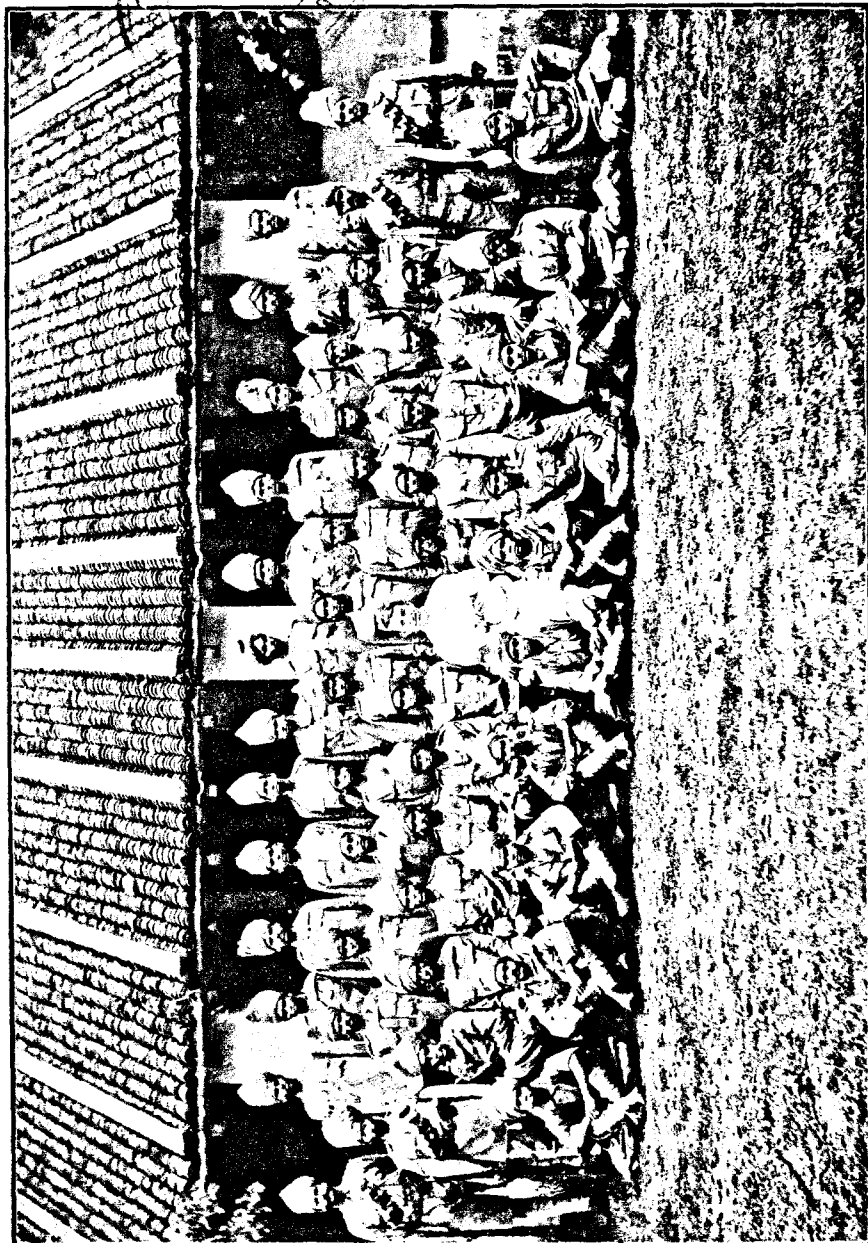


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**Students of St. Joseph's College, Past and Present, in the Indian Defence Force.
1st Madras Infantry, Trichinopoly, 1917.**



A. Sabbaswami, A. Arayaswami, O. I. Shauri, M. Miesler, K. Saundararajan, K. Sivasubrahmanyan, T. M. Gangadharan, T. M. Balakrishnan, T. Duraiswami, A. Susinathan, E. Virabhadran, M. Balasubrahmanyan, *(Hard Hat)* K. A. Warappan, N. Vembu, P. Diarmachalan, R. Rajagopalai u.a., P. E. Jembo, J. M. Somasankaran, V. Ratnam, P. E. Krishnaswami, A. V. Narayanaswami, Duraitan, N. Vengataram Rao, P. Amirthalingam, *(Lee, Natick)* N. Nagaswami, M. Krishnaswami, L. C. Ganapati, P. S. Manikkam, P. Pattabhiram, *(C. Natick)* P. S. Sundaram u.a., J. Mavliades, N. Nagasundaram, Antoniswami, REV. F. BERTRAM s.j., M. Rama Agar, Sushanthan, P. K. Ramakrishnan, P. C. David, Srinivasanmurli, R. Tiruvanantham, M. Rattachandani, R. Balasubrahmanyan, Seturaman, S. Ramachandran, V. Sivasubrahmanyan, P. G. Singaravelu, *(Mooresville)* Rao, A. K. Sandanaswami, N. Srinivasanmurli, R. Tiruvanantham, M. Rattachandani, R. Balasubrahmanyan, Seturaman, S. Ramachandran

The Magazine
St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

Vol. 7, No. 1.]

[March 1918.

*The A. Company,
1st Madras Infantry, Indian Defence Force.*

A visitor to a college in South India, on seeing the easy-going, sometimes flabby-looking, students moving through its halls, with their clothes flying about them, might be tempted to say: That is not the stuff soldiers are made of.

Well, it is no longer safe to make such a statement, for, however true it may have appeared, or been held to be in the past, it is in course of being disproved; and the one who would make it now would run the risk of making a rash judgment—and, maybe, a dangerous statement too; for I can just think of certain young men, formerly mild and peaceful-looking students, who would, on hearing it, stiffen up in right military style and... threaten to shoot the man who made it.

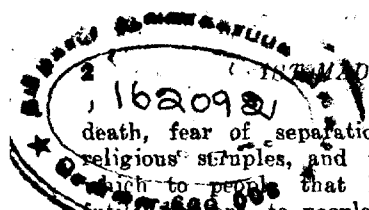
Indian students, including Brahmins, can make good soldiers, so far at least that they are wonderfully susceptible of military training,—such is the conclusion that must be drawn from the performance of the boys of the A. Company, 1st Madras Infantry, Indian Defence Force, during their three short months which they spent in the North Lines, Trichinopoly.

Whether or not they would stand the ordeal of actual battle, especially of a battle of the Ypres or Verdun

type, is another question—some of them feel confident enough to assert they would, if permitted to join the regular army.

However that may be, it was not the object for which they enlisted; nor was the training given them directed to that end—they seem quite competent to fulfil the purposes of a territorial force, which is the sole object of the I.D.F.

I wonder what the feelings of a member of the A. Company, 1st M.I., are at present, when he reviews the various experiences he has gone through the various impressions he has experienced ever since the day he made up his mind to enlist : first the allurements, the enchantment of novelty : to be a soldier !—who would have believed such a thing appealed to an Indian student ? Then the connection between military duty and patriotism. But then the clouds of doubts and misgivings raised in a student's mind : studies, examinations, consent of parents ; fear of the unknown, fear of hardships, fear of ill-treatment, etc., and the hosts of objections raised by parents based on the above doubts, and many other apprehensions, such as danger (in their opinion) of their sons being sent to the front, of



death, fear of separation, caste and religious scruples, and many others, which to people that know appear futile, are to people that do not know, obstacles as huge as mountains. Many boys then suffered painful and anxious suspense, realising, on the one hand, the greatness and the nobleness of the duty to which they were called, and on the other the futility of the objections raised against it, especially by ignorant or prejudiced parents or friends; eager to answer the call, yet unwilling to disobey or aggrieve parents or family. Each one somehow solved the difficulty for himself, and such as obeyed the call of duty may now derive comfort from the fact that experience has shown they were right and the objections vain.

For all that, I fancy the boys must have found the surroundings strange, when they reported themselves at the North Lines on 1st October 1917. What a change from the family or the class room to the barracks! But they took to it bravely, and the civilian who visited them at the beginning of October did not perceive much evidence of their not feeling at home in the barracks. I would not say they felt exactly comfortable; did they go to the barracks for comforts? Theirs too is the motto: *A la guerre comme à la guerre*. They soon exhibited the characteristic traits common to soldiers all over the world: joviality, love of fun under any circumstances, pride at making a good show, obedience to military duty, readiness for work, and also—why not say it?—a disposition to grumble.

Still, public curiosity was wondering what these new-fangled soldiers would look like, how they would stand the drill, how they would get on with their European officers, how they would handle their rifles: would they not run away at the first shot they fired? Our young soldiers knew that all eyes were fixed on them, that they were the first subjects for a new experiment; they determined they would make the experiment a success. As days went on,

they showed progress and it soon became evident that the rate of that progress was a positive and ever increasing factor. The time came for musketry drill. Our young soldiers, true to their student instincts, read up their musketry texts—I mean manuals,—thus sparing work to their instructors and saving time. And so it was that the A. Company was able, after firing not more than 20 rounds (much too small a number in their opinion) to show the creditable record of 64 p.c.

It was a great pity last 29th December was not a term day. Had it been so, the whole College would have enjoyed a sight which it was the privilege of only a few to feast their eyes on. That day the whole A. Company, 1st M.I., I.D.F., route-marched through the town, in full military style, headed by the band of the 73rd Carnatic and the officers on horseback, the boys equipped with rifle, bayonet, etc. It was a sensation for the inmates of St. Joseph's College when they saw the boys turning down into the grounds. They marched in and lined up in the open ground in front of the school building. After a few minutes' rest, they marched out again and went round by Andar Street back to the barracks. How proud they looked that day! They seemed to look down upon us, poor civilians, as from the top of the Himalayas. Truly, I.D.F. boys, you made a good show that day. Were I in your place, I would never lower myself to the extent of appearing on the College premises in civilian dress again!

The next day was to witness the last parade, got up for the purpose of giving away the musketry prizes, which was done by Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar. The boys were at their best again. They got compliments from their commanding officer, and from Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar on their fine performance; all of these congratulations were spoken aloud. But there were many more expressed in conversations among the distinguished visitors present, many of whom were officers. But compliments are a heady beverage which must be

dosed for young men, lest they should get tipsy; so I will not repeat them here.

Thus the short three months of military training came to an end. The budding soldiers fell back into civilian life. O what a fall was there.....!

And now the unexpected has been accomplished. To whom does the credit for the success go? To the boys themselves, no doubt first, but also, and in very large measure, to the very kind and sympathetic officers to whom their training was entrusted. The boys do not conceal their esteem and appreciation for Lieut. Col. G. C. Burn, and for Captain E. Grose. The latter, particularly, being in direct charge of the company, and in constant contact with the boys, can well claim the lion's share in their gratitude. I mentioned above among the misgivings or the objections which caused the boys to hesitate before enlisting, I mentioned treatment. With many the question meant: how shall we get on with the European officers? Such as had any misgivings on that score were agreeably surprised when they found in Captain Grose the very opposite of the type of the British officer such as many Indians picture him to themselves. No wonder, after that, Captain and men got on together

so well. The men may well be proud of their Captain, and the Captain proud of his men. Another officer who deserves credit for his services to the I.D.F. is Major S. A. Ruzzak, I. M. S., to whom the boys make most flattering references. It was no fault of his, no lack of "out of bounds" orders if there were a few cases of infectious diseases, one of which unfortunately terminated fatally: I refer to S. Adaikalaswami, of whom mention is made in the December issue of the Magazine. It may, however, be truly said that the health of the company compared favourably with that of the rest of the town or of the Military station.

We had once entertained hopes of having a whole company of St. Joseph's boys. As it was, we hardly had a platoon, some 55, of whom a dozen or so were "old boys." The accompanying photo shows nearly 50 of them. We are also able, through the kindness of Captain Grose, to publish the musketry scores of our boys.

Would this article were the beginning of a long record of the same kind!

In the meanwhile, let me say: Well done, I.D.F. boys!

PHILOSTRATOS.

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Musketry Scores

obtained by the following students of St. Joseph's College
in the A. Company, 1st. Madras Infantry,

INDIAN DEFENCE FORCE.

[Maximum 85.]

Yegnaraman, N., B.A., I.T. Class	59	Sivasambandam, R., I U. C.	36
Subbaiya, A., V Honours	64	Nagaswami, N., "	57
Dharmarajan, P., "	58	Duraiswami, T., "	59
Vembu, N., "	67	Gangadar, T. M., "	42
Pattabhiramaiya, P., ² B.A., "	57	Ganapati, L. C., "	51
Mrutyanjaya Rau, P., B.A., "	59	Saundararajan, K., "	72
Sundaram, P. S., B.A., "	51	Sivasubrahmanyam, K., "	40
Shouri Reddi, O. L., IV Honours	64	Mariasusai, A., VI Form	58
Nagasundaram, N., IV U. C.	63	Mariadoss, J., "	48
Singaravelu, T. G., "	53	Subba Rau, K., "	49
Srinivasamurti, N., "	40	Subba Rau, T., "	38
Mariadoss Missier, III U. C.	65	Ramachandran, M., "	58
Gopalan, C. V., "	62	Gnanamanikkam, D., "	52
Somasundaram, J. M., "	60	Narasimhan, S., "	44
Susaimarian, R., "	55	Antoniswami, A., V Form	43
Balakrishnan, M. R., "	66	Krishnaswami, M., B.A., old student	65
Rama Aiyar, P. V., II U. C.	59	Narayanaswami, A. V., B.A., "	57
Manikkam, P. S., "	54	Rajagopalan, R., B.A., "	59
David Rajaratnam, C., "	66	Warappan, K. A., B.A., "	59
Sandanaswami, K., "	46	Amirthalingam, ³ "	45
Govindarajan, P. N., "	53	Balasubrahmanyam, M., ¹ "	54
Krishnaswami, P. E., "	54	Sivasubrahmanyam, M., "	62
Jambunathan, P. E., "	60	Virabhadran, E., "	70
Raghavan, P. S. S., ³ "	57		

¹ Havildar. ² Naik. ³ Lance Naik.

Letter from Father L. Vion.

17th October 1917.

"Here are a few jottings that will help you to construct the story of my life for the 4 months June to October.

I left Paris, in June, after a week's leave, and travelled by special train, reserved for soldiers on leave. We went north as far as Crépy-en-Valois, the regulating station for the region. Here we got down; each man got his papers checked, and was directed to the special place allotted to the unit to which he belonged. Another special train took us to a little village 15 kilometres east of Soissons, and 12 from the firing line. No shells that way, but whenever there was moonlight at night, German aeroplanes "kept their moonlight revelry" overhead, to which our "archies" or anti-air-craft guns contributed their share of music. The concert gave the civilians the funk, but seldom disturbed our slumber. Besides, our hamlet seemed immune; shells rained all round, but none fell here. It was what we call a quiet place. We were put up in a small dilapidated hovel, the space allotted to each man being little more than that occupied by his bed. Bed is a courtesy title. Imagine something like a rattan bed, the frame made of odd planks picked up here and there, and with wire or grating instead of rattan; spread over the wire a straw mattress—a piece of canvas done up as a sleeping bag (*sac de couchage*) and blankets. Strictly speaking we have a right to only half a blanket, but we had at least one and two-thirds. Such is the sort of bed we meet fairly commonly over here. The infantry man gets only a piece of canvas and blanket.

Our fare was that of the company—not dainty—; it could hardly be that, considering that one kitchen cooks for about 150 men. We discovered a table in a private house, and the landlady very

kindly treated us to salad at every meal, for two pence a day.

As regards work, I had to be on duty 5 hours a day; but they gave me a big English book to translate into French for the benefit of the general staff.

We enjoyed this place for about a fortnight when there came a sudden change. "To-morrow you go and take charge of an observation post". I bundled up, took my wireless apparatus, and off we were in a motor lorry for our new post. 300 ft. below our feet, the Aisne canal. Beyond it the ground rises in a gentle slope, and at the top of the ridge, 4 or 5 kilometres in front of us, the "Chemin des Dames." We were well within shell range, but luckily for us, our batteries were not there; they were on the slope north of the canal, well concealed from the enemy. Moreover, we found ample and excellent shelter in the quarries so numerous in that region. On 16th April, when the Boches were below us on the banks of the canal, we had concealed our 75's in these quarries. The Boches tried their best to demolish caverns and guns with their 310's and their 380's. Result: the big shell would make a hole 10 ft. deep and do no further harm.

For the time being, the shells left us unmolested, but flew whizzing over our heads towards the billets in the rear or the roads frequented by convoys, at the hours when supplies were sent up to the trenches. Only one stray shell fell in our neighbourhood.

The first night, we slept on the ground. It was so damp that, when we got up, we squeezed the water out of our blankets. Everything we left in the grotto got mouldy. The work was maddening. From 5 A.M. to 9 P.M. the din in our receivers was

deafening: 8 aeroplanes spread over 4 kilometres all signalling at the same time. And when the French machines were silent, we had to listen to the German machines. At times, we struck work from sheer exhaustion but our amplifier was so powerful that we could hear without receiver. The work was so hard that we had to relieve one another every $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and we were only two operators. You can fancy how welcome night was to us. At night we went out for a gasp of fresh air and to enjoy the sight presented by the front. We had before us a large extent of front, from Laffaux to Rheims. Rockets flared up all along, white ones for lighting, then red ones, green ones, white ones with multiple stars, for various signals. Not a night passed without an alert somewhere; the alert brought on barrage/fire; the alert spread and the fire too; the signallers had to jump to their "phones" and flash away to keep the rear informed of the happenings. The sight we witnessed any night beat the illumination of the Trichy Rock. That is about the only relaxation we enjoyed in our work.

After about 3 weeks, our army corps was relieved, and we went back to our former billet, where we stayed a few days, our troops making a local attack during that time. The beginning of August again found us on the move. First 30 kilom. in motor car towards Villers Cotterets. We halted in a village for a few days; no beds; we had to sleep on the ground without straw. I spent those days touring round the country, which is beautiful, especially the forest. About the 7th or 8th August, we started again, by rail, but in cattle trucks. After 20 and odd hours we were 15 kilom. from Paris, but there we were shunted off to the east, to Vesoul. The journey was long and uninteresting; we halted twice on the way for meals.

At Vesoul, we were quartered in an immense hall, the storage room of the Govt. Tobacco Factory. (Tobacco is a state monopoly in France.) No furniture of any kind; no straw; nothing but the bare floor, with a reek of tobacco sickening even to a hardened soldier. But we

had no time for consideration. We had to sleep. I found a small cottage with two rooms; I engaged it for 8 pence a day. We were in luck for food too: a good old lady undertook to feed the 10 of us (wireless men) for 4 pence per head per day. We sat at a table: we ate off plates: we slept in beds: we were once more civilized beings for the first time since the beginning of the war. We enjoyed this *Capna* for 3 weeks, the only sensational events in that period being my promotion to be a corporal and a touch of bronchitis. I might have got myself invalided to the rear, but I preferred to stay and get what treatment I could on the spot.

Then we were ordered off to Belfort. We got on motor lorries and left at 4-30 A.M. We got entangled in the army corps artillery, a convoy 10 kilometres long. Being unable to get abreast or ahead of it, we had to follow at a low pace, and arrived at Belfort only at about noon.

Belfort is a second edition of Vesoul with regard to accommodation and commissariat. But here again, I was lucky enough to find palatial apartments and a gem of a landlady, a good old Alsatian woman from Mulhouse. She was kindness personified; she really pampered me. Hurrah for Alsace! After 10 days' rest, we went to the front; we were going to be quartered in Boche land. In my capacity of corporal, I went up one day ahead, to get everything ready—quarters, installation, material, etc.—and to take orders. We were a dozen kilometres from the firing line, and we were put up in the old premises of the German Railway men; very spacious; good rooms, table, camp cots, etc. I might have got a room in town, but we were at the front; goodbye to comfort and leisure. I was responsible for the station. I had to superintend the work, report to the military authorities, start new stations, instruct new hands: no sinecure, as you see. The first new station I set up was on the last summits of the Vosges, at 800 metres altitude and within 5 kilometres of the German lines. We

could see the "Germs" distinctly. Mulhouse was at our feet; further on, the Rhine; to the east, as a mighty barrier, the Black Forest; to the south, Switzerland, the Alps; Mont Blanc could be seen, they say, in fine weather; I humbly confess I did not see it, clear weather not being the order of the day on that side.

When I got there, I found myself in the midst of a wood. "No room here for you and your things" was the welcome accorded me on arrival. We discussed matters; finally I "phoned" to H. Q. for orders to construct hutments for my men. Reply: Just so; but first start your signalling installation; meanwhile get what accommodation you can temporarily. So we did; but my men did not take things so philosophically; they had given up comfortable quarters for the wilderness; they grumbled.

After three days, the installation was nearly complete, and I started on another errand of the same kind. This second station was to be in a

wood, 2 kilom. from the Germans. There, the observatory was a very high but very narrow iron structure absolutely unsuited to a wireless installation. We made a provisional arrangement on a garret close by, and connected it by telephone with the observatory. There again, we had to build. The next day, a Staff captain and an Engineer captain turned up. "What do you want?" I submitted plans; shelters will be built above ground, and also a sap 25 feet deep against bombardment, for the Germans have got the range of our observatory.

All this time I had to sleep in a large deserted hut. Intense cold had set in, snow had made its appearance on the Vosges, so you can imagine the enjoyable nights I spent up there.

After completing this second installation, I returned to my billet. It was my base, my H. Q. From there I went round to the various stations to control the work.

L. V.

The Bravest man I ever knew.

By CAPTAIN CAUVIERE.*

My sector had been for some time very calm and quiet, when a sudden change came upon us. We were on the watch, but no attack from the enemy trenches seemed imminent; and yet day and night the balls and shells whistled and whirled, and the guns roared. This waste of munitions had not done us much harm. Its result, if not its purpose, was to keep every nerve at maximum strain, at a time when we expected, even in the trenches, some of the rest and quiet of winter-quarters.

I was in command of the 12th Company. One evening, early in winter,

I was sitting in my damp burrow with Lieutenant Averune. The little light there was seemed to make the paradox in his features more puzzling than ever; meekness and energy, abandon and reticence, frankness and mystery,—a blend of contradictions. Once again I observed the eager, far-away looks of the man who had been my companion every instant for six months, but of whom I as yet knew nothing.

When he was drafted into my company, I was told he had been in the artillery, and I made no further inquiries. Life in war-time is often intensely self-centred. *The man in the iron mask*

* A French Officer killed in action, 1917. (With thanks to Le Pelerin.)

scarcely exists in the barracks; but on the field, the nearness of the unknown world diverts attention from the secrets and mysteries in the human hearts beside us.

I forgot Averune, but only for a short time. As soon as danger was to be faced, he imposed himself, with firmness and without bragging, pretty nearly as if claiming a right. We got accustomed to him and to his ways; and for any post of danger his name came naturally to my lips.

He had saved many lives. He seemed to bear a charmed life, so much so that instances of his incredible luck in passing through fire without hurt, were no longer counted. It was known, however, that before he joined us, he had been wounded. But he resented any allusion to his wound. The merest hint was like steel on the flint; a sharp word flashed and all further reference to the wound stopped.

His rapid promotion surprised no one and made no one jealous, for in every rank he continued his grim, determined pursuit of danger. I gave up advising and warning, and let him have his way, for a vague impression grew upon me that his behaviour was an inspiration or a duty of conscience.

While I was reading the inscrutable face of my lieutenant, we heard quick steps flopping up to us through the slush in the trench. A private appeared and behind him a sergeant all ablaze with rage. The poor private was young, just of military age; large, solid, well-built; but he was a child, with big childish eyes, and not a hair on his lip.

In a few words the case was stated: 'A shell had killed three men in an observation post. The fourth man, the man before me, was safe and sound, but terror-stricken; he was caught running for his life to the rear, deserting his post.' The sergeant threatened to do for him; but the fellow was possessed by fear and could not be induced to take a step back to his post. I also was angry and talked of court-martial and execution. Just then Averune interposed with his usual

determination, "Leave him to me; I will go back with him." And so he did, and I did not think of interfering.

But I felt for the poor fellow I had reprimanded. Life was so bright in him! He had not had the time to enjoy it, but it must have begun to whisper promises in his ear.

Averune had taken the runaway back to his post, and had scarcely returned when word was brought that the young private had been killed. He died at his post. When Averune heard this news, he stood up evidently in great emotion, tottered forward, and sat down beside me. The self-controlled man burst into tears hot and blinding, and repeated again and again the strange words, "He has paid for me." I saw at once the moment had come when the need to disburden the heart opens the lips.

"Like every one else," said he, "you think me fearless. I am not. I am a coward. When the war began, I was a sergeant in the artillery. In Belgium when the first shells fell round my gun and killed the first of my men, I left the gun, and pretending I had been wounded, ran to the rear. The Commanding Officer, an inflexible man of duty, promptly ordered an inquiry, and, as promptly, my execution. But I was spared; I do not know why; it was, I think, through the influence of a medical officer.

"At the battle of the Marne, every man of mine was killed. I remained at the gun alone, waiting for death; but I was only wounded. Before I had recovered, I handed in my stripes and exchanged for the infantry, for there is more danger here. You know what I have done here; but you do not know that all along I have been the same coward. They say that one gets accustomed to everything; that courage is a thing of habit. That is not true. I am always afraid; I am afraid of death, and still more of suffering, for it tortures before it kills."

"But," I put in energetically, "you are always—"

"Yes, yes, I know all about that. I am always the first in the line of attack; I never hesitate. Would you like to know the reason why? Because I am a coward. I am afraid of fear. Fear is my enemy, and when I feel its grip on me, I stop thinking and run madly into danger. Why, you yourself once said that a hail of bullets in an attack is not near so frightening as a solitary

bullet whistling wicked by your ear at night. There is a never-ending duel between fear and me. I am waiting for death to separate us." He added with a bitter smile, "I am not young enough for death to help me."

"Averune," said I, and I caught him by the hand, "you are the bravest man I ever knew."

The Çaka Era, 78 A. D.

[By P. T. SRINIVASA AYYANGAR, M.A., L.T.]

In the last quarter of the XIX century scholars accepted the theory that Kanishka started the Çaka era. "This theory ... has been commonly regarded by English writers as a truth substantially established, or at least as sufficiently probable to warrant its adoption as the chronological basis for Indian history between the Maurya and the Gupta period." Pandit Bhagawan Lal Indraji started another theory, that the era was founded by Nahapāna, the Mahākṣatrapa Rāja of Gujerat and Kāthiāvād and that it started with the reign of Vonones, his "Parthian overlord." Abbe Boyer has since "ably maintained" that theory¹. Rapson, writing in 1904, said that, in his opinion, the era was used "by Nahapāna and the succeeding family of Caṣṭana" and that it was not established by Nahapāna, because he was not the first of the Kṣaharāta line, having been preceded by Bhūmaka, but by some "overlord of the Kṣaharāta dynasty, whoever he may have been, who was reigning when his dominions were

extended to Western India by the conquest of the Andhras," but not by Vonones, who must have lived earlier.² In his *Ancient India*, published ten years later, he has abandoned the cautious phrase "some overlord of the Kṣaharāta dynasty," and arrived at the definite conclusion that probably Kanishka, the Kuṣana, was the founder of the Çaka era and the name "Çaka" was due to its use for more than three centuries by the Çaka kings of Surāṣṭra, who were originally satraps and feudatories of the Kuṣanas."³

Mr. F. W. Thomas says that the Çaka era "was introduced by the Scytho-Parthian satraps, who presumably were adopting an institution of their suzerain"⁴; and again, "the Çaka era was no indigenous institution, but was introduced by rulers who were in intimate connection with Sind and Afghanistan: these rulers being not absolute, but subordinate, the supposition that it was set up without reference to a superior is excluded, and we have a right to ask what suzerain power other than the Kuṣans can be

¹ The references to Pandit Bhagawan Lal Indraji and Boyer are from a note by Rapson in *J. R. A. S.* 1904, pp. 373-4, where he refers to *J. R. A. S.*, 1890, p. 642, *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xvi. p. 618, and *Journ. As.* 1897, x. p. 120.

² *J. R. A. S.* 1904, pp. 373-4.

³ *A. I.*, p. 17.

⁴ *J. R. A. S.*, 1913, p. 635.

named."⁵ Mr. V. A. Smith says (in 1914): "While I do not affirm as a fact that the Çaka era of A.D. 78 was established by Kaniska, or that it coincides with the date of his accession, I now think it highly probable that the Çaka era marks either the accession or the coronation of Kaniska."⁶ But on this very theory that the beginning of the Çaka era was due to Kaniska, Mr. Smith said in 1903, "Forty-two years past the theory of Mr. Fergusson and Professor Oldenberg that Kaniska was the founder of the Çaka era in A. D. 78, and came to the throne in that year, has been generally accepted... This theory... really rests on very unsubstantial arguments... P. M. Boyer's... paper 'Nahapāna et l'era Śaka in J. A., Juillet-Août, 1897,' as well as the remarks of the Messrs. Bhāndārkar and M. Lévi, demolish the theory,"⁷ which Mr. Smith now accepts.

Fleet says, "I hold that the era was founded by the Kṣaharāta king Nahapāna, who reigned in Kāthiavār and over some of the neighbouring territory as far as Ujjain from A. D. 78 to about A. D. 125, and held for a time Nasik and other parts in the north of Bombay, and who seems to have been a Pahlava or Pallava, i.e., of Parthian extraction"; whereas his son-in-law Uṣavadāta, son of Dinika, was a Çaka and his "co-regent or viceroy at Ujjain", Caṣṭana, "the ancestor of the western Kṣatrapas, may have been a Çaka". These "western Kṣatrapas" "actually established the era, by continuing Nahapāna's regnal reckoning"⁸, "Caṣṭana or his son Jayadāman, or perhaps, still more probably, his grandson Rudradāman... established the era by continuing Nahapāna's regnal reckoning, instead of starting a new reckoning beginning with

the first year of his own reign."⁹ Mr. D. R. Bhandārkar (I. A. 1916, p. 121) thinks that the only paramount sovereign of this period, Kuṣula-Kadphises may have originated the Çaka era.

This hopeless difference of opinion is due to the fact that much of what goes for the early History of India is an almost inextricable tangle of proved facts and wild guesses.

It will contribute to clearness to consider the known facts with regard to the Çaka era separately from the inferences, right or wrong, of scholars who have written on the subject.

II

The first genuine, explicit reference to the Çaka era occurs in I. 8 of *Pañca Siddhāntakā*, by Varāha Mihira (who died in A. D. 597). There he "tells us that for certain calculative purposes there was to be used a certain moment fixed (as regards the year) by deducting the çaka kālā having the number 427, that is, at the end of the Çaka year, 427, in A. D. 505."

Varāha Mihira calls this era also by the names *çakendra kālā* (*Br. Sam.* 8-20), *çaka bhūpālā kālā* (*Ib.* 8-21.)¹⁰

"The earliest genuine inscriptional instance of the use of the name çaka with the era of A. D. 78" is found in the record of Kirttivarman I, "at Bādāmi in the Bijāpur District, Bombay, which is dated on the full-moon day of the month of Kārttika"¹¹, A. D. 578, "when there have elapsed 500 of the years from the anointment of the Çaka king to the sovereignty," *çakanripati - rājyābhīṣeka-samvatsarēṣv-ati-kṛāntēṣu-pāncasu-çatēṣu*.¹²

⁹ J. R. A. S. 1910, p. 821.

¹⁰ J. R. A. S. 1910, p. 819-820 (Fleet).

¹¹ *Ib.* 1913, p. 992.

¹² *Ib.* 1910, p. 818.

¹³ *Ib.* 1913, p. 992 n. 7.

Another reference to the Çaka era has been brought to light by Mr. R. Narasimhachār of Mysore; in the closing verses of a copy of a Jain work, *Lokavibhāga*, it is said that Sarvanandin copied out the work "in former times," *purā*, in the 22nd year of Simhavarman, lord of Kāñci in 380 of the çaka years. The word *purā* indicates that the reference to the year 380 was not a contemporary reference but that the year was arrived at by calculation in later times. Though this date 380 çaka is very valuable for Pallava history, it cannot be used as an early reference to the era, since the date of the verse in question may be many centuries later.¹⁴

III

The question then arises, did this era named after the çakas from the VI century onwards exist from its beginning in the year 78 A. D., or was it, like the kali era, instituted late and the initial date arrived at by mere calculation?

The earliest contemporaneous datings found on Indian inscriptions and coins refer to regnal years of kings and not to any continuous era. Not so the dates of the Ujjain kṣatrapas (usually called the "western kṣatrapas"), beginning from Rudradāman, grandson of Caṣṭana. The era used by these kings can be inferred from the numbers of years given in their coins and inscriptions. Their "coin-dates begin with the year 100, in the reign of the 5th satrap, Jivadāman, and continue regularly to the end of the dynasty. The last known dates are those of Rudrasimha, 310, and of those of his sister's son, Simhasēna, 304."¹⁵ This Rudrasēna was the fourth of that name among the kṣatrapas, and with him "the evidence from coins [of the line of

Kṣatrapa kings] comes almost to a close. Only one coin... is clearly later than Rudrasēna IV. In the form of the bust and the style of the legend on the reverse, this specimen closely resembles the coins of Rudrasēna IV... [Its] legend reads:—*Rājno Mahākṣatrapasa Svāmi Rudrasenasa Rājno Mahākṣatrapasa Svastriyasa Svāmi Simhasēnasa*; of the king the great Kṣatrapa Svāmi Simhasēna, sister's son of the king the great Kṣatrapa Svāmi Rudrasēna. This legend would seem to show that Rudrasēna IV. left no issue and was succeeded by his nephew Simhasēna. The extreme rarity of Simhasēna's coins proves that his reign was very short. The bust and the characters in one other coin show it to be of later date than Simhasēna. Unfortunately the legend is not clear. Something like the letters *rājno Kṣatrapasa* may be traced in one place, and something like *putrasa skanda* in another place. Dr. Bhagavānlal took this to be a Gujerāt Kṣatrapa of unknown lineage from whom the Kṣatrapa dominion passed to the Guptas"¹⁶. That the Gupta rule over Malwa, as the Kṣatrapa territory came to be called in the III century A. D., immediately succeeded that of Rudradāman's line, is proved by the fact that the Kāthiavāda coins of Kumāragupta, son of Candragupta II, dated 100 of the Gupta era (= 419 A. D.) "closely resemble the coins of the latest Kṣatrapa kings, the workmanship proving that the two styles of coin are close in point of time."¹⁷ If the Gupta rule of Mālva and Kāthiavāda began about 400 A. D., the year 310, the latest known coin-date of the Kṣatrapas must refer to the year 388 A. D. (310 + 78), and hence it is certain that the years of the Kṣatrapa coins must all refer to the era which began in 78 A. D.

¹⁴ For a full discussion of this question by Fleet, vide J. R. A. S. 1915, pp. 474-485.

¹⁵ Rapson, *Ind. Coins.*, p. 22.

¹⁶ *Bom. Gaz.* I, p. 5.

¹⁷ *Bom. Gaz.* I, i, p. 29.

⁵ *Ib.*, p. 1037.

⁶ *E. H. I.* (1914), p. 255. n. 1.

⁷ J. R. A. S. (1903), p. 5. and n. 1 thereto.

⁸ J. R. A. S. 1913, p. 993.

The chief inscriptional dates of the Kṣatrapas are:—

222. Mulwāsar inscription of Rudrasēna or Rudrasiha. This is a doubtful date as some read it as 122. (*Bom. Gaz.* I. i. 43, *J. R. A. S.* 1900, p. 652. 1910 p. 821).

126 or 7. Jasdan inscription of Rudrasēna I (*Ind. Ant.* xii., p. 32 ff.)

103. Guṇḍa inscription of Rudrasimha (*Ind. Ant.* x. pp. 157-8.)

72. Junāgadh inscription of Rudradāman (*Ep. Ind.* viii.) in which he claims that he "twice in fair fight completely defeated Sātakarni, the Lord of Dakṣināpatha, [and] on account of the nearness of the connection, did not destroy him."

52. Andhau inscription of Rudradāman, which begins, "In the year 52 of the king Rudradāman, son of Jayadāman, grandson of king Caṣṭana, son of Ghsamotika". (*Ind. Ant.*, 1905-6, p. 166; *J. R. A. S.*, p. 275).

IV

How did this era, whose initial year was 78 A.D. and years 52 to 310 of which era we find referred to in coins and inscriptions without an era-name, come to be called in the VI century A.D., *çaka kâla*, *çakendra-kâla*, *çakabhūpakâla*?

Soon after 400 A.D. Greek astrology, along with the astronomy which was its handmaid, was introduced into India from Alexandria with which Surāṣṭra still maintained an active commercial intercourse. The astronomy was first taken in for the sake of the astronomy, for the Hindus had an astronomy of their own developed from that of the *vedāṅga jyotiṣa*. Soon Greek astronomy was appreciated for its own merits, and the Hindu astronomers made a blend of their old astronomical notions with that of the Greeks. One result of this

blending was the invention of the Kaliyuga era as a result of the combination of old Hindu notions of periodical creations and dissolutions of the earth in ages divided into kalpas and yugas with the motions of planets as given in Greek astronomy. The beginning of the Kaliyuga era was fixed as Friday, the 18th February B. C. 3102 and adopted as the starting-point of astronomical calculations in the works called Siddhāntas. This work was done at Ujjain, the great seat of astronomy in those days and the place through which the Hindu Prime Meridian runs. The name of the astronomer, Lātācārya, [*Lāta* = Gujerāt + *acārya*] further confirms this. These Ujjain astronomers wanted an era, requiring a shorter reckoning than the Kaliyuga era, for practical purposes, in works called Karāṇas, and so took the era used for more than 300 years without a name in Ujjain and gave it the name Çaka Kāla, Çakendra Kāla, for the Kṣatrapa kings who started it were, though thoroughly Hinduized for a long time, originally Çakas or believed to be Çakas, by the astronomers, who gave the name Çaka to the Kṣatrapa era¹⁹.

We have seen that the Andhau inscriptions show that before çaka 52 (A. D. 130) Rudradāman was lord of Gujerāt, Mālva and a part of Khandesh. Mahākṣatrapa Rāja Rudradāman was son of Jayadāman, who was but a Kṣatrapa Rāja. His coins are scarce; therefore his reign was perhaps short. Jayadāman's father was Caṣṭana, the founder of the line of the Mahākṣatrapa Rājas of Ujjain. His early coins bear the legend Rājño Kṣatrapasa Ghsamotikaputra (sa) (ca) ṣṭanasa, of the king Kṣatrapa Caṣṭana, son of Ghsamotika. This "would seem to show that he [Ghsamotika] was an untitled man

¹⁹ *J. R. A. S.*, 1910, pp. 821-823.

whose son somehow came to authority and obtained victory over these parts where...he was at first called a Kṣatrapa".²⁰ His later coins call him a Mahākṣatrapa. None of these coins bear a date; nor do we know how many years before Çaka 52 Rudradāman began his reign nor how many of the 52 years that preceded the Andhau inscriptions can be made up by the years of Caṣṭana's Kṣatrapaship, Mahākṣatrapaship, Jayadāman's Kṣatrapaship and the years of Rudradāman's rule before the date of the inscription of 52 Çaka?

V

There are four dates associated with Nahapāna, Mahākṣatrapa Rāja, of the Khaharāta clan. They are 41, 42, 45 in the inscriptions of Uṣavadāta, son-in-law of Nahapāna at Nāsik and Karle, and 46 in the inscription of Ayama, minister of Nahapāna, at Junnar. Fleet holds these to be years of the Çaka era. Is this possible? Now we learn from the Nāsik inscriptions that that place was held by Siri Yaṇa in the seventh year of his reign; that before him Vasithiputa Pulumāyi held Nāsik for twenty-four years; and before him Gōtamiputa Sātakani in the eighteenth year of his reign occupied Nāsik after having "rooted out the Khagarata race," and must have reigned for at least six years after²¹. From the Andhau inscriptions we learn that in the Çaka year 52 Rudradāman was lord of Gujerāt, Mālva and a part of Khandesh. Thus the latest possible date for Nāsik to pass out of the hands of the Khaharāta into those of Gōtamiputa is 52 - 7 - 24 - 6 = 15 Çaka²². Nahapāna must have died sometime (perhaps a long time) before 15 Çaka, and the dates 41, 42, 45, 46 cannot refer to the Çaka era at all. Therefore while Fleet is right in holding that Rudradāman

"established the era," he is certainly wrong in thinking that A. D. 78 was the first year of Nahapāna's reign. Along with this falls to the ground the notion that Kaniska started the era. There is absolutely nothing to connect Caṣṭana or Rudradāman with Kaniska: no shadow of linguistic, numismatic, religious, tribal, or other evidence has been suggested to bring Kaniska and Rudradāman together. The only argument for holding Kaniska to be the founder of the Çaka era is this:—Kaniska must have lived in the first century A. D., and he started an era which his immediate successors carried on for about a hundred years; therefore the Çaka, a 1st century era, must be his. On this slender argument is based the ascription of a Gujerāt era to a Gāndhāra monarch.

Since Rudradāman first used the era, could it not be that he counted it from some event of his grandfather Caṣṭana's life? Since the Bādāmi record calls it the era of the *Abhiṣeka* of a Çaka king, may not the year 1 of the Çaka era be the year of Caṣṭana's anointment? The only reason why scholars are unwilling to ascribe the founding of this era to Caṣṭana is that he is called a Kṣatrapa, and a Kṣatrapa, i.e., a Satrap, requires a Suzerain. But evidently this word had lost its etymological signification in the middle of the I cent. and become a mere title of Çaka monarchs.

VI

In later times curious legends grew round the name of the era, mostly due to a confusion of the quenching of the "Çaka," i. e., Kṣatrapa sovereignty of Gujerat, by

²¹ *Ep. Ind.* viii

²² *J. R. A. S.*, 1917, pp. 273-289, (Banerjee.)

²⁰ *Bom. Gaz.*, I. i., p. 81.

Çandragupta Vikramāditya²³ with the origination of the Çaka era.

Bhattotpala (966 A.D.), commenting on Varāha Mihira's phrase *çakēndrakālāt*, says: "There were some barbarian kings called Çakas: the time at which they were slain by Vikramādityadēva became popularly known as the Çaka; hence *çakēndrakālāt*, 'from the time of the çaka kings,' means 'beginning from the killing of the çaka king'. This is the first clear mention of the legend.

Albīrūnī, in 1030 A. D., says that the era commemorates a victory over a cruel and tyrannical çaka king by king Vikramāditya "in the region of Karūr, between Multan and the castle of Loni".²⁴ The legend was no doubt invented because the era had become fixed by use, but later Hindu conscience

²³ So early as 628 A. D. Brahmagupta, in his *Brahma Siddhānta*, uses the phrases, "at the end of Çaka" (*Çakānte*), "at the end of the Çaka king" (*Çakanripānte*), also "of the Çaka kings" (*Çakanripānām*); but as there is some doubt about the reading and interpretation of these phrases, there is no certainty that they refer to the legend of the starting of the Çaka era on the extinction of Çaka sovereignty. *J. R. A. S.*, 1913, p. 990.

²⁴ *J. R. A. S.*, 1913, (pp. 989-993).

could not reconcile itself to its foundation by people who were traditionally believed to be *mlechas*. The story grew further in Jain legends (about A. D. 1300); Sātavāhana, born at Pratiṣṭhāna, repulsed an invasion by king Vikrama of Ujjain, and was anointed king at Pratiṣṭhāna. He "subjugated the whole country as far as the river Tapti, introduced the era, and became a convert to Jainism".²⁵ The name, Sātavāhana, became in Prakrit Sālavāhana and then changed into Sālīvāhana and Çalivāhana, probably because, in later legend, the king was made the son of a potter and *çāl* in S. Indian dialects is a pot; or, perhaps, the name *çalivāhana* gave birth to the potter-legend.

Now-a-days this era, born in Gujerat, is the one most ordinarily used in Southern India, on account of its official adoption by the Vijayanagaram dynasty; in a record from Harihar of Bukkarāya, we find the date 1276, for the first time named Çalivāhana Çaka, Çaka by this time having come to mean, not a tribe, but an era.

²⁵ *J. R. A. S.*, 1916, p. 819-820. (Fleet quoting from *J. B. B. R. A. S.*, x, 131 ff.)

Our Speling at See!

From "Ashore and Afloat" we taik the folloeing lynz:—

"When the English tongue we speak,
Why is 'break' not rhymed with 'freak'?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say 'sew,' but likewise 'few';
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his 'horse' with 'worse'?
'Beard' sounds not the same as 'heard';
'Cord' is different from 'word';
'Cow' is 'cow,' but 'low' is 'low';
'Shoe' is never rhymed with 'foe'.
Think of 'hose' and 'dose' and 'lose';
And of 'goose' and think of 'choose'.
Think of 'comb' and 'tomb' and 'bomb'
'Doll' and 'roll' and 'home' and 'some'.
And since 'pay' is rhymed with 'say,'
Why not 'paid' with 'said,' I pray?

THE PYONEER.

The War 1st Nov. '17 - 1st Feb. '18.

INTRODUCTORY.

In October the Germans sustained a serious defeat at the hands of the French on the Chemin des Dames—a defeat, which, as the French reports hinted, would soon lead to unexpected developments. The British in Belgium, after three months of continuous pounding, had forced the Germans back step by step from their positions on the high ground east of Ypres, to the last spur of the Passchendaele ridge. The village of Passchendaele still remained to the enemy, thanks to the rain and mud of Flanders, which had taken sides with him to delay our progress. Always when the Hun armies were on the point of yielding and crumbling under our blows, the weather granted them a reprieve.

In November, the French gathered in the fruits of their victory on the Chemin des Dames. The British drove the Huns from Passchendaele and the last heights before Roulers and Menin. Later, in a five days battle they captured 12 miles of the Hindenburg Line near Cambrai, and a score of fortified villages besides. After a lull, during which the enemy rushed up all his available reserves, 250,000 men were flung in masses on the positions we had stormed. Although the counter-attack deprived us of part of the open country we had captured, Cambrai was a great British victory. (20 Nov. - 5 Dec.)

In Russia, the Kerensky government was driven from power in November by the extreme revolutionary party led by Lenin. Already under the weak administration of Kerensky the Russian armies were melting away, and the enemy had been at liberty to draft numerous divisions to the French and Italian fronts. These stiffened the resistance to our advance at Craonne, in Flanders, and at

Cambrai; and they drove the Italians back from the Carso in disorder to the Piave. Under the Lenin regime, things went from bad to worse. He and his fellows, determined on obtaining peace at any cost, that of infamy not excepted, opened negotiations with the enemy in December, and for two months they have been toyed with and gulled to the top of their bent by the wily Huns. Meantime the Russian armies have vanished, and German divisions have been transferred willy-nilly from the ease and indolence of the Fraternity clubs on the Russian front, to a more strenuous and grim life at the Gates of Hell—as the Germans call Flanders—or in the Graveyard of Cambrai, or in the scarcely more enjoyable quarters at Laon and before Verdun.

The Italian retreat which began on 25th Oct. continued until the remnants of the shattered armies reached the right bank of the lower Piave and the upper reaches of the Brenta and Piave, in November. Here they finally halted, and after protracted fighting brought the invaders to a standstill. Later, British and French contingents came to their assistance.

The Turks have fared badly. They have been driven from two strong posts, one on the Tigris, and one on the Dialah; they have lost Gaza and Jerusalem, despite plentiful advice and encouragement from the war-lords in Berlin.

On the seas the Allies' supremacy has remained unchallenged in the face of German starvation and the loss of all the German colonies, and therefore acknowledged by the Germans themselves. 'They would if they could', aptly sums up the naval situation. That the Germans have not wrested from us the control of the seas, is

the surest proof that they cannot, and that they recognize that they cannot. For, control of the seas by Germany would mean the end of the war within a month or two. Yet Germany has made no attempt to secure such control.

The Chemin des Dames,

October, then, closed with the Germans clinging precariously to the reverse slopes of the Chemin des Dames above the Ailette valley, whither they had been thrust by the French Zouaves on the 23rd, when these captured the key to the whole position, the fort of Malmaison. The French official communiqué of 2nd November reads as follows: "The results of the victory at Malmaison have not been slow in showing themselves. The enemy threatened on the right, pressed by our infantry, and crushed by our artillery which unceasingly bombarded his organizations south of the Ailette from our newly conquered positions, was compelled to abandon the CHEMIN DES DAMES to which he had clung for six months past, on a front of 12½ miles from Froidmont Farm as far as a point east of Craonne. Our troops, descending the northern slopes of the Chemin des Dames, occupied German positions to a depth of more than a kilometre at certain points. The villages of Courtecon, Cerny, Ailles, and Chevreux are in our hands. Our patrols have reached the Ailette between Braye-en-Laonnais and Cerny." The French troops continued to advance all that day and the following night, till they reached the bank of the Ailette along the 12½ mile front which the enemy had abandoned.

The German official notification of the retreat reads like an extract from the memoirs of a party of burglars who are congratulating themselves on a narrow escape: "Unnoticed and undisturbed we withdrew last night from the hilly tract of the Chemin des Dames." "It was a narrow shave," old Hindenburg seems to say; and of course it was another German strategic retreat planned to lure the enemy on to certain destruction.

The German retreat marks the end of one of the longest and hardest fought battles of the War. The battle opened in April when the French stormed the ridge north of the Aisne; it ended on 2nd November with the Germans driven back across the Ailette, and the French in possession of high ground whence the prospect of further victories opens on Laon. That day the Germans finally abandoned 12½ miles of the Hindenburg Line, which the capture of Malmaison had exposed to enfilading fire. To retain this stretch of ground, they fought a score of pitched battles and countless minor engagements. They won their way back inch by inch to the Chemin des Dames, till two-thirds of it had passed into their hands, when the French command suddenly reversed the situation at a blow. One battle, 23rd October, routed four of the best German divisions, drove them from the ridge, and put the French in possession of Malmaison, the key to the ridge and the Ailette valley. Thereafter artillery did the work. Taken in the rear from the new French positions in the valley on the right, the enemy furtively crept away from positions no longer tenable. Six months of labour and colossal sacrifice of life, was destroyed. The whole operation from 23rd October to 2nd November worked out as neatly and infallibly as a syllogism in the best logical style of the French. The premisses were: If Malmaison is captured... Malmaison was captured... And the German were on the run.

Passchendaele.

The Chemin des Dames was not the only strong position the Germans were determined not to quit. They were still more determined to hold Passchendaele; for, whereas there are still naturally powerful defensive positions beyond the Ailette, there are no such obstacles beyond Passchendaele to an advance on Menin and Staden. The country far to the east, north, and south, lies directly under the guns of the forces that hold the Passchendaele ridge.

We began the conquest of the ridges extending from Ypres to Passchendaele, on 31st July; from which date, the battle raged practically for three months, except for short spells of comparative quiet when rain and mud immobilized us. Finally the last stretch of the high ground was stormed on 6th November. That day the familiar message was sent by Sir D. Haig: "We attacked this morning against positions in the neighbourhood of Passchendaele." Passchendaele was taken, and the storming troops swept on to Mosselmarkt and Goudberg. Four hundred prisoners were taken—a smaller number than usual, for the Huns were more eager to run than to stay.

Hindenburg's orders were: "Passchendaele must be held at all costs; and if lost, retaken,"—an admirable counsel of perfection. It was lost in spite of all the Huns' efforts to hold it; numerous attempts were made till 18th November, at great cost, to retake it. Throughout December and January the Passchendaele region was one of the sectors on which artillery duels raged longest and most frequently.

Cambrai.

While the attention of the Germans was concentrated on Flanders, the British struck a mighty blow near Cambrai, where quiet had reigned for many months and the Hindenburg Linesmen had been lulled into a sense of security. On 20th November, without the preliminary warning of an overwhelming bombardment, the attack was launched; the Huns were startled to find some hundreds of monstrous tanks crawling through their defences; behind the monsters came the infantry, and as the gap widened, squadrons of cavalry.

The army of Sir J. Byng broke through the Hindenburg Line on a width of 12 miles, and advanced in some places to a depth of 6 miles, till they were within 3 miles of Cambrai. For two days our troops carried everything before them, and then the German resistance began to stiffen. Reinforcements were rushed up from quiet sectors

of the western front and thrown into the gap; others began to arrive from Poland.

On the north our advance was checked by the enemy holding the Bourlon wood, which is a square mile in extent, and contains the highest ground in that district, and from which the troops advancing on Cambrai were enfiladed. The wood fell into our hands on 24th November after four days of most desperate fighting. Rain considerably hampered our progress in this later stage of the battle.

On 30th November the Germans began the counter-attacks. The Hindenburg Line had been breached on a length of 12 miles, we had penetrated into the open country beyond, where we captured a score of strongly fortified villages, and we held the Bourlon Wood which commands the approaches to Cambrai from the east. The enemy had been thoroughly alarmed by the danger which had thus suddenly threatened the whole of the Western front. Every spare unit on the Western front, and troops from Russia, were poured into the gap. In ten days a great force of 250,000 men had been gathered, and its weight began to tell.

The plan of the attack is clear from a captured order of the commanding German general: "We are going to turn their (British) embryonic victory into a defeat by an encircling counter-attack. The Fatherland is watching you, and expects every man to do his duty." Every German of the 250,000 employed in the attacks did his duty, many of them for the last time, but the Fatherland is still watching for the promised victory. The results of the four days battle (—4th December) did not come up to the German expectations, nor was our victory turned into a defeat, though it was shorn of part of its less important gains. A strip of the open country beyond the Hindenburg Line was recovered by the enemy, and the village of Masnières and Bourlon Wood were abandoned leisurely by us, when the enemy had paid the price with his usual liberality.

up their assigned positions,—the British on M. Montello where the Piave debouches into the plains; the French on their left near M. Tomba, which the enemy now held.

December was marked by furious fighting, but the enemy was unable to secure any further advantage against troops now strongly entrenched and reinforced. On 27th the enemy got a surprise. A brilliant French attack against M. Tomba resulted in the capture of 1,400 Austro-German prisoners and 7 guns, and left the French in possession of this vital point in the defences of the Piave. The performance, took just 20 minutes.

The middle Piave position was strengthened by the defeat of the force holding Zenson and the destruction of the bridgehead by the Italians at the beginning of January.

The Italian disaster—for it was nothing less—put the enemy in possession of the Italian plain as far as the Piave, and gave him 2,500 guns, not to mention 300,000 prisoners or slaves to till his fields and smelt his ores. Still, in spite of his success, he must be conscious of failure: he failed in his main purpose, which was to reduce Italy to the same impotence as Russia. He is no longer obliged to garrison the Carso front: but the front has only shifted 60 miles further west; he must garrison the Piave-Asiago front. Italy could afford the men; the Allies will make good the loss of guns.

Russia.

Russia is partly responsible for the Italian disaster, in as much as her inactivity allowed the enemy to transfer his armies from Poland to the Isonzo, where the Italians were not ready to give them a befitting reception.

The Russian steam-roller, as it was affectionately called in the first years of the War, did useful work in rolling out Austrian and German army corps. The only drawback was, that every time it had got fairly started, it came rolling

back the wrong way. It rolled the wrong way down the Carpathians, then the wrong direction in Poland till it came to a standstill on the Dwina; then again the wrong direction in Galicia till it stuck in Bessarabia. Then it simply went to pieces altogether.

Ineptitude and treason in the administrative body were the causes of Russia's failure, not want of courage in the soldiers or of skill in the generals, for neither was wanting.

The Revolution of 1917 set itself to remove the causes of failure, by removing the old order, the Tsar, and bringing in the new, democracy.¹ Unfortunately the fall of the central Government in Petrograd destroyed the only link that held together the many races that form the Russian empire, the link of reverence and personal loyalty to the Tsar. The link being snapped, the separatist movement began.

Kerensky, the moderate socialist, tried, and for a time succeeded, to control the warring elements into a semblance of unity. But it was never more than a semblance. The mob in the large towns were easily led astray by socialists of the extreme type, who promised them the speedy return of the good old times, which never have been and never will be, when life was all a holiday, and man did little work and drew large wages. The Revolution which, professedly at least, began with the good intention of ridding the land of inepts and traitors, soon changed its purpose. Instead of directing it against the enemy without, the new leaders directed it against what they conceived to be the enemy within, the opponents of the new order, viz., the well-to-do and the landed proprietors. Property

¹ Note.—Mr. J. W. Gerard, the American ambassador to Berlin, in 'My Four Years in Germany' p. 301, writes:

"On July 27th 1915 I reported that I had learned that the Germans were picking out the revolutionists and the liberals from the many Russian prisoners of war, furnishing them with money and false passports, and sending them back to Russia to stir up a revolution."

was confiscated to the Nation by the sovereign will of the rabble. The soldiers at the front, hearing of the great doings behind the line, made for home in order to secure each his share of the land. Discipline was cast to the winds. Every platoon transformed itself into a debating society. The steam roller was going to pieces.

Kerensky temporized, and wasted his time in fine speeches instead of stern deeds, till at last, on 8th November, Lenin¹ and the extremists gathered strength and swept him and his trucklers from power. He realized, but too late, that a man of action was the one requisite. He tried to retrieve the situation with the help of a handful of Cossacks and dragoons, but was defeated outside Petrograd. All was over by 18th Nov. Russia became the prey of rival factions contending for mastery amid scenes of bloodshed and devastation, while the Huns looked on.

In December the pacifist party, headed by Lenin, initiated proceedings for a separate Russian peace with Germany, which naturally led to nothing. When a fool meets a sharper, even though his folly is tinged with idealism, the sharper prevails. Peace has not been signed; but Germany has obtained the equivalent: she refuses to disgorge, and the Russians are helpless to make her. The Russian armies, under the combined influence of the disruptive forces already alluded to and of the peace negotiations, have dwindled away; and the Germans are at liberty to throw

on the Western front, or wherever else it suits their plans, the masses of troops set free by the Russian collapse. According to Sir A. Geddes, the British Minister of National Service, 950,000 German troops from Russia are available for use elsewhere; these, and the Austro-Hungarian troops likewise unemployed on the Eastern front, bring up the number of additional troops available to 1,600,000 men.

As was to be expected, the Russian Revolution in its last phase, reacted upon Rumania. The Rumanians were obliged to acquiesce in the armistice which was signed by Russia prior to the peace negotiations, and which was binding from the Baltic to the Black Sea: they accepted what it was their misfortune rather than their fault not to be able to prevent. But while Huns and Russians fell upon one another's necks, the Rumanian soldiers held aloof and repulsed all attempts at friendliness. Gradually too the spirit of the Revolution spread to the Russian troops stationed in Moldavia. Whole regiments of plunderers had to be disarmed or shot down, and rendered incapable of further mischief in the land where they had come as liberators.

Rumania, isolated from her western Allies, betrayed and attacked by the eastern, continues to carry on with a heroism worthy of the highest admiration. Her spirit is such that she has declared, that rather than surrender she will send her men by the only

¹ Note.—The *Daily Mail*, Overseas, 17th Nov. 1917, has the following brief account of Lenin and his associates:—

The Bolsheviks or Maximalists of Russia are not a new portent. They were organized by Lenin and others more than ten years ago. They profess to stand for a perverted expansion of Marxian principles, but their appetite for the insensate smashing of civilization is so vast and unreasoning, that, compared with them, the Prussian militarists might almost be eligible for membership of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments. Lenin was one of the principal signatories of the manifesto drawn up at the Zimmerwald Conference in Switzerland in 1915. The Zimmerwald manifesto..

called upon all nations to abandon this most righteous war in order to plunge into what is termed "the class struggle", and to engage in a fight for that unmeaning nonsense "the international solidarity of the workers."

Lenin had no real hand in making the Russian Revolution, which sprang from purer motives than he is capable of conceiving. He took money from Germany and agreed to serve German ends with the deliberate object of detaching Russia from the war, in order that he and his party might attempt to put into practice their own mad anarchistic theories. Terrorism in Russia, gold from the enemy, open doors through which the foe may walk, all are to him means for the furtherance of his wild obsession.

route left open, that of the Far East, to fight against the common enemy on the western front. Of such stuff are great nations made.

Palestine.

The first attempt to take Gaza by storm on 26-27 March 1917 failed owing to a fog which prevented proper co-ordination between the assaulting forces. It cost us 4,000 casualties. A second attempt was made on 19-20 April, which put us in possession of important ground, but failed to achieve its purpose and cost us 7,000 casualties.

Thereafter a veil was drawn over the forces operating in Palestine. Changes were made in the staff, and when Palestine was again mentioned General Allenby was in command. Reinforcements had arrived, and measures had been taken to ensure the rapid succession of blows which, in less than ten weeks, not only put us in possession of Gaza and the seaboard, but of Jerusalem as well.

The first blow was struck at Beersheba, which had served as chief depôt for the stores and troops accumulated for the attack on Egypt, and which occupied the eastern end of the long line of defences fortified against us from south of Gaza. On 31st October British infantry moved up against the defences from the west and south-west, while mounted troops made a wide turning movement through the desert and approached the town¹ was ours, and the Turks were retreating towards Hebron.

The following night the first line of the main Turkish defences at Gaza was stormed on a 5000 yards front. A week

¹ Beersheba gone, and Gaza too!
And lo! the British lion,
After a pause to comb his mane,
Is grimly padding on again
Tail up, en route for Zion.

In vain for Wilhelm's help I cry,
Sick as a mule with glanders;
Too busy—selfish swine—is he,
With winning ground in Italy,
And losing it in Flanders.

Punch: "More sorrows for the Sultan".

14 Nov. 1917.

later, 6th-7th November, the final assault was given, and on 7th we occupied Gaza.—Gaza is on the high road to Suez, and Suez is one of the two points—Calais being the other—which every Hun knows must be seized before the British empire can be destroyed.

The Turks were given no time to entrench. The pursuit began at once along the maritime plain. Joppa was occupied on 17th. (Richard Coeur de Lion took it in 1191.) On 19th November our forces were within 5 miles of Jerusalem from the west, and two days later they stormed the Nebi Samwil ridge. On 27th and succeeding days the enemy carried on demonstrations all along the British front from Jerusalem to the sea, without result. Step by step he was compelled to yield ground till 7th December, when the capture of Hebron (19 miles to the south) threatened Jerusalem, already hard pressed on the north and west, from the south too through Bethlehem. On 8th Allenby attacked the enemy's lines south and west of the city. Simultaneously troops advancing from the direction of Bethlehem drove back the enemy, and passing Jerusalem on the east, established themselves on the Jerusalem-Jericho road; another force occupied the Jerusalem-Schechem road. The city was isolated. It was surrendered the next day intact, for not a British shell had been fired at it. And the *Pax Britannica* descended on the City of Peace.

The Turks made a serious attempt to recapture the city on 26-29 December. The Huns supplied the advice and encouragement, and the Turks the material part of the enterprise. Neither availed.

The Palestine campaign cost the Turks 10,500 prisoners, 80 guns, two army corps destroyed, and Jerusalem.¹

Mesopotamia.

On 2nd December a British force attacked a Turkish outpost at Dur, 20 miles north of Samarra, and drove the

¹ Taken by the Crusaders in 1099, and held by them till 1187 when Saladin captured it. The Turks have held it since 1517.

defenders back to Tekrit. On 6th this force captured the base of Tekrit, spent two days leisurely destroying or removing everything of military value, and then again leisurely retired to their main defences at Samarra. The approach to Baghdad by the Tigris was thus blocked, as the approach by the Euphrates was blocked by the capture of Ramadie. One other avenue of attack remained open on our flank along the Dialah through the Sakaltutan pass, where the Turks held a strong position. On 4th December, British troops, with the co-operation of a Russian force, drove the Turks from the pass back as far as Kara Tepe, 80 miles N. E. of Baghdad.

Conclusion.

The position of the Belligerents is roughly as follows:—In the East Turkey has lost Mesopotamia and Palestine, and has her work carved out for her if she wishes to recover them.

Russia has ceased to count. Rumania keeps her fighting spirit, but is isolated from the Allies. Bulgaria will have her hands full, if the Salonica

army reinforced by 300,000 Greeks, decides to attack; at any rate she must keep her attention on Salonica and the Struma front.

Italy, forced back from the Isonzo, holds securely the Piave and the M. Grappa positions: the enemy failed to win through in November; he will fail now, French and British forces having come to the rescue.

In the West the line reposes securely on a series of high positions from the sea to Switzerland, invaluable whether the Allies choose to meet or to deliver an attack. The Austro-Germans dispose of at least 1,000,000 extra men owing to Russia's defection. America will, in the not very distant future, balance that increase, by her own contribution. Meantime, the men who baffled the enemy at Ypres, Verdun, Craonne, and Cambrai, may be trusted not only to defeat all enemy attempts to breach the Western or Italian line, but to inflict such blows as will reduce his access of strength to a point when the last great offensive will open with certainty of victory.

2nd February, 1918.

Note 1.—Germany versus the World.

When we speak of the World fighting Germany, we are using convenient, compendious terms: Germany stands for the German Empire, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Turkey, and Bulgaria, i.e., a block of nations under German leadership, fighting for German ends. The World includes Great Britain and the Empire, France and Italy, which are bearing the brunt of the fighting; Russia, which is now out of the fight, and which for various reasons has never been fully or efficiently in it; the diminished armies of Belgium, Serbia and Rumania, driven from their countries which the enemy holds; the U.S.A., which has not yet begun to fight; Japan, China, Siam etc., which, though officially at war, are not engaged in the land hostilities.

Germany stands for Germanism, Prussianism, Militarism in its most cynical and sinister features. The World stands for a code of moral obligations, which Germany is trying to destroy, and the destruction of which means the reign of brute force over humanity enslaved.

2. British Captures and Losses in 1917.

	CAPTURES.		LOSSES.	
	Prisoners	Guns	Prisoners	Guns
Western Theatre -	73,131	531	27,000	166
Salonika -	1,096	—	202	—
Palestine -	17,646	108	610	—
Mesopotamia -	15,944	124	267	—
East Africa -	6,728	18	100	—
Total -	114,544	781	28,879	166

THE WAR.—(Appendix.)

November	West.	Italy.	Turkey.	Naval.
	2nd. Germans give up their positions below the Chemin des Dames on a length of 12½ miles. 3rd. French advance as far as the south bank of the Ailette. 6th. British storm Passchendaele, Mosselmarkt, Gondberg. 10th. British advance one mile on a 3,000 yd. front N. and N.W. of Passchendaele. 20th. Battle of Cambrai, first phase, the attack. Between Arras and St. Quentin 12 miles of the Hindenburg Line taken; British advance to within 3 miles of Cambrai. La Vacquerie, Ribecourt, Contillet Wood, Flesquières, Havrincourt, Marcoing, Masnières, Neuf Wood, Graincourt, Anneux, stormed. [21st. French attack at Juvin-court (Craonne plateau) yields 470 prisoners, 13 machine guns, 6 trench mortars, 400 rifles.] 21st. Noyelles, Containg, Fontaine N. Dame, (this last 3½ miles from Cambrai and 6 miles from our starting-point) taken.	1st. Italians reach the Tagliamento between S. Daniele and Latisana. 6000 of the 2nd Italian army lay down their arms at Latisana bridgehead 180,000 prisoners and 1,500 guns taken since 24th Oct. 3rd. Enemy claims to have taken 200,000 men and 1,800 guns. 4th. Attacks from the Trentino defeated (near L. Garda.) 5th. Enemy crosses the Tagliamento north of Pinzano. 6th. The whole Italian line retreating from the mountains to the sea. 7th. Enemy reaches the Livenza 20 miles west of the Tagliamento. 8th. Enemy crosses the Livenza. 250,000 prisoners, 2,300 guns taken. 9th. Enemy making for the Piave. 10th. Enemy pressing on in the Val Sugana and Upper Piave valley. Asiago occupied by the enemy.	[31st October. British troops take Beer-sheba.] 1st - 2nd Nov. Southern western defences of Gaza stormed. 2nd. Turks driven from Dur (20 miles N. of Samarra) to Tekrit. 5th. Tekrit occupied (100 miles north of Baghdad) by British. 7th. Gaza stormed. 8th. British forces after destroying military base at Tekrit, withdraw to Samarra. 10th. Askalon occupied. 17 Joppa occupied. In November. 10,500 prisoners, 80 guns, taken in Palestine.	3rd. British naval forces in the Kattegat destroy a German auxiliary cruiser and 10 armed patrol boats. American patrol boat torpedoed. 14th. British destroyer and small monitor sunk off Palestine. 17th. British forces attack German light squadron off Heligoland: one German mine-sweeper sunk, three German cruisers damaged. 17th. Five German submarines destroyed by British. 18th. British patrol ship lost in Mediterranean. 19th. U. S. A. destroyer sunk in collision.

22nd. Fontaine lost. 24th. Bournon Wood and village stormed. [25th. Near Samogneauz (Verdun) French take enemy lines on a 3½ kil. front and 800 prisoners.] 27th. Fontaine N. Dame again taken by British; lost again, whatever remained of it, on 28th. 29th. First phase, i.e., British advance, over. 12 miles of Hindenburg Line, and a score of villages—some 60 square miles in all—11,500 prisoners, 133 guns, 64 trench mortars, 303 machine guns, taken. 30th. Second phase, the German counter-attacks, lasting till 4th December. 250,000 Germans try by sheer weight of numbers to break through the northern and southern sides of the salient made in their positions on 20th to 27th. 30th. Enemy attacks between Moenvres and Bournon, defeated. At La Vacquerie successful at first; the village captured, and our lines penetrated 5,000 yards to Gouzeaucourt. British counter-charge recovers La Vacquerie, and drives the enemy back; Gonnelieu however retained by enemy.	11th. Enemy advance checked at Asiago. Enemy occupies Belluno. 12th. Repeated enemy attempts to break through from Asiago defeated. Enemy crosses the Lower Piave at Zenon 20 miles north of Venice. 17th. Enemy crosses the middle Piave at Folina and Fogara, but beaten back. 19th. Italians forced back in the upper Brenta-Piave valley; M. Tomba, a strong position (M. Grappa line) seized by the enemy. (22nd). 20th - 30th. Attacks from the mountains to the sea, all defeated. The crisis is past. Unaided, the Italians finally stemmed the enemy's advance beyond the Piave. Henceforth, French and British forces, which have been hurried to Italy, will play their part in the defence of the country.
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24th. German submarine sunk by U. S. A. destroyer.

	West.	Italy.	Turkey.	Naval.
December.	1st. Germans driven from Gonnelleu. Germans claim to have taken 4000 prisoners and several batteries of guns in the attack yesterday. At night British withdraw from salient of Masnières. 2nd. Furious attacks at La Vacquerie, Gonnelleu, and Bourlon, defeated. Renewed enemy attack from Gonnelleu to Maroing. British line slightly withdrawn at La Vacquerie. Enemy claims 6000 B. prisoners and 100 guns since 30th. 4th. German attacks die down, shattered and exhausted. We hold 12 miles of Hindenburg Line; and $\frac{2}{3}$ of the ground captured. The enemy at the price of colossal sacrifices has recovered $\frac{1}{3}$ of the open country beyond the Hindenburg Line. 5th. Bourlon Wood which formed a narrow salient exposed to cross fire, abandoned to the enemy. 12th. The enemy tried to storm the British Line east of Bullecourt; failure.	British and French troops come into action. 4th. Italians defeat a fierce enemy attack from Asiago. 5th. Fighting on the upper Brenta. 9th. " " " " " " 12th - 17th. Fighting along the M. Grappa positions. 27th. French recapture M. Tomba; 1,400 prisoners, 7 guns and 60 machine guns taken. The approach to the plains securely blocked. To the right of the French, the British entrenched on Montello hill. Winter along the Italian front. 29th. Italians storm a height between the Asiago plateau and the Brenta; 2,500 prisoners, 6 guns. The enemy offensive is spent. Enemy begins to lose ground.	4th. British force with co-operation of Russians drives Turks from Sakaltutan Pass, up the Dialah. 9th. The Holy City surrenders intact to the British. 21st. Since 30th Oct. in Palestine, 99 guns, 110 machine guns taken. 26th - 29th. Turks make a great effort to recover Jerusalem. British advance north of the city. 26th. The Arabs rout a Turkish force near Tafleeh, killing 400, and capturing 300 men, 2 mountain guns, 18 machine guns, 800 rifles. 28th. The Arabs destroy a Turkish post on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea.	German auxiliary cruiser and destroyer mined and sunk. 9th - 10th Italian destroyers penetrate Trieste harbour and sink the old battleship <i>Wien</i> (5,500 tons) and damage a cruiser. 12th. British destroyer sunk in collision. 12th. British destroyer and 4 armed trawlers sunk by German light craft in the North Sea. American submarine sunk in home waters. 19th-21st. Three enemy submarines sunk by French in Mediterranean. Three British destroyers lost off Dutch coast. British destroyer sunk by submarine in Mediterranean. British destroyer lost in a storm off Ireland, and two lost in a storm off Scotland.

January, 1918.	16th. Winter sets in in good earnest. 31st. Fierce German attack at Gonnelleu results in a small loss of ground to us. 1st. British attack restores the position at Gonnelleu. The Western front snow-bound. Frequent raids and small local attacks. In the last week, British extend their line to south of St. Quentin. Ceaseless aerial activity along the front, and far to the rear of the German lines, even into industrial Germany. 23rd. A sharp attack on the French position near Nieuport. This month, according to the German official account, Allied aviators carried out 31 air-raids on German towns. Compare this with the poor half dozen carried out by Germans on London and Paris.	2nd. The Austrians compelled to abandon the bridgehead at Zenson, and to retire to the left of the Piave.	1917. In Mesopotamia we took 16,000 prisoners, 124 guns. Turks took 267 prisoners, no guns.	20th. The German <i>Goeben</i> (22,000 draught battle cruiser) and <i>Breslau</i> (5,500 ton light cruiser) sink two small British monitors at Imbros. Driven by our destroyers into our minefields, <i>Breslau</i> blows up, <i>Goeben</i> damaged by mine beaches herself in the Dardanelles. Two German destroyers blown up in British mine-fields off Jutland. 27th. A British submarine lost in the Dardanelles. 31st. British auxiliary cruiser sunk by submarine. British destroyer mined and sunk in the Channel.
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Biancuccio.*

[By P. S. SRINIVASAN, II U. C.]

[This story was suggested by Scott's *Quentin Durward* and by the Tale of a Fairy who for a fault committed in Fairyland was sentenced to exile among mortals in the shape of a very little animal or insect. The fairy took the form of a white mouse because children make pets of white mice, and he celebrated the end of his exile in this world by destroying a work executed by enchantment for the affliction of the young and innocent.]

Charles, the only son of Louis XI and heir to the French throne, but now a mere boy of thirteen, entered the dining-hall of the castle of Plessis-les-tours, where the table was laid for the prince's breakfast. He looked all over the table, and to the right and to the left, as if he missed something he very much wanted to see. He bit his lips, and stamped his foot. He stamped harder and harder, and called out "*Biancuccio!*" Biancuccio jumped on the table. It was what Charles wanted, his own little pet white mouse. He took it in his hand and sat down at the table.

Biancuccio was in an unusually frisky temper. It would jump here and there, dodging Charles's hand, all through the things on the table. It would rise on its hindlegs and look very demurely into the boy's eyes; it would jump on his shoulder, run round and round his collar, and jump back on the table. Charles was curious to know why his mouse had come late and why it was so unusually restless and playful. He stroked it and coaxed it, and when it was sitting on his thumb, asked it ever so many questions. As if in reply, it jumped upon Charles's prayer-book which was open on the table, and looked intently at him. Under its paws, Charles read the words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was in prison and ye visited me." The boy ate his breakfast more silently than usual; he forgot his pet and was thinking over the words he had read.

He had often longed to visit his cruel father's prisons in the undergrounds of Plessis-les-tours. He longed especially to see one little prisoner, Louis d'Armagnac who, he had been told, was a little boy of about his own age. But the terror of his father's anger at any mention of the prison had kept his desire in check. Just now his father, who had fallen into very bad health, was away on a pilgrimage, begging health at every famous shrine. His pious excursion had done him no good. On the contrary, he was, according to report, sinking day by day, and further travelling was reported to be out of the question. His return to Plessis-les-tours could not be expected for a long time.

Charles now reproached himself for neglecting to visit the prisons during his father's long and frequent absences, and he at once began to make plans for an errand of mercy. He thought especially of Louis, and wanted to take him something very nice. He packed a little basket with his own favorite cakes, fruits, and sweet white wine. Away he tripped as fast as his nimble feet could carry him, and reached the outer gate of the dismal, lonely, cold colonnade from which the dungeons were entered. So far he knew his way. He gave the gate a push, but his strength was nothing against it. He was just looking up to examine it when he heard a stern, threatening voice: "Who goes there?"

The question and its tone stirred his princely blood, and he replied with proud impatience, "The Dauphin!"

"No one passes here!" came the sharp decided reply.

"The dauphin passes where the king passes," he shouted.

All in vain. Charles went up to the Scottish guard, and entreated, and

begged. Even a Scotchman is open to temptation; gold and favour were promised, and the king was far away and very, very ill. The gate opened and the first trap-door. Charles did not remark the cold breath of foul air that rushed up when the trap-door opened, for he saw Biancuccio hopping and gamboling on the top step of a damp flight that went down into partial darkness. Biancuccio was an entertaining guide. It would run on a while before Charles, stop and wait for him, and then off again. Charles passed through many trap-doors, up and down many a corkscrew staircase, and through rooms and passages that had never received the bliss of a bright sun's ray. Biancuccio went ahead and Charles followed. He was not afraid, but a sense of depression was growing on him.

His eyes were caught by something like an iron cage for a wild beast at the farther end of a long low hall very dimly lighted. The cage was a circle of thick iron bars fixed in the rock which formed the floor of the hall, and in the stones of the vault above. Charles could not at first sight tell whether it was a man or a beast that was behind the bars; he shuddered with horror. Biancuccio bounded and skipped about as if quite at home in this terrible place. Charles followed his pet, and saw that the thing in the cage was not a wild beast; perhaps it might be a big monkey. Whatever it was, it did not seem to notice him; it must, he thought, be a harmless creature. He advanced nearer. Imagine his astonishment when he saw it was neither beast nor monkey, but a poor, dejected boy, standing as listless as if there were nothing in the world worth thinking of. Big tears began to flow down his cheeks, and he thought this must be Louis. Biancuccio ran into the cage and climbed into the prisoner's hand. A smile vainly tried to move the pale pinched lips of the prisoner; but it showed that he and Biancuccio were friends.

Charles stood silent, looking with horror and tenderness at the matted hair, the wild haggard eyes, the hollow

cheeks begrimed with filth, and the overgrown nails on the long fingers of the wasted hand that held one of the bars. The meaningless stare that met Charles overcame him, and he sobbed out, "Louis d'Armagnac! Why are you here? Forgive, oh! Forgive my cruel father." The big eyes of Louis slowly filled with tears. The boys were silent for a while. Then, as if looking for the words, Louis said, "The Dauphin! Louis d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, your servant, Monseigneur." Charles put his arms through the bars of the cage and drew the frail emaciated boy towards him and kissed and kissed the poor dirty face. The boys wept together till Charles recollected his basket; and Louis ate a little bit and drank a little wine. For a long time the boys had few words to say; both were very sad, and yet they were happy. Little by little the spell that kept them silent dissolved, and they chatted as boys can chat. Louis told the story of his father's execution, and Charles was angry that he was only a boy and could not beat down the cage at once. But thoughts of the sad present were succeeded by bright thoughts for the future, and Charles narrated all the chivalrous deeds he would do for France with Louis by his side, and Louis looked forward to happy days.

But Biancuccio would not be left out of the conversation. It seemed to think itself forgotten and began to hop and jump from one to the other to force itself on their notice. "You seem to know my mouse," said Charles.

"Is it your mouse?"

"I should think so; it is my pet. For six weeks it comes to me many times a day. From the first, it was very friendly and would eat crumbs out of my hand."

"For six years it has been my constant and only friend," answered Louis. "It eats my black bread every day."

"For six years!" exclaimed Charles. "For six years you have been here, in

* Pronounce; *Biankütsho*.

this cage, eating black bread! Oh my cruel father! As soon as I come to the throne..... Louis, Louis, when shall I be king?"

Louis bowed his head and said, "When God so wills it, Charles."

"Never, never!" screeched a harsh, shrill, grating voice. The boys looked up and exclaimed together, "The King! the King!"

The suspicious, scheming monarch had returned unexpectedly, as usual, to Plessis-les-tours, and his first steps through his castle were to the dungeons where he could see his victims wearing out their life in chains as he was wearing out his in the grip of a fatal malady.

"Never! never shalt thou be king," and the King raised his eyes as if to heaven, as if to thank God for a great favour. "And so I have come in time to catch thee scheming to get the crown, scheming with that son of a traitor to assassinate me!"

The tramp of boots was heard sounding on the hard rock over which the King had stepped soft and silent like a tiger. Balafre with other guards appeared, and the King screamed at him, "The head of the guard that opened the dungeon to this traitor, must fall. No mercy. It is a conspiracy against my life."

Charles was indignant at the imputation and began to speak. He said only the word, "My father," when the King interrupted him: "Traitor, silence! Thou shalt not kill thy father to get his crown. Thou art a prisoner of state. Give up thy sword."

The wretched Tristan came forward to receive the little sword which the boy had begun to unbuckle, but Charles looked at him with such a scowl that the miscreant withdrew. Lord Crawford put out his hand, but Charles said, "The King alone receives the Dauphin's sword." But the King's anger had brought on a long, painful fit of coughing, and Charles waited in evident distress at his father's misery. The King at length made a sign for the sword.

Charles gave it him, but it fell from his trembling hand. Balafre bent down to pick it up, but Charles caught it, and threw it through the bars into Louis's cage. The King was deadly pale with rage and hatred as well as with illness. He pointed to Charles and said to Balafre, "That traitor shall be a prisoner in his own apartment. Have him guarded." Then he recollected that it was a Scot that had opened the dungeons to Charles, and he said, "No, no; Tristan, you shall appoint the guard." Even Balafre trembled when he heard that Tristan was to be in charge of the prince.

The King gave the order to withdraw. He seemed determined on seeing the dungeons closed securely, and he stood watching the sad silent procession moving away from the cage. Charles ran forward to the cage, but only to see Louis's head fall on his bosom, and his hands slip down the bars, and his little wasted body fall prostrate on the cold stone, as if he had fainted. He turned away with a pale determined face, but only to see his father pointing to the poor little body and to hear the last of what Tristan was saying to the King: "That boy will give no trouble after midnight."

Charles was conducted to his chamber. He saw the windows screwed down by Petit Andre, and saw that personage retire. He heard the door locked and bolted.

Charles thought that Louis might have heard the sentence; his anguish was indescribable, especially when going back through all the events of the day, he came to the text, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was in prison and ye visited me." Oh, what a blessing had come upon the visitor and the prisoner! The irony of it was too much for the trustful heart of a boy. At length, worn out with grief and perplexity, he fell asleep and slipped from his stool on to the floor.

It was there that Lord Crawford and Balafre, and the few nobles who composed the dismal court of France at

Plessis-les-tours, found him when they came to offer homage to King Charles. Louis XI was dead. Charles was King; an eventuality he had never stopped to think about until yesterday in the dungeon with Louis. Charles was taken to the King's chamber, and, while he was weeping the sincere tears of a child over the remains of his father, a gong struck twelve o'clock.

"Tristan and Louis! Tristan and Louis!" he exclaimed. "Come to the dungeon and save Louis". An agony of fear lest he should be late, came over Charles, and the minutes necessary to explain to Crawford and Balafre the last gesture of the King and the last word of Tristan, seemed ages. At last lanterns and men were collected, and Charles walked before his escort as his father had done whenever he visited the dungeons. Now the gates and trap-doors opened as of themselves before Charles. Tristan had not claimed his victim; he had been engaged with his dying master. Louis who had heard the words of Tristan and understood their meaning, was found bending over his stool, praying, and thanking God for his deliverance. He rose from the stool as the lights approached, and instead of hangmen whom he expected, he saw friendly faces.

Charles, whom a few hours had matured into a calm, thoughtful youth, went to Louis and said, "My Lord Duke, you are free, you must leave this place and come with me." Louis only bowed his head to Charles; he was too bewildered to find a meaning in the words. Charles ordered the cage to be opened. Many tried their hands at what seemed to be the door, but with no success; Charles tried, but his strength could do nothing where stronger arms than his were weak. The warder, who had supplied Louis with his daily allowance of black bread and water during six years, said

that he had never seen the cage open; his services had not been asked for until the prisoner had been secured within the bars. Smiths, and locksmiths, and workmen of various kinds were summoned to open the cage. All their efforts were of no avail. Meanwhile Charles was tortured with impatience and sadness, and those around were lost in wonder and conjecture. The prevailing idea was that the gipsies had invented this cage to win the goodwill of the late King and had used witchcraft in its construction.

These whispering conjectures died away when the lanterns seemed to grow dim and a soft gentle light like that of advanced dawn began to fill the place. The nucleus of the light was in the hall itself beside Charles, and it grew brighter and brighter, and took on the form, all whiteness and brightness, of a young man shining with beauty and clothed in white. All eyes were fixed on him. A smile slowly spread over his features and he looked with the utmost sympathy and love from Charles to Louis. At length he spoke softly and gravely, "The period of my exile is over. I may now return whence I came. I have helped to bring happiness to men." While he was speaking, the grim barn of iron sank slowly into the ground, and the rock closed over their traces, and no one could point to the exact spot where any one of them had been. The apparition stood smiling at the wonder-stricken faces around him. "Oh, speak again!" said Charles. "Who are you?" It answered more softly than before, as if to be heard only by Charles and Louis, "Biancuccio." And slowly Biancuccio became again mere light, and faded away. But the lanterns glimmered bright enough for the happy boys and their wondering attendants to leave the dungeons of Plessis-les-tours forever.

Jocelin.

[By P. N. R. II U. C.]

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child.—POPE.

"A learned grown man yet with the heart as
of a good child,"—CARLYLE, *Past and Present*,
Bk. II., ch. i.

Jocelinus de Brakelonda, the author of the chronicle called after him *Jocelini chronica*¹ written in Latin the lingua franca of the learned in those days, was a monk of the Benedictine House of St. Edmundsbury.² He came, in his own words, *ex genere honesto*. We have little or no authentic record, however, of the date of his birth and death; but from the short *preface* appended to the chronicle by the author, we know that he entered the monastery as a novice in 1173 A.D. From his surname, "*de Brakelonda*," it has been conjectured that he was an Anglo-Norman and a native of St. Edmundsbury itself, for the common practice in those days was to call monks by the name of the place from which they came. *Brakelond* was the name of a street or quarter in the town of St. Edmundsbury. Little more is known about Jocelin than what is gleaned from his narrative and the observation of a brother-monk who speaks of him, 'as a man of excellent religious observance as well as of power both in word and deed; *eximie religionis potens sermone et opere*.'

The sage of Chelsea sees him in his writings as a man of a patient, peaceable, loving, clear, smiling nature, with a wise simplicity, much natural sense, and a veracity that goes deeper than words. Carlyle praises Jocelin, because, 'he has a pleasant wit, loves a timely

joke though in a mild subdued manner very amiable to see.' His chronicle shows him to have been 'a man of wide culture, as culture was understood in those days, well versed in the classics, and theology, and contemporary literature. It shows that his life was singularly pure, honourable and happy. It gives us also an excellent idea of medieval monastic life.

The following pages are an attempt to indicate the salient features of this 'curiously interesting and highly instructive book of Monk Jocelin.' But before proceeding to the book, it may be well to state a few particulars about Jocelin gathered from his chronicle, in order to have before us as complete an account of him as it is possible to have at this distance from the twelfth century.

In 1173 A.D., Jocelin was enrolled as a novice. The abbot Hugo, 'was grown old and his eyes were dim, and although in his *régime* a high standard of religious observance was kept, without the walls all things were mismanaged.' [*Abbot Samson*, pp. 25 foll.] The temporalities were in a sad state and tended year by year to go from bad to worse; St. Edmundsbury groaned under a heavy load of debt. The Dominus Rex, Henry II, coming to hear of this, sent commissioners to enquire into it. But, as the monks feared to be foot-gyved and thrown into limbo for outspokenness, they kept silent—

Yea, trembled lest their hidden thought
Some bird should learn and carry it;

and the Royal visitation did not mend matters much.

Happily for the monastery and himself, Abbot Hugo met with an accident in 1180, and

'Died ere winter, and within
The minister choir was laid asleep
With carven saints his head to keep.

The provident sacristan, 'the simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime' Samson, was chosen to succeed Hugo. On the election of Samson, Jocelin was appointed to be the abbot's chaplain, and this office brought him for six years into the closest touch with the abbot. This constant intercourse was indeed, as the latter-day philosopher assures us, the grand fact of Jocelin's existence and properly the source and origin of this Boswellian Note-book and of the chief meaning it has for us now.

In 1198 and 1200 Jocelin was guest-master, and in 1212 he held the office of almoner. 'In all these offices,' says Dom Gasquet, 'the future chronicler had exceptional means of acquiring information, and this he utilised in writing the story of Abbot Samson's successful administration.' Jocelin's chronicle covers a period of seventeen years, 1173-1190. He says in the beginning 'he took care to write what he himself saw and heard'.

This brief sketch of Jocelin's life is all we can present. We proceed to the salient features which distinguish his book from the rest of its kind.

The most striking feature of the *Jocelini Chronica* is the charming naivety of its author. He gives us a fair and impartial account of the life led in one of those monasteries which Carlyle calls 'Heaven's-watch-towers of our Fathers', the fallen God's Houses, the Golgotha of all true souls departed.' He gives us the good and the less good and suppresses nothing that might not be unto 'edification'.

He says in the beginning, 'I have undertaken to write of those things which I have seen and heard and which have occurred in the Church of St. Edmundsbury, from the year in which the Flemings were taken without the town,' in which year also I

¹ On the outskirts of the city of St. Edmundsbury in Nov. 1173, the rebels, led against Henry II by the Earl of Leicester, were defeated. (*Cavanagh*).

assumed the religious habit and in which Prior Hugo was deposed and Robert made prior in his room. And I have related the evil as a warning and the good for an example.' His work is a *camera lucida* wherein an 'extinct species,' as Carlyle thought, can still be seen alive with its defects and its many virtues.

A few instances from this monastic Journal will suffice to bring out the truth of our statement. In the first chapter,—'How Abbot Hugo ruled the Church of Edmund', Jocelin makes no pitiful efforts to hide Hugo's weaknesses and their evil results. In the second chapter he reveals with unsparing severity, Hugo's subterfuge to evade the searching and embarrassing visitations of the ecclesiastical authorities. In the third, he gives us a not very flattering picture of Master Dennis the cellarer.—*The cowl does not make the monk*.

Then again, that his attitude towards Samson was that of admiration for his great talents, not of "abject idolatry," is sufficiently proved by Jocelin's stern reproof of some of the *Dominus Abbas's* actions. Jocelin praises the sanity, manliness, bravery, and genial humanity of Samson² in passages of great beauty and splendour. But running through this golden character he saw a streak of baser metal which in his opinion lowered Samson's worth. He cherished no illusions concerning his hero. He could no more approve of the weaknesses of Samson than he could approve of the ethics of William the sacristan or Dennis the cellarer.

After singing a kind of paean over the early struggles of Samson and his later successes as Abbot, he entertains us by telling 'how the Abbot was not perfect'. 'A wise man,' says Jocelin, 'has said that no one is altogether blessed and so Abbot Samson was not.'

This proves, in the words of Abbot Gasquet, "that Jocelin is a true chroni-

² Cf. the epithets applied to Samson by Carlyle.

¹ Its full title is, '*Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi*'; ed., F. C. Roke-wood (Camden Society, 1840). This Latin text was used by Thomas Carlyle.

² November 4th, 1539. This monastery was dissolved.

oler. of what really took place and no mere romancer tempted to edit or suppress entirely what might not be 'unto edification'.¹ He manifests no desire to make himself or his brethren appear other than they were in reality, that is, thorough Englishmen with strong will and passions, which, though these same passions might occasionally appear to gain the mastery, they were at all times endeavouring to subdue unto God's service by the help of His grace and through the broad-minded provisions of St. Benedict's Rule. The actors who appear in this living drama are for the most part monks, are obviously men natural and human enough in all their works and words; but these men are at the same time also monks endeavouring to supernatural ideals and striving to attain to that personal communion with God which is the end and object of all true Religion'. Readers of *Jocelin's Chronicle* will admit the truth of this statement.

To those unacquainted with Catholic literature, this 'ingenuousness' in the statement of the truth in ecclesiastical affairs may cause some surprise. But St. Gregory the Great, no less great as a pope than as a monk, wrote (715), 'It is better to have a scandal than a lie', and Cardinal Baronius (1538-1607) said, 'God preserve me from betraying the truth, rather than betray the feebleness of some guilty minister of Rome.' Jocelin's candour and native simplicity of soul are not phenomenal.

Another remarkable feature of this book in common with all monastic literature, is the absence of 'personal religion'. "The whole gist of their thinking seems to be the 'privileges of our order,' 'strict exaction of our dues,' 'God's honour' in the meaning of the honour of the saint, and so forth."

The monks seem to have been absorbed wholly in the secular interests

¹ Cavanagh remarks that 'Carlyle's hero, Samson, is certainly more infallible in *Past and Present* than in *Jocelin's* pages'. While Carlyle suppresses several events derogatory to his hero, Jocelin gives us an account of Samson's shortcomings and many virtues.

of the order or monastery, and not at all concerned with its spiritual interests.

The explications given by Carlyle and by Gasquet successfully account for this apparent anomaly.

First, the material needs of man are of a more urgent nature than the spiritual: furthermore, they are more easily expressed. Carlyle pithily remarks, 'bed and board is a matter very apt to come to speech; it is much easier to speak of them than of ideas.'

Carlyle gives a second explanation. These old-world monks were free from scepticism in regard to their faith. Religion *then* was not a diseased self-introspection, an agonising inquiry, as it is at the present day. Only a diseased man petulantly complains of his ailments. Modern Englishmen, permeated by Coleridgean philosophy, Benthamite ethics and economics, and shovel-hattisms, government by *laissez-faire*, religion through 'evidences' and theologies, and the whole doctrine of 'liberty, equality and fraternity,' have grown sick, sceptical, mechanical and utilitarian. It is 'an age fallen into spiritual languor destitute of belief.' But during the Middle Ages, 'a heavenly awe overshadowed and encompassed, as it still ought and must, all earthly business whatsoever.' Religion and religious observance then formed an integral part of the English people's very existence, in a way somewhat difficult to grasp in these days when the undoubted tendency is to set God and the things of God outside the pale of ordinary worldly affairs and to keep them out as far as possible. To fail to appreciate the intimate connection between the church and the people throughout that period, will cause the observer to misread many of the facts upon which a concrete judgement of that time must depend.

Carlyle concludes that it is no wonder the old monks never wrote about religion which was to them, like the air they breathed, the very element of their lives, and so they were hardly conscious of it, and could hardly detach them-

selves from it, so as to look at it and refer to it as an objective thing.

'And indeed,' comments Abbot Gasquet, 'it cannot be denied that the ideals and aspirations, as revealed to us in the life story of Jocelin, are of a higher and almost different order from those of our modern world.....' It was indeed a 'simple life', a life almost Arcadian in its simplicity, and as Cardinal Newman says of the same life in the days of Venerable Bede, 'it reminds us of those days, when Adam delved, and Abel watched the flocks, and Noah tended his vines, and angels visited them.'

To the chronicler the daily life of the monastery was so even, uneventful, and well-known, that it never occurred to him to be useful or necessary to enter any description of it in his pages. The saying, 'happy is the nation that has no history', applies to monasteries. Troubles, difficulties, and even scandals (cf. *Abbot Samson*, p. 42), find a place in the parchment record of an abbey or convent, while the days and years of peaceful unobtrusive labour glided away unnoticed by the monastic scribe.

Nevertheless, the feeling which predominates in his writing is 'devotion',—the common characteristic of all monks. Not content with celebrating in general terms an overruling providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of God, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to commune with Him face to face, was with them the great end, the alpha and omega of existence. The monks were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests.¹

That the monasteries formed an element both popular and beneficent² in

¹ Stout old Dr. Johnson, whose masculine genius appreciated the holy beauty of the monastic institutions, 'I never read,' said he, 'of a hermit but in imagination I kiss his feet: never of a monastery but I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement.'

² 'Had not such retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable pea-

the social life of England will be clear from a perusal of Jocelin's chronicle.

The monasteries were, due exceptions being made, 'the schools, the archives, the libraries, the hostels, the penitentiaries, and the hospitals of Christian society'. Their doors were always open not only to the poor and exiled, but to all souls fatigued with life, or bowed down under the weight of their faults, or simply enamoured of study and silence.

The people looked up to the monks as their 'guides, philosophers, and friends.' Their worship and the pomp of their ceremonies thrilled and delighted them. While the conventual *medicus* with simples and drugs ministered to bodily ailments, the Father Confessor administered spiritual solace. In fact, the *Jocelin's Chronicle* gives us an adequate notion of the many-sided activities of the monks during the Middle Ages whose very human motto was:—'Nothing that concerns humanity is outside the sphere of my interest,'—

Humani nihil a me alienum puto.

But alas! the rapacity of an English King who, through a mishap in nomenclature, came to be known as 'Good King Harry', destroyed in a moment the work of centuries. Was, then, the Henry VIII of history so saintly, so temperate, so just, so chaste, and so pious, that he might well despoil and ruin the monasteries in holy anger and pious grief in order to punish incontinence and irregularity? It reminds one of the old proverb of Satan reproving sin.

Now it looks paradoxical that a kirkman like Carlyle should have chosen an old monastic chronicle, a record of Popery, as his theme for the second book of his "Pamphlet for the Times". Brief mention of the circumstances under which he published his "Iliad of English Woes" will account for the paradox. Carlyle was discon-

santry and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey.—Macaulay: *Hist. of England*, vol. I. ch. I.

tented with the pernicious self-complacency and gross materialism that were creeping in among his contemporaries. He therefore retraced his steps backward—to medieval ethics and institutions. Optimists like Jeffrey and Macaulay—the latter pronounced “an acre in Middlesex to be worth a principality in Utopia”,—dubbed Carlyle as “visionary”. Though they admitted the existence of certain social evils in the present, they consoled themselves with the thought that their “forefathers were not better off”. They challenged Carlyle to show them a time in English History which could honestly be preferred to the present. Jocelin's chronicle, with its vivid picture of life in medieval England falling into his hands, gave him the data which he needed for his answer to them, and *Past and Present* was written off with singular ease in the first seven weeks of 1843.

After setting forth in the first book his doctrines of Reform, he proceeds in the second to illustrate them. His doctrines for the sake of convenience

may be classified under three headings: (1) ethics, (2) religion, and (3) politics.

His ethical teachings, viz., unquestioning obedience to something higher and nobler than ourselves, the value of labour, and strict adherence to truth which he regarded, “as the beginning and end of his message”, were fully realised in medieval monastic life. The first duty of the monks was to obey their superiors without murmur or hesitation, to work unceasingly and without expectation of reward.

His doctrine that unshakable faith in God is the cure of all social evils, was never so fully realised as in medieval England.

Lastly, his doctrine that a “benevolent despotism is the best form of Government”, was the practice in the medieval monasteries. Mere ‘votes’ for which he had the bitterest contempt, were the outcome of a later age.

This medieval document, therefore, had a strange fascination for the prophet.

Moral Science.*

Before the War there was much debating and endeavour to discover a means by which moral teaching might be introduced into schools and colleges. The need of such teaching has been more cogently felt since the War began. Whatever other effects the war may have, it will certainly create the need of men of strong reliable character. The glamour that attaches to wealth, and rank, and blood, will be partially dimmed, not extinguished, let us hope, by any violent reversal of the existing order of things. Anyhow, character will count before every other consideration. War is a fire that tries the

character of men; the weakling is put out of action, and the strong are newly tempered for better work or for worse. This is true of the nations engaged, and also, though in a less degree, of nations that are, as we are, practically only spectators. Those that were accustomed to assert their rights are startled by war into a more vigorous assertion of them, and sometimes into a more vivid realisation of their duties. Those that were indifferent to both rights and duties are startled into self-consciousness of which action is the inevitable result. After the war, or during any long spell of peace, there will be mighty

efforts at repairing or remaking fortunes, and no doubt there will be a great rush to pleasures and repose as the natural reaction after the strain of so much strenuous labour. We have escaped the toil and suffering of the War, but we shall not escape the new impulses that the War is actually giving to nations. We shall feel new needs and new aspirations as Indians, as party men, and especially as individuals. Values will be in demand and individual value will tell. But individual value means character. Of course some scholarship and acquaintance with books and laboratories is good and will help; some success in one's profession is better and will help more efficaciously to bring a man to the front; but character will be essential. If good work is to be done, it will be done by the man who has right principles of conduct and belief; if bad work is to be done, it will be done by the man of strong but bad principles. But we want good work, and, therefore, we want men who are not only good, but strong to do the right thing.

It is most urgent that in season and out of season the fundamental principles of right conduct be insisted on; not indirectly by means of do-me-good stories, but directly and cogently by downright straightforward moral teaching.

Now, as things are and will be for a long time, our schools and colleges do not and cannot give this necessary direct moral teaching; they can, of

course, give—and some of them at least do give—some excellent moral training. Among other reasons for not teaching the principles of morality is the difficulty of the time-table. Time-tables are most elaborately ingenious contrivances to get all the subjects to be taught into the twenty or twenty-five teaching periods. It is necessary, then, that books that go right to the heart of things and in such language and style as ought to give little trouble to the average high-school boy, should be put within his means. Books on moral subjects have from time to time been published and are doing good work. The latest, however, which we have seen, Father Teixeira's book, seems from all points of view the best. It is in simple, lucid English and makes hard points of psychology and ethics easy and interesting for the earnest boy. Besides, and this is the chief merit of the book, it places morality on a religious basis common to all creeds in this part of India. None of our boys question their responsibility to God as the author of the moral code and of the law of consequences which is only partially, if ever, fulfilled in this life, but which is fully satisfied in the life beyond the grave. The Hindu, and the Mussulman, and Christians of all denominations will find themselves at home in this book. It is not only a statement and explanation of moral principles, but also, and this is much better, such a statement and explanation as will be a trumpet-call to the earnest boy who means to do the right thing in the right way.

Thoughts from G. K. Chesterton.

It is absurd to call a man cynical whose object it is to show that goodness even when it is silly, is a healthier thing than wickedness when it is sensible.

The way to lessen sorrow is to make a lot of it. The way to endure a pain-

ful crisis is to insist very much that it is a crisis.

Caricature is a serious thing; it is almost blasphemously serious. Caricature really means making a pig more like a pig than even God made him.

The riddles of God are more satisfying than the solutions of man.

* *Moral Science: a Hand-book of Moral Education and Formation of Character*, by Rev. A. M. Teixeira.

Attention !!!

1. SQUARE WORD.

The name of a person in the Bible.
A low place between the hills.
The name of a mountain in Central Europe.
A disorderly mixture.

BUILT UP WORD.

I am in April but not in May,
I am in life but not in death,
I am in board but not in desk,
I am in rat but not in cat,
I am in ocean but not in river,
I am in humour but not in wit,
I am in boy but not in girl:

My whole is that which your school possesses.

2.

11				3
23				15

Fill up the vacant spaces in the above diagram with any numbers so that the sum of the numbers may be 65 when added in parallel lines or diagonally. No number should be repeated.

Contributed.

1. The pupil most to be pitied is the pupil of the eye, for it is always under the lash.

2. A judge threatened to fine a vakil for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt of court," said

the lawyer; "I have very carefully concealed my feelings."

3. The cost of the revolution in Russia was 25 shillings; it cost the Czar a crown and the people a sovereign.

4. A student caught in the act of robbing a bank, pleaded 'Not guilty.' In fact he was only *taking notes*.

5. A young man complained to his father-in-law that his wife was a regular scold. Her father declared to her that if she did not cure her bad temper, he would not leave her a penny. The story says that the young man never complained of his wife again.

6. Supply the missing letter and you will find that B A B L are the most appropriate letters that could be put after the average lawyer's name.

7. If you want to force an editor to publish your correspondence, use the pseudonym, 'Decency.' No editor could say, "Decency declined with thanks."

8. (A) How many servants do you keep?

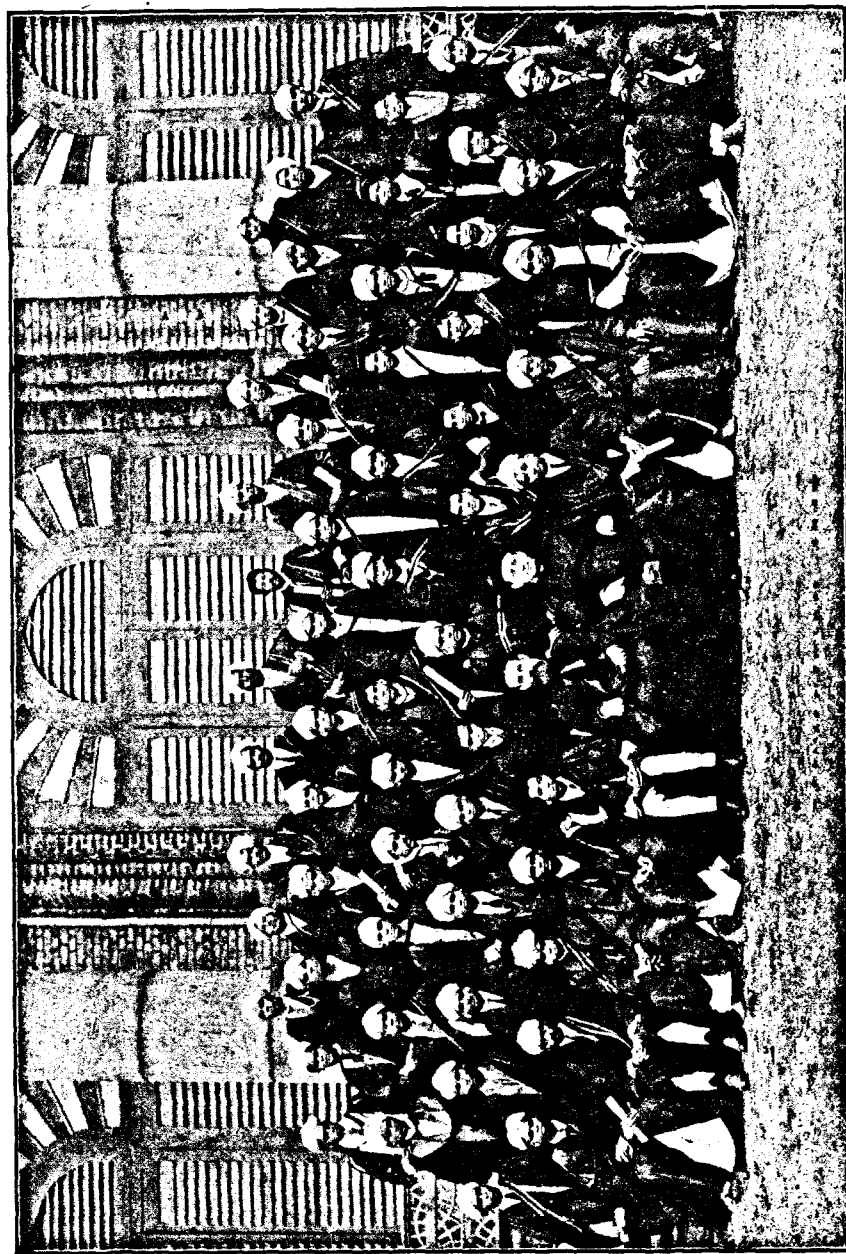
(B) Well, last year we had eighteen.

(A) How can you keep eighteen on your income?

(B) Oh, seventeen of them were cooks, who stayed on an average of five days each. The rest was a gardener.

9. Sir Walter Scott was travelling in Ireland, and seeing a beggar on the road, wished to give him a sixpence. Finding that he had only a shilling in his pocket, he gave it, but he said to the beggar: "You must give me back sixpence the next time we meet."

"I certainly will," said the beggar, "and I only pray that your honour may live happy till then."



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10. If very stout people are never guilty of meanness or crime, it is because they cannot stoop so low.

11. A patient went to a doctor about his loss of memory, and was surprised that the doctor made him pay in advance. Was there anything to be surprised at?

12. A student dropped a book, and as he could not get at it himself without troubling many others, he asked one of them to pick it up for him. "Do you mistake me for your servant?" was the ungentlemanly answer.—"Oh! no, no! I did not mistake you for my servant. I mistook you for a gentleman. I beg your pardon!"

College Notes.

A Jubilee.

And why not call it a jubilee? It is 50 years since the College first presented candidates for the University examinations. Six boys from St. Joseph's, Negapatam, appeared for the Matriculation examination on the 15th Dec. 1867. Four passed. Of these, two were in the *First Class* and one was the sixth in the Presidency. A Government scholarship of Rs. 10 was in those old days awarded to each of the first ten on the list of the *First Class*. Rs. 10 was a fine scholarship then, and went very much farther than Rs. 10 go to-day. Of the six candidates, two have passed away; four still recollect the impressions of the eventful day of the examination. What 'Old Boy' does not recollect Father Gnanapragasam or Father Santiago? They are celebrating the jubilee of their Matriculation examination this year; in a couple of years they will celebrate the jubilee of their self-consecration to Jesuit work in their own South India. The other two survivors are enjoying the leisure and pleasure of a retired life. They are, and we send them our compliments, Mr. Pakiam Pillai, pensioned Sheristadhar, Tanjore, and Mr. Muthukuti Mudaliar, pensioned Sheristadhar, Cuddalore.

The four have reached, or almost reached, the three score and ten, but they can be young again and recollect

and talk about past experiences. They remember their emotions on entering the examination-hall which was in the S.P.G. College then at Manambuchavidi, Tanjore. Father Gnanapragasam, who was good enough to send us these details and to whom we are very thankful for them, refers to the kindness with which the six Negapatam boys were treated by Mr. Marsh then the principal of the S. P. G. College.

Congratulations and good wishes to our veterans!

"For the're all jolly good fellows;
That nobody can deny."

They carried through fifty years the memory of a kind act, and found it no burden. No doubt there are many who for many years will be able to keep the jubilee of many kind services received from those dear 'Old Boys' whom we celebrate to-day.

Our Hostels.

When the new management was introduced into our Hostels at the beginning of the present academical year, it was distinctly stated that the new system would be experimental for one year. The year is fast drawing to its close, and it is time we thought of taking stock of the work done, previous to finally deciding whether or not we

are going to make the system permanent.

With a view to obtaining the information necessary before taking a determination, we called for a report from the Secretary of the Managing Committee on the working of the Hostels during the long term 1917, full data about it being now available. The report is in our hands. It is our opinion that, being *in loco parentis* to our students, we owe it to their parents to let them know how things are managed for their sons. The money spent by the boys at College is the parents' money, often hard-earned money. Parents may reasonably ask for evidence that their money is not squandered. Moreover, parents may have suggestions to make which may assist us in conducting the Hostels satisfactorily. Such suggestions will be thankfully received.

An account of the Hostels during the Long Term 1917.

It will probably be expected that an account of the working of the Hostels under the new management should begin with an account of the management itself.

A committee of seven members chosen from among the lay staff of the College by the Principal, with the Principal himself as *ex-officio* President, and a resident Warden, collectively form the "management"; the executive officer of the committee being the Secretary, who is elected in rotation by and from among the members of the committee. The Secretary, subject to the general control of the committee, is entrusted with the task of conducting the routine affairs of the Hostels, and is generally assisted in the discharge of his duties by two other members of the committee, one of whom works exclusively in the department of issues and supplies. The duties of the committee being primarily connected with the management of the Hostels, the arrangement of the proper *menu* for each Hostel and the maintenance of the internal discipline of the Hostels constitute its two most import-

ant and perhaps most difficult fields of work. For, in the first of these, the principles guiding the choice of a proper *menu* which will satisfy all tastes and purses, are sometimes so contradictory that the golden mean cannot be easily struck. On the one hand it seems it is quite reasonable to expect that a College Hostel should be able to meet the maximum expectations of any individual member; but, on the other, it is equally true that the individual caprices of any member should be subordinated to the general interests of the majority who have the misfortune of being not over-rich.

This difficulty is not infrequently enhanced by the fluctuations in the market-prices of food-stuffs. These have a curious knack of increasing month by month and, in some cases, even day by day, so that, even when some mutual agreement between the irreconcilables on either side has been arrived at, one has to keep feeling the pulse of the market almost daily if the inevitable reaction of the market-prices on the monthly mess-rates is at all to be mitigated.

This seems to be the place to state the principles which guide the committee in the department of issues and supplies. The articles of daily consumption are, as is customary in many Hostels, supplied by different contractors, the number of whom, in the case of each article, is determined solely by their capacity to supply the maximum needs of the Hostels. The name of contractors, however, as applied to our present purveyors, is rather misleading; for it suggests some explicit or implicit understanding between the management and the purveyors that the former shall in all cases purchase their articles through the medium of the latter. But such is not the case. The committee have dealings with a purveyor only so long as he is able to satisfy them as regards the two essential conditions of purchase:—quality and price; the committee are free to change their purveyors as often as they please, provided that better quality is offered

elsewhere for the same price. This part of the duties of the committee may be called the external economy. Still more important is the other part of their duties, that pertaining to the internal economy of the Hostels. The daily requirements of each Hostel have to be closely scrutinised, not only by a comparison of the quantities consumed proportionately in the different Hostels, but also by studying the conditions obtaining outside. The essential thing

to be guarded against is a reprehensible waste of things, whether cooked or not. In the discharge of this duty the committee acknowledge the help that they receive from the student-delegates.

It will be interesting to consider at this stage, how far the efforts of the committee have met with success in this respect. An examination of the records of the Hostel gives the following mess rates for the Hostels in the different months:—

Table I.

Months.	No. of Working Days.	Aiyangars.	Smarthas.	Malabars.	Sivites.
		RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.
June-July	37	13 7 10	13 2 5	14 12 8	13 1 8
August	31	10 15 8	10 8 6	11 4 10	10 15 8
September	30	11 6 10	10 3 9	10 7 10	10 8 9
October	19	7 6 9	6 11 8	6 10 11	6 10 11
Nov. & December	41	16 14 0	16 4 2	16 8 0	16 8 10
TOTAL	158	60 3 1	56 14 6	59 12 3	57 13 10

There does not seem to be any meaning in these rates as represented above, except perhaps that they might vary as might naturally be expected. But let us examine them from a different point of

view. From the actual rates for the different periods given above, let us calculate the rate for a theoretical month of 30 days in each of the same periods.

Table II.

Period.	Aiyangars.	Smarthas.	Malabars.	Sivites.
	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.
1. June-July	10 15 0	10 10 8	11 15 3	10 10 0
2. August	10 10 8	10 3 3	10 15 0	10 10 0
3. September	11 6 10	10 3 9	10 7 10	10 8 9
4. October	11 11 6	10 10 0	10 9 0	10 9 6
5. Nov. & December	12 5 6	11 14 4	12 0 5	12 1 4
Total for 150 days	57 1 6	53 10 0	54 15 6	54 7 7
Average for 30 days	11 6 8	10 11 7	10 15 10	10 14 4

An analysis of the second table reveals the fact, that the rates at first show a tendency to decline but as the third period is approached the signs of an opposite tendency are unmistakable, and this steady increase continues till the very end of the term. The question naturally arises how to account for this increase in the latter stage. If a continuous decrease in the rates is to be construed as proving the growing effectiveness of the committee, is it to be understood that that effectiveness declined in the latter part of the long term? We trust it is not so. In the early months of the term under review the policy of the committee was to determine if possible the lower limit to the mess rates under the then existing conditions. The work of the committee itself being mainly experimental then as now, it was thought desirable to have the actual statistics of expenses under as many different conditions as possible. In the early months, then, the committee decided to impose restrictions

on the number and quality of special tiffins to be served in the Hostels. But, as time went on, the pressure from the members in the direction of an increased number of tiffins became too great to be easily resisted, and as the inclination of the members favoured the original idea of the committee, a gradual change was set on foot in the other direction, till it reached a climax at the end of the term, when daily special tiffins became the rule in almost all the Hostels. Add to this that the prices of all foodstuffs showed an abnormal tendency to increase, partly on account of natural causes and partly on account of the restrictions imposed by the Railway authorities on the despatch of goods. These two causes acting concomitantly produced the increase of the rates in the latter half of the term. As an example of the second cause might be mentioned the particular case of firewood which rose from Rs. 12 per ton at the beginning of the term to Rs. 18 per ton towards the close.

Table III.

Calculated total expenses for special tiffins in the different Hostels in the different periods for a month of 30 days :—

Period.	Ayyangars.	Smarthas.	Malabars.	Sivites.
	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.
1.	101 5 3	205 6 8	95 11 3	94 3 1
2.	98 3 1	172 3 2	71 7 0	92 3 10
3.	147 3 8	231 9 5	97 1 1	119 8 11
4.	148 15 6	*155 13 4	*87 6 9	*88 7 10
5.	166 12 3	293 0 3	173 7 6	141 2 0

* The seeming abnormal diminution in October is explained by the fact that the Hostels ceased working for 12 days.

Table IV.

From Table II the following average expenses per member for a month of 30 days is obtained :—

Heads.	Ayyangars.	Smarthas.	Malabars.	Sivites.
	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.	RS. A. P.
Food alone	7 11 5	7 10 11	7 10 10	7 8 1
Special Tiffin	2 2 9	1 12 9	1 13 6	2 1 6
Establishment	1 0 6	0 11 11	0 15 6	0 12 9
Oil	0 8 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	0 8 0
Total	11 6 8	10 11 7	10 15 10	10 14 4

It will be seen from this that the average costs of food alone in the different Hostels throughout the entire period do not differ among themselves by more than a few annas. As regards special tiffins the Ayyangars take precedence with an average of 2-2-9 and the Smarthas come last with 1-12-9. The charges for establishment are again highest in the case of the Ayyangars and lowest in the case of the Smarthas.

We speak of rates being either high or low with reference to some standard. What is this standard? It is the members' satisfaction that they have had their money's worth. We venture to think that, estimated on this standard, our rates are not unduly high. It must, however, also be distinctly remembered that the committee had to feel its way and make experiments, before it could finally settle down upon a fixed line.

Passing from the question of meals and rates to that of discipline in the Hostels, the committee wish to record with pleasure that, taken as a whole, the discipline has been excellent. In saying this the committee have not failed to take note of certain things done in the Hostels which might better have not been done at all; but they will content themselves with saying that, if ever exceptions prove the rule, no better illustration of this principle can be found than the conduct in our Hostels.

Whether in a controversy arguing some plausible improvements in the Hostel-methods, or engaged in *tête-à-tête* chat about their hopes and homes, the members have shown deference to constituted authority beyond all praise, and sympathy to those who have devoted their leisure hours to their service with a disinterestedness for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in many other hostels.

R. SRINIVASACHARI,

Secretary.

The chief question which arises on perusal of this Report is the very question which the Secretary and the Committee raise; Are the rates excessive? The President of the Committee finds himself unable to answer the question and he must necessarily depend on outside information and opinion. What do parents say? Do they find these rates too high? The Secretary claims that, so long as the boys get their money's worth, the rates cannot be said to be too high. So far as our information goes, the boys are satisfied that they have had their money's worth, and this admission is a tribute to the self-denial, the devotedness and honesty of the Committee, which tribute we pay them ungrudgingly. But this standard may not be accepted by all parents. They may have their own standard, viz., the proportion of these rates to their monthly

income, and it may be they consider that the hostel rates paid by their sons, however justifiable on the ground that their boys had their money's worth, make unduly large inroads on that income.

That the food supplied must be abundant and wholesome, is admitted by all. But what about the *menu*? What about the special tiffins, their number and quality? We hear that cabbages, potatoes, *செவ்வாய்க்காய்*, etc. are the order of day several times a week. Are there no indigenous vegetables in the country, equally suitable—we should say, more suitable—for Indian boys, and especially cheaper? What necessity is there for serving up costly European vegetables at Indian meals on ordinary days? We fail to see any. We should not object to such vegetables appearing as extras on the *menu* on feast-days, but why on ordinary days? Europeans living in India are advised, in the interest of their health, to adopt the Indian fare as far as consistent with the European temperament, and especially to use indigenous vegetables which are known to be light and refreshing. Why, then, should Indians go in for European vegetables?

It is our opinion that many students are underfed, whereas the intellectual life they are leading at the critical period of their growth requires abundant feeding. Particularly we are inclined to think, pending correction from qualified persons, that the long fast during the active period of the day, viz., between the morning meal at 9 A.M. and the evening meal at 7 A.M., which is still the rule with some students, is a severe strain on their health. But is that a justification for "special" or "rich" tiffins every day? Are not boys contracting habits of luxury which they will find it hard to keep up or give up later on when they start life on a modest salary and which may lead them into pecuniary difficulties?

These are points on which we should like to have the opinions of parents and well-wishers, and, if such opinions were forthcoming, we should consider it our duty to act up to them.

We are prepared to meet the angry looks and the protests of our young friends of the Hostels, which we are aware we are making ourselves liable to by interfering with their *menu*. We are most anxious to please them, but still more anxious to please their parents.

The rest of the Report does not call for comment. We are aware there are certain desiderata at Clive's and that by supplying them we should improve matters considerably. One of these is want of room, but to remedy this defect is no easy task. Another is the limitation of the water-supply, which causes serious discomfort. The water problem is engaging the attention of the Committee, and it is hoped that a solution of it will be found in the near future.

We cannot conclude these remarks without placing on record our deep appreciation of the work done by the Committee and expressing the wish that their devoted services may be appreciated by the members of the Hostels at their right value.

F. BERTRAM,

President,

St. Joseph's College Hostel's
Managing Committee.

Museum.

This time last year an appeal was made in the Magazine to all our friends and well-wishers for their help and co-operation towards the collection of stamps that was being put up. We are glad to say that the appeal was not in vain, that it has met with a most generous response; and we take this opportunity of thanking once more all the students, old boys and friends, who have taken the trouble to send us the stamps they could gather. They will be glad to know that the collection is now arranged and set up. It is a valuable collection, and contains over 7,000 different stamps, representing very nearly all the stamp-issuing countries of the world.

It is not possible here to mention the names of all who have contributed to the work, either directly by sending stamps not in the collection, or indirectly by contributing duplicates useful for exchange purposes. To select only a few names might be invidious; so we must content ourselves with a general acknowledgment. There is one name, however, which demands a special mention. This is Mr. C. V. Raphael of Ernakulam. Hearing of the collection we were setting up in the Museum, Mr. Raphael (who, by the way, has a collection of his own of 10,000 stamps) wished to contribute, and kindly sent as a gift a complete collection of all the issues, past and present, of Cochin and Travancore with many rare varieties and errors. Owing to Mr. Raphael's generosity, these two states stand out as the best represented states in the whole collection, a fact which our Malayali students will note with pleasure and pride.

Many people nowadays are keenly hunting for souvenirs of the Great War. We are glad to say we have received a few through the kindness of Rev. Fr. Caius, S.J., and of Mr. T. A. Ponnusami, an Old Boy, now working in the 'Land of the Two Rivers,' otherwise called Mesopotamia. The former has presented us with 2 gas-masks, one quite new, the other worn and dirty. But could the dirty one speak, it might tell us of good work done in the defence of Verdun, during those days of the famous attack launched by the Germans in 1916.

The souvenirs brought by Mr. Ponnuswami include Turkish cartridge cases and shell-caps (all used, of course), a Turkish officer's water-flask, and an old Italian book, which, he tells us, was saved from a burning library in Baghdad. The book was printed in 1786 at Mantua, and is beautifully bound in silk and embossed in silver. The subject is "The Antigonus," an opera dealing with the days of Antigonus Gonatas, a name now quite unknown to our students, but sufficiently familiar to our Intermediate students a few years ago

who had the benefit of the study of the Post-Alexandrian period in Greek History. The title page with its antiquated high-flown style and historical allusions may perhaps interest our readers. We give it in translation:

The Antigonus | AN OPERA | of the incomparable Signor Abate | PETER METASTASIO | IMPERIAL POET | to be represented in the Royal-Ducal Theatre | for the first time in the spring of the year 1786 | DEDICATED | TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES | THE MOST SERENE | Ferdinand Charles | ROYAL PRINCE OF HUNGARY AND BOHEMIA | ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA | DUKE OF BURGUNDY, AND OF LORRAINE, ETC. | Imperial Lieutenant Governor and Captain General of Austrian Lombardy | AND TO THE MOST SERENE ARCHDUCHESS | Maria Ricciarda | Beatrice d'Este | PRINCESS OF MODENA etc. | his consort.

About a year ago we had the visit to the Museum of Mr. Rayan Pattar, a wealthy landowner of Changanachery, a gentleman well-known on the West Coast for his kind sympathy and munificence in the cause of education. He was so much impressed with what he saw and with the utility of such an institution as the Museum, that he spontaneously offered to contribute something towards the work. The result is a large glass show-case for birds, an article much needed at the time, but which we had no means of providing. Thanks, however, to the generosity of Mr. Pattar, it has now been set up and provides accommodation for our increasing ornithological collection.

Old Boys.

We have much pleasure in recording the success obtained in the last Financial Civil Service Examination by Mr. S. Ambravanesvaran, M.A., B.L. In the opinion of those who know him, this success comes as a matter of course. We nevertheless offer him our best congratulations and wish him every success in his new line.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. E. T. Thomas, II U. Class, another victim to cholera, on Friday 25th January. He was attacked at an unexpected hour and succumbed after only 9 hours' illness.

Mr. Thomas was a native of Kottayam and a member of an ancient respectable Jacobite Syrian family. After pursuing his studies in the C. M. S. College, Kottayam, the diseased came to Trichinopoly and he joined this institution as a Semi-Boarder. Seemingly reserved and serious, he was a merry and delightful companion within a limited circle of

friends; he spoke little, but quantity was amply made up by quality. A few hours before his death he quite willingly became a Catholic and received the last sacraments of the Church. The idea of joining the Church was already mature in his mind, and he used to express this desire to his fellow-lodgers.

We heartily condole with his parents and relatives in the loss they have sustained. In his death his family has lost a promising member, this institution an intelligent student, and his friends a worthy companion.

K. E. JOB.

Correspondence.

Sir,

In page 65 of your Magazine of July 1917, you treat of four causes that might possibly go to account for a fairly steady all-round decline in the percentage of passes in the Intermediate Examinations especially in 1915 and 1916; and on page 95 of the same issue, under Editorial Notes, you add ".....it must be by some general cause working mischief among the younger men." What is that cause?

May I request you to allot some space in a subsequent issue of your valuable Magazine so that I may express my views on the points referred to *supra*?

Besides the reasons adduced by you to explain the deterioration and the consequent decline in the passes in the University Examinations, there are other potent factors that go to work far away towards the abnormal failures of students in their examinations. The short

term (January to March) of the present academical year—the precious period when every nerve of the student energy will have to be exerted if success at examinations held in March be the end in view—happens to be the close of the year, and as such, there are the various anniversaries of Societies and Organizations, the several conferences, and the innumerable sporting matches. All this, to my thinking, contributes a good deal for student energy to be dissipated in quarters other than those towards which it may otherwise be legitimately due. This calls to my mind a very pertinent and sensible remark which used to be now and then passed both in and out of class by a former yet well-distinguished English Professor of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, the Rev. Fr. Santiago, S.J., B.A., in the months of October-November, the months just before the University Examinations, which were then usually held in December, that "the Dramatic

and Circus troupes invade the educational centres and especially Trichinopoly, just at this period (October-Nov.) and thus distract the attention of students from their legitimate duties."

Nowadays, as said before, sports, conferences of all sorts, arrangements for the conduct of anniversaries of various societies mostly not connected with the Colleges; all this engages the attention of the students both in and out of class-hours, so that there is dissipated attention within the class-room, desultory reading outside it, and the ever-engaging and all-sweeping thought on sports and matches thereof; all of which, either severally or conjointly, go towards deterioration in the success of the students.

A question may be raised here: How will this reason go to contribute towards failure in English alone when it should work itself equally in the case of other subjects as well, and statistics prove that it is in English that there is a greater number of failures than in the Groups? The answer to this question is not far to seek. In English, the students generally think in Tamil and in a very infinitesimal space of time make a mental translation of the idea so conceived in Tamil before they actually express it in English, and the product does not seem to be pure English but a distorted one, and this gives room for a failure in English and this especially when the answer-papers are valued by men with a masterly command of English. But, in the case of the Groups, the examiners take into consideration only the matter of the answers produced leaving aside English language. Furthermore there is another fact that gets a favourable side towards successes in Groups. In almost all the Colleges in this Presidency, the Professors of Groups invariably dictate their notes, and this dictation of notes to the students attending Colleges is, in some cases, even carried on to satiety; and the student is not left to work out for himself, and so he easily crams these notes just before the examinations and manages to get a success in Groups. But, in the case

of English, this dictation of notes by Professors of English is almost a rarity; and the students, being thus left to themselves to think out and work out their own salvation, except some hints in the shape of explanations and suggestions and models here and there, show, to quote the words of the Examiner in English Poetry contained in the Report of the Chairman of the Board of Examiners in English to this Madras University, "a strong disinclination to submit himself to the mild discipline required, and stoutly refuse to believe the methods of study which call for some independent effort and some little exercise of the faculty of reason are in the long run easier than the traditional methods, and much more paying."

There also remains the question of the maintenance of uniformity in correction by the Examiners who value the students' answer-papers and that the adequate selection of experienced B.A., L.T.'s. on the actual teaching staff of Schools and Colleges with some ten years' experience to their credit to do duty as Assistant Examiners charged with the function of valuing the answer papers will go far ahead towards the securing of this maintenance of uniformity in correction for the reason that they might well be expected to bring the benefit of their past experience into play in doing this duty of correcting the University answer papers.

T. S. VAIDYANADHA AITAH,
B.A., L.T.

Asst. St. Joseph's College, Trichy.

Johnson on Air Raids
and
Ruskin on War by Chemistry.

Sir,

The following is a striking forecast of the air-raid menace that is so very frightful now in England and all over Europe in connection with the unholy and devastating war that the Huns are waging, by Dr. Samuel Johnson in

Chapter vi. of *Russelas* written in 1759:—

"If men were all virtuous, I should with great alacrity teach them to fly. But what would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds neither walls, mountains, nor seas could afford security. A flight of savages might hover in the wind and light with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region."

And here is a copy of a prophetic letter written by John Ruskin 53 years ago on "War by Chemistry".

The letter now published for the first time in the "Strand Magazine," was addressed to Colonel Bruce, King Edward's tutor at Woolwich. It is in the possession of Captain Caddell.

Denmark Hill,
January 2, 1864.

My dear Sir,

I do not know when I have had a New Year's letter that gave me more pleasure than yours, for many reasons. But I can't say a word more to-day than that I'll keep any day during the whole month, that you may tell me, free

for you and Captain Brackenbury. I will not make any engagement, after the 12th, till I hear from you.

You soldiers are the life of England just now, but I wonder when it will come into your heads that you were never meant to be blown out of engines, nor to fight by chemistry.

Some day Europe may perhaps perceive, *must perceive* in due time, but perhaps *by fearful teaching*, that civilised nations should settle their quarrels as civilised men do, on terms and with choice of weapons, and that to fight with Greek fire and rams and any other of your cursed Woolwich apparatus is just as if two gentlemen, instead of fighting with sword or pistol, went each first to his apothecary to fill his pockets with *nitric acid* and *fulminating silver*, to be thrown in his antagonist's face.

Do you know, if you don't mend your manners, you'll soon come to *poisoned bullets*. You are all straight on the way to it.

Always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[The italics are mine.]

J. M. S.

Books Reviewed.

Moral Science: a Hand-book of Moral Education and Formation of Character, by Rev. A. M. Teixeira; published by The Manager, The "Good Pastor" Press, Broadway, Madras. Price Rs. 1-4-0. (See p. 36.)

Ramajayam. We have received a copy of the first number of a new Malayalam periodical, called the *Ramajayam*. It is edited by our "Old Boy" Mr. P. V. Govindaswami M.A., L.T., and is intended to diffuse on the West Coast the knowledge of Co-operative Societies.

We regret we are unable to read Malayalam and consequently unable to

gain first-hand knowledge of the journal, its contents, and its merits. But we do not require a knowledge of Malayalam to say that efforts to promote co-operation are efforts in the right direction, to congratulate Mr. P. V. Govindaswami Aiyar on having attempted this task, and to express the wish that his effort may be crowned with success.

We asked an Honours Student in Economics to read the Review for us and to give us an idea of its contents. His impression is that still more effort should be made to bring the *Ramajayam* within the intellectual reach of the

general public, for whom it is intended. A short account of the growth of the Co-operative movement, a clear and simple description of its nature and of its working, a vivid demonstration of its advantages, would be proper matter for its columns.

Our informant is inclined to find fault with the review for advising the institution of separate co-operative societies for each community, on the ground that separate societies are against the fundamental principle of co-operation.

We are unable to say how far these criticisms are grounded. But we feel certain that the Editor is as keen as any to reach all those who may be benefited by co-operation, and we may trust him to put forth his best endeavours to secure that object.

F. B.

History of Trichinopoly prior to the British Occupation. By M. S. Nateson (Teacher, Hindu Secondary School, Teppakulam, Trichinopoly). Price, 4 as.

Mr. Nateson calls this little work a History of Trichinopoly. We think that 'Historical Notes on Trichinopoly'

would be better as a descriptive title of its contents. Anyway, the price of the pamphlet, 4 as., removes any possibility of error as to the pretensions of this publication of 31 pages.

It is divided into 12 chapters, each of which contains notes in chronological order on the period of the history of Trichinopoly to which the chapter is devoted. Each of these very brief notes, 105 in all, would require very much elaboration in the way of exposition, discussion, proof, confirmation, etc., before they could be welded together into a history.

We have very much pleasure in recommending this publication to all students. It will show them how to classify the notes they take when they go in for reading with a view to the study of any particular phase of a subject, or when their intention is to write on such a subject. Of course, notes of this kind to be of real use should be accompanied by references and perhaps by a bibliography. In this respect the pamphlet is incomplete; but, even as it is, it cannot but suggest to students the right method of note-taking on any subject they may be interested in.

Exchanges.

The Josephite, Annual Report, St. Joseph's High School, Calicut.

The S. P. G. College Magazine, Dec. 1917

The S. P. G. College Magazine, Jan. 1918.

Our Little Paper, St. Joseph's High School, Trevandrum. Jan. 1918.

Lumina, St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 1917.

Loyola University Magazine, Chicago, Nov. 1917.

The Stonyhurst Magazine, Wales, Oct. 1917.

பேராதல சாந்தரப் பூங்காத்த, R. C. Boarding and Training Institution, Trichinopoly.

Business Notes.

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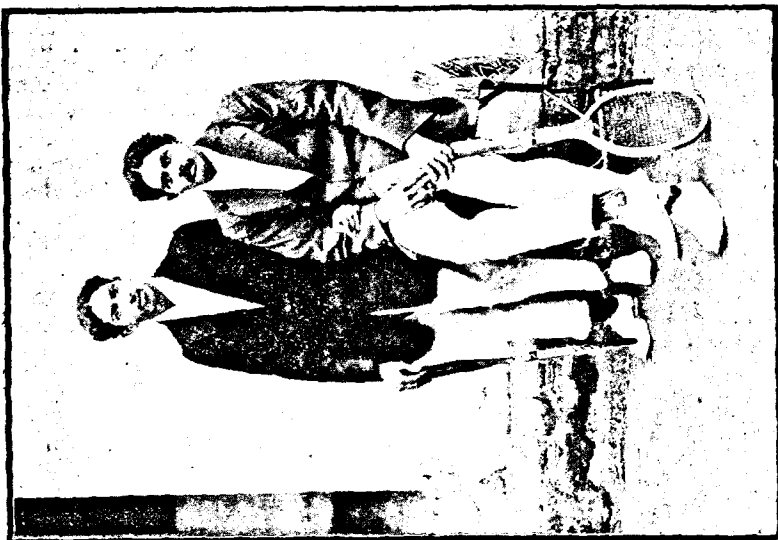
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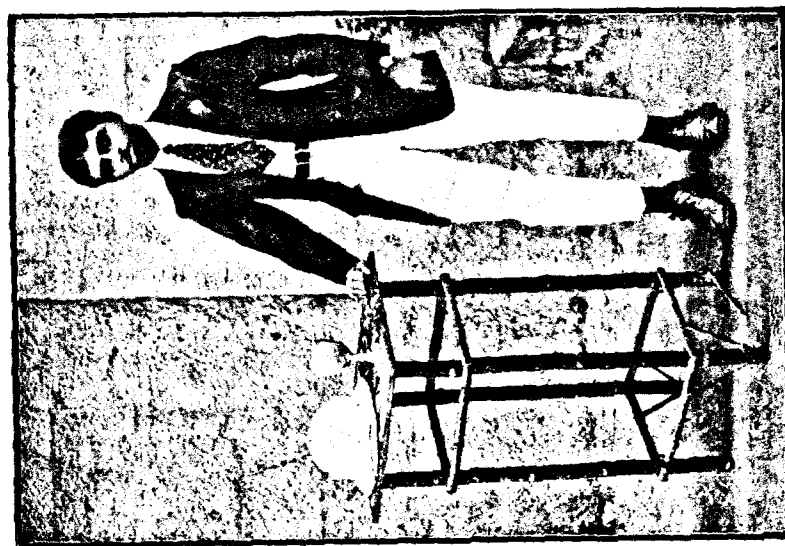
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Grigg Medal and Championship Cup.
1917.

The Magazine

St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

Vol. 7, No. 2.]

24 JUL '18 [July 1918.

The Great Neutral:

(His Views of The War.)

The Effects of The War:

World Peace.

Sacrifice for an Ideal.

"This war has brought to millions of men's minds the glory and necessity of sacrifice for an ideal. That is a good thing, if the ideal be unselfish as is usually the case with these individuals who do the actual fighting in a war. Sacrifice is ever elevating.

Spiritual Elevation.

"Those of every country who participate in the great combat with this as their animating impulse, thereby will gain. The preservation of this thought among the men who go to battle may make the war produce upon their souls that effect of spiritual elevation which will transform them into better men; and sacrifice among those who do not know the perils of direct combat, but patriotically strive and watch and wait at home, may have for them the same high value. Thus possibly the world may find, as it were, its recompense for all the horrors which have beset it now, for all the suffering the war has brought.

"One thing the war has certainly proved, it seems to me, through all the sacrifice and all the dreadful effort it has demanded. To any reasonable mind, I think, it would seem that if humanity can now put forth such tremendous effort to make war, in days to come it must be capable of such endeavour as inevitably will maintain world peace. It may be that this war will lead mankind to ask itself the question: why should we strive and bleed and die in compassing destruction? Would it not be a better sacrifice if we laid down our life in the service of our fellowmen instead of in their ruin?

Fraternal Sympathy.

"It has been in following this line of thought that I have come to see the great necessity for imploring constantly that all humanity will join me in the mighty effort to make certain that out of the vast disaster that has stunned the world may spring that earnest sense of fraternal sympathy which also can bring all people and all peoples to

complete fairmindedness, thus insuring tranquil days to come.

American Intervention.

"Certainly I feel that America's participation in the great contest is likely to facilitate approach of such a peace as that which often I have mentioned as desirable — a peace which will bring with it a confidence of full security to all the peoples of the world. America is a great country. It is a land in which intelligence has developed splendidly, and I believe its people are unselfish.

The American Press.

"In America, journalism has become a mighty power. Probably it is a greater power there than elsewhere. You must feel it a high privilege to address the people of your country every week through their great newspapers. The American newspaper is a pulpit from which greater congregations can be reached perhaps than from any other in the world. If all the preachers who address your people from these pulpits while the war lasts, shall preach to them the sermon that out of the great conflict real justice based upon full mutual understanding must be brought about, then may they achieve a service for humanity beyond the power of human computation.

Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign: "Endure";
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure.

Whittier.

Thou canst not choose but serve—
man's lot is servitude—
But thou hast thus much choice, a
bad lord or a good.

Trench.

The Basis of Patriotism.

"I feel myself impelled to-day to express my sympathy and admiration for all those who are showing now their willingness to suffer the supreme sacrifice for their love of country, whichever country theirs may be: but at the same time it unquestionably is my duty to implore them to keep ever in their minds remembrance of the fact that true patriotism must be founded on divine law, and that no man can be loyal to his country unless he be first loyal to his conscience and to God."

These are some items of a conversation, not of an interview, with His Holiness Benedict XV.

We have called the Pope the Great Neutral. He is no doubt the ruler who demands and ungrudgingly receives such homage and submission as no ruler ever yet demanded or ever will be able to demand. Many of his subjects are engaged in conflict with each other. He is neutral; but he is evidently oppressed with the conviction that a great injustice has been committed and that it must be redressed, and that the bonds of brotherhood that should unite nations have been criminally sundered. Yet he does not assume the rôle to decide between brother and brother, on which side lies the guilt of injustice and inhumanity. He does fulfil the rôle of supreme pontiff: He holds ever before the eyes of his spiritual subjects the moral goal they must strive for, namely, justice and humanity.

Great deeds cannot die;
They, with the sun and moon, renew
their light

For ever, blessing those that look on
them.

Tennyson.

Religious and Moral Instruction in our Schools and Colleges.

A pamphlet by Mr. Ambravaneswaran on 'Western Education in India' has been awaiting review for a very long time. Though we have neglected it so long, we cannot but feel that it is of perhaps more cogent actuality to-day than when it was written. The breezy, bracing optimism that animates its pages is very refreshing just now when every one seems bent on finding fault with everybody else and with all things in general. Very much ink and paper and breath have been spent in showing up all the mischief that western education has done to India. Mr. Ambravaneswaran has, in a short but impressive essay, supported almost diametrically opposite views. Briefly, he holds that "The much-abused secular education has proved a success even on the moral side. A higher level of thought and character has been the gratifying outcome of over half a century of familiarity with western science and knowledge. Movements for the suppression of pernicious customs, for the diffusion of education, for the relief of the downtrodden, for the resuscitation of industrial life, singularly testify to the vivifying and transforming potency of western thought and learning, a fact which is the more remarkable because these movements have been inspired by the influence of an educational system, purely intellectual in nature and perfectly dissociated from religious and moral instruction."

The pamphlet opens with an examination of the three common charges against western education:

The political 'Unrest' in the country during the first decade of the century was generally attributed to western education, and the remedy proposed was a return to the old Indian ways and methods of education. True, science

and philosophy, the theory of evolution, of man's descent from the ape, and utilitarian ethics, may have accounted for some thing in that wild outburst of anarchical feeling, but its real cause was "reckless political thought dissociated from intellectual sobriety and spiritual devotion." The remedy is to be found in placing religion on a scientific basis and in recognizing "the dependence of science on religion for progress, and of religion on science for stability." The remedy does not lie in any futile attempt to dislodge existing universities and locating them in the heart of forests, and to find for modern youths teachers of the type described by the sages.

Those who thought they had discovered the cause of the 'Unrest' in our purely secular education brought forward proofs of 'the growing irreverence of modern students.' The writer does not definitely state whether he considers our students wanting in reverence. His view on this point would have been interesting, for the trend of his essay seems to indicate that he believes, as we do, that reverence for the higher, and the better, and for truth whether in abstract theory, or concentered in principles guiding life, and conduct, and the quest of knowledge, is the *sine qua non* which the educator depends on for successful work, and that character, the aim of education, should be chiefly the hardening into a second nature of reverence in all its bearings.

The position the writer maintains in this connection is that in India the dangers of a purely secular education are less than they are usually represented to be. He asserts, in splendidly worded statements, the fundamental proposition, "That morality must be based on religion and remain the visible evidence of it in life." He maintains that, as in India

religion is the basic principle of life and as morality has been through generations wrought into everyday activities, there need not be any grave anxiety for Indian youths provided there persists among them religious fervour and moral temper. In spite, however, of this cheerful view of our purely secular education, the writer does not consider this education in any sense ideal even for India. He contends that "it would be a legitimate recognition of present conditions to provide religious and moral instruction in schools and colleges to the several classes in the sphere of their respective convictions and in harmony with their cherished traditions and experiences."

The idea of providing religious and moral instruction for the several denominations of pupils in schools and colleges is not new; it is in fact very old. It has been the subject of much discussion and very generally rejected. It has been practised in Germany with the hideous results we know too well. It has been with modifications presented over and over again in the form of national education bills in the British parliament; but, thank God, it has so far been always vigorously opposed. Its supporters were those who did not believe in the essential relation between religion and morality and those who pronounced the religious basis of morality a chimera and attributed the diseased state of any society to its being religion-ridden.

State-ruled education flourished with the Germans for too many years. They would have religious and moral education, of course. Every week some periods were assigned to religious instruction. The boys were marched off in separate groups according to the sect they belonged to, and each group listened to its own pastor, minister, priest, or elder, as the case might be. The period of religious instruction over, the boys left religion behind them and returned to a purely secular, godless study of history, sciences, and mathematics, in which out of respect, forsooth, for consciences no reference should be made to the place religion and morality hold in

the world, just as if antinomianism should prevail at all times, except during the religious instruction period.

No system could be better devised to drive home the idea of a divorce between science and religion and morality. Is it to be wondered at that the German mind learned to dissociate morality from commerce and war? Unhampered by morality commerce and war may thrive, and the *Lusitania* may be sunk without a qualm of conscience; nay, with a hymn of praise and thankfulness to God as the ally of frightfulness and the rewarder of unbridled lust for wealth and power.

Here in India we have had no sham religious instruction, but our teachers have generally been religious-minded men; and, with very few exceptions, they have kept the idea of the union between morality and science clearly before the mind of their students. That some students have turned out godless, irreverent men is undeniable, but this may be traced to other causes than our secular education.

While German culture still fascinated England, some English educationists endeavoured to pass bills in Parliament which would bring together in the same school all the children of the same neighbourhood irrespective of the denomination they belonged to, and would have them all taught by the same teacher, to whatever denomination he might belong, what a Parliamentary Commission considered to be the fundamentals of Christianity. Every one of these attempts failed. Had any one of them succeeded, the sense of religion and morality would have had in England a fate as bad as, if not worse than, in Germany.

We have some hopes that the Education Bill actually before Parliament will check for a time at least any further attempt at state-control of religious teaching. The Bill endeavours to avoid controversial questions, but it cannot avoid the religious question. It makes endeavours to be fair to each denomination. Sir Philip Magnus presiding at a meeting in London of the

Secondary Schools Association, Jan. 18, 1918, urged the necessity of equal state support for each denominational school, and referred to the painful and disastrous results during two generations of state-directed, state-controlled — it might be said state-created — religious instruction in Germany and its effects in warping the moral sense of the people.

Besides these inevitable results of the scheme we are criticising, we must refer to some particular difficulties that stand in its way; some of these difficulties have been pointed out by Mr. Ambravaneswaran. What should one think of a Hindu principal choosing and appointing religious teachers for Mussulmans, or of a Catholic principal choosing and approving teachers for Hindus and Mussulmans? Even if the choice and appointment were made with all consideration for the feelings and prejudices of the sects of the students, some sects would feel that their tenets were not represented or were misrepresented. In India, where each of the three religions, and each sect of each, is divided and sub-divided by scores of conflicting views, even on points which some might like to call fundamentals, it is absolutely beyond the range of possibility to provide each set of students with the religious instruction which their parents might desire for them. Students belonging to two different forms of Christianity, except perhaps two or three of the very Lowest Church type, could not be brought together for religious instruction. It is true that Catholic students of whatever rite can be brought together for religious instruction, but, in this, Catholicism is unique, being the same in dogmas and practices everywhere throughout the world.

Better by far no religious instruction in our schools and colleges than the German sham which undid the religious influences of the home, or the English attempts which would have been still more disastrous.

For these reasons we differ from Mr. Ambravaneswaran as regards the nature

of the religious and moral instruction which should be given in our schools and colleges. We heartily agree with him in the principle that religious instruction should be given. This Magazine has always inculcated this principle. In our last issue, in a review of Rev. Father Teixeira's book 'Moral Science,' we stated again the increasing need of such instruction and pointed out one way of meeting the need.

Let us hold to the obvious distinction between Natural and Revealed religion, and we shall find that very much moral instruction may be given in our schools and colleges and given in such a way as to emphasize the essential bearing of morality and religion in every sphere of life. Natural religion supposes only that knowledge of God and of the aims and purposes of life which can be acquired by the use of our natural faculties, namely, our reason, self-consciousness, and conscience. Revealed religion supposes very much more, namely, that God has communicated certain knowledge of Himself to men. This communicated knowledge is said to be contained in sacred books and traditions. Now, independently of any sacred books and traditions, the Hindu, the Christian, and the Mussulman believe unhesitatingly in God as the supreme legislator for morality, through human reason and conscience. All acknowledge the duty of submission to the moral law, and the personal responsibility of each individual for his thoughts, words, and actions, good and bad. All acknowledge that the Supreme Legislator cannot be indifferent as regards the fulfilment of the law which He Himself has written in the mind and conscience of each individual; all believe in the law of consequences. We are all agreed on such points as these independently of any sacred books, because we are men capable of the use of reason and enlightened by conscience.

The study of these and similar truths, in the light of reason, without reference to sacred books and traditions, is the study of *natural religion*. The student of *natural religion* would be expected

to rely on reason and conscience only, for the study goes at furthest to the question whether God can reveal truths to men. This study is scientific, for it observes facts and phenomena and investigates them; and it is philosophic, for it infers the laws they fulfil and other such general propositions. The study of God, the Creator, and of His distinguishing characteristics, so far as they can be known without reference to sacred books and traditions, is called also *Natural Theology*; and the study of man's duty to God, of adoration and prayer, and of his duty to himself and to society, is called Moral Philosophy or Ethics.

The term 'Theology' without the qualificative 'natural,' when not obviously used for Natural Theology, is largely the study of sacred books and traditions. It comprises also the study and confirmation, in the light of revealed truth, of the conclusions reached by reason, for there cannot be any conflict between truth and truth, the conclusions reached by reason and conscience cannot be opposed to truths revealed.

Religious and moral instruction in our colleges should not concern itself with the teachings of sacred books and traditions; it should not be theology properly so-called; but philosophy pure and simple. It should cover a portion of Natural Theology and the whole courses of Ethics which all men have to observe.

Of course, this distinction between natural and revealed religion must not be pushed too far. No one profess two religions, one natural and the other revealed. Men profess only one religion based on both reason and revelation. No race on earth ever adopted a form of religion purely natural; all races have been drawn to seek one religion to profess and practice. The study of religion, therefore, with the help of our natural reason only, implies a limitation both in the subject-matter and in the means of the study of religion.

This scientific study of natural religion and morality might not lead at once to any thing like spiritual fervour in the fulfilment of the moral laws, but

it would provide a rational basis for the building up of a moral life, and rational principles for guidance in both private and public life. In the case of particularly earnest characters, it might lead to high spiritual purposes in public and private conduct. It cannot be doubted that there are many such ardent, earnest characters among our students and that they would derive great benefit from this kind of instruction, but only on the supposition that those who have no rights or duties over them should leave them to their own reason and conscience.

This instruction, however, would not be that "imparting of mere moral instruction which cannot from its very nature be expected to touch and regulate the springs of daily actions;" it would be all through a stern appeal to the student's reason and conscience. It must not be forgotten that the fruits of religious and moral instruction are, like the fruits of every kind of instruction, of usually slow growth. Boyhood and youth are usually the seed-time of life, rarely the reaping time. Boys and youths are, because they are boys and youths, generally influenced by transient, actually apparent values, not by the real intrinsic values of things. Some youths will enjoy the study and discussion of religious and moral principles very much more than considerations on the application of them to conduct. An excellent youth may be charmed with a discussion or lecture on the worship of God, but may not think for an instant of entering into his own soul and finding God there and worshipping Him there: or he may be carried away with a lecture on the beauty of truthfulness, but in half an hour his enthusiasm will have vanished, and if he happens for the moment to be that way inclined, he may tell a thumping lie. An experienced educator will not be alarmed at this, for he knows he has only sown a seed, and that the enthusiasm of the moment proved that it was sown in good soil. He knows also that as this youth grows in experience of life,—(in some cases the growth is slow, in other cases it is extremely rapid)—his

admiration for the beauty of truth will grow into appreciation of its intrinsic moral value. The glow of ennobling feeling that accompanies an eloquent sermon and sometimes outlives it a couple of hours, is a necessary stage in the healthy development of moral and spiritual character.

We, then, heartily endorse Mr. Ambravaneswaran's carefully considered statement that 'religious and moral instruction should not be excluded from our educational programmes. We think, however, that the legitimate recognition of our present religious conditions demands that our lectures should be given to our mixed assemblies of students and should be confined to the points of religion and morals which can be systematically treated on purely scientific or philosophic lines; and that denominational instruction should be given in denominational institutions, and in denominational institutions only.

But is it worth while just now when the thoughts of students are not the thoughts of students, but of agitated politicians, to make an attempt at such moral instruction as we have described? Opinions would probably be divided. Our opinion is that we have no right to deprive our students at any time of the instruction they most need,

no matter what momentary storms may agitate the tranquillity of soul and mind in which students should live.

The only obstacle in the way is that the obvious distinction between natural and revealed religion is not generally known, and that, until it is known, any attempt at religious instruction will be looked upon as an attempt to win over the adherents of one form of revealed religion to another. Those, therefore, who hold that we should wait until science has completed its work among us, and shown that each of us should be able to give an account to himself at least of the faith that is in him, might reconsider their position.

The length of this comment suggested by Mr. Ambravaneswaran's essay is some justification of the title we have given to this paper. But we have not done with his essay as yet. It will be our pleasant duty in a subsequent paper to draw attention again to some of his views which breathe confidence that, in spite of shortcomings in western education, we may go on with our work, that it is good and fruitful work. We are especially pleased to think that Mr. Ambravaneswaran's views on all points, except the one we have said so much about, are such as we might have wished to express ourselves.

Pastoral Poetry.

[By S. N. CHANDRAMAULEESWAR.]

Thrice, O, thrice happy Shepherd's life and
state,
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and
fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep;
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep,
Himself as innocent as his simple sheep.

(Fletcher.)

Pastoral poetry came into vogue only when society had advanced in culture. It was not the first form of poetic composition. Poetry at first, no doubt, borrowed something from the gay

scenes of rural life, but its objects were those that strike the heart with wonder or terror. The earliest bards of every country sang the wonderful deeds of their heroes assisted by their gods, the exploits and travels of their countrymen, and the weal or woes of their relatives and friends. Incidentally they introduced the pastoral element. They did not think of making it a distinct form of poetry. It was only when distinctions sprung up in society, when the lord lorded it over the serf, when the city had become a scene of constant bustle,

when courtiers were tired of court festivities and theatricals, that the calm atmosphere of the country and the innocent life and serene godliness of the peasant attracted attention.

The minds of the jaded courtiers were turned towards the grey hills and the blue lakes, where

..... "the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,
Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brooke, where-by
Clear as its current glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor."

Then did men begin to contemplate
the life of their forefathers

In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities now in vain displayed.

They found pleasure in thinking upon that life, and were inspired to record its innocence and tranquillity. The first to write pastoral poetry was the Greek court-poet of Ptolemy, and he was imitated by the Latin court-poet of Augustus.

The peculiar delight of pastoral poetry is caused by its truth to simple nature. It reminds us of the happy days when a scamper over the green hills and round the blue lakes pleased us so much. "It exhibits to us a life which we are accustomed to associate with the ideas of peace, of leisure, and of innocence." We readily yield to it. It is a pleasure to read poetry which treats of "that spontaneous, simple, unreflecting pleasure which all unsophisticated beings feel in free open-air life." Green meadows, russet hills and fallows grey, flocks under the shade, where shepherds tell their tale, are generally the subject of pastoral poetry. This is its peculiar charm for most readers.

But we could not abandon ourselves to its charm if the persons it portrays were the mean, servile, labouring class of the present day, or if they were only common labourers, talking like accomplished courtiers and learned scholars. The poet must raise his peasants to a level on which we can find delight. He

must paint the simplicity and innocence of rustic life, but he must temper its boorishness and its miseries. He must at the same time see that it does not become unnatural. "He must present to us pastoral life somewhat embellished, or at least seen on its fairest side only."

It is worth while to consider pastoral poetry more closely:—The scenery, the characters, the subjects and actions which this kind of poetry exhibits.

The scene of the pastoral is laid in rural parts. Theocritus is considered to be a master in landscape painting. His descriptions are rich and picturesque;—

"On soft beds recline
Of Lentisk and young branches of the vine;
Poplars and elms above, their foliage spread,
Lent a cool shade, and way'd their breezy head;
Below a stream, from the nymph's sacred cave,
In free meanders led its murmur'ing wave:
In the warm sunbeams, verdant shades among,
Shrill grasshoppers renew'd their plaintive song:
At distance far conceal'd in shades alone,
Sweet Philomela poured her tuneful moan,
The lark, the goldfinch, lays of love,
And sweetly pensive coo'd the turtle dove:
While honeybees for ever on the wing,
Hum'd round the flowers, or sipp'd the silver
spring:
The rich, ripe season, gratified the sense
With summer's sweets, and autumn's redolence;
Apples and pears lay strew'd in heaps around,
And the plum-loaded branches kiss'd the
ground.

(Warton's Translation of Theocritus'
Idyll VII.).

This picture delights, not because there is in it a group of grasshoppers and green meadows, but because it is a true picture of beautiful nature. Each object depicted stands forth distinctly and strikes the imagination. In these descriptions of nature the poet's chief care must be variety. Virgil's Eclogues are a very model of this variety.

In genuine pastoral poetry the characters should be no less attractive than the scene itself, on which they act. They are plain peasant shepherds, whose childlike innocence, purity of heart, and freedom from all the vices of civilisation stand in marked contrast to the conventional folk of the city. They are free and frank. The peasant may

have passions, he may have delicacy, he may have life and vigour, but he must not show any trace of the affectation and grandeur of the courtier.

Our sense of beauty is not satisfied with mere shepherds discoursing together; we want something more, we want something really interesting in itself. Mere natural scenery and episodes might interest for a time; for example, beautiful paddy fields near the Cauvery, tanks and ponds covered with the gentle lotus, the master bull of a herd beating with his horns the band of a tank, or bellowing with the glow of success in a fight with a rival bull, the gorgeous display of the peacock, the notes of the skylark, and such like scenes. But to the general reader descriptions of this kind soon grow monotonous. "Hence it is that of all poems the most meagre in subject and the least diversified in strain is the pastoral."

Theocritus in his exile remembered the rustic songs of Sicily, and was inspired by his own Sicilian scenes. He created this artificial but exquisite form of poetry. Amid Sicilian scenes, he introduced shepherds lamenting their unhappy loves, or competing in alternating songs for such prizes as a lamb or a drinking bowl, or chanting in sorrow over the tomb of a dead shepherd, or rudely bantering one another. Sicily, the ideal country of shepherd life and the land of haunting deities, thus became the birth-place of pastoral poetry. Virgil imitated him carefully, and improved upon his master by placing the scenes of his poems in the vineyards and cornlands of his own country.

Ever since Theocritus, the pastoral has kept a strong hold on the imagination of poets, but it has steadily tended to become more and more artificial. Poet after poet adopted the themes of Theocritus, and used his scenes, persons, and incidents, and many of his mannerisms. But, as the scenes and rural habits of Sicily pictured by Theocritus were not known to them, succeeding

poets abandoned nature more and more in their endeavours to imitate him. Sometimes, however, while adopting his conventionalities, a poet introduced the scenery of his own country, as Virgil did, but idealised and covered with a pastoral glamour. Their pictures, though imaginary, were brought nearer home, and though they did not yet reveal any close study of nature or subtle sympathy with her, they soothed and delighted men by the suggestion of nature's freshness and beauty and the simplicity of rural life.

Modern pastorals strike many spiritual notes. The first is that of mortality. A striking instance comes from the pen of Shirley.

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

Even in the earliest pastorals death and sorrow find expression. From this arose a distinct type, the pastoral elegy, in which a dear friend under a shepherd's name, is mourned for. Milton's *Lycidas* and Arnold's *Thyrsis* are instances in point.

"The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown
In melancholy cadence rose to swell
Some dirge of Lysias or Astrophel,
When lovely souls and pure before their time
Into the dusk went down."

J. W. Mackail.

The second and most obvious note in modern pastorals is contentment:

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

The next is the deep note of love. It is not the love of the courts in peaked ruffs and ornamental fans, with its faithlessness, dangers, and intrigues, but pure love, sweet and innocent, like that of Damayanti and Sita.

And there is the note of simple delight in natural beauty—the delight of a townsman in nature such as we find in Keats' "To a Man pent up in the City."

But this form of poetry has gone out of fashion. It had a place of honour for a very long time, as picturing

"In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules."

And it had its place of honour at the courts of the great; at the courts of Ptolemy, Augustus, Leo, and Elizabeth.

Our age has not spoken so kindly its adieu as Spencer at the close of *The Shepherd's Calendar* :—

"Adieu, delights, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu my little lambes and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were;
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind her Colin bids her adieu."

A Reformer.

[The opinions and methods of M. T., The Bookman.]

Some years ago, a little room on the ground-floor of a two-storied building was well known to school-boys and undergraduates in X. The room, about eight feet by ten, opened to the west, right on to the street. It had no window, and would have been an oven in our South Indian sun if a shade of old warped planks sloping from the wall above and supported by two good poles, did not exclude rather more sunshine than it let through. When these bars were slipped away every evening at 7 o'clock, the shade banged down and closed up the place for the night. At 9 A.M. up went the shade, and the room and its contents were revealed. The walls were covered with closely packed bookshelves, and piles of books were heaped on the floor all round the bookman.

When not engaged with a customer, the bookman sat facing the west, with his brass-bound black-wood box before him; it was his office box, his safe, and his desk, all in one. He was tall, straight, and very thin, and he wore the simplest white cloth around his body and across his shoulder. He sat bolt upright at his desk reading through a pair of spectacles so perched on the tip of his nose that it was evident he was more than forty-two years old. There was no guessing how much more than forty-two. The crow's feet were there, and the wrinkles across the forehead and upright between the

eyebrows from the nose. But these are often caused not only by age, but also by hard reading and deep thought, and the bookman was the closest student in the town. And there was no guessing his caste; he was as fair-skinned as the fairest Brahmin, but he wore no sacred thread or caste mark. But the great wonder is now (no one paid any attention to it then) that nobody seemed to know his name. He was called Ayah, or Swami, or M. T.; and M. T. was chalked on the upper and lower surface of the shade in front of his bookstall. He received no letters or parcels, he gave no credit or receipts. He never absented himself; and for a trifling consideration his few needs were supplied by an old peon employed in one of the colleges in the town.

He dealt only with students, and he was a man of one word and no second prices. He bought the students' old books of every kind and in every condition, and sold them again, and bought them and sold them again and again. If you liked his price, all right; the transaction was immediately ended: if not, no amount of eloquent haggling could move his eyes from the book he had taken up to read. Evidently his aim was not money or idle talk.

Of an evening, when a college student would stand before his shop to buy, sell, or exchange a book, M. T.

would chat with him on the college lectures, and would lead him rapidly through a labyrinth of syllogisms, authorities, quotations, and illustrations into admitting that all human miseries and needs arise from the conventions of life. The demonstration passed into a lamentation that he, poor man, could only long for a return to the state of nature, and the lament into an appeal to the young man's pity for suffering humanity. All this was rapid, telling, and moving. Contradictions and objections were despatched with a vigorous, laconic 'ad hominem'.

The hottest heads were supplied with subjects for coffee-club debates,—suffering humanity, slaves of convention, religion a convention, morality a convention, marriage a convention, law, authority, governments,—all and every thing mere convention. Other young heads, hot enough indeed, but kept a little cool by refrigerating thoughts of examinations and a livelihood to be earned by-and-by, discussed the contraries of these captivating propositions. No matter; it was the ardent thinkers M. T. wanted. He chuckled in spirit, for no smile could move his hard philosophic lips and cheeks, "Words breed ideas, ideas breed actions; and the world will be reformed; and M. T. will have done his bit in leaving the world better than he found it."

M. T. read on and drank deep of the Pierian spring, and he wrote in the early hours of the night and the morning, on the model of 'Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases,' 'A Thesaurus of Evil Conventions.' He had reached Class V. Division (I).

What a discovery! A nest of conventions! A brood of evils for the human race! He meditated each item and commented on the misfortunes it gave rise to. He reached 'sleep', and groaned in spirit and in the flesh at the thought of the multitudinous mischief it breeds in human nature, of which the least is that it robs every individual of about one-third of his life. He traced its origin to still greater evil convention, religion. He was too keen a philosopher

to quote references to sleep found in the sacred books of the East, for the pundit might explain them away. He found what he wanted in the second chapter of the Bible, "Adam went to sleep." All he needed now was a syllogism to work on, and he found it. 'Loss of time is an evil. Sleep is a loss of time. Therefore sleep is an evil.' The text was ready for to-morrow evening's sermon, if any fit subject should appear.

Besides, with the syllogism, a new purpose had come into M. T.'s life. Next morning as usual customers stopped at the shop. M. T. was thinking, not reading, and it took good loud shouts, 'Ayah!' 'Swami!' to bring him to business. He was thinking that now he could in his own person show the world its slavery under convention. He could not tackle religion, morality, and law, but he could tackle an equally universal convention, sleep. Just before closing time, a bright youth quite wide awake came along to swap an old 'Shakespeare's Plays' for an old 'Jevon's Logic.' The little business was done; the sermon preached at the merry boy; and the syllogism fired off as a final piece of artillery. The shot was not deadly, and the boy laughed loud and heartily. Now, of all the things M. T. hated, he hated noise, and of all noises he hated laughter most. The boy saw the syllogism was all wrong, but he must read 'Jevon's Logic,' before he will be able to control a minor. But he was already able to laugh, and he laughed; and he was able to quote, and he quoted Shakespeare;—

The innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care;
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
Chief nourisher in life's feast.— [course,

M. T. was impressed. At 7 P. M. he swung down his shade, and went into his back room convinced that now was the time for action, not for words. He would show that sleep is a loss of time and a mere convention which should yield to the majesty of reason and will.

He passed the night pleasantly enough. He worked at his *Thesaurus*

of *Conventions* till midnight. Then he started a list of jottings for an essay on "Sleep." About 2 A. M. he poured a goglet of cold water over his head. At 3 he jumped backwards and forwards over his stool. At 3-30, he trimmed his lamp and went into the shop to find for refutation physiological accounts of sleep. The constable at the corner saw the light through the chinks, and was comforted when he peeped in by the sight of M. T. himself; he was glad there was no work in store for him, for he was just dying for a slice of *great nature's second course*. Of course the constable did not word it that way. He said something like "Oh! it's only the old bloke"; and he yawned. M. T. read physiology till 7, took some hot coffee, and enjoyed along with the coffee his first triumph over evil convention, "Twelve hours not lost, but gained—twelve hours of thought and work for suffering humanity!"

At 9 the shade went up, but the silent earnest face did not reveal the triumph in the heart.

Next night was not quite so pleasant; the struggle with convention was a tight bit of fighting, but it was successful. The goglet passed over the head not once, but often. The feet jumped over the stool, but they were more sleepy than last night. The morning coffee did its exhilarating effects at 2; and little cups of hot tea were sipped at 3 and 4 and 5. A bath at 6 in the tank just opposite the shop, was the most refreshing M. T. had ever had in his life. The reading and thinking were not near so passionate and convincing as last night. Many words were entered in the *Thesaurus*, but only a few were accompanied by a real smashing commentary, and many blanks were left in the essay—to be filled in later on. No matter; the second victory was won. At 9 the shade went up and M. T. was at his desk.

Customers noticed that something was out of order with M. T. He was quite well, of course; he had not an ounce of idle fat for disease to lodge in. So it was not that. It was a twitching

in the red eyelids and in the bony fingers that showed that something was wrong with M. T., and his back was not so ramrod straight as it used to be. Alas! for the majesty of the will. His will was powerless to check the rush and bang of thoughts and images playing leap-frog in his brains. Alas! for the divinity of reason. The blinking divinity of dreamland was a match for reason. But M. T. did not yield. He sat as upright (he thought) as usual. He had never nodded in his shop, and the force of habit came to his help. It is true, however, that he stepped now and then across the road to the tank and dashed a few handfuls of water into his face, and that now and then he sipped a little sip of bitter black coffee, not of course to keep awake, but as libations to the majesty of will and reason. At 7 the shade went down.

To-night the minutes seemed hours and the hours eternities. But M. T. would triumph of course, for there is magic in the number three. He began to read, and he read on for a while, although the lines would not keep straight and the letters would dance about, violet, orange, blue, and little red-hot devils. He began to write, but that was worse; besides, he had nothing particular to say to-night. But he was not going to be defeated. He hit on a plan, and smiled! Yes, M. T. smiled; the first smile probably since he became a reformer. It did him good to smile, for it drew some of the aching out of his eyes into his cheeks. He got a pack of cards out of the shop and played with himself for high stakes.

That went on well for a little while, until he could not remember whether he or dummy had played the court card, until diamonds became black spades, and clubs red hot hearts; all that made his eyes smart worse than ever. He thought of the stool, but his legs would not hop; he thought of coffee, but it all boiled over his little stove lamp before he put in his finger to see if it was hot enough. He took up his lamp and went and sat in the shop;

he would imagine listeners and make speeches. The constable noticed the light and satisfied himself through the chinks that it was M. T. himself. But fancy would not conjure up a listener. The game of leap-frog in his brains was getting tame and dull. He invoked the majesty of reason and will, and decided to go and have a run along the cool, lonely road. A run would set his blood flowing; and then he would have the third, the magic triumph over convention.

Out he went. The tank in the moonlight looked so cool and cooling! He bathed his hot eyes. He passed by one of the big colleges, and for a moment pitied so many boys forging for themselves chains of convention. He wobbled on and tottered often, and spoke to himself in encouraging monosyllables. On he went past the railway station now silent and deserted, and up the steep railway bridge. On the top he would have stopped for an instant to look round at the sleeping country; but then he thought it would be better to imagine something that was not sleeping. He went down the steep slope of the bridge, and he felt the going down easy; it suited his unsteady steps. On he toddled fast enough and reached the level road. "Now", he thought, and he tried to think it vigorously; "Now for a run, and a triumph over con-con-con-con-con-con-con-con-con-con." His knees gave way, his head drooped, and he lay prostrate on the road.

A constable found the body and recognized M. T. He shouted at him, shook him, tugged his legs and arms, and blew his whistle loud and shrill into his ear. It was all no use. M. T. was as dead as a door nail, and the constable foresaw a world of reports, and examinations, and cross-examinations, and of censure for not knowing what M. T. died of, and for allowing a man to die on the road. He cursed M. T. and prayed the black fiend to fly away with him. But he must do his duty. He had M. T. carried to the hospital. The surgeon on night duty was summoned

out of a nap in his arm-chair to certify the death. He examined the body. Then he raged at the constable for being an idiot, for carrying to the hospital a man as sound as a bell, in a magnificent, deep, healthy sleep. He would not keep M. T. in hospital. Why should he? Wasn't M. T. in better health than any man in the town?

M. T. was carried to his little back-room and laid on his mat, and the constable ran for his life as if the ghost of M. T. was catching at his collar.

Next morning the old peon came around as usual, and was surprised to see M. T. in bed. The peon had nothing to say to conventions, and did not think the world would be worse off if a man overslept himself once in a way.

But the shade did not go up at 9; for the first time in the memory of the student population, M. T.'s shop was not open at nine. Rumour stretched her swiftest wings and brought different information to every hostel and coffee club. M. T. was gathered to his fathers; he had gone to the dark land where no reforms are allowed; he was mad and locked up in an asylum; and also he was asleep in bed tired out by a midnight excursion round the town.

Next morning a crowd of boys gathered before the closed shop and wondered and said wonderful things when 9 o'clock did not open the shop. 10 o'clock came and they must be in college for roll-call. The peon had gone in to see M. T. again that morning, and thought that the world might still wag on even if M. T. exceeded his usual ration of sleep every day of his life. The students urged the peon to go again, and have a look, and let them know. The peon went at twelve. M. T. was stretching his legs and arms to throw off the coil of sleep. "Well, well," said the peon, "I thought you would sleep till doomsday." "Sleep till doomsday!" groaned M. T. remembering his great struggle. He covered up his head and groaned again, "Failure! Failure!" "What are you

whining for?" said the peon; "get up and drink your coffee, it was hot yesterday morning," and he turned on his heel and went away. The report to the students that M. T. was up and well, was not quite satisfactory, for the shade did not go up the whole day.

Next day the shade went up at 9, and M. T. sat at his desk looking very like himself.

He was more laconic than ever, and thought and read more than ever. He added a paragraph to his essay on sleep something to the effect that there are some conventions so confirmed by heredity, habit, and concatenation with other

monstrously pernicious conventions, that the flesh is practically powerless to resist them.....perhaps. That 'perhaps' was born of a wish that arose while the sentence was writing. If he could only get hold of a new-born baby, but just at the moment of birth, he could make another experiment. He would prevent the habit of sleep. That child would still have to struggle with heredity, but its children or its children's children might overcome that too; and then and after a few generations, the millennium!

Luckily for that baby M. T. never got hold of it.

HEAVY LOADS AND LIGHT LOADS.

Amer, king of Khorasan, was a cheerful man, but so careful of No. 1 that when he went on a campaign he had three hundred camels to carry his cooking utensils.

On one occasion Amer was taken prisoner by the Caliph Ismail. Even in the midst of misfortunes one does feel hungry, and no wonder Amer felt the pinch very keenly. Fortunately his head-cook, who was also taken prisoner along with him, was near, and Amer ordered him to prepare his dinner.

The cook accordingly began his humble preparations. He had to absent himself for a moment to get something or other and he left the pot on the fire.

A dog poked his nose into the pot very unceremoniously, and finding that the pot was too hot for him, tried with very great haste to pull out his head. But, as fate would have it, pot was so small that it stuck to the dog's head, and the animal ran to and fro with his hat on, the august presence of King Amer notwithstanding.

In spite of his hunger, Amer laughed outright, and when the guard asked him, in great surprise, what made him laugh even at this extremity, the captive king answered that he could not help laughing, for a dog was able to carry now what three hundred camels were scarcely able to carry when he was a free man.

FACILITY IN COMPOSITION.

On one occasion when George Eliot, Henry Lewes, Thomas Huxley and others of their friends were met together, the conversation turned upon literary expression and the facility or otherwise with which people enter into a topic when they take pen in hand. The ingenious Mr. Lewes said that he "got

on steam at once", that "he was never at a loss", and that "in fact he boiled at low temperatures". Whereupon Mr. Huxley very promptly replied that "that augured a vacuum in the upper regions", and set the table in a roar.

S. NARASIMHAN.

The War: 1st Feb. - 7th June 1918.

The Kaiser's Battle.

When Trotsky, Lenin, and their confederates in Germany's pay finally succeeded in bringing Russia to the state of anarchy and ruin which crippled her at the end of 1917, the German staff was at last free to concentrate all its efforts undistracted upon the western front. Immediately upon the signature of the armistice with Russia, which expressly stipulated that no German troops should be transferred to the West, the movement of German divisions began to Flanders, Picardy and Artois. Large numbers of the 960,000 Germans—exclusive of Austrians and Hungarians—whom the British Minister of National Service reckoned to be available, were drafted from Russia. Germany spent the Winter of 1917-18 and the early Spring of 1918 in preparation for the last colossal struggle which was to end the War, before the pinch of manifold privations drove the famished Huns to desperation.

The coming attack was amply advertised, and of course it would succeed. 400,000 German lives were the price which the brutal Hindenburg reckoned Germany would have to pay, and the Hohenzollern cheerfully signed the bill of mortality. Benevolent neutral correspondents were invited to see the progress of the battle and to write up glowing accounts of how the great Hindenburg and Ludendorff—or more exactly those war geniuses the Kaiser and his Heir whose tools the generals were—smashed up the armies of France and Britain and made Germany mistress of the world. The man of many disappointments, the Kaiser, would have his triumphal march at last; Paris would behold him meek and humble, giving thanks for his victory on 1st April. A more auspicious date could

not have been chosen by that singularly humourless creature, the Hun.

The opposing forces were roughly equal, some 3,000,000 men on either side. But the advantage lay now, as always, with the party that chose and delivered the first attack. That party was Germany, and she had three other singular advantages over the Allies: first, a great mass of artillery captured from the Russians; secondly, the excellent railway and road communications behind the lines; thirdly, the monstrous callousness with which the staff was ready now more than ever to throw away human lives. No Allied General would have dared to attempt to reach a decision at one-half the price which the Hohenzollern Generals were ready to pay.

The railway lines enabled the Germans to concentrate forces rapidly, almost secretly, on the sector chosen for assault; the mass of guns enabled them to destroy the Allies' defences, and the reckless prodigality of lives enabled them to swamp the Allied defenders by sheer weight of numbers. The Allies might kill, and kill, till their arms fell from sheer exhaustion and their hearts sickened of the bloodshed; still the docile Huns trooped up to the shambles. It is a most excellent, although a clumsy, method of gaining a position. If it achieves a decision, it pays; but, if after the slaughter, when the slopes are strewn thick with grey-clad corpses with a little sprinkling of khaki and horizon blue, victory is only a little further off than before, because the foe has lightly held his lines and inflicted losses of five to his one, then the game is hardly worth the candle. Any position can be carried if you care to pay the price. It is a marketable commodity like any other piece of goods.

When all is said and done, the decisive factor is the man. Territory and positions, especially if they enable you to cut up the enemy's forces and put you astride his vital communications, count for much. But if in gaining the territory and positions you have been so weakened that you cannot drive home the last charge to victory, the gain counts for nothing. It is a loss, not a gain. The man who works the gun is worth more than the gun and the gun position.

The man question was not the only one that forced the Huns to seek a speedy decision, but it was the chief one. By the Russian desertion Germany had at her disposal about a million additional men for the West. Freed from serious menace on her eastern flank—where a few ancient Landsturmiers were sufficient to keep guard—she could throw every ounce of weight on the British and French. But she must avail herself of this supreme chance without delay. A year hence America would more than balance the German accession of strength from Russia. Early in 1918 over 500,000 Americans had been landed in France; as many again were in training, and ships were building to transport them across the Atlantic. By 1919 there would be 2,000,000, and the Hun pirates, whose failure the German staff knew and understood in all its bearings, were powerless to prevent them reaching France. Eventually, if the War lasted beyond 1919 and the Allies still held their ground, 5,000,000 Americans would contribute their share towards the destruction of Kultur and the Kultur apocryphes.

Time pressed. The Allies' resources were daily increasing, whilst Germany had at last reached her maximum. She must strike at her maximum while Britain and France must still depend almost entirely upon themselves. She must not only strike, but it was vital that she should strike at the British, and that for two main reasons: first, the British held the sea and the seacoast of the Channel; second, the British

covered the nearest approaches to Paris, and constituted a fair half of the Allied forces. If the British could be separated from the French, driven back on the Channel and forced to fight to annihilation or surrender, Paris would fall like a ripe fruit into her hands, and the Channel itself would be closed. It was the end of land warfare for many a long day, till England in command of the seas had raised fresh armies, and with the help of the legions from America, was ready once more to resume the fight for liberty.

To the man question was added the economic question. Much has been written about the economic condition of Germany. Without accepting off-hand all that has been reported, or rejecting it, we may hold to one thing: if the Allied countries to whom the seas and the continents are open, in spite of all their resources have felt the pinch of privations, much more must this be the case with the Central Empires, with Germany especially, one-half of whose population subsisted by foreign trade. That trade ceased in August 1914. The most trustworthy reports lead to the conclusion that German endurance has reached a point much beyond which it will not go without breaking. "General Hunger" dictated the attack; General Ludendorff directed the strategy.

These factors—the man question, the economic question, and the opportunity of a single front on which to throw every man and gun in perfect unity of plan and freedom from pre-occupation,—determined the colossal struggle which opened in the early hours of 21st March.

Of this struggle, which every thinking man, both friend and foe, tells us is only in its first stages, it is unnecessary to relate the details. The reader will find those details in the Appendix, from which with the help of maps he will follow the Germans advance step by step, day by day, from the first rapid onslaught, to the village and the day when the Allies brought them to a standstill. For the purpose the Magazine has in view, viz., to give a cursory

account of the progress of events and of the prospects of the combatants, it will be sufficient to indicate the general lines and to suggest or explain certain conclusions that arise.

First Attack.

The battle has been called the Kaiser's Battle, or the Hohenzollern Battle, because the fate of the Kaiser and the dynasty is likely to be involved in the issue. Either the Kaiser wins, and he remains the undisputed master of the world to shape it according to his will; or he loses, and Germany exhausted by the effort falls into the background for the few next generations, and the Kaiser..... The future alone can tell what will be done to him.

The battle opened on the 21st March against the British positions on a 50 mile front from Arras to St. Quentin; in its greatest violence it raged west of St. Quentin. Reliable authorities estimate the attacking forces on this narrow front at not less than 1,000,000 men. Favoured by a low mist, the German waves swept over the forward British positions, and penetrated our battle positions west of St. Quentin. The 5th British army gave way under the weight of numbers, after killing till they could use their weapons no longer from sheer exhaustion. Further north up to Arras, the 3rd British army held as firm as rock. But at St. Quentin the lines were breached, and the enemy poured through at the junction of the French and British armies. It was a moment of supreme danger to the Allies, of danger which was only averted by the splendid courage of our men who fought on doggedly, and contested every inch of ground, though they were outnumbered by five to one in men and two to one in guns. After passing Ham, the Germans succeeded after repeated repulses in crossing the Somme. The 5th army lost $\frac{1}{3}$ of its guns, but it exacted a fearful toll of German lives.

The French reserves were hurried up; the gap was closed, and the German advance began to slow down; the enemy was so exhausted by his fight

with the 5th army that he was unable to maintain the pace. By the 27th he was almost brought to a standstill in the direction of Montdidier and the Amiens-Compiègne railway.

Stemmed at Montdidier by the opportune arrival of the French reserves, the enemy struck out further north at Arras, along the banks of the Scarpe. (28th.) 22 enemy divisions were here employed in attempting to capture the Vimy Ridge and Arras. They broke in waves against the 3rd British army. Simultaneously an attack was launched against Montdidier, which was captured. But the way beyond was firmly barred by French forces, which maintained their hold on the ridge to the west of the town; every enemy effort to storm the ridge was shattered.

By the 29th the enemy was finally checked. He had penetrated to an extreme depth of 40 miles, at Montdidier. His flanks remained exposed to attack by the French, who held the left bank of the Oise.

The Germans, whose chief failing is not modesty, claimed to have taken 70,000 prisoners; a 'grossly exaggerated' claim, as those in a position to speak inform us, made up by including as war prisoners the whole civil population in the territory conquered. The Hun likes the colossal; the home population demands it. He has not stated his own losses. Reliable correspondents estimated them at 350,000 for the first two days of the battle.

The next few days were a lull in the battle. The French and British forces improved and strengthened their positions, while the Germans brought up their guns. Amiens, Foch declared, would not be taken. The first round of the battle was indecisive. If anything, the battle had gone against the Huns; over against their gain of territory, they had to set their appalling losses in men.

Second Attack.

One of the beneficial results of the first German onslaught was that the

Allied Nations at last realized the necessity of united command. Foch was appointed generalissimo of all the Allied armies in France. Henceforth it was his to dispose of every man and gun in the French, British, and American armies. Try as he might, the enemy would now find no weak spot in the Allies' armour. And in the next round of the battle, when the German staff thought they were confronted with only badly hammered British divisions, they came upon picked French forces, which, with British regiments on their wings, inflicted on their best troops the culminating disaster of Scherpenberg.

The St. Quentin battle ended in failure for the enemy. He failed to cut the Allied armies into two; he failed to capture Amiens and to turn our positions at Arras; he failed to establish himself on the Amiens-Compiègne line, whence he might threaten Paris; he failed to annihilate or even exhaust the British. His second attempt was also directed against the British, with the object of finishing off our armies so severely tried in the first, and of pushing on to the Channel Ports.

This second attempt failed more signally than the first. In the first, his onrush was only checked at Montdidier, 40 miles from the point of departure; a subsidiary attack was checked at Villers-Bretonneux and Hangard within 10 miles of Amiens. In the second battle, for the Flanders Hills and the Channel Ports, his total advance did not exceed 10 miles, to the western slope of Mont Kemmel.

The battle began on 9th April in the La Bassée-Armentières region. The village of Neuve Chapelle, the scene of a British victory in 1915, fell before the first onrush. Checked for a while at Armentières, the invaders gathered force, and step by step pushed back the defenders to Bailleul and Meteren. The Messines Ridge was abandoned after a fierce struggle, and Bailleul itself was left to the enemy, when the full price had been exacted and the approaches were piled breast-high with German corpses.

The fall of Bailleul necessitated a withdrawal from advanced positions east of Ypres. The Passchendaele ridge was voluntarily abandoned to obviate the danger which would threaten the forces holding it, should the army to the south be pressed back from the Lys and beyond the Scherpenberg heights.

After the fall of Bailleul the enemy redoubled his efforts for the Flanders Hills to the west (450 ft. high), which command Hazebrouck, the centre of our communications between Flanders and Artois, and control the coastline of Calais and Dunkirk. The situation began to look serious. Not many days previously Haig had made an appeal to his troops which recalled Joffre's message at the Marne: not a foot more of ground was to be yielded; every man was to die where he stood. That was a plain message which a plain soldier could understand. The men slew and died, and over the piled up corpses of their comrades the Huns still tramped on. The All-Highest's orders were absolute: the coast must be reached, and the price did not count.

Upon the British withdrawal from Passchendaele, the Huns stepped out for a walk over the Belgian positions. They were met (17th) in a fashion which their treatment of the Belgians might have led them to anticipate. 3000 of them remained on the battlefield, and 800 fell into the Belgians' hands. For this loss they could show not one foot of ground won.

On 18th a British counter-attack on the Messines ridge and a stubborn fight at Givenchy checked further progress. On the 24th the battle was resumed with ferocity; simultaneously the enemy attacked and captured Villers-Bretonneux, and gained a footing in Hangard, (10 miles from Amiens). Things looked bad for Amiens. But Foch had pledged his experience that Amiens should not fall. The following day a counter-attack by the Allies recovered the lost ground, and the danger passed.

In the northern area, Kemmel and Dranoutre (25th) at the foot of Kemmel

were stormed while the Kaiser looked on and saw the full price paid. A French force held Kemmel till its last man was either killed or captured, and the slopes were grey with corpses when the ragged regiments of Huns occupied the summit.

Kemmel alone was of no great importance except as the first step to the capture of the line of Flanders Hills of which it is the eastern bastion: of Scherpenberg, Mont Rouge etc.

The next step was the village of Locre. The village was taken by the Huns on the 26th and lost. All subsequent attempts to dislodge the French from its ruins failed.

The battle culminated on the 29th round the base of Scherpenberg. Throughout the day French and British forces maintained their positions intact against the repeated assaults of 100,000 picked German troops. The enemy forces were weaker by many thousands at sunset that day, and the khaki and blue lines had not receded one inch. Scherpenberg remained in the Allies' hands, and Kemmel was at the mercy of the Allies' guns.

The second phase of the battle ended in the Germans' exhaustion. No bloodier day has yet been recorded in the history of the War than the 29th April, and none so utterly profitless. A prolonged lull followed the defeat.

Once again the enemy had succeeded at a prodigious cost in forcing back the Allied armies. The advance made was exactly 10 miles. Beyond that point, to the line of hills from which he could dominate the coast and impose retreat from Ypres on the British armies, no effort was able to carry him. He was checked on the western slope of Kemmel. The German staff, however, had liberally paid down the price of victory in German lives.

Third Attack.

Foiled before Amiens, Arras, and the Flanders Hills, the enemy renewed his attempts, this time between the Oise and the Marne.

After a lull of a month, the offensive began again on the 29th May, between Soissons and Rheims, on the Craonne plateau and the Chemin des Dames. As upon the two former occasions, the German staff had the advantage of the initiative. 25 divisions vanished from Flanders, and before the Allied commanders had guessed their whereabouts, they suddenly appeared reinforced by 20 fresh divisions marching in serried ranks on the Craonne Plateau and the Chemin des Dames. They turned the southern end of the Allies' positions, and imposed a quick, though orderly, retreat. The enemy overran the Ladies' Way, and crossed the Aisne between Vailly and Berry au Bac, his march directed on Soissons and Rheims.

Soissons fell into his hands on the 30th; the French retreated to positions 4 miles west of the city. Rheims stood firm, though enveloped on three sides at a distance of 2 miles by the Crown Prince's army.

Held on the flanks, the enemy drove through the centre towards the Marne, where the Paris-Chalons-Verdun railway skirts the river. He reached the river at Chateau-Thierry on the 31st, and was again held.

By the 3rd June his effort was nearing exhaustion. He was held at Ville-en-Tardenois, Chateau Thierry and the forest of Villers-Cotterets. His efforts to cross the Marne and establish himself on the left bank failed, notably at Jauglonne on the 4th June, where a detachment secured a crossing but was driven back into the river or captured by American and French troops. The extreme depth of the advance was 25 miles, at Chateau-Thierry.

Results.

In estimating the results of the battle, one may take two different standpoints: the gain in territory, and the loss in men suffered in gaining territory. The estimate is a safe one. Ultimately—barring the question of blunders by a general who allows himself to be defeated with great loss of

prisoners by an enemy distinctly inferior in numbers, who has gained tactically advantageous positions—the issue depends on men; on men and guns, no doubt, but primarily on men, for the gun itself depends on the man: guns and tactical positions are of little use if the men to work the guns and to use the positions are lacking. From the point of view of territorial gains, the Germans have won a very considerable victory, the greatest since the Marne in 1914. From St. Quentin they advanced 40 miles; from La Bassée-Armentières 10; from the Ailette 25. From the point of view of the relative weakening of the opposing armies, they have suffered a disastrous defeat. Excessive loss of men would be justified if it had achieved decisive results; if, for instance, it had annihilated the British armies, won the Channel ports, left Paris open on the north, and the French armies exposed to attack on unprotected flanks. But it has achieved none of these results. It has forced the Allied armies back, but those armies remain unbroken and efficient, and they are relatively to the German armies stronger than they were on the date of the first attack.

Upon this latter point, *viz.*, the enemy's excessive losses and his relatively greater weakening than the Allies', there can be no room for doubt. Without going into details, we may suggest the following grounds for this assertion:—

German aeroplane losses during the first two months of the offensive were 1000; the Allied losses, barely one-fifth the number. The daily official accounts of the fighting speak of the wholesale slaughter of German troops by squadrons of Allied aeroplanes, which, after sweeping the skies clean of German aeroplanes, indulged unmolested in low-flying over enemy marching troops and transport and bivouacs, which they sprayed with bullets or blew up with bombs. As many as a quarter of a million bullets were sometimes fired in a single day, and 30,000 kilos of bombs loosed on the enemy. Not every bullet found its billet, but many did. The

mastery of the air, for all uses and purposes, passed completely into the hands of the Allies.

After the first days' onslaught, the German infantry outpaced its guns, and the battle became largely a contest between Allies' guns and cannon fodder. Weight of flesh was substituted to weight of metal. And on these waves, never-ending they seemed to be, the Allies' guns of every calibre, and quick-firers and rifles, played till the ground was littered with German corpses. Old generals who had witnessed scenes of massacre at Ypres and Verdun, declared that the present slaughter passed conception. Ten waves of German infantry might be mown down; an eleventh came on. Men spoke with horror of the slaughter inflicted; they had only to fire, almost without aim, into the advancing hosts; they could not miss the huge target. In one instance in the St. Quentin battle, 3½ French and British divisions fought and defeated 13 German divisions.

The testimony of a German prisoner who was taken on the Somme, is eloquent: "The ground we have taken is not vast enough to serve as a cemetery to bury the men we have had killed." The German corpse factories must have worked overtime. The attacks at Bailleul, Kemmel, Scherpenberg bear out the prisoner's statement in another sector of the battlefield. At Bailleul the British held their ground till the Huns had to advance over their comrades' bodies piled breast-high. At Kemmel the position was carried only when the last man of the little force of French defenders was either killed or captured, and that was not before the slopes were strewn grey. At Scherpenberg a three weeks' pause followed the battle of the 29th April, and testified to the losses and exhaustion of the 100,000 men who tried to storm it.

Indirectly and involuntarily, but none the less eloquently, the enemy's admissions and devices to satisfy public opinion bear testimony to his losses. On the eve of the battle neutral correspondents were invited by the German

staff to see the walk over, and to write accounts of how the Kaiser entered Paris on the 1st April. The 1st came and passed; and the Kaiser's hosts, sadly weakened and discouraged, were still butting their heads against the Montdidier heights and Villers-Bretonneux, and chafing under the fire of the waspish 75's from the left of the Oise. The correspondents discreetly vanished. Their accounts of German losses—for they had been called to witness German deeds, not to tell tales of losses,—were suppressed from the papers of the Fatherland.

Still rumour babbled. It is a dangerous game to advertise beforehand the certain success of an intended performance. The home Huns were expectant of good news; the news never came except in the form of exaggerated claims of prisoners taken—90,000 was the figure which the German staff thought would appease the Huns' appetite, and which it therefore served up—and of rumours of frightful German losses. Every village, each village knew it for itself alone, became a hospital, every home that had a son or a relative was plunged in grief. And still Paris went on playing. The German Government took steps to prevent authentic news of German losses from reaching home; even the Reichstag were kept in the dark. The leading papers published penalties for those who spread rumours of German losses; and by way of drawing a red herring across the track, they spoke loud of the Allies' losses. Still the Fatherland was not satisfied.

The cocksure tone of the German papers changed when the Channel battle began. They spoke petulantly of the fearful British and French tenacity which held up our All-highest almost within sight of Paris and Calais and the white cliffs of England; as if, forsooth, anything else was to be expected from

Note.—On the eve of the battle there were 206 enemy divisions in the West. Of these, 140 were employed in the first five weeks, some being employed twice and even thrice; or some 2,000,000 men were thrown into the fight for Amiens and Calais. 500,000 are certainly casualties.

British and French troops! They preached on the text of endurance and patience, and expatiated on the difficulty of the task and the necessity of prolonged battles, before the victory could be won. Of course it would be won by and by. They insisted, taking their cue from the general staff, that German losses, if they should happen after all to be very great, were only normal for battles of such magnitude; the percentage of slightly wounded was very high, as much as 60 or 70 per cent. etc. etc. No enormity was considered beyond the digestive powers of Fritz.

The British did not conceal their losses or try to gull the public. We are made of other stuff than the Huns, thank God. They frankly admitted them to be very heavy, although they did not state them in figures, for the Hun would find a use for the figures; they admitted even the loss of close on 1000 guns, either by capture, gunfire, or by voluntary destruction when the gunners could not remove them, and of four to five thousand machine guns. They confessed defeat by recalling Gough, the general who was in command at St. Quentin. But—and in so doing they spoke in accordance with facts—they insisted that enemy losses were incomparably heavier than ours, and that, whereas the enemy was using up his reserves at a very rapid pace in the hope of finishing with us, we were following Fabian tactics, economizing men at the expense of territory, and husbanding our resources for the last battle.

Russia.

The Russo-German armistice was responsible for the battles of March-May. A position entirely to the advantage of the Allies in 1917 was reversed to their disadvantage in 1918. By the armistice and the peace that followed it, a million men and an unlimited amount of guns and material, this latter the product of the Allies' factories, were supplied to the enemy.

The treaty of peace which Russia, through the treachery of Trotsky, Lenin

and their compeers, was compelled to sign in March, gave to Germany really, although not nominally, 435,000 square miles of territory for exploitation, and a population of 55,000,000 to experiment on with the benefits of kultur. By a stroke of the pen, on the 12th March, Germany doubled her territory and resources. Poland, Finland to which the Kaiser has deigned to offer the blessing of a Hun king, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, and the Ukraine, became her vassals. The Turk, that other Hun, obtained the regions of Kars, Batum and Ardahan, which he proceeded to occupy in the old Turkish fashion. These vast regions of European and Asiatic Russia passed under new masters, more methodic but no less grinding than the old, in the name of the right of peoples to choose their own status, it being well understood, and measures being provided gratis by the Huns to see it was well understood, that the peoples' choice should coincide with the Huns' plans for their welfare. *De facto* they became German states, if not *de jure*. The Baltic became a German lake; the Black Sea now, and more emphatically still when Rumania subscribed the terms dictated to her, passed under German control. The way to the Middle East, blocked through Mesopotamia, opened through the Caspian; further still, the Bolsheviks armed German prisoners in Siberia for attacks on China and resistance to Japan.

Naval.

When Germany in 1917 decided upon ruthless and indiscriminate use of the submarine, she did so in the full consciousness that U.S.A. would be drawn into the arena, and with U.S.A., the whole of the New World. But she was so confident of rapid decisive success, (three months was the period allotted for the starvation and surrender of Britain), that she made light of U.S.A., just as she had made light of the glorious Old Contemptibles. U.S.A. had no army to start with; and by the time she had, there would be no shipping left to transport it, and no Allies left

to welcome it. So reasoned the Prussian in the pride of his heart.

Submarinism, although an exceedingly serious menace, did not bring about the destruction of the Allies. It was well in hand at the end of 1917. The American armies mustered strong and disciplined, and the necessary ships—part supplied by Germany herself—were forthcoming. In March 1918 the presence of American troops began to tell in different sectors of the western front. By the end of May those troops had foiled several great enemy thrusts, notably at Neuilly Forest and Jauglonne. We still rule the waves; and Germany has the Americans to fight into the bargain.

Submarinism as a serious danger was declared to be definitely checked and overcome in May 1918; construction of Allied ships had begun to exceed destruction by the U boats, and contrariwise the U boats were disappearing in sundry mysterious ways more rapidly than they could be constructed.

Two chief haunts of the pirates flaunted the *Jolly Roger* right over against us, at the mouth of the Channel viz., Ostend and Zeebrugge on the Belgian coast. There on the 23rd April, a picked force of British volunteers was despatched to singe the Kaiser's moustaches.

Under cover of an artificial fog the ships steamed cautiously through the mine-fields up to the approaches of the harbours. Parties of marines were landed on the mole at Zeebrugge, where they proceeded to demolish the defences and destroy the stores. While this work was carried out, a British destroyer and blocking ships—obsolete cruisers filled with concrete—entered the harbour. These latter were steered into their appointed positions in the entrance of the Zeebrugge-Bruges Canal, the secure refuge of the German submarines, and there sunk; their crews making their escape as best they could in motor-launches through the tornado of shell fire directed upon them. The destroyer did useful work among the German craft in the

harbour with shell fire and torpedo, till she was sunk. To complete the work of destruction an obsolete submarine filled with explosives berthed herself alongside the mole at the shore end, and blew herself up; with her went up a hundred feet of the piling, and scores of German marines who had rushed up to capture her, thinking she had lost her bearings. A Hun torpedo boat which attempted to reach the open sea was cut in two, and sank; two others were torpedoed and bombed where they lay at the mole.

One haunt of piracy was destroyed.¹ Aeroplane reconnaissances a few days later reported that the sea was pouring through the gap in the mole and the harbour rapidly silting up.

The operation at Ostend was only partially successful. Owing to adverse weather conditions and the enemy's vigilance in changing the position of the buoys at the approaches of the harbour, the blocking ships missed the entrance of the harbour. A second expedition sailed on the night of the 9th May. The *Vindictive*, which had been used as a boarding ship at Zeebrugge, and which had been so battered by shell fire that her reaching Dover again seemed a miracle, was used as block ship. One might reasonably have expected the Huns to keep a sharp look out after their previous experience. They were however caught napping more soundly than then. The *Vindictive* reached her objective, was swung across the entrance of the harbour with her nose against the eastern pier, and sunk—sunk by her crew in the enemy's own harbour, under the enemy's guns; fit resting place for

¹ Mr. Macnamara in the House of Commons on the 19th June, stated that the operations at Zeebrugge and Ostend had been more successful than was at first thought. 21 enemy destroyers, a large number of U-boats and auxiliary craft were penned in the Bruges Canal, where they [were not only useless for actual war purposes but] were constantly being bombed.

(23rd June.)

a ship of the Royal Navy, whose fighting is done.

These two haunts of piracy sealed up, there remained the exit to the Atlantic between Norway and Scotland. Large mine fields in that area had hampered the U boats for the past three years, without however containing them within the North Sea. Some pirates undoubtedly perished on our mines, and others equally undoubtedly threaded their way through. The minefields were now extended till they covered 20,000 square miles; and British boats patrolled the narrow exits in search of adventurous Huns. Farther away in the Atlantic the ocean tramps gathered into convoys, and made for the home ports under the guardianship of destroyers, fast submarine hunters of every description, and airships. An interesting detail which came to light incidentally, is the use of submarine cruisers by the British navy as escorts to our merchantmen. One such escort sank a German submarine cruiser in the neighbourhood of Cape St. Vincent.

The U boat has ceased to be a decisive factor in the War. That menace has been overcome by the skill of the navy and the splendid courage of the merchant service. The mastery of the seas, disputed for a while by the enemy's U boats while his battle squadrons cruised for practice in the Baltic and rusted at Kiel, more than ever belongs to the Allies. There remains yet the last great ordeal, when the rival fleets will join issue on the High Seas; Germany may some day muster courage to face it (and may that day come soon!), unless her crews, taught by the experience of a former encounter, refuse to sail, and her ships surrender ingloriously. To be sunk in fair fight on the open sea would seem too good an end for the fleet of pirates who have stained its waters by their foul deeds.

9th June.

THE WAR.—(Appendix.)

	West.	Russia—Rumania.	Italy—Balkans.	Turkey.	Naval.
February	Between 180 and 190 German divisions on western front; 60 inferior divisions on eastern front. Divisions from eastern front, and freshly formed divisions from Germany pouring into the West for the Spring Campaign. French troops supported by American gunners carry out a big raid between Tahure and Butte de Mesnil (E. Champagne); occupy enemy positions on a front of 1 mile to a depth of 1 mile; 177 prisoners taken. 18th. German troops attack lost positions of 13th, but fail to recover them.	4th. Germany recognizes the Ukraine as a separate sovereign state in a position to make independent national agreements. 9th. Peace signed between the Central Powers and the Ukraine as a separate state. Fighting in Finland between White Guards (supporters of an independent Finland) and Red Guards (supporters of Russian Bolshevism.) 11th. At Brest-Litovsk Russian delegates declare ended the state of war with the Central Powers. 15th. Austrian troops in accordance with the treaty with the Ukraine re-occupy the whole of Galicia. 18th. The armistice with Russia expires, peace not signed. Hostilities recommence. German advance on Dvinsk begins, to help the Ukraine against Russia. 19th. Dvinsk, and Lutsk in the Ukraine occupied by Germans. Trotsky, Lenin etc., declare their readiness to accept the German terms of peace sketched at Brest-Litovsk.	[27th-30th Jan. Italian victory on the east of the Asiago plateau and in the Frenzela valley. Monte di val Bella captured; two enemy divisions destroyed; 2,600 prisoners, 6 guns, 100 machines guns taken. Val Bella and Rosso peaks remain in the hands of the Italians.]	[26th. Jan. The Arabs defeat the Turks at Sail el Hesa (S. E. of the Dead Sea.) The Turkish force of 11 battalions routed, with loss of 400 killed, and 300 prisoners.] 14th. The British advance on a front of 6 miles to depth of 2 beyond Mukhmas (11½ miles N. N. E. of Jerusalem.) Now within 10 miles of Jericho.	8th. Obsolete B. destroyer (286 tons) sunk in collision. 12th. Austrian auxiliary cruiser sunk by Italian submarine. 15th. Raid by German destroyers on our patrol forces in the Channel. A few drifters sunk. N.B.—B. Admiralty does not report destruction of enemy submarines. Their losses are considerable.

20th. French raid in Lorraine yields 540 German prisoners. 27th. Raid by British troops south of Houthoulet forest; enemy lines penetrated to depth of 1200 yards. This month British take over part of the line below St. Quentin held by French forces. This month 273 enemy aeroplanes destroyed. This month 88 Allied aeroplanes destroyed.	Invasion of Russia continues from Esthonia to the Bug. Minsk and Rovno occupied by Germans, vast quantities of guns, munitions etc., fall into enemy's hands. Germany assists White Guards in Finland. 22nd. Hapsal in Esthonia taken. 23rd. Dubno taken. Informal peace negotiations with Rumania begin. 24th. Peace terms agreed upon by Russia:— 1. of European Russia abandoned to Germany: Finland, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, Poland, Ukraine. In spite of their acceptance of these terms by the Bolsheviks, Germans continue to advance in Russia. Within 80 miles of Kieff. 25th. Reval occupied; Pskoff, half way between Riga and Petrograd, reached. Advance continues into the Ukraine for the "purpose of helping the Ukraine against Russia," and forcing Russia to sign the peace terms of Brest-Litovsk. 25th. German peace terms communicated to Rumania.	10th. Violent Austrian attacks on the recently captured positions, defeated.	20th. Our troops on the Euphrates occupy Khan Abu Rayan 14 miles west of Ramadie, and patrols advance to within 10 miles of Hit. 21st. British occupy Jericho. 22nd. Turks re-occupy Baidurburt in Armenia. The remnants of the Russian invading forces withdraw into Russian territory. 26th. Trebizond re-occupied by Turks.	By April the rate of destruction exceeds the rate of construction of enemy submarines. It is only incidentally that the destruction of submarines is notified to the public.
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March.	West.	Russia—Rumania.	Italy—Balkans.	Turkey.	Naval.
1st. Enemy attacks at various points from Craonne Plateau to Alsace, especially violent at Chavignon and Butte de Mesnil. Part of ground won by French on 13th Feb. recovered by enemy.	1st. Enemy attacks at various points from Craonne Plateau to Alsace, especially violent at Chavignon and Butte de Mesnil. Part of ground won by French on 13th Feb. recovered by enemy.	2nd. German expeditionary force to Finland occupies Aaland islands as base of operations.	2nd. Austrian thrust north of Val Frenzela fails.	2nd - 3rd. British advance 3000 yards on a front of 12 miles astride the Jerusalem-Schechem road.	1st. German destroyer and 2 mine-sweepers blown up on mines off the Dutch coast.
2nd. German raid on Portuguese line near Neuve Chapelle.	2nd. German raid on Portuguese line near Neuve Chapelle.	3rd. Treaty of peace signed by Russia at Brest. To the demands of 24th Feb. Germans add: Ardahan, Kars, Batum to be detached from Russia, on the [German] principle of the right of peoples to self-determination.		Turks proceed to re-occupy the whole of Armenia in the Turkish fashion: at Samsun on the Black Sea the entire male population massacred.	German mine-sweeper sunk by British off Holland.
3rd. Australian raid on German lines at Warneton.	3rd. Australian raid on German lines at Warneton.	Invaders within 100 miles of Petrograd. Armistice with Rumania expires. Peace negotiations begin.		7th. British advance 3 miles on a width of 18 on the Jerusalem-Schechem road.	British auxiliary cruiser sunk by G. submarine; the submarine is itself reported sunk.
4th. French near Les Eparges penetrate German positions on 1300 yards front to depth of 700 yards, and take 150 prisoners.	4th. French near Les Eparges penetrate German positions on 1300 yards front to depth of 700 yards, and take 150 prisoners.	The Brest peace signed; to be ratified by the Soviet delegates who meet at Moscow on 12th March.		9th. Further advance of 3 miles on a width of 13.	21st. 2 British and 3 French destroyers attack a force of 18 German destroyers off Dunkirk and sink 4, (French reports says 5). No losses to Allies.
Another Australian raid at Warneton.	Another Australian raid at Warneton.				
7th. German raid on British lines between Neuve Chapelle and La Bassée.	7th. German raid on British lines between Neuve Chapelle and La Bassée.				
Strong German attack on British south of Houtoulst forest gains 500 yards of trenches; a counter-attack recovers lost ground and takes 300 yards in addition.	Strong German attack on British south of Houtoulst forest gains 500 yards of trenches; a counter-attack recovers lost ground and takes 300 yards in addition.				
8th. German attack on the Menin road repulsed.	8th. German attack on the Menin road repulsed.				
11th. German raid near Passchendaele.	11th. German raid near Passchendaele.				
12th. " " Laventie.	12th. " " Laventie.				
15th. Canadians raid German lines at Lens.	15th. Canadians raid German lines at Lens.				
17th. Heavy fighting on both banks of the Meuse; indecisive.	17th. Heavy fighting on both banks of the Meuse; indecisive.				
21st. The Battle of St. Quentin (The Kaiser's Battle) begins. Attack from Arras to La Fère.	21st. The Battle of St. Quentin (The Kaiser's Battle) begins. Attack from Arras to La Fère.				
22nd. British battle positions penetrated.	22nd. British battle positions penetrated.				

In the afternoon Germans break through our defensive system W. of St. Quentin. On the north (Arras sector) the line remains unbroken.	4th. Terms offered to Rumania:—Cession of the Dobrudja, re-adjustment of frontiers between Hungary-Austria and Rumania, economic concessions to the Central Empires.	British troops occupy Hit on the Euphrates; Turks fall back to Khan Baghdadie.	22nd. British mine-sweeper sunk.
23rd. <i>German report</i> : "First stage of the battle ended. 25,000 prisoners and 400 guns taken in all."	5th. Peace signed preliminarily, to be definitely accepted or rejected within a fortnight. "Needs must when the devil drives."	14th. Turks re-occupy Erzerum after a fierce struggle with Armenians.	23rd. British destroyer sunk in collision.
24th. Peronne and Ham abandoned to enemy. Germans cross the Somme north of Ham.	7th. Treaty of peace between Germany and Independent Finland. Germany to give military aid to Finland against the Red Guards.	24th. Turks re-occupy Erzerum after a fierce struggle with Armenians.	24th. German raider captured by American warship in the Pacific.
[21st - 24th British destroy 180 German aeroplanes, and lose 25.]	Anarchy spreads to Siberia; German prisoners arming; question of Japanese intervention mooted.	26th. British troops advance from Hit along the Aleppo road, and take Khan Baghdadie.	27th. British destroyer mined.
25th. Nesle and Bapaume taken by enemy. French come into action on British right.	16th. Peace treaty ratified by the Soviets at Moscow.		28th. British sink 3 German armed trawlers in Heligoland Bight.
26th. French with American battalions in action near Noyon. Noyon abandoned by French, who fall back to and hold south bank of the Oise.			
At night Germans force their way into Albert, and seize Méricourt (12 miles from Amiens).			
27th. Enemy advance slackens between Ablainzeville, Bucquoy and Rosières. Battle redoubles intensity between Roye and Montdidier; French yield ground. All enemy attacks between Lassigny and Noyon beaten back.			
28th. Heavy fighting from Arras to the Somme, and along the Scarpe. All enemy efforts fail. Attacks on the Scarpe have for objective the capture of Vimy Ridge and Arras. 10 divisions attack; further south between Boiry and Serre 11 divisions attack—but make no progress.			

	West.	Russia—Rumaina.	Italy—Balkans.	Turkey.	Naval.
	French lose Montdidier (between Amiens and Compiègne) but hold heights west of the town. French regain ground on Lassigny-Noyon front. 29th. German advance held at last. Violent battle between Montdidier and Lassigny; French break all attacks. Germans claim 70,000 prisoners and 1100 guns since 21st March, a "grossly exaggerated claim" as far as prisoners are concerned; civilian population of the districts overrun included. 30th. Battle rages near Amiens, in the valleys of the Luce and the Avre. Enemy held. Further south from Moreuil to Lassigny repeated enemy attacks defeated with great slaughter. 31st. Fighting continues between the Luce and the Avre. At Serre British gain ground, take 230 prisoners and 109 machine guns. Moreuil lost and recovered several times, remains in hands of French. Near Lassigny French gain ground and take 700 prisoners. Le Montchel and Ayencourt (near Montdidier) retaken by French.	Odessa occupied by the Germans.		28th. British advance continues. Total prisoners since 26th, 5000.	
April.	1st. All enemy attempts to reach Amiens by the Luce and Avre valleys fail. Near Hangard and Moreuil French gain ground. Enemy attempts to seize Grivesnes (5 miles from Montdidier on the Amiens road) fail.	3rd. German forces land at Hango, (S. Finland.) 7th. German forces marching on Hel-singfors to the help of White Guards.	16th. Greeks cross the Struma and occupy Beilikmah, Ada, Kakaraska, Salmah, Kispoki.	1st. British forces 73 miles beyond Ana on the Euphrates.	4th. British destroyer sunk in collision.

2nd. Fighting diminishes in intensity along the Avre and the Luce, and between Montdidier and Lassigny. Ayette retaken by British. Allies have fought Germans to a standstill. First phase of the Great Battle over. The way barred to Amiens on the north, and beyond Montdidier on the south. 4th. Renewed attacks in direction of Amiens, from the Scarpe to the Oise. In the Avre valley, Mailly-Raineval and Morisel fall to the enemy at the 10th assault. (10 miles from Amiens.) Grivesnes resists all attacks. Allies pressed back in region of Villers Breton-neux. 5th. French regain ground in the Avre valley. The Germans claim 90,000 prisoners and 1,300 guns since 21st March. 6th. Strong enemy attacks near Montdidier defeated. 7th. Attacks near Albert, Hébuterne, and Bucquoy defeated. 8th. Under pressure, and with a view to reduce a dangerous salient, French fall back from Coucy forest. 9th. Second German thrust; for the Channel Ports. Strong enemy forces attack Portuguese and British in the La-Bassée - Armentières sector; our positions penetrated at Neuve Chapelle; Allies forced back to the Lys between Estaires and Bac St. Maur. Richebourg St. Vaast and Laventie occupied by enemy.	9th. Germany demands immediate conclusion of peace between Russia and the Ukraine. 16th. Helsingfors occupied by Germans. Advance on Viborg. Bessarabia votes for separation from Russia and union with Rumania. 21st. Germans invade the Crimea.	Armenian and Georgian forces oppose Turkish occupation of Kars, Ardahan, and Batum regions. 23rd. British attack on Ostend and Zeebrugge. 9th. Since declaration of independence, the King of the Hedjaz has cleared the Red Sea Coast of the enemy for a distance of 800 miles, and accounted for 40,000 Turkish troops and 100 guns. 18th. Batum occupied by Turks. 22nd. Armenians retake Van.	15th. 10 German armed trawlers sunk by British forces in the Kattegat. 23rd. British attack on Ostend and Zeebrugge. At Zeebrugge, mole partly destroyed and canal blocked with ships filled with concrete. One German destroyer rammed and sunk; two others bombed and torpedoed; the <i>Brasels</i> sunk. Reconnaissances later show a submarine sunk. At Ostend blocking operations only partially successful.
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West.	Russia—Rumania.	Italy—Balkans.	Turkey.	Naval.
10th. Struggle north of Bethune to Wytschaete. Enemy enters Estaires, but is driven out. Messines and Givenchy lost and recovered. Battle spreads from La Bassée Canal to the Ypres-Comines canal. Armentières abandoned to enemy. 11th. The battle continues along whole sector. Merville taken by enemy. 12th. British lose and recapture Neuve Eglise. Enemy attacks towards Bailloul Ry. 13th. South of the Somme enemy captures Hangard; driven out again by a French counter-charge. Attacks at Wytschaete and Kemmel fail. Attempts near Neuve Eglise and Bailloul foiled. 14th. After a day-long struggle, British retain Neuve Eglise, but abandon it at night. Attacks against Messines ridge all broken up. 15th. Foch made generalissimo of all Allied forces in France. Bailloul (important centre of communications) falls to enemy. The enemy's objective to turn the range of hills 450 ft. high between Bailloul and Cassel. 16th. Meteren (3 miles W. of Bailloul) and Wytschaete fall to enemy; recovered by British counter-attack. British troops at Paschendaale withdrawn to near St. Julien, to avoid envelopment in case of further withdrawal on the Lys.				

West.	Russia—Rumania.	Italy—Balkans.	Turkey.	Naval.
17th. Wytschaete and greater part of the Messines ridge taken by enemy. Attack directed towards Meteren. German attack on Belgians in region of Martjevaart costs the Germans 3000 men, besides 800 prisoners and 100 machine-guns. 18th. British counter-attack restores position at Wytschaete and Meteren; gains not held however. Enemy attacks at Givenchy held; French attack on the Aves on a 4 kil. front near Mailly-Raineval; positions gained, and 650 prisoners taken. 19th. - 24th. Lull in the fighting. Allies improve their positions. 24th. Battle resumed. Enemy captures Villers Bretonneux (9½ miles east of Amiens) and gains a footing in Hangard. Attack on Dranoutre at the foot of Kemmel hill 25th. British recapture Villers Bretonneux, and take 600 prisoners. Kemmel taken by enemy, and Dranoutre. Further advance towards La Clytte and Scherpenberg checked. 26th. French lose and recover Loere. All attacks against Scherpenberg defeated. In Hangard-Villers Bretonneux sector Allies take 900 prisoners. 29th. Attacks against Scherpenberg and Mont Rouge. 100,000 Germans defeated in open battle with enormous losses; battle for Channel Ports culminates and ends in defeat for enemy. Total German advance since 9th April, 10 miles; failure to seize the Flanders hills. Loere taken and lost by the Germans.				

	West.	Russia—Rumania.	Italy—Balkans.	Turkey.	Naval.
	30th. The battle dies down; Germans exhausted by yesterday's fight. British took 5,240 prisoners in April. In the past five weeks enemy has gained ground; extreme advance at Montdidier 40 miles; at Kemmel 10 miles. He has employed 2 million men in this <i>preliminary</i> battle; and sustained very heavy losses without obtaining a decision. Comparatively the Allies are in a better position as regards men than on 21st March. German advance definitely held at Loivre, Villers Bretonneux, and Montdidier.	2nd. Germans occupy Sevastopol. 7th. Peace signed between Rumania and Central Powers.	2nd. Considerable activity on whole Italian front from Giudi-caria valley to the Sea. 3rd. Since their arrival in Italy the British have destroyed 190 Austrians and aeroplanes and lost only 13.	1st. Es Salt beyond the Jordan occupied by British. 6th. British withdrawn from Es Salt before strong Turkish forces. 7th. British occupy Kirkuk (Mesopotamia.)	1st. British mine-sweeper sunk. French submarine sunk in collision. 9th - 10th. Ostend harbour blocked by British. 11th. British submarine escort sinks German submarine cruiser off Cape St. Vincent.
May.	1st - 8th. Allies profit by the lull to strengthen their positions. 8th - 9th. Strong enemy attack between La Clytete and Voormezelle towards Scherpenberg, defeated. 9th. French recapture Grivevenes. 11th. French advance their positions beyond Loivre. 14th. French improve their positions near Kemmel. 19th. Australians take 360 prisoners at Villers-sur-Ancre. French gain 4,000 yards at Loivre and take 400 prisoners. 22nd. In the past two months 1000 German aeroplanes destroyed in battle, and 1000 tons of bombs dropped over enemy lines.				

27th. Third stage in the battle. 45 enemy divisions attack the positions from Soissons to Rheims held by French and British divisions. Allies yield. Enemy captures Chemin des Dames, and crosses the Aisne between Vailly and Berry au Bac. 28th. Enemy advance on Soissons. 29th. Soissons threatened. Enemy forces within 2 kil. of Rheims which they partly enclose. Further progress on the city barred. 30th. Enemy pushing towards the Marne and Paris - Chalons - Verdun Ry. Enemy occupies Soissons after a fierce struggle; French hold western approaches. 31st. Enemy enters Fère en Tardenois, and reaches Chateau Thierry on the Marne.	9th. Italians storm Monte Corno (5000 ft.) 15th. French and Italians advance their lines 11 miles, west of Koritza (Albania). 25th, 26th. Italians storm Xigolon, Montebasina, and Monticello pass; 800 prisoners, and 25 guns. 28th. Italians advance at Caposile and take 440 prisoners. 30th. Greeks attack Bulgars at Skradilegen on a 12 kil. front, and take 1700 prisoners.	10th. Turks driven from the left bank of the lesser Zab.	14th. Italians enter Pola harbour and sink the <i>Viribus Unitis</i> (20,000 ton dreadnought.) British destroyer torpedoed and sunk. 20th. French trawler sinks a German submarine. 23rd. British auxiliary cruiser torpedoed and sunk. 31st. British destroyers sunk in collision.
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West.	Russia—Rumania.	Italy—Balkans.	Turkey.	Naval.
Jane. 1. North of the Aisne French recapture for the fifth time and hold Mont de Choisy. Enemy held at the forest of Villers-Cotterets, at Ville en Tardenois and Chateau Thierry. 4th. Enemy occupies Pernant. Elsewhere held. At Neuilly wood Americans defeat all attempts to advance. Jauglonne on the left of the Marne lost and recaptured by American and French troops. 6th. Enemy attempts to cross the Oise at Montalaguchi fail; east of Sempigny enemy crosses but driven back. Near Neuilly Lapoterie British and French troops force back enemy 5 kil. 7th. North of the Aisne, French recover Lepont. In Neuilly Lapoterie region, Vinly recaptured from enemy. At Torcy Allies gain ground. Neuilly Lapoterie recovered. Bligny recovered. End of third phase. Enemy held up, Allies gain ground. Total advance (at Chateau-Thierry) 25 miles.		In May 138 Austrian aeroplanes destroyed by British and Italians, with a loss of only 4.		

A Supper at the "Cheshire Cheese"

On a certain winter evening in the year of grace 17—, the dining-room of the "Cheshire Cheese" tavern in Fleet Street looked particularly warm and cosy, thanks to the generous fire and numerous candles there provided, and the air of cheerfulness in the place had apparently pervaded the spirits of the two men who occupied chairs on opposite sides of the great fireplace, for they were engaged in animated conversation.

One was a heavy-set, big, burly man, slow of movement and solemn of speech except when labouring under excitement, his voice then becoming harsh and strident, his periods more natural but not so rounded. He was carelessly, almost slovenly, dressed, and the front of his wig was singed by frequently reading with a candle in his hand, for he was obviously short-sighted. His face was a lined and thoughtful one, with a cast of sternness about it save when lighted up by a smile, a smile so lovable that it did everyone's heart good to see it. Need we say that it was the great Dr. Johnson.

Seated opposite to him was Boswell, his constant companion. A little, dry, pedantic man, slightly overdressed, with a consequential, inquisitive, yet deferential air, who made ridiculous efforts to imitate the ponderous style of speech of his friend, though he happened at the present moment to be engaged in maintaining the opposite side of an argument.

"I tell you, sir," said the doctor, "that this century is not great enough to appreciate or even understand the man."

"Oh, really, sir," returned the other, "you must be exaggerating a little; the century that has produced Pope, Dry-

den, Addison, and yourself can surely be allowed to judge Shakespeare, who wrote when the English language was inelegant and crude."

"Sir, I am not exaggerating," said the doctor, rubbing his thigh with one hand, a favourite habit of his, "I am not deprecating Pope, Dryden, or Addison, and especially Addison, but the present century is not formed to appreciate Shakespeare: we are all of the precise school, myself amongst the number; we are, compared to the great Elizabethan poet, what a prim Dutch garden is to a Brazilian forest, a hot-house plant to a wayside flower, formed to please the mind but not affect the heart, to captivate the understanding yet leave the affections untouched."

"But, my good sir," persisted Boswell, taking a pinch of snuff, "surely you will allow that—"

"I will allow nothing just now," interrupted the doctor, taking off his wig, "for I must go home at once and change this, else I shall not be in time for your guests."

"Oh, but they will excuse," began his friend.

"Never mind what they'll excuse," returned the other, "I don't want them to go away and tell everybody I have no manners."

So saying he put on his hat and marched heavily out of the room to his house close by in Bolt Court, promising to rejoin his companion in a quarter of an hour at the outside.

Boswell had invited three other guests that night to his little supper party, namely, Garrick, Beauclerk, and Mr. McIlwaine, a Scotchman, and all three arrived on the scene together before Dr. Johnson had come back.

Beauclerk was dressed in the height of fashion, and had the easy air of a man of the world.

"Where's Ursa Major?" he exclaimed.

"Gone to change his wig," said Boswell; whereat both Garrick and Beauclerk burst into a roar of laughter, but the Scotchman never relaxed a muscle of his angular face, for he was a stranger to the great lexicographer, and did not understand the joke; and, moreover, when the doctor himself appeared in the doorway, the laugh quickly died a natural death, for they were all aware he was extremely touchy on such points.

"My dear doctor," said Boswell fussily, with many a bow and smirk, "let me introduce you to a friend of mine, Mr. McIlwaine."

"Bozzy has missed his calling," whispered Beauclerk to Garrick; "he was cut out for a showman."

On being introduced, the doctor bowed gravely and the Scotchman stiffly, for he had heard from the garrulous Boswell of Johnson's dislike to his countrymen.

"From Scotland, sir, if I mistake not."

"Yes; but he can't help it," interposed the anxious Boswell. "Indeed, he has lived in London some years."

Garrick sniggered, the doctor smiled, while Beauclerk fairly laughed.

"Ah," said Johnson pleasantly, "I see that this foolish fellow Boswell has been giving a bad account of me, making me out a very truculent fellow."

"He certainly gave me to understand," said McIlwaine, with the grimmest of smiles, "that you disliked Scotland and Scotchmen."

"So I do, sir, so I do; but it does not follow that because I dislike them as a race, I must necessarily dislike the unit; one can condemn a poet in his entirety, and yet allow he wrote some good things."

"I come from Argyle," said McIlwaine stiffly.

"Well, sir, you mustn't fret about it," returned the doctor, amidst a roar of laughter, in which even the victim was obliged to join.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the announcement that the supper was ready, and they all sat down.

If those old walls and settles of the "Cheshire Cheese" could speak, if they were endowed for the nonce with the gift of memory and speech, what things could they tell us of old carouses and nights of the gods, of wit and wisdom, of joys and sorrows, of hopes and ambitions, now, alas, long past and forgotten! What unrecorded tales could they tell us of Johnson and Garrick, Reynolds, Boswell, Wilkes, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, and all the brilliant coterie that used to frequent the place! But now, now, alas, howsoever brilliant they were, having had their days of the sun, they have one and all danced off into night and are little more than names. Other men, other manners, and the hurrying generations for ever press on in the historic street outside, a never-ending procession of phantoms passing one by one to "that undiscovered country whence no traveller returns."

The doctor was evidently hungry, and spoke never a word until he had satisfied himself. His manner of eating was of the coarsest; he made a sucking noise with his soup, gulping it in heroic mouthfuls, and did not scruple sometimes to use his fingers to his meat instead of a fork; he knew better, of course, but did that which was most comfortable without regard to appearances, for he was scrupulous in etiquette only by fits and starts, as we have seen him in the matter of his wig earlier in the evening.

Many a sly wink did Garrick and Beauclerk exchange at his expense, scandalising poor Boswell, who could not endure that anyone should make fun of his hero, who, to say the truth, was not a man to tolerate a joke very easily at his own expense; and poor Boswell was on tenterhooks lest his great friend should see them. However, his fears

were unfounded, for Johnson hardly looked up from his plate until, having been served with a plate of mutton, he turned suddenly to Beauclerk and said: "Can I trouble you for the mustard?"

"Mustard, sir, mustard," returned the other; "why, that is mutton you have in front of you!"

"Well, sir, am I not a free agent—cannot I take mustard to oranges if I choose?"

Beauclerk could go farther than any other man with Johnson, who hardly ever treated him roughly.

"Nay, doctor, be not angry with me, you can live entirely on it if you like, and, in faith, I believe you have been doing so, you caught me up so sharply; but I see you have no wine, let me pour you out some as a sign of peace—you take wine now again, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I do; in fact, I only left it off for three months."

"Why, sir, had you been drinking too much?" returned the other, at which audacity Boswell looked aghast.

"Yes, I had," was the unexpected answer.

"Upon my word, what a confession! You are open about it, at any rate," said Garrick.

"And why should not a man be open about it? I never was drunk, sir, but I found myself saying things I should not have done, and laughing at nothing, and——"

"Why," said Beauclerk, interrupting, "upon my word, the doctor has a new wig."

"And why not that either, sir?"

"Well, I liked you better in the old one."

"And you such a dandy?"

"Yes, I have to be a dandy; we small fry have to dress well, while you—egad, that old wig of yours, doctor, was a mass of learning in itself, and had more Latinity in it than many a divine has got in his whole noddle."

"But it was singed down to the netting," objected Johnson.

"That was just the beauty of it, telling of many a book read by candle-light."

"Yes, that's how it was done, sir; I am short-sighted."

"Like Sir Joshua Reynolds painted you," remarked Boswell.

"Yes, I've had some difficulty in forgiving him for that; the fellow has sent me down to posterity short-sighted."

The supper was now concluded, the cloth removed, and wine and dessert placed upon the polished mahogany. McIlwaine, the Scotchman, very silent all through the meal, had apparently been brooding on the doctor's gibe at his expense, and, wishing to defend his native land, again entered the lists against the redoubtable doctor.

"May I ask, Dr. Johnson," said he, sipping his port, "why you have such a violent prejudice against Scotland and Scotchmen?"

"It is not prejudice at all, sir, it is knowledge."

"But surely, sir, you were not long enough in the country to be able to form a sound opinion."

"One can dwell in Hades only an hour or two and form a very sound opinion of it."

"Doctor, were you ever there?" said Beauclerk slyly.

"No, sir; worse—I've been in the Highlands."

Everyone laughed at this save McIlwaine, who looked as sour as a school-master.

"But, I don't see, sir," he persisted, "why your dislike to the country should extend itself to the inhabitants."

"Why, look you now," said Johnson, "Boswell is the only sensible Scotchman I know; he was born in Scotland, he could not help it, but he says as little about it as possible."

"But surely, sir, your experience of them must have been unfortunate, you must have met with some good Scotchmen."

"I have, sir."

"Then you will acknowledge that all is not barren from Dan to Beersheba, or rather from Cheviot to John o' Groats?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnson, "I have met with good Scotchmen, but they have invariably been educated in England."

"Then you do acknowledge that there is a saving grace for them?"

The doctor drank some port before answering, and his eye twinkled with merriment.

"Yes, sir, I do acknowledge that there is a possibility for them; much may be done with a Scotchman, sir, if he be caught young."

At this unexpected sally everybody, save McIlwaine, burst into a roar of laughter, and even the solemn waiter was unable to keep a straight face, but the Scotchman was seriously offended.

"It was only my joke, sir," said the doctor.

"I see no joke about it," returned the other.

"Nay, sir, be not angry about it; that's where it is, women and Scotchmen can't see a joke; they try to do it, but it's not in them."

"Mr. Boswell," said the Scotchman stiffly, "if I had known that I was to be insulted, I should not have accepted your invitation."

"Insulted, sir," said Johnson; "insulted—what do you mean, sir?"

But the other, rising in his seat, paid no sort of attention to the doctor, but continued addressing the uncomfortable Boswell.

"I see no good by my staying here," said he. "I was under the impression that every one I met at your table, Mr. Boswell, and at your invitation, would be a gentleman."

"A what, sir?" said Johnson angrily, while the veins in his forehead became purple from anger.

"A gentleman, I said, sir," returned the indignant Celt. "A friend shall wait on you to-morrow morning to arrange matters."

"If you send anybody to me, sir, with such a silly message, frightening my housekeeper, I will throw him downstairs."

"We shall see, sir," said the Scotchman stiffly, and taking up his hat he marched out without another word.

All looked at one another after his departure. The doctor was indignant, poor Boswell utterly disconcerted, while Topham Beauclerk and Garrick were bubbling over with hilarity at the unexpected turn affairs had taken.

"Why, Boswell, did you ask such a pestilent fellow to spoil our evening? A foolish blockhead that can't see a joke! Why, the man's stupidity is unnatural, quite out of the ordinary course, it almost amounts to genius—a fire-eating Celt to challenge me, *me* to a duel!"

His indignation was so comical that both the actor and Beauclerk burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which Johnson was at last obliged to join until the tears ran down his face, and their hilarity was yet further increased by the look of misery and discomfiture Boswell wore as he looked from one to the other.

"Never mind, Bozzy," said Garrick, "the doctor's not dead yet."

"Really," said Beauclerk, "you were rather severe on him, you know, my dear doctor; these Scotchmen are very touchy about themselves and their brown hills."

"Was I?" said Johnson. "I hate a man who can't take a joke. If I was in the wrong, I'll apologize; but if I send for the fellow back, he'll think I am frightened of him."

"No, my dear doctor, he won't think that; you're the last man to be fright-

ened of anything. I'll go and fetch him back; I know where he lives."

Accordingly, having received permission from Johnson, he took up his hat and stick, the former of which he carefully brushed before putting on, and sallied forth on his errand.

After his departure the disconsolate Boswell broke into a torrent of apologies.

"My dear doctor," said he, "if I had only known, I would'nt have had him here. I have been acquainted with him some time, and could never have imagined he would have taken exception to your pleasantries."

"Pleasantries," said Garrick, arching his brows and pretending to look displeased, "pleasantries; I don't wonder at him being displeased."

"What's that you say, sir?" said Johnson, who was taken in by his straight face and superb acting.

"I was saying, sir, to Mr. Boswell, that your pleasantries at the expense of his friend are very near akin to the pleasantries on electioneering days, when wit takes the form of half bricks, and argument that of rotten eggs."

"What's the matter with you to-night," said the doctor, "what's the matter with everybody; has every one taken leave of his senses?"

"Nothing, sir," said Garrick, "nothing, but to tell you plainly, if I had been in Mr. McIlwaine's place to-night, I too, like him, should have taken considerable umbrage at your very free remarks."

"You, sir!"

"Yes, I, Dr. Johnson. I am a free agent and have a vested right in my own opinion."

"You can have fifty thousand opinions," retorted the irate doctor, "if you can get anyone to take notice of such trash."

"You wish to quarrel with me, sir," said Garrick, bristling up.

"No, I don't; one fool in an evening is quite enough."

"My dear Garrick," said Boswell with an imploring look, "do be quiet; don't make matters worse."

"Worse, sir, worse," returned the other, appearing to get into a tremendous passion, rising from his chair and spilling some wine on the table-cloth.

"Dr. Johnson presumes too much on his position, too much on his learning, let me tell you that, sir. He makes out that we are all dirt, sir, that he can use us as he likes and say anything he wishes; but I give you to understand, sir, that he has gone too far, that I am tired of him, that I don't wish to know him, and that if he persists in his unpleasant behaviour in spite of my animadversions, I shall take steps as a man of honour, as a man of honour, sir, to rectify it in the only way gentlemen can rectify such misunderstandings, by an appeal, an appeal, sir—to the brandy-bottle." And sitting down after this unexpected ending he laughed until the tears were rolling down his face at the success of his acting, in which the doctor joined him.

"You dog," said he, "you sly, you impudent dog! I'll never say you can't act again."

"You have wound up one quarrel satisfactorily, doctor, but how about the fire-eating Scotchman; what weapons shall you choose?"

"A thick stick," said the doctor grimly.

"Can I be your second?" said the other.

"You can see me cudgel sense into the fellow, if you like."

"When?"

"To-night, if friend Beauclerk cannot talk him round with his persuasive tongue."

But here they were interrupted by the reappearance of Beauclerk and the Scotchman, the latter of whom came over to where Dr. Johnson was standing with his back to the fireplace.

"I made an ass of myself to take offence at your jokes," said he.

"Come, sir, that is very handsome, but it is I who ought to apologize, for I am afraid I am rather rough with my tongue at times, and am sorry; but I have been paid out in my own coin, for here has this sly dog of an actor been

poking fun at me to the top of his bent while you were away. But come, let us sit down and have a good talk, for all's well that ends well, and there's an end o't."

Notes.

Precis-writing.

We wonder how many there are who have prepared for examinations in the public service in India who have not at first been a little scared on learning that one of the tests was precis-writing. The terror was that of the unknown; when they became full-fledged exponents of red tapeism, precis-writing became a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Those contemplating entering the public service in this Presidency at least will be pleased to learn that the bogey has been laid for ever and that the precis-writing test has been expunged altogether from the schedule of special tests. The suitability of the special tests prescribed for the various appointments in the public service has been under examination by the Government, and the question was considered whether a pass in the precis-writing test was in any way an essential qualification for any of the appointments. In their own way the Government have by easy stages arrived at the conclusion that it is not.

Madras Mail, 16-5-18.

The editor of the *Madras Mail* has not noticed the role of precis-writing in the S. S. L. C. Examination and in the University Examinations. *Epitomize, Give the substance of, Summarize, Give a brief account of, and so on, are the terms under which precis-writing is badly disguised.*

English at the Scottish Universities.

The following regulation will interest students who intend proceeding to any Scottish University:—

"On and after the academical year 1919-20, all candidates whose native language is other than English will be required to pass an examination in English designed to test their ability to understand the language sufficiently for the purpose of study at a Scottish University."

The Madras Students' Advisory Committee have asked for an exception to this rule on behalf of graduates of the Madras University. *The Madras Times* (24-4-18) very correctly observes that "it can scarcely be supposed that any man who has taken his degree in an Indian University would lack the ability to understand and use the language sufficiently for the purpose of study in a Scottish University. It considers, however, that it might take an Indian youth sometime to understand a Scottish lecturer whose English was Broad Scotch. In this case we would suggest that intending Scottish lecturers whose English is Broad Scotch should be required to undergo an Examination in English English as a *sine qua non* condition of appointment to a lectureship in a Scottish University. If such a regulation were passed, there would be no need of an examination in English for any

British student whose University language is English. It would serve the purposes of Scottish Universities as least as well, if an examination in Broad Scotch were required of all whose native or University language happens to be English.

Boulogne Harbour Blocked.

In 287 A.D. Carausius crushed the Frankish and Saxon pirates and usurped the title of Roman Emperor. He had under his command at Boulogne a very strong fleet which was prevented from leaving the harbour and bringing him help by the general commanding in the name of the legitimate Emperor, for

the harbour was blocked with beams of timber and cargoes of stones. (Cf. the blocking of Zeebrugge and Ostend).

History Repeating Itself.

The Ancient Britons and Camouflage (Protective Colouring). It may be surprising to know that the inhabitants of the British Isles prior to the Roman occupation practised the art of "camouflaging." History tells us that the Western Britons, to escape the pirates in their voyages to Ireland, painted their ships blue. (Cf. camouflaging as employed by the belligerents in the present war).

With Saints.

"We want to set up fine, strong, healthy lads, and we want education and training to start with the play-ground, that boys may learn to control themselves and others, how to stand a losing game, and how to be humble and self-reliant. There is a tremendous lesson in character-building to be learned in the play-ground. There is nothing finer in character-building than for a boy to be able to say 'No' to a lie, 'No' to a temptation, and 'No' to a thing that will put him wrong with God. Let a boy learn to stand on the basis of his own feet and to look upwards to the stars, fearless, even if God were to ring him up. Character is the output of conduct, conduct the output of morality, and morality the always beautiful bloom and fruit of religion."

"A man never realises how little he knows until the smallest child begins to ask questions."

"An actor among his fellow actors cares not for them, but for the applause

of the spectators. So we among our fellowmen. God is the chief spectator of our acting. Can he applaud us?"

"Honour is like the eye which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; honour is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw."

"We swallow at one draught the lie that flatters us, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter to us."

"Forgive and remember that you have forgiven; or better forget that you ever thought you were injured."

"The truest friend would put away from him the friend of his bosom, the kindest host would kick his guest out of his house, the most loving father would disinherit his son, if his love were requited as we requite the love of God for us." We must realise the gifts

of God and feel thankful for them, before we can love Him as He deserves to be loved and serve Him as He deserves to be served by us.

"Grief and sorrow are often wise counsellors."

*The Bombay Messenger
of the Sacred Heart.*

"The light that we have is scant at best, and even this we often lose by carelessness. Often too we do not notice how blind we are within. Frequently we do wrong, and do worse in excusing ourselves. Sometimes we are moved by passion, and we call it real. We blame little faults in others, and pass by much greater in ourselves. We are quick enough to see and weigh what we

bear from others, but ^{at} ^{the} ^{top} of not notice how much others have to bear from us. If a man weighed his own faults justly, he could not judge so harshly of his neighbours."

"Turn your eyes upon yourself and beware of judging other people's actions. In judging others, we lose our labour, are often wrong, and often fall into sin; but we always gain by judging and examining ourselves."

The Imitation.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak;
That under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Kipling.

With Sinners.

Lawyers, judges and vakils often enjoy a joke at the expense of the prisoner at the bar or the witness in the box. Is it not the story of 'The Boys and the Frogs'? When great issues are at stake, lawyers' jokes are, to say the least about them, in devilish bad taste. When the issue is very trifling, they may sometimes be palatable even to the person concerned.

A prisoner was before a judge for stealing a saw. In his defence he urged that he only took it in joke.

"And how far did you carry it from the plaintiff's house?" asked the judge.

"Perhaps two miles, your Worship."

"Ah, that was carrying a joke too far; so the sentence of the court is, etc."

That's a joke the prisoner himself ought to have appreciated. But the

best law jokes are those which put the judge or an impertinent vakil in a fix.

The court was crowded. The trial concerned the sale of a horse. The witness was a clergyman.

Vakil.—"Well, you don't know anything about horses, do you? You're a parson, you know."

Witness.—"I have a good knowledge of horses."

Vakil.—"You think you have, I daresay, but we may think otherwise. I wonder, now, whether you know the difference between a horse and a cow."

Witness.—"Yes, I daresay I do."

Vakil.—"Now, then, sir, tell the jury the difference between a horse and a cow."

Witness.—"Gentlemen, one great difference between these two animals is

that one has horns and the other has not,—much to the same difference, gentlemen, between a bull and (pointing to the vakil) a *bully*." (Roars of laughter, the judge joining.)

Vakil.—(Very angrily.) "I daresay you thought that very funny, sir."

Witness.—"Well, I don't think it was bad, and several persons here seem to think so too."

Vakil.—"Very likely, but perhaps you know that 'One fool makes many'."

Witness.—"I hope, sir, you do not include his Worship in that flattering remark."

Judge (to the vakil).—"Go on, sir, in a proper manner with your examination. I am surprised at you."

The vakil sat down, and the Jury laughed.

Another good and harmless joke is this:—

A juryman begged to be excused from attendance on the ground of deafness.

"Why, you hear me very well."

"That's true enough, my Lord, but I have to turn my head around very awkwardly, for I am quite deaf with one ear."

"Oh, then, certainly, you are excused," replied the Judge. He added with much solemnity, "A juryman ought undoubtedly to hear *both sides*."

Pupil.—How many marks did you give me in the examination?

Teacher.—Ten.

Pupil.—Out of?

Teacher.—Out of mercy.

H. S.

The *Stonhurst Magazine* reminds boys and Old Boys of war economy by printing in big black letters the words "Eat less Bread." The burden of the Principal's Report on our hostels was, "Eat less Sweets."

Puzzles.

L. R. Krishnamurti, II U. C., has sent in the solutions of the problems proposed in our March number:—

3.

1. The Square Word:

A D A M
D A L E
A L P S
M E S S.

2. The Built-up Word:

LIBRARY.

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

College Notes.

Trichinopoly and St. Joseph's College were names frequently heard in Tennis circles at Chepauk during the South Indian Lawn Tennis Championship Tournament this year, in connection with their representatives, the two well-known tennis brothers T. G. Singaravelu and T. G. Sanjeevi. On the very first day our boys met in Doubles a pretty strong pair in Major Elwes and Shunker, and won in the end after a three-set-fight. Neither side played brilliant; but after losing the first set to their opponents, the brothers grew steady, and thanks to good volleying, won the second set. Shunker did his best but could not manage to win one more set, Major Elwes being a little out of form. But the finest doubles our boys played was in the semi-finals; they were pitted against that doughty pair, Nigel Jones and Wilson. Wilson is not perhaps so well known as Nigel Jones, but is quite a steady partner in a soft game. Nigel Jones is a power on the tennis court with his gigantic reach, his strong over-hand drives and American reverse full of spin in the ball. On that evening, however, before the Doubles, he had got 3 hot sets in Singles and a defeat in the bargain at the hands of the "tiny colt" Sanjeevi. The same was the case with Singaravelu. He had just played Major Elwes and beaten him in a three-set fight. We shall say more about the Singles later on. Nigel Jones, not put out by his defeat, played as hard and as steady as ever. But the Trichinopolitans were at the top of their form. That evening they exhibited a fine and exceptionally brilliant game. Sanjeevi volleyed sharp and quick, and Singaravelu smashed excellently from base, service line, net and everywhere. During this sharp and quick game, which hardly gave time to Nigel Jones for his hard

drives and powerful smashes, Singaravelu now and then delighted the gallery by his soft, sweet game at the net. Our boys clearly had the gallery on their side. The first Doubles against Major Elwes and Shunker, Sanjeevi's great hit in his match against Nigel Jones which was a revelation to the public, Singaram's success against Major Elwes at Singles, had attracted all eyes on the two youngsters from Trichy. The evening of the semi-finals, the gallery was particularly full, and included His Excellency who was seen clapping whenever Sanjeevi sent his beautiful line and cross shots. On the whole it was a fine performance. It lasted scarcely a half hour, and resulted in an easy win for the T. G. pair in two straight sets. His Excellency seems to have been highly pleased, as he came down after the match and heartily shook hands with and congratulated our boys on their fine play.

In the finals our champions met Kohloff and Krishnamurthy who had beaten Lakshmana Rao and Markandayulu. Till the beginning of the fifth set the scores stood even, and the match was rather a tame affair, neither side playing any fine game. Sanjeevi, who had till that day been in excellent form was not quite himself that evening. Even in the fifth set, the first game was played as in the preceding sets and lost to our opponents. But then Singaram suddenly burst out and became his original self again. Wherever the ball went, there he was like a shot, and every one of his returns was a point. There was very little contact between Sanjeevi's racket and the ball. Singaram was all in all and took six games straight off, thus winning set, match and all.

In the St. however, Singaravelu was quite the reverse and evidently out of form. He did not exhibit his usual back hand, nor was he able to put any length in his strokes. Killing the ball was a rarity for him. Before reaching the semi-finals, he got beaten by Kohloff, and rather easily too, which is all the more surprising in a man who had won over such experienced players as Major Elwes and Kesavamudaliar. But his brother Sanjeevi created a regular flutter in the tennis circles after his success over Nigel Jones. His American reverse, his long and cross shots at full and half lengths, and his steady back hand are his specials. He is not much of a volley player in singles, and perhaps this is the weakness which made him lose against Narayanamurthy. But his strokes are very hard and the balls come with terrific speed. His game with Nigel Jones was particularly interesting. Nigel Jones was at the top of his form, and with all his drives and excellent reach, he was non-plussed and non-placed by many of Sanjeevi's strokes. It was rather a surprise, how a "tiny colt" could send such hard balls at full and cross lengths. Another match in which Sanjeevi showed his mettle, was when he played against that veteran Narayanamurthy, who is undoubtedly one of the cleverest players on the tennis court. Sanjeevi played his best but lobbed unnecessarily, which was not his game. Narayanamurthy is a consummate volley player, and though he succeeded a good number of times, Sanjeevi could not avoid him at the net. It is no small praise to say of a player of Sanjeevi's experience that he gave full two days fight to an old veteran like Narayanamurthy before being defeated.

On the whole our boys fared exceedingly well this year, and among the keen-witted in the gallery, the talk is that Sanjeevi will do wonders in future. The cups were handed over to the winners on 13th March by Mrs. Gordon Fraser. On that occasion the Hon. Mr. L. E. Buckley made a felicitous speech making a particular mention of our boys.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

University Examinations, 1918.

	No. sent up.	I Class.	II Class.	III Class.	Total.
L.T. DEGREE ..	19	—	2	14	16
B.A. (HONS.) :—					
Branch I ..	8	—	1	2	3
(ii-A) ..	4	—	—	3	3
V ..	23	—	3	17	20
B.A. (HONS.)					(2 pass)
PRELIMINARY ..	52				41
B.A. DEGREE :—					
English ..	161	—	107	—	107
Group (i) ..	28	—	9	—	9
(ii-A) ..	9	—	7	—	7
(ii-B) ..	1	—	1	—	1
(v) ..	117	—	38	—	38
(vi) ..	3	—	3	—	3

	No. sent up.	I Class.	II Class.	Part I only.	Part II only.	Total.
INTERMEDIATE:						
Group (i) ..	73	5	28	15	5	33
(ii) ..	22	—	2	—	2	2
(iii) ..	136	4	43	3	34	47

HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

S.S.L.C. 221. Eligible for College Course 71.

	Presidency Average.	School Average.
English ..	34	35
Vern. Comp. (Tamil) ..	49	47
(Malayalam) ..	44	45
(Telugu) ..	41	25
Elementary Mathematics ..	43	46
Algebra & Geometry ..	46	66
Physics ..	46	50
History of England ..	36	42
Tamil ..	43	41
Chemistry ..	36	43
Malayalam ..	45	45
Sanskrit ..	41	39
Telugu ..	49	28
Latin ..	38	36
Com. Pract. & Geogr. ..	41	39
Book-keeping ..	38	37
Shorthand & Typewriting ..	43	38
Precis-Writing & Indexing ..	35	24

K. N. Rajagopalan, student in Physics (Hons.), chose to compete for the gold medal offered by the S.P.C.A. for the best 'Autobiography of a Bandy Bullock'. Readers of the Magazine who

remember the story of *Chandra's Revenge* will not need to be told that he won the medal, though the competition was open to all the Colleges in India. We congratulate our Raja, and are hopeful that this is only the first of the many decorations that will testify to his talent.

Old Boys.

We had a very welcome visit on the 10th June from our 'Old Boy' Mahomed Ibrahim who left us after the Intermediate Examination (1914) for the Engineering College. We were very glad to see him, because he left behind him such recollections as his masters recall with pleasure and because he brought back with him the frank cheerful kindness which we appreciated so much in the boy. He was always interested in things scientific, and already in the V Form he constructed a complete little dynamo which we were proud to exhibit in the educational exhibition held by the South Indian Teachers' Association and for which he won a prize. He has had a successful career in the Engineering College and took his B. E. Degree this year. We offer him our very sincere congratulations. As he happens to be the first Mahomedan Engineer in the Presidency, we have good hopes that he will turn out such a success all round that many Mahomedans will turn their attention to this honourable and lucrative profession.

Our readers already know that P. V. Francis, B.A., M.B. & B.S., is a lieutenant in the Indian Medical Service. We have lately heard of four more "Old Boys," all Malayalis, having obtained a commission in the same service. They

are E. K. Thomas, V. T. Thomas, K. M. Thomas, and P. T. Z. Thomas. We would be thankful to our readers and friends for bringing to our notice any event of interest concerning our "Old Boys." It is one of the objects of the Magazine, and not the least, to serve as a link between past and present and show our "Old Boys" they are not forgotten by their "Alma Mater."

Mr. K. R. Venkataraman, B.A., has been elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society.

Extract from the London Gazette, dated London 15th August 1917, and republished in the Gazette of India; Simla, dated 12th October 1917.

WAR OFFICE.

London, 15th August 1917.

The Secretary of State for War has received the following list of names of Officers, Warrant and Non Commissioned Officers and men, ladies and civilians, whose services have been brought to notice by Lieut. General Sir Stanley Maude, K. C. B., Commander-in-chief, Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, as deserving of special mention.

Supply and Transport Corps.

Syed Akbar Padshah, 5th Grade Clerk.

S. A. Padshah is an 'Old Boy' of this College. We offer him our heartiest congratulations, and we pray he may win still more commendation.

Obituary.

N. P. Ramachandram, of the Junior Intermediate, passed away on March. He had been laid up with pneumonia for over a week. It is the first time Clive's receives the visit of the Angel of Death. Let us hope it will be the last. It goes without saying that due precautions were at once taken, under medical advice, to prevent the spread of the infection. We feel with the poor mother and other relatives of the deceased in this sad event.

We record with regret the death, on 8th March, of Mr. K. V. Ramakrishna Aiyer, the father of K. R. Venkataraman, B.A. and the brother of Mr. K. V. Subbaiya, M.A., L.T., and Mr. K. V. Jambunatha Aiyar, B.A., B.L., all known to our readers—to all of whom we offer our condolences.

Mr. Ramakrishna Aiyar began life as a teacher in the College. He was for a number of years Supervisor of the Branch Schools of the College in this town, and a trusted servant of the late Father Sewell. He became a vakil in 1892 and for 25 years laboured hard to win a name in the local bar. He fell ill in 1916 and was practically confined to his bed as a paralytic these last two years. He was 56 years of age.

We were shocked to hear, early in June, of the premature death of K. Ramachandra Rao, B.A. (Honours), and University Research Student. He went to Shencottah and environs for research work late in May. Cholera was raging in those parts. He was taken ill almost

on arriving. He had however strength enough to return home to Palamcottah, but in spite of all efforts, his life could not be saved, and he passed away on 31 May.

Ramachandram is still remembered by many in the College. He was certainly one of our best students. He stood second in the first class in the Honours Examination of 1916. He then applied for and obtained a University Research Studentship in Economics and worked under Dr. Slater for nearly two years. It is not for us to judge his work, but we have reasons to think that it was very satisfactory.

Ramachandram's other qualities were not less striking than his intellectual gifts. If anything, he was sincere, eager in all he did, pushful, generous and noble-minded. Then he was always bright and cheerful. This cheerfulness was so striking a feature in him that the Principal used to call him 'the laughing bird'. After leaving College he retained towards his former Professors and his Principal the simple, frank, confiding and childlike feelings and dispositions he had been fostering while at College and it was always a pleasure to meet him. He always had so much to say! We feel very much for his disconsolate father Mr. Krishnaswami Rao, Teacher, St. Xavier's High School, Palamcottah, whose pride and hope he rightly was, and for the other members of his family.

May we have many boys like K. Ramachandram!

Review.

The *Journal of the Kumbakonam College Literary Society*. The March issue of this interesting periodical which maintains a high standard, came with a request that we should review it. As the organ of a literary society, the editors deserve congratulations.

The Editorial with which the Journal opens is followed by 'Shakespeare as a comic dramatist—An Appreciation of Shakespeare's Genius.' 'Militarism and Pacifism' just at this time of gigantic world-struggle, is an interesting study by Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami, M.A. Taking the term *pacifism* in a general sense, but somewhat different from its meaning in current use, he rightly advocates a robust pacifism. 'Mr. Raghava Aiyar's 'Thoughts on Charity' is a philosophic view of a very practical virtue. We do not care for the Serial; this kind of composition has gone out of fashion; there is much that is unsavoury in the

subject-matter, and the style is sometimes unnatural and generally too grand. The Prize Essay on 'The Life and Activities of the late G. K. Gokhale' is a thoughtful well-conceived production. The Journal closes with the College Notes and the Annual Reports of the College Societies.

It is gratifying to note that the Journal has some pages assigned to the Tamil Sangam, and there is a promising article on the History of Tamil. We cannot quite agree with all the writer says as regards its antiquity and its relation to Sanskrit in the light of modern research, and would refer the author to the excellent Series of the *Tamilian Antiquary*.

We wish our contemporary a long and prosperous career.

S.

Business Notes.

Subscriptions.—(i) Students, in the College Department, Re. 1 per annum; in the VI Form, As. 8 per annum: payable in two equal instalments to the College Writer, along with the second instalment of the tuition fee. (ii) All others, Rs. 1-8-0 per annum including postage. (iii) Single copies, As. 8.

Management.—Articles or communications of any kind for publication, to be addressed to the Editor of The Magazine, St. Joseph's College; orders, remittances, and advertisements, to the Manager of The Magazine.

Contributions.—The Magazine is devoted to Literature, Science, History, Philosophy Mental and Moral, and in general, to all that may be of use or interest to students, present and past. Special attention is given to moral subjects.

Contributions will be received and published, but (i) only under the sanction of the Editor, whose decision in the matter will be final, and (ii) on the distinct understanding that publication does not imply approval or responsibility. Manuscripts will not be returned.

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To Former Pupils, 25 per cent reduction. Advertisements on outside cover, 25 per cent. of the above rates extra.

Exchanges.

Chicago, Lyola University Magazine, Feb. and March '18.

Galle, St. Aloysius' College, The Aloysian, Annual, '17.

Kumbakonam, The Journal of the College Literary Society, March '18.

Madras, St. Mary's (European High School) Magazine, Half-yearly, '18.

Ohio, Cleveland, St Ignatius' College, Lumina, Dec. 17, Feb. and April '18.

Trevandrum, St. Joseph's High-School, May-June, '18.

Trichinopoly, The S.P.G. High-School Magazine, Jan. '18



WAR. After a painting by Sir E. Landseer R. A.

The Magazine

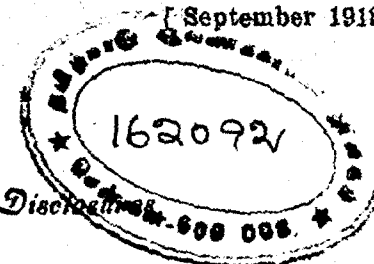
St. Joseph's College, Trichy.

Vol. 7, No. 3.]

September 1918.

Guilty.

Prince Lichnowsky's Disclosures.



The memoirs of Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London from 1912 to 1914, were written for private circulation only. Prince Lichnowsky himself has explained in a letter to the German Chancellor how they became public property. He had shown them under a pledge of absolute secrecy to a few political friends.

"Unfortunately one of these gentlemen, without my knowledge, gave my memorandum to an officer to read—an officer employed in the political department of the General Staff, whom I did not know, but who took a lively interest in these questions. Completely failing to understand the importance of what he was doing, this officer manifolded the memorandum and sent it to a number of personages, most of whom are unknown to me.

"When I heard of the mischief it was unfortunately too late to call in all the copies that had been given out. I placed myself at the disposal of the then Imperial Chancellor, Herr Michaelis, and expressed to him my very deep regret at the whole painful affair. Since then, keeping in constant touch with the Foreign Office, I have striven to prevent as far as possible the further circulation of my observations, but unfortunately without the desired success."

The accident which gave these memoirs to the world may have been

unfortunate for Prince Lichnowsky, but it was still more unfortunate for the German Rulers, whose guilt in forcing this war on Europe is for all time settled by the conclusive evidence of their own Ambassador. Never was a crime more clearly proved. Never was Prussian militarism more nakedly exposed, since the distant days when Bismarck cynically admitted that he had not scrupled to commit forgery in order to force war on France.

The first important fact which the memoirs establish is the fact that in 1912 the German Ambassador found the British Government ready and willing to be friends, anxious to do everything in their power to come to a friendly understanding with Germany, so as to secure the peace of the world.

"When I came to London in November, 1912, people had become easier about the question of Morocco, especially since an agreement had been reached with France and Berlin. Lord Haldane's mission had failed, it is true, as we demanded promises of neutrality, instead of contenting ourselves with a treaty which would ensure us against a British attack or any attack with British support. Sir Edward Grey had not, meanwhile, given up the idea of coming to an understanding with us, and

* From the German Aims Series, *Guilty*, by C. A. McCurdy, M.P.

[The complete text of Prince Lichnowsky's disclosures, with an introduction by Professor Gilbert Murray, is published under the title of "My Mission to London, 1912-1914." (Cassell). Price 6 s. net.]

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made such an attempt firstly on economic and colonial grounds.

"The British statesman, having succeeded in settling old points with France and Russia, wished to come to a similar agreement with us. His intention was not to isolate us, but to make us, so far as possible, partners in a working concern. Just as he had succeeded in bridging Franco-British and Russo-British difficulties, so he wished as far as possible to remove causes of friction between Germany and Great Britain, and by a network of treaties—which would finally include an agreement on the unfortunate naval question—to secure the peace of the world.

"This was Sir Edward Grey's programme. In his own words:—'Without prejudice to the existing friendly understandings with France and Russia, which purposed no aggressive aims, and involved in themselves for England no binding obligations, to reach a friendly *rapprochement* and understanding with Germany.' In short, to bring the two groups together."

The Balkan Conference, 1912.

The first diplomatic business which the new German Ambassador had to transact made it quite clear that England had no intention of converting her Entente with Russia and France into an alliance hostile to Germany, that her influence was being thrown on the side of peace.

"Shortly after my arrival in London, in 1912, Sir Edward Grey proposed an informal exchange of views, in order to prevent a European war developing out of the Balkan War, since, at the outbreak of that war, we had unfortunately declined the proposal of the French Government to join in a declaration of disinterestedness and impartiality on the part of the Powers. The British statesman maintained from the beginning that England had no interest in Albania, and would, therefore, not go to war on the subject. In his rôle of 'honest broker' he would confine his efforts to mediation and an attempt to smooth away difficulties between the two groups. He therefore by no means placed himself on the side of the Entente Powers, and during the negotiations, which lasted about eight months, he lent his good will and powerful influence towards the establishment of an understanding.

"But we, instead of taking up a position such as England adopted, invariably accepted the views dictated to us by Vienna. Count Mensdorff led the Triple Alliance in London, and I acted as his second. My task consisted in supporting his proposals.

... point, including Albania, the Serbian Harbours, in the Adriatic, Scutari, and in the definition of the Albanian frontiers, we were on the side of Austria and Italy, whilst Sir Edward Grey hardly ever took the French or Russian point of view. On the contrary, he nearly always took our part, in order to give no pretext for war. That pretext was supplied later by a dead Archduke."

The Anglo-German Treaties of 1913.

The year 1913 afforded further proof of the sincere desire of the British Government to come to a friendly understanding with Germany.

Prince Lichnowsky reveals the fact that in that year two important treaties were negotiated between the German Ambassador and the British Foreign Office, which should have gone far to remove all doubt in Germany as to our desire for friendly co-operation with that country.

The first of these treaties, the "African Treaty," was intended to define the economic and political interests of the two countries in the Portuguese African Colonies, in the event of Portugal deciding at any time to sell, lease, or otherwise develop these important territories.

The object of the negotiations in 1913 was to alter and amend a former treaty of 1898, which divided these territories into spheres of interest between Germany and England.

The German Ambassador found his task a pleasant one; there was no refusal on the part of the British Government to consider Germany's desire for colonial expansion. On the contrary, Lichnowsky says:

"Thanks to the conciliatory attitude of the British Government, I succeeded in giving to the new treaty a form which entirely accorded with our wishes and interests. All Angola, as far as the 20th degree of longitude, was allotted to us, so that we reached the Congo territory from the south. Moreover, the valuable islands of San Thome and Principe, which lie north of the Equator, and therefore really belonged to the French sphere of interests, were allotted to us—a fact which caused my French colleague to make lively, although vain, representations. Further,

we obtained the northern part of the Zambique; the frontier was formed by the Likungo. The British Government showed the utmost readiness to meet our interests and wishes.

"The sincerity of the English Government in its effort to respect our rights was proved by the fact that Sir Edward Grey, before ever the treaty was completed or signed, called our attention to English men of business who were seeking opportunities to invest capital in the territories allotted to us by the new treaty, and who desired British support. In doing so, he remarked that the undertakings in question belonged to our sphere of interest."

The German people were never permitted to know of the friendly and conciliatory spirit shown to them by British statesmen in the negotiation of this treaty. The "African Treaty" was agreed and initialled in August, 1913, but it was never signed. The reason is significant. Sir Edward Grey was ready to sign it as soon as the German Government would agree to its publication, but he insisted that the matter should be made public.

"Sir Edward Grey was willing to sign only if the treaty was published, together with the two treaties of 1898 and 1899. England has no other secret treaties, and it is contrary to her existing principles that she should conceal binding agreements. He said, however, that he was ready to take account of our wishes concerning the time and manner of publication, provided that publication took place within one year, at latest, after the signature."

But the German Government objected to publicity, and so the treaty was never signed. It did not suit the War Party at Potsdam to let the German people know the truth.

The "African Treaty," which gave such tangible and convincing proofs of our honest desire for friendship, had, therefore, to be suppressed. First one excuse and then another was found in Berlin for wrecking the treaty, and consent to publication was never obtained by the German Ambassador until the end of July, 1914, when the armies were already marching to the great war.

The second treaty negotiated with Germany in 1913, but never signed, was a treaty giving Germany large and important spheres of influence in Asia

1-OCT-1918
Munich: Prince Lichnowsky's account of this treaty is:

"At the same time (while the African agreement was under discussion) I was negotiating, with the effective co-operation of Herr von Kuhlmann, the so-called Baghdad Railway Treaty. This aimed, in fact, at the division of Asia Minor into spheres of interest, although this expression was carefully avoided in consideration of the Sultan's rights. Sir Edward Grey declared repeatedly that there was no agreement between England and France aiming at a division of Asia Minor.

"By this treaty the whole of Mesopotamia up to Basra became our zone of interest, whereby the whole British rights, the question of shipping on the Tigris, and the Wilcox establishment were left untouched, as well as all the district of Baghdad and the Anatolian railways.

"The British economic territories included the coasts of the Persian Gulf and the Smyrna-Aidian Railway, the French Syria, and the Russian Armenia. Had both treaties been concluded and published, an agreement would have been reached with England which would have finally ended all doubt of the possibility of an Anglo-German co-operation."

It is an extraordinary picture which is thus revealed. The German Ambassador was obtaining from Great Britain valuable and substantial proofs of friendship and goodwill, railways, concessions, and interests in great territories, and the Imperial Government of Germany was refusing all the advantages that they obtained, rather than allow the facts to become known. It did not suit the War Party at Potsdam to let the German people know that friendship could be had and war avoided on honourable and favourable terms.

Trade Rivalry.

As regards our supposed jealousy of Germany's commercial progress, the German Ambassador has some shrewd comments:

"Trade jealousy," he says, "so much talked about among us, rests on faulty judgment of circumstances. It is a fact that Germany's progress as a trading country after the war of 1870 threatened the interests of British trade circles, constituting a form of monopoly with its industry and export houses. But the growing interchange of merchandise with Germany, a fact I always referred to in my public

speeches, had allowed the desire to preserve good relations with England's best client and business friend. . . . The Englishman as a matter of fact adapts himself to circumstances and does not tilt against windmills.

"In commercial circles I found the greatest goodwill and desire to further our common economic interests.

"In other circles I had a most amiable reception, and enjoyed the cordial goodwill of the Court, Society, and the Government."

Why was it that Prince Lichnowsky's labours for a friendly understanding with Great Britain were fruitless? The answer becomes quite clear when we read the damning passages in the memoirs which deal with the outbreak of the war.

It was because the rulers of Germany wanted war and meant to have it. They sent Lichnowsky to discuss peace, because they knew him to be a peaceable and honest man, and they wished us to believe that their aims were those of their ambassador.

But while Lichnowsky openly and honestly was discussing peace, behind his back the Hohenzollerns were plotting and preparing war, a war of conquest; and they were not willing to miss their war of conquest for any treaties. Prince Lichnowsky might secure from us, or for any friendships which he might be making for the German people.

The Outbreak of War.

The outbreak of the war obviously took the German Ambassador by surprise. He says:

"At the end of June, 1914, I proceeded to Kiel by order of the Kaiser. A few weeks before I had been given the honorary degree of Doctor at Oxford, a distinction conferred upon no German Ambassador since Herr von Bunsen. On board the Meteor (the Kaiser's yacht) we heard of the death of the Archduke, the heir to the Austrian Throne. His Majesty expressed regret that his efforts to win the Archduke over to his ideas had thus been rendered vain. Whether the plan of nursing an active policy against Serbia had already been determined upon at Konopischt I cannot know.

"When I arrived at Berlin I saw the Imperial Chancellor, and said to him that

"our foreign situation as very satisfactory, since our relations with England were better than they had been for a very long time past. I also remarked that a pacifist Ministry was in power in France.

"Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg seemed not to share my optimism. . . .

"I spent only a few hours in Berlin, where I heard that Austria intended to proceed against Serbia, in order to put an end to an intolerable state of affairs.

"Unfortunately I under-estimated at the moment the importance of the news. I thought that nothing would come of it after all, and that, if Russia threatened, the trouble could easily be composed. Now I regret that I did not stay in Berlin and say at once that I would have no share in any such policy. . . .

"I hoped for salvation from an English mediation, because I knew that Sir Edward Grey's influence in Petrograd could be turned to use in favour of peace."

The Austrian Ultimatum.

Prince Lichnowsky was soon to learn how serious was the menace to the peace of the world which had already been prepared and agreed to by the rulers of Austria and Germany. The brutal and offensive ultimatum of Austria against Serbia appeared in the Press. Dr. Mühlson has since revealed to the world the personal responsibility of the Kaiser for the issue of that document. The German Ambassador probably saw it first in the London papers.

"When the ultimatum appeared," says Prince Lichnowsky, "the whole world except in Berlin and Vienna understood that it meant war, and indeed world-war. The British fleet, which chanced to be assembled for a review, was not demobilised.

"At first I pressed for as conciliatory an answer as possible on the part of Serbia, since the attitude of the Russian Government left no further doubt of the seriousness of the situation.

"The Serbian reply was in accordance with British efforts; M. Pashitch had actually accepted everything, except two points, about which he declared his readiness to negotiate. If Russia and England had wanted war, in order to fall upon us, a hint to Belgrade would have been sufficient, and the unheard-of Austrian Note would have remained unanswered. . . .

"Sir Edward Grey went through the Serbian reply with me, and pointed to the

conciliatory attitude of the Government at Belgrade. We then discussed his mediation proposal, which was to arrange an interpretation of the two points acceptable to both parties. . . .

"M. Cambon (French Ambassador in London), the Marquis Imperiali (Italian Ambassador in London), and I should have met under Sir Edward Grey's presidency, and it would have been easy to find an acceptable form for the disputed points, which in the main concerned the participation of Austrian officials in the investigation at Belgrade. Given goodwill, everything could have been settled in one or two sittings, and the mere acceptance of the British proposal would have relieved the tension and would have further improved our relations with England. I urgently recommended the proposal, saying that otherwise world-war was imminent, in which we had everything to lose and nothing to gain. In vain! I was told that it was against the dignity of Austria, and that we did not want to interfere in the Serbian business, but left it to our Ally. . . .

"Of course it would have only needed a hint from Berlin to make Count Berchtold satisfy himself with a diplomatic success and put up with the Serbian reply. But this hint was not given. On the contrary WE PRESSED FOR WAR."

"After our refusal Sir Edward asked us to come forward with a proposal of our own. WE INSISTED UPON WAR. . . .

"The impression became ever stronger that WE DESIRED WAR IN ALL CIRCUMSTANCES. . . . Otherwise our attitude in a question which, after all, did not directly concern us was unintelligible. The urgent appeals and definite declarations of M. Sazonoff (Russian Foreign Minister), later on the positively humble telegrams of the Tsar, the repeated proposals of Sir Edward, the warnings of San Giuliano (Italian Foreign Minister), and of Bollati (Italian Ambassador in Berlin), my urgent advice—it was all of no use, for BERLIN WENT ON INSISTING THAT SERBIA MUST BE MASSACRED."

And so the great war was forced upon Europe. And so Prince Lichnowsky's mission to London came to an end and the rulers of Germany had their way, and to-day one-third of the people of Serbia, men, women, and children, lie massed in the giant graveyards which have been dug because the rulers of Germany had their way.

In describing his departure from this country Prince Lichnowsky says:

"A special train took us to Harwich, where a guard of honour was drawn up for

me. The interest ended like a departing train. My London mission. It was wrecked, not by the perfidy of the British, but by THE PERFDY OF OUR POLICY."

"I had to support in London a policy which I knew to be fallacious. I was paid out for it, was a sin against the Holy Ghost."

The German Ambassador sums up his country's crimes in a confession which will be read so long as this war is remembered among men.

"The Question of Guilt . . . As appears from all official publications, without the facts being controverted by our own White Book, which owing to its poverty and gaps constitutes a grave self-accusation:

"1. We encouraged Count Berchtold to attack Serbia, although no German interest was involved, and the danger of a world-war must have been known to us—whether we knew the text of the ultimatum is a question of complete indifference.

"2. In the days between July 23 and July 30, 1914, when M. Sazonoff emphatically declared that Russia could not tolerate an attack upon Serbia, we rejected the British proposals of mediation, although Serbia, under Russian and British pressure, had accepted almost the whole ultimatum, and although an agreement about the two points in question could easily have been reached, and Count Berchtold was even ready to satisfy himself with the Serbian reply.

"3. On July 30, when Count Berchtold wanted to give way, we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilisation by sending an ultimatum to Petersburg, and on July 31 we declared war on the Russians, although the Tsar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued not a man should march—so that WE DELIBERATELY DESTROYED THE POSSIBILITY OF A PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT.

"IN VIEW OF THESE INDISPUTABLE FACTS IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT THE WHOLE CIVILISED WORLD OUTSIDE GERMANY ATTRIBUTES TO US THE SOLE GUILT FOR THE WORLD-WAR."

Prince Lichnowsky proceeds:

"Is it not intelligible that our enemies declare that they will not rest until a system is destroyed which constitutes a permanent threatening of our neighbours? Must they not otherwise fear that in a few years they will again have to take up arms, and again see their provinces overrun and their towns and villages destroyed? Were

st. ext. the. I was treas he desire to
 those peo- on, m. ns with England
 it was the spu. Bern-
 hardi which had dominated the German
 people—the spirit which glorifies war as an
 aim in itself and does not abhor it as an evil?
 Were those people not right who said that
 among us it is still the feudal knights and
 Junkers and the caste of warriors who rule
 and who fix our ideals and our values—not
 the civilian gentlemen? Were they not
 right who said that our love of duelling
 which inspires our youth at the universities,
 lives on in those who guide the fortunes of
 the people? Had not the events of Zabern
 and the Parliamentary debates on that
 case shown foreign countries how civil
 rights and freedom are valued among us,
 when questions of military power are on
 the other side?"

"German power," said President Wilson, "is a thing without conscience, honour, or capacity for covenanted peace, and as such must be crushed." Not negotiated with, but crushed.

And he added these words, which may serve as a practical postscript to this summary of Prince Lichnowsky's memoirs.

"Our present immediate duty is to win the war, and nothing shall turn us

as^{re} until that purpose is accom-
 plished."

Before the publication of these memoirs, there may have been people in this country who honestly believed that British diplomacy had some share of blame, if only a small share, for the terrible tragedy of the world-war, that Germany had some grounds for thinking that she was being unfairly treated or hemmed in by other Powers, or that secret diplomacy or secret treaties gave Germany some excuse for her crime.

Prince Lichnowsky turns on all these delusions the searchlight of truth.

Prince Lichnowsky's memoirs show us in a clear white light the souls of men who never desired peace or friendship, for whom wealth, trade, and colonies were not enough, whose determined resolve from beginning to end of the story was war—war at any cost, war for the despoiling of their neighbours, war for the domination of the world, war for the love of war.

Shakespeare's Tragedy.

[By E. D. K.]

Shakespeare's Tragedy is terrible, not horrible. We do not turn away from the stage or from the book hopeless or revolted at a scene of undeserved or unnecessary suffering; but we watch with terror the power of evil, and with pity the victims of evil. It is assuredly terrifying to see how naturally evil springs from its most abundant source, the human heart; and it is pitiable to see evil begetting evil with prolific fecundity, for the destruction of souls and bodies.

This sight, however, is not horrible, it is fascinating rather. What more marvellous than the depth of the human

heart and its capacity for doing and suffering! It is only the unthinking that read Hamlet's "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in comprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!", and sum up their criticism in 'rhetorical commonplace'. No; this is neither rhetoric nor commonplace. All the literature of the day and all the literature that has come to us from the past, is a paraphrase of this brief description of man; and all the literature that is

still to come into the world will be only further attempts to fathom the depths of human capability for joy and for sorrow, for good and for evil.

Tragedy reveals not merely the evil a man's heart has begotten and the anguish or suffering he has undergone in mind and body; it turns a searchlight into the recesses of our own individual nature. In a tragedy we realize our own powers for evil and the waywardness of our instincts and passions. We learn that, after all, reason and intellect do not usually play the rôle that ought to be theirs; they do not usually guide the will and furnish motives for its activity. Tragedy puts before us vividly in living actual persons a picture of the marvellous disorder in ourselves. Philosophy, i.e., all sane philosophy, describes the order and rank of our faculties; tragedy shows that this order has been upset. Intellect and reason should present worthy aims for right action to the will, and the will should pass into activity because the aims and the means are right, and it should call all the other powers of our nature into play to make the exercise of its activity strongly effective. That is what ought to be, but tragedy shows us that it is not so. It shows that intellect and reason are not the rulers and guides of life which they ought to be, and that the will is not only strengthened for action, as it ought to be, by the lower faculties, but that it is also determined by them in the choice of a purpose for its activity. Our unreasoning and unreasonable pride, our blinding lust for pleasure, wealth, and honour or notoriety, our too faithful memory of insults and injuries, and our every busy imagination conjuring up vistas of success or happiness which reason might condemn, these are the powers that usually startle the will to choose and to pursue the purpose they have suggested. This is the fundamental truth that Shakespeare's tragedy puts before us and we are fascinated by its concreted reality. We assent to it, seeing that it is so terribly confirmed by our own knowledge of ourselves.

He interested in human life can be indifferent to this revelation of what the poor human heart can suffer and of the motives that lie in himself, hidden perhaps for the moment, but which may spring into activity at any moment and make him their instrument or their victim.

But tragedy has also purifying and encouraging effects; the reader or the spectator is brought under influences that right his conception of life and of values in life. Illusions are dispelled, correct standards of conduct set up, and values are defined and illustrated. An earnest student of the phase of life pictured in *Macbeth* cannot but realize how light in the balance of human values is the sense of honour when weighed with conscience. He cannot put aside his *Hamlet* without the conviction that utter mental misery driving on to the verge of madness, is the inevitable issue of the feeling that there is nothing lovable or admirable in the world, that there is nothing corresponding to the ideal formed of moral beauty and goodness, and that of all values the grandest is that of an ideal to live and strive for, and, if need be, to die for. What sermon more enlightening than *Lea* on the value of filial affection and reverence in all degrees of society, if families and states are to prosper? Does not *Othello* reveal the ennobling and purifying value of conjugal fidelity? For, after all, what is morality, but a right estimate of moral values and the ordering of life according to values. The source of calamity in Shakespeare's four tragedies is the same, a mistaken estimate of moral values. *Othello* mistakes the moral value of the fact that Cassio had Desdemona's handkerchief. What then? Really nothing. But then the miscalculation:

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

Similarly, *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* miscalculate moral values; they consider kingship to be the glory and the ornament of life. All the tragedies and the great romances trace calamity

back to its source in a mistaken estimate of moral values.

It is in the tragedy, however, that Shakespeare treats most particularly of moral values, of the quasi-infinite value of a human heart or of a human life, and of the value of motives in human action. He teaches, and this is of the essence of tragedy, that a false estimate of moral values leads to the most fatal

consequences for souls and bodies. But Shakespeare teaches; his art is not art for art's sake. He lays bare before us the cracks and breaches in the foundations of happiness in the different orders of society, and lets us watch the edifice crashing down to inevitable ruin. However terrible the lesson, it is fascinating, enlightening, and inspiring.

The Necessity of English in Engineering.*

[JAMES TAILOR, '21.]

The theory that engineers do not need to write about their works, that their achievements are sufficient evidence of their knowledge and skill, is prevalent among engineering students. But the experience of the most prominent engineers contradicts this theory. H. P. Breitenbach, in *The Value of English to the Practising Engineer*, tells of an instance in which a young engineer was transferred from his position as building superintendent to the office as principal assistant in charge of reports, records of costs, etc.—“a position ten times the magnitude of his former job, and one in which he would gain information of inestimable value—very largely because of the completeness and succinctness of his reports. They gave more information on a single sheet of letter paper than was contained in ten pages of other reports.”

C. W. Baker, writing in the *Engineering News*, remarks, “Every engineer of long experience knows that the ability to write a clear report or a strong letter, to speak forcibly and convincingly either to one man alone or to an audience of hundreds—ability to do things like these is as valuable to an engineer as technical knowledge.” Continuing, he thus sweeps aside the

prejudice against English: “If you have neither knowledge to gain nor thought to convey, the study of English is evidently useless, but, in that event, so is the study of every other subject.”

A little reasoning will bring to light the fact that, from the day a student graduates from engineering school to the last moment of his professional career, his success depends almost entirely on his ability to write English. The success with which he launches himself into his chosen occupation is due directly to the impression which his application for a position has made upon his prospective employers. After his initial situation has been procured, he must immediately begin to write reports to his superiors regarding the progress of the work in which he is engaged. Upon the clearness and conciseness of these reports often rests his future advancement. A prominent consulting engineer is authority for the following statement. “By far the greater portion of the letters that we receive from young engineers are ill written, without form, without date, sometimes without address, not infrequently on scraps of scratch paper, and sometimes so carelessly written that they are illegible. Most of these letters at once condemn

their writers as unfit in so far as any handling of business or contract with clients or contractors is concerned. We feel that serious lack of knowledge of business correspondence makes it impossible for a man to do anything but strictly technical work, and since many of our men are engaged on distant and important work where they are obliged to correspond not only with the office but also with clients and contractors, many a good technical man is denied employment.” As the engineer advances to a more prominent position, he must issue instructions to other engineers, to contractors, and to foremen. Ambiguities in such instructions result in loss of time and money, and may lead to disastrous consequences.

In time the engineer may reach his Mecca, and become a consulting engineer. In this position his need for facility in English is greater still. He has to prepare estimates, specifications, prospectuses, and business letters which must be models of lucidity and exactness. When the engineer has retired from active practice, he may have amassed stores of information which he wishes to make known to the world by means of technical papers and books. Here again we see the need for English. Thus we have shown how an engineer uses English throughout his life, depending on it as a cripple supports himself with his crutch. And yet we hear that English is of no use to the engineer.

Ignorance of English spells failure in the engineering profession. Must not the lawyer ponder carefully the exact significance of terms; must not the law-giver strive unceasingly to make his meaning plain; must not the writer explain clearly the doctrine or idea he is striving to drive home? It is just as important that the engineer, the master of the science of exactness, should comprehend and put into practice the principles of the language. Picture a mammoth bridge, its innumerable rivets, plates, and girders. Is not a paragraph much simpler in construction? Yet too often the builder of the one fails

woefully in the construction of the other.

Yet many occasions arise in which clear exposition is well-nigh indispensable. In practising his profession an engineer is often brought in touch with men without technical training to whom he must explain highly technical subjects. In such cases the engineer must carefully prepare a comprehensible exposition of his theme. This exposition must be simple and clear. He must use non-technical terms; he must exclude all irrelevant details; he must consider the fitness of words, and must carefully bring out their various shades of meaning. Whereas a report to a chief engineer should be couched in technical terms, and be short and specific.

The engineer should be versed in more than one form of discourse. A business letter stating his views on a subject will differ from a report to a manufacturing firm on the testing of a boiler. The popular account of the construction of a dam will vary greatly from an exposition before a scientific society of the principles involved. The engineer may have to interest non-technical readers, to give information regarding his undertaking to a small group of men, technical or otherwise, to conciliate a client, or to convince a city council or board of directors of the superiority of one plan or system over another. In each and every case his ability to speak or write good English may bring about his success. It is a certainty that ignorance of English will lead to his failure.

Exactness in scientific terms has been so highly developed in France that the very name of an object is sometimes a complete description of it. In this country we are too prone to apply to individual objects the name of the class to which they belong.

At present technical schools are devoting more time to engineering English. If the authority of experienced and eminent men is any criterion, this action is much needed.

* The word ‘Engineering’ may be taken in the sense of any one of the Science Groups in the College.

Industry and Commerce.

[By E. D. K.]

"Industry and commerce have become nowadays the mainstay of national power, and it need hardly be said that India's future greatness will be securely based on her position to hold her own in the markets of the world. India occupies to-day the transitional stage from the "old" to the modern system of economy. No other country can present so wide a scope for economic investigation; for it is generally admitted that the economics of India are a *terra incognita*, an unknown region. The economic future of this land gives rise to a momentous question as to the lines on which it should proceed: is it to turn chiefly as in the past on agricultural development, or is it tending towards an industrial revolution of the kind from which many other civilised nations have emerged or are emerging? The trend of events following the impact of two civilizations in our midst, the Indian and the Western, strengthens the belief that India is bound to face the resistless flood of Western industrialism and Western methods of organized production. The natural collectivism, the indigenous "guild" spirit of India, is fast disappearing under the stress of forces created by a system of social and economic life, harmonizing with the Western ideal of individualism. The Indian workman, pressed into the uncongenial rôle of the occidental individualist or placed under the scrutiny of the entrepreneur, finds himself alone and helpless before the swelling tide of the organized capitalistic industrialism of the West. It is, indeed, a crucial problem to decide whether industrial revolution leads to a higher level of social and economic progress. The familiar but by no means friendly figures of the plutocrat and the proletariat, the

remorseless capitalist and the discontented labourer, the socialist longing for equal distribution of the world's wealth among its inhabitants, and the syndicalist nursing the hope of a dire revenge on the capitalist oppressor, have roused the thought and inspired the efforts of various western schools known by different names—Individualist, Collectivist, Socialist, Liberal, Fabian, Marxist, Conservators, Constructors, and so on—the list is endless and by no means encouraging! Whether desirable or not, an industrial revolution seems well-nigh inevitable. The aims and methods, the successes and failures of modern nations, may well enable us to avoid the perils of a dreadful voyage and reach the tranquil haven of peace, progress and prosperity. The experience of the West in the throes of Industrial Revolution will provide caution and guidance for the progress of economic India. The *obiter dicta* of western efforts and achievements will inspire and regulate the methods adopted for the industrial development of this vast country.

"While the rest of the world is making headway towards greater industrial and commercial prosperity, India cannot afford to cling to the falling tower of an antiquated system which, however suited to conditions that once prevailed, is clearly discredited by the forces which centuries of civilization have brought into existence. Improved and extensive means of communication by land and sea, the incalculable advantage offered by British credit, the stirring example of successful co-operation in other lands, afford facilities and create influences making for the attainment of economic welfare in our country. The millennium will not be long delayed if

leaders of thought will educate public opinion in the matter and help by their wisdom, if they cannot start on their own initiative, all movements for the sake of economic regeneration. After all, everything depends on the character and spirit of educated men in any community; enthusiasm is good, but the enthusiasm that effervesces in speeches and writings cannot carry us far. Let us hope that, in future years, examples will become increasingly familiar, of persons who, after their official career or in the midst of their professional pursuits, place the results of their knowledge and experience at the service and for the advancement of their fellow-men. The stimulus thus imparted will attract and assist workers in the field of industrial and commercial education."

This passage is one of the most important in the essay of which we spoke in the July number of the Magazine under the title "Religious and Moral Instruction in Schools and Colleges". The economic problems stated demand immediate study and almost immediate solution. The chief problem is plainly stated, but the solution is only hinted at.

In a more recent and more elaborate study, of Indian conditions,* Mr. Ambravaneswaran proposes the adaptation with great modifications of western economic principles to India. He advocates Protection as a preparation for Free Trade, i.e., until Indian industries shall be brought on a level with those of her competitors in point of methods, facilities, and cost of manufacture.

"The lesson for India from the economic experience of the West, especially of England, is that Free Trade *per se* is not beneficial, that it is preceded and prepared by protective measures. Equality of footing is the soul of competition. India to-day is at the threshold of an Industrial Revolution like that through which England passed in the latter half of the 18th and early 19th century. Her industries are languishing and clamour for revival, her resources are

vast and undeveloped spirit which alone numerous but untrained, healthy. Let India weak and undeveloped, ~~ans~~; but face to face with advanced A and under conditions of Free Trade. She requires protection, like Western countries while they were in her position, so as to be braced up to a capacity for equal participation in the benefits of Free Trade. It is in this respect that the fiscal system of India needs adaptation."

A lesson for India taught by the war is much insisted on by the writer:—

"The present war has strikingly revealed the helplessness of India in the industrial world. She has been producing and mainly exporting raw material e.g., cotton, jute, hides, etc., and receiving back finished goods. An increasing proportion of trade with India has been fast slipping into the hands of Germany and Austria. On the eve of the war, their volume of trade is represented by the following figures:—

INDIAN EXPORT TRADE.

1912 - 1913.

To Austria, £ 4,834,774
Germany £ 16,575,543

1913 - 1914.

To Austria, £ 6,408,800
Germany £ 16,867,800

INDIAN IMPORT TRADE.

1912 - 1913.

From Austria, £ 2,844,800

1913 - 1914.

Germany £ 8,542,000

"Excluded from Austria and Germany, Indian exports are diverted to the United Kingdom and U. S. A., and imports hail from Japan, Java and U.S.A. Mr. Findlay Shirras in his Report on Indian Trade admirably traces the incidence of war on the movement of commerce. Japan is stepping into the place lost by Germany and Austria. The effect of the war has been to cut

* Western Education in India, by S. Ambravaneswaran B.A. (Hons.), Wednesday Review Press, Trichinopoly. Price 4 annas.

* East and West, July 1918, pp. 733-755. "The Future of Industrial India".

source in materials from the markets and accumulate in the country itself without the facilities of working them up into finished goods to meet Indian requirements. The conviction is forced upon our mind that India should not merely depend on export of raw materials but should seek to utilise them for industrial purposes within her own borders, thus enriching her resources and providing employment for her growing population. India is rich in the factors of production. They have only to be organised into a fruitful combination. The problem of Industrial India reduces itself into the question of *Men and Money*. To-day Indian Industries are straggling in infancy or in decadence. The factory system is springing into existence. Cotton, Jute, and Rice mills are working in Bombay, Calcutta and Rangoon. Cotton manufactures in India find themselves set against heavy odds; first the crisis brought about by easy over-production, and then the Excise Duty which is felt to be a detriment to the export of products of Indian mills. An excise duty on raw material like Jute would afford a plentiful source of revenue, develop that industry here and lighten the general burden of taxation. Woollen manufacture, dyeing, sugar-making, glass industry, match-making, have been grievously handicapped for want of capital, proper management, trained labour and improved methods. Indigenous efforts are limited and spasmodic and result only in instructive failures. With the solitary exception of the Iron and Steel works started by J. N. Tata, Indian Industries have not attained any noteworthy dimensions. Especially now that the effects of the war have brought home the disadvantages of relying on export of raw materials,—and these in principle have been elaborated by Jadunath Sarkar,—an impetus should be given to Indian Industries."

The conclusion drawn by the writer is that:

"The aid and sympathy of the State is required for the removal of

certain obstacles that lie in the way of industrial regeneration. It is not idly contended that the State should play the rôle of an *entrepreneur* and create industries in the land. It is, however, necessary that in the matters where individual initiative and resources are of no avail, the Government should freely add its moral and material support. The progress of present-day Japan is an illustration of the success vouchsafed to Industries under a system of State-Aid. With similar facilities, India will make headway in the industrial world."

We were perhaps building castles in the air when we thought that commercial trust was growing in the country, but Mr. Ambravaneswaran makes our castle topple to the ground when he says:—

"India is proverbially known for her hoarded wealth, though at present the hoards are gradually thinning away. There is wealth in India, but unhappily it is not available for industrial development. As a mode of investment, industrial concerns do not sufficiently appeal to the moneyed people. This is due to lack of confidence in the success of industrial enterprise. Capital, therefore, is very shy indeed here. Foreign Capital has pioneered the way for certain industries, and it is to be hoped that it will be followed up by Indian Capital. Habits and opportunities of industrial investment have to be encouraged in this land. The State can do a great deal in rousing confidence by its guaranteeing a minimum to shareholders, by granting bounties to select industries, by purchases of shares or of products in some promising industrial concerns. To material strength moral support will thus be added and investment of Indian Capital will be largely attracted."

We must, however, say, though it seems bold to do so in opposition to such a student of Indian conditions, that we do not altogether believe that Men and Money will for any great length of time be wanting to Indian industries. The country is by

the force of circumstances being rapidly educated to recognise the need and the advantage of co-operation and mutual trust. Of course Government aid would be very useful to set the ball going. That, we think, is even necessary, but we also think it quite enough.

The claims for Protection will not, we think, be opposed nowadays. But yet it seems, to a mere layman, easy to exaggerate the possibilities of Protection. Is it the panacea for industrial backwardness? The infant argument may apply to some already existing industries, but what about those that are still to be born? Is Government assistance needed to bring them into being and nurture them into full vigour? Is it not too much to expect of Government? Why, even in Free Trade days, without Government help—nay, in spite of the unwelcome excise—the cotton industry prospered, while so many other industries scarcely gave any account of themselves. The absence of Government co-operation does not, we think, fully explain the backward state of our industries. Labour is plentiful, but inefficient we are told, and capital is abundant, but shy; it is these two items in the data of the problem which, in our opinion, account mostly for our industrial backwardness. Capital is shy of industries because they do not give sufficient security; but it is not shy, it goes boldly forward to invest in lands both urban and rural. Capital does not turn to industries, because labour and organisation are inefficient; and these are inefficient because capital does not turn to them. It is this vicious circle which seems to us to be the cause of most of the mischief. The remedy seems to lie less with Government than with Capital. Why should not capitalists do on a large scale for the country what the Parsees of Bombay have done within their own limits? This would be an exhibition of patriotism which every one of every political party would applaud. There seems to be reason for fear that Government assistance will not be abundantly fruitful in our industries if they do not

receive the vivifying spirit which alone can keep them alive and healthy. Let Government help, by all means; but let Capital also come forward and provide the money, for, when all is said, 'Tis money makes the mare go.'

In the paper contributed to *East and West*, Mr. Ambravaneswaran adds new thoughts to his treatment of the subject of Indian Commerce in an article contributed to this *Magazine* under the title *The Growing Spot of Imperial Federation* (December 1912), and to his essay on *Western Education*. We trust that he will go more deeply into the subject and suggest more precise, definite solutions for the problems he has raised. Is India to be divided into two more great castes, capital and labour? If so, what remedies can be applied to the evils which must inevitably result? And, perhaps the hardest problem of all, if Government is to take a share in industries, how will it be prevented from following the natural instinct to make things pay, thereby emphasizing the mischief of the distinction between capital and labour, and also from sacrificing all other good things—"whatsoever is true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame—" to wealth in its purely economic meaning. If English principles are to be adapted to India, is it not worth while to consider the trend of industrial principles as they work just now in England? Mr. Fisher's Education Bill and the debates on the clause concerning continuation classes, give us the pause. Designedly or not, this Bill will give a new impulse to industries in England, and public school education will aim at little else than providing intelligent labour for capital. These indeed are vast problems. But the past and the present in India—the present especially so suggestive of new ideals of life—are guarantees for the future.

Besides, our greatest incitement to action and to activity is that

There's a divinity that shapes our ways
Rough-hew them as we will.

No Reforms.

[By BONAVENTURE D'SOUSA. II. U. C.]

As I was reading the interesting though silly story of M.T., the Reformer, in the last issue of this Magazine, I was reminded of a man whom I saw some time ago and who is still alive. His methods and principles are so diametrically opposed to those of M. T. that I thought an account of this rare specimen of humanity might be interesting.

Quite unlike M. T., but like many similar greyheaded men—who, by the by, insist on 'elderly', not 'old,' being applied to them even though they may be in their sixties—my hero, whom for convenience's sake I call N.R., is opposed to change in every order of things. If ever M. T., with his clamour for reforms, and N. R., with his praise for the good old days, should meet and talk, I am sure they would have a lively time of it. Now to my story.

In the small town of K..... there is a shop, which by its extreme old age is sure to attract the attention of a stranger. It is N. R.'s shop. At six every morning, N. R., a tall, lean, grey-headed old man is seen approaching it at a quick pace as if ever so little delay would mean the loss of hundreds of rupees. Once on the verandah he applies all his strength to open the cylindrical lock. Then his emaciated arms raise and arrange the planks which serve as shutters. A closer examination of these apparently polished planks will show that they might have been fitted there in the time of Tippu Sultan, if not earlier. The ends are badly worn and their glossy smoothness is due to a century of handling.

One of these planks, with the ends placed on two wooden boxes, serves N. R. as chair, desk and cot. After sweeping his shop, he squats on the plank with his long narrow book on his lap; and begins to write God alone

knows what. When he is fatigued, he lies down on the same plank. He takes great pride in this little domestic arrangement. He says he learnt it from his grandfather who invented it even before the modern, luxurious, lazy furniture was introduced by the westerners after the British took over the government of his town.

The chair and cot in order, he begins to dust his copper vessels, the only articles for sale in his shop. The very duster is so old and tattered and dusty that it leaves behind more dust than it takes away. He cannot be induced to change the duster, for he says his elders taught him to use an article till it completely ceased to serve its purpose.

The shelves on which his goods are placed must have been there in the very same place for a good many years. They are so worn that they threaten every minute to drop their load. One may wonder whether the appearance of a purchaser ever led him to move his wares. All the same, there is the shopkeeper waiting for purchasers to-day as he has been doing for as long as I or any one else can remember.

A customer does drop in sometimes, and it is worth while watching N. R. for a minute. He has just been asked the price of a particular vessel. He rises slowly according to the custom of shopkeepers. We all know how they pretend to be disinterested in a customer in order not to betray their anxiety for a little profit and to prevent the purchasers from haggling over the price. He turns round slowly and casts an inquiring look to make sure that the purchaser is in earnest about business. Some mirth-loving neighbours have lately been paying regular visits to him and asking him to show some of

his wares. When he had begun to exult internally over the prospective bargain, they would leave the shop suddenly with a promise to return again. The anxious shopkeeper would wait for them with the vessel in his hands till smiling faces in a shop just in front would reveal the trick.

But once he has made sure of his purchaser, he draws out his spectacles, which in their time must have had a decent appearance, but now, blackened by time and use, they have lost all their original shape. The strings substituted for the broken sides make the apparatus appear like a goldsmith's little scales. To proceed, once he has fixed his glasses on the tip of his nose, he takes out his long narrow account book written in with such ink! and such a pen!

N. R. has a clay ink-pot into which, it is said, he put some sort of black ink-powder years ago, evidently under the conviction that its supply of colouring matter was inexhaustible. Once a month he pours a little water into this ink-pot and shakes it and obtains a supply of ink with which he is contented and quite happy. Equally wonderful is his quill-pen, which must have been new, I suppose, once upon a time. The ink leaves a thick coating of dirt and dust on the pen so that it has to be scraped every time it comes into use.

But we left N. R. with the book in his hands struggling to find the page with the price of the particular vessel asked for. He has it. Now he peers through his glasses with the book hardly six inches from his eyes. He makes out the meaning of the crow's-foot scrawling which is perfect cipher for any one else. Satisfied at last, he looks at the purchaser and opens his mouth to name the price. But no! He is not sure of himself yet. He looks at the book again and again and after a fourth reading, states the price.

Last year some copper merchants heard that he was selling his vessels, of which he had a large stock, at pre-war prices. They profited by this

opportunity, and bought them again for what they had paid. The old shopkeeper, informed of the loss he had by not increasing the price. His neighbours advised him to raise it just as other merchants had done, for the war had increased the price of copper. The old man was indignant. He could not hear of others being cheated and now he himself was asked to cheat his purchasers! This was a thing he could not think of. He immediately told his young advisers that this unnatural spirit existing among the young men of the present day, was due to the English education they were receiving. Education has made their conscience hoarse and its voice cannot be heard. He could never understand how a war could raise the price of goods. It appears one of his neighbours when talking of war in general had tried in vain to get this idea into his mind.

But this chat on war had a serious consequence. N. R. was told, among other things, about conscription in Europe before the war, and about the number of soldiers dying every day on the battlefields of Europe. This so worked upon his mind that he began to infer that England would soon be exhausted and would be forced to impose conscription on India. Indians would be called up, and since he is an Indian, he too would be obliged to fight. Of course any student of our Logic professor would here remark that N. R.'s conclusion is wrong, for the middle term "Indian" is not distributed in the premises; but unluckily for N. R. no Logic professor had ever lectured to him on distributing middle terms.

Here he remembered the "Right turn," "Left turn," "Shoulder arms," "Order arms" etc., of that great man, whom he had seen commanding those terrible-looking red turbanwallas in their white uniforms early every morning in front of the Police Station. He thought of the dreadful, heavy gun he would have to carry and to fire. To fire! It was a thing he could not bear to think of. The cap bursting, the bullet banging

...any the
... What if the
... miss the way and come
...! No, he could never fire a
... but he might be forced to do so.
... that education and what they call
science! Both were the cause of the
war and might force him to do what he
dreaded.

Here his thoughts generally broke up
for a time. Then they would gather
together and run the same round again.
The result of these ideas passing through
his mind is his ever-increasing hatred
of all that is Western, chiefly of Western
education which he thinks is the ulti-
mate cause of every mischief. He
speaks with regret of the happy days
when there was no war, and when
soldiers did all the fighting, and old

men like himself were left alone. How
he hated the change!

This is N. R.'s only trouble in life;
otherwise he is happy. We need not
be surprised at this. Restlessness and
discontent with the existing state of
things, and a desire for reform made
M. T. unhappy. But N. R. would be
perfectly calm and contented, if only
folks would let well-enough alone. The
old man, N. R., stands in strong contrast
to the pitiable M. T., though they resem-
ble each other in sticking obstinately to
their extreme but widely different views.

In concluding I only hope that M. T.
and N. R. may meet some day in the
Magazine and hold a debate. Whether
the debate ends in words or blows, it
will be a jolly meeting, not for them
perhaps, but for us!

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles,

Kingsley.

God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower.

W. Wordsworth.

What is true at last will tell;
Few at first will place thee well
Some too low would have thee shine,
Some too high—no fault of thine!
Hold thine own and work thy will.

Tennyson.

A Gentleman.

A soul, incapable of fear,
Unselfish, modest and sincere,
Of stainless honour; undefiled
In speech and action as a child;
Observe these precepts, if you can,
And you shall be a gentleman.

Westminster Gazette.

The War: 9th June - 4th Aug., 1918.

Retrospect: 4th August, 1918.

Land.

Four years to-day, the Empire threw
in its lot with France, to uphold in a
common cause, or to perish in the attempt
to uphold the ideals of freedom and
national honour which are our common
contribution to civilization. The Em-
pire took its stand by France as the
avenger of broken treaties and the
guardian of the right against might in
its most cynical form.

In August 1914 Germany's plans
were complete, her measures taken, and
her opportunity had come, to put into
execution her deep-laid schemes for the
overthrow of democratic politics, and
the institution of a world-wide empire
founded on brute force and dominated by
the ideals of that godless materialism
of which she stands the representative.
Materialism was about to make trial of
its strength with those principles of
natural right which are as old as man,
because they are founded upon man's
very nature and are engraven on the
tablets of man's conscience.

The plans then were ready and the
train was laid. As a first step to empire
a road must be blasted by the guns
through Serbia to Salonica and the
East. Russia, who had assumed the
rôle which she could not fulfil, of protec-
tress of the Balkan states, found herself
in consequence of German gold and
intrigue, utterly unprepared to play her
part; and the Hun knew it. War was
declared by Austria, at Germany's bid-
ding, on Serbia. Germany declared
war on Russia, and then on France,
Russia's Ally. And in order to steal a
decisive march on France, Germany
invaded Belgium, and gave the land
over to the systematic, deliberate sava-
gery of her hordes. Britain, who in

common with France and Germany, had
pledged her honour that she would
defend to the best of her ability
Belgium against any and all invaders,
had either to keep her plighted word or
to lose her honour: she chose the
former alternative, and threw her sword
into the balance, all for the sake of a
paltry scrap of paper!

In the first month (1914) Germany
had things very much her own way.
Belgium did her share nobly, but was
brushed aside. France, who loyally
respected Belgian neutrality, which in
her eyes was a stronger defence than
concrete forts and monstrous guns, left
her north-eastern frontier guarded only
by the scrap of paper, and massed what
troops she could hurriedly summon on
the south-eastern frontier to await the
onslaught. It came through Belgium,
—delayed, it is true, at Liège, Mons, and
Charleroi, but still irresistible—like the
pent-up waters of a raging torrent. It
swept the Allies back as far as the
Marne.

There that grand old soldier Marshal
Joffre, largely by the instrumentality of
the genius of that other Marshal, Foch,
turned the German advance into a
retreat. The enemy, driven back on the
Aisne, entrenched behind its steep
banks. Shortage of shells—for the
Allies, let it be remembered, had not
prepared for war—prevented the Allies
from turning the retreat into a rout.
They could hold their own, but they
could do no more. Trench warfare
followed, the opposing armies locked in
deadly grips.

Held on the Aisne, the enemy made
for the Channel ports, in order to turn
the Allied flank and make another
attempt on Paris. He was outpaced
and held at Ypres. A long drawn
battle ensued, and an Allied victory, of

which the French, British, and Belgians shared the glory, and which was won, like the Marne, largely through the skill of General Foch.

The Germans had failed in the first part of their programme, viz., to annihilate France before Russia could make ready. However, they remained in possession of Belgium and Industrial France, and were free to exploit and add to their own the vast mineral and industrial resources of the occupied territory¹. But for these, on the admission of their own capitalists, the war would have ended long ago in their defeat.

While Germany saw her plans foiled in the West, East Prussia was overrun, and Austria defeated in a series of great battles in the East. The Central Empires fared no better in Serbia; the invading Austrians—the punitive expedition as they called themselves—were signally defeated at Shabatz.

In 1915, the Allies tried, but failed for lack of guns, to break the German lines in Flanders and Champagne; Neuve Chapelle, Loos, and the French attack in Champagne, victories though they were, failed to win through. Nor could the ordinary methods of warfare carry the Germans beyond the first lines of Allied defences; the Germans played foul; they resorted to poisonous gas, which procured them a momentary advantage in Flanders, but did not give them Ypres.

Secure in the West, where the Allies' inferiority in men and munitions removed all cause for anxiety in the near future, Germany resolved to rid herself and her weak partner of the Russian menace. Galicia had been overrun, and the Carpathian passes had been reached. But the Russians were not equipped to meet the German forces; thousands had nothing more formidable in the shape of weapons than their fists. They were swept back to the Dwina (1915,) and Poland fell under the Prussian heel.

¹ Nov. 1914 - Nov. 1917 Germany robbed Belgium to the extent of 2330 million francs.

Like will to like. Turkey threw in her lot with Germany late in 1914. The following Spring, an Allied attack on the Dardanelles, long advertised and long overdue, failed to achieve its primary object, the capture of the Straits, but succeeded in pinning down the Turks, whom their masters in Berlin were eager to launch against Egypt. The war was waged on Turkish instead of on Egyptian territory (1915.)

Late in the same year (1915), Germany, while holding Russia in check on the Dwina, with Bulgaria co-operating, overran Serbia. The Allies, fettered by political difficulties, arrived too late to the rescue of Serbia, and after desultory fighting in the northern passes of Macedonia, fell back and entrenched at Salonica. Here the force was immobilized for two whole years by the treachery of King Constantine and Greek officers, who had sold themselves and the interests of their country to the Kaiser.

Meanwhile, in the distant theatre of Mesopotamia, the British were gaining a series of successes which drew them on to Ctesiphon within striking distance of Baghdad. But then the onward march was turned into a retreat. Large Turkish reinforcements from Armenia forced Townshend back to Kut and laid siege to the place. The starved garrison of 10,000 men surrendered in 1916 (April.)

On the West, by the beginning of 1916 the Allies had largely made good their initial inferiority; their armies were growing stronger, and their material had multiplied many hundred-fold. The Germans, well aware of the advantage conferred by the first blow got home, forestalled the Allied attack by a great onslaught on Verdun, the hinge of our southern army, (19th Feb.). The battle raged almost unceasingly for the next four months, till the 1st July, when the British guns joined in the concert, on the Somme. Verdun had cost the Crown Prince half a million men, and still kept him at bay.

The British attack on the Somme continued without intermission right on into the Winter; two-thirds of the German forces in the West were beaten turn and turn about, and ridge after ridge was wrested from them. The battle reached its logical conclusion in February 1917 in the retreat of the enemy to the Hindenburg line.

On the 1st June 1916, Russia, equipped at the Allies' expense, re-entered the lists. Brussiloff began his drive through the Bukovina and Galicia, crippled the Austrian armies to the extent of 750,000 men, and prepared the way for Rumania's entry into the field in August. But both Brussiloff and Rumania were betrayed by the pro-German traitors who were at the head of affairs in Petrograd. Brussiloff's march came to a standstill, and Rumania, after a brief success in Transylvania, was driven back on the Sereth.

Italy, after a year of hard fighting on the Alpine frontier to secure her flank against surprise, captured Gorizia in August (1916), and established herself firmly on the Carso plateau in preparation for an attack in the direction of Trieste.

The year 1917 opened with the Allies in the ascendancy. Germany, unable to hold her own in the West, was retreating from the Somme Plateau, and shortening her front in order to economize men; Russia still held part of Galicia and the Bukovina; Rumania defeated, had reorganized her armies and was stronger than ever; the British were in possession of Baghdad, and the Turks, threatened both in Mesopotamia and Palestine in vain called on Berlin for help; Armenia had passed under Russian rule. 1917 should have been the year of victory.

Suddenly these prospects were darkened, and before the year had drawn to its close, a position altogether favourable to the Allies had been reversed to their great disadvantage. Revolution broke out in Russia, and Russia—armies and all—went to pieces. What the Allies could have done, had Russia

played the game, was shown in the Battles of Arras, the Aisne, Messines, and Flanders! The West did its share, but as fast as one German division was crippled, another took its place fresh from the Russian front. For a brief moment, Russian loyalty gleamed bright: Korniloff advanced in Galicia, but only to retreat a few days later when treason had permeated his forces. The enemy was free to think only of the West and of Italy.

He first devoted himself to Italy, where treason had been active for some time, and had undermined the loyalty of the troops on the Carso Plateau. The blow fell overwhelming at Caporetto, and the Italians retreated to the right of the Piave. It was the greatest disaster of the war. (Oct. 1917.)

Naval.

On land Britain was unprepared for a Continental war; and that was why France had to shoulder the burden for two whole years, while Britain got ready. On sea it was otherwise, as the Germans were not slow in learning to their cost. German shipping disappeared by magic from all the oceans of the world; even the Baltic, with the key in Germany's hands, was none too safe for her fleet and merchantmen. All her colonies, cut off from the mother country, passed under a more liberal flag.

In 1914 Sept. we swept the Heligoland Bight, as we have swept it many a time since, and sank a dozen German warships that suspected no mischief in its mined area. The sinking of two of our armoured cruisers off Coronel in November, was promptly avenged in December by the destruction of the whole German Pacific squadron near the Falkland islands.

Little by little the naval blockade began seriously to affect the economic life of the Central Empires. The German fleet issued from its mined harbours to do battle. It received a severe handling off Jutland, and escaped annihilation only by retreating under the cover of darkness, (May 1916.)

Since then its operations have been confined to an occasional cruise in the Baltic; it has not dared to show itself beyond the Heligoland Bight.

Defeated in fair fight, the Hun pirates had recourse to the U-boat and the method of wholesale murder on the high seas. Britain, they thought, would thereby be starved out, and the Alliance, of which she was the mainstay, would go to pieces. But British seamen were not to be so easily intimidated; and the violation of American rights and the murder of American citizens finally (1917) brought America in on the side of Law after three years of monumental patience.

The U-boat campaign failed, and the Allies at the moment of their greatest need received the unstinted and invaluable help of America.

The need was felt in 1918. Owing to the Revolution, Russia had then ceased to count as a factor in the War; she, and after her, Rumania, were compelled to accept Germany's terms early in 1918. Germany, thus freed from anxiety on her eastern flank, threw an additional million men on the West. The Allies were outnumbered and out-gunned.

The War thus became once more for Germany a race against time. She must win in 1918, early, before America had mobilized her millions. The Allies must ward off defeat till America could give them the preponderance required. The Allies parried a series of terrific blows; the Germans, reckless as usual, sacrificed many thousands of their picked fighters, and their superiority in numbers, supplemented by more numerous artillery and better communications, gradually waned. Just then America threw 1,000,000 men into the balance (June), and the scale went down heavily. On July the 18th, the Americans now fighting, not in small units, but in large independent armies, settled down to the collar in right earnest.

The fate of the world is being decided in France. Britain holds Turkey in

check; France and Greece hold Bulgaria; Italy holds Austria; Russia and Rumania for all practical purposes are ruled out. The War has resolved itself at last into a death-struggle between France-Britain-America and Germany. The world of the future will be a world moulded according to the ideals of the Power that emerges victorious from the present conflict,—the ideals either of liberty or of brutality.

8th June - 4th August, 1918.

The West.

In 1918 the German aim was to separate the British from the French forces, at their junction near St. Quentin, and to annihilate the British forces pent up along the Channel coast. The first great attack (21st March) resulted in a considerable gain of territory, but failed in its essential object: the British forces, momentarily in danger of being separated from the French, succeeded by dint of heroism in maintaining contact with them; but they were swept back 45 miles to the neighbourhood of Montdidier, where the opportune arrival of French reserves stemmed the tide of invaders and gave the British time to recover. Foiled in his first attempt, the enemy struck a second blow, weaker than the first it is true, but still almost overwhelming, near Armentières, on the 9th April: the Portuguese contingent, which held that section, yielded, and the enemy started in full cry for the Flanders Hills and the Channel Ports beyond. Annihilation stared us in the face a second time. But once more the British armies were true to their old traditions. The Huns reached the eastern bastion of the Flanders Hills, and occupied Kemmel, 10 miles from their starting point; beyond this point, no effort, however costly, could carry them. The British, strengthened by a French force which had come to the rescue, shattered every enemy attempt to reach Scherpenberg. Kemmel was no more than a vast cemetery where German hopes of dominating the Channel were buried.

Indirectly the March and April attacks were productive of much good to the Allies; they made them realize the danger of separate commands on what was a single front, and Foch was appointed Generalissimo of all the forces in the West; and they spurred America to renewed efforts to get her armies to France with the least possible delay.

Failing against the British, the Germans tried their luck against the French. Here, too, they had the advantage of the initiative and of the surprise; they recovered in a single morning (27th May) the Chemin des Dames, which it had taken the French six months of continuous fighting to capture in 1917, they crossed the Aisne, occupied Soissons, and drove a salient into the French line as far as Chateau-Thierry on the Marne, 25 miles from the point of departure. Then again they were held.

Neither of these attacks achieved its object. The Allied armies were not cut asunder nor destroyed. They gave back more punishment than they took, and the superiority in numbers which the enemy possessed in March, had disappeared by June. The Allies could hold their own, even if they were not in a position to carry out a victorious offensive; and meanwhile three quarters of a million Americans had answered the appeal for help. The enemy had lost the race.

The FOURTH ATTACK came on the 9th June along the Montdidier-Noyon front, the southern flank of the salient created by the 21st March offensive. It aimed at running into one this northern salient of Montdidier and the southern salient of Chateau-Thierry produced in the May offensive. The German programme—for the German is always careful to indicate the extent of his intended achievement, and this gives us a fair measure of his failure—was to reach Tricot on the Montdidier-Saulis Ry., and Méry and Belloy which protect the two sides of the Compiègne road, on the evening of the 9th, and Compiègne on the 10th. Even the levity of the French capital would be

considerably sobered if the enemy plan worked correctly.

The move was anticipated by Foch, and the fullest measures, always with due regard to the lives of the Allies, were taken to render any enemy progress far more costly and prohibitive than the late advance to the Marne. The French centre yielded a little, but the flanks held firm.

In two days of bitter fighting the enemy managed to cover five miles of ground in the centre. He occupied Resson-sur-Matz and Mareuil on the 9th; St. Maur, Belloy, and Méry on the 10th. Between Rubescourt and Courcelles on his right all his efforts to push forward remained shattered. On the 11th in the centre he succeeded in reaching the Aronde river, only to be thrown back; on the right he occupied Antoval, and the French were in consequence obliged to fall back from Ribecourt westward.

The French counter-attack was launched the following day, on a seven-mile front between Rubescourt and St. Maur. It swept back the Huns two kilometres east of Méry, put the French in possession of Belloy, and reached the outskirts of St. Maur, while, in the centre of the battle front, it forced the enemy to relinquish Antheuil and to retire towards the Matz.

The German effort was dying, but it was not fully spent. While their right and centre were being hammered, they delivered a blow (12th) on their left, and occupied Melicocq and the high ground south of it beyond the Matz. The following day, however, a counter-charge drove them back to the northern bank of the Matz. They had advanced their line about 5 miles in the centre, and lost 80,000 men. Foch had shown himself a match for the Huns. Compiègne was safe; a formidable French army still held the Huns north of the Oise and north of the Marne parted as with a deep wedge. Paris might go on playing.

A subsidiary German attack from the side of Soissons was checked at Villers.

Cotterets on the 13th, another between Méry and Courcelles (13th) and a third and last at the junction of the Matz with the Oise on the 16th collapsed under gun fire. Two days after this last attack in the Montdidier-Noyon sector, the enemy made a great attack on a 12-mile front from Vigny in a semi-circle round Rheims to La Pompelle fort; but it was broken before it got into full stride. Rheims, a heap of ruins though it was, still kept the enemy at arm's length.

The rest of this month was occupied by the Allies in recovering important positions, nibbling, and sapping the enemy's strength; advances were made west of Chateau-Thierry and at Belleau Wood by the Americans; east of Nieppe forest and north of Albert by the British; west of St. Pierre Aigle by the French.

Meanwhile the Austrians at the bidding of their slave-drivers in Berlin, had opened a great attack against the Italians, intended to overrun the northern plain and to draw away the Allies' reserves from the West. But the Austrians received a drubbing under circumstances not altogether dissimilar from those under which the Germans were to receive one, a month later. The Austrian reverse seems to have upset or at least considerably delayed the German plans. A fifth great attack, dictated to the Germans by the presence of ever increasing numbers of American troops, was expected, but did not come.

The respite was utilized by the Allies. The French on the 2nd July recovered St. Pierre Aigle which is the outpost to the Forêt de Laigue, which itself is the bastion to the forest of Compiègne. The next day they pushed forward their lines at Autrechies and took 1100 prisoners; the British on the 4th captured Hamel on the Somme and 1500 prisoners; the French took Corcy on the 11th, Longpont on the 12th. These and other smaller operations gave us valuable positions and several thousands of prisoners.

THE FIFTH ATTACK. 15th July.—The first German attack was a fine success;

the second, ending in the defeat at Scherpenberg, much less so; the third again was a success; the fourth can hardly be called a success in any reasonable sense of the word; the fifth ended in a disaster.

The Germans struck this time southward to the Marne and westward towards Châlons-sur-Marne. The battle-field extended in two parts hingeing on Rheims and the Montagne de Rheims, a wooded plateau 600-700 ft. high, 8 miles south of the city of that name—from Prunay to Maison de Champagne in the eastern portion, and from Bligny to Chateau-Thierry on the southern.

The plan, like all other plans of the enemy, was ambitious. Captured instructions show that he meant to reach Epernay on the 15th July, Châlons on the 16th, Sezanne on the 17th. If he succeeded in reaching Sezanne on the day appointed, the French armies would be cut into two, and the portion east of Châlons to the Swiss frontier would be isolated. The only weakness in the plan was that it took no account of the genius of General Foch and of the brilliant staff of French generals acting under his orders—Pétain, Fayolle, Berthelot, Mangin,—of the large armies of Americans which had reinforced the Allies at Chateau-Thierry, and of the British forces ready to strike when the word was given on the flank at Soissons and on the flank at Rheims.

The battle opened when and where it was expected by the French Commanders. On the Prunay sector, after suffering frightful slaughter from the massed guns of General Gouraud, the enemy captured the Moronvillier heights and Prunay. These two positions are said to have cost him 50,000 casualties. But beyond that strip of land 2-3 miles wide, he could not pass: he remained held on the northern bank of the Aisne.

In the Bligny-Chateau-Thierry sector he was more successful, but his very success was destined to turn into the greater disaster. At the price of heavy losses he crossed the Marne between Dormans and Chateau-Thierry on the

16th, and established some 8 divisions in a narrow strip of territory 10 miles long and 4 miles wide, with a river in the rear and an undefeated French army in the front. That was the limit of his advance. On the 16th he again attacked on the Prunay-Maison-de-Champagne sector, but made no headway. A success there would have involved the loss of Rheims and of Châlons to the Allies, and the German plan of an attack on Paris from the south would have had favourable prospects of being carried through.

The German is slow to pick up ideas. Bent on developing his very doubtful success south of the Marne where the French guns unceasingly searched every yard of the ground up to the river bank, he neglected his right flank. Sharper brains than his were working, and the results of the work soon became apparent.

THE ALLIED COUNTER-STROKE.—17th July.—The French Generals put their finger on the weak spot of the German armour; it was the German flank from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry. While the French guns continued to pound the Germans in their trap south of the Marne, and Allied airmen bombed the bridges in their rear, General Mangin struck at the base of the German salient from Soissons to Villers-Cotterets, and the battle flared up along the whole line down to Chateau-Thierry and Vaux. It was raging fiercely on the 18th. The German flank yielded under the unexpected blow, and the Allies reached the outskirts of Soissons. The enemy's communications were threatened from Bellen, and he had to beat a hasty retreat before the French on his right, and the British, who were now pounding his left up the Ardre valley, had driven each a wedge into the base of the salient along the river Vesle. The Americans were also hard at work at the point of the salient near Chateau-Thierry. That day 16,000 prisoners fell into our hands.

This stroke, dramatic in its suddenness and irresistible might, upset the German plans, and converted a success-

ful offensive into a retreat. Of the 8 divisions which had crossed the Marne and lived for four days in an inferno, barely 50 per cent. recrossed to the northern bank (20th); the rest were slain in the trap or in recrossing the river over bridges and pontoons shattered and destroyed by bomb and shell-fire. Numerous prisoners were left behind, and the fugitives were not yet at the end of their troubles.

A change came over the tone of the German papers. One, more than ordinarily devoid of a sense of humour, explained to the home Huns that this retreat—for there was no denying the fact of the retreat—was really a brilliant victory in disguise: the Huns had crossed the Marne simply "to divert the French," an attack from whom was known to be impending on another section of the line. The diversion given, they were retiring according to timetable and plan.

The German official communiqué, skilled in the art of *Camouflage*, announced that they "withdrew unnoticed to the north bank of the Marne during the night" of the 20th; on the same day a German submarine withdrew likewise unnoticed to the bottom of the deep sea, whither it was sent by the British destroyer *Marne*.

The Allied pressure continued (21st), south of Soissons, south of Rheims, and up from Chateau-Thierry, where the Americans brought the total of their captures to 6000 prisoners and 100 guns. The enemy was everywhere on the run, destroying as he ran, the vast stores accumulated during 6 weeks for the march on Paris. That night, however, he stood and delivered a series of desperate counter-assaults to delay the Allied advance, while he saved his guns. 450 of his guns had already fallen into our hands, besides thousands of machine guns.

On the 21st the British captured Marfaux, and on the 23rd Vigny up the Ardre Valley, and the threat on the left flank became more dangerous. To the south and west, town after town was

captured—Janglonne, Plessier, Oulchy-le-Chateau; and the lines of retreat were blocked one by one: Soissons blocked by the French, Vigny by the British, while Uncle Sam's men drove steadily from Chateau-Thierry and the Marne. 67 German divisions had been engaged; the Crown Prince's reserves had disappeared, and he had to draw on the supplies of Prince Rupprecht.

25th. Oulchy-la-Ville, and Ville-montoire were stormed by the French, and the pincers began to close on the last German centre of resistance, Fère-en-Tardenois.

27th. The line of the Ourcq was abandoned, and the Germans retreated, as rapidly as the congested roads and Allied pressure would allow, towards the base of the salient, the Vesle. Fère-en-Tardenois was taken the following day, and the capture of Grand Rozoy laid the German right flank bare once more. On the 30th, five fresh divisions borrowed from Prince Rupprecht appeared in the pocket, only to be driven back helter-skelter along with the rest of the German forces.

On the 2nd August the French entered Soissons. The only line of retreat that remained to the Germans was through Fismes, and even that was exposed to cross-fire from the heavy guns from Venizel and Vigny. The next two days the Allies' line swept forward in a vast semi-circle from Venizel (Soissons) to Thillois (Rheims); the Germans were driven behind the Vesle, where they halted in a precarious position, threatened on the flank by gun-fire from Soissons, and with a steep-banked river, the Aisne, in their rear. The retreat cost them over 40,000 prisoners, thousands of machine guns, more than 460 guns, and vast accumulations of material of every description.

Thus was shattered for ever, at the opening of the fifth year of the War, the idol of German invincibility. Man for man and gun for gun the Germans never were a match for the French, British, and Belgians. Their successes in 1918 were due to overwhelming

superiority—in the Battle of the 21st March they were three to one. These superior numbers they were able to bring to bear upon any chosen spot by their excellent railway and road communications. Yet, even so, each successive advance was brought to a standstill when the Allies had brought up a few reserves. The day has at last gone against them.

Once their superiority of numbers and armament had been reduced, they found themselves outgeneralled by Foch, and outfought by our men. From this defeat there is to be no recovery; it is the defeat without a morrow. They have no Russian front to denude of another additional million men, for Russia has gone under, and all the spare fighting units were long since drafted to their great graveyard in Flanders, Artois, and Champagne. They have only the year's recruits to draw upon, the striplings, and the Landsturm of a bygone day. Discouraged, disillusioned, they must meet those splendid soldiers of France flushed with victory and execration of the Barbarian and all his works, to whom the love of France is a sort of religion, a holy thing, deep and abiding, and an inspiration—they must meet those other soldiers, of Britain, inflexible in resolution, whose forefathers for a thousand years have never known what war lassitude is,—and the 'Madmen' from across the Atlantic, as their short experience of the American soldiers has prompted the Germans to call them. And the madmen are many millions.

The tone of the messages of the several belligerents on the anniversary of the declaration of War, is eloquent of the frame of mind with which the peoples look into the future. The German papers reveal an attitude of "deepest resignation and melancholy, even of protest." The French are "exulting over the great victory which has once again thrown the enemy into retreat." Mr. Lloyd George tells England to "hold fast—the bull-dog does not worry, he is slow to grip, but he holds fast—our prospects of victory have never been brighter than to-day."

The King of Bavaria says: "It is not our fault that we are entering on a fifth year of war." He is pleading before a war-weary people.

The Kaiser, in his usual claptrap style, tells his people that "they have shown themselves worthy of the tremendous task which Providence¹ has assigned them.... We have neglected nothing² to restore peace."

Italy.

While the Huns were wasting their energy in vain efforts to link up the Montdidier and Chateau-Thierry salients by way of Compiègne, the Austrians were completing their preparations for the defeat of Italy. But it was plain they had not much stomach for this enterprise which was dictated to them by their masters in Berlin, or they would not have delayed till June, when the thaw in the mountains converts the dried up rivers into raging torrents. Two attacks simultaneously conducted, one in France and the other in Italy, and attended with some considerable measure of success, would have had a great moral effect on the Central Empires. Yet the attack on Italy was not delivered until the fourth German onslaught had spent itself, and the Allies were in a position, if need arose, to send men to help Italy. *Punch* pictures the Kaiser as a circus manager, lashing a recalcitrant dog, labelled Austria, which refuses to jump through a hoop; two other "canine prodigies," Bulgaria and Turkey, are looking on with some interest and much concern. The canine prodigy took a leap on the 15th June, just as the Imperial circus manager saw others of his performers whipped back to the Matz and north of Villers-Cotterets.

¹ For "Providence" read "our insensate ambition and my criminal hypocrisy."

² Nothing! no, not even wholesale murder of defenceless old men, women, and children; massacre of prisoners; massacre of 15,000 British civilians on the high seas; not even the desecration and destruction of cathedrals, the firing of cities, the poisoning of waters, the use of chlorine gas and of flame;—we have neglected literally nothing!

The attack started well, but broke down in less than five days, partly under the Allies' counter-strokes, and partly also under the internal weakness of Austria-Hungary. The population were war-weary; the heterogeneous elements which constituted the empire were falling apart; Czechs and others who had been once compelled to fight the battles of a ruler whom they detested, and had profited by the first opportunity to surrender to Russia and Italy, were arriving to assist the Allies; Austria could place little reliance on the fidelity of her troops. To these causes add that other, that the Austrian as a fighter has shown himself to be the lowest in the scale of the belligerents. The auspices under which the circus manager insisted on the canine performance were not auspicious. But he left no choice.

The battle extended from Asiago to Mount Grappa, thence to Montello and along the Piave to the sea, a distance of well over 100 miles. The assailants were beaten back in the Asiago region by the French and British; lower down they were more successful: they captured part of the Grappa positions, two-thirds of the Montello height, and reached the right bank of the Piave. The Piave is the last strong defence of Treviso; Montello bars the way to the plain of Vicenza, Padua, and Venice. A complete success in these two sectors would therefore put these cities at the enemy's mercy.

Fortunately the enemy was unable to press his initial advantage; he never reached the southern slope of Montello; while on the Piave front a rapid rise of water carried away most of his bridges, and left him in a very precarious position with a broad river in the rear and a powerful army in front. The situation was not unlike that of the German forces at a later date with their backs to the Marne and a ridge in front of them lined with guns. In both instances a preliminary success was converted into a disaster.

The Italians kept the enemy's communications steadily under fire until the

19th, and then struck vigorously. Forced back to the river, the Austrians retreated to the left bank over the few remaining bridges, hundreds being drowned in their hurry to escape the pursuers by throwing themselves into the water. The battle ended on the 23rd. The right bank of the Piave was then clear of the enemy, strong posts on the left bank were held by the Italians, and the work of destroying enemy positions in the swamps at the river mouth began.

In the mountain sectors all but a small fraction of the ground held till the 15th was recovered on the 24th.

The enemy admitted the loss of 12,000 prisoners on the Piave. The Italian official communiqué put the figure at 24,000 prisoners, taken since the opening of the offensive.

Conclusion.

March-July were months of gloom, almost unrelieved, through which the Allies in the face of repeated disasters kept smiling and carried on, while America made her preparations. Germany had those five months to win or lose the war in; her submarines were appointed to keep the lists while the French and British—two to one, it is true, but two not quite equal to one—fought with her for the championship of the world. They showed themselves a match for her, they parried every blow that should have knocked them out had they stood up to it, while she expended her strength. In July in the middle of the fifth round, Germany went down heavily.

It remains to be seen whether in disaster and with her strength ebbing Germany will show the unconquerable spirit which the consciousness of justice inspired into the Allies.

NOTES.—(1)

BRITISH SUPERIORITY IN THE AIR.

Date.	Front.	Enemy Aeroplanes Destroyed.	Enemy Aeroplanes driven down out of control.	Total British losses.
Year ending 30th June ..	Western	2773	1083	1186
April-June 1918 ..	Italian	165	6	13
Jan.-June ..	Balkan	21	13	4
March-June ..	Palestine.	26	15	10
	Total ..	2985	1117	1213
	Total ..	4102		1213

(2) Latest events: On the 8th Aug. the French and British armies began a series of attacks between the Scarpe and the Oise; the British alone captured 47,000 prisoners and 600 guns.

Total captures from the 18th July to the 28th August in the West, over 100,000 prisoners and 2000 guns.
(31st August.)

THE WAR.—(Appendix.)

	West.	Italy.	Balkans.	Naval.
June.	9th. Fourth German attack begins. on 25-mile front, between Montdidier and Noyon. Germans reach Kessons-sur-Matz astride the Roye-Compiègne railway, and Mareuil—an advance of 5 miles. 10th. Enemy captures Marquiglise, St. Maur, Belloy, Méry. Méry recovered by French. Antoval taken by enemy. 11th. French counter-attack on 12 kil. front between St. Maur and Ribecourt; enemy forced back to outskirts of St. Maur and 2 kil. east of Méry and Belloy, 1,000 prisoners taken. [Germans claim 10,000 prisoners in past four days.] Enemy attack on Chevincourt-Machemont-Bethincourt sector fails. 12th. Germans attack between the Aisne and Villers-Cotterets. Held at Fort de Laigue. Germans capture Melicorq and the high ground above the Matz. 13th. French recover Melicorq and the high ground above the Matz. German advance stemmed 5 miles from its starting point. 14th. British advance 2 miles near Bethune. 15th. French recapture Coevres and Valfreny. 16th. Enemy attempt to cross the Matz at its junction with the Oise, fails.	11th French raid on Asiago plateau penetrates enemy defences 1 mile on 1 mile front. 13th. Great enemy attack in the Tonale pass defeated. 15th. Great Austrian offensive begins from Asiago to the sea. Enemy gains ground at Grappa and crosses the lower Piave. 16th. Enemy held on the right of the Piave; 3,000 prisoners taken by Allies. 17th. Held on the Piave, Austrians attack Montello heights towards the plains. 18th. Austrians seize two-thirds of Montello heights. 19th. Italians counter-attacking; 9,000 prisoners taken so far. Piave in flood: enemy position endangered.	14th. (?) Operations by Allies at Mt. Kamia and Mt. Lenia; enemy lines stormed on 15 kil. front to a depth of 11 kil. (near Lake Ochrida.)	12th. Italians torpedoed two Austrian dreadnoughts; one, the <i>Szent Istvan</i> of 22,000 tons sunk; of the other the fate unknown. Stated in the Italian Chamber that two were sunk. 13th. British auxiliary cruiser sunk. German submarine in Bruges canal sunk by British airmen. German submarine cruiser sunk on British mines (reported from Holland.)

West.	Italy.	Balkans.	Naval.
17th. French advance near Hautebraye (between the Oise and the Aisne). 18th. Great German attack on 12-mile front from Virgny to La Pompelle fort for the capture of Rheims, fails disastrously. 23rd. British raid at Meteren. 25th. Americans advance at Belleau Wood and take 300 prisoners. 28th. British advance 1 mile on 6000 yards front east of Nieppe forest, and take 400 prisoners. French advance on a front of 7 kil. in Villers-Cotterets region to St. Pierre Aigle, and take 1,200 prisoners. In June British took 2,000 prisoners. " Americans " 1,200 "	21st. Austrian collapse. Italians assume the offensive. 23rd. Austrians retreating across the Piave, from Montello to the sea. 12,000 prisoners. 24th. 4,000 prisoners taken. 15th-24th, on the Italian front, in all, 20,000 prisoners taken. Whole right bank of Piave cleared of the enemy. Italians advancing at Grappa. 26th. The position at Grappa restored. 29th-30th. Italians advance in the mountain region. 2,000 prisoners. 2nd. Italians attack the Austrians between the sea and Santa Dona, on		American armoured cruiser sunk.
July. 1st. Between 22nd March and 1st July, 700,000 American troops brought to France. 1st. French and Americans west of Chateau-Thierry capture Vaux village and 500 prisoners. 2nd. French capture St. Pierre Aigle. 3rd. French advance 3 kil. north of Moulin-sous-Touvent and take 450 prisoners.			

4th. Between the Oise and Aisne French advance 5 kil. to a depth of 1 kil. west of Autrechies, and take 1060 prisoners. British advance on a 3-mile front to depth of 500 yards, and capture Hamel, 1500 prisoners and 100 machine guns. 5th. Australians advance 500 yards on a front of 2000 yards north-east of Villers-Brettonneux. 8th. French capture Chavigny, and 350 prisoners. 9th. French advance 1 mile on 2½ miles front west of Authueil between the Oise and Montdidier, and take 530 prisoners. [15th June-10th July, French took 5,400 prisoners.] 11th. French take Corcy; forest of Villers-Cotterets cleared of the enemy. 12th. French capture Longpont (between Aisne and Marne). Between Cartel and Mailly-Raineval, French attack on 5 kil. front; Cartel taken, with 500 prisoners. 14th. British advance on 2000 yards front at L. Dickebusch and take 300 prisoners. 15th. Fifth German attack begins: from Chateau-Thierry to Bligny, and from Prunay to Maison-de-Champagne. Germans held at Vaux by Americans who take 1,000 prisoners. Enemy crosses the Marne between Dormans and Chateau-Thierry, and reaches Chézy, Bouquigny, Fricourt and Chamoisy. Moronvilliers and Prunay taken, east of Rheims. 16th. Enemy held at Bouquigny, Fossey and Mareuil-le-port; territory captured south of the Marne, 10 miles long by 4 miles deep.	the Lower Piave. 1,900 prisoners. 6th. All ground recovered on the Piave. [Since 15th June the Italians have captured:— 24,500 prisoners. 63 guns. 1,300 machine guns. 37,000 rifles.]	6th. (?) Franco-Italian operations in Albania, between Tamorica valley and the sea; 1,300 prisoners. 11th. Allies have advanced 20 miles on 70-mile front between L. Ochrida and the sea, since the beginning of the Spring Campaign.	
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West.	Italy.	Balkans.	Naval.
Furious attacks from Suippes to Massiges broken. Enemy held. 17th. Enemy attack in Vriigny region fails. Attack on Beaumont from Prunay fails. French counter-attack preparing on German right between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry. 18th. Allied Counter-stroke. French attack develops on 45 kil. front. The ridges overlooking Fontenoy taken; French within one mile of Soissons. Prunay retaken by French. 16,000 prisoners taken. 20th. British capture Meteren and 450 prisoners. South bank of the Marne cleared of the enemy. British engaged in the Ardre Valley. Over 20,000 prisoners and 400 guns taken. 21st. Chateau-Thierry retaken by Allies. Marfaux and Ste. Euphrasie taken by British. (Americans 18th to 21st take 6000 prisoners and 100 guns.) 22nd. Furious German counter-attacks to delay Allies' advance. French capture Epieds. French recover lost ground east of Rheims; back on their old line from Massiges to Snippes. Americans take Jauglonne. 23rd. French attack in Montdidier—Amiens sector; Mailly-Raineval, Sauvillers, Aubevillers, and 1,850 prisoners taken. Oulchy-le-Chateau taken. British take Vriigny. 24th. German counter-attack from Vriigny to Père-en-Tardenois; defeated. 25th. Oulchy-la-Ville, and Villemontoire taken. 25,000 prisoners in all.		19th. In all 2,180 prisoners and 26 guns taken. 21st-22nd. The Devoli crossed by Allies; 650 prisoners taken.	20th. British destroyer <i>Marne</i> sinks a German submarine. 23rd. British auxiliary cruiser sunk. 24th. British torpedo boat runs aground and sinks.

27th. Germans retreating along the whole battle-front. Allies advance 20 miles to depth of 4 miles between the Ourcq and the Ardre. 28th. Père-en-Tardenois taken. 29th. Grand Rozoy taken. Enemy abandons the Ourcq. 30th. Desperate enemy counter-attacks defeated. [In July 8,400 prisoners and 153 guns taken by Americans; 4,500 prisoners taken by British. Total capture in Champagne battle 15th July to 1st Aug: 33,500 men. 1179 enemy aeroplanes destroyed in July. 1,800,000 Americans in France; of whom 1,000,000 under the direct command of General Pershing.			2nd. Allied forces land at Archangel. Two British destroyers mined and sunk.
1st. Allied advance continues. Cierges etc., taken. 2nd. French enter Soissons. Ville-en-Tardenois, Coulonges, Guenz, Thillois, taken. 3rd. Allied advance 2-3 miles on a 25-mile front between the Ardre and Hartennes. The Vesle reached from Venizel to Fismes; the Aisne reached from Venizel to Soissons. Under pressure from British, Germans retreat 3 miles between Albert and Aveluy; and withdraw north of La Bassée canal. 4th. Total Prisoners over 40,000, since 15th July. French reach Neuville north-west of Rheims. Fismes taken by Americans. On the Avre, the Germans forced back between Castel and Measil St. George; Castel taken by French, also Branches and Harzicourt. St. Vaast north of Soissons, and Jonchery taken by French.			

August.

Pattinappalai.

[By K. KODANDAPANI, IV U. C.]

Pattinappālai is one of the poems of the Pattupāttu or "the ten Tamil Idylls", a Tamil anthology of the Sangam period. Its historic value is great. It describes the famous port of Pukār, (now called Caveripūmpattinam), the capital of the Cholas at the mouth of the Cauveri. It gives an accurate account of the life of the people and the vast commerce that was then carried on, and narrates in unmistakable terms some of the achievements of the king Karikāl the Great.

The age of Karikal was the Augustan age of Tamil literature. It witnessed a great development in all the branches of knowledge and especially in literature there was a vast production known as the Sangam works.

This poem, Pattinappālai, was written by Uruttiraiṅgaṇṇanār, one of the poets of the Tamil Academy, in honour of Karikal the Great. Historical interest apart, the poem is noted for its literary qualities, its highly polished style, condensed expression and the artistic descriptions of nature—all of which I cannot faithfully reproduce in English. However with the help of Mr. P. T. Srinivas Iyengar, I have tried my best to keep to the spirit of the original and reproduce its subject-matter correctly.

Pattinappalai,

Lines. 1-7. The spotless shining Venus may change her course and go (from the north) to the south. The clouds may change their nature and the lark which always sings their praise gasp for the little drop (which the clouds withhold). But the Cauvery which rises on the (western) hills, and falls into the (eastern) sea, spreading her water and sifting golden sand, will never cease to flow.

7-19. The broad fields watered by the Cauvery never cease to yield their produce. The beautiful lily which grows by the water-side, droops in withered bloom, by the heat issuing from the sugar-press. The grown calves of buffaloes have eaten full of the ripe corn in the fields, and sleep by the shade of the paddy-barn. Coconut trees full of bunches, the areca palm, mango trees of different kinds, the plantain and the palmyra, the fragrant turmeric, the bushy chembu, and the sprouting ginger—all grow there.

19-24. In the outskirts of the town, on the broad yard in front of the house, the village maid with coy and simple looks, with shining forehead and choice ornaments, dries the paddy. She throws her curved ear-ring at the hen that comes to peck the corn.

24-29. Boys with fair legs ride on the three-wheeled go-cart not drawn by horses. The ear-ring thrown by the maid obstructs their way. Except this sort of obstruction the people know no other cause of hatred to disturb them.

29-32. Throughout the extensive Chola land studded with hamlets one close to another, the salt dealers sell their white salt, and return with boats full of paddy. In the backwaters near the sea may be seen their boats tied to their moorings as horses are tied in stables.

32-39. The places surrounded by creeks are full of beautiful woods which yield rich and new produce; besides which beautiful tanks surrounded by mighty bunds look like the moon in the cloudless sky in the midst of the constellation Maka. The fragrant flowers of varied hues which grow orderly and gracefully on the bunds are reflected in the waters. There are broad lakes which give much pleasure.

40-53. In the places where the poor are fed for the sake of charity and for increasing fame, the kanji of the cooked rice flows in torrents. The bulls which come to drink of it fight and turn the street into a muddy white pool. When cars pass through it, particles of dust rise and cover the grand building adorned with pictures of skilled workmanship, which then looks like an elephant besmeared with ash. Around the building is a mighty wall where Prosperity reigns, and on whose gate the emblem of the tiger is engraved. There are many sheds for bulls with cool wells in front.

54-59. In the shady groves are the seats of the Buddhist monks, and of the munis with flowing plaits. A cloud of odorous smoke emanates from their oblations. The cuckoo dislikes the smoke and goes away with his hen to live along with the stone-eating doves in the Kali temple guarded by demons.

60. There is the parade-ground, where stand the aged trees. There are the broad sandy plains, where live the fishermen with their numerous relatives, subsisting on the burnt irā fish of the sea, and the boiled tortoise of the fields. They wear the adappanipū, and the āmbal which grows in water. Anon they quarrel. Like the stars in the sky which surround a planet, many surround them. Off they rush to the parade-ground, fight with arms and hands, and rub body with body. Still their quarrel does not subside. They take to throwing stones which reach the far-off palmyra groves from which birds are scared off.

75. In their hamlets are seen pigs with numerous young ones, and many fowls. There are their temporary wells. At one place the goats play with partridges. The fishermen's huts with angling rods around, look like herostones where spears are planted and shields are placed around. The fishing nets left to dry in front of their houses on the white sand look like the dark spots in the moon.

84. Some of the fishermen wear Venkūḍa flowers which grow under aloes, others adorn themselves with aloe flowers. They plant the tusk of the shark in honour of their goddess. It is the full-moon day; they enjoy a holiday without putting out to sea. Drinking the sap of palmyra and eating other victuals these Bharathavars with unkempt hair, play with their wives adorned with green leaves, on the sand which emits the smell of fish.

95. Here, near this place of revelry the Cauvery mixes with the clear-watered sea. It looks like the russet cloud that settles on the dark hill, like the tender babe which suckles at its mother's breast. Ceaseless is the roar. These fishermen dashing into the sea and again into the Cauvery to wash off the salt, catch crabs, play with the waves which dash against the shore and make figures of sand. Thus they play with great delight throughout the day till all their senses are satiated.

105. With such rare beauties does the far-famed Pukār port shine like heaven upon earth.

106. In the storied buildings with tall pillars, the maiden doffs her silk dress and dons her white garb (night dress). She and her husband exchange garlands. Without drinking honey they drink deep of the honey of love and sleep at the last watch. The lamp still blazes in the room. The fishermen who have put to sea at that time of the night with their curved boat see this bright light. Those who have been at music parties and dramatic entertainments and have enjoyed the moonlight (in other ways) are all asleep at this time of the night.

116. On the white sand to which the Cauvery adds fragrant silt, near the street with aloes on each side, the officers who protect the king's property stand sleepless. They are famed for their honesty. In collecting customs duties they are regular and unwearied as the horses tied to the car of the hot sun.

129. As the clouds drink water (from the ocean) and pour it in the

rainy season on the hills and the water finds its way to the ocean, so goods are taken from the sea to the land and from the land to the sea. Countless articles of trade (of import and export) are heaped in such great profusion in the well-guarded warehouses that it is scarcely possible to estimate their price. Bales are weighed and sealed with the tiger mark of the great Karikala before being sent out. These bales piled in the go-down look like a hill on which clouds settle, the dogs and goats playing on them look like the deer playing on the hill.

143. There are the sky-scrappers of many compartments with long, round stairs of short steps with broad and narrow gates and with long avenues. In these buildings by the side of the windows opened for the wind, maidens with red feet, and with the look of the deer, wearing new ornaments and white garments, are praying with their arms adorned with armlets and raised up to their face, like the converging bunch of Kāndal which grows and lets fall the pollen on the sides of high mountains.

155. There are the martial dances in honour of God Muruga. In tune to the lute the girls dance. Drums are beaten and the festival never ceases in the broad bazaar. Flags are hoisted in front of the flower-adorned gates of the temple, where the god of spotless fame is enshrined and where many bow down. Beautiful cases with food and other eatables are placed; white rice is sprinkled as oblations. Over this is erected a shed. White flags fly over them which look like the flower of rushes which grow on the banks of rivers washing down white sand. There are the awe-striking flags of the learned and well-informed scholars raised as a sign of challenge. Besides, there are the flags hoisted on the masts of ships in the port of Pukar, ships which look like elephants which move to and fro to break the pegs to which they are tied. In the toddy shops, fish and sliced-meat are roasted and in its noisy front sand is heaped, flowers are strewn and oblations are given. On the gates through

which many enter, flags are hoisted to indicate the sale of toddy. Numerous other flags of different shapes and sizes abound and prevent the sun's rays from reaching the town.

184. The town is guarded as by angels of unsullied fame. The swift erect horses which come over the sea, sacks of pepper which came in carts, gems and gold from the northern mountains, sandal and ahil from the western mountains, pearls from the southern seas, things which grow in the Ganges and the Cauvery valley, foodstuffs from Ceylon, articles of luxury from Burma, and other rare articles (saffron, camphor) from China are seen in great profusion such as would make the earth bend under the weight, in the streets where the immense wealth has turned the heads of the people.

194. The Vellālas who love to plough with their bent ploughs prevent the killing of animals so that fishes and beasts live in perfect safety, fear no enemy, and multiply. Fearlessly the fishes play before the fisherman's frontyard and beasts surround the butcher's house. They (the Vellālas) put an end to robbery, pray to god, give offerings, tend cows and bulls, spread the fame of the Brahmins and help the poor. They lead a calm life with an upright heart centred in justice as fixed as the centre-pin in the middle of the cross-bar of the yoke. They look on all things alike, whether their own or others'. They never take too much from others (when they buy) or give too little when they sell. They do not conceal the cost price and the gain they charge. Thus amassing heaps of wealth they live together in peace and prosperity.

213. As old relatives from various places crowd to their native village on festive occasions, so the foreigners from diverse lands speaking different languages mix freely and live peaceably with the inhabitants of Pukār.

Be content, my mind. I will not acquire such a famous city as Pukar if I have for its sake to be parted from my wife who has long, black tresses.

220. As the cub of the tiger grows in strength though encaged, so Karikal grew in power though shut up in prison by his enemies.

Even as the elephant caught in a pit pulls down the sides with its tusk, escapes and joins its mate, so Karikal thought quickly of a plan, jumped over the walls of the guarded prison, drove away the guards and regained his ancestral throne. Not satisfied with his escape he wanted to fight and conquer (his enemies). He put on himself many kinds of flowers, and looking like a hillock overgrown with bushes, started on his campaign with his mighty elephants which had pulled down many a fort with their tusks and had trodden upon many a crowned head, and followed by horses adorned with well-shaped bells. In the war camp sounded his war drum which looked like the eyes of demons. Wherever the soldiers of the enemy lay dead, the kites flew round and round. In the very first engagement, the enemies' country was captured, and his fortress fell. The peasants of the cultivated lands (marutham) were driven away. Those fields where white-flowered ugar-cane and paddy grew, where kuvalai with grand petals and neithal (lily) were seen, the tanks where the crocodiles proudly swam—are all now overgrown with grass and fern. Fields and tanks have changed and look alike where deer and stags roam about.

246. In the temples where formerly the girls who had been imprisoned by Karikal, after bathing in the bathing ghat, used to set up lamps, where foreigners used to stay and pray in places washed and adorned with flowers, and where the Lingum was enshrined, the elephants with their mates roam about, rub their bodies against the pillars and make them fall.

252. Many temples have no festivals now and have become haunted. And the streets where on festive occasions the actor's drum kept time to the lute and priceless flowers were strewn, are now overgrown with nerinji (thorn)

and Aruva grass. The fiery-mouthed jackal horribly howls and the Kūhai owl of the dolorous cry and other owls hoot. A crowd of corpse-eating demons with their mates with outspread hair haunt the place.

261. Hunters with the cruel bow, at the sound of the drum, crowd and plunder the buildings with arches, beautiful walls, high pials from which parrots used to speak, where guests used to crowd, which had cooking rooms where after the guests had been served a great quantity of food was left. From their empty sheds the kūhai owl hoots even during the day.

270. Even after this destruction Karikal's anger is not appeased. By his accomplishing what he wills the saying has come into vogue that if Karikal wills he will powder the mountains, drain the sea, bring down the sky and change the winds.

274. The Oliyars surrender, the Aruvalars carry out his commands, the northern kings lose their strength, the western kings lose heart and the Pandiyan power is curbed. With his army of mighty-footed elephants, with undaunted bravery and the wild stare of his fiery eyes he conquers the mean Idya kings and his relatives. He destroys forests, digs tanks and increases the produce of the land. He leaves the shining mansion at Uraiyur (removes to Pukar where) he erects temples, makes his subjects migrate there; he builds gates and small entrances and erects port-holes with stores of arrows and the port where prosperity reigns; he seems as if to challenge all to conquer the city, with the absolute confidence that it will not give way though standing alone. The kings of well-strung drums (who come to pay homage), lose their lustre at the brightness of the fortress. By the touch of their crowns set with new (polished) diamonds, Karikal's beautiful, strong, broad feet have become scarred.

295. The brown (sandal) paste on his breast, bright with shining ornaments, is rubbed off by the embrace of

his wife and by the playing and fondling of his children who wear golden ornaments. Karikal's strength and valour are those of a lion that could cause terror and inflict injury (on his foes).

209-301. The forest through which I dare to go is harder than the spear that the great Karikal throws against his enemy, but my wife's broad shoulders are cooler than his benign rule.

Varia.

Reformed. T.J., though a good-natured lad, was hot-tempered. At the slightest provocation he flew into a passion. Provocation came rarely from persons, but it came abundantly from other sources, and then—Woe betide the offender!—boots, books, fists, anything was freely sent flying about, whoever or whatever the offender might be. T. J. knew his defect, and many an hour of regret it gave him. Many were his resolutions to amend, but all to no use; nature was too strong for him. Nature was, however, finally overcome, and T. J. acquired full control over his temper.

The story of his conversion is so strange that, if I believed in fairies, I should say that some good but mischievous sprite of that frolicsome band, played him a trick.

Of all things that told hard on the nerves of the hot-tempered boy nothing equalled the howling of a dog at night. That he could not bear or understand; it was so woebegone, so harrowing, and so senseless. "Dogs," he thought, "set up their dismal howl without the slightest reason, unless it be to plague me." He determined to be quits with dogs. No dog ever howled within his reach without catching it.

But strange to say, T. J. is indebted to the howling of a dog for his present self-control. T. J. used to sleep in a bed close to the wall to which he used to turn his face. He dreamt one night of—What do you think? Of his own dog howling. There it stood before him howling such a nerve-shaking howl as

never before any dog howled. Impulsive and passionate as usual, T. J. launched out at the dog with hand and foot. Bang!—Poor dog! —No. Poor wall! Poor toes! Poor knuckles! Poor T. J.! T. J. awoke and howled a real howl as bad as the howl of the dog of his dream.

He was reformed. From that night forward neither man nor beast could ruffle his even temper.

Contributed.

* * *

Politeness. In these days of high prices it is very refreshing to consider that politeness costs nothing. Though even that remark is not universally true. A man was reprimanding his son for incivility, and reminded him that it does not cost anything to be polite. The son did not agree. "Have you ever," he asked his father, "tried writing 'Yours very respectfully' at the end of a telegram?"

* * *

1. *Chinese Peculiarities.* The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He rides with his heels in his stirrups, instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This is to deceive evil spirits).

His favourite present to his parents is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

His mourning colour is white.

To bore a hole he uses an instrument that works up and down, instead of around.

The children of a Chinese school study out loud.

2. For clearness read Macaulay. For logic read Burke and Bacon. For action read Homer and Scott. For conciseness read Bacon and Pope. For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling. For imagination read Shakespeare and Defoe. For common sense read Benjamin Franklin. For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold. For smoothness read Addison. For interest in common things read Jane Austen. For simplicity read Burns and Whittier. For humour read Chaucer, Cervantes and Jerome K. Jerome. For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot. For choice of individual words read Keats and Tennyson. For loving and patient observation of nature read Walton.

Contributed by M. G. (an Old Boy).

* * *

1. *An Old Customer.*—A judge was examining a thief who had been in prison very often.

"You have been seventeen times before the court," said the judge at last. "I shall have to fine you £25 this time, or—"

"My Lord," said the thief making a deep bow, "Can't you make a reduction as I am such an old customer?"

2. *Obedying Orders.* "Look here, John," said a country Vicar to his gardener one day, "You have planted only one of those four apple-trees."

"Yes, Master," said the gardener, "you told me to plant them well-apart, so I have planted one in your garden and three in mine."

3. *Logic.* "This is not a smoking carriage" said the guard on the train.

"I am not smoking," said the traveller.

"But you have your pipe in your mouth."

"I have my teeth in my mouth, but I am not biting you."

GEORGE J. JOHN.

* * *

Scene. A railway carriage. An old lady at one end, evidently very uncomfortable and in very bad humour. An old gentleman at the other end, evidently delighted with his long pipe and its rings of smoke.

Old Lady (Very angry and very indignant). "Sir, is smoking allowed in this carriage?"

Old Gent. (Very blandly). "Certainly, Madam, you may smoke as much as you please."

* * *

1. A. What do you think? Is it to the owner of the bird or to the owner of the garden that the eggs belong, if a peacock lays in a neighbour's garden?

B. Of course to the owner of the garden.

A. Well, that's rather hard lines for the owner of the bird.

B. They might compromise, and go half and half.

A. I don't think either would gain anything by the transaction, for peacocks do not lay eggs even in other peoples' gardens.

2. *Pupil.* You did not give me good marks in the examination.

Teacher. Well, no; for, you see, I weigh the papers very carefully, and give marks accordingly.

Pupil. That's it, is it? If I give you 1 lb. of paper next time, shall I get good marks?

D. JEGANATHAM.

* * *

A contributor from Trevandrum (with an illegible name) sends the solution of the puzzle given in March, p. 38, and sends another of the same kind.

"Fill up the vacant spaces in the diagram with any numbers so that the sum of the numbers may be 65 whether added in parallel lines or diagonally."

17				15
11				9

Editorial Notes.

To

Students who wish to contribute to the Magazine,

You must recollect, my dear boys, that the Editor has a very hard job four times a year; a very hard job indeed. He receives many contributions from students and disappoints many contributors. When he chooses papers for the Magazine, he has to leave his contributor altogether out of consideration and consider solely and exclusively the readers and whether a sufficient number of them will care to read the contribution. Many contributions from students cannot be printed, not because they are not very good, as good and sometimes better than the contributor, but because the subject treated or the treatment are not what the readers of the Magazine want.

You must also recollect that the readers of the Magazine are very fastidious; much more hard to please than the editor. It is of course with the editor that disappointed contributors quarrel, not with the readers. All that the editor can do is to choose to the best of his fallible judgment what

the readers would like to read or what they ought, at least a large number of them, to like to read.

Another point to be recollected is that work contributed to the Magazine by students should be excellent work, in fact a model of what a student's work should be. But 'good goods are rolled in small packages'; really good work should be short. Unfortunately the work we receive is almost always encyclopaedic; two or three of the papers sent in would fill the forty pages of the Magazine. Besides, readers know very well that good essays are short, and they are content with reading the shortest papers that we print.

The editor must, therefore, beg of students who wish to contribute, to be good enough to have a chat with him about the subject they wish to treat. He may be able to make a useful suggestion, v.g., as to the aspect of the subject which readers would like to consider, or as to the subject itself. Such a chat would prevent certainly (1) disappointment to the zealous contributor, probably (2) much hesitation and anxiety to the editor, presumably (3) some of the dissatisfaction expressed

in criticism of the papers accepted and printed, and possibly (4) the fear of disappointment which makes some students hesitate to send in contributions.

Some interesting papers have to be held over till our next number appears.

* * *

Landseer's pictures 'War' and 'Peace,' already appeared in the Magazine in September and December

1913. Little did we think then that within a year we should have to give so many pages in every issue of our paper to the terrible reality of War. The students of 1913 were very much interested in both pictures, particularly in the picture of Peace. We have reprinted them in hopes that they will be still more interesting to the students of 1918, and that each will 'do his bit' to bring nearer the day when we shall be able to print the picture of Peace without its companion, War.

College Notes.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the success of K. Swaminathan who won the First gold medal in the Prize-Essay Competition instituted by the Sadhu Sangha Maha Sabah of Madras. The subject of the essay was 'Loyalty to the British Government'. The medal was won in January last, but the good news reached the Magazine only quite recently. We trust it is not too late to offer our congratulations to the medalist. Well done, Swaminathan!

Medical.

A letter from the Director of Public Instruction received in May conveyed the expression of a desire on the part of the Government that something should be done, especially in large institutions, in the way of medical supervision, both with a view to keeping out students whose presence might constitute a danger to the health of other students, as also to help students in the general care of their health.

In deference to this desire and in accordance with the suggestions made by the Director in his letter, it was decided to start Medical Supervision in the Institution.

Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., was appointed to be the College Medical Officer from 1st August. Dr. Rajan is an "Old Boy." He enjoys considerable reputation as a learned and successful medical practitioner; he holds English titles; he maintains a staff of his own, two dispensaries and a private hospital. His two assistants, Mr. Swaminathan and Mr. Naganathan are also "Old Boys" and licensed medical practitioners.

The qualifications of the practitioners, the facilities likely to result to the College from the nature of the establishment maintained by Dr. Rajan, his well-known interest in the health of the students, and his equally well-known devotedness to the College, were the reasons which guided the College authorities in their choice. These reasons, it must be admitted, carry weight.

It is intended to have a College dispensary at Clive's for the benefit of all the students, College and School. An order has already been placed with the Medical authorities, through the Director of Public Instruction, for medical appliances and medicines, which will, we trust, be supplied at concession rates by the Govt. Medical Stores, Madras. Medicines will be supplied to

students free, and medical attendance and medical certificates will be given free to all students of the Institution by the College Medical Officer.

A medical fee of Re. 1 is levied on all students, College and School, to defray the expenses of the medical establishment. The income derived from this fee will only just meet the expenses of the College Dispensary and of the medical staff. But Dr. Rajan says he is not out money-making; he will be satisfied with the balance left after the purchase of medicines.

Medical inspection is in full swing. About three-fourths of the College Dept. have gone through the ordeal—for an ordeal it was, in the opinion of many students. The wildest rumours were spread about it, e.g., that the medical inspection was a first step towards conscripting boys for the army! So far no case of exclusion* on medical grounds has been found. The Medical Officer has sent in his report of the I.U.C.

Medical Inspection Report of the First University Class, 1918.

Out of 259 examined, it was found that only 60 boys weighed 120 lbs. and more. The average age is about 17½ years and the average height 5 feet. 4 inches. Boys weighing less than 120 lbs. have to be considered as physically below the normal. 199 boys are undersized and underweight. But of the 259 examined, 151 are completely free from any ailment; 101 are suffering from the following ailments:

Throat, 43; Skin, 32; Heart, 11; Nose, 10; Teeth, 10; Eyes, 9; General weak chest development, 3; Miscellaneous, 3.

Most of the ailments are a result either of a bad habit, e.g., throat trouble is often due to habitually breathing through the mouth, instead of breathing through the nose, or of living in insanitary conditions; these can be rectified. Those pertaining to the heart may require prolonged treat-

* Not from the army, but from the College. Ed.

ment. Exercise in the open air and some system of regulated exercise will be sufficient to stimulate growth. Boys in the Junior class have got more time to devote to physical exercise than those in examination-going classes. It is, therefore, incumbent on them to look to their health this year.
23rd August 1918.

* * *

A meeting was held of the lay staff of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly on Saturday (24-8-18), in the Lawley Hall, to invite subscriptions to the (War) Loan from the professors and teachers. The Principal explained the conditions offered by the College authorities to enable them to invest in War Bonds. The College will advance the desired amount to intending investors; the advance will be repaid in 20 instalments, if the amount subscribed is Rs. 500 or above; in 12 instalments, if the investment is below Rs. 500. Facilities are also offered for teachers not drawing high salaries to take Post Office cash certificates. The subscriptions so far amount to Rs. 5,000. A suggestion was made by Mr. G. Vaithianatha Iyer and supported by other teachers, to invest the Teachers' Provident Fund in War Bonds. The suggestion will be placed before the Managing Committee, St. Joseph's College Teachers' Provident Fund, at a special meeting to be held in the near future.

Madras Mail (30-8-18).

Badminton.

The College Badminton Tournament, 1918.—The 8th annual Badminton Tournament came off this year early in September. As usual, it attracted a large number of entries from moffussil and town clubs, including such well-known teams as Mannargudy, the Haldwell and Palace Hesperus of Tanjore. Fine Badminton was witnessed throughout by a numerous and enthusiastic crowd of visitors.

Among the many interesting matches of this Tournament special mention

must be made of the contest between the S.P.G. team and our old friends the *Allies*. The latter team, consisting of *Old Boys*, is a great favourite, and the excellent display of fine, smart play elicited constant applause; but the veterans had no more their former steadiness, and in spite of their splendid fight, they lost the match by the odd game in three. Their juniors, the College team, made also a good stand, but they are not yet equal to their elders; they are chiefly deficient in self-possession. Akbar, however, played a most excellent game and gave promise of being soon a most powerful Badminton player.

The *Hesperus* team, led by the veteran player Yoganath, made strenuous efforts to win, but the powerful *Haldwell* team proved superior. Under the master strokes of these remarkable players, the S.P.G. team completely collapsed and made a very poor display in the finals.

Our congratulations go to the *Haldwell* team who have secured the Shield for the second time.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Blackstone who kindly consented to distribute the prizes, and to the distinguished visitors who came to encourage our

boys. Among them we must mention particularly Mr. Blackstone, Mrs. Gaby, Mr. Cockaine, Dr. Rajan, our popular Dy. Superintendent of Police Mr. A. K. Rajah Iyer, our energetic secretary Mr. Matrubutham Iyer, Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar, Mr. V. K. Narayana Aiyangar, and many other 'Old Boys'. The whole function was brought to a close by a felicitous speech by our President, Mr. Arpudaswami Udyara.

The T. A. A. Badminton Tournament between High Schools:—

This Tournament attracted only 4 entries. The S.P.G. team was easily defeated by the *Srirangam* High School. A stiff match between our team and the *National* High School resulted in a win for us. Akbar was conspicuous by his efficient cuts and his placing. But unhappily he lost his form in the final match between our School and the *Srirangam* High School and we narrowly escaped being defeated. The *Srirangam* centre played a splendid game, and but for our good defensive game would have brought victory to his side.

This is the first T.A.A. Tournament of the season, and our boys are glad to have made a good start by winning the shield.

Obituary.

It is with deep regret that we record the unexpected death on Monday the 22nd July, of V. R. Sundaresan, a promising student of the IV U.C., Gr. I. Shortly after joining the College after the summer vacation, he was taken ill with intermittent fever. Some of his friends noticing evident signs of ill-health, advised him to undergo good medical treatment. He went for this purpose to Kumbakonam on the 13th July, and died there on the 22nd.

V. R. Sundaresan was held in high esteem by all who knew him as a young man of gentlemanly manners and of high ideals. He was especially known to his co-boarders at Clive's and to his fellow-students in G. I, IV U.C., as a student of unsurpassed industry. He held the Zamindar Scholarship and proved worthy of it by his success in the Promotion Examination at the end of the III U.C. His friends feel his loss keenly, for they do not expect to meet with many young men like V. R. Sundaresan.

We offer our heartfelt condolence to his bereaved parents and brothers, and to the young widow of thirteen whom he leaves to mourn his loss.

P. N. ARUNACHELAM,
IV U. C., Gr. I.

* * * *

Rev. Father Gnanapragasam died in Trichinopoly on Wednesday the 7th, August. He was one of the oldest 'Old Boys', and one of the group of six boys who appeared for the Matriculation Examination in 1867 and were the first whom St. Joseph's presented for the Madras University Examinations. After passing the F. A. examination in 1869, he joined the Society of Jesus; he was then nineteen years old. Father Gnanapragasam was for so many years professor of English in the B.A. classes that he is well remembered by all the older 'Old Boys', and we have reason to hope that they will contribute some

reminiscences for a biographical notice which so many desire.

* * * *

News from Mesopotamia of the death from pneumonia of J. Mariadoss very shortly after his arrival there in July, came upon us as a very painful surprise. Mariadoss has been eight years in the High School, and was in the VI Form last year. He was a very strong, healthy lad, was admitted without hesitation when he presented himself for training in the I.D.F. He was in the first batch, and was able to appear for the last S.S.L.C. examination. He applied for work in Mesopotamia soon after the examination and was at once accepted. A few days after his arrival at Basra he fell ill and in spite of his magnificent constitution succumbed to the illness.

We trust his parents will accept this expression of our sympathy with them in their loss which has been made all the more distressing by another death in the family during the influenza epidemic in Trichinopoly.

Business Notes.

Subscriptions.—(i) Students, in the College Department, Re. 1 per annum; in the VI Form, As. 8 per annum: payable in two equal instalments to the College Writer, along with the second instalment of the tuition fee. (ii) All others, Rs. 1-8-0 per annum including postage. (iii) Single copies, As. 8.

Management.—Articles or communications of any kind for publication, to be addressed to the Editor of The Magazine, St. Joseph's College; *orders, remittances, and advertisements, to the Manager of The Magazine.*

Contributions.—The Magazine is devoted to Literature, Science, History, Philosophy Mental and Moral, and in general, to all that may be of use or interest to students, present and past. Special attention is given to moral subjects.

Contributions will be received and published, but (i) only under the sanction of the Editor, whose decision in the matter will be final, and (ii) on the distinct understanding that publication does not imply approval or responsibility. Manuscripts will not be returned.

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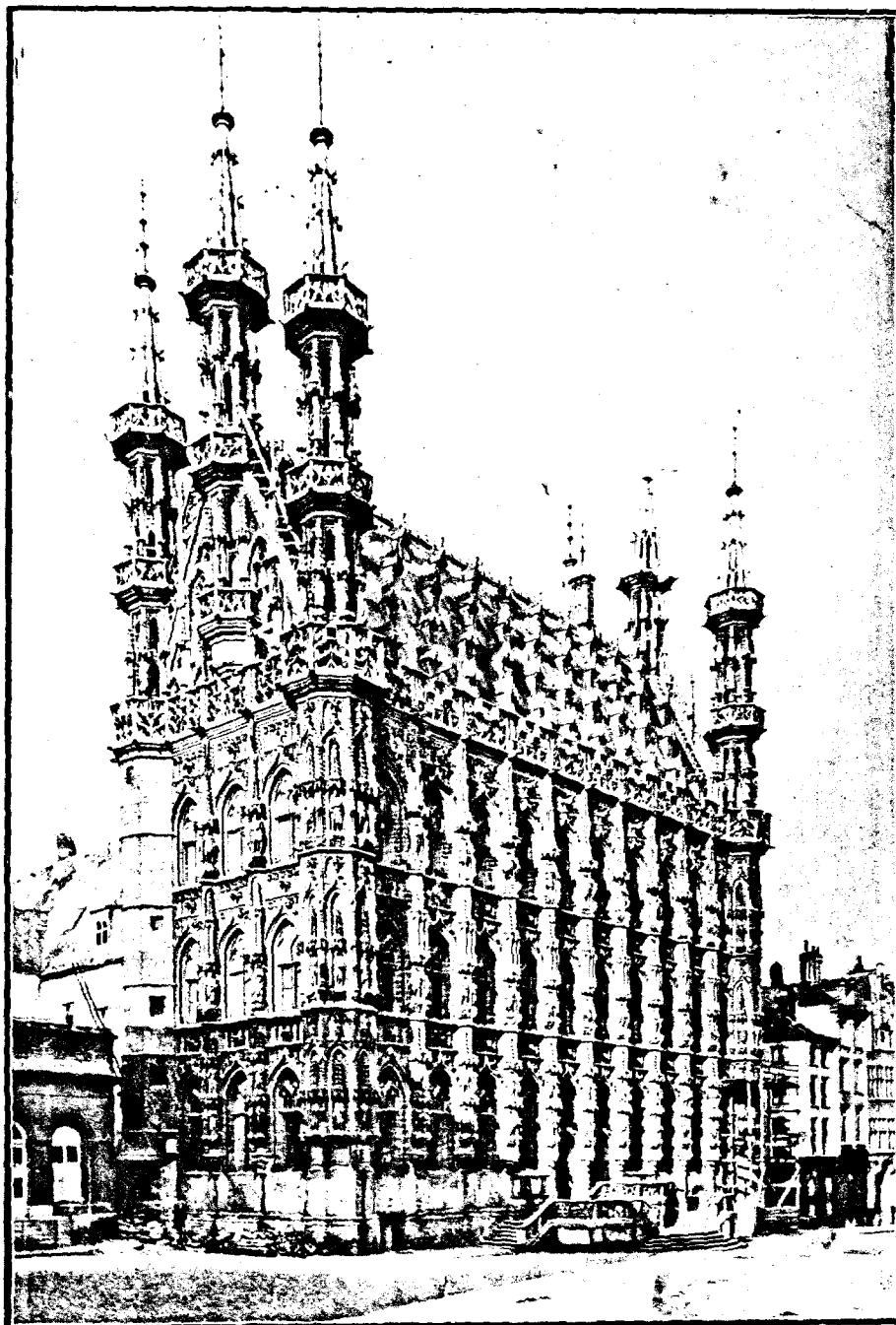
The Stonyhurst Magazine, Wales.
June '18.

S.P.G. High School Magazine, Trichinopoly, April '18.

Lumina, Ohio, Cleveland, St. Ignatius College, June '18.

The Journal of The Kumbakonam College Literary Society, Kumbakonam, July '18.

The Fergusson College Magazine, Poona, July '18.



THE LOUVAIN TOWN HALL.

(As it was.)

The Magazine.

St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

Vol. 7, No. 4,]

[December 1918.

The War: 4th Aug. - 20th Oct., 1918.

Introduction.

The War is a modern five act morality play with Humanity as its hero; the acts correspond to the years. The triumph of the hero is in doubt till the end of the fourth act, when the climax occurs; in the fifth, Humanity definitively gains the upper hand over his enemy, Barbarism.

The five acts are as follows:—

I Act. 1914 - 1915 August. Barbarism makes an unexpected attack on Humanity, who receives a very nasty blow and barely escapes death, (Belgium, to the outskirts of Paris). Humanity rallies, and hits back an equally staggering blow (the Marne). Meanwhile Humanity's friend, Russia, diverts the attention of Barbarism and his Ally Austria-Hungary from his victim. Turkey joins Barbarism. Russia at first receives a hard knock, but recovers, and sets upon Austria-Hungary, while Humanity tackles the Turk. (East Prussia, Galicia, Dardanelles campaigns.) Another friend, Italy, attracted by the promise of good things to come, joins Humanity, who has been busy pounding his chief enemy in Flanders. (Neuve-Chapelle.)

II Act. 1915 - 1916 August. Humanity's friends Russia and Serbia receive, the former a serious set-back (Poland campaign), the latter a mortal blow (Serbia conquered), chiefly owing to Barbarism's securing a worthy Ally in Bulgaria. Humanity, deprived of his

friends' support, is sorely tried, but does not lose hope: for five months he struggles valiantly with his enemy, (Verdun), and at last shakes off his grip, (the Somme).

III Act. 1916 - 1917 August. Humanity seems to be gaining the upper hand; Rumania, in the expectation of a great reward, joins him in the hour of his triumph; (the Somme, Arras, and Champagne battles). But Barbarism has friends in Russia, and they contrive to bring about Russia's fall, and that of Rumania in consequence. Humanity redoubles his efforts; but the day seems to be going against him.

Meanwhile a very powerful friend declares that he will join Humanity and stand or fall with him. (U. S. A.)

IV Act. 1917 - 1918 August. Barbarism musters all his strength. Humanity inflicts on him a series of heavy blows, (Flanders). Unable to make headway there, and profiting by a respite enforced by untoward conditions, Barbarism hits Italy a shrewd blow, which very nearly proves mortal, and Humanity, already sore beset, must go to the rescue of his Ally, (Caporetto.)

Then leaving his Ally Austria to keep watch over Italy, Barbarism hurls himself time and again with his whole might against Humanity, meaning to destroy him before his helper can come to his rescue from across the ocean, (March - 17th July.) Though badly bruised, Humanity by his superior wisdom and the help of God, avoids a

mortal blow, whereas Barbarism exhausts himself.

The climax: last scene, IV Act, 18th July - August. For the second and last time Humanity inflicts a staggering blow on his enemy (the Marne).

V Act. 1918 August—? And before Barbarism can recover; Humanity, helped now by his strong friend from across the ocean, hits out blow upon blow, so that Barbarism reels and staggers back toward his own home. Barbarism's friends prove to be broken reeds on whom he cannot rely: (Bulgaria falls under the first blow, Turkey is staggered, Austria-Hungary is going to pieces.)¹

N.B.—The spectator who has carefully followed the rapid course of events from the climax through the first three scenes of the V Act, will be able to form a tolerably definite opinion about the probable duration of this last Act.

The German Victories.

21st March—17th July, 1918.

The climax in the War was reached on the 16th - 17th July. Out of the four months of darkness, the dawn came, and the dawn soon brightened into full day.

Four months of darkness preceded the dawn. **FIRST**, on the 21st March a force of 64 German divisions—a greater force than the entire British army in France at that date—struck at the 5th British army, which held the southern end of the British line, broke it, and drove the Allies from the outskirts of St. Quentin across the Somme, through the outer to the inner defences of Amiens, which city thus came under the enemy's guns. **THEN** the Germans tried to crush Plumer's forces in Flanders, after destroying the Portuguese division at Neuve Chapelle.

Fought to a standstill in BOTH these sections, the Germans turned upon the

French holding the line of Rheims - Soissons along the Chemin des Dames and the Aisne. By this **THIRD** surprise attack with massed troops, they defeated the French armies supported by some tired British divisions from Flanders, and forced their way south to the Marne at Chateau-Thierry, and west towards Paris, before they were brought to a standstill. A **FOURTH** attack with the object of joining the Montdidier and the Chateau-Thierry salients into one, was smashed up five miles from its starting point.

The Germans were fighting against time. In the fortnight after the defeat of the 21st March, 300,000 British troops crossed the Channel and made good the losses of the 5th army; and America, in answer to an urgent appeal, hastened the dispatch of her troops, which now began to cross the Atlantic at the rate of 10,000 a day. It was necessary for Ludendorff to obtain the decision before the American armies made their presence felt; if he could not obtain it now, he could not obtain it then.

This consideration doubtless decided Ludendorff to attempt the Final Peace Offensive as he called it, the **FIFTH** and, as it proved, last gigantic effort to overwhelm the French armies at once. The result was a colossal failure on the Marne, just as the fifth year of the War was ushered in.

The plan of the Allied offensive was submitted to Foch as early as the 12th July, before the enemy had launched his last offensive; after approval it was returned to the Generals concerned, the following day, and it was to be launched as soon as the enemy was definitely committed to his venture. The moment chosen by the French Generals to strike, could not have been bettered. They struck when the enemy, under-rating his opponent's genius and stamina, had run his head into a noose south of the Marne.

The details of the German disaster have been given in the previous issue of the Magazine; it is sufficient here to

state that by the 4th of August—the beginning of the V Act and of the 5th year—the catastrophe had occurred. It was now manifest that Barbarism could not win, and that Humanity had at last unmistakably assumed the upper hand. The Germans had lost 40,000 prisoners, (one-tenth of what they were to lose in the next three months), and a prodigious quantity of war material which they had accumulated in the Chateau-Thierry salient for the final advance on Paris. Driven behind the Vesle, they were feverishly strengthening their positions, and preparing, not to march on Paris or Calais, but to ward off impending attacks. The last reserve divisions, a score or so, were thrown into the struggle in a reckless fashion which must have delighted the impassible Foch. The IV Act was over. The curtain rose in the V Act upon Humanity now fully confident of his ability to overcome his antagonist, and upon Barbarism now conscious of impending doom.

The German Defeats. Preliminary.

The defeat on the Marne threw Berlin into despair. "Such outbreaks of utter discouragement and down-heartedness have never before been witnessed," wrote the *Berlin Tageblatt*. Other papers exhorted the Huns to stop "moaning and groaning." The population whose hopes had been buoyed up till then by frequent bulletins of victories, real, or fictitious in default of real, began to reckon with the possibility of ultimate defeat, notwithstanding all Hindenburg's bluster. The *Vorwärts* said: "The German people at last realizes the colossal gravity of the situation;" and a Bremen paper: "Black and dark is the hour. The sacrifices made by the people are immeasurable, and the fifth year of the War will demand gigantic sacrifices..."

In other words, those self-appointed civilizers, the Huns, were beginning to realize that the hour of retribution was coming; through boundless ambitions, and vast conquests, and unspeakable crimes, they had reached

at last the threshold of defeat. In appearances they were still masters, but appearances were deceptive, and the ringing of the Allies' blows sounded even in Berlin. They had won scores of battles, conquered enormous extents of territory, pillaged a dozen states and provinces, occupied the capitals of Belgium, Serbia, and Rumania, tightened their hold on Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria, and broken into the East. The Kaiser ruled more millions of subjects and slaves than at any previous moment of the War. Yet Germany was beaten as certainly as if the Allies held Berlin; and Berlin had begun to grasp that fact.

Belgium and Industrial France were still held securely behind the Hindenburg and other lines and the Flanders fortifications; they were held, if the worst should happen, as pawns for the return of the German colonies, an unmolested return to the Rhine, the untroubled possession of the enslaved countries in the East, a happy shake-hands all round, and a forgive-and-forget-and-be-friends-for-evermore, — till the next time.

In appearances Germany had won. The strange thing was that the Allies would not listen to any proposal of peace. Germany was in possession; could she hold what she had taken? The Allies thought not, and the Huns were wroth at their stubbornness.

The reality did not correspond to the appearances. The reality was—an exhausted people losing its hold on its allies and on conquered nations, deprived of its colonies and shut off from the world, and suffering unheard of privations in the midst of its wholesale plunder of conquered territories; shorn of its manhood; and confronted with a close-knit league of avengers resolved to end for ever the abomination of Germany, even though in doing so they should have to end Germany herself.

Berlin began to realize, after the Marne, that the alternatives were sur-

¹ *Note.*—The above remark was written on the 20th October. Writing on the 10th November we should say: "Turkey collapses; Austria-Hungary goes to pieces."

render at discretion and the consequences to the authors and the race that willed this crime, or fight on till annihilation.

The period under review is a period of unbroken success for the Allies. They have drained the enemy's resources while increasing their own, and have flung him from position after position which he had fortified with the utmost skill, and upon which he believed he could make a victorious stand that would induce the baffled Allies to a compromise and a peace on not ignoble terms. They have wrested from his grasp the territory gained in the March-July offensives, forced him back to his starting point on the impregnable Hindenburg line, breached and stormed that line and two others in the rear of it, and are still irresistibly forcing their way onward to the Rhine. Day by day the capture is reported of fresh positions and territory: St. Quentin,

La Fère, Laon, Cambrai, St. Mihiel, Lille, Douai, the Belgian coast, Courtrai, etc.; and the stolen pawns are taken back which he meant to exchange with.

Only the barest outline of these great deeds can be given here. The record is a story of one long drawn battle raging from the North Sea to Lorraine, unceasing by day or by night; and signalized at frequent intervals by more terrible Allied attacks, greater captures of prisoners, and larger conquests of territory. These greater attacks will be given; but it must be remembered that the battle is one, and that quiescence in one region is only comparative inactivity in a battle which pauses or rages from end to end of the line in response to the bidding of a supreme master's mind.

A tabulated synopsis of the greater attacks will give the reader some idea of the German defeats.

Date.	Attack; by whom, where.	Prisoners.	Guns.
Aug. 8th.	Br. and Fr east of Amiens, from Morlan- court to the Avre, 25 miles.	17,000	200
" 10th.	Fr. near Montdidier 8th - 10th...	30,000	
" 18th.	" Noyon - Soissons 10 miles ...	10,000	
" 20th.	" Oise to Aisne 16 " ...		
" 21st.	Br. Ancre to Moyenneville 10 " ...	14,000	
" 23rd.	" Lihons to Mercatel 30 " ...		
" 26th.	" along Scarpe and Sensée ...	12,000	100
Sept. 2nd.	" Drocourt - Quéant 20 miles ...	16,000	100
" 12th.	Fr. & Am. St. Mihiel 20 " ...	15,000	100
" 18th.	{ Br. north of St. Quentin 15 " ...	10,000 by Br. alone.	
	{ Fr. south " " 7 " ...		
" 26th.	Fr. & Am. Suippe to Meuse 40 miles ...	19,000	
" 27th.	Br. towards Cambrai and Douai ...	16,000	200
" 28th.	Bel. & Br. Dixmude to Ypres ...	9,000	200
Oct. 3rd.	{ Br. towards Cambrai 8 miles ...	4,000	
	{ Fr. " St. Quentin ...	2,800	
" 8th.	Br. Cambrai - St. Quentin 20 miles ...	11,000	200
	Fr. Champagne 5 " ...	10,000	
	Fr. & Am. on the Meuse 7 " ...		
" 14th.	Bel. Fr. & Br. Courtrai to the sea ...	13,000	100
" 17th.	Br. Am. & Fr. Le Cateau to Oise ...	6,000	
" 18th.	Br. Sensée Canal to Lys ...	3,000	
" 20th.	Br. Le Cateau to Denain ...	3,000	

. These figures do not exhaust the total captures of prisoners and guns.¹ The table is intended to show the frequency of the Allies' attacks, and their power to conduct several attacks either simultaneously or in rapid succession, far apart or on a continuous front ranging in extent from 20 or 40 miles to the whole western battlefield.

The German Defeats.—August.—Amiens Salient.

After the conclusion of the Battle of the Marne, Foch was created Marshal; Sir D. Haig congratulated him on his attaining to the highest military rank, in terms of warm friendship, which, at this stage of the War, read like a prophecy: ".....congratulate you on this great distinction which we all take to be a happy augury for the future."²

Haig was to be the first to bear out the happy augury. While the Germans were busy explaining to an incredulous world that they had retreated from the Marne "according to plan", Foch was preparing another blow; having thrown the enemy into confusion and snatched the initiative, he was going to keep it and to force the enemy to bend to his will, and the instruments chosen were those very British and French armies which Germany believed she had shattered into impotence or exhausted in her Marne offensive. On the 8th

¹ Note.—15th July - 31st October, the Allies have taken 354,000 German prisoners rank and file, 8000 officers, 6,217 guns, and 38,622 machine guns.

(10th November.)

² Note.—SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S CONGRATULATIONS:—"Please allow me, my dear Marshal, on my own behalf and that of all ranks of the British armies under my command, to send you our very heartiest congratulations on your attaining to the highest military rank. It is a fitting recognition of your magnificent work for the Allies ever since the commencement of the War now so gloriously crowned by this second victory of the Marne."

"It is especially pleasing to me personally, who have been associated so intimately and so continuously with you ever since October 1914, to be able to congratulate you to-day on this great distinction, which we all take to be a happy augury for the future."

and 10th August the British and French began the first of the series of great attacks; the section chosen was the entrenched German position between Albert and the Oise. It freed Amiens and its railways from gun-fire, liberated hundreds of villages, and yielded 17,000 prisoners, 300 guns, and incalculable quantities of material "ranging in bulk from railway trains and heavy guns to a box of iron crosses." American troops shared in this great victory by a brilliant attack in conjunction with the British at Morlancourt, which was stormed in 40 minutes. The German papers admitted that this blow by Rawlinson and Debeney "hit them hard"; the semi-official agency, however, ascribed the victory "to surprise and thick fog." Even this lame apology would not always be available.

While this attack was in full swing in the direction of Peronne, Chaulnes, and Roye, and the Huns were performing superhuman efforts to readjust the shattered line, a second attack suddenly (10th) developed on the French right, where the 3rd French army under General Humbert made an onslaught on the enemy's front between Roye and Noyon. Progress was made on the Montdidier-Noyon road, and a point four miles from Roye was reached. Montdidier was enveloped, and its garrison laid down their arms after some street-fighting. The three days' battle had completely freed the Boulogne-Amiens-Paris, and the-Amiens Compiègne railways, and removed the threat to Amiens. Amiens, through which only 20 trains a day had been passing, compared with 100 before the menace of the German guns, was made safe for traffic.

The week's fighting yielded us 34,000 prisoners and 675 guns, besides a most valuable gain of territory and railways. In consequence of the defeat south of Albert, the enemy abandoned his forward positions further north, at Beaumont-Hamel, Bucquoy, and Serre. The moral results of the battle were also great: the Pan-German organ described the happenings bet-

ween the Somme and the Avre as "the most serious defeat of the War."

After the attacks on the Albert-Noyon section, the British began to press forward in Flanders, and on the 20th recaptured Merville, an advance of no great importance in itself, but significant of Germany's weakness, and destined to develop at no very distant date into the expulsion of the enemy from Flanders and the Belgian coast. In the course of the operations leading up to the capture of Merville, 6,000 prisoners were taken. Yet a little while, and the "strategic retreat" from the advanced bastions of the Flanders ridges—Kemmel and Wytschaete—would be an accomplished fact, and the Hun legions would have died in vain. The self-installed prophet and leader of a chosen race was not to have the privilege even of gazing on the promised land, which lay dreaming in its summer haze beyond the 20 miles of the Channel waters.

Foch's "demoniacal" strategy was however only just beginning to come into play. The Huns were to learn that the great game of War is understood also west of the Rhine, although it is not loved for its own sake. Hindenburg and Ludendorff were to make the discovery, if they had not now made it, that they had met their master,—a cool, clear, quick brain, directing blows with unerring precision now at the enemy's weakest now at his strongest positions, disconcerting by the rapidity of its play, and wielding its forces to a preordained and inevitable end.

To the south the battle began again at Foch's bidding, when General Mangin on the 18th struck at the enemy on a 10-mile front between Noyon and Soissons, and again on the 20th on a 16-mile front from Bailly to the Aisne. The advance gave the French the high ground immediately to the east of the Oise, and the villages of Vezaponin, Cuts, and Pontoise; it brought them to the extreme western spurs of the Chemin des Dames, and secured positions whence they could outflank the Germans at Noyon or turn them on the

Vesle. The enemy realized his danger, and a few days later retreated between the Matz and the Aisne. Between the 18th and the 23rd, Mangin advanced 12 miles on a front of 20, and occupied the whole area between the Oise and the Ailette west of Concy le Chateau. He captured 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns. North of the Oise, Humbert's army occupied the Lassigny massif and the town, his progress being facilitated by Mangin's advance south of the Oise.

In the northern section of the battlefield the 3rd British army under Byng attacked on the 21st from Moyenneville to the Ancre, and two days later the 4th under Rawlinson extended the attack southward till it embraced the whole Somme battlefield of 1916. Considerable progress was made along the 30-mile battle front in the direction of Bapaume and Peronne. Albert, Erville, Bray, Contalmaison, Thiepval, Irles, and a score more of powerful defences, were captured, and the outskirts of Bapaume were reached on the 25th; 17,000 prisoners were taken. The four days of fighting gave us 116 square miles of strongly fortified territory, on the same battle-field where in 1916 four months of harder fighting gave us only 44 square miles. Germany's resisting power was manifestly on the decline.

The tone of the German papers sobered down more and more. Not three months had passed since they spoke as victors about to dictate terms to the Allies: Belgium was to remain German, Colonies were to be restored, the Allies were to pay huge indemnities to compensate Germany for having taken the trouble to attack them. Now the tone was: "We are fighting for Germany's life." The hero of a hundred defeats, the Crown Prince, went for a rest cure behind the front having delegated scape-goats to act in his stead and to pay the penalty of defeat. His august father was so shaken, that he came down to the level of the Krupp artificers, whom he tried to warm up into a state of fervour preparatory to exacting from them an oath to remain

loyal to him and to fight to the end. The *Cologne Gazette* cheered up its readers in no uncertain terms: "One will read that we were a race which seemed great, but in reality was small." The Hun papers have a happy knack for discovering in due time and felicitously expressing what has long since been well apprehended by civilized mankind. Later it admitted that "surprise is growing at the extent of the attack, especially of the British, which is growing daily more terrible, dwarfing even the great German onslaughts." The British in fact were on the vital section of the lines, aiming at the hinge upon which the German armies would swing back to the Meuse, if the lines protecting the hinge gave way under our pounding. The British attacks were yet only in their opening stage.

On the 27th English and Welsh troops advanced to Longueval midway between Peronne and Bapaume, while the New Zealanders obtained a footing in Bapaume itself. Simultaneously the 2nd British army under Horne opened an attack astride the Scarpe to the east of Arras, and captured Gavrelle, Roeux, and Croisilles, and secured a footing in the German positions covering Douai and Cambrai. Our total captures from the 21st to the 28th were over 26,000 prisoners.

This was not the only Allied advance. Four great armies were pounding the German positions from Ypres to above Soissons. Mangin, after very severe fighting on the high ground north of Soissons, crossed the Ailette opposite Concy and Folembray. North of the Oise, Noyon was captured on the 29th by Humbert; on his left the enemy was in retreat along a 20-kilometre front to a depth of 12; and Deberey captured Roye, Nesle, Chaulnes, and reached the line of the Somme from Roy-le-Grand. Still further north, the Australians seized Mount St. Quentin which commands Peronne; and above the Somme, Rawlinson and Byng captured Maurepas, Combles, Longueval, Flers and Bapaume. From Bapaume to the Cojeul river, Gemappe, Cherisy, Wancourt, Monchy,

etc., were stormed by Byng and Horne, and the British line was pushed 4 miles further east than in 1917, up to the Quéant-Drocourt portion of the Hindenburg line. North of Bethune we occupied Lestrem, Dranontre, and Mont Kemmel (last days of August).

The Germans must have taken due notice of the amazing fact that this series of great battles was fought by the British and French armies, which were thought to have been exhausted by the four previous months of fighting. The Americans, apart from local help such as that given at Morlancourt, had not yet entered the lists. Their presence was to be felt in September in the Verdun region, while the French and British continued their blows and brought the 8th Aug. battle to its logical conclusion, viz., the smashing of three great German defensive systems protecting Valenciennes and the approaches to Belgium from the southwest.

The German Defeats. September. Breaching the Hindenburg Line.¹

This month's victories were inaugurated by a series of British successes between Peronne and Lens. Peronne was occupied on the 1st. But that was an event of small importance compared to the success on the 2nd, when the 4th British army stormed the exceedingly formidable positions known as the Drocourt-Quéant switch line², on

¹ Note.—THE HINDENBURG LINE. "The original Hindenburg Line was completed in the winter of 1916, when the Germans feared a collapse on the Somme. As the line was originally planned, it ran from east of Arras through Bullecourt and Quéant to St. Quentin and the Aisne. Subsequently, to meet the risk of the loss of the original line, a second system—the Wotan line—or 'switch'—was constructed running behind it from east of Lens to Quéant. This was intended to protect Cambrai and Douai in case of a great British offensive from Arras.

² "In May 1917 Bullecourt was captured by the Australians, and a considerable section of the Hindenburg line fell into our hands and could be examined by British experts. Seen from in front, it is at this part a slope with a brown line along it, marking the first German trench. In front of this at a distance of 125 yards is a belt of wire 8 yards deep,

an 8000 yards front, and captured Quéant, Doignies, and Pronville, 16,000 prisoners and 100 guns.

The stubbornness of the German resistance on this section of the Hindenburg Line is seen in the large number of prisoners captured. Cambrai and Douai were now directly menaced, and the enemy's hold on the forward defences of Flanders endangered. The enemy withdrew to the neighbourhood of Neuve Chapelle, abandoned Lens, and flooded the country west and south of Douai to impede the British tanks and whippets, which apparently could do everything except swim. The same day Mangin crossed the Ailette and took 1,500 prisoners. From the Scarpe to Peronne, and from Peronne to the Ailette, two pairs of gigantic pincers were pushing forward their claws into the German positions, and the pairs of claws were closing on Cambrai and St. Quentin. With the fall of these cities, Douai and Laon would also fall, the one open to attack

the wire being of extraordinary strength, with barbs an inch long and of the thickness in places of the little finger, crossed and interlaced so closely that passage through it is most difficult. Just behind the line and commanding it are ferro-concrete positions every 100 yards, arranged to hold from 2 to 5 machine guns. In the intervals between these "pill-boxes" are other machine gun emplacements.

"Behind the first line are belts of wire arranged in a criss-cross geometrical pattern, and then, after an interval which varies according to the nature of the ground from a hundred yards to half a mile, comes a second trench. This is dug of great width, with the object of preventing tanks from crossing it.

"After the second trench is another belt of wire, and then comes the main or support line. This was dug by Russian prisoners, and has running beneath it a continuous tunnel at a depth of about 40 feet. There are staircases leading up from it every 50 yards; it has rooms opening out of it, and is lighted by electricity. Above it are a number of machine gun posts and trench mortar emplacements, which are connected with it by hoists, so that ammunition can be quickly sent up from below.

"The 'switch' is similar in construction to the Hindenburg line, with wide trenches, deep tunnels, and concrete pill-boxes for machine guns." [*Daily Mail*, 7th Sept., 1918.]

German defensive systems on the Western Front:—

A. The Hindenburg Line (known as the Wotan line from Arras to Bapaume; the Sieg-

from the south, the other from the north.

Something more than a grudging admission of Allied successes, was needed if the courage of the German people was to be kept up to the proper war pitch. The Crown Prince, never happy in his pronouncements, thought to supply that something when he informed the cannon fodder "that they were waging a war of self-defence." Even the German people does not believe that plea, except in the sense in which every anarchist who resists capture by the police believes himself to be fighting in self-defence.

Mangin's advance endangered the enemy's positions on the Oise and on the Vesle. Both positions were hurriedly abandoned in the course of the next few days, and the Franco-American force occupied the plateau overlooking the Aisne from the south. Mangin continued to exert pressure eastward from the Ailette, till he had

fried from Bapaume to Ham; the Alberich from Ham to Rheims) covers Douai, Cambrai, St. Quentin, La Fère, Laon, and joins the Aisne east of Rheims.

Behind this Line the Germans have constructed three others: the Hunding-Brunnhilde; the Lille-Metz; the Valenciennes-Givet.

B. The Hunding-Brunnhilde Line, from Lille to west of Douai, to le Catelet, Fresnoy, and the Oise, thence to the Serre east of La Fère, to Sissonne, west of Vouziers, to the heights of the Meuse. The line covers Lille, Douai, Cambrai, le Cateau, Rethel, and Metz.

C. The Lille-Metz Line, starting from the Scarpe, passes 6 miles east of Douai, and after crossing the Scheldt, turns through le Cateau to west of Hirson, Mezières, Sedan, Montmédy, Briey, and Metz, which towns it covers.

D. The Valenciennes-Givet Line starts from west of Valenciennes on the Scheldt, covers Maubeuge, and bars the way to Charleroi on the Sambre and to Namur on the Meuse. Its southern end rests on the Ardennes, a region of forest and mountain extending through Luxemburg, and effectively protecting the Rhine region against any attack from the west.

The northern ends of the first three defensive Lines rest on Lens, La Bassée, the Wyttschaete-Messines ridge, the Flanders ridges between Ypres and Menin-Roulers, Houthoult forest, and Dixmude. Powerful defences from Newport to the mouth of the Scheldt secure Belgium against attack from the sea.

occupied the lower Coucy forest, and reached Laffaux and Vauxaillon in the neighbourhood of the Chemin des Dames. His outflanking movement gave us the Soissons-Rheims plateau without firing a shot; a frontal attack would have cost 30,000 men. The German official report announced the withdrawal between the Oise and the Aisne in these terms: "We completely freed ourselves between the Oise and the Aisne," which, in common parlance, means "we had the heels of the enemy"—that from an enemy who had struck a medal to commemorate his triumphal entry into Paris in 1914, and was to have been there without fail on the 1st April 1918!

The Allies' grip was closing surely, if slowly, on St. Quentin, though the town itself was not to fall to a direct attack. Laon, La Fère, Cambrai, and St. Quentin were all doomed by the remorseless pressure; patience and prolonged hammering at the Hindenburg line, which we had now everywhere reached from Gouzeaucourt to the Oise, were all that was needed. Roisel was taken by the British on the 7th, Tergnier and Coucy forest by the French. St. Gobain forest was endangered by the French push along the Oise, and La Fère was dominated by the French guns from Fort Liez. The Allies crept onward: Rouppe was stormed by the British; Travecy, 3 kil. north of La Fère, by the French; St. Quentin was being outflanked.

Suddenly the battle flared up a hundred miles south of St. Quentin, where it was least expected, and where peace had reigned uninterrupted for 4 years. The demoniacal strategy of Foch was at it again. The enemy had hardly concentrated his reserves on the Cambrai-St. Quentin front, where a great battle seemed imminent, when a blow fell on the other end of the line. The St. Mihiel section was the spot chosen for the attack this time.

There on the 12th Sept. a Franco-American army attacked on a 20-mile front from Xivray to Pont-a-Mousson. That the Huns were caught napping is

shown by the capture of numerous towns undamaged—St. Mihiel, Thiaucourt, Hattonville, etc.—the Huns' nature being to remove whatever they can and to defile and destroy the remainder. 150 square miles were cleared of the Huns, the bulge south of Verdun was shortened from 40 to 20 miles, and 15,000 prisoners and 200 guns were captured. (12th-15th.) The battle of St. Mihiel signalized the entry of the Americans into the field as an independent force.

Leaving the Americans to continue the task of pressing forward from the St. Mihiel salient, Foch next directed his forces to strike along the Ailette and between the Aisne and the Vesle. On the 15th and 16th Mangin gained a deal of valuable ground in that region, took 4,000 prisoners, threatened Laon, and weakened the enemy's hold on the outer defences of Rheims whence the city was still subject to gunfire.

On the 18th, another blow, heavier still, was delivered by the French from Essigny le Grand to St. Quentin (7 miles) and by the British from St. Quentin to Gouzeaucourt (16 miles.) The advance resulted in the capture of 10,000 prisoners by the British alone, and brought us abreast of the Hindenburg line beyond the point held on the 21st March. The Huns had again been outwitted. On the eve of the attack, they wisely got in the first blow at Mœuvres north of the point of attack, and forced us back from the village; our attack came below Mœuvres where the Huns did not foresee it, it breached the Hun lines, and incidentally recovered Mœuvres itself.

These rapid blows put the Huns in a peaceful mood. Austria, with Germany's approbation, put forward peace proposals (15th) which had three main objects: to obtain favourable terms before the military situation was irretrievably jeopardized; to set the Entente Powers discussing, perhaps quarrelling, instead of striking; and should these two objects fail, to persuade their own peoples that the Allies were to blame for the continuance of the struggle. This

last object was well worth trying to secure, for the Central Empires were weary of a struggle which they had brought about, but which had been protracted years beyond their calculations, and was ending in a way which even the most pessimistic had never by any chance contemplated. The pacific mood was strengthened by events in the East, where Bulgaria and Turkey, who had suffered equally with the Central Empires, had reaped much smaller profits. Both were war-weary. Bulgaria, moreover, was just then in the throes of civil dissensions, which ended later in Ferdinand's abdication; and the Allies had begun operations preliminary to the attack which was to shatter her armies and open the land to invasion from the west and south. Turkey was about to receive a blow which would annihilate her forces in Palestine, and bring the British within a march or two of Aleppo. The struggle appeared daily more hopeless to the Central Powers. From the expectation of a speedy and overwhelming victory, they had passed to the certainty of defeat; and if any doubt still remained on that score, it was to be promptly dispelled by coming events.

The reply to Austria's chatter of peace and proposals of a fool's paradise with a league of sheep and two disguised wolves trusted and free to roam among them, was a curt refusal. A more effective reply was to join battle on three successive days (26th-28th Sept.) from Verdun to the Belgian coast.

The Americans and the French began on the 26th from east of Verdun to the Argonne forest and thence to the Suippe—40 miles extent—in the region where, three years and a day before, the French had hurled themselves on the German wire entanglements, penetrated a mile or two, and then dug themselves in, baffled. The attack then barely passed the first fringe of defences; now it broke through to a depth of 6-7 miles, and the enemy was dislodged along the whole front. In two days 25,000 prisoners were taken, and the Rheims-Challerange railway was cut.

The following day, 27th, the British attacked due east through the Hunding line towards Cambrai, and stormed the inner defences of the city—Marquion, Bourlon, etc. Cambrai lay at our feet, its railway connections severed by our guns. Further north we crossed the Cambrai-Douai road. 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns fell into our hands.

On the 28th the battle extended to the Channel. King Albert launched the Belgian army which was supported by the British on its right, against the German positions from the sea north of Dixmude to Ypres. On the 29th the Belgians entered Dixmude, Staden, Passchendaele, and reached Roulers, while the British recovered the Wytscharte-Messines ridge. Two days of fighting gave us more ground than 6 months in 1917. The defensive systems between Lille and Metz were in danger of being turned from the flank. The first of a series of fine successes was won, which in another month were to restore to King Albert part of his kingdom, and wrest from Germany the priceless strip of Belgian Coast, the emblem of her victory. The battle yielded 9000 prisoners and 200 guns in equal portions to the Belgians and the British.

On the Cambrai front the British advance continued till the 29th gradually extending southward till it reached the outlying villages near St. Quentin. About this latter city the Hindenburg Line was unable to hold up our advance; we captured it and passed beyond; near Arras we smashed the second Line, the Hunding Line, and reached Cambrai from the south. Le Catelet, La Vacquerie, Masnières, Ramillies were taken, and 22,000 prisoners and 300 guns, (26th-29th.)

The end of the month saw the Huns pressed back by Mangin between Vailly and the Chemin des Dames, a steady British advance in Flanders to the Lys, and the capture by the French of the western half of the Chemin des Dames. North of St. Quentin the British were out in the open country beyond the Hindenburg and Hunding

Lines, and the French were in pursuit on a 12 kil. front of the enemy who was withdrawing between the Ailette and the Aisne.

The German Defeats. October. Breaching the Brunnhilde and the Lille-Metz Lines.

On the 1st October, the French entered St. Quentin from the south, Plumer crossed the Lys north of Lille, and severed the communications between Lille and Flanders. The enemy withdrew from Armentières, and began to remove stores from Lille. On the 2nd we closed on Cambrai; fighting occurred in the suburbs, particularly at Rumilly, where we took 1,700 prisoners.

On the 3rd we resumed the battle for Cambrai by an 8-mile attack near Sequehart, which yielded 4,000 prisoners. On the 5th the French stormed Fort Brimont and the Moronvilliers massif, and freed Rheims from further menace. The British were pursuing the enemy who was retiring towards Le Cateau near the Lille-Metz Line.

On the 8th and 9th the pace of the retreat was hurried by an Anglo-American attack between Cambrai and St. Quentin on a 20-mile front. Further south Gouraud attacked in the region of Machault on a 5-mile front, and the French and Americans pushed forward east of Verdun on the Meuse heights. The British occupied Cambrai and took 11,000 prisoners. The French and Americans forced back the Germans to practically the line they held before the attack on Verdun 1916.

To sum up: between August the 21st and October the 10th, the British 1st, 3rd and 4th armies broke through an elaborate series of defensive zones built up of heavily-fortified trench lines, including the entire Hindenburg system, on a front of 35 miles from Arras to St. Quentin. Having penetrated this battle area to a depth of 30-40 miles, they were now operating far to the east of the Hindenburg defences. During these operations they captured 110,000 prisoners and 1,200 guns. The

French captured Lassigny, and Noyon, smashed the southern half of the Hindenburg Line, and cleared the angle of the Oise and the Aisne as far as La Fère and Laon. The Americans and the French reduced the St. Mihiel salient, and drove the enemy from south Argonne, and reached the Brunnhilde Line.

On the 9th October the German official communiqué announced that they had "occupied positions in the rear, between Cambrai and St. Quentin," a modest account of a great defeat and the shattering of Lines which were considered impregnable.

The enemy retreated to Le Cateau on the Lille-Metz line, closely pursued. On the 10th the British stormed Le Cateau, and the enemy retreated still further in the direction of his last Line, the Valenciennes-Givet Line.

The retreat east of Cambrai and St. Quentin was followed on the 11th and 12th by a retreat on a 40-mile front to a depth of 7 north of the Suippe and the Aisne. On the 12th the French captured Vouziers west of the Aisne and beyond the Brunnhilde Line, and advanced along the whole Champagne front to the Ailette north of Craonne and 4 miles west of Laon. La Fère and Laon were occupied the following day. The French 4th army which brought these Champagne operations to a successful issue, took 21,003 prisoners and 600 guns between the 26th September and the 12th October.

The Germans, as events showed, were seriously short of men. So long as they held the line from Lille to Ostend, they obliged the Allies to attack frontally against the formidable defensive works which they had constructed across the main avenues of advance up the Lys, the Scheldt, the Sambre, and the Meuse. Their left flank was strongly protected by the Ardennes mountains, and the right rested on the coast. The British had broken successively three out of the four main defensive systems—the Hindenburg, the Hunding, the Lille-Metz; they were

approaching the Valenciennes-Givet, the last of these fortified systems. The French at Vouziers had breached the second Line. There was still much hard pounding to be done if the Lines were to be battered down.

Fortunately the right of the German armies was found weak, and while the pounding went on between Lille, Douai, and Valenciennes, the right yielded, and pivoting on Lille first, then on Valenciennes, swung backward till it rested on the Lys. The Belgian Coast, Ostend and Zeebrugge, Bruges and Thielt, and Courtrai were recovered.

These operations covered the period of 14th - 18th October. A strong attack was launched by a force of Belgians, French, and British between the sea and the Lys. The British captured Menin and Courtrai, the Belgians Thourout, and the French Roulers and Thielt. The drive forward of the extreme left of the Flanders army threatened to isolate Ostend, and the enemy hurriedly withdrew from the whole coast. And none too soon, for on the 19th our left reached the Dutch frontier, and our line ran through Aeltre, Eecloo, Thielt, to the Lys at Courtrai. The operations yielded 13,000 prisoners, and the priceless strip of Belgian coast; more important still, they forced back the enemy's flank and made his retreat to the Meuse a matter of a few weeks only.

Partly in consequence of the events in Belgium, and partly of British attacks which were in preparation north-east of Cambrai, the enemy withdrew from Lille, Douai, Turcoing and Roubaix (17th - 18th), where he was threatened with envelopment. A first attack was launched on the 17th towards the railway connecting the German positions at Tournai, Valenciennes, on the Oise, and thence to Rethel. A second was launched on the 18th from the Sensée Canal towards the Lys. Denain was occupied on the 19th, and Amerval, 2 miles from Valenciennes, on the 20th.

Valenciennes was now become the hinge of the German retreat in Belgium; Ghent still held out, and barred the way to Brussels, and checked the swing of the Allied left towards Antwerp.

The enemy's summary of the Allied operations of the past three months is luminous: speaking in the Hungarian Diet, the Hungarian Premier said: "We must frankly admit that we have lost the War." 19th October. The German peace proposals in October were only a round-about away of expressing the same fact. They have lost the War, on their own admission. 18th July - 18th October.

The Balkans.

In the Autumns of the first four years, the Kaiser, baffled in the West, turned to the East for comfort in his afflictions:—to Russia 1914; Serbia 1915; Russia and Rumania 1916; Russia and Rumania 1917. (Italy 1917.) An easy victory over an enemy whose blood had been priced at so much gold, or who was short of weapons, or against whom the odds were ten to one; the loot of a conquered province; and Germany tided over the Winter months, plucked up courage anew, and set to work again with the Spring in the West. Even this small comfort was denied the Huus in the Autumn of 1918.

Note.—

O how loud the sabres rattle,
O how bravely flash the swords,
When your Bosches meet in battle
Russia's unresisting hordes!
.....
But where you have met your equals,
Gun for gun and man for man,
We have noticed other sequels—
It was always you that ran;
With the fighting chances level
You assume a chastened air,
Lift your foul hands like the devil
When he's sick and takes to prayer,
And it's 'Kamerad, kindly put me in a cage,
and keep me there.'
.....
But the West—ah, there we hold you!
There, when next we come to grips,
Lies the issue which shall fold you
In the night of noon's eclipse,
With your favourite cry 'Voe victis' in your
ears and not your lips.

(Punch 6-3-18.)

The appended table is instructive:—

Date.	France, Belgium.	Bulgaria.	Turkey.
Sept. 12th.	St. Mihiel, 15,000 . prisoners.		
" 15th.		French & Serbs attack.	
" 18th.	Cambrai, 10,000 "	Greeks & British "	
" 19th.		Bulgars in retreat.	British attack.
" 23rd.		Vardar crossed.	
" 25th.		Strumnitza occupied.	
" 26th.	Champagne, 19,000 "		45,000 T. prisoners.
" 27th.	Cambrai, 16,000 "	350 guns taken.	55,000 total (and 325 guns.)
" 28th.	Belgium, 9,000 "		
" 30th.	Retreat between the Vesle & Ailette.	Surrender.	Damascus reached.

The French and the Serbs, 2 divisions and 1 respectively, started the Autumn Campaign on the 15th Sept. to the north-east of Monastir, a campaign which was to have very rapid and very decisive results. They attacked the Bulgarian positions along the mountain barrier from Vetrenik to Sokol, and stormed them before night. Serbian troops at once poured through the gap, with Yugo-Slav and French detachments in support, in the direction of Kavadar and Demir Kapu. They reached the Vardar on the 22nd, and the following day occupied the gorges through which the Salonica-Uskub railway passes, thereby severing the communications behind the army on the Vardar-Doiran front, and driving a deep wedge between that army based on Strumnitza and the army based on Uskub. The 1st Bulgarian army threatened by the Allied left flank wheeling round towards Prilep, and by the French cavalry advancing on the Prilep-Gradsko railway, its sole avenue of escape, fled in disorder. The 2nd, that on the Vardar-Doiran front, found itself exposed to annihilation by a converging attack from the Serbs and Yugo-Slavs across the Vardar, and from the Greeks and British working up from Doiran across the Belashista Range into southern Bulgaria.

The Bulgarian authorities, alive to the risks of protracting a struggle which they now saw to be hopeless, and with a shrewd appreciation of how matters stood with the Central Empires, despite promises of speedy and ample German reinforcements, accepted the inevitable and deserted their friends.

On the 26th they asked for an armistice to discuss peace terms. They were told to lay down their arms; and to ensure the permanence of the peace mood, the Allies continued to advance. On the 27th, the Serbs seized Carevoselo, and drew the net tighter round the Bulgarian army, and reached the frontier near Kustendil, 50 miles from Sofia. Two marches would have brought the Serbian cavalry to the capital, and the Bulgar conscience could not say that the Serbs had not good reason for exacting stern retribution.

Bulgaria accepted the Allies' terms on the 29th September; at noon on the 30th the terms came into force. Bulgaria surrendered at discretion: her railways were put at the Allies' disposal, her strategic positions garrisoned by Allies, her arms collected and handed over.

The campaign was ended. It had lasted a fortnight, an almost incredibly short time to achieve such momentous

results in. Not only was Bulgaria removed from the list of our enemies, but the railway communication between Berlin and Constantinople was in danger of being broken. In another fortnight the Allies entered Nish, and the Oriental express, the symbol in Germany of the existence of the Near Eastern Empire, ceased to run. Turkey was cut off, by land at least, from the Central Empires, the last train-load of Germanizers escaping before the Serbian advance upon Nish and the Turkish wrath to come. Turkey, already reeling under Allenby's great blow, found herself open to attack from the European side; her late friend Bulgaria even professed herself willing to lead the assault. Two lines of communication with the Central Empires still remained open: one by the Danube, the other by Rumania and the Black Sea. The former was closed in October when the French captured Vidin on the Danube, and by way of announcing their presence to the Austrians, sank by gun-fire an enemy monitor, and captured a convoy of barges laden with war supplies. Turkey began to waver. To secure her loyalty by fear if love was lacking, the Russian Black Sea Fleet seized and manned by Germans appeared off the Bosphorus, and took the range of Constantinople. Such were the consequences of the Bulgarian campaign.

Serbia still remained to be freed from the invaders.

The campaign opened at once. On the 3rd October the Allied forces, French and Serbs, established contact with the Austro-Germans near Vrania, 50 miles below Nish. In Albania the Austrians adjusted their line in consequence of the rapid Allied advance. They withdrew from Berat on the 1st, Oct. The Serbs entered Vrania on the 4th, and Dibra near the Albanian frontier on the 5th. At about the same time the 11th German division, trapped in the mountains, surrendered to the French. On the 7th the Serbs and Italians entered Elbasan. The Austrian retirement continued; Prizrend

and Prishtina were abandoned on the 11th, and occupied by the French the following day. On the 12th the Serbs entered Nish. Up to date the prisoners taken numbered 90,000, and the guns 800.

The following week (12th-19th) events continued to move rapidly. Ipek was occupied on the Montenegrin frontier, on the 13th; Durazzo on the Albanian Coast, on the 14th; Pirot on the 16th; and Vidin on the 19th; and the enemy's communications by river were cut.

Turkey.

After the British occupation of Es Salt in May and our subsequent withdrawal, a week later, to the Jordan, Palestine ceased to be mentioned in the war communiqués. In September at last, a short telegram informed us that we still held Jerusalem!

Less than a week after this comforting news had been received, came the news that on the 19th September we had attacked the Turkish positions extending from the Jordan to the sea, broken through, and separated the Turkish armies into two main bodies; that our cavalry had passed to the Turkish rear and closed all avenues of escape; and that important captures might be expected.

The reality surpassed even the most extravagant expectations. What had happened, was this: On the 18th, a preliminary move was made by the British west of the Jordan; El Mugheir, 3 or 4 miles ahead of our positions and the junction of roads from east and west of the Jordan, was occupied, to prevent the Turks on the west from escaping to join those on the east.

The real battle began on the 19th morning from Rafat to the coast, 16 miles. The Allies broke through the Turkish right after a fierce struggle, and moved rapidly on Tulkeram 12 miles northward, which they reached in the afternoon. One body of Allied cavalry passed on, and swung round towards Nablus to intercept the Turkish

forces retiring on that place; another body made for the north-east towards El Afule and Beisan to intercept the troops retiring north of Nablus. Meanwhile east of the Jordan the Hedjaz Arabs, acting in close co-operation, blew up portions of the line leading from Deraa north, west, and south.

On the 20th our cavalry occupied Nazareth, El Afule, Beisan, and the railway crossing over the Jordan at Jisr el Mujamia, and began to collect the large bodies of Turkish troops arriving from the south. On the 21st the rest of the British army advanced from the south, driving before it the remnants of the 7th and 8th Turkish armies on to the cavalry now working down to the south from Beisan and Zerim.

Other Turkish columns attempted to escape into the Jordan valley towards Ed Damiyeh, which they still held. That last passage was seized by the Allies on the 22nd. The net was drawn around the Turkish armies west of the Jordan: they had no choice except between annihilation and surrender. 25,000 surrendered within the next few days, and the gathering in of the remainder, as well as of the outlying garrisons east of the Jordan on the Hedjaz Railway, was a matter of only a week more.

The Turkish official account (24th Sept.) of the destruction of these two armies was: "Very skilful rearguard fights are facilitating the accomplishment of our plans on both sides of the Jordan." The German General Liman von Sanders, who directed the Turkish operations, meanwhile had conducted a very skilful vanguard fight to Damascus, leaving the Turks to accomplish the rest of their plans by themselves, if they had any, on both sides of the Jordan.

The thoroughness of the Turkish defeat is seen in the rapid sequence of events after the prisoners west of the Jordan had been garnered in. On the 26th Sept. we occupied Tiberias, and Amman on the Hedjaz Railway; the total of prisoners amounted to 45,000.

From Amman the Turks were hemmed in along the line to Maan where the Arabs awaited them; 10,000 more prisoners were taken on the 29th. Es Salt, Acre, Haifa were occupied; and Allied cavalry moved rapidly along the railway and reached Damascus on the 30th, where they rounded up 15,000 more prisoners. In all 78,000 prisoners were captured—including 8,000 by the Arabs—300 guns, and the whole of the enemy transport south of Damascus.

On the 1st October Damascus was officially surrendered; on the 6th, a British and French naval force occupied Beirut, and secured the coastal region, while British cavalry and armoured cars continued their advance through Zahle, and Rayak, and Homs, in the direction of Aleppo.

Palestine and Syria were lost to the Turks, and to Germany who considered the Turks to be her trustees, as the result of a single battle which cost us some 5,000 casualties. Even the German press was compelled to say a word in praise of the skill which planned and executed the attack, and pressed the advantages of it to their utmost limits.

The blow, coming simultaneously with the blow which brought Bulgaria to her knees, made Turkey yearn for peace. By the surrender of Bulgaria, cut off from the Central Empires except by way of Rumania and the Black Sea, and open to attack in the rear along the Sofia railway which the Allies now control; threatened at Aleppo, from Baghdad, and in the region of the Caspian where a British army is on the march; left to her own devices and with no help except empty promises and threats from Berlin, Turkey may deem it wise before long to imitate her false friend Bulgaria and to surrender at discretion,—a course which, in view of the wreck of her armies and the Allied control of her railways, is the only one open to her. For fight she cannot. The vastness alone of the Empire of Asia Minor, accounts for the fact that the whole country has not already passed under another flag. (23rd Oct.)

Conclusion.

To whatever side Germany turns her eyes, the horizon is black with impending disaster. From the Pacific coast to the frontiers of European Russia, the Czecho-Slovaks, now recognized as a belligerent nation and one of our Allies, supported by an Allied force working through Siberia, are gathering strength and rallying the saner elements of Russia into a great force which may soon threaten Germany on her eastern flank. Rumania, chafing under German despotism, is watching her opportunity to rise, and the French hold on the Danube at Vidin has brought that opportunity near. In the Arctic region, an Allied force marching south from the Kola Bay and Archangel has defeated the Germano-Bolshevik army and driven it beyond Vologda, shutting out Germany from the sea and submarine bases in that distant region. Turkey—we might say Germany—is hemmed in in the east by British armies in Turkestan and Mesopotamia; by the Arabs between Mesopotamia and Syria; by the British again in Syria; and a steel line has been put between her and the Central Empires, stretching from Durazzo to Vidin on the Danube. Germany hammered incessantly from the Dutch frontier to Valenciennes and from Valenciennes to Verdun, her armies driven mile by mile irresistibly towards

the Rhine, turn where she may, sees only the gathering gloom.

The Allies have in three months driven back her diminishing hordes from their advanced positions near the Channel, Amiens, Compiègne, and the Marne, back to their starting-point of the 21st March. Better still; they have crippled her power, and have added to their own 2,000,000 Americans, the forerunners of 10,000,000. Then they have breached and captured, whole or in part, three of the four successive defensive Lines which the German staff created to baffle them into a compromise; besides breaching them, they have turned them from the north, and imposed on the enemy a retreat from the Belgian coast. They have captured Cambrai, St. Quentin, and Laon, Lille and Douai, Ostend, Bruges, and Courtrai, and the greater part of Industrial France. By the attack through Belgium they have seriously endangered the enemy's safe retreat, while the British attack at the head of the Valenciennes-Givet line threatens to open to our advance the valleys of the Sambre and Meuse, whence the tide of invasion flowed into France and whence it must flow again home. The V Act of the great drama is proceeding, with Humanity triumphant, and Barbarism going quickly to his doom.

23rd October.

The Armistice.

The foregoing article was written on the 20th-23rd October, and was sent to the press as the first news of the Italian offensive near Mt. Grappa reached us. The article was in proof before Germany went down on her knees. It could therefore not be recast or added to, so as to include the events leading up to, and the surrender of Germany. But as the article would read incomplete, and would fall short of the reader's expectation, if it contained no mention of the last stage and the Armistice, a brief account is here appended.

It was said in the article that Germany in possession of vast conquered territories was as certainly defeated as if the Allies actually held Berlin. The V Act of the drama was proceeding with Humanity triumphant and Barbarism going quickly to his doom.

The end came unexpectedly in the fourth scene. Germany accepted what terms it pleased the Allies to dictate to her, and laid down her arms; her sanctioning Kaiser and her kings and kinglets had crossed or were hurrying to cross the border; her armies were beaten beyond recovery; her civil population was in rebellion; and her navy, having declined to fight ours, was flaunting the red flag in Kiel Bay.

How Germany was brought to this pass will be briefly related. For practical purposes, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary may be put under the common designation, Germany. They could not call their souls their own; they were the tools and slaves of Prussia, on an equal footing with Baden, Saxony, and the rest of the German States, docile in the hands of the Power that wielded them. Their defeat was Germany's defeat.

Bulgaria was the first bastion to go down, on the 30th September. Turkey went next, on the 30th October; last went Austria on the 3rd November.

The main edifice fell on the 11th November.

Turkey.

Turkey lost her one fighting army on the 19th September. A remnant of 10,000 men rallied at Aleppo for a last stand. But the stand was not made. The British forces entered Aleppo on the 26th October, and later seized the railway junction of Constantinople-Syria-Mosul. There remained a small force on the Tigris to be dealt with. It was destroyed with a loss of 8,000 prisoners between the 24th and the 30th October by General Marshall. Turkey laid down her arms the same day. The Allied Fleet was free to pass into the Black Sea and to arm Rumania and Russia. Germany was open to attack from the east.

Austria-Hungary.

After the battle of the Piave (6th July) Italy rested on her oars. Apart from a push in the Brenta Valley and an occasional raid, peace reigned undisturbed on the Italian front till the 24th October. But behind the Austrian lines chaos reigned. Internal conflicts between the heterogeneous races composing the empire were shaking the edifice to its foundations. A push from outside was all that was needed, and the rocking edifice would fall. The push was given on the 24th October. A vigorous attack was made by the Italians at Mount Grappa, which gradually developed right and left to the middle Piave and the Asiago Plateau. The Austrians gave way. In a week's time 50,000 prisoners were taken, and the Austrian armies went to pieces. They laid down their arms on the 3rd November. Germany was open to attack from the south.

Germany.

As was expected, the struggle which overthrew Germany, was long and fierce.

It began, in its last phase, on the 18th July; when Austria went under, the struggle was nearing its close.

Here the blows came from without, not from within. The walls had to be battered and breached before the edifice crumbled. Germany was defeated, not because her men would not fight, for they did fight, unitedly and stubbornly till the bitter end. They were still fighting when the British entered Mons, the French reached the Belgian frontier, and the Italians stormed Rocroi, a few hours before the Armistice began.

She laid down her arms because the Allies had crippled her in a four months' battle, during which they took 400,000 prisoners; because the superior skill of Marshal Foch had baffled the German staff and driven the German armies into positions where in a week's time they would have been faced with an unparalleled disaster: a Sedan on a vast scale awaited them; and because the British Fleet had brought her to the very verge of starvation. Bolshevism, manufactured in Germany and exported to Russia, then re-exported to Germany, had also something to do with the defeat, but how much it is at present impossible to say.

On the 20th October the British were nearing Valenciennes at the head of the last German Line; the French were beyond the Brunnhilde Line at La Fère, Sissonne, and Vouziers; the Americans were working at the Brunnhilde Line above Verdun. There remained, therefore, whether whole or in part, three Lines to be captured. The last but one, the Lille-Metz, covered the railway communications between the enemy forces at Valenciennes, Avesnes, Hirson, Mezières, Sedan, Montmédy, Conflans, and Metz. The British stormed the last line near Valenciennes; the French and Americans breached and passed beyond the Brunnhilde and Lille-Metz Lines; this work was accomplished by the first week of November; and two wedges were brought to bear on the German armies, which threatened to sever them into three blocks without mutual cohesion: one by the British

from Valenciennes towards Maubeuge and Mons, the other by the Americans north of Verdun towards Montmédy. The German right was being hemmed in by the British from the west and by a mixed Allied force from the north; the left was being hustled back on Metz by the Americans; and the centre was retreating rapidly before the French between the Oise and the Aisne. Outwitted and outflanked, and in danger of being enveloped, the enemy recognized himself beaten, while he still held two-thirds of Belgium and a strip of north-eastern France.

On the 23rd October the British occupied the railway south of Valenciennes, and drove in the wedge between the armies in Belgium and those on the Oise. On the 24th the French struck at the centre, and started the enemy on the run between the Oise and the Aisne. The left yielded to a Franco-American attack working up from the Argonne forest on the 1st November, and the second wedge was brought to bear on the Lille-Metz Line where it covered Montmédy and Sedan.

On the 4th the British again attacked from Valenciennes to Guise (the Oise), and the French and Americans from Guise to below Montmédy. This last lap towards the goal ended on the 9th. The Americans reached Beaumont, 5 miles from the Sedan-Montmédy Railway on the 5th; the French reached Vervins, and brought their guns to bear on Hirson junction on the 6th; the French and Americans reached Sedan on the 7th; the British entered Avesnes on the 8th; the French captured Hirson and Mezières on the 9th. Over 30,000¹ prisoners were taken in the last lap—11,000 between the Meuse and the Oise, 20,000 between the Oise and the Scheldt.

¹ Note.

In 1918 Germany lost 405,000 prisoners.
 200,000 to the British.
 140,000 " French.
 50,000 " Americans.
 15,000 " Belgians.
 6th November.

The game was up. On the 8th the Germans asked for an armistice. They were given the terms, and 72 hours to make up their minds either to accept or reject them. Meanwhile the battle proceeded, and the Allies continued to sweep forward to the Belgian frontier, while the cowardly rulers who had led the German people in the days of triumph, abandoned them in the hour of defeat.

The envoys accepted the terms, not in order to avoid further bloodshed, but because they were powerless to reject them; and the fact that they accepted them shows the magnitude of the disaster which had overtaken the German armies. The terms came into force on the 11th November. At dawn that day the British entered Mons, where they had first met and stood up to the Kaiser's hordes.

The Terms.

West.

1. Immediate evacuation of the invaded countries of Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine, and Luxemburg. The evacuation to be completed within fourteen days, subject to some variations. German troops remaining in evacuated areas after the afore-mentioned period to be prisoners of war. Occupation by the Allies and Americans of evacuated territories.

2. The repatriation beginning forthwith, to be completed within fourteen days, of all inhabitants of countries who have been removed, including hostages and prisoners under trial or convicted.

3. Surrender in good condition of 5,000 guns (2,500 of which to be heavy, and 2,500 to be field), 30,000 machine-guns, 3,000 *minenwerfer*, and 2,000 aeroplanes.

4. Evacuation by the German Army of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries to be administered by the local authorities under the control of the Allies and the United

States armies of occupation. Occupation of these territories will be carried out by the Allied and United States garrisons, holding the principal crossings of the Rhine at Mainz, Coblenz, and Cologne, together with a bridge-head and six points of a thirty kilometres radius on the right bank of the Rhine, and by garrisons similarly holding strategic points of these regions. The evacuation by the enemy of the Rhine line, shall be so ordered as to be completed within a further period of sixteen days, that is to say, thirty-one days after the signing of the armistice.

5. In the evacuated territory there shall be no destruction, and military establishments of all kinds shall be handed over intact. Industrial establishments not to be impaired in any way.

6. Five thousand locomotives, 150,000 waggons, 5,000 motor-lorries, to be delivered to the Associated Powers.

7. The German Command to be responsible for revealing all mines and destructive methods which may have been taken, such as poisoning of wells, under penalty of reprisals.

8. Upkeep of troops in the Rhineland, excluding Alsace-Lorraine, to be charged to the German Government.

9. Immediate repatriation of the Allies and American prisoners of war. Return of German prisoners of war to be settled at the Peace Conference.

East.

10. German troops to withdraw from the frontiers of Russia, Rumania, and Turkey, as before the war.

11. German troops to cease forthwith all requisitions and seizures in Russia, and Rumania.

12. Complete abandonment of the Brest-Litovsk, Bukharest, and supplementary peace treaties.

13. The Allies to have free access to territories evacuated by Germany, in order to convey supplies to inhabitants, and to maintain order.

Naval.

14. Cessation of hostilities and notification of position of enemy ships.

15. Surrender of available submarines.

16. The following German service vessels which will be designated by the Allies and the United States, will be interned in neutral ports or ports designated by the Allies,—six battle-cruisers, ten battle-ships, eight light cruisers, and fifty of the most modern destroyers.

17. All other service craft to be completely disarmed in German ports, and placed under supervision of the Allies and the United States.

18. A supplementary declaration has been signed by Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss that, in the event of ships not being handed over owing to the mutinous state of the fleet, the Allies reserve the right of occupying Heligoland as an advanced base to enable them to enforce peace terms; and the German delegates have signed a recommendation to the German Chancellor to accept this provision.

19. Freedom of access to and from the Baltic shall be given to the Allied and Naval forces. To secure this the Allies and the United States shall be empowered to occupy all German forts, batteries, and defence works, in the entrance to the Kattegat and the Baltic, and sweep up mines, the position of which shall be notified.

20. All German merchant-ships at sea shall remain liable to capture.

21. All Black Sea ports shall be evacuated by Germany.

22. Any Russian warships captured shall be handed over to the Allies.

23. All neutral merchantmen ships shall be released. Allied merchant-ships shall be restored without reciprocity.

24. No destruction of ships before restoration, and all neutrals, particularly Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, shall be informed by Germany that all trading restrictions with the Allies imposed on them by Germany are removed.

25. No transfer of German merchant-ships of any description to any neutral flag.

The armistice to last for 36 days with the option of extension. During this period, failure to execute any clause of the armistice shall render it liable to be denounced at 48 hours' notice.

These terms are not unduly harsh; but they are thorough. They require that the burglar (1) shall instantly quit the premises he has broken into: [1, 10, 21]: (2) that he shall lay down his weapons and refrain from further mischief [3, 7, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19]: (3) that he shall give up such stolen goods as he is actually in possession of [2, 6, 9, 12, 22, 23, 24]: and (4) that he shall give sufficient guarantees for his good behaviour until he is called up to stand his trial and receive sentence: (3, 4, 5, 6, 13, 20, 25).

That is the plain English for the terms of the Armistice.

The trial and sentence will come later.

15th November.

THE WAR.—(Appendix.)

	The West.	The Balkans.	Turkey.
August	8th. The 4th British army under Rawlinson, 1st French under Debeney attack from Braches on the Avre to Morlancourt, 25 miles. 9th. The outer defences of Amiens captured; the enemy forced back at all points. 17,000 prisoners, and over 200 guns. 10th. The 3rd French army under Humbert takes up the attack on the 1st French right. Montdidier captured. 12th. The French under Humbert advancing on Lassigny. 14th. The enemy abandons positions on the Somme battlefield at Beaumont-Hamel, Serre, Puisieux, Bucquoy. French take Ribécourt below Noyon. 15th. On the Albert-Montdidier section, British and French have taken 30,000 prisoners since the 8th inst. 17th. British advancing on Chaulnes and Roze. French advancing in the Autrechies region north of the Aisne. 18th. British advance in Flanders; Oulstersteene taken. Between Noyon and Soissons the French under Mangin strike a fresh blow; advance 1 mile on a 10 mile front between Carlepont and Fontenoy. 19th. French reach the outskirts of Lassigny. British advance on a 6-mile front in the Merville section. 20th. French attack on a 16 mile front between the Oise and the Aisne, and advance 3 miles. Oats and Vezaponin taken. German positions at Lassigny and Chemin des Dames endangered. 18th - 20th. 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns taken by Mangin. 21st. The British 3rd army under Byng attacks on a 10-mile front from the Ancre to Moyenneville.	8th. Austrians secure on the Piave, reinforce their Albanian front, and drive the Italians back to Berat.	5th. A Turkish attack on the Allied (British, Russian Bolshevik, Armenian) force at Baku, defeated. [British troops had pushed from Baghdad, through Khanikin, Hamadan and Kazvin, to Enzeli on the Caspian; thence a detachment had been sent to Baku to help to defend the place against the Turks. 14th. British troops carry out a series of raids on a 10-mile front on the Jerusalem-Nablus road; the Arabs capture the Mudawara station on the Hedjaz Ry. British army operating in Turkestan; marching towards the Caspian.

The West.	The Balkans.	Turkey.
French capture Lassigny. 22nd. British attack continues from Albert to Bray. Over 5,000 prisoners taken 21st - 22nd. French reach the Ailette at Quincy Basse. 23rd. British attack on a 35-mile front from Lihous to Mercatel. 24th. British attack continues. Outskirts of Bapaume reached. 21st - 23rd over 14,000 prisoners taken by British. 26th. British attack on both sides of the Scarpe and Senée from Gavrelle to Croisilles. Advance towards Cambrai. 27th. British attack continues along the Scarpe and Senée; Reuux, Gavrelle, Arleux, Chérisy, Croisilles, etc., taken. 28th. British advance continues: Pelves, Bullecourt, etc., taken. 21st - 28th. 26,000 prisoners and 100 guns taken by British. 29th. French enter Noyon. British enter Bapaume. 30th. British enter Bailleul. 31st. British occupy Kemmel, Lestrem, etc. French capture Champs east of the Ailette, and Chavigny between the Ailette and Soissons. In August the British took 57,000 prisoners, 5,700 machine guns, 1,000 trench mortars, and 657 guns. 15th July - 31st August, the Allies took 128,000 prisoners and 2,089 guns.	23rd. Austrian attack on the Italian positions in Albania. 26th. Italians driven from Berat by the Austrians.	19th. British attack the Turkish positions from Rafat to the Sea. Cavalry breaks through and gets to the Turkish rear. 22nd. British cavalry has occupied all avenues of escape to the north and over the Jordan; 25,000 Turks surrender. The 2nd and 3rd Turkish armies have ceased to be.
September 1st. Peronne, Neuve Eglise, and Estaires taken by British. 2nd. British attack on the Drocourt-Quéant section of the Hindenburg Line; Quéant, Doignies, Pronville taken; 23 mile advance between the Scarpe and the Somme.		

Lens abandoned by the enemy. British in Flanders reach Neuve Chapelle. General Mangin crosses the Ailette. 3rd. Baralles 8 miles from Cambrai, and Lécuse 7 miles from Douai, taken. 4th. 2nd-4th, 16,000 prisoners and 100 guns taken by British. Germans falling back between the Somme and Oise before Debeney and Humbert. 5th. French and Americans cross the Vesle on a 30 kil. front. Inchy and Moenvres taken. Guiscard taken. 6th. Ham and Chaulnes taken by French. Ploegsteert taken by British. French reach the outskirts of Laffaux and Vauxaillon. British cross the Somme and advance on 12-mile front astride the Amiens-St. Quentin road, to a depth of 7 miles. 7th. Americans north of the Vesle nearing the Aisne. French take Tergnier, Barisis, and lower Coucy forest. 9th. British take Roupv, and Roisel. Closing on St. Quentin. 10th. French take Travecy; La Fère and St. Gobain massif threatened. Enemy retreating on St. Quentin, La Fère, and Laon, before the armies of Debeney, Humbert, and Mangin. 12th. French and Americans attack the St. Mihiel salient, from Xivray to Pont-a-Mousson. St. Mihiel, Thillot, Hattonville, Jaulny, Thiaucourt, 15,000 prisoners and 100 guns taken. 18th. British take Savy. 14th. French attack astride the Ailette and between the Aisne and the Vesle. 2,500 prisoners. Allemant taken.		
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The West.	The Balkans.	Turkey.
Americans continue to advance in St. Mihiel salient on a 30 mile front to a depth of 2 - 3 miles, 200 guns taken here since 12th. 15th. French capture the plateau east of Vauxaillon. 1000 prisoners. 16th. Near Fresnes, the French advance 18 kil. to a depth of 3 kil. 18th. British attack from Holnon to Gouzenacourt, 15 miles; French attack from Holnon to Essigny le Grand, 7 miles. British capture 10,000 prisoners and 50 guns. Numerous fortified positions north and south of St. Quentin captured: Fresnoy, Lempire, Templeux, Hargicourt, etc. 19th. French storm Essigny le Grand. Allies now up against the Hindenburg Line in the St. Quentin section. 20th. French storm Benay. 24th. French and British closing on St. Quentin; Francilly taken, and 1,500 prisoners. 26th. In eastern Champagne French (Gouraud) and Americans attack on a 40 mile front, between the Suippe and the Meuse; advance 6 miles on both sides of Argonne forest. Butte de Mesnil, Tahure, Vauquois, Malancourt, Montfaucon, Servon, Rouvrois, etc. taken. 27th. French cross the Rheims-Challerange Ry.; and take Gratreuil, Fontaine, Léchelle. 11,000 prisoners taken by French. 8000 prisoners taken by Americans. British attack towards Cambrai. Marquion, Bournon, etc. taken. 28th. Belgians, with British on right flank, under King Albert, attack from the Sea to Ypres.	15th. French and Serbs break through the Bulgarian positions from Sokol to Vetenik. 18th. British and Greeks attack near Doiran. 20th. Bulgarian armies retreating from Monastir to the Vardar. 21st. Italians attack in the Cerna bend. 22nd. The Vardar reached. The Uskub-Salonica railway cut. 23rd. Serbs cross the Vardar. 24th. French enter Prilep. 25th. British and Greeks enter Bulgaria near Kosturino; Strumnitza occupied. French enter Ishtip. Serbs enter Veles and Kochana. 26th. Bulgarians ask for armistice. Over 350 guns taken since the beginning of the offensive.	Es Salt (Gadara), Acre, and Haifa occupied by British. 26th. British occupy Tiberias. Amman, 45,000 prisoners and 265 guns taken.

Advance, 5 mile depth. British advance continues on Cambrai. 28th. Germans falling back between Vailly and Chemin des Dames. Pinon, Vandesson, Malmaison, Chavignon occupied by the French. Americans reach Exermont and Briellules. Battle raging from the Sea to Cambrai, St. Quentin, Rheims, Verdun. 29th. Fierce battle on a 30 mile front from St. Quentin to the Sensée; British reach the outskirts of Cambrai. 27th - 29th. British take 16,000 prisoners in the Cambrai section. Belgians and British advance on a 13 mile front: Dixmude, Staden, Passchendaele, Moorslede; Wytschaete, Messines, and Warneton taken. 28th - 29th. 9,000 prisoners and 200 guns taken by Belgians and British. South of St. Quentin, the French, north the British, advancing eastward through the Hindenburg Line. Urville, Hancourt, Bellenglise etc. taken. 30th. Between the Ailette and the Vesle, the French advance continues. The greater part of Chemin des Dames occupied by the French. North of St. Quentin 8 miles of the Hindenburg Line in British hands; Crèvecœur, Le Tronquoy, Gonnelleu captured. In September, the Allies take on the western front 123,000 prisoners, 1,600 guns, 10,000 machine guns. 16th July - 30th September. 240,000 prisoners, 3,700 guns, 23,000 machine guns.	28th. Serbs nearing the Bulgarian frontier at Kustendal. 30th. Bulgaria lays down arms and surrenders unconditionally.	29th. Turkish force of 10,000 men between Maan and Amman surrenders. 30th. British cavalry north of Damascus.
1st. Since 26th September, between the Suippe and Argonne, French have taken 13,000 prisoners and 300 guns. Allies enter St. Quentin.	1st. Berat evacuated by Austrians, occupied by Italians.	1st. British occupy Damascus, 15,000 prisoners taken.

The West.	The Balkans.	Turkey.
Advance continues in Belgium. Communications between Lille and Flanders cut by British advance on a 5 mile front north of the town. French and Americans advancing in Champagne: Challerange reached, and Lancon 2 miles beyond Somme Py. 2nd. Fierce battle near Cambrai. Rumilly taken by British, and 1,700 prisoners. Enemy retiring between Armentières and Lens; abandons La Bassée. French advancing south-east of St. Quentin, take Moy. French enter Challerange. 3rd. British advance between St. Quentin and Cambrai on 8 mile front. 4,000 prisoners taken. Lens and Armentières occupied by the British. French advance east of St. Quentin, and north of Somme Py. 2,800 prisoners. 4th. French attack near Moronvilliers heights; line breached at Orfeuil. 5th. Americans advance 4 miles west of the Meuse. Fort Brimont and Moronvilliers heights taken by French. South of Cambrai, enemy pressed back towards Le Cateau. Rheims salient abandoned by the enemy; Nogent l'Abbesse taken by French. Aubencheul taken by British, and 1,000 prisoners. Over $\frac{1}{4}$ of the enemy artillery has been captured since the beginning of the offensive on 18th July. 6th. British capture Cappy. 7th. French cross the Aisne and capture Berry au Bac. 8th. British with Americans co-operating attack on a 20 mile front between Cambrai and St. Quentin; advance 3 miles.	2nd. Franco-Serbian armies in contact with the Austro-Germans at Vrania. 4th. Serbs enter Vrania. 5th. Austrians falling back on Elbasan. Dibra captured by the Serbs; and 1,500 prisoners. The 11th German army surrenders entire to the French in Bulgaria. French capture Kacanik. 7th. Elbasan occupied by Serbs and Italians. 8th. Serbs enter Kovatz.	71,000 prisoners and 350 guns taken by British, 8000 prisoners by Arabs since 18th September. 6th. Beirut occupied by Anglo-French naval force.

French in Champagne attack on a 5 mile front in the region of Machault. French and Americans attack on the heights of the Meuse on a 7 mile front, and reach the line held in Feb. 1916, capturing Beaumont and Haumont. British take 8,000 prisoners. Pass beyond Hindenburg Line. French and Americans, 3000. British enter Cambrai. British and French in a 7 mile attack N. E. of St. Quentin capture Essigny le Petit and 1,200 prisoners. 9th. Total prisoners on 8th and 9th, 11,000, and 200 guns by the British. Germans retreating between St. Quentin and Cambrai. 10th. French occupy the south east portion of Chemin des Dames; also Monthois and reach Grand Pré. 8th - 10th. Americans take 8000 prisoners on the Meuse heights. British capture Le Cateau. 11th. Enemy retreating on a 40 mile front north of the Snippe and the Aisne; French advance 10 kilometres. 12th. French advance continues on the whole Champagne front. The battle which began in this region on 26th Sept. ended in the enemy's complete defeat. French reach the Ailette, north of Craonne. Now within 4 miles of Laon. French capture Vouziers. 26th Sept. - 13th Oct. 17,000 prisoners taken by the French west of the Meuse. Germans retreating from Laon to Argonne. French enter La Fère, Laon, and complete the capture of St. Gobain massif. 14th. French, Belgians, and British attack on a 20 mile front from Roulers to Courtrai.	12th. Serbs enter Nish; French occupy Prizrend and Mitrovitza. 15th Sept. - 12th Oct. 90,000 prisoners } taken. 800 guns } 13th. French and Serbs occupy Ipek. 14th. Austrians abandon Durazzo, which the Italians occupy.	Zahle and Rayak, 33 and 30 miles N. E. of Damascus taken by British. Tripoli and Homs occupied by British. 9th. Baalbek occupied by the British.
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The West.	The Balkans.	Turkey.
Roulers stormed by French; Menin by British; Landelede by Belgians. 15th. Americans advance 12 miles N. W. of Verdun and capture Romagne and Cunel. Belgians enter Thourout; British, Courtrai. 16th. Americans capture Grand Pré. 13,000 prisoners taken in Belgium 14th - 16th. 17th. Ostend occupied by Allies. Lille and Douai occupied by British. British and Americans under Rawlinson, French under Debeneey, attack from Le Cateau to the Oise towards the Railway connecting the German positions from Tournai to Valenciennes to the Oise and to Rethel. Wassigny, Bazeuil captured and over 6000 prisoners. 18th. British attack from the Sensée canal northwards towards the Lys; Turcoing and Roubaix occupied. Belgian coast clear of the enemy. French cross the Aisne at Vouziers. Belgians enter Bruges. 19th. Allies occupy Zeebrugge. French storm Thielt. British and Americans reach the west bank of the Sambre-et-Oise canal; 5-8 miles advance in two days. Saulzoir and Denain occupied by British. Enemy retreating before the French on the Oise-La Fère front. Enemy positions captured between Pouilly and Sissonne on the Serre front.	15th. French and Greeks reach Novi Bazar. 16th. French enter Pivot N. E. of Nish. 17th. Greeks occupy Drama. Serbs occupy Alexinat. 18th. French and Serbs enter Soko Bania and reach Trestenik. 19th. French reach the Danube beyond Vidin.	

23rd October.

A Student.

[By K. S. SUBRAMANIAM, IV U. Class.]

Without his knowledge, I venture to sketch below the character of a friend of mine, but in the belief that I am giving him only an agreeable surprise.

Ratnam is now about nineteen, though he scarcely looks so old. Once you see him, you can never forget the impression—the fairly tall, well-set figure, the kind smiling expression, the broad forehead, the sparkling eyes, the quivering lips, and, above all, the slow, stately gait,—all that means an excitable imagination and quick intellect.

His character might, perhaps, be called exemplary. Ever active and brisk, his usual complaint is "no work to fill up my time," and not "no time for my work." He is now in the fields, now in his garden, now in the library, and now in the company of friends. He finds work even for the holidays. He spends them in writing original compositions. "My Dreamland," "Indian Music", and "Student Organisations" are some of his subjects; all these papers may one day find their way to the printer.

At home he is the obedient, affectionate, and even the playful companion of his mother and little sister Sita. At college he is the sincere, genial, and beloved companion of his friends and teachers. He never affects nor courts friendship; never begs nor fears; in fact he is incapable of it. He never visits his professor 'சாமிமா' "To be under good teachers," he used to say, "is an honour; to know them and talk to them is a privilege; but to visit them and talk to them 'சாமிமா' is an abuse of both." If to be frank is a defect, he has that defect; his frankness has cost him many a secret tear.

And what shall I say of the regularity of his habits? Not to speak of his

religious ceremonies and physical exercises, his daily visits to his garden and his observations in it deserve special description. At about five in the evening, Sita is anxiously waiting for Ratnam back from college. Ratnam comes without delay, puts his books aside and throws his jacket into his room, and merrily hastens to the garden with his sister by the hand. They emulate each other in watering their own pet plants. Now and again Sita exclaims, "Ratnam, this plant has a new leaf; this flower was bright yesterday and now it is faded and drooping." But Ratnam himself makes the study in a less child-like manner; he explains these phenomena to Sita. Shortly after, they go to supper, and all the talk is about the garden. The meal over, Ratnam retires to his study.

As regards his studies, he reads only a little; but he thinks very much. His studies are more deep than wide. He never reads for show, nor for pleasure, nor for style, nor for examinations; he reads for thoughts, for ideas. Once he has them, he has style also. He writes a simple direct style: his short sentences leap to the eyes and stick to the memory.

His main interest is in literature. Though he is a student of natural science, he appreciates literature intensely. He is never tired of reading Shakespeare; the comedies he reads to his sister in the evenings, and the tragedies only at night and with his father.

Johnson, Carlyle, and Ruskin are his pet authors. He is a specialist in them and frequently quotes them. But the volume which he keeps in his pocket is Vol. I of *Modern Painters*. I remember well how he once lost this volume by

chance, how inconsolable he felt about it, how he refused, with childlike stubbornness, to have any other copy, how he brooded over the loss, and how he would not even go to his garden in the evening! Such was his fondness for the book.

This is what Ratnam is, and he is not without an idea of what he is to be. He knows his powers and what they are most suited for. He has fixed on the teacher's profession and daily trains himself for it. While he reads his books he asks himself, "How shall I teach this to my pupils? Which is the most interesting way of presenting the matter?" In class he sometimes murmurs that the lecturer is uninteresting. He always sits beside me, and he will often say, "Ah! the professor runs faster than the students can follow; he should know the standard of his students."

A word about his political principles is necessary. He has none; he has only certain political views. During the course of a hot conversation with him, I was forced to ask angrily if he knew anything about what goes on about him.

He stared at me for some time, and then hung down his head; I saw a few tears in his eyes. After a while he said in a low deep voice, "I know something of what goes on about me, and I feel everything. Only I do not like to talk and express feeling. Consider the result of the rash rush of a raw recruit into the firing line. I reserve what I have to say for the future. Are you answered?"

It will be seen that Ratnam is not altogether faultless. For example, he might profitably exchange his air of superiority for a something more humble, safely lend his declamatory tone to the platform orator, reasonably make over his sentimentality to the other sex, and silently leave his sane political views to the older school of profound politicians.

Still, he is a student with a sound body and a sound mind, a student now enjoying the benefits of his past training, and eagerly looking forward to enjoy hereafter the fruits of his present work and the enjoyment of his ardent aspirations. Reader, take him for what he is worth.

The Kannadian Channel.

[By S. S. SUBRAHMANYAN.]

This channel is the chief irrigation channel in the Tinnevely District; it runs for a distance of over 25 miles, from the Kannadian Anicut which is some miles from Ambasamudram up the river to Planjeri. The channel is of such great antiquity, that a myth has grown up about its origin, which will prove of interest to some readers, as a specimen of South Indian folklore.

In days gone by, the Chera rulers of Travancore held sway over the south-eastern portion of what is now the Tinnevely District. This detail is historically correct; the real name of Shermadevi, the capital of the Chera

King, is Cheran-maha-Devi (the chief town of Chera.)

Once upon a time, the Chera king Cheraman Perumal, contracted a dire disease. He took counsel of his ministers as to how he could get relief, and was advised to have a statue made in gold, exactly like himself in form and size, to burden it with his disease, and then present it to a Brahman. This golden statue, his advisers said, would rid him of his disease which would be transferred to the person willing to accept the statue as a present. The King obeyed, and made his own statue in gold. But no Brahman would accept the present

for fear of getting the disease. At last a Bramachari (an unmarried Brahman), named Kannadiyan, from the Kanarese country, made bold to approach the image. Then, the story goes, the figure showed him three fingers, meaning thereby that if he would neglect his three pious ablutions, in the morning, at mid-day, and in the evening, he might have the gold. The man promised to omit his ablutions (*madhyani*), and the image at once fell prostrate at his feet. The King presented the image to the Brahman, and was cured of his disease.

The Brahman's mind was sadly troubled. He repented for the sin of omitting his ablutions, and resolved, in order to find a means for forgiveness, to go and consult the sage Agastya, who lived in the *malaichala* or the Western Ghats, near the source of the river Tambravarni. Before starting, he broke the image into pieces, and rolled them up in a bundle. This done, he started on his errand. On the way he halted at a village where the Kasyapeswaraswami's temple was situated. He deposited the bundle with the inmates of the house of the Archaka (Pujari*), affirming that it contained dholl, and that he would take it away on his return from his travels.

Off he went to the hills in search of the sage, surmounting all the difficulties of the way by his determined resolution. But on the road itself, the sage appeared to him in the disguise of an old man, and advised him not to proceed further, urging that Agastya could not be seen by any one, and, besides, that the road he was travelling on was infested by wild beasts.

The Brahman was deaf to the old man's counsel, and replied that, until he saw Agastya, he would not retrace his steps. Seeing the Brahman's resolution, Agastya threw off the disguise of old age, revealed himself and asked the Brahman what he desired. The Brahman narrated his story, and begged of the sage to tell him the best way to get

forgiveness for the great sin he had committed. The sage then showed him a cow, and gave his commands:—"Follow the cow. Construct an anicut in the river where she halts. Dig a channel along the line where she walks, and dig tanks where she lies down. By this channel, an extensive tract of land will be supplied with water, and a considerable number of men will be fed. The channel must end where the cow disappears from your sight."

The Bramachari obeyed the sage's order and pegged out the line along which the cow passed. Near the village of Seeniapuram the cow passed through the house of a dancing girl named Kalichi, and she resisted the Brahman when he went in to mark the line. But, on promising to put up at that point, when the time came to construct the channel, a sluice which would divert half the water in the channel, he was permitted to peg out the line through the house. The cow then passed on till it came to Parandari, now called 'Planjeri'; there it lay down and disappeared. The channel should end here and a tank should be constructed.

After pegging out the course of the channel as narrated, the Brahman returned to the Pujari's house, and demanded the bundle he had left. The bundle was handed over to him, but contained not gold, but dholl only. On questioning the depository, he was told that what he had said was left with them, dholl, was now duly returned. The dishonest Pujari was taken before the Chera king, and, of course, pleaded innocence. But the king knew the Brahman was speaking the truth, and directed that the Pujari should embrace the image of the god Kasyapeswara, and swear that he had not stolen the gold. A day was fixed for the oath to be taken. On the eve of that day, the Pujari, who was also a *mantravadi*,* transferred the deity from the image into a tamarind tree. The Brahman on the same night dreamt that the Pujari, to evade the oath, had transformed the

* Pujari, a priest who offers sacrifices.

* One powerful in casting spells.

god into a tree. On the following day when the oath was to be administered in the king's presence, the Brahman prayed that the tamarind tree might be embraced instead of the image of the god, and the Pujari consented to do so, for he thought it, after all, safer to embrace the tree than the image of the god. The moment he put his arms round the tree, his whole body and the tree were burnt down to ashes. From that day the god Kasyapeswara Swamy goes by the name Erichamudayar (one who was burnt.) The King, at once, ordered a search to be made in

the house of the Pujari, secured the gold, and handed it over to Kannadian.

The Brahman with this money began his work of charity, built the Kannadian anient, and dug the channel and the tanks.

With the balance left over, the Kannadian built a temple, Appan Koil, near the bathing ghat on the right bank of the Shermadevi, and founded a chutram, to supply food to as many Brahmans as might resort to it. So ended the work of charity begun by Kannadian at Agastya's command.

Thackeray's Cynicism.

[By P. N. RAMASWAMI, III Hons.]

"Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate," wrote Thackeray, "is the sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking, against which, for my part, I will offer up a special *libera me*. Perhaps, of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily." It is precisely this "preaching" which has procured Thackeray the unenviable title of Cynic. But the fact is that Thackeray is only just as much of a cynic as Addison, Goldsmith, or Dickens. The epithet 'cynic,' as generally understood, is not applicable to Thackeray at all.

The word 'cynicism' is always used in a bad sense—"of a dog, currish," is the definition which we get from Dr. Johnson. Cynicism implies a radical disbelief in the elementary instincts of human nature; a sneering disposition to disbelieve in the goodness of human motives; a contemptuous feeling of superiority over one's fellowmen, and a snarling contempt for conventional manners and for the ordinary pleasures of life. Cynicism may be a trait in the

character of an author himself, or it may appear in his writings. Thackeray was not a cynic himself, and cynicism is not a characteristic feature of his work.

Thackeray's nature, which was gentle, and kindly almost to a fault—illustrated by innumerable anecdotes of his playing too often the good Samaritan, related by A. Trollope—believes the accusation that cynicism was 'second nature to him.' An impromptu versifier exclaims:

"He was a cynic! But his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle
ways;
His heart wide open to all kindly thoughts,
His hand so quick to give and his tongue to
praise."

A study of his masterpieces, and especially of the *Newcomes*, shows that cynicism is not characteristic of his writings.

In his *Newcomes* there is no trace of disbelief in the elementary instincts of human nature; the author constantly appeals to these elementary instincts, and, as a rule, he leaves the

sanctities of life untouched. He inveighs with courage and good sense principally against the lesser immoralities of his age—the peccadilloes and small sins of society. Thackeray never loses faith in the capability of society to reform. His genial scoundrels, like Kew, bloom in the end into honest men. He has also visions of a world where meanness and pretentiousness are not the ruling passion. Though his anathemas are loud, he now and then, amid the torrent, pauses and blesses. There are Colonel Newcomes and Countess de Florac in all his works.

Again, conscious of his own share in the imperfections of humanity, Thackeray does not view his fellowmen with Olympian indifference. He never assumes the dictatorship or preaches *ex cathedra*; he gently points out foibles or vices. Conscious of his own shortcomings, he can never bring himself to judge others harshly—not even the *villains* of his novels. To apply to him his own words written of another, 'he came the gentle satirist who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling; the cheerful philosopher who tried to laugh men out of their follies.'

Thackeray had no doglike contempt for conventional manners and the ordinary pleasures of life. While his abhorrence of whatever savoured of sentimentalism prevented him from fiercely denouncing the sickness and lachrymosity of society, and loudly singing hallelujahs over the inherent beauty of common relationships and duties, and the pleasures arising therefrom in daily life, yet nowhere else than in Thackeray's novels, have emotion founded upon the ties of relationship and friendship, and the felicities of domestic life, been touched with so much detail and truth to nature. The friendship between J. J. and Clive, between the author of the *Memoirs* and the old Colonel, are the most readable portions of the *Newcomes*. The same may be said of the happy domestic life of Laura and Arthur Pendennis.

Why, then, do critics persist in calling Thackeray a cynic? The false impression of Thackeray's cynicism was given, as the author himself naively confesses, because there was a touch of satire in everything he wrote. He freely criticised society and exposed its cant, hypocrisy, and pharisaism. He was always preaching against the vices, both great and small, of his time. Satire is confounded with cynicism; both criticise society, but, it should be remembered *from different standpoints*. The satirist, moved by a desire to correct the follies and vices of society, holds them up to ridicule. Dryden says that satire is

The boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer
thoughts.

Satire ranges from the gentle banter of Addison and the light badinage of Goldsmith to the vehement melodramatic denunciations of Dickens. But sometimes a satirist criticises society, not with the noble desire of correcting it, but from an inherent disbelief in the fundamental goodness of man. Such a satirist was Swift. He never saw anything in man but cant and hypocrisy; man's higher nature entirely escaped him. *Swift was a cynic*.

Thackeray does not belong to the Swift clan. He is the critic of society, not out of misanthropy, but out of philanthropy; he loves humanity and would see it purified from its frivolity and vices. He feels intensely the ugliness of vice and the beauty of virtue, and strives to make us share his hatred of the one and his admiration of the other. In order to make his wish a reality, he represents society 'not in the delusive colours of sentimental romance,' but as it actually is—a world where our brightest dreams seldom come to fruition, where folly, hypocrisy, and base passion often hold their sway unchecked."

Thackeray, however, never for a moment forgets the moving world of life and health around him. He represents society with its faults indeed, but with its virtues also. He does not, as some of his

critics pretend, allow his splendid intellect and imagination to be diseased and contaminated by constant contemplation of the evils and the ugliness seen in society.

Instances illustrating Thackeray's altruistic rôle as censor of his age, and his objective and impartial judgment of men and women, abound in his *Newcomes*. Sir Barnes—a caricature of the shrewd, calculating, hard, modern business-man, whom the author happily describes as a 'whited sepulchre,' is portrayed by the side of an almost now extinct species, the Colonel who is brave, polished, gifted with an old-world courtesy, true as steel, and self-sacrificing to a degree. All this astonishes the critical reader; he sees virtue arrive at such heights, and still remain simple, true, natural and attainable in society. Shrewd worldly women, without scruples and always on the look out for eligible parties, like Lady Kew, the Countess d'Ivry, and Mrs. Mac—plentiful in every society—are depicted along with frugal, industrious,

home-loving women, like Martha Honeyman, Laura Pendennis, and the Countess de Florac, "whose sainted heart is the *asile* of all griefs, a real Hotel Dieu with beds for all the afflicted, with sweet words like Sisters of Charity to minister to them."

Thackeray's satire is never personal like Pope's; it has none of Dickens' bitterness; it is as subtle as that of Chaucer, as good-natured as that of Steele. He has been called cynical, and heartless. He certainly uttered, but with no idea of giving pain, many unpleasant truths in his time, and cast down many cherished idols. The man who performs these tasks is seldom a favourite. Nevertheless Thackeray was, as Trollope remarks, "one of the most soft-hearted of human beings, sweet as charity itself, who went about dropping pearls, doing good, and never wilfully inflicting a wound."

"O gentle censor of our age!
Prime master of our ampler tongue,
Whose word of wit, and generous page,
Were never wroth except with wrong."

Subadar Mahaboob Khan, D.S.M.

His Reminiscences of the Great War.

[By P. SHARFUDIN, II U. Class.]

It was on August 5th. 1914, that I, Mahaboob Khan, a young man of the town of M— in the Madras Presidency, read in a local newspaper the news of John Bull's determination to fight down the Kaiser's unrighteousness. The news passed on, like fire in stubble, throughout the land, astonishing grave and peaceful people and rousing up patriotism and loyalty in the youths of the country. At the beginning, people did not dream that this war would be of such immense magnitude and would cause the hardships it has done. They

never dreamt that a war could be waged on land, and in the sea, and in the air. The war, however, began within a year to affect everybody, and especially the 'Allies', so much so that the Imperial Government advertised all over India, the enlistment of sepoys in His Majesty's Service, offering good pay, clothing, and other rewards.

But I, Mahaboob, went on with my usual way of life, till, at last, my heart was stirred by the stories of the glorious actions on the western front of the Indian Gurkhas and Pathans. Their

heroic deeds roused in me so strong a passion for military service that I determined to join, cost what it might.

I wrote, therefore, to the O. C., in Trichinopoly, a military station, to enlist directly as a Jemadar, and I quoted the faithful services to the British Government of my military ancestors. I received an order to go to Bangalore to be examined by the Military Medical Officer, Major Stewart, I.M.S. I went to Major Stewart. He conversed very freely with me. But while my attention was engaged in the conversation, he suddenly lodged me a blow upon the chest like a bang from a catapult. The blow was hard, but I stood it without moving a muscle, to the astonishment of the doctor. He made me run to a certain point and return back; he ordered me to climb a tree, to plunge into a deep tank; he measured my height and chest, and examined my breathing. Finding all satisfactory, he gave me a medical certificate of fitness. I returned to the O. C. at Trichinopoly and was ordered to go to the G. O. C. at St. Thomas Mount in Madras to receive my allowance, dress, and tulwar. I went, received my uniform with its star, and returned to be trained for Active Service.

At the barracks in Trichinopoly, I had a very vigorous training and, being a Pathan, was allowed much practice with the bayonet. After some months of hard work, I took up my jemadarship. A few months later, a G. O. came to our Commanding Officer, Lieut. Col. Cockbird, ordering a company of five hundred trained men with its complement of officers to proceed to Basra. Our Colonel selected Captain Sharpes and Lieut. Murphy to be the officers, and a Subadar, myself, and a Havildar to be the N. C. O's., and commanded us to start on Monday at noon.

When noon struck, the road to the station was thronged to the full with students and other young men, and the station itself was crowded chock-full. We marched with the band playing a lively tune, while the crowd on the road gave us deafening cheers. We entered

the station, where our comforts for the journey were provided for by presents of beedies and cigarettes, and started in a special train for Bombay. When the train glided away, the sepoys raised a thundering shout of "Deen! Deen!" much appreciated by Capt. Sharpes.

In two days we reached Bombay. There we rested for a whole day, and then embarked on the troopship "*Malwa*" for Basra. The ship was very beautiful and spacious, a very fast sailer, and the engines were of ten thousand horse-power. The Union Jack flew at the main mast, as if commanding the entire sea. There was room enough for lounging or playing on the decks. All day long, we did nothing but smoke or play games; at night, we had theatricals or slept deliciously, fanned by the cool, healthy sea-breeze. A very pleasant voyage brought us to Basra, the military headquarters of the British in Mesopotamia.

At Basra, we were met by the local military officers who led us to our barracks, and lined us up for inspection by the Colonel. After drill in the evening we had permission to visit the city. Basra was already a great commercial centre of the East, full of peoples of different countries and creeds. We saw Muslim Arabs, with their green kaftans and turbans, riding on the 'ships of the desert'; square-bearded Jews selling fancy articles; Christian Armenians wandering up and down the streets and offering themselves as guides to every new-comer. We saw English soldiers walking with their Indian comrades; and that was a grand sight to see. The town was thoroughly modernised with European hotels, motor buses and cars, trains and electric lights everywhere. Such was Basra when I visited the place.

A week later, very distressing news came to the G.O.C., Col. Bird, which made us immediately start for the war zone at Kut. It was that General Townshend had surrendered with his entire army at Kut, after a long siege. A new General led us to Kut. It was the famous General Maude who, by his goodness

and kindness, endeared himself to all our hearts. His noble qualities won for him the title of the "Father of the people" among the nations in Mesopotamia. For bravery and success, he was like Clive or Nicholson, and wherever he went victory was sure to crown him.

Within a few months we reached Kut. There, near the town, we strongly entrenched ourselves to meet the assailing Turks. Just a few miles off our trenches, the Turks were massed in great numbers with their maxims and guns. At seven in the morning the battle began, and it raged the whole day. The Turks advanced, but were met by our guns, which mowed them down in hundreds, quickly despatching many to the other world. Finding that many had fallen, the Turks retreated, and then the artillery began to pour down a deadly fire on both sides. Shells and bombs fell like hail, and exploded with tremendous roars. After some five hours of this deadly fire, our noble commander, Maude, gave the order to advance. We ran at a quick pace to the trenches, heedless of the shells knocking over many a good man of ours. I was lucky enough to make an attack on one of their machine-guns which was belching forth death at us. Two Turks were holding it, but with a mighty cry I attacked and killed the two. Then I turned their machine-gun on the enemy and worked it. But now the Turks were retreating unable to withstand our onrush, and I ordered some four sepoy to bring the captured maxim in. The captain congratulated me on my bravery and success, and told me he would commend my bravery in his despatch. We were successful the first time we met the enemy.

But the Turks had taken up a position some five miles from us and were prepared for action. Again we marched against them, and, as before, a deadly fight ensued. Victory favouring us, we drove them off with so much loss that they never again tried to fight us near Kut. They altogether

withdrew and left us sole masters of the place.

The aim now was to conquer the whole of Mesopotamia. Leaving a strong guard to defend Kut, we marched forward to Baghdad, the ancient metropolis of Asia, having retrieved the lost fame of the Allied troops. By this time, I had risen to the rank of a Subadar, and had a larger number of sepoy to command. After a weary march, we reached the vicinity of Baghdad. There we entrenched carefully. Now night had come on and so doubling the number of sentinels, we began to sleep for a while. It was a very dark night and the weary march had tired out even the best of us. The Turks sent a small division of cavalry to overpower us. They came thundering on up to our trenches and a terrible hand-to-hand fight began. The terrific din woke us all up. And we went against the enemy and drove them off with great slaughter. We repulsed a similar surprise attack again that night. When daylight broke, we had taken prisoners a large number of Turks and a few Germans. The whole day was spent in artillery fusillade. The next morning we advanced against the enemy trenches. The Turks were strongly entrenched, and possessed many good guns, worked by German officers. When we came in sight of them, we were ordered to quicken the pace; we broke into a run. With a fierce shout, our whole army of Indians and Europeans dashed against them. The bullets flew like hail, wounding many and killing some. Thoughtless of safety or of life, we vigorously charged the trenches and began a bayonet struggle. We had been well trained in that mode of fighting, and we exterminated many and took a large number of prisoners. We were now in the possession of the trench. The battle proceeded on for one week in this dreadful manner.

One day, when I was guarding a portion of that trench, some German soldiers came up, and mistaking us for the Turks, came towards us. Suddenly they recognised their mistake,

and ran for their lives. I sent some fleet-footed sepoy of mine to overtake them and bring them in. The Germans showed some fight, and killed three sepoy with their revolvers, but the remaining men closed on them and brought them safe to me. I then ordered those Germans to be carefully examined. Finding some carefully sealed packets on them, I left the men in safe custody and went to see our Capt. Sharpes. I gave him the packets and told him how I obtained them. He went with me to the Adjutant and there the packets were opened. They contained valuable pieces of information about the enemy's strength and their position and provided us with a map of some of their strongholds. This matter was referred to Gen. Maude and he at once changed his plans for the better.

Thus strengthened with this valuable news, we had no difficulty in driving off the Turks at every step, and lastly, we fought a final battle for the possession of Baghdad. The Turks are brave fighters, but they had not good officers and proper equipment. They had to retreat leaving a large number of prisoners and guns. They evacuated Baghdad and we obtained possession of the heart of Mesopotamia. Then leaving a strong guard as before at Kut, we marched forward.

In a slight skirmish, which took place some fifty miles from Baghdad, I was, to my utter misery, wounded with the worst wound for a soldier; the thumb and fingers of the right hand were knocked off by a bullet. This made me unfit for further military service. "Oh! sorrow of sorrows!" I could no longer proceed with the Glorious Indian Army on the road of success. I came back to Baghdad to

be treated by the surgeon in the Red Cross Hospital there.

At Baghdad, however, I had many comforts, but they could not cure the bitter regret in my heart. My wounds were skilfully treated by the surgeon, and myself and other wounded comrades were taken care of by the heroic daughters of Britain and India, who sacrificed comfort and pleasure to be nurses, and to help the wounded sepoy fighting for the cause of right and justice against the bloodthirsty Vandal. These sisters watched our ailments with great care. They read to us funny stories and humorous titbits, and tried in every way to make us comfortable and happy in spite of our wounds. One English nurse was very kind to me, and in order to cheer me up she spoke in my native tongue, Urdu, in such a pretty way that, when she was speaking, I was thoroughly enraptured and for the time forgot my sorrow. On the whole I had a happy time at Baghdad where I remained till my wound was healed, and then I started for Basra.

At Basra, I received an order to see the C. O., and from him I received a Distinguished Service Medal, awarded by his Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor for my meritorious services in action. I then returned to India. In my native town, M——, I was received with a hearty welcome by the Government officers and my relatives. I am now a pensioned Subadar with a handsome pension of Rs. 75 per mensem; I possess some jagirs which the benevolent Government has kindly bestowed upon me, and I live a peaceful happy life, honoured by my countrymen. I always prayed to God to crown with success the righteous and glorious cause of our Gracious Emperor and the Allied Arms, and my prayer has been heard.

My shortest days end, my lengthening days begin;
What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within?

Christina Rossetti.

India's Industrial Opportunity.

[Reprinted from *The Madras Mail*, Sept. 27, 1918.]

What Government is doing.

The Central Publicity Board has issued the following:—

The shortage of shipping and the restrictions on manufactures in the United Kingdom and Allied countries during the war have greatly enlarged the opportunities of Indian industry. At the same time several causes have operated to hinder the industrial development of India, and have made it more difficult to take advantage of these opportunities. Among them may be mentioned the difficulty of obtaining essential machinery and material from Europe and America; the shortage of coal coupled with shortage of railway waggons and coasting vessels; the difficulty of procuring from abroad chemical and technical experts such as India herself cannot supply; and shortage of skilled labour. Despite these disadvantages, great progress has been made in the encouragement of indigenous industries.

Policy of Government.

Government have taken all possible care to guard against the import of articles which can be manufactured in India. All indents from Government Departments and from the Railways are carefully scrutinised, in order that as much as possible may be obtained from Indian sources. Promising openings for manufactures in India are thus revealed, and are brought to the notice of firms likely to take up the work. Existing expert knowledge has for the first time been organised and made readily available for the help of industrialists.

The Munitions Board.

Much of this work has been due to the enterprise of the Indian Munitions

Board. The main function of this Board is the immediate supply of demands from the Armies in the Eastern theatre of war; but in discharging this function it has been able to foster the growth of indigenous industries in many ways. By the expenditure of Rs. 23 crores a vast impetus has been given to the general development of industries in India. The following brief description gives some idea of the activities which have resulted:—

Army Requirements.

The whole of the clothing and tents needed by the Army is now supplied so far as possible by goods of Indian manufacture. The manufacture of blankets alone gives employment to some 6,000 workers, while the millions of yards of webbing, newar, tape and cordage needed for Army use are made entirely from the products of small artisans.

During the current year nearly a million pairs of shoes have been manufactured, and have brought work to a large number of shoe-makers.

Textile and Boot Industries.

The following figures give some idea of the extent to which the textile and boot industry has been developed during the war. In 1913-14 Government bought for Army purposes 260,000 yards of Indian-made khaki drill. In the current year the total is over 21 million yards. Of gray and bleached cloths, the pre-war purchases in India were only 350,000 yards as against nine million yards at present. During this year the Munitions Board has purchased 49 million yards of webbing and tape. The purchases of putties have increased from 37,000 to

1,500,000 pairs; of jerseys from 23,000 to 275,000; of khaki great coat cloth, from 16,000 to 650,000 yards; of flannel from 32,000 to 850,000 yards. All this is of Indian manufacture. No fewer than two million pairs of boots are now manufactured for Government in a year as compared with rather less than 100,000 in 1913-14.

Hides and Leather.

Another important effect has been the encouragement of the hides and leather industry. Before the war the bulk of Indian hides was exported raw, largely to enemy countries. In 1913, for instance, 1,32,384 cwts. were exported, of which Germany and Austria took over 600,000 cwts. In the same year only 194,763 cwts. of tanned hides left India. At the outbreak of the war, the greater part of the market for raw hides was cut off, and it became moreover a matter of urgent necessity to develop the tanning industry to supply Great Britain and the Allies with half-tanned cow-hides.

Tanning.

Thanks to the measures taken by Government, the tanning industry has now been placed on a firm footing, and the results of this may be seen in the Export Statistics for the year 1917-18, when 361,674 cwts. of tanned hides, or nearly double the pre-war total, were exported. Great encouragement has been given to the leather industry by the demand for harness, saddlery, and accoutrements for the armies supplied in India. The monthly output of the Government Harness and Saddlery Factory at Cawnpore has increased from 33,000 lbs. of leather in 1913-14 to nearly 200,000 lbs. during the first three months of 1918-19. Two large tanneries at Cawnpore are now controlled by Government, and are turning out leather of first class quality. Great improvement has already resulted in the standard of leather making in India. The total value of the out-turn of the Government Factory at Cawnpore was 52½ lakhs in 1916-17.

Ordnance Stores.

In January, 1918, the Munitions Board assumed control of the Ordnance Factories. The recent expansion in the output of these Factories can be seen by comparing their total cash expenditure in 1913-14 (about Rs. 50 lakhs) with the sum of Rs. 1,16,25,000 which was spent in the first three months of this financial year. A large scheme for other extensions is now being carried out at a cost of about half a million sterling. This, with the new acetone factory, the whole output of which will be used in the Aravankadu Cordite Factory, will give employment to a number of Indians, and render the country more nearly independent of outside supplies.

Iron and Steel—The Tata Works.

So far as the iron and steel trades are concerned, let us take as an example, the progress made by the Tata Iron and Steel Company at Sakchi, of which the entire output of pig-iron and steel is controlled by the Munitions Board. At the commencement of the war only two furnaces were in operation, each to produce 200 tons of pig-iron a day while four open hearth furnaces were working with an out-turn of 50 tons each per "heat." The present annual steel capacity is 200,000 tons, from which, among other things, 120,000 tons of rails and small sections are manufactured yearly.

Two blast furnaces are now producing 350 tons each a day, and three more are in course of construction. Other extensions are about to be undertaken, the cost of which is estimated at Rs. 12 crores.

Timber.

The Board is supplying timber in the form of sleepers, scantlings, poles and bamboos, to the military forces in the Eastern theatres of war, to the value of Rs. 24,00,000 a month.

Chemical Industries.

Special attention is being paid to the development of chemical industries in

India, on the existence of which depends the possibility of the sound growth of indigenous enterprise. The Munitions Board has now a permanent chemical adviser, whose expert knowledge is at the disposal of all enquirers. Constant investigations are being made as to the development of chemical manufacture, and every possible assistance and encouragement has been given to firms engaged in this work. The success of these efforts may be gauged from the fact that the following important chemicals, amongst others, have now for the first time been produced on a commercial scale in India: caustic soda, magnesium chloride, thymol, sandalwood oil, copperas, zinc chloride, and refined nitre.

New Industries.

The possibility of the manufacture of certain important articles on a large scale in India has been carefully examined. It is hoped that the researches now being undertaken will lead eventually to the establishment of various basic industries in India. This will greatly hasten the general industrial development of the country. Among other examples of new manufacturing industries, for which in many cases the plans are already far advanced, the following may be mentioned:—

The distillation of coal tar;
The rolling of steel plates and the making of galvanised sheets and tin plates;

The refining of copper and zinc;
The erection of plants for making steel tubes and steel pipes;
The manufacture of textile and agricultural machinery;
The making of railway waggons and electrical plant;
The production of steel, wire, cutlery, and enamelware; and the construction of electric furnaces for the production of steel castings and ferro-alloys.

In addition to the above, much attention has been paid to increasing the production of quinine, long-stapled cotton, jute, and of other fibres, of indigo, and of sugar.

Forest Industries.

Forest industries have also claimed their share of the attention of the Munitions Board. The Turpentine and Rosin industries have received considerable encouragement; the manufacture of tea chests has been greatly increased; the establishment of Government lac factories is under consideration, and the development of the paper pulp industry is being thoroughly investigated.

In all these ways, as will be seen, the Government of India are making an organised attempt to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the war, to develop the indigenous industries of India, and to found such new industries as may be suitable to the conditions of the country, in as large a measure as possible.

SONGS.

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart or from the head?
Happy Poet, let me know.
Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the South wind shapes its tune,
The harper, he, of June.
None may answer, none may know,
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the selfsame canons bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

—Stoddard.

On Loving and Hating the Enemy.

[By E. O. U.]

Should we hate the Germans? No; pace one section of the South Indian Press. Should we treat them with loving forgiveness and tenderness? No; pace another section of the press and some unctuous pacifist ranters.

Hatred has, like most words, many meanings.

1. Miss Prim hates sugar in her tea, and Mr. Dandy hates soft cuffs and collars. They may go on hating to their hearts' content and to every one's amusement.

2. Merchant X hates Railway-man Y, for Y delayed a truck of goods at a side-station for three months. X takes Y to law and makes him pay costs and damages.

Quite right, X; but don't say that you hate Y. You are indignant and angry, and you claim your rights. Why, you might even change your carrier: it would be a lesson for Y not to trifle with merchants.

3. A Burglar and six chums, in B. Householder's absence, broke into his house. They bagged all they could carry away, smashed all the rest, beat B's wife and daughters, and killed a man-servant who resisted them. Neighbour Smart caught Burglar and handed him over to the police who caught the gang of cracksmen. The criminals got imprisonment for life; their belongings were sold and the proceeds went to Householder and to the family of the servant that was killed. Householder now rejoices that the rascals got their deserts, though in his heart he thinks they should all have swung for it; and he is delighted that he has been able to remake his little home, though seven families are homeless and penniless.

So far all right; but Householder must not hate the rascals, rascals though

they be, which he would do if he let ill-feeling tempt him to taunt their wives and children and to prevent them from earning their bread, or to bribe the jail-superintendent to make their life more miserable than the sentence implied. This would be hatred; B. must not hate.

4. Big Willie and Little Willie, a big farming concern, covet the farms of Jean Tricolor, of John Bull, and of sundry other neighbours. Big Willie tries to coax little Albert Brussels to let him take a short cut through his fields to get at Jean. Albert is a very little fellow and his farm is very small—it would take five hundred Alberts to make one Big or Little Willie—but he won't stand that. The Willies do it all the same. They knock little Albert all of a heap, they spit disgrace upon his wife and daughters, whack and kick his little sonnies into mummy, clap their thievish hands upon his little money-box, gulp down his beer and bacon,—and make for Jean. John shouts from his side of the pond, "Hold on, Willie; get out of that, or I'll come over and make you." Willie shouts back, "Mind your own business, John, and stay on your own side of the pond." But John doesn't stay on his own side of the pond; he comes over and joins Jean. They both come up to meet the Willies. In the first bout, they get the worst of it. In the next, the Willies are licked back not quite, but almost up to the boundary line of little Albert's farm. Both sides breathe a while and grease their elbows before they go at it again. But, meanwhile, some of Big Willie's farm-boys give a nasty dig in the ribs to some of grave old Uncle Sam's boys.—Willie has an ugly knack of being disagreeable.—Uncle Sam is put out, and worries over it; he can't very well put up with that. But Uncle Sam's big farm is far

away on the far side of the pond, so he sends a note to Big Willie. Big Willie laughs at the note, and goes on eating up Albert's chickens, pigs, rye, and corn.

Then the fight starts again. Jean and John have hard times of it, but they managed to take some of the shine off Little Willie's buttons and to knock in his cocked hat. That was, perhaps, because just then Big Willie was for a moment thinking of something else. He was thinking of Uncle Sam's boys, for he had sent out some of his own lads to duck them in the pond. It was not for a lark; it was the bully's cussedness and a suicidal blunder. He didn't frighten Uncle Sam; he put his monkey up.

Uncle Sam was wrath, and sent his biggest boys across the pond to lend a hand to Jean and John. Before they turned up, the Willies were getting it rather tight, and, of course, when Sam's boys joined in, the Willies got it tighter. They had to back out of Jean's place; but at every step back, they played the mischief on his farm; they cut down his trees and set his barn on fire. Jean, John, and the Sammies kept on hammering on the Willies who had at last to give in and cry for mercy.

Down they went on their knees and whined just as beaten bullies whine. But Albert, John, Jean, and one Sam (for all the Sammies) held a meeting and

Resolved that

1. "The Willies are blackguards, and they must at once get away back on to their own farm.

2. They must pay back every farthing's worth they took, or spoiled, or wasted. (b) They must beg pardon for their bad manners to women and children. (c) They must hand over the cudgels they did the mischief with, and every thing stolen from any of the neighbours.

3. They must agree, that they're no better than other folks, and they must treat us like folks that mean to spoil their little game if they mean to bully us or any one else again.

4. We must see that they don't go swaggering about as if they had won the game."

These resolutions were endorsed "To be communicated to the Willies for information."

The Willies answered,

"1. No, no; we are very good neighbours. If you only knew how we love all our neighbours!!

2. (a) We can't pay; we spent all we had on cudgels to beat you. (b) It's very mean to beg pardon. (c) We can't give up our cudgels for the reasons indicated under 3, and we can't give up Jean's two bits of land; we want them for a nice boundary line round our own farm.

3. Yes; you got the best of it just now, but as soon as we take breath, we'll show you what's what. That's why we want the cudgels.

4. We promise we shall never be naughty again.

5. We are going to be very cold and hungry in the winter, for in the row we forgot about the shearing and the reaping; we thought we'd have enough of yours to live on. If you don't let us off very easy, our farmboys are bound to kick up the deuce of a row."

In answer to this the Willies received the following communication;—

"From

Jean, John, Albert, and Sam in council assembled,

To

Big and Little Willie.

1. You should have sent a sample of your goodness and of your love; we have no idea of what they're like, and we're business folks and don't buy a pig in a poke.

2. (a) You can work and earn the wherewithal to pay the mischief done; you'll not want elbow grease or cudgels any more. (b) It does take one down a peg to have to own a fault, but that's the first step up from shame to decency. (c) About the cudgels under 3; and

"never mind the nice line around your farm; it really doesn't matter.

3. We know the game you're up to; but you shan't show us what's what. And you shall give up your cudgels, for as indicated under 2, you'll not want them any more.

4. Words of promise! No; thanks—kindly! You wouldn't take John's words of advice, but you took Albert's cash-box. Words and promises won't plant apple-trees, build barns, rear pigs and poultry, and pay us all for the time you kept us off our own jobs.

5. We're sorry you made fools of yourselves, and sorry you spent all your money on sticks to beat us. But don't worry; we'll send you the food and

clothes you want; and don't quarrel among yourselves and hinder us from getting them to you over across the hedge. Don't whine at us, if your own boys make you hop; you called the dance, and you must pay the piper.

6. This communication shall be the last between Jean, John, Albert and Sam on the one side, and Big Willie and Little Willie on the other side."

So, that's it, is it? Exactly; to a T. That's all fair and square; business, justice; no humbug. No trace of hatred, i.e., no ill-feeling, no bad-blood, no spite, no revenge; and no trace of sentimental old-womanish twaddle, "Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Do, do, do be very good boys!!!"

Anglo-Saxon Schools.

[By A CONTRIBUTOR, B.A.]

The dark ages were supposed to extend from the downfall of the Roman Empire until the 13th or 14th centuries. That notion is fast losing ground, and has proved untenable in face of more thorough and less biassed historical research. Though the Roman Empire fell, yet its splendour and gradual disruption had a healthy effect on the barbarian conquerors. Its splendour made them reverence it and its gradual disruption gave them an opportunity of inheriting many of its institutions. The Christian schools of the so-called dark ages were not new, nor was the curriculum new, but the old Roman schools and the old Roman curriculum were adopted by the Church for the conversion and civilization of the barbarians.

That England benefited extensively by these Roman schools and consequently the Dark Ages did not exist so far as Anglo-Saxon England was

concerned, is the purpose of the following essay.

The earliest English schools were founded by the Church. No sooner had Augustine become Archbishop of Canterbury than he founded a school there (598). In 604 he is supposed to have founded St. Paul's School, London, and Rochester Cathedral School. About 627 Paulinus founded a school at York. In the year 631 Sigbercht, King of East Anglia, "wishing to imitate what he had seen so well done in Gaul, founded a school in which boys might be taught Grammar, with the assistance of Bishop Felix, whom he had got from Kent, who provided them with ushers and masters after the custom of the Canterbury folk".*

About the year 634 Aidan founded Lindisfarne, where "little English boys were taught by Irish teachers the

* Bede.

observance of regular discipline together with higher learning (theology).” Other schools founded by Irish monks were Ripon and Hexham (661 and 678). In 674 and 682, respectively, Benedict Biscop founded the monasteries and schools of Wearmouth and Jarrow, the latter famous for its pupil and master, Bede.

In 648 Winchester Grammar School was founded, and in 705 that of Sherbourne*—Sherbourne famous for its founder Aldhelm and its pupil Alfred the Great. Lichfield, Hereford, and Worcester date their schools from the latter quarter of the 7th century.

The first Danish invasion put a stop to education and the founding of schools, and it is only during Alfred's reign that we next hear of educational activity. What schools Alfred founded we do not exactly know; probably his great work lay in rebuilding and refounding the monasteries and schools ravaged by the Danes. However, the fresh impulse given to education by that scholar, warrior and statesman, was not lost on the successors of his line; nor on the later Danish kings. The exact dates of the schools founded by them are unrecorded; but in almost all the burghs or fortified towns built by Alfred's children, Edward and Æthelfred, the Lady of the Mercians, there were collegiate churches and schools of pre-Conquest origin. “They aimed,” we are told, “at consolidating by arts what they had achieved by arms; at educating the heathen when they had subdued them.” Athelstan founded schools at Beverley and Chester-le-Street, and refounded the school of Ripon. The Danish king, Canute, continued the school-founding policy of his Anglo-Saxon predecessors. In 1060 Earl Harold founded a school at Waltham in Essex, and arranged for its government with the deepest insight into the needs of his time.

From this brief account of the founding of schools, we may fittingly

* In 1905 Sherbourne celebrated the 12th centenary of the foundation of its school.

conclude that, previous to the Conquest, “there were public schools in all the principal centres of population;” and that the term Dark Ages can scarcely be applied to Anglo-Saxon England.

Turning from a mere cataloguing of schools to the great men who advanced education in Anglo-Saxon times, we are further convinced of the extent of education and of the enlightenment of those ages. What that enlightenment consisted in, we shall say later on.

The first great name in the history of English education is that of Theodore of Tarsus—“a man instructed in both secular and divine literature, Greek and Latin.” Theodore was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 669; and with his companion, Hadrian, a few years later, travelled throughout the country. “Because”, says Bede, “both were abundantly learned in sacred and profane literature, they collected crowds of disciples, and streams of saving knowledge daily flowed from them to irrigate their hearts as, together with Holy Writ, they gave to their hearers instruction both in the arts of metre and astronomy and ecclesiastical arithmetic. The proof is that even to this day (730) some of their pupils survive who know Latin and Greek as well as their mother tongue”.

After Theodore of Tarsus come Bede and Alcuin. These two have rendered for ever famous the schools of Anglo-Saxon England. The latter was especially a master; the former, a master and writer: both were the product of the schools of the North that were then uniting two independent sources of knowledge—the Irish and the Roman.

Bede, at the age of seven (680) was entrusted to the Abbot of Jarrow “to be brought up (*educandus*)”. In that monastery, he tells us, “I passed the whole of my life; and gave my whole work to the study of the Scriptures; and in the intervals of the observance of the regular discipline and daily singing service in the church, I have always held it a pleasure to learn or teach or write.” To this remarkable industry,

“we owe his excellent Ecclesiastical History of the English, and our knowledge of the many men who up to his time promoted religion and learning in England; many commentaries on Holy Scripture; two school-books, Orthography and Prosody, (to the latter of which is appended a treatise on Figures of Speech); and numerous translations.

Little need be said of Alcuin. A pupil of York School under Archbishop Albert, he soon became its master, and won such fame that Charlemagne pressed him to become master of his Palace School at Aachen in 782. He trained both in England and on the continent many illustrious pupils. His chief written work was an account “of the Bishops and Saints of the Church of York,” written in Latin hexameters. It also gives us excellent information about the York Grammar School, the teachers, the subjects taught, and the noble library.

Of the various Anglo-Saxon kings who strove to promote learning among their subjects, I shall only mention Alfred, Edgar in conjunction with Dunstan, and Canute.

Owing to the recent Danish ravages education had fallen very low, and that scholarly statesman, Alfred, was untiring in his efforts to revive the old glory of Anglo-Saxon learning. To effect this he set to work translating Latin authors for the benefit of those who knew only their mother-tongue, inserting, as it seemed good to him, many remarks of his own. To his encouragement of letters we are indebted for the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicles*. In his preface to the *Pastoral Care*, a copy of which he sent to every Cathedral in his kingdom, he laments over the decay of learning and encourages well-to-do free-born parents to send their children “to learning, until they are well able to read English; and further, let those who will afterwards continue in learning, learn Latin and go to a higher rank.”

Great interest was taken in education by Edgar and Dunstan. Though the two shared pretty equally the political

glories of the reign, the latter probably was more interested in Education than the former. Dunstan, the great churchman, statesman and scholar, had won great renown as a teacher before entering on his political career. “Most of his pupils,” we are told, “were sought for as pastors of churches, as provosts, deans, abbots, bishops, and archbishops, and were most illustrious in each order.” A most striking example of the interest taken in education during the reign is afforded by the “Canons of King Edgar.” In these, parish priests are ordered to keep schools in their parishes and to teach small boys gratis not only “lore” (Latin), but also some handicraft.*

Though the Anglo-Saxons were unable to withstand the arms of Canute, yet their civilization and religion subdued him and made him a humane and religious man. Not only had he at heart the material but also the intellectual welfare of his subjects. Whenever he went to any famous monastery or borough he founded scholarships for poorer boys. Abbot Samson tells us that he also established public schools throughout the cities and boroughs and appointed masters over them.

These are the most famous of the great men that advanced education in Anglo-Saxon England. The number might be increased, but it is sufficient to show that there was considerable intellectual and educational activity during the so-called dark ages. It was the purpose of these great men to bring the knowledge of the age within the scope of all, rich and poor. Each school was endowed, and as we gather from the councils of the Church, and the history of the Irish monasteries, education was practically free: only voluntary offerings might be received. But the poor, owing to the cost of books, must have been debarred of the advantages open to the rich.

Many were the opportunities afforded a pupil in these schools. In the Irish schools of the North, he might study

* Dunstan is the patron saint of the Goldsmiths' Company of London.

Theology, Holy Scripture, and Psalmody. As time went on, he might study the same subjects in schools founded on Roman models, with which we are more concerned here.

In general, throughout the country a twofold type of schools, the song and grammar schools, provided for the education of students. The song schools were elementary schools where little boys were taught to read and write, and to sing the psalms after the Gregorian fashion. The grammar schools taught the trivium*, quadrivium, and the higher faculties of law and divinity.

Thus Alcuin in his poetic way tells us that Albert, his own teacher at York, "moistened thirsty hearts with divers streams of knowledge and varied dews of study; busily giving to some the arts of science of grammar, pouring into others the streams of the tongues of orators; these he polished on the whetstone of law, those he taught to sing Æonian chant, making others play on the flute of Castaly, and run with the lyre over the hills of Parnassus. But others the said master made to know the harmony of heaven and the sun, the labours of the moon, the five belts of the sky, the seven planets, the laws of the fixed stars, their rising and setting, the movements of the air and the sun, the earth's quake, the nature of men, cattle, birds, and beasts, the different kinds of number and various geometrical figures.....above all, revealing the mysteries of Holy Writ, for he opened the abysses of the old and rude law."

This was York school at the height of its glory; but the higher faculties of theology and law were only for clerical students. The following list of school books taken from the fly-leaf of one of them gives us a good sample of the ordinary liberal education of the day. "These are the books that were Athelstane's: Of the nature of things (Isidore), Persius, on the art of metre, the small

* The trivium comprised grammar, rhetoric, and logic; the quadrivium, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

Donatus, the Apocalypse, the large Donatus, Alcuin, A Gloss on Cato, a little book on the art of grammar, Sedulius, one arithmetic, A Gloss on Donatus, Dialogues." To the subjects indicated here must be added music, astronomy, and logic.

A school book of the 10th century shows us that in many respects these schools were in advance of our own. It shows that the purpose of studying Latin was not, as has been the case with Sanskrit students in this country, merely to memorize a jumble of sounds, nor was it, as is the case with Latin itself in so many modern schools and colleges, merely to read and write it; but the purpose was that the student should be able to use it as a means of oral communication with his fellow-students and fellow-men.

The book is entitled: "Dialogue to exercise boys in talking the Latin tongue." The first pupil, speaking for all, says:—"We boys ask you, master, to teach us to speak Latin correctly, as we are unlearned and speak corruptly." It is in Latin and Anglo-Saxon and is the work of Aelfric—a pupil of Dunstan. It is a colloquy between a set of pupils and their master; each pupil represents some occupation, and speaks about that with the master; all ending in a debate on the respective qualities of the various occupations—from that of the unfree ploughboy to that of the monk. The Dialogue supplies a varied vocabulary of the words necessary for ordinary everyday conversation; the words a monk, ploughboy, shepherd, cowherd, fisherman, hawker, merchant, seaman, shoemaker, salter, cook and baker might need. The same author translated for little boys Priscian's Grammar. His aim is seen in the following quotation from the preface, "My little boys", he says;—"by this you can implant both tongues, Latin and English, in your tender years till you come to more advanced studies." A rather advanced system of education for the dark ages!

From documents here and there we catch some interesting glimpses of

school life. Boys had their worries as schoolboys will always have, but they had their amusements too. As a sample of the latter, we have the following incident that occurred to Herebald, Abbot of Lynemouth, when a pupil at York. "During my early youth, while I was living among the bishop's clerks, having been sent to the grammar and song schools, one day when we were riding on a great plain, the youths who were with him, especially the lay boys, began to ask the bishop to let them race their horses against each other." The bishop yielded to their importunities; but the future abbot was thrown from his horse and had his skull fractured.

I have no evidence of other sports in Anglo-Saxon England; but in the time of Becket the schoolboys indulged in cock-fighting and playing ball. The forensic contests probably belong to a later period.

The worries of the pupils were, I am afraid, well justified. In places flogging was considered as essential to a boy's formation as learning; and skill in the use of the rod, as essential a qualification for a master as knowledge. Hints are given that children were flogged periodically "merely for custom." That flogging was left to the caprices of their elders, may be an exaggeration, as most of the weak points of the Anglo-Saxons have been exaggerated by writers who saw the past through Norman eyes. However, flogging was more common than it is to-day. The pupils in Aelfric's Dialogue, asked if they are willing to be flogged while

learning, one and all assert their preference of flogging to ignorance though they trust that the master will be kind to them. One trace of the dark ages!!

Prior to the Danish invasion, the schools of Anglo-Saxon England were among the foremost in Europe, second only to the Irish. The most renowned were Jarrow and York; Jarrow for its connection with Bede, and York for its library, and its succession of famous teachers culminating in Alcuin. Thither flocked crowds of pupils from Europe who carried back the fame of their masters. When Albert was returning from Rome in 766, kings and princes pressed him to stay with them, and "irrigate their lands with learning." When Charlemagne wanted to enlighten his people, it was to England and Ireland that he looked for teachers. These schools suffered severely from the Danish invasion, and though the Post-Alfredian schools were more numerous and probably equally efficient, yet they never attained, as English schools since have not attained, to the position held in Europe by the older Anglo-Saxon Schools; maybe William was not an improvement on Harold, nor Norman statesmen an improvement on the gentler and more refined Anglo-Saxons.

In conclusion we may say that the dark ages did not exist as far as Anglo-Saxon England was concerned; on the contrary, she well deserved the title, primarily belonging to the sister isle, "the island of saints and scholars."

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts
control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

J. H. Newman.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

Pope.

A Useless Medal.



Mr. George Cain, Conservator of the Carnavalet Museum, received from Switzerland the photograph of a medal commemorative of the entrance of the Germans into Paris which was struck in anticipation of that event in 1914. The photograph was reproduced in the *Temps*.

The medal shows on one side the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*, and above it and running through a radiation of swords, the date 1871-1914, with the Eiffel tower in the distance. The legend means "Entrance of the German troops into Paris." The other side of the medal shows an *Iron Cross* with an oak leaf in the centre, the Kaiser's initial and his imperial crown above, and the date, 1914, below. The legend as translated by Mr. George Cain means, "United at home. Resolute abroad."

Mr. Cain tells us in the *Temps* that only one specimen of this medal re-

mains and that it is exhibited in a glass-case at Bale. As to the others, they were all sent back to the melting-shops when Germany was in need of metal; ten railway truck-loads took the road to a foundry in Dresden. Mr. Cain adds that when the war memorials are gathered together, this medal will be an appropriate companion for the other well known medal commemorating the massacre of the *Lusitania*.

Le Pelerin, 8th Sept. 1918.

There is a proverb about counting the chickens before they are hatched, is there not?

Independent of other evidence of German confidence of success, the photograph of this medal might seem to be a hoax, but we know the German well enough to know that he would not stop even at this silliness.

Records of the Past.

[By K. V. CHATHU KUTTY NAIR, II U. C.]

Frederic Harrison, in his essay on the nineteenth century, says that this is the age of coal and iron, of science and industry. Only look at any important town or city of the United Kingdom hundreds of factory chimneys rise up high into the air belching forth, morning, noon and night, dark masses of smoke which spread like a dark thick canopy and shut out the brightness of the light of the sun and the moon.

A few miles beyond those great cities, and our eyes are arrested by an entirely different sight. What a striking contrast to the busy factory engines, and to the endless maze of jostling streets and markets! Not a sign of life to disturb the quiet repose of the picturesque, mouldering remains of a memorable past. Those walls, now overgrown with ivy and moss, were once adorned with magnificent sculpture. Even now, in spite of the havoc of man and time, they seem to be encircled by a halo of sacredness and glory. What a proud position do they not fill in the records of mankind! Yet, the irony of it all! They were doomed to utter neglect and decay. Looking at them, the facts of the days of their glory crowd thick into our memory, and we exclaim with Carlyle, "For twenty generations here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle—looked at by Earth, by Heaven and Hell."

During a long period in the course of the nation's life, they gave shelter to mighty souls who contemplated not the alpha, beta, and gamma rays, but the omnipresence of God and the immortality of the human soul. At a time when the factory spinning engine was unheard of, and the homely spinning wheel whirled in the homestead; when the contented farmer drove his team of oxen into the fields and took his

scanty dinner on the verge of the green corn-fields; the monks, in those buildings now in ruins, were singing psalms and praying to Heaven in thanksgiving for the redemption of a sinning world. Finding that "the world is too much with us", they sought shelter from its snares and temptations in order to dedicate their lives to God's glorious service and the service of humanity.

The wheel of time has turned full circle, and those ruins have become the memorials of an almost 'dead past.' They are mute, absolutely indifferent to the commotions and activities of the present. A deep gulf lies between ourselves and those days when monasticism was an important factor in the social life of England. For more than ten centuries the monks shaped to a great extent the course of national thought and ministered to the wants of the human soul. They were the pioneers in many departments of thought and action. They drained marshes, reclaimed wastes and added them to the area of fertile land. They taught the laymen how to lead a settled, peaceful life. They were among the most ardent to spread education among the various classes of the people. In short, they helped to give a definite shape and colour to Christian society and to infuse into it vigour and health.

Shall we not pause a while to dwell upon the manner of life led by those monks whose influence on the nation was so great?

Carlyle says, "Another world it was when those black ruins, white in their new mortar and fresh chiselling, first saw the sun as walls." Indeed the method of life the monks devised for themselves in their new world was distinct in every way from the old world they had left.

This new world was a perfect corporation in which mental and manual labour were strictly enjoined on each member, in which the spiritual and material wants of the members were provided for, in which the subordination of the individual will to that of the community was enforced. That the individual will should not impede the welfare of the corporation, provisions were made for the punishment or the expulsion of the transgressor of the rules of conduct laid down for all. A world in itself, it had very little to do with the rest of mankind. Yet, for a very long time, it superposed itself on the larger world of the nation and produced far-reaching effects.

This little corporation had at its head the Abbot; a president, for he was elected by the monks, but an absolute ruler in virtue of the power he was invested with. He stood in the place of Christ to the rest of the monks and was a father to them. His law was inviolable and his orders brooked no questioning. To disobey the Abbot was considered a very grievous sin. He was entirely responsible for the welfare of the members of the community and saw to their spiritual and material needs. He was the secular lord of the properties belonging to the monastery, and the right of transaction with the outer world lay entirely in his hands, but he could, of course, appoint commissioners to act for him. In matters of religion he was amenable only to the Pope; but in temporal matters, answerable to the king like any secular baron.

In the administration of the establishment, the Abbot was assisted by many subordinates. They were nominated by him and had to submit to him an account of their actions. The most important personage among these "subalterns" was the Prior. He stood next in power to the Lord Abbot and acted for him in his absence. As the Abbot stood in the place of a father to the monks, so the Prior stood for a mother to them. He maintained the general discipline of the fraternity and reported about the mis-

conduct of the monks to his superior. He saw that the monks were properly fed and lodged. He was assisted by one or more Sub-Priors according to the variety and importance of his functions. Lower in rank came the sacristan who had in his charge, the upkeep of the church adjoining the monastery, the cellarer in charge of the food supply, the master of novices, the infirmarian, and the almoner.

The advantages accruing from this organisation were very great. The task involved in the internal administration of the monastery, being thus divided among so many officers, became comparatively easy and could be performed in a shorter time than would have been otherwise possible. Freedom from all worry arising from the needs of physical existence, so essential to the due performance of the main purpose of their life, i.e., their spiritual duties, was also secured in this manner. The strict economy of time just hinted at made it possible to attempt various other tasks of equal utility to the monks themselves and to others, by means of which their hold on the public mind was made stronger and more lasting. So much for the broad outlines of the administration of the monastery.

On entering the monastery the monks took solemn vows to remain individually poor, to be chaste, and to obey without question the laws of conduct furnished for them. They did not own even the cassocks and gowns they wore. They spoke little, fasted very often, did penance for their sins and meekly bore the punishments they were sometimes subjected to. Prayer and meditation formed their chief duty. The monks of the Benedictine order prayed seven times a day and recited the psalms of David and other prayers during prescribed hours, usually in the church. When the bell tolled for prayer, all the monks rose from their labour and walked to the abbey church in a quiet procession. The religious function gone through with due observances, they again resumed the work on hand. On no account were these

duties allowed to suffer, provision being, of course, made for illness.

Prayer and meditation did not, however, take up the whole of the time at their disposal. In order, therefore, to prevent idleness from creeping in, enough of employment had to be found for the members of the fraternity. As for any absorbing intellectual task, it was out of question since the available books and other requisites essential to it were few. Science was still in the embryo, and the prevailing condition of the times did not excite any keen interest in it as it does in these days. Hence arose the necessity of resorting to manual labour as the best means of occupying their time. The Benedictine rule enjoined upon its followers seven hours to be spent in manual labour and two in reading and writing.

This manual labour invariably took the shape of agriculture, for corn had to be stored up for the daily bread, and the monastery owned large areas of arable land. The monks generally settled themselves in desolate and uninhabited places, where they cleared away forests, drained marshes, and increased the productivity of the soil. They were very skilful in farming and introduced innovations in tilling and manuring. Considering that the staple of industry in those days was agriculture, that no geologists had yet come upon the coal and iron fields of the midland counties to revolutionise the ways of life of society, we can hardly exaggerate the service rendered by the monks in England to farming.

Their part in the spread of education was no less important. In an age which considered that honour and glory lay in the lists and the battle-fields, the monks, were, though probably second to the secular clergy, the only class that might be considered learned. They knew how to build bridges and roads, and were versed in the art of healing. They did not, like the Brahman hierarchy of ancient India, monopolise the knowledge then available. Many of the monasteries had schools attached to them,

where the children of the neighbourhood were instructed. The common opinion was that the number of pupils was small and the method of instruction rather clumsy and awkward. It is only at present that the education given in those olden times is receiving the serious attention of scholars. We know enough, however, to prevent us from underrating the value of their service. One point insisted on by them was the endowing of colleges with sufficient lands and riches. The advantages of providing for the material wants of those engaged in intellectual pursuits were clearly demonstrated by their own mode of life; they were understood by the founder of the University of Cambridge; and no one doubts of them to-day.

That the monks made it a point to avoid contact with outsiders has been hinted at the outset. However, they could not, from the very manner of their life, cut themselves off from all connection with the rest of the world. The results were often unpleasant, and sometimes even regrettable. The feudal tenure of the lands and agriculture entailed frequent dealings with the laity. They had often to buy and sell. Villages and towns grew up in course of time on their lands and around the church. The fixation and collection of the tax due from the settlers brought in its train occasional quarrels and blows. Instances are not wanting to show that sometimes the discontented tenant-folk joined together and laid siege to the convent. Occasionally the Lord Abbot tried to defend himself with the help of the friendly tenants; and arms decided the point at issue in the way of "might and right." In some cases the quarrel was referred to the bishop of the diocese in which the monastery stood. This gave room for the bishop's claiming control over the monastery. The Lord Abbot stood by his entire subordination to the Pope only. Appeals often went to Rome and the decision of His Holiness came sometimes in the form of privileges to the conventuals, and sometimes the bishop's claim was confirmed.

These few facts give us a fair idea of the life of the monks. There remains, however, one more point to be noticed before we close. It has been said above that a monk of the Benedictine order could hold no private property, but the community could own unlimited wealth. This in course of time encouraged luxury and ease, and gave birth to a desire for the relaxation of the laws which characteristically demanded strict, though not gloomy and cheerless, asceticism in the members of the corporation. Add to this that the young novices were sometimes unfitted by nature for the life chosen for them by their pious parents. The result was that worldliness slowly set in and gave a plausible excuse to the enemies of monasticism to lay violent hands on the wealth and lands of the monasteries.

We should not, however, grumble against a system which rendered signal service to England in its need. The very fact that monasticism remained unshaken for more than ten centuries is a testimony to the soundness of its health at core. At a time when the wild Anglo-Saxons, Jutes, Bretons and Celts were just emerging from sheer

barbarism, the monks taught them lessons of humanity and awoke them to a sense of the Divine Power working behind the visible world. However much the face of English society has been altered since the Renaissance and the Reformation by the inventions of Arkwright and Steevenson, the influence of the monasteries still remains closely woven into the very texture of English life.

What, if a Cromwell and a Henry VIII transformed the Monasteries into those "fallen God's houses, the Golgotha of true Souls departed"? Their service to humanity was duly rendered; they have been supplemented by a kind Providence to give room for new institutions demanded by the changing times. The spiritual lamp has been kept burning in spite of coal and iron. Why, a time may come when coal and iron may find a place only in the records of the past, and then new and undreamt of institutions may arise to supply the new spiritual needs of society in a new era. So does it seem ordained by Him that has the universe in his care to meet every new need with new manifestations of His wisdom.

Notes.

Some Writers and their Ways.

Cowley, Cowper, and Wordsworth wrote in solitude, away from men, where they might not be disturbed by any of those scenes that tend to lower our ideas of human nature.

Thackeray carried his MS. about him wherever he went, and when he had a minute to spare, out would come the MS. and some corrections would be made.

Lord Lytton wrote in his splendid library with twelve candles burning and two powdered footmen in attendance.

Henrik Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis*, shut himself up with a pile of reference books and wrote.

Shelley lay face downwards on the floor for hours at a stretch with a tankard of light wine by his side, wooing the poetic muse.

Jules Verne, who has delighted all the world for so many years, and who will delight generations and generations to come, says of himself, "I rise every morning before five—a little later, perhaps, in winter—and at five I am at my desk, remaining at work until eleven. I work very slowly and with

the greatest care, writing and rewriting until each sentence takes the form I desire. "I have always at least ten novels in my head in advance, subjects and plots thought out; so that, you see, if I am spared, I shall have no difficulty in completing the eighty novels I spoke of. But it is over my proofs that I spend most time. I am never satisfied with less than seven or eight proofs, and correct and correct again until it can be safely said the last proof bears hardly any traces of the original MS."

Charles Dickens wrote in his study, in solitude, for a stated time every day. This was his habitual practice. He sought his subject and inspiration in the crowded streets of London. He found mental relief in long walks, in which he indulged in order to overcome by bodily fatigue the constant mental excitement to which he was subjected. His practice was in the early days of his career to retire to his study after supper—about ten o'clock—and to work on till one, as a rule. Sometimes the rule was forgotten, and three o'clock would find him at his desk. He seemed to feel that the action of his mind was impeded in the daytime; that it could be brought more easily under control when silence reigned within and without, and there was freedom from noise, light, heat, distraction by a multitude of callers, and other hindrances. He soon gave up this practice, and wrote rarely at night. Occasionally, under some very great pressure of work, he would work for one night, but he found it told on his health, of which he was most careful in every way.

R. L. Stevenson described his method to an interviewer of the *English Illustrated Magazine* who visited him in his home at Vailima, Samoa. In his house he had a splendid library, full of curios, pictures, and many treasures; but he said to his interviewer, "I cannot write in the library; it is all so suitable for a literary man, it puts every idea out of my head. I like a little den like this with nothing in it to distract me—a kitchen table with a couple of chairs; but the latter are

mere luxuries, quite unnecessary. I have lived in every sort of place, and find that a mat on the ground is as comfortable as anything, and as long as we have our own special brand of tobacco.....we are slaves to that. Breakfast is brought to me every morning at five, but I have often done an hour's work before that.

Rudyard Kipling is a most wonderful worker. All he wants is plenty of paper and ink, his pipe, and an idea,—and if he is writing verse he wants a tune to help out the idea, accompanying himself by tapping on the table with his fingers. He has a habit of dipping his pen deep into the ink, and, as his movements are abrupt, the ink goes flying everywhere and over every one near him.

From some stray pages of *The Windsor*.

Contributed by S.

The Advantages of being Very Fat.

One is grateful for a highly amusing story of what happened to one of our gallant merchantship captains.

His ship had been sunk, and the crew were rowing away, when they were ordered by the commander of the submarine to bring back their skipper, who was to be made prisoner.

"All unwillingly, the men row their skipper to the pirate, and in reticent sailor fashion wish him good luck as he mounts her iron side. He reaches the deck and is ordered below.

"The skipper repairs to the conning-tower.

"And then—there is an hiatus, for it now appears that he is of such Falstaffian proportions that he can get no farther. In vain the Huns try to get him down. But they cannot. The conning-tower was not made for the accommodation of such a jovial, rotund Britisher.

"Fortunately, that U-boat commander was not altogether devoid of humanity, and so, instead of leaving him to drown he ordered the captain back to his boat.

He obeyed with celerity; the British Jacks grinning audibly and the Huns looking as crestfallen as pirates baulked of their prey. As the U-boat disappeared she was greeted with ironical cheers, and with jokes, and laughter. The torpedoed sailors addressed themselves to their oars, feeling prouder of their 'old man' than ever."

Goldsmith on the Germans.

It is curious to note that the same vanity, show-off, and selfishly exaggerating faculty of the Germans of the present day, was a prominent feature of their character even as far back as the time of Goldsmith (1728-1774). The Germans then were in the habit of trying to elevate themselves in the estimation of the public by exchanging praises with one another.

Goldsmith refers to them as examples of 'domestic prodigies of learning' and 'little great men,' in *The Citizen of the World*, letter 74.

"I have visited many countries and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of these little great men; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of these domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having produced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world, till the monk soon after divided the reputation by returning the compliment; by which means they both marched off with universal applause."

L. C. G.,
II U. C.

English and American Soldiers.

England and America—one sees them side by side, and what strikes one is the difference between them.

The American is taller, narrower, more erect, and moves more stiffly. The American's clothes fit him better; but they may fit him worse when they have been soaked a few times. Our men's coats are sagged with the rain they have so often carried, which makes them look the more slovenly.

Thomas Atkins is a marvel for keeping himself up to form under adverse conditions; the Yankee has not yet learnt how to steal the odd five minutes for a shave and a wash, so that a British column always looks fresher than an American when on the road.

Of course the Americans are fresh from businesses and professions, whereas our men have acquired the queer, blank, casual look of war.

Under fire the British grows more casual, but the American becomes more tense. I once saw three men of a Scots regiment, and they were not all Scotsmen, on a shell-swept field putting their heads together to take a thorn out of a kitten's foot. Americans would have felt just as humane, but they would probably not have seen the kitten; their minds would have been too sternly concentrated on the Boche. That's a point in their favour the Boche will not appreciate.

The Americans have made themselves very much at home in Paris, but you will see them sitting erect, alert, in the cafés, taking every novelty in. Thomas Atkins lounges at his ease as though the whole place had belonged to him for centuries.

Old Chestnuts.

(c)* *A Magic Number.*

12345679 is really a magic number; the product obtained by multiplying it by any of the first nine multiples of 9 is very amusing. For example 12345679×54 (i.e. 6×9) or $\times 36$ (i.e. 4×9). Try it and you will see.

T. M. Kaliyanasundram,
I U. C.

(d) According to a book on *Magic Squares* published in 1698, there are 20,922,789,888,000 possible arrangements of the figures 1 to 16 in a square, and 878 arrangements that will form a magic square, the sum of the figures in any row, vertical, horizontal, or oblique, being equal to 34. One of the 878 arrangements is

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

4. *A Bet.* One-eyed man, "I bet ten rupees that I can see more than you." Two-eyed man, "I bet twenty I can see more than you." "Won," said the one-eyed, "I see two eyes in your face; you can only see one in mine."

A man ran to the doctor, "Doctor, my son has swallowed a rat." The doctor said, "Your son must at once swallow a cat."

V. Ramachandra Rao,
I U. C.

5. "How old is your little brother?" —"Just two years old." —"I have a

* From the *Students' Own Magazine*, October 1913.

1. The trick by which the puzzle given in September, p. 138, is solved seems to be common property. Solutions came pouring in in such numbers that we gave it up as time wasted to make a complete list of those who wrote to us. The first answers we received were from IV U. C., T. R. Sundaram; II U. C., V. Ramachandra Rao, K. T. Thiagarajan, K. A. Joseph, N. Chinnian; I U. C., N. Krishnan, B. Lashiminarayanan, G. Saverinathan, T. T. Devassy; VI Form, A. P. Sebastian; IV Form, M. V. Subbiah; and one received through Rev. Father S. Marianather of Dindigul by a friend of his. Father Marianather sent us the same puzzle in another form drawn up by his friend, and others have sent us similar puzzles; the trick is too well known. We have asked for an explanation of the trick, but no one has as yet given it. T. R. Sundram, has given us an description of the trick which we must hold over till next issue.

1. (a)* *An amazing function of 9.*

$$\begin{aligned} 1 \times 9 + 2 &= 11 \\ 12 \times 9 + 3 &= 111 \\ 123 \times 9 + 4 &= 1,111 \\ 1234 \times 9 + 5 &= 11,111 \\ 12345 \times 9 + 6 &= 111,111 \\ 123456 \times 9 + 7 &= 1,111,111 \\ 1234567 \times 9 + 8 &= 11,111,111 \\ 12345678 \times 9 + 9 &= 111,111,111 \\ 123456789 \times 9 + 10 &= 1,111,111,111 \end{aligned}$$

(b)* The number 8 has also a similar function:—

$$\begin{aligned} 1 \times 8 + 1 &= 9 \\ 12 \times 8 + 2 &= 98 \\ 123 \times 8 + 3 &= 987 \\ 1234 \times 8 + 4 &= 9876 \\ 12345 \times 8 + 5 &= 98765 \\ 123456 \times 8 + 6 &= 987654 \\ 1234567 \times 8 + 7 &= 9876543 \\ 12345678 \times 8 + 8 &= 98765432 \\ 123456789 \times 8 + 9 &= 987654321. \end{aligned}$$

two year old dog and he walks twice as well as your brother."—"No wonder; he has twice as many legs."

T. G. John.

5. Riddles.

- (a) My first is a conveyance.
My second we love dearly.
My whole is trampled underfoot,
And often flogged severely.

(b) What parts of the body are most useful to carpenters?

- (c) From a word that's an odd number
Cut off the head, and it will even be.
Cut off its tail, and then
Your mother you will see.
- (d) My whole is under my second and surrounds my first.
- (e) My first I hope you are;
My second I see you are;
My whole I know you are.

T. R. Sundram,
III U. C.

College Notes.

An illustrious Visitor.

On the 9th and 10th September, the Catholic portion of the College had the honour to receive His Excellency, the Most Rev. Dr. Fumasoni Biondi, the recently appointed Delegate in India of His Holiness the Pope. The details of the reception, addresses, and entertainments offered to His Excellency, will be found in *The Morning Star*. The visit was too short, but it will be remembered for many years. His Excellency's affability, and the evidently paternal interest he took in the institution, in the site and in the buildings, and especially in the persons, from the highest to the smallest little boys, endeared him to every one. For the first time in the memory of most of us, such a distinguished visitor's departure was keenly felt and sincerely regretted.

Convocation 1918.

Want of space does not permit us to give the usual list of St. Joseph's Old Boys who took degrees at the Con-

vocation held on 21st November last. We shall only say that the Principal of the College presented on that day for the M.A. Degree 8 candidates, for the B.A. Honours 21 candidates, for the B.A. Degree 86 candidates. A few more "Old Boys" took a degree as private candidates or *in absentia*. We owe a special mention to Mr. P. Ramaswami, our Chemistry Lecturer, who took a well-deserved M.A. Degree in his branch. A great many former students took professional degrees, but it is a hopeless task to make them out among the long lists of Krishnaswami's, Ramaswami's, Subrahmanyan's, Srinivasan's, etc., with no other guide to find out their identity than the ubiquitous initials K, R, S, V, combined and permuted one or two at a time. We cannot omit to mention the very first name on page 1 of the official list of candidates. Mr. O. T. Govindan Nambiyar took the M.L. Degree and was awarded the Carmichael Prize. We offer Mr. Nambiyar our warm congratulations on his success. Mr. Nambiyar graduated from this

College in 1907 and is now M.A., M.L. We should be surprised if he did not add a few more letters after his name in course of time. We are sorry we have to add apologies to our congratulations. The name of Mr. O. T. Govindan Nambiyar does not appear on the list of our graduates published in our Annual. We promise our worthy veteran the omission will be supplied in the next issue. In the meanwhile we should like to know his whereabouts. Another former student we should like to mention is V. Ramaiya, who took the B.E. Degree this year, though he passed the B.E. examination last year. He was awarded the Rao Bahadur S. Subbarayachariyar Medal and the J. A. Jones Prize of 1917.

To these and to all our graduates we offer our congratulations and our hearty wishes for a successful career in their respective lines.

J. D. F.

The 4th Batch, or Company D, of the I Madras Infantry, Indian Defence Force, has just concluded its military training.

The A Company is well known to the readers of the Magazine, but nothing was said of the B and C Companies in our columns. The reason for this silence is plain. The College was represented in each of these two Companies by 2 or 3 students only. The season for their training was unpropitious, as it corresponded to the short term and to the examination period.

But the enthusiasm for the I. D. F. was not dead; it was only slumbering. It broke forth again at the opening of the 4th period of training, and a squad of young men decided to don khaki. Here is the list of them;

T.P. Krishnaswami, M.A., L.T. student.	
K. Natarajan	III. Hons.
P.N. Ratnam	do.
Manivachakam	IV. U. C.

S.M.K. Guruparan	III. U. C.
M. Muttuvirappan	do.
A.S. Viraraghavan	do.
H. Vasvanathan	do.
P.R. Ganapati	I. U.C.
B. Papali	do.
Raja Bahadur	do.
N. Sundaram.	do.
Lazar Ignacimuthu	V. Form.

T.V. Vasudevan, IV. Hons., had also enlisted; but his strength did not prove equal to his good will and he had to be discharged after one month owing to ill-health.

There were also a dozen "old boys" of the College, chief among them being Mr K. Tirumalaiswami Aiyar B.A., B.E.

I am glad to say that, from all accounts, our boys of the D Company maintained the traditions initiated by the A Company, and I can only wish them to reap the full benefit of the training they have received.

Philostatos.

Games.

Hockey.

This year our Hockey Team is strong and it gave proof of its ability in the recent Trichinopoly Athletic Association Tournament. Some very good teams entered and a very hard contest was expected. The expectations were fully realised. In the first tie, our College A team had to meet the Jail team, the holders of the shield for the previous year. A fast game ensued, and from time to time both the goals were threatened. Our forwards were in good form and assisted greatly by the ready and masterly supply of balls from Cronin and Doraisawmy, were able to pierce the enemy's defence and score after 15'. Just before half-time, Cronin—the soul of our defence—availed himself of a corner-hit, and made the ball dart into the goal with lightning rapidity. The Jail made vigorous efforts to score, but our defence, rising equal to the occasion, averted all dangers. The day

ended in our favour with the score 2 goals to *nil*.

Our players had now to meet the 73rd. Carnatic Infantry who enjoyed a high reputation and were expected to obtain a victory over our young men. Lieuts. Bull and Shortland played a formidable game. During the first half, both the goals were threatened every now and then, but no scoring was recorded. On changing ends, Foster made a masterly dash for the goal and netted successfully. The Carnatics continued to press very hard and a combined attack by the two Lieuts. enabled them to equalise. An extra 10' was allowed, but no one scored.

The re-play attracted a numerous and distinguished crowd of spectators, and even our Rector, Rev. Father Carty, was induced to attend the match. Even this time, St. Joseph's was the first to draw blood. Taking possession of the ball from the half ground, Susainaden, our left-extreme, made a successful rush for the ring and tipped the ball inside the goal to a grand chorus of cheers. A fast and exciting game followed. The Carnatics now made violent efforts to equalise, but our defence, well-manned by Cronin and Doraisawmy, proved to be superior. Eventually the game ended leaving our victors to be congratulated by the Rector for "having played a manly game that day."

Our players had now won their way to the finals, and had to encounter the 80th C. I., the winners of the Hardinge Memorial Tournament. Both the regiments were 'at home' to the players and visitors, and the Collector, Dt. Judge, the officers of both the depots—practically all the Europeans and many leading Indians of the station—were present. From start to finish the game was exciting and interesting. The Carnatics were the first to draw blood; St. Joseph's tried hard to equalise, but the defence was good and their efforts were for a long time frustrated. Five minutes before half-time, however, Aruldoss notched a goal and equalised.

During the 2nd. half a most exciting game was presented. Shortly after resuming play, Forster scored and our players were leading. During the next quarter of an hour the regiment led by Capt. Murray, a tower of strength, made gigantic efforts to equalise, but our defence kept them at bay for a long time. The Infantry, however, were not to be managed so easily, and Murray succeeded in netting the ball amid vociferous applause. Both teams were now equal and intense excitement prevailed, when suddenly Murray led a formidable attack and scored a third goal for his side. The supporters of St. Joseph's were almost in despair on seeing Murray starting again for another attack, but Doraiswamy saved the situation, and passed the ball to Susainaden. The latter took possession of it and made a splendid run for the opposite goal, and when on the point of being dispossessed by the back, he passed the ball to Peck who netted it amidst tremendous applause. The game ended in a draw.

The match was re-played on Oct. 3. Unhappily, Capt. Murray was absent and the game proved much less interesting. Till 5' before time nothing had yet been recorded. Just then Susainaden availed himself of an opportunity and sent a stunning drop into the goal which was too much for the custodian to save. Our victory was ensured, when 2' after, Taylor, our left half, drove the ball into the goal. Our players won the Match and the Tournament.

Players.

Goal-keeper: Susai Marian.

Backs: Doreiswamy, Henry.

Half-Backs: Cronin, Swaminathan, Taylor.

Forwards: Aruldass, Adeikalam, Forster, Peck, Susainathan.

Fr. Sewell's Football Tournament (Sixes.)

This popular tournament attracted this year an unusual number of teams

(26). Perhaps the advertisement that Gold Medals would be awarded to the winners was the chief attraction. The tournament, which began on 11th Sept. 1918 and ended on 23rd Sept. 1918, was very well conducted by Father Pruvot, and the matches were very interesting and exciting on all days.

To give a chance to High School players to play in a tournament, a team was sent up, and to the wonder of all, it defeated two local teams. But, in the third round, when it met the Anglo-Indian I. D. F. team, neat play succumbed to weight, and our youngsters were defeated.

Our College team proper had to meet the K. H. S. team of Tanjore. An opportunity was given to the old football players of this College to mingle with the new, and three of our old veterans joined our team. The first match against the Tanjorians was not very good; the players found it difficult to pick up any combination, and our excellent back, Doraisamy, was absent. However, in spite of the splendid game of the Tanjorians, we came out successful by the narrowest margin, one corner point. The next match was probably the best of the whole tournament. Our College had to meet Shooting Star A, a local team of good renown. Again our best back was absent and our players did not enter the ground with much hope. But when the game began, it was evident from our good combination that we should win. To say that Venkatesan and Susaimarian played a brilliant game, eliciting constant applause from the spectators, would be to describe their game in very feeble terms; and words are not adequate to express the impenetrable defence kept up by Jegannathan and Ramachandran. Our forwards shattered the good defence made by the S. S. back, Raju, and scored two goals. The Shooting Star now rallied, made a combined attack and thrust in a goal. However, the match ended in a splendid victory for us.

Our third match was with the Anglo-Indian I. D. F. The match was very

exciting and rough from the beginning. The Anglo-Indian I. D. F., with their good centre forward, Mr. Caxton, more than once threatened our goal, but our defence with Doraiswamy proved adamant to all these vigorous attacks. The whole time the College was leading by 2 goals to 1. Just two minutes before the close, a quarrel occurred between one of the players and a spectator and in the confusion that ensued the I. D. F.'s withdrew.

The final match had to be played against T. B. U. team. An unusually large crowd of spectators were present. The game was very interesting from start to finish. Our forwards did not put forth their usual efforts, and when the whistle blew for half time, the College was leading by one corner. On changing sides Venkatesan cleverly sent a ball into the T. B. U. net. Soon a foul kick was given to the T. B. U. Our goal-keeper Ramakrishnan in his over-confidence was very careless, and the ball forced the net.

A few minutes later a penalty kick was awarded to us, and Doraisamy with one of his tremendous shots sent the ball bang into the net. Now Susaimarian to have his share in the day's game made an effort, and after eluding both the backs, cleverly lodged the ball in the net. The match closed leaving us winners by 3 goals to 1.

Rev. Fr. Carty S.J., our popular Rector, presented the cup and gold medals to the captain and the players.

Silver medals also were awarded to the Runners-up.

In this connection we heartily thank Mr. C. B. Cockaine for his kind services as Referee in almost all the matches, and we also thank the many friends who helped us to make this tournament a success.

C. V. GOPALAN,

IV U. C.

Meetings.

The Teachers' College Association.

Resolutions passed at the first Meeting of the members of the L. T. Section, 14-9-18:—

1. Resolved that an Association of Teachers under training in this College, be started and called "The Teachers' College Association, Trichinopoly."

2. Resolved that Reverend Father Bertram S.J., be requested to be the President of the Association and that M. R. Ry. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar Avl., M.A., L.T., be the Vice President of the Association.

3. Resolved that the conduct of the business be in the hands of a Committee of five members:—

1. S. K. Viswanatha Aiyar,
Secretary.
 2. K. R. Venkatrama Aiyar, *Asst. Secretary and Treasurer.*
 3. S. T. Ramanujam, *Member for the History Group.*
 4. Renga Raja Aiyar, *Member for the Mathematics Group.*
 5. Ramamurthi Aiyar, *Member for the Science Group.*
- S. K. VISWANATHA AIYAR,
Secretary.

On the 20th. September, M.R.Ry. K. S. Ramaswami Sastrigal, B.A., B.L., addressed the T. C. A. on India's Contribution to the Psychology of Education and the Call of the New Age.

A special meeting was held in the L. T. Lecture Hall on 26-9-18 with M. R. Ry. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar Avl., M.A., L.T., in the chair to record the Association's sense of grief at the sudden and premature demise of Mr. A. S. Ramaswami Aiyangar, B.A., L.T., Mathematics lecturer of the L. T. Section. All the professors, lecturers,

and students of the Teachers' College were present.

Mr. P. T. Srinivasa, in the course of his remarks, said that he had known the deceased only for some weeks; but even during that short period he was impressed with the gentlemanliness, conscientiousness and the kindness of Mr. Ramaswami Aiyangar.

Mr. Rengaswami Aiyengar B.A., L.T., Geography lecturer, said that the deceased had been rendering great service to the institution from 1910. His service was recognised by both the successive Inspectors of Schools and the College authorities who raised him to the position of the Mathematics Lecturer in the Teacher's College. The shock of his sudden death was indeed very great, and it was but fitting that we should record our sense of grief.

The Secretary of the Association then moved the following resolution which was passed, the members standing:—

"That the members of the Teachers' College Association do hereby place on record their deep sense of grief at the sudden and premature demise of M.R.Ry. A. S. Ramaswami Aiyangar Avl., B.A., L.T., Mathematics lecturer, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the family of the deceased.

S. K. VISWANATHA AIYAR,
Secretary.

The Historical Association of 6th G., Sec.

Under the auspices of the Historical Association of 6th. G. St. Joseph's College, a meeting was held on the 14th. Nov. when the following resolutions were passed unanimously.

1. "The members of the above Association place on record their extreme sorrow at the untimely death of their classmate, G. Rethinasamy,

The Rector's Day.

owing to an attack of influenza on the 8th instant."

He had been a student of our College for the last five years and had all along been a very industrious and well behaved lad of good attainments. He was ever obliging and kind to all. His death is very keenly felt by his masters and friends.

2. "The members of this Association express their deep sense of gratitude to the All-powerful Providence for having blessed with triumph the righteous cause of the indomitable allies."

A Farewell Address.

A farewell address was presented by the College students to M. R. Ry. Pundit D. Savariroya Pillai, Avergal, M.R.A.S., 30th October at 4-45 p.m., in the Lawley Hall, on the occasion of his retiring from the College. The address was in Tamil Poetry and gave great satisfaction to the Tamil scholars and the Pundits who were present. After the address seven gentlemen addressed the meeting all of them expressing regret that our senior and esteemed Tamil Pundit was leaving the institution, and referring to his successful labours to secure for Tamil literature the place it should hold in the Presidency.

Mr. Savariroya Pillai replied in Tamil, in eloquent and touching words, in such language as showed that his place among Tamil Pundits is unique. All those who heard the reply admit that there was only one unsatisfactory note in it, namely, that it was a farewell. It was, however, only a partial farewell, for Mr. Savariroya Pillai will continue to live in Trichinopoly and we shall be able to refer to him whenever we require light or guidance in the study of the classical Dravidian authors.

The programme of the Rector's Day was very much like the programme in previous years, and yet there was a something about the festivities which has been lacking for some time. Perhaps it was more spontaneity and a more general feeling of cordiality. But, after all, who is it that will define the indescribable something that makes a general gathering really the right thing?

The College Address was read by P. V. Sitaraman, IV U. Class, and the reading was as good as the kindly feelings expressed. The Tamil Dialogue and Kolattam were, as usual, the items most watched for and most enjoyed by the schoolboys, of course, and also, be it said without reflection on their taste, by the seniors. The movements of 2,000 pairs of eyes and the smiles round 2,000 sets of quivering lips is unmistakable evidence. The dialogue was the story of a beggar boy and of schoolboys that were kind to him. When the little beggar wanted to say something nice in return for the nice little things he was given, and asked the boys where they went to school; the answer, "To St. Joseph's," brought down the house. We had to wait too long for the next point in the dialogue, but when it came some of the seniors smiled, perhaps because they do not like to be thought tender, but the little boys were very full of joy and even tears. One of the schoolboys discovered that the little beggar was his brother, and then, what kissing and hugging! Well done, little boys!! The Sanskrit Slokas were much admired, the Tamil Address was good, and the Malayalam Slokas had never been delivered so well.

After this interesting performance and the picturesque ceremony of garlanding, the Rector addressed the boys. He was listened to with in-

terest and profit, and his speech will, no doubt, be read with still greater fruit.

The Rector's Speech.

As I was listening to the poetic effusions of your addresses, I was reminded of a famous academic discussion which was particularly keen in France years ago when I was a student like most of you. The question was 'of the classics or the romantics which were the better writers'. Now, one of the points urged against the Classics was that they were not true to nature, that they represented human characters in an ideal form, in the splendour of what they ought to be, rather than in the sometimes crude reality of what they are. Perhaps you see why I was reminded of the Classics and Romantics while I was listening to the addresses. The writers appeared to me ultra-Classics with a vengeance. It is of course a very desirable thing to have an ideal Rector, but I am afraid you will have to wait for my successor to get one.

One thing, however,—of the many you have so kindly said about me—I readily admit; the sincerity of my desires for your welfare, my sympathy for you all, and my willingness to spend life and strength to ensure your welfare. In saying this I only echo the feelings of our Fathers here. Our Society has made education its primary work because the training of youth is the most efficient way of training a nation; and it is because we ardently desire the improvement of India that we have set our hearts on giving the best possible training to the sons of this land.

Your addresses made mention of the great event which has come to gladden our hearts after more than four years of anxiety and sacrifice.

The War is over. In the words of Marshal (who was then General) Foch, it was to be long, hard, but sure; the prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. It is not my intention to recall the facts known to you all, nor to determine the share of responsibility of those that have made nations bleed for more than four years. The justice of men will reach some of them, but the justice of God will anyway give everyone his due. But, though the past is no longer in our hands, and we, as young men in training, have rather to think of the present and to prepare for the future, nevertheless it seems to me that what has happened in this war is full of momentous lessons for the work which lies ahead of us.

The events of the last crucial months of the war have been summarized as the deadly Foch-Ludendorff duel. The apposition is particularly appropriate, for the two leaders stood for two distinctly opposite ideals. Ludendorff represented material force with all the ruthless efficiency which modern science could give it; Foch stood for that moral power which, even previous to the war, he had already described so forcibly in his military writings; "A war is a fight between two wills, victory is the triumph of will-power; no one is defeated until he admits that he is defeated." When we remember the unpreparedness of the Allies at the outset of the war, their final triumph appears as the grandest illustration of this principle of the Generalissimo. In this greatest of wars it is moral force that has prevailed,—that is to say, will-power strengthened by the conviction that we were fighting for right against might.

The world at large proclaims the military genius of Foch, and all are ready to add his name to those of the greatest leaders, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon; but those who know the man intimately admire

him, still more for his high moral character. His promotion to the leadership of the French army is a wonderful tale of persevering labour, love of country, and heroic fidelity to what he considered his duty. He went up all the steps of the military hierarchy, but never did anything to court favour, nor did he cringe for the sympathy of those that could help him up. He believed that fidelity to his duty and efficiency in his art were the best recommendations; the rest mattered little. This noble independence of character became proverbial among his troops who nicknamed him General Twopence in allusion to his usual expression, that he did not care twopence for the flimsy opinions of men. But he did care with all earnestness for whatever makes man truly great. His unflinching fidelity to his religious duties shone with special lustre on the day when he risked all his earthly prospects rather than imperil what he considered the highest duty of man. He was called upon by an irreligious government to take charge of the highest military school in France, he firmly represented that he could not accept the proffered honour if his religious convictions had to suffer by it. The Government was wise enough to let him have his way rather than deprive the country of his unrivalled services.

It seems to me that Marshal Foch stands out as an admirable type for you to imitate; I don't mean to say that because the Marshal is also an old pupil of the Jesuit Fathers you are all expected to turn out Generalissimos; it is even hoped that no Generalissimo will be needed in the future. But we can all strive to reproduce something of the Marshal's high moral character. This is possible in every walk of life. You will, all of you, have some duty to perform in life; and I wish it may be said that

our Old Boys show themselves men of duty, not men of caprice, not men of changing moods, but men of fixed principles and ideals as to right conduct. Believe me, it is not by their wealth, nor by their skill, nor even by their learning that men are truly great; it is by the strength of their moral fibre and the uprightness of their character. We lament often-times that India is yet steeped in ignorance; and no doubt, all other things being equal, a learned man is better than an illiterate man. But if other things are not equal, the conclusion may be very different; a learned man may prove a heavier scourge to society if he is not at the same time an honest man. The ex-Kaiser and his clique are a sad proof in point. On the other hand, it is, happily, quite possible to be honest without being learned, and it is no small consolation to the lovers of India to think that, if in this country the number of people with Degrees is small, the number of honest people is very large.

But I am addressing to-day those who are expected to improve both their intellectual and their moral equipment. As a member of the teaching staff, I might be expected to urge the great importance of learning, yet, as one who cares for your welfare as a whole, I give the first place to your moral progress. The advice may, perhaps, not be altogether out of place. The necessity you are in of preparing for arduous examinations, may possibly draw your whole attention too exclusively in that direction. Yet examinations are not the be-all of your training. Instruction is not education; the one informs the mind, the other trains the will and the character. See to it then that, while your mind is being informed, your will is also strengthened in the practice of good, and your character built up to meet manfully the trials of life. Self-respect, self-

control, respect for others, and respect for authority without which a society is doomed to perish—that is the vast field over which you have to exercise your will power, remembering that moral uprightness stands far above the greatest advantages of a mere material life. Germany thought that material progress sufficed, and she has fallen; Russia discarded the social bond of authority, and she has collapsed. The Allied Powers stood for right, for honour, and for authority—and they now reap the fruits of their efforts. In your humble way you may, in the battle of life, secure that victory which, in the words of Foch, is the triumph of will power, exercised in the fulfilment of your duties to others and to yourselves."

Sports.

On Saturday the 23rd there was four hours of fun at the sports, 7 A.M. to 11 A.M.

Old Boys' Association.

A meeting of former students of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, was held in the Lawley Hall, at 2 P.M., on the College Day, 23rd Nov. The gathering was about 70 strong, and consisted mostly of Trichinopoly residents; but there were also visitors from other towns. Among those present were RR. FF. F. Bertram and A. Saldanha, s.j., Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar M.A., L.T., the Lecturers and Teachers of the College, Mr. N. S. Ranganatha Aiyar B.A., B.L., Mr. P. S. Krishnamurti Aiyar B.A., B.L., Mr. N. P. Kalyanasundra Mudaliar B.A., B.L., and Mr. A. Ramaswami Aiyar, B.A., all of the local bar; Mr. T. S. Swaminatha Pillai, of the S. I. R., Audit Office, Mr. L. R. Natesan B.A. and S. R. Sundaresan B.A. (Honours), from the National H. S., Mr. R. Visvanatha Aiyar B.A., L.T., Mr. A. D. Anantanarayana Aiyar M.A., Mr. V.

Swaminatha Aiyar B.A. from S. P. G.; Mr. T. G. Gopal Pillai, Merchant; from outside Trichinopoly, Mr. K. C. Narayanaswami Reddiar, Junior Zamindar, Kattuputur; Mr. V. K. Narayana Aiyangar B.A. B.L., L.T.; and Mr. V. R. Seshasayee from Kulitalai, Mr. S. V. Venkatachellam, B.A. (Hons.), and Mr. K. V. Rajagopalan, from Mannargudi, and Mr. S. Gopala Aiyangar, our old football Captain, from Bangalore.

The proceedings opened with the election of a Chairman. The Principal was voted to the chair, and Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Aiyar M.A. was elected secretary of the meeting. The Chairman first of all read letters and telegrams of sympathy and good wishes from the following:—Mr. S. S. Krishnaswami Aiyar B.A., L.T., Headmaster, Karur; Rao Bahadur G. Krishnamachariyar B.A., B.L., Hyderabad; Mr. T. G. Singaravelu, of Tennis fame, Madura; Mr. S. Subrahmanya Aiyar B.A., B.L., Madura; Mr. A. Saptarishi Aiyar, B.A., M.H.S., Mayavaram; Mr. S. Vaidyanatha Aiyar B.A. (Hons.), University Research Student, Madras; Mr. P. S. Lokanatha Aiyar B.A. (Hons.), Tutor, Diploma of Economics Course, Senate House, Madras; Mr. G. Ganapati Sastri, B.A., B.L., Chief Judge, Pudukotah; Mr. R. Ganesa Aiyar, Chief Reporter to the *Hindu*; Mr. J. Venkatachalapati B.A., L.T., Shourashtra H.S. Madura; Mr. P. A. Subrahmanya Aiyar B.A., L.T., Headmaster, Hindu H.S., Triplicane; and Mr. T. R. Rajaratnam Pillai, B.A., L.T., Sub Asst. Inspector of Schools, Pollachi.

He next said a few words about the object of the meeting and the difficulties in the way of carrying out that object. There were Old Boys' Associations attached to various institutions in the country and all knew how they worked. An attempt was made in 1894 to institute an Old Boys' Association in this college by the late Mr. A. Rajaram Aiyar, B.A., of

Madura College, but the attempt was not a success: the new-born association died in its cradle. Past experience was not very encouraging, yet there was no denying there was at present a widespread and earnest demand for an Old Boys' association. They were assembled to concert measures to meet that demand; but, if the attempt they were going to make was not to be barren of results as the former attempt had been, they had to make the proposed association a living reality. In his opinion, it was most important to establish a concrete and tangible link between the Old Boys and their Alma Mater, but the work of forging that link and of keeping it tight and effective was to be thrown not on the individual Old Boys but on the Association. Old Boys were, he was certain, loyal to their old College, interested in its welfare and keen on keeping in touch with it. But pressure of official or business work, family cares, distance, and other causes made it impossible for them to visit the College, to keep up correspondence and give expression to their inmost feelings. It was the College, through the Association, that was to stretch out its hand to them, find them in their homes and give them the sympathy they were looking for.

This object could be secured in a measure if every member of the O. B. A. received the College magazine through the O. B. A., and he suggested this point might be borne in mind when they fixed the annual subscription for membership.

The College Day should also be made the Old Boys' Day, and everything should be done to make that day enjoyable for them. He invited suggestions on the matter from the gentlemen present at the meeting, for he thought the matter well worth their earnest consideration if the Association they were going to start

was to endure and be something more than a mere word.

Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar suggested a home or an institute, with reading and recreation room, which would be open to Old Boys at all times. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan supported Mr. P. T. S. and suggested the Old Boys might associate themselves more closely with the College and its work. Mr. O. R. Narayanaswami Aiyar said that something like caste feeling should be created among Old Boys, i.e., a sense of solidarity and close relationship, the kinship of spirit.

Mr. A. Udayar suggested local secretaries might be appointed in centres where there were many Old Boys. Mr. G. Vaidyanatha Aiyar wished the O. B. A. to maintain an employment bureau for past and present students, but it was recognized that the proposition was open to many objections.

Some suggestions sent by Mr. S. Vaidyanatha Aiyar, Madras, were then read out: (1) Institution of a branch Association at Madras. (2) The President of the Association not to be a member of the College staff. (3) A Magazine. (4) Managing Committee not to be exclusively composed of Trichinopoly men, but to be representative of all centres where there were Old Boys. (5) Business may be transacted and votes recorded by post. All these suggestions were referred to the Executive Committee which was elected at the meeting.

The following are the resolutions passed:—

I. Resolved that the Old Boys of the College present at the meeting constitute The St. Joseph's College Trichy Old Boys' Association, and that the Old Boys not present be invited to join the same: *Proposed by* Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyar; *Seconded by* Dr. T. S. S. Rajan.

II. Resolved that an Executive Committee with office-bearers be elected, to formulate the objects of the Association and frame rules to carry them out, and be in office for one year: *Proposed by* Dr. T. S. S. Rajan; *Seconded by* Mr. V. K. Narayana Aiyangar; *Supported by* Mr. O. R. Narayanaswami Aiyar.

III. Resolved—1. That Rev. F. Bertram, S.J., Principal of the College, be elected *President* of the Association: *Proposed by* Mr. O. R. Narayanaswami Aiyangar; *Seconded by* Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar.

2. That the following gentlemen be elected as *Vice-Presidents*: Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar, Mr. N. S. Ranganatha Aiyar, Mr. K. C. Narayanaswamy Reddiar. *Carried.*

3. *Secretary*: Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Aiyar: *Proposed by* Mr. N. S. Ranganatha Aiyar; *Seconded by* Mr. G. Vaidyanatha Aiyar.

4. *Assistant Secretaries*: Mr. L. R. Natesan, Mr. K. Govindan Kutti Nair: *Proposed by* Mr. P. A. Ganesa Aiyar; *Seconded by* Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Aiyar.

5. *Treasurer*: Mr. N. L. Sivaraman: *Proposed by* Mr. P. A. Ganesa Aiyar; *Seconded by* Mr. O. R. Narayanaswami; *Supported by* Mr. N. S. Ranganatha Aiyar.

6. Members of the Executive Committee: Mr. P. S. Krishnamurti Aiyar; Dr. T. S. S. Rajan; Mr. P. Kalifullah; Mr. O. R. Narayanaswami; Mr. M. R. Seturatnam Aiyar; Mr. S. Arpudaswami Udayar; Mr. G. Vaidyanatha Aiyar; Mr. N. P. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar; Mr. S. V. Venkatachalam Aiyar. *Carried.*

IV. That the Executive Committee be requested to submit draft rules before 15th January 1919: *Proposed by* Dr. T. S. S. Rajan; *Seconded by* Mr. N. S. Ranganatha Aiyar.

The Chairman desired to ascertain the sense of the meeting as to what

it considered a suitable rate of annual subscription, for life-membership, and for patronship.

34 Members voted for a Rs. 2 Annual subscription, whereas 16 were in favour a Rs. 3 subscription. 31 members were in favour of making Rs. 100 the contribution for life-membership, and 22 in favour of Rs. 50.

The minimum contribution qualifying for the title of Patron was fixed at Rs. 800, but many were in favour of a minimum of Rs. 500.

The proceedings were marked throughout by great cordiality, frankness of discussion, and a businesslike disposition to see the thing through. May these dispositions be an augury of success.

The meeting then terminated and the members adjourned to Clive's House, where a hearty tiffin awaited them.

Distribution of Prizes.

The day ended with the Distribution of Prizes. The Principal read the *Annual Record* which is printed in the Annual Report and which we shall reprint if we can find space in the February Magazine. Mr. K. Srinivasa Aiyangar B.A., B.L., distributed the prizes and addressed the meeting.

The following is the report of his speech which appeared in the *Madras Mail*:

Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar expressed the gratitude of the public of South India for the work which the Mission was doing. He congratulated the winners, and to those who had not won prizes he said it was not so much the actual achievement that counted, it was the striving that mattered most and strengthened them to

achieve afterwards life's bigger prizes. He referred to the happy termination of hostilities, and said that British scientists had declared that in the past English Universities had neglected scientific research for material production. That was true in the case of India also. Bitter complaints had indeed been received that the Universities served no useful purpose. He was not apologising for the Madras University which had come in for severe criticism, but desired to make two observations in explanation of the comparative sterility of the endeavours made by the University. It had Colleges from Cape Comorin to Orissa, but except in rudimentary form had no professors or students enthusiastically attached to research. There was no organization to admit students directly to the University. It had no common hall. It was difficult in these circumstances to create an intellectual life or an academical spirit.

Any organized system of education must provide for universal primary education and a sound secondary

education for a large majority. Only a select few needed to pass into the universities. In this country universal education was still a dream and secondary education, in spite of the school leaving certificate, was practically useless to those who wished to rise. The result was the entrance into the university of students who desired to write B.A., after their names in order to secure objects that secondary education should have fitted them for.

What was to be their contribution to the proposed reconstruction of the world? Their ideal should be a self-reliant, prosperous nation going forward in the path of peace and progressing from high to yet higher ideals. For that students must equip themselves—to go out into the world as organisers of industries, leaders of commerce and of bodies of men. They must cultivate, too, patriotism, real humanity, and reverence.

A farce, *The Lion Slayer*, was acted, and two pleasant days of College life were ended.

Obituary.

This melancholy heading unfortunately opens a large chapter in the present issue of the Magazine. The epidemic which has made so many victims all over the world, has taken a heavy toll of this College also.

We have to deplore the death of two members of the staff: Mr. D. Srinivasa Aiyangar, Tamil Tutor, who joined the staff in June last, and Mr. A. S. Ramaswami Aiyangar, B.A. ('06) L.T., an old student of the College and Mathematic teacher in our School for the last 11 years.

Mr. Ramaswami Aiyangar was a conscientious, devoted, careful, sympathetic, and successful teacher. He was deeply attached to the College and had scorned tempting prospects in other institutions. He was lately appointed Mathematics Lecturer in the L. T. Section of the College. He was snatched away when fortune began to smile on him. He passed away on 25th September, leaving a widow and two young daughters.

The scourge made many victims among our students: K. M. Chacko,

II U. C., and T. L. Chakkappan, II U. C., both Boarders; V. Ignacimuthu, VI Form, from a village near Trichinopoly; Abdul Latif, V Form, son of Mr. Habib Sahib, Sub-Registrar, and nephew to Dr. N. Mh. Oosman Sahib; V. R. Ramachandra Rao, I U.C., died at Valadi on 2-11-18. He came from the Lalgudi High School where he was the first in the IV Form. V. R. Sundaresan, IV U. C., died at the end of July. R. Lakshmana Rao, IV U. C., died at Srirangam on 12-11-18. He had recovered from a first attack, but the strain of constant attendance for a fortnight on a patient, so exhausted him, that he succumbed to a relapse. R. S. Srinivasan, V Honours, and E. Venkatasubrahmanyam, B. A. ('16,) who was reading privately for the M. A. Degree.

Two of these cases made a deep impression and drew great sympathy; Chakkappan among the Catholic Boarders, and Srinivasan in the immediate neighbourhood of the College.

Srinivasan's case is, from a certain point of view, perhaps the more pitiable. He was a promising young man of high character and great personal distinction, very much esteemed and beloved of those who knew him intimately. He appeared reserved, perhaps even cold and unfeeling, on the surface—yet his was a very sensitive and responsive nature, a delicate, but generous and grateful heart, a power of keen appreciation of all that was done for him, a deep sense of duty, and great aversion to all that was selfish, low, and mean. He was taken ill on 4th October. As soon as his state became serious, he was taken to the house of Mr. P. A. Ganesa Aiyar, to whom he was as dear as, if not dearer than a son, and the most devoted care was bestowed on him, though Mr. Ganesa Aiyar was then himself seriously laid up with influenza. But no care could avail, and Srinivasan passed away at 2-35 P.M.

on 12th October. He had been in the College from the lowest class.

Chakkappan had been hardly a year and a half in the College. He was rather small for his age; and did not attract attention by any external physical gift, but his limpid eye and his childlike simplicity reflected the purity of his heart. Had he lived on and passed his Intermediate Examination like other students, he would probably have escaped notice. Sickness and death were to reveal the mysterious influence exerted over men by the purity, piety, and faith of this unassuming young lad. The news that he was seriously laid up instantly roused sympathy for him throughout the Catholic Boarding. The director of his conscience bears witness to the purity and delicacy of his conscience, which shrank at the appearance of evil. No wonder death had no terrors for him; he was prepared to meet his Judge. When told to join in the prayers made for his recovery, he said, "I am prepared for death: I had rather die now." We may well hope his passage from this life was to the life of eternal felicity.

Old students, too, have paid a heavy tribute to the visitation. We have learned with regret the demise of the following gentlemen. (The list of deceased Christian *Former Pupils* is so long that we cannot but fear that many more of our Hindu and Mahomedan *Old Boys* have passed away than those whose names we have received. If our fears are unfounded, so much the better and 'Thanks be to God!')

Mr. Arpudaswami Pillai, Deputy Superintendent of Police, Pollachi, aged only 40. He had long been Town Police Inspector, Coimbatore, and had earned a name as an able, sympathetic, and honest officer. He had but lately been promoted to the post of Deputy Superintendent, and could, in consideration of his age and

his strong physique, reasonably hope to do honour to his new post for many long years to come. On September 8 last, he was stricken by the disease, and died at Coimbatore, deeply regretted by his friends and the general public, who had, witness the obituary notices in the dailies, learned to appreciate his qualities. Two months before, passed away, at Tanjore, Mr. S. Swaminatha Pillai, M. B., C. M., son-in-law to Mr. A. S. Gnanaprakasam Pillai, Asst. Commissioner of Police, Madras. He too had conquered public esteem by his professional skill, his devotedness and his other many moral qualities. He was hardly over 30 and had a bright future before him, when the cold hand of death snatched him away.

The scourge appears to select its victims and to have a marked preference for young men in the prime of life or in full manhood. Such was N. Visvanatha Sastri B.A., L.T., lately appointed Assistant, Government College, Mangalore. He had just come to Trichinopoly for the Michaelmas vacation when he was carried away after two days' illness. He is still remembered in the College as a cheerful, good-natured, intelligent young man, which he indeed was.

Such was also N. P. Natesan B.A., (14), B.L., a promising young man of the Mudaliar Community and younger brother to Mr. N. P. Kalyanasundaram B.A. (12), B.L., of Trichinopoly. We have no details of his last days. But, why give details? It is the same harrowing tale of sickness, suffering, and fatal termination in every case. One of the last victims was Mr. V. P. Agniswami Pillai, Proprietor, Swami & Co. Press, and Honorary Magistrate, Trichinopoly, and a most respectable citizen of our town. He passed away on 23 October 1918.

Other Victims are K. Adeikalswami passed the Intermediate Examination last year and then joined

the Jesuit Noviciate at Shembaganur where he died on the 13th October. S. Raju Naidu, Sub-magistrate, Trichinopoly; T. D. Gnanapragasam Pillai, retired Police Inspector; C. Thiago, P.W.D., Kuala Lumpur; A. Arokiaswami Pillai, Clerk, Collector's office, Tanjore; S. Muthuswami Naidu; J. D. Xavier, Head Clerk and Manager, Sungei Puloh Estate, Vallambrosa, Klang, F.M.S.; T. S. Royappa Odayar, Trichinopoly; S. Gnanadikam Pillai, Palakarai; S. T. Motha, Tuticorin; T. V. Thumbuswami Pillai, Trichinopoly; S. L. Bungaru Naidu, Dindigul; P. A. Simon, P. W. Overseer, F.M.S. Ry. Kajang; and D. Arokiaswami Pillai, Station Master S.I.R. Salem Dt.

All, or nearly all, the departed found on this long roll, leave behind them disconsolate parents, many leave a widow, often a young widow with young children. Their sorrow and their misery are better felt than expressed. We extend to them all, as well as to such of our friends as have suffered bereavements from the dreaded epidemic, our heart-felt sympathy.

Rev. Father Francis Lascroux. Some of the 'Old Boys' knew Father Lascroux as professor of philosophy in the College. They will read with great regret the announcement of his death at Shembaganur, in October. Francis Lascroux was a Frenchman; he studied at the famous College of St. Sulpice in Paris along with His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. On arriving in India in 1911, he was appointed lecturer of philosophy in the College, and the notes of his lectures served many a generation of students even when he had left the College to teach philosophy at Shembaganur. Later on he was appointed to parish work at Ideikatur, and it was there that his health began to fail, and, like Father

Celle before him in the same place, he became almost entirely blind, and symptoms of disease in the throat appeared. He went home for treatment in his native country. The doctors declared him incurable. He might have remained at home in surroundings and in a climate more congenial, but he preferred to come back to India to do whatever little good he still might do in spite of his wretched health, in the country of his adoption. He returned to Ideikatur, and from there he was successively transferred to the Industrial School and to the College in Trichinopoly. His blindness was probably his greatest affliction. He had always been a keen student of philosophy and theology and of history and the questions of the day; and now all books were closed for him. Modern questions, and the War especially, interested him deeply, but he had to depend on others for his information. Those who knew his keenness for intellectual work

and observed him in silence and solitude the whole day long where his only occupation was to pray, appreciated his patience and the source it came from. His great delicacy of conscience prevented any murmur, and his gentlemanly good manners and consideration for the feelings of others prevented any lament over his sad condition.

We must add to this long obituary two more names. P. P. Varghese and M. M. Varkey, both of the I. U. C., returned from the holidays on the 5th Nov. Varghese had fever when he arrived and he went to the Infirmary. The fever persisted many days before the doctor characterised it as brain-fever. He died on the 16th Nov. Varkey only seemed well when he arrived; very soon he was in the Infirmary down with fever. The fever does not seem to have been definitely diagnosed; after his death, 28 Nov., it was thought to have been typhoid. Poor parents, how we sympathise with you!

Books Reviewed.

Man's Great Concern: The Management of Life. By E. R. Hull, S.J.; sold by B. X. Furtado & Sons, Bombay. Price Eight Annas. Postage extra. (The Book is on sale, As. 8-6, in the College Book-shop.)

This is just the book we have been looking out for such a long time. The solution of the problem which has been so long before the public—Moral Teaching in all schools,—is now placed before the public. The book is the result of much thought and labour, and in its present form has the approval of very many headmasters and teachers. The moral

laws themselves and their application in life were not the difficulty that stood in the way of such a book; the difficulty was to put all this in such a way as would suit all minds whatever their religious tenets might be. Of course, the association between morality and religion is inevitable and inseparable, but then, assuming the basic ideas admitted by every man, whatever the influence his religious tenets may have on his conduct, that God is the lawgiver and that happiness in this life and the next depends upon moral conduct in this life, the moral law may be stated with clear-

ness; and cogency. This is what this book has accomplished, and it has satisfied persons of different denominations. The work done is, on a very small scale, what the greatest literary workers have done. Shakespeare's exposition of the human soul in temptation and in sin, in *Macbeth*, and of the constancy of conjugal love in the direst stress, in *Cymbeline*, is of universal appeal; in this book the moral law in general and the details of its application are set forth so as to appeal to all minds and to satisfy them.

The second part of the book deals with the art of self-management; the third, with the building up of a moral character; the fourth, with our essential duties to God, to ourselves, and to others. The fifth part, which will be found very interesting by all readers, treats of the duties of men in various occupations and states of life. Every state has its own particular duties which are briefly stated, but yet with sufficient clearness and cogency. Some definite notions of the duties of merchants, writers, artists, vakils and doctors, and of the difference between perquisites, commissions, and bribes, and of their morality or otherwise, will interest all and be useful to each.

As the book is in catechetical form, the reader may put himself the question and compare his answers with the answer in the book; and as the answers are brief and concise, the teacher will be able to give an interesting explanation by reference to the conduct of the boys he is instructing. If the hard-pressed teacher

should want a source book for explanation, he will find it in *Moral Science* by A. M. Teixeira, sold by The Good Pastor Press, Broadway, Madras. Price Re. 1-4-0.

South Indian Research. We read with pleasure the second and third numbers of this new 'Monthly of literary, scientific, and other researches,' edited by Mr. T. Rajagopala Rao, B.A. Reviews of this kind have all our sympathy; they cannot but be helpful to create and foster the spirit of science. This review seems to be taking the right direction from the start and really to mean science. The first lines we read and which we take to be by the editor, assert the right to speak honestly and plainly and the duty of Indian brains to work for India's welfare. For some time, we fear, it will be practically all uphill work with this review, for the influence of emotion in constructing theories, which is the greatest obstacle to a scientific outlook, has to be faced and overcome. The labour will be lessened if the review gets the support which it deserves and which we wish it.

The Ernakulam College Magazine. We are very thankful to the editor for Vol. I, No. 1, and for his kind offer to exchange. The first number is capital in every way. Besides articles of general interest, it gives us articles of local interest which allow us a glimpse behind the scenes into some details of the Cochin State. We trust *The Ernakulam* will soon take the lead, as the Ernakulam College has already taken the lead in many directions.

Exchanges.

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We are sorry our list is so short this time. We received *The Ernakulam College Magazine*, and *Our Little Paper*.

It is a quasi-calamity to miss *The Stonyhurst* of which the War Numbers were always so thrilling and inspiring.

The following extract from a letter from Father Coppens, whose name is so well known in Trichinopoly, will explain why the *Chicago* and the *Cleveland University Magazines* have failed to reach us. Our American fellow-students are too tensely occupied with the service of the good cause for Magazine editing.

"Loyola University
Department of Arts
and Sciences,
Chicago, Ill., October 6, 1918.

While our four years of High School ~~was~~ ^{is} as usual, our College course is entirely changed. It used to contain four classes, and to number from 60 to 80 students. Now all is one class and contains about 200 boys, all of whom lodge and board in our halls, the U. S. paying us \$1 a day for each of them, and \$60.00 a year for each one's tuition. Besides, we now board and lodge some 200 medical students paid for likewise by the government. 400 are sworn in as soldiers, each of them gets a private's pay, \$1.00 a day. Beds and bedding and overcoats are also supplied, and four officers train the boys. All is activity here with Draft and Liberty loans, etc. The authorities are most strenuous, very fair, and able, and the people are united and firm; victory is expected with firm confidence. Numerous priests are with the troops and are doing immense good."

Business Notes.

Subscriptions.—(i) Students, in the College Department, Re. 1 per annum; in the VI Form, As. 8 per annum: payable in two equal instalments to the College Writer, along with the second instalment of the tuition fee. (ii) All others, Rs. 1-8-0 per annum including postage. (iii) Single copies, As. 8.

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