

THE OWL



SUMMER TERM, 1930.



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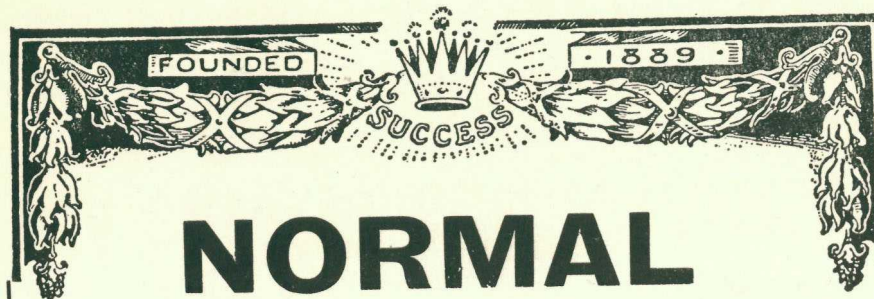
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Is a magazine for the whole College, men and women, students and staff alike; it must have contributions from the pens and purses of all. It must ignore no class and injure no individual; it must serve all interests which bind us together as members of our College, and itself become one of the strongest of those bonds; and when in the fulness of time, the present fledglings have become Old Birds, the Owl shall still tell them of the old College and the new brood.

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"THE OWL."

The Official Magazine of the City of Leeds Training College.

SUMMER TERM, 1930.

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To Our Readers.

CONTRIBUTIONS should be legibly written in ink on one side of the paper
and handed to the hostel representative as early as possible.

Articles on topics of general interest are welcomed, and the Editors
specially desire short stories to be submitted. All contributions not
printed will be returned.

OLD STUDENTS, especially those engaged in special work likely to be of
interest to the College, are invited to contribute.

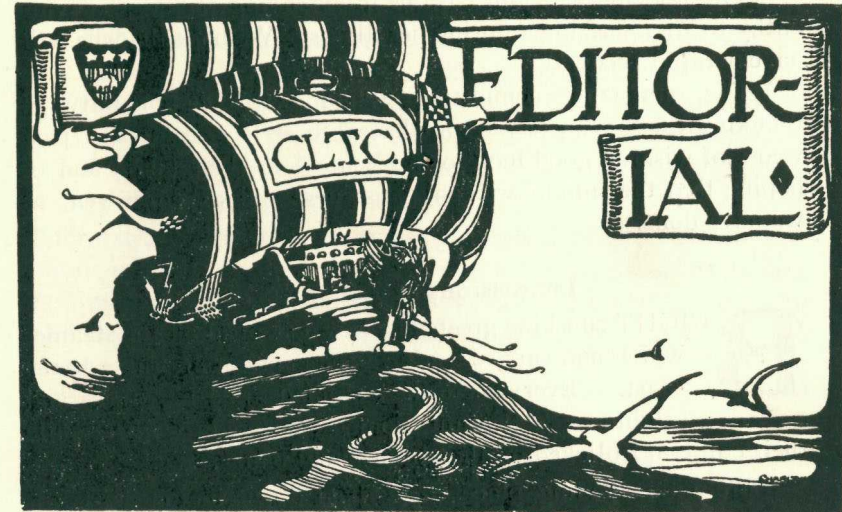
CORRESPONDENCE is invited on subjects of general interest. We shall be
glad to exchange Magazines with Contemporaries. The Committee
invite suggestions for the improvement of the Magazine.

SECRETARIES OF COLLEGE SOCIETIES should hand in their reports
as soon as possible.

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FOR Seniors this is an unpleasant term. I am reminded constantly of a poem by George Meredith.

*A wind sways the pines,
 And below,
 Not a breath of wild air;
 Still as the mosses that grow
 On the flooring and over the lines
 Of the roots here and there.
 The pine tree drops its dead
 They are quiet as under the sea;
 Overhead Overhead
 Rushes life in a race,
 As the clouds the clouds chase;
 And we go
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree
 Even we
 Even so.*

Life here as everywhere, is as we make it—most of us have made a cheerful time of it. Let us hope that the life we are entering is as happy as the one we are leaving.

The magazine is to pass into the care of fresh hands. It is to be hoped that they will receive as much support as we have done this year, for although it is a common thing for magazine committees to complain of lack of material, there has been little cause for that with us.

Other changes have been taking place also. Miss Paine is obliged by stress of more important work, to resign the Presidency of "The Owl." We have to thank her for the keen and willing work that she has done during her term of office. Her resignation is looked upon with regret.

The students will join with us in extending the deepest sympathy to Miss Matzinger during her illness. We hope that she will have a rapid recovery.

The magazine committee welcome this opportunity of thanking those who have contributed to its success in the past year; of wishing good luck to the Seniors in their finals and of hoping that the Juniors will enjoy as successful a Senior year as we have done.

Impressions at Zeebrugge.

BRIGHT sunshine greeted us as we stepped off the steamer which had carried us down the canal from Bruges to the coast. Everywhere there seemed to be happiness and brightness. Peasant women chattered together while their children frolicked on the grassy canal banks.

From the landing place we walked down to the sea-front, where we were greeted with a wide expanse of shining blue sea, with a foreground of burning sand-dunes topped with tufts of rough grass. Running out like a long arm into the sea was the famous Mole, and here and there on the land were black shapes, which we afterwards learned were wrecks of both German and British ships.

It seems incredible that this quiet and peaceful spot was, not so very long ago, the scene of the tumult and chaos of war. Along the coast we were told, the Germans had hidden in the sand-dunes long range guns, while behind had been a teeming colony of German soldiery. The signs of the destruction which had taken place, were the War Memorial, the Museum and the girders still around the repaired portion of the Mole. To me the story of the battle seemed essentially personal, as often, though memories are now dim, had I crossed the Mersey in the gallant little Royal Iris or Daffodil.

As we sat in the burning heat on the sand-dunes, our guide vividly recounted the details of the battle, and explained how submarines, built near Bruges, had been sent to the coast by the canal down which we had just travelled in comfort and safety. When he had finished his story, we sat silent, trying to visualise the noise and clamour of the battle. The horror and futility of war became apparent, and though scarcely able to turn away our eyes from the scene of the battle, we hurried away to buy cherries from an old Belgian, who, being amusing, caused us momentarily to forget the horror of the innocent looking harbour.

P. B.

Found Drowned!

IN the early morning papers on May 16th, 1929, appeared a column as follows:—

"AQUARIUM TRAGEDY."

"This morning, at the Wellington Aquarium, John Gibbons, the night watchman, was found dead at the bottom of a ten-foot tank. The water was only five feet deep, and Gibbons was 5ft. 4ins. in height. It is assumed he slipped into the tank—which up to yesterday contained a giant octopus—from the feeding walk, and eventually becoming exhausted, was drowned."

Information to the effect that the feeding walk was invisible to the public eye, due to the fact that it was behind the rock walls containing the show-tank glass fronts was given; and there was little else beyond a few irrelevant paragraphs, concerning the Aquarium itself.

* * * *

John Gibbons stretched himself slowly; then rising to his feet, he moved out of his little office, turning out the light as he went. He sauntered over to where a shaft of moonlight had gained an entrance through the glass panels of the door, and looked across the promenade, out to sea.

He took a contented pull at his pipe, and watched the silent, deserted scene before him. The tide was coming up, and the water looked cold in the moonlight. Treacherous stuff, that sea-water, but very pleasant to watch on a night like this. Just looked as if it were trying to creep up to him and overwhelm him! But he wasn't going to be caught like that. Life was too good! Live till ninety and then die in his bed, he would. Of course, he might get run over, but if you keep your wits about you, there's little chance of that, as much traffic as there is.

From the clock-tower in the Municipal Gardens, further along the promenade, came drifting the hour-chime, followed by two strokes. Two o'clock! That left only another four and a half hours, and then off to breakfast and then bed. His missus would probably be snoring like ten men by now. He missed that, anyway, and there's always more room in a bed, too, if there's only one in it.

He took a last glance at the water, decided to have another look round—just to make sure—and then for a nice little snooze. Who wanted to pinch silly old fish, anyway?

He moved along slowly, shining a torch to show him his way, and wondering whp the deuce they went to the trouble of turning the electric current off each night. As if he wanted to use their silly old electricity. Still, that reading lamp in his office was a good one. It had been jolly good of them to supply him with that.

But what if the oil ran out? Well, better wait for that to happen first.

He paused opposite the largest glass frontage of the whole show. This was the glass window to a huge tank, ten feet square and ten deep. There weren't so many who really knew how big these tanks were behind the rock wall of the Aquarium.

Let's see; the octopus was in this tank, wasn't it? Didn't seem to be on the move. How about taking a peep at it from the feeding walk? Pass time on, anyway.

He passed through a door in the wall, a little further on, leaving it open behind him; climbed a ladder; and found himself on a gangway, about two feet wide. There was no handrail and he moved forward cautiously.

He wasn't used to this. Didn't envy the fellow who had to feed the fish every day, from this. Still, he'd be used to it.

It was only two feet or so above the tanks, but it didn't look too pleasant in the dark, with nothing but a torchlight. He passed over four tanks, disturbing some of the fish, with the sudden appearance of his light in their tanks, and at last paused over the Great Tank.

He shone the light down into it. The water seemed a long way off, and there was no sign of the octopus. What if the beggar was hiding in a corner, ready to seize him with one of its what-do-you-call-its?

A sudden gust of fear overcame him, and he felt an urgent desire to get back to his office. He was a silly fool to have come, anyway. He turned rather quickly and wobbled unsteadily. Go easy! He mustn't lose his nerve. Nerve! Humph! And he an ex-Serviceman! Flanders, 1915 to '18. Steady, boy, steady!

He had regained some of his old buoyancy by now, and he looked down into the tank again. It did look creepy though. Here! He was off out of this, and quick too, before he lost his nerve again.

He made a spasmodic move forward, and then it happened. His foot caught in one of the iron rods of the walk, he fell forward, and struck out wildly. His torch dropped from his hand and struck the water a moment before he did.

He floundered about for a second and then found his feet could touch the bottom of the tank, and if he stood on tip-toe he could breathe freely. The water was cold and the sudden immersion had steadied him somewhat. He was feeling strangely level-headed. It was uncanny. Funny what a chap thinks about on these occasions.

He'd fallen into the tank containing the octopus. It was up to him to get out and pretty smartly too. He was becoming panicky again. Slowly he raised his arm and felt for the feeding

walk, and then realised with a feeling of agonised despair that it was well out of his reach, over six feet above him.

His sodden clothes were extremely uncomfortable, and on top of this discomfort, he broke out into a cold sweat. He *must* get out, before the brute seized him! He must!!

Steady, d—n it! Steady! He was losing his head again. He must take steps to protect himself. He felt in his pockets and pulled out his pocket knife. That was something, anyway. And then something clammy brushed his face!

He struck out with his knife, lashing away at the water in an agonised frenzy of fear. His heart was pounding away as though making an onslaught at the walls of his chest.

God! It had got him. Something had fastened over the left side of his face. He was fighting madly, but his blows were missing his assailant every time. He opened his mouth to shout, got a mouthful of water, and went under, choking and struggling.

He made several convulsive struggles and suddenly lay limp. The excitement had been too great, and his heart had ceased to function. His body moved helplessly about in the turmoil he had created in the tank.

* * * *

The policeman stooped over the body, which lay on the feeding walk, and removed a large piece of sodden paper from its face. "Dead as a doornail," he remarked, and took out a notebook in which to jot down some particulars.

H. BEAUMONT.

Hades Re-visited.

SCENE :—A glade, in Hell, in the year 1960 A.D.

[The curtain rises to reveal the bottom of a bottomless abyss. The setting is bathed in a greenish-purple light, or some other discord to go with the hue of a devil's costume. A yellowish substance, which might be sulphur, seems to be scattered over the rocks, but as no sulphurous smoke or smell is in evidence, it could be quite easily very hot Zinc Oxide. There is a gloomy, brooding silence over all. From the darkest part of the setting—an evil-looking blackness, black centre—emerges a satanic-looking individual, arrayed in an essentially tight-fitting, vermilion devil-garb. He is bald-headed and languid, yet gives the impression that he was once active. He may, of course, be suffering from the existing heat wave; who knows? He advances to middle stage and gazes up into the gloom above him, rather sadly. When he speaks, his voice is deep and resonant, and at the same time vibrant with emotion. From time to time, a deep sigh intermingles with his soliloquy].

Assistant Devil: "Had I but lived, I had been 68 years old to-day. But, seemingly, the devil took it into his head to claim his due, and so it is my cursed lot that I should be cast down into this blighted spot, to linger on through innumerable aeons. When I was a child I used to laugh and say there was no Hell; and when I was a man, many's the time that I have foolishly defied my all-powerful master, the Very Devil. Twenty years in this dismal Hell; Twenty years spent by the furnaces, serving my apprenticeship as a devil assistant. There is no way out of this Hell, either, except by the way in, and that is here. No devil's apprentice has ever escaped to my knowledge. Somehow or other, there is an unwritten law of gravitation which defies the attempts of any devil to travel upwards. Besides, this perpetual heat-wave makes one too tired even to make the attempt. And even if we did try, we've only to touch the rocks to fire the flowers of sulphur, and then there's the Very Devil to pay, because they're the only flowers that can exist down here. Twenty years! Don't I wish I could get away from it all." [He gazes up again]. "Hello! There's someone coming. I wonder who this is?"

[He stands aside, and then a rigid figure is seen floating slowly downwards to the stage. It touches the ground and sways a little. The Assistant Devil moves forward and eyes the newcomer with mingled curiosity and wonder. The new arrival appears to be about FORTY years of age, and is of normal appearance, as far as looks go. His clothes, however, are torn and ruffled, whilst in his right hand he holds a Bunsen Burner! The A. D. is puzzling over something, but does not speak. Slowly, the newcomer opens his eyes and looks round, sees the A. D. and starts faintly, then closes his eyes again quickly].

The A.D.: "Who are you?" Or perhaps I ought to have asked, "Who were you?"

Cuthbert: "You are real, then?"

The A.D.: (with deep sigh) "No!" (He shakes his head).

Cuthbert: (to himself) "I thought as much, I'm seeing things. I've got halluci-what's-his-names." (To the A.D.) "You don't exist?"

A.D.: "No! You see, I'm an Assistant Devil."

Cuthbert: "The Devil you are"

A.D.: "No. Not the Devil. Just one of his assistants."

Cuthbert: (bewildered). "Then this, I suppose, is Hell. It seems fairly cool though."

A.D.: "This is only the entrance. But tell me. What was your name?"

Cuthbert: "Was? You mean is! My name, kind devil, is Cuthbert."

A.D.: "And your surname?"

Cuthbert: "My surname is—is—. Dash it. I—I—I'm afraid I can't just place it."

A.D.: "You've forgotten it, that's what you've done. You'll soon forget the other as well. But never mind, you won't need it down here."

Cuthbert: "Don't be silly. I'm not stopping. This is just a flying visit. I'm suffering from halluci-what's its. I'm in bed by now, I suppose."

A.D.: "Yes, I suppose you will be. An accident, I presume. By the way, what is that you've got in your hand there? It looks familiar, but I can't recall what it might be."

Cuthbert: (holding up Bunsen). "This? Oh this is a bunsen. By Jove, I wonder if I'm—. I say old fellow, am I dead?"

A.D.: "Of course you are. You're a probationary devil at present, and if you prove a good stoker you may eventually become one of the Very Devil's gardeners. That job is a sinecure, because he does all the gardening himself. He's a cool hand the Very Devil,"

Cuthbert: "I see. And how long shall I have to stay in this dismal hole, before I can get to the other place?"

A.D.: "Other place? Oh! I suppose you mean Heaven! Why it doesn't exist! At least not for me and you. You're a devil now, and a devil you remain."

Cuthbert: "But what's that yarn about Judgment Day? Hell can't last for ever. Judgment day is bound to come and then we shall all be forgiven and become angels."

A.D.: "Well, as a matter of fact, I had it in strictest confidence from the Very Devil himself, that Judgment Day can't possibly come for at least three million years, as there aren't people in Heaven yet, to keep a firm hand on things.—Have you remembered yet how you came to die?"

Cuthbert: "Er—yes—I think I have. I was busy at work in the laboratory, when something must have blown up. Probably the gas-meter was leaking, for I've never known me to be so careless as to get blown up before."

A.D.: (puzzling over something) "Do you know, you've stirred a faint memory of something in me. But what it is I don't know. You forget everything in this Hell of a place after twenty years"

Cuthbert: [startled and staring earnestly at the A.D.] "Good Lord, it can't be—no it isn't—surely not! You're not—you're not—"

A.D.: "Probably you're right this time, because as I've already remarked, you've stirred something in me. But I've been mistaken for several celebrities in my time. An old Liberal

Devil asked me only last week if I were not the remnants of W. E. Gladstone. Who do you think I am, by the way? For I'm sure I've forgotten."

Cuthbert: "I could almost swear you're my old master, the scientist. Do you not remember your lab. assistant, Cuthbert, who used to fetch and carry at your commands. You were always in trouble about your bunsens. Don't you remember?"

A.D.: "I believe it's all coming back at last. Cuthbert—Cuthbert. Yes, I have it. I was a science master at a public school and you were the laboratory assistant. I died twenty years ago, and you were blown up to-day, and lo and behold! we meet again in Hell."

Cuthbert: "Yes, that's only too true. For fifteen years I have had your job now. They found that I knew more than you eventually, and sent me to a College for five years to get my diploma. And five years after you had died, I had assumed your office. But about Hell business. I suppose I ought to go and report to somebody that I have arrived."

A.D.: "Wait, Cuthbert. There is no hurry. I assure you. I have waited now for nigh on five years, for someone to arrive in Hell whom I could trust, and whom I knew to be intelligent. I have one ambition in this Hell, and want you to interest yourself on my behalf."

Cuthbert: "Ambitions in Hell! You surprise me sir. And to what ambitions do you aspire?"

A.D.: "I am tired of feeding Capitalists and Parliamentarians into the furnaces, and in accordance with my strongly democratic principles, I maintain that one Devil is as bad as another. Do I make myself clear to you?"

Cuthbert: "In a way, yes. I have understood all the words you have used, but I cannot arrive at your formula."

A.D.: "Well then, let us become exceedingly frank with each other. Know, Cuthbert, that I aspire to become the Very Devil."

Cuthbert: "The Devil you do! And how are you to effect this coup d'état?"

A.D.: "But one word is required, and immediately I shall have at my command eight thousand million dissatisfied Apprentice Devils to cope with the forces of the Very Devil."

Cuthbert: "And what do his forces number, sir?"

A.D.: "There hasn't been a census for a month, but I should put it at a mere seven thousand, eight hundred million Devils."

Cuthbert: (*pondering*) "I see. But why have you not moved before, if you have such a mighty force awaiting your commands?"

A.D.: "I have never yet succeeded in finding a leader, whom I dare trust with my army. My father, who has been here about sixty years, I dare not trust, as he would probably make use of

my efforts to make himself the ruler of Hell. Now, are you prepared to become my general or right-hand man?"

Cuthbert: "Well, I must say it's a thrilling start to a life in Hell. But how do you propose to conquer with your army? You can't kill Devils. They're dead before you start on them."

A.D.: "That is quite true, but it is easy to see that you are inexperienced in the ways of Devils. Down here we have the Assistant Devils and the Aristocratic Devils. The latter attain to their position after an apprenticeship of two hundred years at the furnaces. My forces are naturally of the Assistant or the Apprentice Class and my policy would be one of passive obedience. Our supply is such that we have just sufficient politicians and capitalists to keep the furnaces at a red heat. If all these first-class Devils were put in at once, so that there was a temporary dearth of fuel, the kilns would become white hot, but after a time, would grow cold. If that happened, the Plutonic Association of Devil Workers, our Trade Union, would call a meeting of the Executive Council, over which the Very Devil presides, and the result would be, that a vote would be taken to unseat the Very Devil for incompetence. Then I should come into it."

Cuthbert: "How?"

A.D.: "Well, there would be a general election and I should be elected as the Very Devil."

Cuthbert: "How can you guarantee your security?"

A.D.: "By my promises to the electorate. I have promised that the period of apprenticeship shall be reduced by exactly a hundred years."

Cuthbert: "But you won't have a big enough supply of stokers then. How will you do for a maintenance of constant heat?"

A.D.: "You must remember that there is a constant increase of population on Earth, and so we in Hell are assured of a constant supply which will be ever increasing. It has also been part of my policy to insist that the present Aristocrats shall be unseated and take their turns at the furnaces."

Cuthbert: "You speak of increasing population. That is quite true. But have you forgotten Voronoff's work for longevity? In 1956, four year's ago, a scientist, Yogga Capez, perfected Voronoff's discoveries, and now death is becoming practically an obsolete factor."

A.D.: "Why do you think we keep the furnaces hot? For the fun of the thing?"

Cuthbert: "Well, hardly! What is the reason?"

A.D.: "Simply to have volcanoes ready to use, and if there is not a satisfactory influx of devils into Hell, we simply fire one with amazing fruitful results."

Cuthbert : (*pondering*) "I see! But what exactly would be my position as your general? There doesn't seem exactly much for me to do."

A.D. : "There isn't. But I must have a scapegoat, if things go wrong. On the other hand, you stand a chance of becoming an Aristocrat Devil, without an apprenticeship. Do you accept my offer?"

Cuthbert : "One moment. There is a rather important question suggests itself. Has this sort of thing ever happened before?"

A.D. : "Why, of course not. Otherwise it would have been guarded against. Do you accept my offer?"

Cuthbert : "I am afraid I can't see my way to be your scapegoat. This Very Devil of ours seems to have been in charge of this place rather a long time, whilst you are an inexperienced democratic Devil. If you were given power, you would go and make a fool of yourself, and then Hell would no longer be a Hell. As you remarked, one Devil is as bad as another, but you forgot to say that some do happen to be worse. I had enough of you as a master before, and this time I don't see any reason why I should not give the Very Devil a chance. If I become dissatisfied, I shall probably adopt you as *my* General and agitate for the position of Very Devil myself. Let me give you a word of advice, my foolish Devil, and that is.—Never trust any Devil who's had the bad fortune to get to Hell.—Well, I suppose I'd better go and report to your Registry Office. Will you be so kind as either to escort or direct me?"

A.D. : (*pointing to back centre*). "Straight through there."

Cuthbert : "Thank you. I suppose I shall see you later. Au revoir."

(*He goes off, only to return*).

Cuthbert : (*holding out bunsen*). "Here, you'd better take this. I shan't need it, and you were always fond of them."

(*He throws the bunsen, and the Assistant devil catches it. Exit Cuthbert*).

A.D. : (*gazing at the bunsen*). "So this is Hell!!"

CURTAIN.

Look before you Snap.

MOST photographers or shall I say button pressers are rejoicing in the fact that their button pressing, from now on, will be cheaper than ever before. This cheapening of photographic materials is at once an indication of, and an impetus to the popularisation of photography, but is it going to help us to produce better 'snaps,' or is the percentage of failures, and the prevalence of bad arrangement to

remain the same? I fear that the great majority of camera-users will say that they can now afford to take more risks—because a failure doesn't cost so much. This is a wrong attitude. Risk of failure in snapshotting is rarely, if ever, justified. It is almost true to say that risk *means* failure.

Why does the average owner of a 'Boxbrownie' take snaps at all? Obviously not for artistic expression; a glance through any album will convince even a casual observer of this truth. Yet the button presser can always admire the work of the man who makes a hobby of photography. This is because the hobbyist realises the value of arrangement and a well selected view-point, in other words the hobbyist is a snapshotter who brings into his photography just that little bit of artistry which makes all the difference between a bad photograph and a good one.

It is all very simple. If you take your camera and your woman (or man as the case may be), into the woods for an airing, it is just as easy to photograph the object of your affections without a hat, and with a clear space round the head, as it is to take the photograph with the subject wearing a hat and with a tree growing apparently from the head, and a glorious array of twigs branching from the persons head in every direction. A group of friends does not look very pleasing if they are standing in a row, hands in pockets and grinning sheepishly at the camera. Out-of-doors groups are greatly improved if the figures are arranged in a pyramid or other form upon a group of rocks, a five barred gate, a fallen tree, or even the bole of a growing tree.

In photographing scenes, the observance of a few elementary rules of pictorial composition will make a great difference to the finished print. *Never* have your horizon half way up the picture. Generally speaking, the horizon line should be one-third of the distance from the bottom, but if the interest of the picture is in the foreground, the foreground should occupy the lower two-thirds of the picture. The same applies to the principle object or objects. They should never be placed centrally, but about one-third of the distance from either side. The main 'lines' of the picture should lead the eye to the principal object or rather, to the subject of the picture. In order to illustrate these few points, let us imagine that we are taking a photograph on Queen's Walk. If we stand in the middle of the path and with the camera at waist level, point it at the arch, the view finder will show us that the lower half of the picture is about as interesting as the average tramway viewed from the middle of the track, whilst the upper portion shows very little sky, the arch is dead centre, and on either side a muddled mass of foliage and tree trunks. Now let us step into the bushes on any side, and, turning our backs on the arch, hold the camera *upside down above our heads* with the lens pointing to the arch. This altered view point and increased height have

given us the best possible view of Queen's Walk. We have cut out much of the ugly foreground, the bushes at the side are distinct, the height of the trees is shown, and their outline against the sky on one side makes a swift descent to the arch and on the other side a gentle well-broken curve leading to the same point. What is true in this case, is true of every other, the moral therefore is, make sure you have got the best possible *viewpoint*.

On the purely mechanical side, the golden rule is to know the limitations or advantages of your apparatus. Most snapshotters use either the box or folding form of 'Brownies,' and they usually put them away in the winter, so that the simple rules for exposure are given from a 'Summer-time' point of view. In June, July and August, *never* take a 'snap' before 8 a.m. or after 8 p.m. The light may *seem* good, but from a photographic point of view, it is not. It is usually very yellow, and, except with special films or plates, yellow has a very low actinic value. At all times the largest 'stop' or lens aperture should be used—with the following exceptions:—On brilliantly sunny Summer days, on high open land, and at or on the sea. Never take a snapshot in a wood, except on a brilliant day and then only when the trees are well set apart and not very high.

It may be argued that all this bother is unnecessary, because a few failures don't count. Well, it *isn't* bother, and it *is* necessary. If readers who took snaps three years ago will take the trouble to dig them out and criticise them in the light of what is here written, I have no doubt that they will find reasons, hitherto unseen, for many of the dissatisfying pictures which they possess. They will know why many of their holiday snaps do not fit in with their mental pictures of those holidays. If the winning entries of most photographic competitions are studied, they will be seen to have behind them, careful arrangement and a well chosen viewpoint. Not that snapshotters never produce good results—far from it; there is such a thing as luck, but I contend that every camera user should produce—barring pure accidents—100% satisfying results.

P. R. (Fairfax).

Pursuit in Blue.

MR. Pott shut the door behind him at 8-29, and 8-30 found him speeding on his way to Langborough in a Green Bus. This was an everyday occurrence in the life of Mr. Pott, who travelled seven miles every morning to work, and travelled back again every night. For Mr. Pott, you must know, was quite an enterprising young accountant of 27, with good prospects and a comfortable income. With no matrimonial difficulties to face, the world seemed quite cheerful on this particular morning, thought Mr. Pott. Farmer Wurzle's nag,

Jerry, winked happily at him over the gate as they rolled past. A hen fluttered out from the very tyres, but its squawk was merely impressive of playful approbation. The fact that a tyre burst after five miles did not worry Mr. Pott, who climbed into an opposition bus and peacefully reflected that he had intended to patronise this service in any case after his contract ticket expired.

It was a complacent Mr. Pott who descended from the automobile and ambled officewards. Life is sweet to a successful young man, and Mr. Pott was successful. He knew few in Langborough, for he had only obtained his promotion three months ago, Langborough still showed him new beauties and new interests. He quite appreciated, in a quiet way, the fact that a young lady was eyeing him intently. He noted in a vague, masculine sort of manner, that she wore a blue costume and a beret, and also that she was pretty. He was rather surprised, however, when she approached him. She did not really look friendly, thought Mr. Pott. She reminded him of a Scottish colleague when about to ask for a loan. Then he came to earth.

"I say—er—that is—I want the money—"

Mr. Pott was distinctly startled. He looked at her for a moment; but no—she seemed no practical joker. Perhaps it was the weather. He had never heard of the weather affecting people like this, but thought it quite possible. There was only one thing to say. Mr. Pott was a man of action; he said it.

"The money?"

"Yes—the £150, you know. I am supposed to get it."

Mr. Pott felt inclined to scratch his head, but resisted the impulse. Instead he produced his pince-nez and adjusted them. Never before did such an action effect such a marvellous change. The young lady became a crowd, and several gentlemen were apparent; and worse, all seemed to have the same mercenary object as the original damsel. Mr. Pott hesitated and was lost. He had heard somewhere about the mob being fired on, and decided to seek refuge in a silent departure. He turned and stepped briskly on his way. He was horrified to perceive that his admirers followed, also briskly. He increased his pace, but in vain. Then, seized at last by an unaccountable modesty, he took to his heels. A hundred heels took up the chase. Mr. Pott became desperate. Something, it mattered not what, must be done. Always the man of action, he did it. Before him loomed the doorway of Silas Shanks, undertaker and flowers supplied. He entered.

* * * *

Mr. Shanks smiled a piteous smile; it is the undertaker's copyright. Here was business, and business is money. Even a supplier of flowers must eat. Like the winner of the consolation prize, Mr. Shanks advanced. Mr. Pott was flustered, but remembered still commercial custom—that a person enters a shop for

purposes of trade. He could not provide an undertaker with any appurtenances of the profession; he must therefore buy.

"Er—what is special to-day?"

Afterwards Mr. Pott had a dim recollection of deal, pine, elm and oak, mixed together with a mumbled jargon. Mr. Shanks rubbed his head as he surveyed the order for a well-upholstered deal coffin for a man of six feet four inches. Mr. Potts' thoughts were elsewhere. His eyes seldom left the window, where he could see a seething mass of people, struggling, gesticulating and shouting. He had heard of the blood-lust. He suspected that he was the chosen victim for immolation, and accordingly looked for another exit. Mr. Shanks hampered his movements somewhat; he tried to keep him out of what proved to be the office. Mr. Pott silenced him with a tap in the eye, and found a side door. With great haste he dashed out, only to find himself in a howling mob; reflecting dully that he could not escape by this way, he again entered the shop. Mr. Shanks was surprised to see him back so soon, and bashfully retired behind a glass case full of wreaths. He suspected the customer of insanity certainly, but he was a good customer. He saw Mr. Pott hesitate, swallowed and managed to gurgle

"Er—do—do you want anything else, sir?"

"Eh?" Mr. Pott shouted, and then remembered his upbringing. "Oh yes! You, might send a couple of wreaths along, too."

"Thank you, sir, thank you. Shall I—" began Mr. Shanks, but his customer had gone.

Mr. Pott does not know to this day how he got into the railway lorry; it seemed to him that after a blurred clatter of feet, he found himself sitting among several crates and cases. He looked round as best he could, with his feet in the air and his attache-case resting on his palpitating bosom, and noticed that the driver had not seen him. The aforesaid gentleman was sitting complacently on the front, the reins in one hand, and a clay pipe in the other, contemplating life enigmatically. Mr. Pott furtively rose and straightened his clothes. He had lost one spat, and now sacrificed the other for sake of appearance. His pince-nez had become dangerously entangled in his tie, and he forthwith rescued them with dirty fingers. Then, placing his dented bowler upon his straggly hair, he peered out of the back. The view was pleasing from all points. He was nearing the office, and people on the streets were amused at the spectacle of a dapper, but untidy gentleman travelling under the guise of railway luggage.

With joy Mr. Pott leaped from the van, and heeded not the words the driver bestowed on "they young rascally nippers," as he entered his office.

* * * *

At certain times each day, Mr. Pott would direct his thoughts from the etherial realms of accountancy to the stern fact that one duty imposed on man by a sensible Nature is that he must feed. Then Mr. Pott, acting upon this regular impulse would hie his body to a neighbouring restaurant and insert therein a considerable quantity of nutriment. This had been a novel kind of day for him, but the stomach is not to be trifled with by the emotions; accordingly Mr. Pott closed his books, put his pen in the hat-stand and sallied forth.

The Grand cafe is no more grand than Billingsgate is a perfume. But it caters for the appetite and its fare really is fair. The matter did not trouble Mr. Pott. He ate and thought not upon such things. The Boat Race interested him far more; likewise the possibilities of a certain American negro placing a certain Dutchman with large hands in a horizontal position on a wooden surface. Such meditations were not allowed to develop; also a spoonful of tapioca was reprieved on the point of death by a minor explosion from a blue costume with a beret on top. The spoonful of tapioca rejoined the family, and Mr. Potts' purple socks were closely followed upstairs by a large number of excited ex-diners.

Mr. Pott was seriously alarmed. Was there a conspiracy to murder him? Was he guilty of some dreadful crime against humanity? He pondered not but swept on. Excelsior! He was on the roof, but he could hear a thunder of feet stamping madly in pursuit. The roof was flat. Despair seized him. Should he leap over the edge and end it all? This course of action was ruled out by the fact that he had a letter to post, so he clamoured along a housetop. An attic window gave him refuge; he dropped in.

Mr. Pott had scarcely time to notice his surroundings before a figure appeared at the open door, screamed loudly, and departed. After that Mr. Pott was profoundly surprised at the amount of noise several people can make when they act unanimously. Affairs came to a crisis when a desperate looking policeman entered and took Mr. Pott under his wing. The prisoner was informed that he had unlawfully entered a lady's bedroom, a fact that had not struck him before. But with a girlish blush, he realised his sin and bowed to Fate.

The Sergeant was really quite a nice fellow and understood just how things were. Mr. Pott was thankful for the respite, and at 2-45 he opened the door to return to his office; the sight that met his eyes was really rather demure, but if Mr. Pott had seen a grinning ghoul he could not have retreated more quickly. It was the girl in blue!

Mr. Pott sneaked back to the office in some unknown manner. After having a good long smoke, he put his hat in the customary position and ventured out. He was going home. Upon this

point he was quite firm and decided. After all, he was the Master of his Fate. He locked the door, and stood on the step while he buttoned his coat. He stuck out his chest, he put forward his foot, and collided with—. He never bothered to investigate whom he had struck. His nerves screamed 'Blue' at him. Dignity left him, and he left his victim almost as quickly. He saw a bus and jumped into it. He went far, far away. What was twenty miles compared to the joy of liberty?

* * * *

It was ten o'clock when Mr. Pott, dusty and footsore, reached home. He reached his room unnoticed by Mrs. Kipps, the house-keeper. But the nightmare had stolen into his very sanctum sanctorum. There, beside the book-case, gleaming and hideous, was the coffin of deal, and upon it were two lily-white wreaths. A shiver jerked down his spine, and he looked the other way. A numbness crept over him, chill and sombre. His brain was crushed beneath a weight of woe. Dully he sank into a deep armchair before the fire, and lit his pipe. He had just picked up the paper when Mrs. Kipps announced that a young lady wished to see him.

"What sort?" inquired Mr. Pott very wearily.

"Well, she seems quite ordinary, and I did notice as she had a blue two-piece—"

A groan escaped from the deep armchair before the fire. Nemesis had overtaken him; the avenger was at the very door. Very well, let it come. Better now than at midnight—alone—. He shuddered, and whispered "All right." It was finished. He sat quite still, spoke little and apprehensively when his visitor entered and cheerfully announced herself,

"I am Miss Verbage—Joan Verbage. I have been following you all day."

A mutter from the armchair confirmed this statement,

"I thought I would never catch your eye."

Another, but contradictory, mutter arose.

"I was awfully keen to get that money."

Mr. Pott thought furiously and abstained from muttering.

"And now—I claim....."

She had stepped over to the table. Suddenly her eyes lit on the newspaper, and with a sudden gasp of dismay she stepped back.

"Oh, it's gone! And you—you aren't Mr. Buffle?"

He awoke with a start.

"Mr. Buffle? I certainly am not. My name's Pott."

A light was breaking—.

She sat in a chair, and amid tears told of Mr. Buffle of the

Gazette, who would present £150 to anyone who identified him in Langborough on July 15th. This moved Mr. Pott. Then he had seen through a glass, darkly; now he saw face to face. He patted her on the shoulder. He spoke words of sympathetic import. He gave her a drink of water. And as she handed him the empty glass he looked into the blue eyes of the girl in blue.....

Well, Miss Verbage didn't get £150, but a husband is always something.

S. W. BATEY.

The Silver Owl.

The silver owl on a green tree sat;
And from his perch he could plainly see
Many a sight which he wondered at,
And pondered long what these things might be.

The world is wide, but it seemed to him
The whole round earth was beneath his tree,
And when night came on, and light grew dim
He closed his eyes and could no more see.

And then in his dreams he lived once more
Through all the scenes that the day had brought,
And all night long he would vainly pore,
With wracking of brains that availed him naught.

He never flew from his leafy perch,
But listened intent, and looked wise,
His whole life spent in a hopeless search
To solve the problem before his eyes.

The silver owl on a green tree sat,
And from his perch he could plainly see
Many a sight which he wondered at,
And pondered long what these things might be.

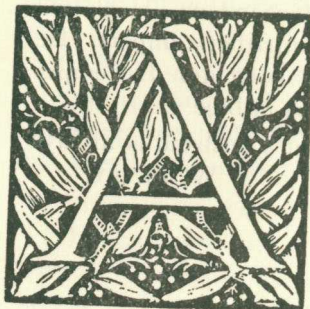
V. M. (Macaulay).

Song.

Oh Dreamer come away with me
Into the land of youth. The sea
Shall lave Thy limbs. Thy fruit shall be
Ripe luscious fruits. Oh come with me
To where the streams are crystal clear,
And myriad bird-songs thrill the air,
In quiet glades the gentle Deer
Disport themselves. Through all the year
The leaves are green. And in the spring
When meadows forth their flowers bring,
I'll make for thee a daisy-ring
And crown thee, Thou shalt be my king.
A cup of clearest Emerald,
I'll give to thee, with honey filled,
A bowl of jade inwrought with gold
Is thine and these white hands shall hold
It to Thy lips when revelry
Overtakes us. All Thy life shall be
A poem of love and minstrelsy
If Thou wilt only follow me.

P. R. (Fairfax).

Three Days.



ALTHOUGH reminiscent of Elinor Glyn, the title has no other connection, and concerns three days which come in any and every week. It refers more particularly to a Wednesday, Thursday and Friday that mark a unique experience in my memory. On the first of the three days I was present at a lantern lecture given by a well-known play-wright; the next day I saw the production of the play about which he spoke, and on the last of the three days, read that play. The well-known playwright was R. C. Sherriff, and the play "Journey's End." It is not of those three days I wish to write, but of what I saw and heard during them.

R. C. Sherriff is a young, unassuming man, who perhaps realises more than anyone else that he is like a man with only one song to sing. "Journey's End" is not his first play but it may be said to be his first serious attempt as a dramatist, and this one has been hailed as a masterpiece.

He has become the most discussed playwright of modern times. It has earned him a fortune and quick has been the transition from the insurance office to the paying of super-tax. The world has applauded, and now it is beginning to wonder if its judgment was sound, or if it had given its applause to just another one play man. The critics cannot deny the success of the play, but warily regard its author as a precocious child might be regarded by anyone but its relatives. 'Will Sherriff write another successful play?' has been on the lips of almost everyone who has seen his war play. He is to be admired. He might well have retired on the fortune he has amassed, with an unsullied reputation as an outstanding playwright, but he is willing to take the risk of losing the reputation he has gained. Whatever work he now produces will be compared with "Journey's End," and if he fails with his next play, thousands will be ready to say, 'I told you so.' Yet, where else could he get such a theme to bring out such qualities of heroism, courage and sacrifice, and where is he likely to get another? He realises this, but has declared himself willing even to lose his reputation rather than give up play-writing, which he considers the most pleasant hobby imaginable, and before much longer, the critics will have very guardedly passed their opinions on his next play, "Badger's Green"—a simple comedy of cricket and village life.

The success of "Journey's End" is all the more astonishing

because the play was constantly rejected by managers and producers who failed to see any possibilities in it.

Finally Maurice Browne accepted the play almost a year after it had been completed. Since then it has been translated into almost every European language; it has been played by nations so vastly different as the Japanese and Greeks and English companies have toured America and Canada. In New York, for example, it had a run of thirteen months, and produced receipts exceeding £160,000, and four other companies have given 647 performances with gross receipts of nearly £200,000.

To what qualities then must its phenomenal success be ascribed? Firstly, its theme, which is almost universal in its appeal, and secondly, to remarkably good characterisation and dialogue. Except for a short while in the first act, the dialogue never fails to grip, and the main characters are made to live. Stanhope, the introspective captain, who admits his courage, bears close affinity to the whisky bottle; Osborne, a school master in civilian life, is probably the outstanding character in the play—he sees good in everything and is the last word in tact and sympathy; Trotter, a happy-go-lucky bundle of geniality, who drops aspirates and final consonants more often than a careless maid does plates, but is a stout fellow all the same; Hibbert, a nerve-shattered wreck, who is bullied into submission by Stanhope, when, maddened by fear, he attempts to find safety down the line under the guise of chronic neuralgia—all these men, down to the cockney batman, Mason, are appearing to thousands of ex-soldiers as the very counterpart of So and So who was with them in France.

There are those who have said that the play presents the British Officer in an unfavourable light, and gives the impression that drunkenness was common. It must be remembered however, that if "Journey's End" contains a Stanhope, it also contains an Osborne; and he is the greater character because he understands the other man and helps, instead of condemning him. In Osborne, the stage has at last given us a schoolmaster worthy of his profession, and Sherriff is to be thanked for a character more typical than many of the spineless portrayals of the past. A third character that has contributed to the success of the play, is the demand it makes on the imagination. The action of the play takes place in a dug-out, but much of the dialogue concerns happenings outside the dug-out, that require imagination on the part of the listener or reader—more particularly in the raid during which Osborne loses his life and later where Raleigh receives a fatal wound. In this way the play holds the audience in suspense much more effectively by things imagined than things seen. From this point of view alone, it will be interesting to compare the stage production with the film, now completed, which will depict scenes outside the dug-out.

The foreign productions provide us with both interest and amusement. Lantern slides of productions in Greece and Japan, show the sets, costumes and actors to be as different almost as the two peoples themselves. Sheriff himself observed that the Continental productions attained a fine standard, but a few lacked atmosphere, particularly that of the Greeks, whilst the Japanese gave a fine portrayal in every way. The older the character, the better it was played, but difficulty was experienced in the portrayal of the youngest officer, Raleigh. In Holland, the part was performed by a lady—just the reverse of what appertained in the Elizabethan Theatre. The Germans in particular have formed some peculiar ideas of the English soldier, especially in the matter of dress, and once again the Scotsman has got away with the glory, as he is said to have done with the best positions. To the Hun—the outstanding feature in the equipment of an English ‘Tommy,’ is a kilt. One mis-guided producer has provided an admirable illustration of the old pessimist joke by putting the officers in trousers as well as kilts. The colonel was always portrayed as a man who carried a walking-stick, and smoked a pipe with an inverted bowl. The outstanding feature of a sergeant-major was an excessively luxuriant walrus mustache, so that every S.M. was a super-bearded reminiscence of “Old Bill.” Uncertainty about the requisite decorations of the same officer was responsible for one costume with stripes in every conceivable angle and position.

Will “Journey’s End” last? When the generation that fought in the war and shared its memories has passed, and those who were very young during its course have forgotten all about it, will Sheriff’s play still have its readers and players? The former in all probability, but it is difficult to be sure about the latter, because the play relies so much on a knowledge of the atmosphere and memories of the Great War. Yet there are those being gripped by it now who were too young to know much about the course of the war except by narration and books. Certainly “Journey’s End” is a true picture of the war—a realistic representation of the actions and thoughts of men in chaos of mind and body, and no mere series of incidents and metaphors concomitant with the perverted minds degraded by war, on which “All Quiet on the Western Front” relies for much of its popularity—and as such it will continue to be read. It was written for the stage, however, and no one knows “Journey’s End” who has not seen it played. I will not express an opinion on the possibility of the play lasting, but leave it for the reader to guess and Time to settle.

H. WEFF (Cavendish).

The prize of 5/- for the short story competition has been awarded to (A. B.), Macaulay, for her story “Baulked.”

EDITOR.

Baulked.



It was a small thing, but it rankled. One notices that it is usually the smallest things which provoke the greatest irritation. Mr Eaves was amazed at the rapidity with which the mole-hill offence assumed the proportions of a mountainous crime. He tried to reason the matter out in a cold, sensible manner; his calculations were frequently and rudely interrupted by spasms of extreme irritation. The thing had been going on so long that it seemed as if the end might never come. It was during one of these reflective moods that Providence, in the shape of a newspaper, intervened.

Edith, Mr. Eaves’ wife, was in every way desirable and attractive. That energy and vigour which had charmed the manly Gerald twenty years before, was still an outstanding characteristic in the matured woman. She was witty and fresh—a companion of whom any man might be proud. Edith had not even lost that vague prettiness which had been so charming in the young girl. She was an excellent wife. Edith wrote. She composed snappy articles and brilliant little sketches very popular in some of the best magazines. Gerald was proud of her ability but— This was the source of all the distress.

Edith’s literary bent had been the occasion of her acquiring a peculiar habit—too great a devotion for the weapon of her trade, the pen. Edith’s fountain pen was never lost. Gerald would gladly have replaced it periodically, but her safety place was infallible. Her pen clenched between her teeth, Edith would sit lazily dreaming, or equally, would converse and entertain happily. Alas! A conversation between Edith and Gerald now meant nothing more or less than a judicious interpretation on the part of the husband of a series of sounds issuing from behind a shiny black pen. Gerald was no novice, but even he not infrequently was guilty of impertinent misinterpretations which led to serious domestic alterations. It made him hot and cold to think of it. At the moment when a climax had been reached, Providence stepped in, and in a lucky periodical, Gerald read of the very cure. Here was Edith’s salvation. Gerald Eaves was not the man to delay. He went at once.

* * * *

Sitting on a hard-backed chair, in a small and decidedly stuffy office, Gerald Eaves, with a new light in his eyes, was impatiently reflecting. He was alternately wondering why he had never thought of this possibility before, and praying for that dividing

door, sternly lettered "PRIVATE," to open. His adorable Edith was to be wholly perfected, and, it seemed to him, to be miraculously cured of that one blemish. His greatest wish was about to materialise. He sighed with relief, and jumped up with a smile of anticipation as the door was opened, and he was ushered into the presence of the master-mind. The Psychological College enjoyed a prodigious reputation. Testimonials, unsolicited, testified to the efficacy of hundreds of cures. It acted, Gerald understood, through the mind and will. He even contemplated taking a course in concentration for himself when the business in hand was through. He was rather bashful of stating his case to the Principal of the College, who must surely be an awe-inspiring being, but he supposed he would be helped out somehow. Anyway it was worth the risk.

As he steadily approached the desk, in the centre of the room, a small, stoutly built man came forward. The usual formalities were quickly dismissed. Gerald, seated in a low basket chair, was beginning. He cast a furtive glance upwards—and stopped. The Principal, gripping a shiny pen between his teeth, was gazing intently down upon him. A vanishing Gerald was followed by the muttering sounds of astonished ejaculations whistled through the cap of a small black pen.

* * * * *

Edith is still marred—Gerald has given her up as incurable. It may be that Gerald lacks the power of concentration which is needed to carry the treatment through.

A. B. (Macaulay).

On Humour.

SCIENTIFIC analysis and disintegration of persons and beings, of things animate and inanimate, of abstracts and qualities is a marked characteristic of modern study.

The few elements exempt from such minute scrutiny, such detailed examination may be dismissed as impossibilities or worthless trivialities. An array of mechanical contrivances, complete but useless in themselves, is the result of the child's attempt to fathom the mysteries of an ordinary watch or clock. During the process of disintegration, the lively ticking machine has been reduced to a parcel of dry bones, which the child regards with perplexed dismay. Students of matters more remote and delicate are apt to experience a kindred feeling. The very act of pulling up the root, has caused sudden death to the subject, and our scholar retires a wiser, it may be, but a sadder man.

Humour is one of those abstract qualities which it is a man's pleasure most frequently to examine and to analyse. Such research has resulted in the evolution of various theories as to the whys

and whens of laughter. Human laughter being spontaneous and free, the formation of those hypotheses has only been made possible by a constant alertness on the part of the conscientious student. On the very point of laughter, the motion has been suppressed, and reflection has taken its place—reflection earnestly and seriously thought out. The unwearying scholar works to a catechism, a specimen of which is below submitted,

1. Is it some incongruity in mind or matter which has provoked my laughter? Why should such an incongruity cause me to laugh?
2. Is it some peculiar stiffness observed in persons or things which has diverted my attention? Does stiffness or unawareness in all things provoke laughter? Why should it be so?
3. Do I laugh because what I have perceived enable me to recognise some woodenness, some mental unawareness in myself?

The catechism continues in this wise at great length, and a great study of it cannot fail to disclose the innate reason for laughter. One disadvantage is attached to it. Humour is fleeting—it flashes quickly by. Unless, like the tardy Scotchman, the scholar would enjoy the joke late and long, and in unseemly places, this process of analytical reasoning must be swift. Introspection, for the novice, is a slow process, but practice facilitates speed, and to the learned it presents no difficulty.

The scholar, having ascertained the cause of laughter, turns his attention to the study of its use in the world. By means of a second catalogue, humour is classified either as a corrective power, since it helps to remedy defects before overlooked, or as a social acquisition, since friendship's base can be established on nothing firmer than mutual laughter. Another minor benefit of humour is its use as a breaker of class barriers—a social leveller. Humour which cannot be classified as doing any of these things is dismissed in disgust. Elements and beings which do not benefit the world are a drag upon it, and should be dispensed with.

"This is humour—" and the analyser proudly displays his theories and examples. Its evolution, its effects are well-known facts. How it may be felt—how experienced, is ignored by scientific scholars. To know that, they have recourse to our great humourists—Swift, Lamp, Tronin, and their fellow wits. From them may be gained that experience of humour which will bring to life the skeleton previously outlined. Sing with Gilbert and Sullivan, then,

Happy man if you can, if you can.

A. B. (Macaulay).

Good-bye to all this.



HIS scurrilous child talk, this superficial philosophy, this unnatural love of Autumn and nature, this state of lyrical loveliness and love, this cheap and continual gibing at College and these boorish references to college men, women and tutors—this must all stop.

These reflections were prompted by a remark offered by an eccentric student on the appearance of the last magazine. He thought that the articles in the mag. made the adverts. interesting reading. This criticism is certainly sweeping, but is it entirely undeserved? We don't want a highbrow magazine, but surely we don't want one which has foolishness for individuality and sloppiness as its chief characteristic.

This ought not to be. How can we overcome it? The magazine is too haphazard; we have lectures on how to run a school library, we are told how to teach composition, spelling and grammar; why aren't we taught how to run a magazine? We should be told the job of each official, the most convenient times for accepting and publishing contributions, but most of all, how and what to write. Why don't the tutors take the matter in hand? I recommend the project method to them. Let them produce a magazine which they will be proud to publish, which we will be proud to read and emulate. The idea is offered with all seriousness. We would get to know more of the private habits and haunts (if any) of the tutors, and we would get to know them, by avoiding a colloquialism, straight from the pens of the mighty. There would be no mock modesty on the one hand, or course blatancy on the other. There would be no sentimental slush or sophisticated clap-trap. The magazine would be fit for human consumption.

The tutors might object that the introduction of this new feature into the College curriculum would seriously disarrange the time-table. But what of it? We will read our old mags. long after our psychology notes have lost pace with the mental growth of children.

This is a call to arms. It is, if you like to call it so—a challenge. Will the tutors accept it? The excuse that they do sometimes sluggishly write for the magazine is too threadbare; we want a production worthy of emulation and of the exalted position which they hold.

PSAMMY.

Sayings.

THAT in India a man from one "cask" cannot marry a woman from another "cask."

That young men sow wild oats; old men grow sage.

That for Exams, a.m.....anxious moments.
p.m.....painful memories.

That a cheque is more valuable than cash, because when you put it in your pocket, you double it, and when you take it out you find it "in-creases."

That money talks, but its favourite remark is "Good-bye."

That aeroplanes resemble tramps in that they have no visible means of support.

That some are wise, but most are otherwise. (Solomon).

That a bachelor is a man who looks before he leaps and then stops still.

That Gravitation is that by which, if taken away, we should all fly away.

That the Joeandallis is a new animal lately acquired by the London Zoo, a monstrous comical creature, a two in one, which wears a bowler hat, and ejaculates "Ojomijo!" between hysterical giggles of childish joy.

The trees dream
In a languid ecstasy,
This summer heat will overpower
Both man and beast.
Those poppies burn
Upon the smooth
Long stretch of velvet green.
The blackbird calls—
A cooling note of freshness
Like the gleam
Of moon on starless nights
At last I feel
Soothed and soul serene.

J. GREEN.

This world is wonderful, I know,
As when the flaming sunsets throw
A myriad blushes to the rose
And drowsing yellow poppies glow
In fiery ecstasy.
Or when, some soft autumnal eve,
The reapers in the cornfield leave
A trace of gold-enraptured glow.
Aloft song-haunted thrushes weave
A pensive threnody.

J. GREEN.

Notices.

AT a full meeting of the old and new magazine committees, it was unanimously decided that the Old Students' Magazine Representatives shall be invited to attend future meetings. It is hoped that by this means the feeling of cordiality which exists between the two bodies will be increased.

BOUND copies of "The Owl" have been placed in the College Library. Unfortunately, the Librarian has been unable to obtain the copy for Christmas, 1909. She will be obliged if any Old Student will kindly supply her with this number.

La Coquette.

Prenez mes fleurs ma chérie
Pensez á moi,
Prenez mes fleurs ma chérie
Et dites moi,
Combien vous m'aimez,
'Un peu' a-t-elle dit.

Prenez les bijoux ma chérie
Qui sont á moi,
Prenez mes bijoux ma chérie
Et dites moi,
Combien vous m'aimez.
'Beaucoup,' a-t-elle-dit.

Prenez mon nom ma chérie,
Vous êtes á moi,
Prenez mon nom ma chérie
Et dites moi,
Combien vous m'aimez.
'Pas du tout,' a-t-elle-dit.

A. B. (Brontë).

Song at Parting.

Now comes the time for parting,
Now we go
With smiles and handshakes wishes for good luck.
And all the usual patter
But we know
Each one feels deep
In his own heart
The wish to weep.

I wish there was no parting,
No sad woe
In breaking of old ties and tearing up
Of loves familiar, that make
The soul sink low
The poor heart swoon
When friendships die
Too soon!

E. H.

Tuesday Night.

WRITE an essay on—
"Work out the following examples—
"Discuss this statement—

Which was the most urgent and which could safely be left until the next convenient P.S., was the burning question of the moment—and then the bells started.

Like Sir Rolph the Rover, I "tore my hair, and cursed myself in my despair, and cursed the bell on the Inchcape Rock."

I began to have a fellow-feeling for Edgar Allan Poe. He certainly must have lived on Churchwood Avenue. Having thus suffered, I venture to state it would not be a difficult task to write "The Bells." Certain tutors have been heard to state that we write not because we have to say something, but because we have something to say—thus E. A. Poe, writing under the stress of feeling, would find inspiration by no means lacking.

Certainly the particular variety of bells from which we suffer are well capable of obtruding themselves upon our notice, at the cost of every other thought.

*"By the twanging
And the clanging
And the jangling
And the wrangling."*

the brain is gradually overpowered and we write into an oblivion which is a nightmare of hard, brazen sound.

Stevenson says that all noises are beautiful at a sufficient distance; but he never heard bells, or he would have changed his opinion.

On Tuesday nights it is difficult to agree with E. A. Poe's other conceptions of bells—the melody of the sledge bells, the mellow wedding bells

*"How they ring out their delight
From the molten golden notes
And all in tune
What a liquid ditty floats
What a gush of euphony voluminously swells."*

for the iron has entered deeply into the soul of every student of C.L.T.C. Evermore the sound of bells will recall Tuesday night.

And there is the gong and we have done nothing.

*"How they clang, and crash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!"*

A PRIESTLEY SUFFERER.

Sports News.

General Sports Notes.

NOTE.—We regret that owing to a misunderstanding, no Women's Sports Notes were printed in the Spring issue of "The Owl."

Secretary, Women's Sports Club.

Men.

The interest in the Summer Sports has been as great as ever. Thanks to the favourable weather almost all fixtures have been fulfilled.

The weather was also favourable on Sports Day, May 14th, when an exceptionally keen fight for the Shield was witnessed. Its resting place was in doubt almost to the last event. Grange eventually proved winners of a very keen and sporting contest. The race for first place between Grange and Fairfax was particularly close.

The results were as follows:

100 yds.	1. Morell (C)	2. Pitt (G)	3. Charlton (G).
220 "	1. Morell (C)	2. Smelt (G)	3. Stuchbery (C).
440 "	1. Winskill (F)	2. Heeley (G)	3. Johnson (G).
880 "	1. Scott (C)	2. Capes (G)	3. Ash (F).
1 mile	1. Gardiner (G)	2. Schofield (G)	3. Cross (F).
Hurdles	1. Hardy (F)	2. Woodcock (F)	3. Greathead (C).
Cricket Ball	1. Hudson (C)	2. Anderson (F).	
Putting the Shot	1. Heaton (G)	2. Todd (G).	
Discus	1. Hewitson (F)	2. Aram (C).	
High Jump	1. Woodcock (F)	2. Dean (G)	3. Amos (F).
Long Jump	1. Bancroft (G)	2. Hall (G)	3. Dean (G).
Tug-of-War.	Fairfax 6 pts.	Grange 3 pts.	Cavendish 0 pts.
Relay	1. Fairfax	2. Cavendish	3. Grange.

Summary of Points:

Grange 31 pts. Fairfax 29 pts. Cavendish 10

We should like to offer our heartiest thanks to Mr. Smith for the untiring help he has given to all sports during the year and particularly for his efforts which helped to make Sports Day such a great success.

As secretary, I should also like to thank the other members of the Staff and the General Sports Committee who so willingly and ably acted as Officials on Sports Day.

The Summer Sports Colours have been awarded as follows:

Tennis: *Full*—Mr. Hilton, Mr. Goodison.
Half—Mr. Winskill.

Cricket: *Full*—Mr. Renshaw, Mr. Rhoadhouse, Mr. E. Levinstein, Mr. Holland.

Swimming: *Full*—Mr. Winskill.
Half—Mr. Smith, Mr. Heeley, Mr. Holland, Mr. Heaton.

A Special Colour was awarded to Mr. Woodcock for services rendered as General Sports Secretary.

F. WOODCOCK, *Hon. Sec.*

Women.

The standard of ability in this branch of College life is undoubtedly rising as anyone with 'colour'-ful ambitions realises. This has been a most successful year for play, results and enthusiasm both in College and hostel matches.

Sports Day was enjoyed by both spectators and competitors, who owe a great deal to the weather. Finals only were taken, the results being good enough to show that athletics for women are outgrowing their infancy.

Summary of results:

100 yds.	1. D. Booth	2. D. Walton.	3. N. Lord.
	New record: 11 4/5 secs.		
220 "	1. D. Booth	2. D. Walton	3. A. Myers.
440 "	1. A. Myers	2. M. Hudson	3. M. Sandland.
Cricket Ball	1. D. Anson	2. D. Watson	3. I. Hemmiter.
High Jump	1 and 2. M. Rae and K. Robinson	3. C. Graham.	
Long Jump	1. D. Booth	2. H. Haddock	3. N. Mackrill.
Slow Cycle	1. L. Tubb	2. M. Richardson	3. N. Lord.

General Activity:

1. Macaulay 2. Cædmon 3. Brontë 4. Priestley
Leighton—disqualified.

Relay. 1. Cædmon 2. Brontë 3. Leighton 4. Macaulay.
5. Priestley.

Final Result:

1. Cædmon 23 pts. 2. Macaulay 17 pts. 3 and 4. Leighton and Priestley 16 pts. 5. Brontë 10 pts

Thoughts are now turning to the General Sports Shield. Can Macaulay keep it? D. BOOTH, *Hon. Sec.*

Cricket, 1930.

The College Cricket season is necessarily a short one extending only through eight weeks. This, coupled with the fact that early in May the weather always has potentialities of spoilation, detracts somewhat from the interest of the Summer game.

Five members of last year's first eleven have again been available and it has been found possible to include two Seniors who rendered good service in last year's second eleven. Thus, the remaining four places have been filled by Juniors, who, though not having exceptionally good home wickets on which to perform, have proved their usefulness in all departments.

As to the matches played, the first eleven has had to bow the knee on two occasions, Sheffield Varsity having beaten us on our own ground, and York Training College on theirs. In the return match at Sheffield, we secured ample revenge and won by seven wickets. The match was a personal triumph for Mr. Holland, who in bowling seven overs, took the whole ten wickets for eleven runs, which included two hat-tricks and two other wickets with successive balls. He clean bowled eight of the batsmen. The ball used during the match is to be suitably inscribed and presented to the bowler. Mr. Holland is deserving of all the congratulations he received. The performance must rank as a record in College cricket.

The second eleven has met with one defeat and one match was left drawn with victory in sight. In the hostel matches, two of which have been decided so far, Grange and Fairfax tied after an exciting duel, while the Cavvy-Grange match was stopped by rain when Grange had lost six wickets in scoring fifty-one.

The captaincy of the first eleven is in the hands of that popular "Ossetite," Mr. Renshaw, and his work all round has been splendid. Mr. Dennis, as captain of the second eleven, is to be congratulated on the interest and enthusiasm he has shown. Mention and thanks must be given to Mr. Smith for the interest and attention given every week, to the matrons who have spared no trouble in the preparation of teas, to those who have shared in the none-too-enjoyable duty of preparing the wickets for home matches and to those who have kindly carried out the tasks of umpiring and scoring.

College cricket is not on the down grade though, there is no doubt that, were it possible to give more time to net and fielding practices, a better standard still would be attained.

The following colours have been awarded: Full: to Messrs. Renshaw, Rhoadhouse, Holland, Levinstein.

H. H. BELL, *Secretary*.

Cricket, 1930.

Women.

Capt.: Miss MYERS.

Vice-Capt.: Miss MORGAN.

We were very sorry to have to cut down the number of matches owing to the shortness of the Summer term, but nevertheless we are looking forward to a very enjoyable season. So far, both teams have been successful in their matches, the 1st against West Leeds (2), and the 2nd against Burton's (2), and we hope that this success will continue throughout the term.

Great disappointment was felt when the first hostel matches had to be cancelled because of the rain, but we have every hope of some good matches in the future.

We wish to thank Miss Dunstan and Mr. Whitham for the help they have given us.

Colours have been awarded to—Misses Myers, Walton, Rae, Lewis, Tubb, Booth, Hemmiter.

E. LEWIS, *Hon. Sec.*

Netball.

Capt.: Miss SCOTT.

Vice-Capt.: Miss BLAND.

This Season has been a particularly successful one for netball. All round enthusiasm has been shown, and the three teams have all good records. The 1st team have played 12 matches and have been victorious in 9; the 2nd team have also played 12 matches, winning 9 of them and drawing 1; the 3rd team have been successful in all their matches, although they have only played 6.

The activities of all three teams have been somewhat curtailed by the number of matches that have had to be cancelled, owing to various unfortunate reasons, and also the loss of our freedom on Wednesday afternoons. A marked feature has been the keenness shown by the Juniors, of whom the second team is entirely composed; this should be a good omen for next season.

Hostel matches have been keenly contested; so even has the play proved that three hostels have tied for first place, Brontë, Leighton and Macaulay, all gaining equal points.

We wish to offer our heartiest thanks to Miss Dunstan for the ready way she has coached us and given advice on all matters relating to the organisation of the matches.

May the coming season prove even more successful, and may the players make the utmost use of the new pitches which have been anticipated for so long and have at last materialized!

Colours have been awarded to—Misses Sandland, Burden, Hardaker, Anson, Haddock.

B. LEVIEN, *Secretary*.

Tennis.

Men.

This season we have tried the experiment of running two College teams. In previous years, the College 1st team has been unable to call upon reserve players of match-play experience. This season's innovation, it is hoped, will rectify this. New fixtures have been secured with Manchester Tech. College and Yeadon. The first team has more than held its own with all opponents to date, only Yeadon on their own ground, have been able to claim any advantage, and rain put a stop to the match when there was a distinct possibility of a close result. The team secured one notably fine win over Leeds University by 5 rubbers to 3. York, too were soundly beaten on their own courts by 9 rubbers to nil.

Mr. Hilton, as captain, has shown consistent form throughout his two years' association with the team.

There is evidence of a big improvement in the standard of the men's tennis, not only in the teams, but among non-team players, and with increased facilities next year, there should be no difficulty in maintaining and even raising the standard of College tennis. Colours have been awarded: Full to Messrs. Hilton and Goodison; Half to Mr. Winskill.

E. LEVINSTEIN, *Hon. Sec.*

Women.

Capt.: Miss POPE.

Vice-Capt.: Miss COWBURN.

The season opened well for us by an exciting game against Sheffield Training College which we won by 5 matches to 4.

We regret that owing to the short Summer term, we have had to cut down some of the Saturday fixtures. Organised games on Wednesday afternoons have interfered with the arrangement of inter College matches.

Miss Pope, our captain has devoted much time to practices, whilst Miss Cowburn, our vice-captain, has spared no effort in valuable backing up, which goes so far towards success.

We wish to thank Miss Dunstan and Miss Barrett for the keen interest and valuable help they have given us on all occasions.

D. M. SANDLAND, *Hon. Sec.*

Hockey.

Women.

Capt.: E. WILLIAMSON.

Vice-Capt.: D. BOOTH.

The season 1929-30 has been an extremely successful and enjoyable one, in spite of many cancellations of fixtures owing to bad weather. The 1st XI had the excellent record of not a single match lost, and the 2nd XI also has had many successes.

The results were:—

1st XI	Played 10	Won 8	Lost 0	Drawn 2.
2nd XI	" 9	" 5	" 2	" 2.
3rd XI	" 7	" 2	" 3	" 2.

Colours have been awarded to Misses A. Myers, Clough, Walton, Rae and Sadler.

Throughout the season all the players showed keen enthusiasm, and hostel matches were played with great zest. The points awarded were: Brontë 50, Cædmon 50, Macaulay 50, Leighton 100, Priestley 0.

We wish to thank Miss Dunstan for her interest in the play, and to Miss Firth for her services as referee.

B. CLOUGH, *Hon. Sec.*

Swimming, 1930.—Men.

Swimming this year has reached a high standard, and the polo team has met with comparative success. Since Easter, three outside matches have been played, of which the College have won one and drawn two. The return match with the Varsity gave the expected ding-dong struggle. Neither teams managed to conquer—a veritable impetus to the meeting next year.

Another match was added to the programme when we obtained a fixture with York Training College, acknowledged blood rivals in all men's sports. Leeds proved easy winners in both the squadron race and the polo, the score in the latter standing at 6—2.

To crown all, the long spell of College defeats at Wakefield has been broken. This proved to be the best game of the season. College gained the lead through Winskill early in the first half, and held on until near the end of the game, when a brilliant goal helped Wakefield to force a draw.

The scorers this season have been Heaton 6, Winskill 3, Heeley 2, Smith (H) 1.

We extend our sincerest wishes to next year's team, which judging by the play of Juniors in the hostel matches, should do well. The polo team also wish to extend their gratitude to Mr. Boyd for the keen interest he has shown in coaching.

E. HEELEY, *Hon. Sec.*

Women.

Capt.: A. GREY.

Vice-Capt.: E. OLDFIELD.

The keen enthusiasm which marked the opening of the swimming season has prevailed during the ensuing two terms, making this an enjoyable, and consequently successful year.

As in former years, many R.L.S.S. awards have been gained by both Seniors and Juniors, and, in addition, we are hoping to gain a number of A.S.A. Certificates. We are pleased to announce that we have been successful in winning the new trophy offered by the Royal Life Saving Society, the Mrs. Henry Cup.

The College Polo team has played two matches with the Leeds University Ladies' team, in the first of which the visitors won the squadron race, and we won the polo match; while in the second, our visitors met with twofold success. Both matches were enjoyed equally by players and spectators. Hostel polo matches have been played in conjunction with the squadron races, and points have been given for both, five points being awarded to the winning team in each case. The points gained are:—

Cædmon	40	Priestley	30	Macaulay	20
Leighton	7½	Brontë	2½		

On behalf of the committee, I wish to extend our heartiest thanks to Dr. Airey, Miss Paine, Miss Hartley, Miss Dunstan and Mr. Boyd, for their untiring efforts and strong support during this year, and to wish the Juniors every success in the coming year. May the best of luck be theirs.

A. BUTTERFIELD, *Hon. Sec.*

In the Library.

In at the window looks the sun
Fifty souls bask in its warmth like fifty green lizards
In mind's eye
They see;
Pale bluebells
Wet, green fields
Buds
And white foam hawthorn
And they hear
 The Cuckoo's
 First
 Faint
 Cry.

'Ear, 'ear!

T'other day in College here
Percy had a bright idea,
On the group he'd twice appear
And play the role of pioneer.
Of course, to us it's all too clear
In this there's nothing very queer
For something happens every year
To brighten up a man's career.
Now we would warn this student dear
With photos not to interfere,
But in a more appropriate sphere
To carry on and persevere.
(Compeer).

The Student Christian Movement.

THE Student Christian Movement has during the past year met with singular success. The Women Students have taken up the Movement with whole-hearted interest, but unfortunately I cannot say the same for the men. I hope that next year the Officials will receive a little more support from this quarter.

As a result of the S.C.M. Week, last term, it has been possible to send a contribution of £9 to headquarters.

The delegates elected to represent the College at the Annual Conference of the Student Christian Movement, to be held at Swanwick, in July next, are:—

Miss B. Rhodes (Priestley) Mr. H. W. Fearnough (Cavendish),
Miss J. Saunders (Leighton) Mr. E. T. Smith (Grange).

The Committee for next year has been elected, and comprises—

President : Miss I. Edmonds (Brontë).
Vice-President : Mr. J. T. Cummings (Cavendish).
Secretaries : { Miss B. Rhodes (Priestley).
 { Mr. S. Helliwell (Fairfax).
Treasurers : { Miss J. Saunders (Leighton).
 { Mr. B. J. Spink (Grange).
Librarian : Miss E. Parry (Cædmon).

Entertainments' Rep. : Miss L. Man (Macaulay).

Old Students' Rep. : Miss A. Boardman (Leighton).

The members of the retiring Senior Committee wish their successors a happy year, and hope that the Student Christian Movement will prosper under their direction.

S. THORPE (*Secretary*).

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