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THE Rectorial Elections which took place on Saturday present some features of quite unusual interest. The return of two Unionist Rectors is not one of these. It may have been unexpected in Edinburgh, for Mr Wyndham is not so commanding or magnetic a personality as many Lord Rec-

tors whom he has succeeded. No doubt the result of the two polls is satisfactory, in so far as a Rectorial contest can be held to distil any political significance. But the Universities are inherently Conservative. That is one reason for the contempt in which they are held by many Socialist orators; and one can hardly be surprised if Mr Keir Hardie's opinion of the academic intelligence now stands lower than ever. Our chief seats of learning have merely followed precedent in preferring Lord Curzon to Mr Lloyd George and Mr Wyndham to Mr Churchill, and both of the latter to an Independent academic candidate. But aspects of peculiar interests in these contests are the extreme narrowness of Lord Curzon's majority, the existence of a triangular contest in both Universities at the same term, and the fact that a purely academic candidate should at last have challenged two politicians so stoutly as Professor Osler did in Edinburgh. Twenty years ago the supporters of so distinguished a savant as the late Max Muller, after entering him for the Rectorial Stakes, and publishing a good deal of "literature" much too deep for the ordinary undergraduate, prudently withdrew him from an unequal contest with Lord Rosebery and Lord Lytton. Professor Osler has achieved a measure of success never approached by any non-political candidate. It would be rash to draw the deduction that we are entering upon an era of non-political contests for the Rectorships; the manufacturers of pease-meal need have no serious anxiety on that score. Probably the candidature of Professor Osler did not decide the issue in Edinburgh. The votes for an independent candidate are usually drawn evenly enough from both parties; and one would have to split them unequally to put Mr Churchill at the top of a hypothetical poll. In Glasgow, of course, Mr Keir Hardie can claim no small part of the credit for the election of Lord Curzon. It is said that by a really delightful irony a body of 17 Liberal students from India went solid for Mr Hardie because they admired the tone of his oratory during his recent tour in India, and mistrusted Lord Curzon as an administrator—whose election they secured. Looking at the details of the voting it is a curious fact that Mr Lloyd George captured the two nations usually regarded as Conservative, while his opponent was returned by the North, commonly Liberal, and by Loudoniana, which includes all the Welshmen, a fairly numerous body in our University. The eleventh hour appeal of the

servative, while his opponent was returned by the North, commonly Liberal, and by Loudoniana, which includes all the Welshmen, a fairly numerous body in our University. The eleventh hour appeal of the Liberal leaders to Glottiana was for a Free Trade verdict for Mr Lloyd George. It was given. Transforthana was asked, in the same document, to approve the Government's land policy, and it responded by returning Lord Curzon.

As we have already indicated, the political significance of "Rectorials" can very easily be exaggerated. But just as the return of two Liberal Rectors three years ago presaged the landslide of 1906, these results of Saturday may be docketed among political portents. Yet the true quintessence of the "Rectorial" from the student's point of view—and also from that of cabdrivers and "frontagers" within the fire zone—is its peasemeal aspect. Nobody who was about the streets of Glasgow on Saturday can have any doubt on that score. We live in an age of progress, in this as in other more important matters. Rectorial contests have been made much more interesting and picturesque by the addition of red and blue paint to the ammunition chests. These pigments have a permanence which was lacking to the colour scheme of the older times, although meal or flour, when rubbed well into the roots of the hair, is not readily dislodged. This addition to the weapons of warfare makes it necessary, or at least advisable, for students to contract with old clothes dealers for Rectorial costumes which secure the effect of unqualified scallywaggery; so that any student passing immediately from the torchlight procession to interview a magistrate on Monday morning—as none did on this occasion—would present a strong *ex facie* case for 14 days and an immediate remit to the Cleansing Department. Another sign of academic progress may be noted in an increased expenditure on posters and "literature." A prophecy of triumph and a jibe at the proleptically defeated candidates must now be printed large enough to paper the gable-end of a tenement. The telegraphic tricking of Cabinet Ministers into giving a testimonial to a political opponent is another sign of increased academic ingenuity. But the old, well-tried arguments are not rejected. It is clear that many votes are still secured by the published allegation that political leaders (within Gilmorehill of course) have bought no soap since the Rectorial of 1905, though they may have had their hair cut more recently at the public expense. Apparently no new methods of making a noise have been invented. The old ways are still sufficient. But we have said enough to show that the Rectorial spirit is far from being decadent. *O- quid-est-esse-juvenum!* as a student once declaimed in the Latin Prose section of the class of Junior Humanity, to the agony of the Professor. It is a good thing to be young—even to be very young—once at least in a collegiate lifetime.