVERSITY A.B.C.	45
IMPRESSIONS	47
DEPARTMENTAL NOTES	45, 46
ATHLETIC NEWS	47



THE Session closes with an ecstatic Coda.

Rose-coloured spectacles on nose, we beam upon the little cosmos that for three years has been our world, while, from our "Safety" fountain, the ink drips unheeded down our already inky fingers. And, behind us, in the shadows, there gibbers the neglected Spectre of approaching June.

(You realise, of course, that we write this in a momentary fit of optimism towards the close of May—what the precise state of our nerves will be by the time this appears in print, we hardly care to predict).

* * *

When, however, we attempt to explain our beatific state, we find ourselves by no means

"Afflicted with the magic of the necessary words."

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A state of mind is not so much the outcome of an incident as of a concurrence of circumstances.

Sunshine, blossom and bird-song, and all that constitutes the vocabulary of the spring-poet—that is a part of the spell.

* * *

Part of it, too, is the fact that the tide which had carried the Chancellor to Canada, the Vice-Chancellor to India, and three-quarters of the students to the other end of no-where, has set in of late—a spring tide of returning service men who inundate the Hall, overflow the lecture rooms, perch themselves on window sills; or fight cheerfully for seats, what time the authorities discuss speedy alterations—expansions—extensions, and prepare to materialise even that hitherto castle in Spain, the new Union Rooms.

* * *

There has been an influx, too, of men from overseas—America and Australia, Canada and New Zealand. We are more than glad to see them with us, to welcome them, and are only sorry that we have not been able to let them know it earlier in the term. Still, coming when it does, our welcome is not the tentative, reserved affair accorded to strangers—it cannot be, when they have taken such a whole-hearted interest in our corporate life, our activities, our sports and the *Gryphon*.

We sincerely hope that their stay among us will be an enjoyable and memorable one.

* * *

And the Vice-Chancellor is back!

His arrival was unobtrusive in the extreme. Just a casual remark from someone, one Tuesday morning, “there’s the V.C.!” and all the elaborate plans of welcome that had been seething for weeks past in fertile brains, collapsed like the three-legged chair in the Seminar—you remember: one day last October.

* * *

But, at any rate there was the Reception.

We went to it with the firm determination to sit aloofly watchful, in the correct mental attitude of the observer, the—the—well! the “chiel’ takin’ notes.” It is a melancholy fact that we did *not* do all this. Somehow we were drawn into the vortex, we lost all sense of proportion and perspective, and proceeded to—enjoy ourselves. Had there not been another chiel’ among us, we had no doubt been lost. But luckily there was—(more than one, in fact, but we don’t happen to know the plural of ‘chiel’) and his—their—gleanings will be found somewhere between the covers of this journal.

* * *

Really, we suppose, we ought to be writing a philosophic treatise instead of mere notes for this, the last *Gryphon* of the session. If that be so, we apologise humbly, asking you only to remember the Spectre, that, for the time being, we have banished to the limbo of things forgotten—and be charitable.

No Military Service Supplement has been issued since 1916. The completed supplement will not, however, be issued this term. It will appear during the summer, when all the necessary information has been gathered in. All additional facts should be sent in to Mr. A. G. Ruston.

* * *

We had almost begun, “The next issue of the *Gr*—” but remembered in time that our conclusion must be *Ave atque Vale*, and *Kia Ora*!

More “Wise Saws,” etc.

“Lastly, one must . . . etc. . .” (10.30 a.m.)

“There is one other point . . . etc. . .” (10.37 a.m.).

“Finally! you should . . . etc. . .” (10.45 a.m.).
Mr. A. W—nf—ld.

* * *

“In this chapter our author is painting for the eye; in the next, for the ear.”

Dr. Dr—p—r.

* * *

“Leaving the fertile banks . . . (sniff!) . . . of the Nile . . . (sniff! sniff!) . . . behind you . . . (sniff!) . . . you come across . . .”

Capt. Fl—nt.

* * *

“Pompeii was a one-horse place, and its paintings sometimes attained to the standard of modern restaurant-decorations.”

Prof. ———?

* * *

“‘Be dutiful and affectionate to me, and I ask no more,’ Miss W——.”

Prof. B—rb—r.

* * *

“*Karyo-kinesis*. ‘*Karyo*’—a nut, a kernel—
(Applause)

“You will see at once that I do not mean what you would suggest, ‘*kinesis*’ refers to *activity*.”

Prof. G—ng.

* * *

“He was not a man of science. He was quite an intelligent man.”

Prof. Sm—lls.

Sonnet.

Let us not, dearest, always sacrifice
To some vague future, present happiness.
Nor heed too much the cautious cold advice
That bids us constantly consider less
The golden days of youth than the precise
Pleasures and dignities some call success.
Security demands too high a price
When youth is choked by worldly cares and stress:
For youth’s warm-blooded transports cannot be
Stored up for some more leisured prosperous day.
The advancing years will bring to you and me
Their own peculiar pleasures. May we say
When we draw near the end, without one sigh,
“We lived our lives indeed, and so can die.”

PETIT JEAN.

Exam. Nerves.

Dedicated (without permission) to the Cavendish Professor and his victims.

MOST educational authorities, including the writer, have agreed for years—in theory—that the present system of examinations is unfair, unnecessary, even dangerous, and that it should be abolished, but probably it will persist till the end of time, and the last trump will find some bulging-browed, bespectacled undergrad muttering, “Half-a-mo! I haven’t quite got the hang of this last chapter.”

(I’ve been trying to think of the correct joke about having the last trick taken by a small trump. There must be one—but I leave that to you as an exercise).

One would imagine that the most fanatical supporter of the objectionable system would be touched, aye, even moved to humanity by the sight of the haggard faces, listless feet, twitching hands that give the halls of our Universities in the spring-time of the year the appearance of the receiving ward in a shell-shock hospital.

I came across a bad “case” the other day, a case that impressed upon me most forcibly the evils of the pernicious system. I was lunching, one lovely sunny Sunday, with some dear old friends of mine whose only daughter, but a few short years ago a healthy, happy schoolgirl, a “flapper” who played hockey, ate chocolates and talked slang, a merry young thing who could persuade a cynic that life was worth living, is now an awful example of the unchecked ravages of the education virus. In answer to my conventional enquiry as to what course she was taking (academic, I mean, not gastronomic), she informed me that she was “concentrating on physics.” Long before the meal was over I wished she would take it more diluted, and I sympathised whole-heartedly with Macbeth in his agonised cry, “Throw physics to the dogs. I’ll none of it!”

The first symptoms of abnormality I noticed when the soup was brought on. We had all finished ours while Meg (short for “Megaloccephalus”) was still toying with hers, daintily dipping into it a morsel of bread. “Eat your soup, dear, before it gets cold,” admonished the kindly, white-haired mother. “All right, mother. I’m just calculating the effect of cooling on its surface tension by observing the capillarity of this bread.”

The rest of the meal was a nerve-racking object lesson in higher physics—and its effect on a hitherto sanely balanced mind. Meg fidgetted with a silver serviette ring, and explained that she was admiring the beautiful caustic curves it produced. (Her father’s comments partook of the nature of the curves). When she played cup-and-ball with a dessert spoon and a globular piece of “force-meat,” I was told that it presented a good working model of Huyghen’s construction for the wave-surfaces of the ordinary and extraordinary rays of light in a doubly-refracting uniaxial crystal. She twiddled a salt cellar round and round, and we were regaled with

a calculation on the angles described by eight reflected rays when the mirror-like surfaces of a truncated octagonal pyramid were turned through 360° . She gazed at her father through the bottom of her glass until he went red in the face, and then she smilingly explained that she was measuring, from the apparent size of his mouth, the focal length of the concave lens that constituted the base of the tumbler. She tried to burn a hole in the table cloth by using a salt spoon as a concave mirror to focus the rays of the sun, and this led to a lecture on spherical aberration. (“Mental,” was the word I saw trembling on her father’s lips). When she received permission to carve the pie (if you want a pun on this you must make it yourself), she appeared radiant, while father blushed again under his tan and mother made signs to him not to interfere with her as she delicately divided the circumference, and made learned observations on superheated steam and the latent heat of evaporation, and the probable effect on it of a solution of rhubarb juice in the water. Then she partially filled two tumblers with water, obtained musical notes by tapping them with a spoon, and gave us an impromptu lecture on “beats” and the theory of interference. (Father’s once more being prevented by his more sympathetic wife).

Even an adjournment to the drawing room brought no relief. When coffee was brought in, Meg stared at inverted images in the spherical silver pot and held her cheek near to it to detect the radiated heat. The inevitable question, “Do you take milk?” elicited a dissertation on the resultant temperature of a mixture of cold milk and hot coffee, and the specific heats of the two components, and the single word “Sugar?” brought down on us a brief essay on the saccharimetric and the physico-chemical theory of the rotation of the plane of polarisation by the asymmetric carbon atom.

When her mother suggested a little music I heaved an inward sigh of relief, but I had reckoned without my host—or rather my host’s daughter. I attempted one or two little chansonettes that I had picked up in France, but “Sous les ponts de Paris” suggested nothing to her but Regnault’s drain-pipe experiments on the velocity of sound, and when I played a sweet little Étude in A flat I was inveigled into a discussion as to the difference between A flat and G sharp—the frequencies of the two notes and the relation of each to the note which represents both of them on that accoustically imperfect instrument, the piano.

With difficulty I refrained from saying, “For Heaven’s sake, be natural,” and I left the house with my head describing Lissajou’s figures, mumbling to myself a hackneyed line whose beauty, till then, I had never appreciated—“Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever!”

I hope Meg gets her degree. She has certainly earned it, if concentration, carried to the point of monomania is any criterion; but unless she undergoes a phase difference of some considerable magnitude, I don’t mind betting that she remains a bachelor all her days!

The Chanty of Geology.

A Departmental Ditty.

The men of earth are puny,
And feeble in their gait,
Their minds are warped with labours
In a drudgery they hate.
They have lost their self-reliance
And the joy of strong defiance.
 Their life is one apology
 Bemused with bad Theology,
 They do not know Geology,
 The science of the free.

But we are strong and mighty
And tread the stubborn hills
In search of countless wonders
And the music of the hills,
There we learn to brave endeavour
And defy the stoutest weather.
 We do not need Theology,
 Or puling Embryology,
 Disciples of Geology,
 The science of the free.

We stand four-square and smiling
And face the raging winds
Whilst our stand is just as steadfast
In the conflict of men's minds,
Ours the greatness of beholding
All the works of God unfolding.
 Without your daft Theology,
 Your flaccid Sociology,
 Our faith is in Geology,
 The science of the free.

Our hammers loud are ringing
On hill-top and on shore,
The song they sing recalling
The ancient sledge of Thor;
And the old Red-Bearded Giant
He who thwacked the earth, defiant
 Of decadent Theology,
 Or any kind of -ology,
 Just winked at our Geology,
 Come!—drink to our Geology,
 The science of the free!

T.W.M.

Marriage.

YEWDALL—BALDWIN—April 7, at Emmanuel Church, Leeds, (by licence), by the Rev. J. F. Phillips, M.A. Alexander, elder son of A. H. and M. E. Yewdall, Rose Villa, Meanwood, to Constance, fourth daughter of the late John Fredk. Baldwin, of Newcastle and Leeds, and Mrs. Baldwin, Beech Grove Terrace, Leeds.—At home, "Jesmond," Moor Drive, Headingley, April 30.

Mr. Yewdall is an Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in the Textile Industries Department.

Coiffures and Cupid.

JIMMY MITCHELL stared ruefully at the back of his head. Not being a contortionist, he accomplished this periscopic miracle with the aid of two mirrors. There was nothing very much the matter with the back of his head. His hair was a trifle long perhaps, but not to the damaging extent which his woebegone countenance seemed to indicate. But he felt sure Daphne would notice it. He was going to take Daphne out in his new car that afternoon—a very laudable intention, doubtless. But this was his *first* Daphne and his *first* new car. Now do you understand? He felt that the afternoon had infinite possibilities of delight—and disaster.

"Jove," he said suddenly, flinging down the mirror, "I've just time."

Struggling into a refractory jacket, he rushed downstairs to where the car waited. The engine, with a total disregard for precedent, started at the first trial, and soon he was speeding towards the town. He drew up in front of a barber's shop. The barber was bewildered by his onslaught. He was persuaded, however, by sheer force of declamation, that it was a matter of life and death, whether death to Jimmy or himself he did not know, and that there was some undefined but terrible connection between this idea and the fact that Jimmy had fifteen minutes in which to keep an appointment. But he entered into the spirit of the thing, and drove his machine round the corners of Jimmy's head with an amazing recklessness.

They were interrupted by the gruff Scotch voice of a policeman.

"Are you the laddie that belongs that caur?" "I am," admitted Jimmy, "but what the deuce has it got—"

"Aweel! ye'll hae tae shift it. It's in the tram lines and the trams canna get bye."

"But——"

"Ay! Ay! Ah ken fine. Come awa!"

Jimmy, wildly expostulating, and only half-shorn, was rudely bundled outside. He started the engine, more by accident than design. Fearful retchings reverberated in the vitals of the car. Finally, it vomited a dense cloud of smoke into the vacuous countenance of the policeman and the half-amused, half-pitying crowd of onlookers, and moved off, quivering with rage.

The elephantine Mephistopheles in the policeman's uniform seemed to have cast a spell over Jimmy, otherwise he would have drawn into the curb a few yards further along. But it is a solemn fact that it never occurred to him to do so. He simply went on with the fixed idea of turning round and drawing up again. The streets were crowded, and a somewhat extended detour was necessary before he pulled up again at the barber's. This time, flushed and angry, he drew up very carefully. But gradually a change came over his face. He seemed to be losing consciousness. He paled and trembled visibly. He exhibited all the ghastly symptoms of acute "wind-up."

The shop was closed. It was early-closing day.

His hair was half-cut. He discovered he had no cap. He seemed to have reached the utmost depth of human wretchedness. He drove on. The town lay behind him, and he was nearing Daphne's home, when he stopped a weedy looking youth in a skimpy cap of a violent check. Naïvely, Jimmy offered him ten shillings for his headgear. The youth, suspecting a joke, was inclined to be resentful. He was sensitive to ridicule, if to nothing else. But his commercial instinct prevailed, and the cap was handed over.

A minute later, on studying the effect of the cap in the traffic reflector, and realising the screaming blasphemy of its design, Jimmy plucked off the offending object and threw it into the ditch.

On arriving at Daphne's home he gave vent to his pent-up emotions by a fanfare on his hooter. Daphne's head appeared at a window, and with a smile and a nod, she called to him to wait a minute.

He waited ten. At last she came, delightfully cool and self-possessed.

"Topping day," he said, airily, as they moved off.

"Yes," she said, demurely.

For the life of him he could think of nothing else to say. They drove on for a few miles in an agony of silence—for him. Presently he became aware that she was amused at something, that she was laughing, that she was shaking with laughter. He turned to find her holding gingerly between finger and thumb the piece of cotton wool which the barber had stuffed in his collar.

"What is this object?" she managed to say.

"It was hanging down your back. Is it a refractory chest protector, Jimmy, or—or—*what*?"

Jimmy felt like a drowning man who is so disgusted with the process of being drowned that he is too bored to clutch at straws. He was almost too sick to reply. But relentlessly Daphne coaxed the whole story out of him. They had to wait at a level crossing, and he accidentally shut off the engine. Miserably he got out to start it again, and as he climbed back he saw something on the seat. Then came that last smashing blow which squelched his dignity to pulp.

He had been sitting on his cap all the time!

He heard Daphne giggle. And then, goodness knows why, he laughed, for he realised that the afternoon had infinite possibilities of delight, as well as disaster.

SPUMATOR.

Notice.

THE re-union dinner for "Old Students" of the Geological Department, will be held at the Hotel Metropole on Degree day, June 28th, 1919, at 6 p.m. Intending diners are requested to communicate with Miss E. D. Whitaker, M.Sc., The Geological Department.

Tobacco.

THERE is one certain means of judging the age of an undergrad. It is in inverse ratio to the size of his pipe.

The tobacco habit, we have decided, is practically incurable.

If anything *could* cure it, it should be Jig-Saw's terrible experience*; and (grim surge of reminiscence), the fate of those four who, last term, were arraigned for the same offence.

No-one dreams, however, that the deadly fascination of the weed (especially for our sixteen-year-olds) can be so lightly counteracted. It has too many apologists of the order of the American undergrad, who wrote:

Tobacco is a filthy weed,

I like it!

It satisfies no normal need,

I like it!

It makes you grow both thin and lean;

It takes the hair right off your bean;

It is the worst darned stuff I've seen,

I like it!

That, of course, leaves nothing more to be said.

Δ

Echoes from the Hall.

I came up to see if there was anybodys comed up
and there was nobodys comed up
—though it was
—nearly one o'clock and I'd only got to question
—Who was the bint, you were talking to, digger,
when
—The H.P. came up and
—asked her if she could Jazz-roll, and she
—replied in triplicate
—never seen a "ball" game! would'nt that get
your
—Demobilisation papers last February, and came up
here in
—Georgette sleeves, you know, and a long panel
trimmed with
same old red tape
Now in *Amurrica*, I reckon he'd have
—cleared it at 5ft. 4,
—had to make a forced landing, and
—carried out his bat for
—thirty-love
—My *dear*! it was simply *awful*!
—I could'nt do a *thing*, except
—tell'em it was dinkum
—Etymological
—Phenylcarbamine
—1066 A.D.
—Term Ticket
—Sausage and
—Ah, well! Che-ah-rio! old thing!

Δ

* See over page.

More Malicious Murmurings.

(Being further impressions of Jig-Saw.)

I.

TERRIBLE, formidable, inscrutable—he was the first impression. Behind the little glass window he gazed upon an inferior world, and his eye rolling “like the bull’s in Cox’s museum” paused in its survey, and scrutinised ME. My whole being seemed to shrivel beneath that terrifying glance. In a moment he was upon me. Silently he pointed to a legend on the wall—my innocent cigarette trembled for a moment on nerveless lips, then drifted softly earthwards in a shower of little sparks. Sternly he turned away, and with hands clasped behind him, strode solemnly back to the inner place, the gold upon his majestic attire gleaming in the morning sunlight. In the darkness of a laboratory I sank upon my knees—thankful that I had been spared the voice so sonorous and forbidding that must be the accompaniment of a personality so awe-inspiring. Others have heard it—the postmen—the vanmen—the messengers, and the cherubs of the telegraph office. *Cave!!!*

II.

Outside the door we waited expectantly, while our timorous guide (a student) gave a feeble knock. “Come in,” growled a voice that made the very lintels reel—but when we were inside, and our guide had fled, he was very mild, and smiled at us over his glasses in a most charming manner. This was the more enhanced when he understood that we had not come about money matters, and he explained to us quite dramatically, with the aid of an Ancient Roman Map and his umbrella, the whereabouts of the nearest “health stores” and reasons for the fluctuations in the current price of sprats in Leeds and London. He was also about to embark upon a dissertation on baked stuffed haddock, when a chance mention of “the ladies,” caused his face to beam with delight. What his opinions of the fair sex are, you are no doubt aware (he is very generous and merciful), but he could not refrain from commenting upon their proneness to “tittle-tattle,” which he assured us had been the means of betraying a little secret of his in connection with some recent dealings upon the coal market. But it is impossible for me to give an adequate account of his rare wit and interest as a “*raconteur*.”

III.

Standing in the corridor when the pictures (which are too obscure for any but a Vice-Chancellor’s mind to comprehend) were mercifully veiled from my eyes by the murkiness of a November evening, I saw a little gleaming light come dancing hither and thither towards me. It was just a roundish spot of yellow that flashed about from side to side—ever and anon seeking out the darkest corners in a manner that set a tune from “The Pirates of Penzance” humming through my brain—

“Use silent matches—your dark lantern seize,
Take your crow-bar, and skelitony-tony-tony keys.”

Full of nameless foreboding I watched its approach. It could not be the night-watchman, for the hour was barely five. With the discovery that the light emanated from a small electric torch came momentary reassurance. But it was only momentary, for behind the torch was a figure terrible to a degree. One caught a glimpse of a stern strong face—a glint of eyeglasses—the faint tinkling of chains—and then a hat—a small round hat with wings. How can I describe that hat? It was not a youthful hat, nor a Paris hat, nor a coquettish hat—it was not—oh! but there are heaps of things that it was not. What it *was* I cannot say, for ere my courage could be mustered for a further look, the light was flashed upon me, and instinct bade me flee.

IV.

Half-way along the “Gulf of Acheron” is a door, and behind it a counter. Advance boldly, and by dint of standing on tiptoe, leaning well forward, and looking well down upon the other side—you will see a little man. He is a mere microcosm of humanity, but cheerful withal—and you will always find him very pleasant. He will close a large book and trip towards you with his head on one side and a radiating smile upon his face, to assure you that the world is indeed a pleasant place—and that he is of the world, the big outside world beyond the railings and the daffodils, where there are little boys and dogs and cats and everything that is human. I never met anybody who could accept my money with less appearance of sordid interest, or who could lick a stamp with greater *bonhomie*. But do not approach him with vain things, or he will quickly assure you that—

“Its all wrong, Bobby Summers,
Its all wrong.”

Sometimes he sits on a high stool—like a little bird upon a perch. There you will see him as you go homewards—high up in a window, smiling out upon the daffodils and the tender green leaflets that dance in the spring sunlight—a cherub prisoned in the dark mansion of Minerva.

V.

I once knew a freak of nature—a man whose appearance was against him. His manner and conduct in public life was scrupulously correct, but his looks were those of a ghostly roué. What is more, he revelled in his looks—in his most hectic and artificial moments he posed for the part, until only the most daring and courageous of people would associate with him. Gradually the best places of public resort were closed to him and he drifted from all that was bright and enjoyable in life, into the darkness of a nightmare obscurity and died—of consumption I think. The world is full of “posers”—and saddest of all are those who pose to themselves. It is not surprising then that in the halls of your University I should come across a certain group of people who are deluding themselves into the belief that others see them as they see themselves. That these freaks are conscious of their freakishness I could not say, nor that those who cultivate their oddities the most, and attend their courts, are aware

how different they are from their fellows. They are more than reconciled to themselves, confident that they *are* what other people *would be* if only they could. Genius may be pardoned in its desire to be widely known—to be talked about everywhere—but in these—it is that very desire that makes freaks of them. Obscurity to them is death.

JIG-SAW.

Sunday Morning in Kensington Gardens.

Midsummer heat, untempered by the breeze,
A dappled light, that filters through the trees,
Soft wreathing mists their drifting trains unfurl
And shroud the lower earth in veils of pearl,
While distantly chime leisured bells of ease.

A drowsy greenness fills the leafy aisle
And through the trellised archway heaven's smile
Peeps down, to where a sylvan solitude
Abides, and noise of worldly clamour rude
Is hushed in sleep, that men may dream awhile.

T. W. M.

July, 1917.

Sir Michael E. Sadler, K.C.S.I., C.B.

It was with the deepest gratification, and a sense of reflected glory, that we saw in the Birthday Honours List that the King had honoured the Vice-Chancellor by conferring upon him the honour of the Knighthood of the Star of India.

There has been wide-spread interest in educational circles in the important work of the Commission which he headed, and in the vast work of re-organisation with which he has dealt so thoroughly and ably. The full report of the Commission has been sent to the Government, Sir Michael has told us, but details of the work cannot as yet be made public.

We are delighted that the arduous eighteen-months work of the Commission, and especially that of Sir Michael, should have been recognised so graciously by his Majesty.

Leeds University Union.

Welcome to the Vice-Chancellor on his Return from India.

OLD and new students alike sought to give a happy welcome to the Vice-Chancellor on his return to Leeds from India after an absence of about eighteen months. For many, it was the first opportunity of meeting him since the early days of the war, whilst many others made their first acquaintance with him. We

were all very pleased to be able to greet him so soon after his return, and very gratified to find he looked so extremely fit and well. It was also a great pleasure to have Mrs. Sadler amongst us.

This reunion took place on May 23rd. The evening opened with a reception by Mr. Trimnell and Miss Irvine; followed by a Presentation to the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Sadler. After everyone had settled down, a short and very enjoyable entertainment. Items were given by Miss Lee (violin), Miss Baker and Mr. Eales (duet) and Mr. Berry. The Committee thank them very much for their services.

Mr. Trimnell welcomed the Vice-Chancellor on behalf of the students, and Dr. Sadler replied.

A very enjoyable evening closed with dancing, "Leeds University" and "The King."

On behalf of the Committee I wish to thank the "working party" who assisted in the preparations, and those who helped on "The morning after the night before." The thanks of the Committee are also due to the Hostel students who kindly lent tables, etc.

Speech of the Vice-Chancellor.

AFTER a speech of welcome on behalf of the students of the 'Varsity, the Vice-Chancellor replied in a very amusing speech, dealing chiefly with things he had noticed during his stay in India.

He remarked that three things had struck him most forcibly during his stay in India—that the women carried their babies astride across their hips; the wonderful appearance of the trees, where in an avenue one may see trees in states of foliage representing all the seasons; and the rain. He counselled all those going out to India to take a raincoat and umbrella, and he informed us of one occasion when there had been nine inches of rain in one evening.

Proceeding, he gave us a very interesting account of the Commission of which he was a member. There were seven of them altogether, the "baby" of whom was forty-five years of age. He was a Brahmin of high caste, and always wore his national dress, which consisted of a cloak, wound round the body, leaving the arms and legs below the knees bare. He also mentioned that the great delight of the Indian "knut" was bright-coloured hose and very obvious suspenders.

Dealing with education in India, the Vice-Chancellor remarked that the whole system was bad, both in schools and Universities. He told us that the Indian youth had not a very happy prospect on leaving College. Too many avenues were barred to him and in those which were open the pay and conditions were usually very poor.

Turning to the influence of the newer 'Varsities on life in India, the Vice-Chancellor said they were already making their mark, and their influence would steadily become greater. The future was largely in our hands, and he trusted that we should all do our best to make the name of our University a name to be proud of.

Before concluding, the Vice-Chancellor drew an interesting comparison between Oxfordshire, where he had been staying, and Leeds. After India he said one could just perceive the sun shone there, but when one came north to Leeds the sun had become a very pale coloured edition of the original. It was the same with plant life. In Oxfordshire the vegetation was fairly luxuriant, in some parts of Leeds almost non-existent. There was a perpetual smoke pall over the city and for this boon and blessing the city had to pay £500,000 per year. This had to be saved, and part of this money was coming to the University of Leeds (Loud cheers).

In conclusion, on the behalf of Mrs. Sadler and himself, the Vice-Chancellor thanked the students for the splendid home-coming they had given him.

W. W. H. S.

Leeds University Union Musical Evening.

THE last Musical Evening was held in the Refectory on April 25th, and proved to be quite a success.

The usual type of programme was submitted. Items were contributed by Miss Brown (at the piano), Miss Wilson, Mr. Buck and Mr. Sowrey. The entertainment concluded by a laughable sketch by Ian Hay, entitled "The Missing Card," in which Miss Noxon, Miss Prince, Messrs. Milnes and Exley took part.

After supper, dancing was indulged in. Again the Entertainments Committee have to thank Mr. C. H. Moore for his services at the piano.

An enjoyable evening concluded with "Leeds University" and "The King."

W. W. H. SOWREY,
Hon. Sec., Entertainments
Committee.

Marriage.

INESON—DUCKWORTH—June 4th. At St. Peter's Church, Blackburn, Mr. Donald Gordon Ineson, LL.B., Deputy Town Clerk of Wakefield, and son of Mr. W. J. Ineson, Ivy Mount, Batley, to Miss Esme Gwen May Duckworth, only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Duckworth, of Langho, near Blackburn.

Mr. Ineson graduated LL.B. in 1911.

Reviews.

Naked Warriors. By HERBERT READ. (Pub. Art and Letters, London).

[NOTE.—Most reviews are written from an angle of thought, a personal standpoint—yet, as far as possible, that standpoint should be representative of the views of the majority of readers. This we believe the following criticism to be. It deals entirely with the central idea, the dominating note of the book, and does not attempt the almost impossible task of reconciling that keynote, on the one hand with Mr. Read's fine record as a soldier, and, on the other, with the dreamy mysticism of his early work. *Naked Warriors* is not, we imagine, typical of the main trend of Mr. Read's genius, and we look forward with great interest to the publication of his *Eclogues*, where we hope to find his old ideals recaptured. —Ed.]

"Two men looked out through prison bars
The one saw mud; the other stars."

THE highest flight of imagination would not accuse Capt. Read of being an astronomer!

The key-note is struck in his preface, where he says, "May we be unafraid of our frank emotions, and may we maintain a callous indifference to the falsely-artistic prettifying of life."

With this object in view, this "man with the muck-rake" deliberately ignores everything of good that the war has revealed, and out of this hotch-potch of the heroic and the hysterical, the divine and the disgusting, has carefully culled and attempted to immortalise whatever is sordid.

War, as he truly says, is "a riot of ghastliness and horror, of inhumanity and negation," but no clear-sighted man can have spent much time in the line without being impressed by the courage, self-abnegation, and cheerfulness of the fighting soldier, whether he be Tommy, digger or poilu. These qualities have illuminated many a dark hour. They have restored the faith of many a dispirited officer, wading drearily through piles of uncensored letters, letters full of lies, perhaps, but of lies infinitely nobler than that truth which consists of mere verbal veracity.

These qualities, effete and obsolete though they may be in the opinion of the ultra-modern or futurist artist, appear, to most of us, virtues greatly to be desired, and they are more characteristic, more typical, of our armies than is the occasional cowardice of the individual. No doubt there are very few men who have been at the front, who have not, at times, suffered from what Tommy calls "wind-up"—cases of it have been known at the Base—and even in England during a "Zepp. raid"—but the normal condition of our soldiers is not one of sickening "funk," as one would be led to imagine from this book of Capt. Read's.

Naked Warriors has its analogies with the efforts of Oscar Wilde, and of Verhaeren, but not everyone who ignores such trifles as metre, rhyme and rhythm can be considered a Walt Whitman, and realism cannot be attained merely by introducing words that even in the police-court are usually written down and handed to the magistrate.

SESSION 1918-19.



MR. F. W. TRIMNELL.
(PRESIDENT OF THE UNION).



MISS J. IRVINE.
(PRESIDENT OF THE W.R.C.)

LEEDS UNIVERSITY SPORTS.—May 17th, 1919.



START OF THE QUARTER MILE.



TUG-OF-WAR.—THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM (TEXTILES B).



BELLERBY IN THE HIGH JUMP.



C. S. SMITH. (U.S.A.) PUTTING THE WEIGHT



FINISH OF THE MILE (W. S. WIGHAM).



FINISH OF THE HALF-MILE. (B. GARSIDE).

The poems do not lack realism of a certain kind. Here is Capt. Read's description of "The Happy Warrior":—

"I saw him stab
And stab again
A well-killed Boche.
This is the happy warrior—
This is he"

Such things have been known—but I know what treatment would have been meted to such a warrior in my own unit, and, I imagine, in many another.

There is a redeeming element of humour in the account of "Liedholz," the German prisoner:—

"In broken French we discussed
Beethoven, Nietzsche and the International.
"He was a professor
Living at Spandau;
And not too intelligible.
"But my black face and nigger's teeth
Amused him."

Kenneth Farrar is certainly "true to life":—

"Kenneth Farrar is typical of many:
He smokes his pipe with a glad heart
And makes his days serene;
He fights hard,
And in his speech he hates the Boche:—
But really he doesn't care a damn.
His sexual experience is wide and various
And his curses are rather original.
"But I've seen him kiss a dying man;
And if he comes thro' all right
(So he says)
He'll settle down and marry."

The contrast between this realism, and the earlier work of Capt. Read is almost ludicrous.

In "Songs of Chaos" (reviewed in the *Gryphon*, November, 1915), Mr. Read wrote:—

"I pluck a daisy here and there—
O many a daisy do I take!
And I string them together in a ring,
But it's seldom the ring doesn't break."

Contrast that with this:—

"They could not dig him out—
The oozing mud would flow back again.
"An officer shot him through the head:
Not a neat job—the revolver
Was too close."

Or this:—

"A man of mine
lies on the wire;
And he will rot
And first his lips
The worms will eat."

If Mr. Read's muse has developed, it may be doubted whether it has improved. *Naked Warriors* leaves one with a nasty taste in the mouth, and it is a pleasure to leave it and to "plunge as swimmers into cleanness leaping"—into more wholesome poems, of which, luckily, the war has produced a considerable number, even though some of them be "falsely-artistically pretty."

The ugliness of war, of life in general, is only too painfully self-evident, and though the scavenger and the sanitary inspector are very necessary, we need

men not only to point out to us the hidden filth and dirt and uncleanness, but to help us to get rid of them, and to shew us the beauty that there is in things common and unclean. This we have always held to be the function of the true poet, the true artist.

E. S. W.

The Pot Boils. A novel by STORM JAMESON.
(Constable, 6s. net).

ON the slope of the hill between Woodhouse Moor and the Stations, desolate in a scatter of tawdry villas, warehouses, little fly-blown shops, stands a very beautiful old house. The fate of Dennison Hall is the fate of much that is lovely of the past of industrial England. Time has not yet adjusted the new; it has already half-destroyed the old. And the psychological problem of our time is similar. Dissatisfaction with injustice, the new humanity, are in hideous alliance with the greed of wealth and the selfish barbarism of labour to break the gracious dignity of the older England, and to put in its place—what? No one knows. Or rather everyone knows—something different. So civilisation lurches forward, and at each uncouth step crushes another delicate flower of inherited tradition.

In the eager, astonishingly fertile mind of the author of "The Pot Boils," I see the dilemma at work. Angrily hostile to certain aspects of the existing order, she throws into bitter and often quite unjust relief the ugly cruelty of customs and institutions that she hates. At the same time her roots are in the past; she is English, and northern English, and feels—unwillingly, perhaps, sometimes—pride in the basic platitudes of traditional morality. I can see her as a righteous iconoclast smashing a stained glass window, and then weeping hopelessly at what she knows to be stupid violence; I can see her urging defilement of the lawns and borders of an arrogant country house, and, at home, in an austere cultured flat, cherishing a window-box of flowers hardly reared in city air. Hers would be the conventional tragedy of the modern intellectual if she were not what she is—something bigger, something less positive, something more tormented than that.

With all its harshness, its formlessness, its provocative turbulence, "The Pot Boils" is a remarkable and a most significant book. Clearly, to blame Storm Jameson for creating types of destructive futility is to misread her purpose. She sees the England of 1913 with an uncanny clearness because she knows too well the aimless, part chivalrous, part self-seeking, ferment of its young reformers. Her book is as much a criticism of herself and of her then companions as it is of the prejudice and reaction she ostensibly attacks. Through impatient dissatisfaction the rebel of to-day seeks to attain primarily his own salvation and, incidentally, that of others.

"The Pot Boils" is typical of its age in that its pages are the author's thoughts, ideals, and hatreds, spoken aloud. It is individual in that those thoughts

and ideals are the product of a far from typical mind. To dismiss the book as pseudo-Wells is superficially logical, but fundamentally blind, for between Storm Jameson and H. G. Wells is this essential difference: the former is traditional as well as modern, the latter modern and nothing more. Wherefore, even in the face of the technical superiority of the famous novelist, even in the face of his profounder knowledge, maturer mind, wider stimulus, I venture to consider the revolutionary spirit of this unknown young woman to be of the finer quality.

You readers of Leeds University will many of you dislike this book. You will consider your *Alma Mater* traduced; you will resent the brusque indelicacy of the vivid incidents which flash so rapidly across your vision. Let me urge you to consider two things. Remember, in the first place, that Storm Jameson belongs to an artistic generation that gets effect by elimination. She makes no effort at impartiality. She heightens the lights, blackens the shadows, and suppresses where she wills. Distortion, if you like, but distortion is the perspective of to-day. Her object is to present a boiling pot with a thunderous under-swirl of discontent, with futile bubbles dancing to the surface, breaking and vanishing into the seething impotence around them. She is asking a tremendous question—of herself as well as of you or me.

The second point I ask you to consider is less general, and is contained within the limits of the book itself. There are, in the course of the novel, passages of real beauty, both scenes of human love and glimpses of trees, sky, streets and moors. The woman who can blend sheer loveliness with tireless social theorising is more an artist than a politician, more an idealist than a disgruntled intellectual. Leeds University has produced a genuine artist. Let her be proud of that, for education can achieve no nobler triumph.

M. T. H. S.

The Return to Oxford. By R. GARSTANG. (Oxford: Blacknell).

THIS little book of joy and sorrow in blank verse by Professor Garstang will be read with as much interest in Leeds as in Oxford. It expresses the imagined joy of the old University in the return of the accustomed flock of students when arms have once again given place to the gown; but it expresses also the sorrow of the senior men who miss from their ranks those who will never return. The war has stirred many to turn to poetry as the natural expression of thoughts which it would hurt too much to put into plain prose. Professor Garstang shows here that some of that beauty of form and sincerity of spirit, which he is conversant with in the objects of his zoological studies, has in his hands been communicated to what he has here accomplished in verse. Probably what he cares for most is to have enshrined the memory of some of his friends, whose attraction made the pleasure of their friendship so great and a portion of which he thus enables to survive.

W. H. D.

Dr. J. Neville Figgis.

DR. FIGGIS was not intimately associated with the University, but he was an honorary member of its staff, and it is fitting that the *Gryphon* should contain some notice of his death. As a member of the Mirfield Community, he had been in close touch with an important group of our students before he accepted the post of "Honorary Lecturer in the History of Political Theory." For several years he gave single lectures or short courses in the University. I cannot enumerate them all; but he has spoken of the relations of the Europeans and the Popes in the Middle Ages, and in those lectures he laid down the view of the subject with which historical students have become familiar; he has treated of medieval political thinkers; and in the first year of the war he gave us four lectures on Bossuet and his Age, and few who heard it will forget the lecture in that series, which he called "Madame de Maintenon, the Super-governess." He has lectured too on historians and on different views of history. I recall his lecture on Freeman as actually the most brilliant that I ever heard from him, but he was very amusing and suggestive in "Mrs. Markham's view of History."

As a lecturer (and this will apply to his preaching as well) he was original, suggestive, amusing; but above all things unequal. Those who had been thrilled or amused with him once might go again and find themselves bored by a dry and apparently common-place delivery. He had lectured a great deal and at one time had been on the staff of the Cambridge University Extension movement. But there was never the least suggestion of the professional lecturer about him. He had no mechanical fluency, no eagerness to interest or amuse. It was curious that one, who was so brilliant and ready in private conversation, always read his lectures. At least, I have never heard him speak extempore. His handwriting was one of the worst imaginable, and it often held him in check, so that he would stand before his audience for what seemed a long time, glaring at his manuscript from this side and that, hoping to guess what he had meant by the scrawl which he saw before him. But at his best—and he was often at his best—there was no more delightful or inspiring speaker.

I shall not mention his books or attempt to analyse their originality and importance. The pages of the *Gryphon* are hardly the place for that. Still less can I speak here of his work as a writer on religious and theological subjects; all his writing on history was in his mind entirely subordinate to these higher aims. We hoped that his connection with us would last a long time. But his vessel was torpedoed as he was crossing to Ireland, and though he was, I believe, in no personal danger, his precious Bossuet manuscripts were lost and the shock to his constitution was greater than he knew. He was ailing for several months past. At his death those who knew him feel themselves the poorer by the loss of a singularly noble, original, and affectionate nature.

A. J. GRANT.

Degree Day, 1919.

THIS, being the first post-war Degree Day, will, we hope, again afford the happy re-union which it afforded in pre-war days. In addition to the conferring of degrees and Convocation Lunch, it is hoped to revive the Garden Party this year. No definite venue has yet been fixed, but fuller particulars will be announced later. In addition, the Geological Society are holding their Annual Dinner on this day, and it is to be hoped that there will be a very large gathering of past and present students of the University.

Department of Leather Industries. Annual Dinner.

AFTER being in abeyance for the duration of the war, the Annual Dinner of the Leather Students was revived this year. The function took place on May 2nd at the Hotel Metropole.

An added interest was given to the event by the presence of the new head of the Department, Professor McCandlish. To the deep regret of all students Professor Procter was unable to be present, owing to ill-health.

After dinner, the usual speeches followed and the following toasts were drunk: "The King"; "Our New Professor"; "The Returned Students"; and "The Leather Blokes." The students of the Department also gave a wedding present to Mr. F. C. Thompson, one of the demonstrators, on the occasion of his marriage.

Then followed a programme of songs, etc., including a new Departmental song, and a very happy evening was brought to a close soon after ten o'clock.

"ONE OF THE LEATHER BLOKES."

Trench Cookery.

Mock Chicken Soup.

TAKE a piece of white paper and a lead-pencil, and draw from memory the outline of a hen. Then carefully remove the feathers. Pour one gallon of boiling water into a saucepan, and sprinkle a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blonde appearance, stir it with the lead-pencil, which will make it more of a brunette. Let it boil two hours. Then coax the hen away from the saucepan and serve the soup hot.

* * *

Beef Tea.

Take the white of an egg, and beat it without mercy. When it is insensible, put it in the tea-pot and add enough boiling water to drown it. Let it drown about twenty minutes. Then lead the yolk of the egg over to the teapot and push it in.

Irish Stew.

Remove the jacket and waistcoat from a potato, and put it in a saucepan. Add three quarts of boiling water. Get a map of Ireland and hang it on the wall directly in front of the saucepan. (This will furnish the local colour for the stew.) Let it boil for two hours. When the potato begins to moults, it is a sign that the stew is getting done.

* * *

Apple Dumplings.

Take a large sheet of blotting-paper and remove the ink. (Ink is a non-conductor, and discolours the palate). Borrow an apple from your mate, and tie it up in the blotting-paper. The blotting-paper will absorb the flavour from the apple in about three minutes. Now return the apple with the formula "Much obliged; thank you!"

Cut the blotting-paper into thin slices and add water. Stir gently until it boils over, and then unhook it. Serve hot.

* * *

H.P.

The University A.B.C.

(A compact guide to the various aspects and activities of a modern seat of culture.)

- A — Agriculture: the polish of Arts;
- B — bespeaks Botany, pleasant in parts.
- C — is for Chancellor, Chemistry, Cricket;
- D — Duke of Devonshire; long may he stick it.
- E — Early English: The Engineer's bench;
- F — fits in Forestry, Footer and French.
- G — for Geology, Greek and the *Gryphon*;
- H — Hockey, History. (That was a stiff 'un!)
- I — the Industrial Arts that we cherish;
- J — Joy and Jollity, let them not perish!
- K — The King's Scholars, as p'r'aps you foresaw.
- L — Logic, Languages, Leather and Law.
- M — Mathematics and Med'cine and Mining;
- N — Nat'ral History—if so inclining.
- O — is the Officers' proud Training Corps;
- P — is Pathology; Physical lore.
- Q — stands for Quality, Quantity, Queer!
- R — for Refectory: Why do you jeer?
- S — of course, Science (*not* "Stinks," if you please)
- T — is for Textiles and Tennis and Teas.
- U — is the Union, homeless, alack!
- V — the V.C.—shall we move, now he's back?
- W — why not a War of the nations
- X — to Xtinguish all Xaminations?
- Y — is for Yorkshire, the county before us;
- Z — for Zoology. Now for the Chorus:

Kumati! Kumati!

Kéora! Kéora!

Hagi! Hagi!

Hurray!

G2

Cavendish Society.

MR. A. B. ROTH delivered his lecture on "Permutit," which had been postponed from a previous date, on March 18th. He described the causes and the usual methods of removing the hardness of water, and then shewed the advantages of the Permutit system of water softening, describing how the process worked. He performed several experiments to illustrate how the hardness was removed from water by filtering through a bed of Permutit.

After this lecture the Annual General Meeting of the Society was held, Professor Barker being elected President for next session.

On Tuesday, May 6th, Professor Smithells addressed a large audience in the Great Hall on the occasion of the annual Public Lecture of the Cavendish Society. He took as his subject "Gas Warfare," and gave an account of the various types of poisonous gases used, the modes of attack and the modes of defence. He performed several very successful experiments showing the absorption of gases by various substances and showed the path of a cloud of chlorine. He also showed various types of gas-masks, and there was a practical demonstration of the adjustment of the box respirator.

On Tuesday, May 13th, about a hundred past and present members of the Society were shown over part of the works of Messrs. British Dyes Ltd., at Huddersfield. The day was a glorious one, and although it was exceedingly hot and tiring everyone enjoyed themselves. The oleum plant, over which we were shown, is especially worthy of mention, and was of great interest to all, although some preferred the cool of the ice-house. Finally when everyone was tired out we were taken to the canteen and given a very welcome tea. The canteen was quite worth a visit—apart from the tea—for its cooking apparatus and the special basins for the employees to wash themselves in were very up-to-date. Later in the evening, after another tea at which members were the guests of Professor and Mrs. Perkins, the party returned to Leeds.

On Thursday, May 22nd, when a smaller party of about thirty went over to York to see the Gas Works, a very fine day again favoured us. The Manager showed the party over in person and a very excellent guide he made; his descriptions were of the clearest and no one could fail to understand the process. It was interesting to see the works and the labour-saving devices which have been applied to modernise an out-of-date type of plant and which have enabled the York Gas Co. to supply gas during the war at a rate much cheaper than most other towns. Besides the coal gas plant we were also shown the water gas and a tar-distillation plant. After tea some of the party returned to Leeds at once, the others remaining until a later train in order that they might make a boating excursion up the river.

W. G. S.

The Victory Sports.

THE Annual University Sports, which have been in abeyance during the war, were revived this year, and took place for the first time on the new Athletic Grounds at Lawnswood on Saturday, 17th May. The entries were not large, but shewed an all round increase on 1914. Some forty competitors took part and about two hundred spectators were present. The distance of the ground from College Road and the proximity of examinations probably prevented many from training and entering, but nevertheless, the fact that three-quarters of the entries came from three departments shews that keenness was lacking somewhere. Next year the Christie Sports between Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, are due to be held here, and it is up to everyone to do what he can in the Athletics line so that a really strong team may be selected.

The new ground has not yet settled into really satisfactory condition for good time, but nevertheless there were several noteworthy performances. Among these may be noted those of E. Craven and J. R. Bellerby in the long jump, 20 feet 0½ inches and 19 feet 11½ inches respectively; G. S. Roberts in the high jump, who cleared 5 feet 2¼ inches; and J. R. Bellerby in the 100 yards, who ran his heat in 10½ seconds. Lieutenant C. H. Smith of the U.S. Army shewed us how to put the weight; the pit was not large enough for him, his put of 31 feet 1 inch going well beyond, his nearest opponent being nearly six feet behind. The long series of successes in the Tug-of-War by the Engineers, maintained since 1905, was broken by their defeat by the Dyeing and Leather Team in the second round. These were in turn easily beaten by a hefty Textile team of Australians, who were an excellent example of the size and physique of the Overseas Army. The staff race was not run, only one competitor coming forward. The relay race provided a comfortable win for the Dyeing and Leather team, who ran a very fine race. Competition for the Inter-Departmental Trophy was keen, Arts, Dyeing and Leather, and Textiles all being in the running; Arts finally carried it off by the narrow margin of three points. J. R. Bellerby very deservedly gained the Championship Cup with a series of fine performances.

The thanks of the Sports Committee are due to Mrs. Gott for presenting the prizes, to Captain F. A. M. Webster for his excellent coaching, and to all the officials who acted as umpires, judges, starter, time-keeper, etc., on the day.

RESULTS :—

100 Yards—1st, J. R. Bellerby (Arts); 2nd, B. Bailly (Textile); 3rd, H. Salt (Dyeing and Leather); Time, 11 seconds.

220 Yards—1st, B. Bailly (Textile); 2nd, R. G. Blease (Science); 3rd, G. Barker (Textile); Time, 29½ seconds.

Quarter Mile—1st, H. M. Preston (Dyeing and Leather); 2nd, J. R. Bellerby (Arts); 3rd, L. Smith (Dyeing and Leather); Time, 61½ seconds.

Half-Mile—1st, B. Garside (Arts); 2nd, G. H. Webb (Medical); 3rd, W. S. Wigham (Arts); Time, 2 minutes 28 seconds.

One Mile—1st, W. S. Wigham (Arts) ; 2nd, B. Baily (Textile) ; 3rd, E. Craven (Dyeing and Leather) ; Time, 5 minutes 36 seconds.

Three Miles—1st, G. H. Webb (Medical) ; 2nd, W. W. Wilson (Arts) ; Time, 19 minutes 23 seconds.

120 Yards Hurdles—1st, E. Craven (Dyeing and Leather) ; 2nd, W. S. Wigham (Arts) ; 3rd, E. Hudson (Textiles) ; Time, 19½ seconds.

High Jump—1st, G. S. Roberts (Textile), 5 feet 2½ inches ; 2nd, J. R. Bellerby (Arts), 4 feet 10½ inches ; 3rd, C. H. Smith (Arts), 4 feet 8 inches.

Long Jump—1st, E. Craven (Dyeing and Leather), 20 feet 0½ inches ; 2nd, J. R. Bellerby (Arts), 19 feet 11½ inches ; 3rd, H. M. Preston (Dyeing and Leather), 19 feet 2 inches.

Putting the Weight—1st, C. H. Smith (Arts), 31 feet 1 inch ; 2nd, G. Barker (Textile), 25 feet 2 inches ; 3rd, J. Dalby (Dyeing and Leather), 24 feet 6 inches.

Inter-Departmental Relay Race—1st, Dyeing and Leather, 1 minute 55 seconds ; 2nd, Textiles "A," 2 minutes 1 second.

Tug of War—1st Round, Textiles "A" beat Fuel and Mining (2-0) ; 2nd Round, Textiles "B" beat Textiles "A" (2-0) ; Dyeing and Leather beat Engineers (2-1) ; Final, Textiles "B" beat Dyeing and Leather (2-0).

Champion Athlete—J. R. Bellerby (Arts), 14 points. Runner-up, E. Craven (Leather and Dyeing), 11 points.

Departmental Trophy—Arts, 31 points ; Dyeing and Leather, 28 points ; Textiles, 23 points ; Medical, 5 points.

F.L.S.-J.

Impressions.

OVERHEAD, the clear, pale blue of mid-May, and a lark doing its utmost to live up to Shelley's eulogies. The dusty white road lying close to the cool green of the grounds—a vista of soft foliage—a mist that veils the far hill-slopes to the east—and, directly in front, a cheerful glimpse of little white tombstones.

A hazy impression of khaki, mufti, and spring millinery—of flying figures in abbreviated garments—of Event 7, and a consequential figure that yields a rake ; his occupation cut short by a warning hail from one who tears down upon him—"Hi, digger ! Look out !"

Who is "Digger" ?

* * *

The final of the tug o' war. The team from "down under," and its rear-guard—chosen with due regard to ballast. A hurried protest, as the rear-guard slips into his noose—"Here,—! Don't put it round you twice ! we shall want some of it !"

* * *

Later—the rope at high tension. Attached to it, two straining crews—a windmill motion of arms and legs, joined to a voice that yells, "Go it, Leather !" while Leather draws nearer the dividing line—and a voice from the crowd behind that murmurs, "Rather hell for Leather, what ?"

Δ

University Sports Records.

It may be of interest to chronicle for future reference and for insertion in future Sports programmes the "best on record" at Leeds University Sports. The following list has been compiled from the *Gryphon* reports, commencing in 1898. Several reports do not

mention times of some races, so the list is only approximately complete. The time for the hurdles would appear to be somewhat doubtful, as it evens with the world's record :—

100 Yards	.. J. B. Fisher	.. 1909..	10 seconds.
Quarter Mile	.. J. B. Fisher	.. 1909..	56 seconds.
Half Mile	.. J. Brooksbank	.. 1910..	2 mins. 8½ secs.
One Mile	.. T. H. Holborn	.. 1902..	4 mins. 44½ secs.
Hurdles	{ S. L. Heald A. B. S. Todd }	.. 1903..	15 seconds.
Long Jump	.. J. H. Mawson	.. 1909..	21 ft. 9½ ins.
High Jump	.. N. Reader	{ .. 1904.. .. 1905.. }	5 ft. 4½ ins.
* Pole Jump	.. B. W. Matthews.	.. 1909..	7 ft. 3 ins.
Putting the Weight	.. G. L. B. James	.. 1912..	33 ft. 6 ins.
† Throwing the Cricket Ball..	E. Tinker	.. 1899..	101 yards.

* This event has only been included once in the programmes.
† Discontinued about 1903.

Minutes of Inter-'Varsity Athletics Meeting, held at Manchester, on March 14th, 1919.

Proposed—Bangor } that Mr. Livingstone of Liver-
Seconded—Leeds } pool, take the chair, he having
no executive powers at the
Meeting.

Present : Manchester, Liverpool, Aberystwyth, Cardiff, Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, Nottingham.

BEFORE proceeding to the formation of the Board, the question arose whether an inter-'varsity athletic Meeting was possible this year or not. There was a majority of one in favour of this year.

The events submitted for discussion were 100 yards, 220 yards, one mile, five miles, long and high jump, 100 yards (women), and high jump (women). It was decided to delete the 220, five miles, and the women's events, and that the programme should be 100 yards, 440 yards, one mile, long jump, high jump, 120 hurdles, and putting the shot.

With regard to events for women, it was decided that for the present it be left to themselves to organise their own sports and arrange their own Meeting. In some Universities the women were very keen to compete, and at others the interest was practically nil.

Entries were confined to one man each University per event, each 'Varsity to enter at least three events or none.

The Meeting to be held at Aberystwyth under A.A.A. rules on May 28th.

Question of trophies to be awarded this year will be considered later.

It was decided that the Board be properly constituted, officers to be elected at the next Meeting, probably on May 30th in Manchester, the Secretary of Athletics at the latter 'Varsity in the meantime to look after all business. The Board will have authority to deal with athletics amongst Universities of the country (for men only), its decisions to be subject to the Students' Representative Council of the 'Varsities. Oxford, Cambridge and London to be asked to co-operate. Lampeter (Wales) was also invited.

The chief function of the Board will be to further the interests of University and Inter-'Varsity athletics in England and Wales, and the title of the Board will be "The Inter-'Varsity Athletic Board of England and Wales."

It was also resolved to arrange annual Inter-'Varsity sports Meetings.

That this Board shall have advisory rights to the constituent S.R.C.'s or other controlling bodies.

This Board shall be composed of one representative from each 'Varsity or 'Varsity College.

To elect a Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer to hold office for the year, re-election to take place at the new Meeting in each year.

That the A.U.C. of the 'Varsity at which the Board last sat will be responsible for calling the first Meeting of the succeeding year, to be held during the last week in October.

This Board deem it advisable that an afternoon additional to Saturday should be devoted to Athletics.

That the athletic accommodation throughout the 'Varsities reported by the Board is totally inadequate, without exception, and pavilions, gymnastic, and ground accommodation should be at least doubled. (A copy of this resolution to be sent to the President of the Board of Education).

That this Board deem it advisable that the control of 'Varsity athletics and students' athletic grounds should be vested in the students.

That this Board deprecates the action of certain Universities in maintaining a rigid control over students' administration of athletics.

This Board notes the advisability of keeping in touch with the graduates with a view to their future mutual advantage.

The Secretary is empowered to write the Captain of the M.C.C. and ask if he can advise on the development of cricket in the constituent universities, the Board offering to give the M.C.C. games on the 'Varsities own grounds, and suggesting a return composite match at Lord's, nominations for the captaincy of the latter to be rendered at the next conference.

This Board cannot tolerate the action of certain students being undergraduates, who after being granted their colours, do not play for their 'Varsity when required, and that, having this state of affairs in view the Board advises athletic clubs not to grant colours except on the distinct understanding this promise be given, granting of colours to be in the hands of A.U.C. of different 'Varsities, and to be three or four on pre-war standard.

The Board deems it advisable that colours be awarded for branches of sport other than Rugby, Association football, tennis, cricket, hockey and lacrosse.

The Board does not regard it as advisable that second team colours should be awarded.

University Union.

The above Minutes of the Inter-'Varsity Athletic Board, which was established last term, have been submitted to the Union Committee. The constitution of the Board was adopted—the details being left over for further consideration.

In furtherance of the proposal to found a War Memorial in the form of new Union Rooms, it was decided to consult the Vice-Chancellor with a view to forming a committee to consider and make proposals for accomplishing this object.

It is hoped to hold a Musical Evening on the night before Degree Day and a Garden Party at Lawnswood after the ceremony.

At a general meeting of the Union, the constitution was altered to the following effect :—

RULE 5 (c).

"The governing body shall consist of 28 students, of whom 21 shall be representatives of the College Road Dept. (6 women, 15 men) and 7 representatives of the School of Medicine (6 men and 1 woman). (These figures are based on proportional representation.)

RULE 6.

At least 6 of the 15 men to be elected from College Road Dept., must be men then completing their first year, and 3 of the 6 women students to be elected from College Road, must be then completing their first year.

The women's representative of the Medical School shall be chosen by the women students of the Medical School.

C. S. B.

The Christie Sports.

THE second Inter-University Sports, between the Universities of Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds, were held at the Liverpool ground at Calderstones on Empire Day, 24th May. The ground is prettily situated well outside the city. The track was rather small, laps running five to the mile, and a well marked slope did not make for good times. Though not so successful as expected, the Leeds team was placed in six events out of eight, and won one event. Certain circumstances in the laying out of the ground rather militated against our chances; thus, in Putting the Weight, competitors put from a square of about eight feet side, whereas this was abandoned in favour of a seven foot circle by the A.A.A. as far back as 1908. In the long jump in place of the regulation four inch board with small pit in front, a narrow and insecurely fixed board was used, making a very difficult take off. In fact, one Manchester entrant failed entirely to accommodate himself to it, and all his three attempts were "no jumps." Further, for the high jump, no landing pit was provided. Another point worthy of mention is that no umpires were provided. In the 100 yards the judges failed to agree, and their decision to run the race again was protested against by some of the competitors, a final conference among the judges eventually producing a compromise. A certain fussiness on the part of one of the chief officials was distinctly annoying to all competitors alike, especially in the jumps.

The first event on the programme was Putting the Weight, won by McGill of Manchester, a 1914 competitor, only recently returned from a four years enforced residence in Germany. Barker, our first string, did well, improving his put over three feet since our own sports. Both our representatives in the hurdles dropped out in the heats; Craven seemed a bit worried over the lie of the ground, his changing step probably costing him a place. In the 100 yards Bellerby had hard lines in stumbling just after the start. It was a very close race throughout, the verdict finally being given as a dead heat between the Liverpool entrants, with Bailly, our second string, a good third. In the mile, Wigham seemed distinctly "off form," while it was too much to expect Bailly, who had just run in the 100, to do much. The long jump was very closely contested, only three inches separating the first four. Mitchell (Manchester) carried off the palm with a jump of 18 feet 7 inches, with Bellerby only 1½ inches behind. In the Quarter, Preston ran a great race; he was rather "boxed in" at the start, but kept up nicely and drew away in the last sixty yards, winning comfortably in 56½ seconds. In the High Jump we were handicapped by the absence of our first string, G. S. Roberts, who failed to put in an appearance. Nevertheless only one inch separated the first five, Bellerby tying with two others for third place. The three miles proved one of the best events of the day. The competitors kept closely together for the first mile, and then Boothway of Manchester drew ahead, with Webb second. A hundred and fifty yards from home Webb sprinted and drew level, but within ten yards from the tape he had shot his bolt, and Boothway just won a very good race. Hall (Liverpool) just secured third place from Wilson, thus earning the necessary point to secure Liverpool the championship.

The whole competition was carried out in a very sportsmanlike spirit, and the thanks of our contingent are due to Liverpool for their excellent arrangements for getting us to the ground and for their hospitality. It is only fair to the Manchester competitors to point out that, as the result of their ground having been used as a German Prisoners' Camp, they had had but little opportunity for training.

Leeds team:—J. R. Bellerby (Captain), B. X. C. Bailly, G. Barker, E. Craven, J. Dalby, H. M. Preston, G. H. Webb, W. S. Wigham, W. W. Wilson.

RESULTS:

100 Yards—1st, J. Noble and R. Gill (Liverpool); 3rd, B. X. C. Bailly (Leeds); Time, 11½ seconds.

440 Yards—1st, H. M. Preston (Leeds); 2nd, H. Barlow (Liverpool); 3rd, J. E. Haygarth (Manchester); Time, 56½ seconds.

One Mile—1st, G. T. Hayden (Manchester); 2nd, D. A. Woodson (Liverpool); 3rd, J. P. Mills (Liverpool); Time, 4 minutes 49½ seconds.

120 Yards Hurdles—1st, J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool); 2nd, F. J. Mitchell (Manchester); 3rd, A. P. Hitchens (Liverpool); Time, 18½ seconds.

Long Jump—1st, F. J. Mitchell (Manchester), 18 feet 7 inches; 2nd, J. R. Bellerby (Leeds), 18 feet 5½ inches; 3rd, M. Godwin (Liverpool), 18 feet 5 inches.

High Jump—1st, F. J. Mitchell (Manchester), 5 feet 0 inches, 2nd, A. P. Hitchens (Liverpool); 3rd, J. R. Bellerby (Leeds); S. Muscovitch (Manchester), F. C. H. Sergeant (Liverpool).

Putting the Weight.—1st, H. A. H. McGill (Manchester), 31 feet 0 inches; 2nd, G. Barker (Leeds), 28 feet 10 inches; 3rd, S. Dumbell (Liverpool), 26 feet 0 inches.

Three Miles—1st, G. Boothway (Manchester); 2nd, G. H. Webb (Leeds); 3rd, S. B. Hall (Liverpool); Time, 17 minutes 12½ seconds.

Championship—1st, Liverpool, 19½ points; 2nd Manchester, 18½ points; 3rd, Leeds, 10½ points.

The Sports Committee desire to thank Capt. F. A. M. Webster of the L.A.C. for his coaching of our team and for officiating as a judge at the Christie Sports. Next year these Sports will be held at Leeds, and, though all the present team will probably be available, it is hoped that some hitherto hidden talent will come to light before next May, that the Championship may come to Leeds.

F. L. S.-J.

Inter-University Sports.

THE Inter-University Sports were held on the Manchester A.C. ground at Fallowfield on Wednesday, 28th May. The following universities and colleges were represented, viz.: Aberystwyth, Bangor, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester and Sheffield. No entries were received this year from Durham or Nottingham. This is the first meeting at which so many English and Welsh Universities have competed together, and some good performances were put up. Especially worthy of mention were those of J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool) who won the long jump, doing an exhibition jump of 20 feet 8½ inches, and C. S. Smith (Leeds) who won the Putting the Shot with a put of 35 feet 11½ inches. The hundred, quarter and mile were run on the cinder track; probably but few of the entrants had had the opportunity of practising on cinders, but with practice and training, there is no doubt that the talent displayed could be well developed. Leeds team: J. R. Bellerby (Capt.), E. Craven, H. M. Preston, C. S. Smith, W. S. Wigham.

RESULTS:—

100 Yards—1st, F. S. Walker (Manchester); 2nd, D. M. Hefflefinger (Birmingham); 3rd, B. C. Watson (Cardiff). Time, 11 seconds. A very close race throughout.

Quarter Mile—1st, F. E. Rees (Aberystwyth); 2nd (tie.) H. M. Preston (Leeds) and G. R. Bailey (Sheffield); Time, 54 seconds. Won by 2 yards. Preston took the lead halfway, but was passed fifty yards from the tape by Rees.

Mile—1st, G. T. Haden (Manchester); 2nd, D. A. Woodson (Liverpool); 3rd, P. G. Evans (Bristol); Time, 4 minutes 45½ seconds. Won by about 10 yards.

Hurdles—1st, J. F. Mitchell (Manchester); 2nd, J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool); 3rd, E. Craven (Leeds); Time, 18 seconds. Won by a yard; a good third.

Long Jump—1st, J. W. Thwaite (Liverpool); 2nd, E. Clothier (Bristol); 3rd, E. R. Wimmall (Birmingham); Distance, 20 feet 4½ inches. Thwaite afterwards did an exhibition jump of 20 feet 8½ inches.

High Jump—1st, D. J. Lewis (Aberystwyth), 5 feet 4 inches; 2nd, J. F. Mitchell (Manchester), 5 feet 3 inches; 3rd, B. C. Watson (Cardiff), 5 feet 2½ inches.

Putting the Shot—1st, C. S. Smith (Leeds), 35 feet 11½ inches; 2nd, J. B. Davenport (Aberystwyth) 35 feet 3 inches; 3rd, H. A. H. McGill (Manchester), 32 feet 0½ inch. A close struggle between the two Americans, Smith's final put settling the event.

Championship—1st	Manchester	..	37	points.
2nd	Aberystwyth	..	25	"
3rd	Liverpool	..	20	"
4th	Leeds	..	15½	"
5th	Birmingham	..	7	"
	Bristol	..	7	"
7th	Cardiff	..	4	"
8th	Sheffield	..	3½	"
9th	Bangor	..	0	"

F.L.S.-J.

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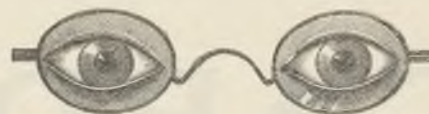
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