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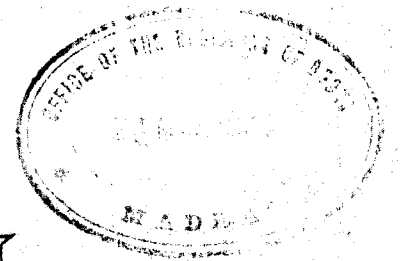
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A DISTINGUISHED FORMER STUDENT



THE HON'BLE KHAN BAHADUR
SIR MAHOMED USMAN SAHIB BAHADUR, K.C.I.E.

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THE MADRAS Christian College Magazine



New
Series

MARCH 1934

Vol. III, No. 3

College Notes

Sir Mahomed Usman, K.C.I.E.

At the beginning of the College Notes in last term's issue of the Magazine we had the pleasure of congratulating a former student of the College on the distinction of being elected President of the Legislative Assembly. This term we have the pleasure of congratulating Sir Mahomed Usman, an Old Boy of the College, on being appointed Governor of the Madras Presidency for the period during which the present Governor is to act as Viceroy.

Sir Mahomed Usman was a Councillor in the Madras Corporation from 1913 to 1925. He was elected a member of the Madras Legislative Council in 1920. He received the Kaiser-i-Hind Silver Medal in 1923, a Knighthood in 1928, and the K.C.I.E. in 1933. He is at present a Member of Council and Vice-President of the Executive Council of H.E. the Governor of Madras.

Sir C. V. Ananthakrishna Iyer

Another former student of the College to whom we wish to extend our congratulations is Sir C. V. Ananthakrishna Iyer upon whom a Knighthood was conferred in the New Year's Honours. It will be remembered that he was the President at the College Sports last year. He has just retired from his duties as a Judge of the High Court. We would offer him every good wish for the period of his retirement.

Bishop Heber College

The beginning of this session saw the first public steps in the direction of the amalgamation of Bishop Heber College and the Madras Christian College. This year we were joined by members of staff from the Bishop Heber College and a number of students from that College entered our classes. In addition, the Hostel of Bishop Heber

Hall was started in Madras and its reports have been appearing in the pages of the Magazine.

Now at the end of the session, we are able to report that the amalgamation is proceeding further. At the beginning of next year we hope to have on the staff here Mr. E. J. M. Wyld, M.A. In addition to this strengthening of our staff, there is also a strengthening of the equipment of the College by the transfer from Bishop Heber College of a large amount of valuable scientific apparatus which will increase the resources of the College laboratories.

College Church

LIST OF PREACHERS:

Jan.	7.	Rev. G. Matthews.
"	14.	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
"	21.	Mr. W. F. Kibble.
"	28.	Rev. Dr. R. Frölich.
Feb.	4.	Mr. E. J. Bingle.
"	11.	Rev. G. P. Gibbens.
"	18.	(No Service).
"	25.	Rev. T. R. Foulger.
Mar.	4.	Mr. D. F. Macdelland.
"	11.	Mr. F. E. Corley.

On Sunday, February 18th, which was the World Student Christian Federation Day of Prayer, no service was held.

On Monday, February 26th, the last Devotional Service for the session, taken by Mr. Corley, was held in College Church.

The Library

The following is this term's list of books recommended for reading:—

<i>Austen, J.</i>		Letters: edited by R. B. Johnson (H. 2047).
<i>Eliot, G.</i>		Letters: edited by R. B. Johnson (H. 2036).
<i>Hardy, T.</i>		Later Lyrics and Earlier (H. 1792). Tess of the d'Urbervilles (N. 608). The Return of the Native (N. 607). The Woodlanders (N. 614). Under the Greenwood Tree (N. 611). Wessex Poems (H. 1797).
<i>Housman, L.</i>		Little Plays of St. Francis (H. 1860).
<i>Kipling, R.</i>		Plain Tales from the Hills (N. 642). The Second Jungle Book (N. 675). Traffics and Discoveries (N. 643).

<i>Lubbock, P.</i>		The Craft of Fiction (H. 1864).
<i>Quiller-Couch, A. T.</i>		The Astonishing History of Troy Town (N. 570).
<i>Squire, J. C. (ED.)</i>		Selections from Modern Poets (H. 2040). Second Selections from Modern Poets (H. 2041).
<i>Tagore, R.</i>		Crescent Moon (H. 1816). Gitanjali (H. 1818). Gora (H. 1948). The Gardener (H. 1817).
<i>Thrale, Mrs.</i>		Letters: edited by R. B. Johnson (H. 2037).

A supplementary catalogue of books added to the General Library during the years from 1926 up to the present is being prepared and will be ready for distribution to students of the College at the beginning of the next session.

The Magazine

It may be noticed that there is no Miscellany in this number of the Magazine. It was not that there was not sufficient material to make a Miscellany, if the making of the Miscellany depended only upon that. The difficulty for the Editor was that something had happened to the material which was submitted to him this term. Whether the approach of examinations had a stultifying effect, or whatever the reason may have been, the fact remains that the general quality of the material submitted for consideration fell below the general average standard of what was offered earlier in the year. He was puzzled to know what to do, but he finally decided to have no Miscellany in the present number.

The Editor was led to wonder how many students of the College realise how many complicated processes the College Magazine has to go through before it appears in its final form. It occurred to him that it might be interesting and also useful to have an article dealing with the making of the College Magazine. We have been fortunate enough to get Mr. W. H. Warren of the Christian Literature Society to write an article on the subject. The Diocesan Press which is responsible for the printing of the Magazine is the press of the Christian Literature Society.

In closing his year of office the Editor would like to say how much he has enjoyed his period of association with the Magazine and he would like to thank those who have helped him in any way at all. It is with a certain sense of relief that he hands back to the experienced hands of Mr. Macphail the editorial responsibilities, but it is also with

a grateful sense of the pleasure which his period as Editor has given to him.

To all our readers we would say Good-bye at the end of the session, and offer them very good wishes, whether they leave the College now or whether they look forward to returning at the beginning of next year.

The Way¹

There arose no small stir concerning the Way. *Acts xix. 33.*

THE WAY—that is a very significant name for the religion of Jesus Christ. The trouble arose because it was the Way and because it is the Way. If it had been merely a philosophy of life which spent its force in wordy argument there would have been interest, but no commotion. But it was the Way which led somewhere and which went straight there. It trespassed on private preserves—it ignored private interests—it claimed a right to go through without a ‘by your leave’.

Even then, if it could only be a winding Way, going round the rights of others, it might have become quite a popular promenade. But only for a time, for in that case, ere now, it would have been overgrown with weeds and forgotten. As it was, it became a way of strife. It is significant to notice that every time the name is used it is in connection with trouble.

And so we find the Way here cutting right through some valuable property and offering no compensation for the damage done.

This is a very human story. The characters are still with us. You have the thoroughly worldly minded business man. He does not mind competition. That is to be expected and it appeals to the business instinct in him. He can deal with it. All cannot buy silver shrines. There must be dealers in copper and terra cotta articles. But to strike at the root of the trade—to make people believe that his work was not only useless but harmful was an outrage.

Then there is the thoughtless and gullible crowd. Demetrius does what is to be strongly condemned, whether in politician or preacher; he appeals to their emotions directly instead of through their reason. He works them up into a frenzy which obscures the main issue. The crowd shouts, it hardly knows what, and it belabours one here and another there, it hardly knows why. Luke says ‘the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.’

Then you have the diplomatic Town Clerk; suave, flattering, suggesting some method of expediency. His only interest is to avoid commotion.

¹ A sermon preached in College Church, 11th February, 1934.

There arose no small stir concerning the Way. There is never a question as to whether it is the right Way—leading to a better state. There is simply resentment that it refuses to be diverted from driving right through what has become precious to them. And the Way still claims supremacy in spite of the consequences.

Let us consider Demetrius' arguments against this Way.

1. *By this business we have our wealth. There is danger that this our trade come into disrepute.*

He appealed to one of man's deepest feelings—the right of a man to his own—that which he has gained by labour and foresight. Men submit, often unwillingly, to the claims of an earthly Kingdom upon property and enterprise, but they often resent bitterly the claims of the Kingdom of Heaven. But the Way—Christianity—has constantly claimed supremacy over trade interests and it affirms that this point of Demetrius is not to be the first consideration; that it is bad for trade is not to be a question of primary consideration.

It took Christian men a long time to realise that the Way struck right through the Slave Trade, but at last they did, and the fight began. And it was not an easy matter. So much was involved. It not only affected the slave trader but each industry that employed slave labour. 'It will ruin trade,' cried some. 'So much the worse for trade,' said the Way, and it had to go. There was much commotion concerning the Way when it condemned child labour and women labour in mines—sweated labour by underpaid women to provide cheap finery; and the same arguments were used. The principles of the Way claimed supremacy and they won it. And they must always win it.

The business man generally begins to smile when the parson talks about economic problems. The parson seems to imagine that the solution is very simple. Now I am aware that economic problems are matters of great complexity. Every problem that has to take the human factor into account is complex. But the very complexity is the reason why the principles which should govern us should be clearly stated; that the highest interests of men and women are more important than high dividends. The principles of the Way—Christ's scale of values—demand first consideration even though they may be detrimental to trade, even though they mean a higher price for the purchaser.

I am almost tempted to leave it at that and to avoid illustrations. But no. I passed a toddy shop on the way to church. A great crowd squatted outside—a crowd of fuddled, quarrelling men. As one looks upon such a scene, he can hardly feel any satisfaction in the fact that a considerable revenue is derived from such a source and that

such revenue is very greatly increased this year. 'But', you say, 'the tax thus imposed is a check upon a trade that otherwise would assume alarming proportions.' Precisely, but so surely is it certain that as long as the tax-payer is relieved by revenue from this trade, it is not going to be discouraged.

Most of us like a cheap article and we rejoice in a bargain. It is good for our pockets. But let us have a care lest the gratifying of this desire should be at the expense of the horrors of sweated labour.

I see that eight or nine hundred people appealed for the job of a peon on Rs. 23 a month, a few days ago. When things are like this, the employer has all the trump cards in his hands. If he would walk in the Way, he must not take advantage of his position to the grinding down of the other man. That it is good for his pocket is not the main consideration.

2. Demetrius' second argument is: *The majority is with us. She whom all Asia and the wide world worship.*

That, of course, was an exaggeration, but we are not concerned in disproving his facts. We do not agree with his point which is that it is foolish for this fellow Paul to start some new teaching when the great consensus of opinion is in favour of Artemis. 'Great Artemis' they shout, and the half of them did not know what the commotion was about. Majorities are not always right; neither are minorities. But there is a terrible danger to-day not to think for one's self—to find comfort in being with the majority—to think in communities—to have one's thinking biased by self-interest rather than guided by some principle which has always refused to be the slave of any Class or interest—the principles of the Way.

Am I not right in saying that Jesus was always trying to get people out of thinking in ruts—which is really not thinking at all? Dr. Glover translates one of his sayings in this way: 'You think like men; not like God'. And who is it that has reminded us that a rut is really a grave; only a little longer and a little narrower?

One cannot help feeling that the world is going to become a happier place when Christian men get together to do some real honest thinking about life; just to talk about the Way; where it has come from and where it leads to and in loyalty to the One Who first walked in it and in the courage of fellowship with one another to resolve to walk in it too.

Our answer, then, to Demetrius' second point is the right and duty of every man to think for himself; a very priceless possession. Don't give it away to a majority—to a newspaper—to any man, even though he may be a priest.

3. Just a word about Demetrius' last point: *Our religion will be brought into contempt. Artemis will be degraded.*

I fancy he gives himself away here. The only thing that brings a religion into contempt is to fail in the great purpose of religion, to bring men to God. And Demetrius knew that Artemis was doing everything but that. There was a great demand for shrines—they were to be found in every home—the religion was patronised by the great and powerful—the city authorities were her devotees—she was worshipped with gorgeous pomp and ceremony. Where is she now? Brought into the contempt of indifference.

We turn to the One Who opened the Way—Who is the Way. Born in a manger—lived in a cottage—worked in a carpenter's shop—became a wayfarer among men—despised and rejected—died on a Cross. Where is He now? He is not followed by all. But He is not despised.

All do not walk in the Way. But they have no contempt for it. It is too hard. It is too high.

He is not brought into the contempt of indifference. Jesus is the cause of much of the trouble in the world to-day. We pretend that we love Him, but when it comes to the application of His teaching to life we hate it. He is condemning our laziness—our selfishness—our thoughtlessness, and we get irritated and fight with one another.

There is always going to be commotion both in the world and in the life of the individual until we walk in the Way of Jesus.

Let us walk in that Way. It may be the Way of outward commotion, but it is the Way of inward peace and deepest satisfaction.

G. P. GIBBENS.

Arnold and the Grand Style¹

'Not that (the Greeks) failed in expression, or were inattentive to it; on the contrary, they are the highest models of expression, the unapproached masters of the *grand style*.' That sentence, from the 1853 Preface, gives us the first hint of battle. That is Arnold's first use of his battle-cry, his mysterious battle-cry with which, a few years later, he confounded the armies of the Philistines. Arnold was of course a man of many battle-cries. One might almost say he was a specialist in them—'Philistines', 'barbarians', 'sweetness and light', 'high seriousness'—and although one may weary of them, they always reward patient reflection. I propose to take this earliest battle-cry and to examine his use of it somewhat closely, to ask what he intended by it, and whether it expresses a conception which is of permanent value to the critic of poetry. The documents are the 1853 *Preface*, the *Lectures on Translating Homer*, the *Last Words on Translating Homer*, and the essay on *The Study of Poetry*.

If we could forget all that we have ever heard about the grand style, and begin with the phrase as a new phrase, with no past behind it, I suppose we should feel that it lacks definition, and might legitimately be used to describe various styles of poetry. It might, for example, apply to the *splendid* style of Keats in some of his moods, as in the *Eve of St. Agnes*.

'And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens
and kings.'

That is grand in more senses than one. Some would say that it is grand in the only proper sense of the word. But, without anticipating our argument too far, we may say at once that Arnold did not use the term 'grand' in the particular sense of 'splendid', and that in fact nothing was further from his mind. He used the word in a general sense, as almost equivalent to 'great'. But that leaves us an exceedingly wide field to work in. Some of us would immediately begin to think of passages which thrill us with a sense of largeness, of

¹ A paper read before the Madras English Association.

spaciousness, of power, such passages as are to be found on almost every page of Shakespeare or Milton; Wordsworth's 'Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe' or 'Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows, Like harmony in music'; Shelley's

'The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed but are extinguished not'

or Tennyson's

'For all experience is an arch, wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose distance fades
For ever and for ever as we gaze.'

Or, if we interpreted 'grand' in a still more general sense, we might apply it to any poetry (certainly to any serious poetry) which surely achieves its intention and leaves in us a sense of finality. It matters little, on this interpretation, how the effect is arrived at, whether by the gigantic manner of

'No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine'

or by the quite opposite manner of

'She should have died hereafter.'

The important thing is that the great poetic 'moment' arrives, and when it arrives we recognise its grandeur.

Coming to the phrase, then, without prepossessions, we see that it might be applied in various senses, and these different possibilities have already been illustrated from Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Shakespeare. But we are not on Arnold's track, because to Arnold none of these poets, not even Shakespeare himself, is a master of the grand style. The world, according to Arnold, has seen very few masters of the grand style. In the third lecture *On Translating Homer* he tells us 'To this metre, as used in the *Paradise Lost*, our country owes the glory of having produced one of the only two poetical works in the grand style which are to be found in the modern languages; the *Divine Comedy* is the other. England and Italy here stand alone; Spain, France, and Germany have produced great poets, but neither Calderon, nor Corneille, nor Schiller, nor even Goethe has produced a body of poetry in the true grand style, in the sense in which the style of the body of Homer's poetry, or Pindar's, or Sophocles' is grand. But Dante has, and so has Milton; and in this respect Milton possesses a distinction which even Shakespeare, undoubtedly the supreme poetical power in our language, does not share with him.' Only two modern poets, and apparently only three or four ancient poets! (He mentions three ancients here, and in the earlier lecture he had

estimated the total, ancient and modern, at about six. 'It is no disrespect to Scott to say that he does not attain to this manner in his poetry; to say so is merely to say that he is not among the five or six supreme poets of the world.') Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles, Dante and Milton, with one other unnamed ancient, these are the only masters of the grand style, and the supreme poets of the world. Clearly Arnold is not going to be unduly lavish in his distribution of grand style honours. The standard is to be kept high. We become curious to know what this standard is by which Shakespeare—to take him as the crucial case—is excluded. I think we shall best reach an answer by taking the matter in three stages. First, we shall examine Arnold's definition of the grand style. Secondly, we shall consider, on the basis of his own words, his grounds for excluding Shakespeare. Finally, we shall try to discover what common element he finds, or thinks he finds, in Homer, Dante and Milton, by virtue of which he links them together.

But, first, let us take a glance at sources. The term 'grand style' was apparently introduced into England by Sir Joshua Reynolds. About Reynolds' sources, if any, I know nothing, and have not thought it worth inquiring, but I think he helps to an understanding of Arnold. By 'the grand style' in painting, he intends that style which transcends particulars and aims at ideality, 'which improves partial representation by the general and invariable ideas of nature.' In his *Third Discourse*, he enlarges on this, and it appears that three main conditions are to be observed for the attainment of grandeur in painting. First, the painter must pass beyond the particular to the ideal and so attain correctness of design. Secondly, he must aim at the simplicity of nature. In the third place, he must have a noble animating conception. When we come to closer grips with Arnold's doctrine, I think we shall feel that there are significant analogies with Reynolds—in the emphasis on simplicity and the necessity of noble animating conceptions (which in Arnold's language becomes 'high seriousness') and above all in the regard for 'total impression' over against particular beauties. Indeed there are many passages in Reynolds' *Discourses* which might have been written by Arnold himself. When Reynolds speaks of 'the most hateful of all hateful qualities, affectation', we recall Arnold's 'the worst of all styles, the affected style.' Reynolds' views on the proper subjects of painting might have some straight out of Arnold's 1853 *Preface*. 'It ought to be either some eminent instance of heroic action or heroic suffering. . . . Such are the great events of Greek and Roman fable.' Reynolds almost precisely anticipates what Arnold said about Keats and his imitation of the dangerous Shakespeare. 'At that age it is natural for them to be more captivated with what is brilliant than with what is solid, and

to prefer splendid negligence to painful and humiliating exactness They endeavour to imitate these dazzling excellences, which they will find no great labour in attaining. . . . I would chiefly recommend that an implicit obedience to the rules of art, as established by the practice of the great masters should be exacted from the young students.' And, finally, Reynolds seems to me to have come very near to giving us in his *Fourth Discourse*, a statement in terms of painting of what Arnold intended by the grand style in poetry. 'All trilling, or artful play of little lights, or an attention to a variety of tints, is to be avoided; a quietness and simplicity must reign over the whole work, to which a breadth of uniform and simple colour will very much contribute. Grandeur of effect is produced by two different ways but still, the presiding principle of both these manners is simplicity.'

Arnold's definition of the grand style is to be found in his *Last Words on Translating Homer*. 'The grand style arises in poetry when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or severity a serious subject.' We ought not, I suppose, to expect very much from a definition. In the sphere of poetry, all definitions have a distressing tendency to rotate on their own axes. But certainly it would be idle to pretend that this definition carries us very far towards an understanding of what Arnold intends. I suppose most of us had already suspected that the grand style was a kind of nobility, and it is therefore no very startling revelation to be told that it proceeds from 'a noble nature'—poetically noble, that is. That the author of grand poetry must be 'poetically gifted' is obvious, though it is not certain that we should all agree with Arnold if he told us what he means by 'poetic gifts'. We are left, then, with 'simplicity or severity' and 'a serious subject'. The grand style is apparently a kind of nobility arising out of the simple or severe treatment of a serious subject. 'The best model of the grand style simple is Homer, and the best model of the grand style severe is Milton. . . . Severity comes from saying a thing with a kind of intense compression, or in an allusive brief haughty way, as if the poet's mind were charged with so many and such grave matters that he would not deign to treat any one explicitly.' But what does all this amount to? Is there any poet in the world who answers to this definition of 'severity' better than Shakespeare, when Shakespeare is in the mood for severity? Is there any poet who can compress more meaning, more suggestion, more emotion into a single line? And as for simplicity, take Julius Caesar. Is it not an outstanding example of 'a serious subject' treated with 'simplicity' by 'a noble nature', not without a certain gift for poetry? Arnold has no doubt something to say, and we may well give him the advantage of supposing that that something is worth saying, but we are

forced to the conclusion that he has not yet succeeded in saying it. We need not be unduly surprised that his definition is a failure because, as we said, definitions in the realm of poetry are not easy to come at, and yet we may be permitted to feel that, if a critic is going to make constant use of such a conception, he ought to be able to say with some precision what he means by it. We shall have to pass from the definition, and try to get some light at the second stage by enquiring on what grounds Arnold has excluded Shakespeare from his canon.

There can be no doubt that Arnold was sensitive to Shakespeare's greatness. Everybody knows his *Sonnet*, and it is obvious from the quotations and comments scattered here and there throughout his writings that he responded with enthusiasm to the best in Shakespeare. In the *Study of Poetry* he places two passages from Shakespeare among his 'key' passages, one from *Henry IV*,

'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge'

and one from *Hamlet* (which seems to me to be a perfect example of Arnold's 'grand style simple').

'If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story'

In the 1853 *Preface*, he says 'Foremost among these models for the English writer stands Shakespeare; a name the greatest perhaps of all poetical names; a name never to be mentioned without reverence, and in the third *Lecture on Translating Homer* he admits that Shakespeare is 'undoubtedly the supreme poetical power in our literature.' And yet Shakespeare does not share Milton's distinction of having produced a poetical work in the grand style! It is obvious that Arnold is uneasy about Shakespeare, and he is not the first critic who, having made a perfectly beautiful theory, has felt very uneasy about Shakespeare. But Arnold's uneasiness is a remarkable uneasiness. With one hand he waves Shakespeare away from the magic circle of the chosen five or six, while with the other hand he offers a consolatory certificate that he is perhaps 'the greatest of all poetical names.' This is indeed a very great mystery, and if we can throw some real light on it, we shall certainly get to the heart of Arnold's theory. The fact is that in Arnold's view Shakespeare is sometimes grand, but he is not always grand, and therefore he has not,

in the strict sense, the grand style. He misses the grand style, because he sometimes misses it. Arnold did not suppose that no poet in the world except the chosen five or six had ever achieved grandeur. Indeed he clearly says, in *Last Words*, 'Of other poets, some have caught this perfect strain now and then, in short pieces or single lines, but have not been able to maintain it through considerable works.' But the occasional or even frequent attainment of grandeur does not constitute what Arnold considers a grand style. 'In this respect Milton possesses a distinction which even Shakespeare, undoubtedly the supreme poetical power in our literature, does not share with him. Not a tragedy of Shakespeare but contains passages in the worst of all styles, the affected style.' Apparently, if a poet is to have the grand style at all, he must always have it, and must have nothing else. A few sentences and phrases taken from various contexts in the documents under discussion will show that this is so. In the second *Lecture on Translating Homer*, he says, 'Homer has not Shakespeare's variations. Homer always composes as Shakespeare composes at his best.' (The latter statement is an enormous exaggeration, but Arnold's intention is clear enough.) Later in the same lecture, he describes Homer as 'sustainedly noble.' In *Last Words* he speaks of 'a continuous style' and of 'sustained perfection of style' and on the next page he gives us the *reductio ad absurdum* of his theory, in the remark 'The real strength of a chain, they say, is the strength of its weakest link.' I refuse to think, however, that Arnold really believed that. He said it in order to score a point, I fear, but he could not have maintained it seriously. Applied to an argument it is true, applied to poetry it is nonsense. Not even Arnold, with his demand for sustained perfection, could have seriously argued that a poem is to be judged by its worst lines. This particular sentence is merely an aberration, though an aberration which betrays the weakness of the theory. The theory itself is plain enough. Only those have the grand style who have it sustainedly—the grand style is a 'sustained perfection' of simplicity or severity. That Arnold persisted in this conviction to the end of his life can be easily seen from a series of sentences taken from the *Essays in Criticism 2nd Series*. 'The constant union of simplicity with greatness are the marks of the genuine epic.' (*Study of Poetry*.) 'The greatness of the great poets, the power of their criticism of life is that their virtue is sustained.' 'Shakespeare is divinely strong, rich, and attractive. But sureness of perfect style Shakespeare himself does not possess.' (*Milton*.) 'Milton is, in his diction and rhythm, constantly an artist in the grand style.' (*Milton*.)

Our second question will not now, I think, present any very grave difficulties. What is the common element which Arnold finds,

or thinks he finds, in Homer, Dante, and Milton, in virtue of which he links them together? They are all, of course, 'noble natures' and they are all 'poetically gifted,' but so are Spenser and Wordsworth. They all treat serious subjects, but so do Spenser and Wordsworth. Homer and Dante treat their serious subjects with simplicity. Now we begin to come to the point. Arnold is in love with that dignity which arises out of simplicity and directness, of thought and expression. The definition, with some of the attendant remarks, has already made that clear. And he is on sound ground when he finds that dignity in Homer and Dante. It is true that Homer is perhaps not quite so simple as Arnold would have us believe. He has, for example, those remarkable compound epithets some of which are highly ornamental. And perhaps he is not so uniformly 'noble' as Arnold supposes, for we cannot neglect the judgment of Longinus when he declares that even Homer sometimes 'turn(s) aside to twaddle.' Still it is certain, if anything is certain, that the general impression left by the reading of Homer is of nobility accompanied by, or arising out of, direct simplicity of thought and expression. The same is true of Dante also, although, for those of us who can read him only in translation, the simplicity is sometimes more apparent than the accent of nobility. But, if the main quality of Arnold's grand style be the accent of nobility arising out of direct simplicity of thought and expression, the obvious question arises, why did he class Milton along with them, Milton whose dominant style is so very far removed from directness and simplicity? Take a line or two from each of them, almost at random, and compare their quality.

'There stood the goddess and cried shrilly in a great voice and terrible, and mighty strength she set in the heart of each of the Achaeans, to war and fight unceasingly. And straightway war grew sweeter to them, than to depart in the hollow ships to their dear native land.'

We can appreciate the clarity and directness and simplicity of that, and even the nobility, although the loss of the stately hexameter in a prose translation is a serious handicap. Now take the opening lines of the *Inferno*.

'In my mid journey on life's road, I found
Myself within a wood obscure, astray;
Of path direct no trace appeared around.
Ah! 'tis indeed no easy task to say
How savage, rough, and horrid was that wood
The thought of which yet fills me with dismay
And seems the bitterness of death renewed.'

The loss by translation is, I imagine, extremely serious, but one can see how easily and naturally the thought is evolved and the

emotion expressed, and this easy naturalness is a dominant note of the whole poem. Finally, take a passage from *Paradise Lost*.

'To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted eye,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aerial music send; nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me and still assure'

and so on for seven lines more before the full stop comes.

Why did Arnold class Milton along with Homer and Dante who are almost always direct and simple, Milton whose style is noble indeed but grandiloquent, involved, inversive? He could have had Wordsworth, who, for all his failures, does often achieve what Raleigh has described as 'his own incomparable, bleak, noble style.' He could have had Spenser who, for all his adornment, has often the grandeur of simplicity, in passages such as this:—

'During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had been many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall majesty
In their trinall triplicities on high.'

He could have had Wordsworth, he could have had Spenser, but he chose Milton. What principle or what prejudice determined his choice? It is of course obvious that no sane critic, discussing grandeur in poetry, could have wholly omitted Milton. 'His natural port', says Johnson, 'is gigantic loftiness.' Yes, but one would not have expected a critic, discussing grandeur in poetry, to omit Shakespeare from the canon, and Arnold has done it. What was it in Milton that forced Arnold to depart from his criterion of simplicity and directness of thought and expression and to invent, rightly to invent, that special sub-division 'the grand style severe' so that Milton might dwell with Homer and Dante in the grand style pantheon? Why did he not take the same trouble to accommodate Shakespeare, or Spenser, or Wordsworth? I think the answer is twofold. In the first place, Milton, for all his cumbrousness, for all his complication, continuously practises a restraint which may to some minds seem at any rate analogous to the bare simplicity of Homer, and the sweet simplicity of Dante. Milton uses many words where Homer uses few,

but with both of them it is true that no word is lost. But that is not sufficient answer to the question. To give the full answer we have to change the emphasis. Milton *continuously* practises restraint. He is not at times restrained and at times expansive. He is always restrained, and he is always grand, and that is why Arnold receives him with open arms while he turns away the others. Arnold's grand style is 'the always-grand style, the never-anything-else-but-grand-style, and therefore Milton is his man. Wordsworth, even Shakespeare, approach at times far nearer to Homer than Milton ever did—yes, but Milton has this in common with Homer that his style is always the same. 'Milton is constantly an artist in the grand style.'

What, then, is the permanent value, if any, of Arnold's conception of 'the grand style'? Of the incidental values of his discussion, it is, I presume, unnecessary to speak. There is no lack of stimulus, suggestion, delicate taste, and we take all that for granted. But for the conception itself, I am bound to say that I think it is of little value. There is in fact no one style which has a right to be called 'the grand style', and Arnold himself tacitly admits this when he gathers into his comprehensive embrace two such diverse poets as Homer and Milton. We can see what was in his mind. He loved the grave simplicity of Homer. He admired the grave, strenuous, restrained magnificence of Milton. And in both alike he found an unflinching dignity of manner. But Milton, for all his 'classicism' is further removed from Homer, in quality, than Walter Pater is from Sir Thomas Malory. They cannot both have 'the grand style'. Indeed there is not one mode of grandeur in poetry, nor two, but many. There is a grandeur of simplicity, and a grandeur of magnificence. There is a grandeur of austerity, and a grandeur of abundance. There is a grandeur which arises from a clear, firm objectivity, and a grandeur which clings about the vague and undefined. When once this is recognised, it seems futile to speak of 'the grand style', and still more futile to limit its possession to five or six poets. Arnold would have been more intelligible, and at the same time more convincing, if he had resisted the temptation to claim a sovereign and (at any rate apparently) exclusive virtue for certain literary qualities which he himself particularly admired. The qualities he had in mind were, as we have seen, by no means wholly homogeneous, but they had some common features. He might have summed up those common features intelligibly if he had contented himself with some such comparatively modest phrase as 'sustained elevation of manner.' Such a phrase, claiming something unambiguous, and claiming not too much, would have given a definiteness to his argument which it gravely lacks, and would have saved it from that provocativeness in which it is only too abundant.

But this leads me to a second, and graver, defect in Arnold's doctrine. Its provocativeness is not an unintentional provocativeness arising merely out of the careless use of an ill-considered phrase. His use of the phrase is based, apparently, on a quite definite theory of poetic value, a theory which seems to me unbalanced and misleading. I have tried to show that in Arnold's view 'the grand style' meant 'the always-grand style,' and it is clear that he excluded Shakespeare, not because of any blindness to his poetical greatness, but because of his inequalities. Now there is no call to deny those inequalities, or to pretend that Shakespeare is always equal to his own best. But when a critic speaks of Shakespeare's inequalities as if they somehow neutralised his excellences, it is time to ask whether that critic has not a false point of view, or a false standard of value. The suspicion is that Arnold's doctrine is vitiated by the fallacy, albeit a very hoary fallacy, which bids us look for poetic greatness not *primarily* in the parts but in the whole. (The word 'primarily' is emphasised, because I do not intend to suggest that the 'total impression' of a poem and the constructive power which secures it are of no account. They must have their place in any true view of poetry, but that place is secondary. Neither Keats' *Endymion* nor Arnold's own *Merope* is a great poem, but in the former, despite its woeful lack of construction, the accent of greatness can be detected again and again, while the latter, constructed according to the 'wholesome regulative laws' which Arnold so profoundly revered, is respectable and commonplace.) This suspicion that Arnold puts the emphasis at the wrong place grows into a certainty when we go back to the 1853 *Preface* which was our starting point, with its emphasis on the all-importance of the subject (and the, for a nineteenth century critic, amazing statement that 'the eternal objects of poetry . . . are actions'), its distrust of 'expression', its suggestion that the essence of poetic power lies in the capacity for construction, the architectonic gift—the *Preface* with its downright statement that Shakespeare's 'other excellences' (other, that is, than his gift of expression) 'were his fundamental excellences as a poet.' Throughout Arnold's discussion of the grand style, these misleading suggestions are always muttering in the background. He seems always to be on the verge of saying that 'greatness' in poetry is not something that appears in flashes, but something in the conduct of the poem as a whole, that the momentary radiance is at least as much a danger as a beauty, that the business of language in poetry is not to be transcendently beautiful, but to set forth the noble subject with moderation and even dignity. I do not think he anywhere says all this quite unequivocally except in the *Preface*. I am not quite sure that he always intends it. He himself flatly contradicts it in practice

by his use, his admirable use, of 'key' passages. But this system of ideas is always in the background, and it is fundamentally unsound. As a protest against slovenliness, against formlessness, against poets who wrote poetry but could not or would not make poems, Arnold's teaching is intelligible and in his own day was no doubt salutary. But, as a body of positive doctrine, it cannot be accepted, for it directs the attention away from that which is essential in poetry, away from its spirit and its life, towards that which is secondary and attendant.

A. J. BOYD.

How the Magazine is Printed

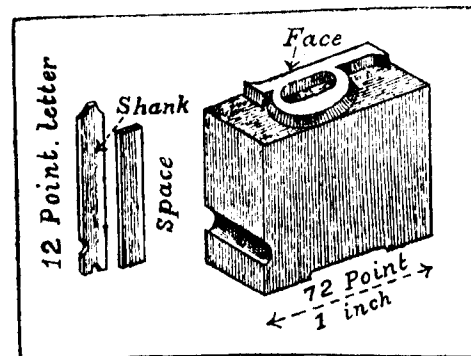
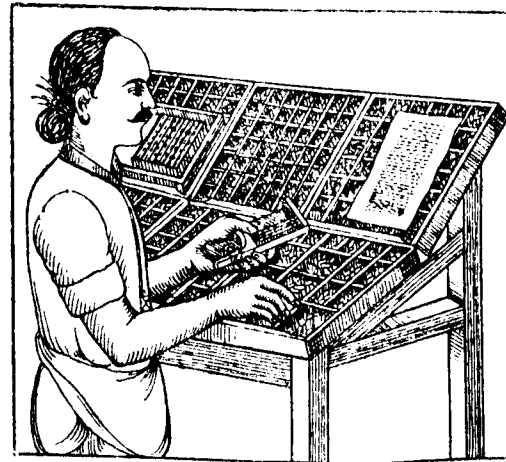
The Editor has asked me to write a short account of what happens between the time when he hands over the MS. of the Magazine to the Press Manager and the time when he receives the printed copies.

THE COMPOSING ROOM

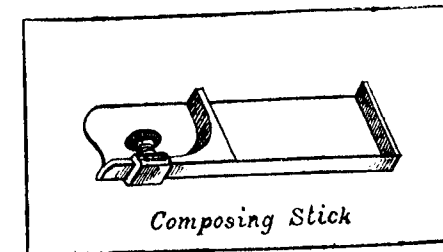
The first place to which the manuscript travels after leaving the manager's office is the composing (type-setting) room. It is accompanied by a paper of instructions which gives necessary guidance on various points, such as the size of the page, sizes and kinds of type to be used, any special instructions as to style, quality of paper, number of copies to be printed, kind of binding required, and so on. This slip goes through from department to department till the work is finished.

The foreman of the composing section receives the manuscript and gives out a number of folios (pages of manuscript) to several compositors. Each man works standing before a wooden frame, which supports two shallow oblong trays (cases) which are divided into a number of little compartments; each of these holds a quantity of type-letters, and there is a separate compartment for each letter and symbol as well as for some pieces of lead known as spaces, and larger ones called quads. The spaces are shorter than the type-letters, and are used to separate words. They are of varying widths; an em space is square at the top, and en space half the width, and a thick space is one-third of an em. Then there are thinner spaces, four and five to the em.

A type-letter is a rectangular piece of lead about the height of an English shilling. As will be seen from the sketch, the letter is cast in relief on the top of the stem. You will also notice that it is cast in reverse. It may be noted that everything prepared for letterpress printing is in reverse: the face of the type, its arrangement, the arrangement of the pages everything up to the final result on the printed



sheet. A complete set of types is called a fount, and in bookwork it contains capitals, small capitals, small letters, figures, accented letters, punctuation marks, etc. The small letters occupy the lower case, and are accordingly called 'lowercase' letters. The capitals and small capitals are in the top, or 'upper', case.

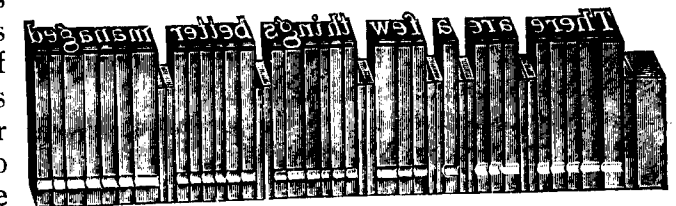


The compositor, after receiving instructions from the foreman as to what the width of the lines is to be, proceeds to set up his composing stick to the width required. The composing stick (see illustration) is a small metal tray, with a movable slide which is adjusted to the width of the line to be set.

Let us suppose that the first three lines of the manuscript are as follows.

There are a few things better managed in Ireland than in England, and one of them is the starting of important railway trains.

The compositor now sets up the letters: There thick space are thick space a thick space few thick space things — and so on till he has almost filled up his line in the stick. If he finds that there is not room enough for the last one or two letters of a word, he takes out several of



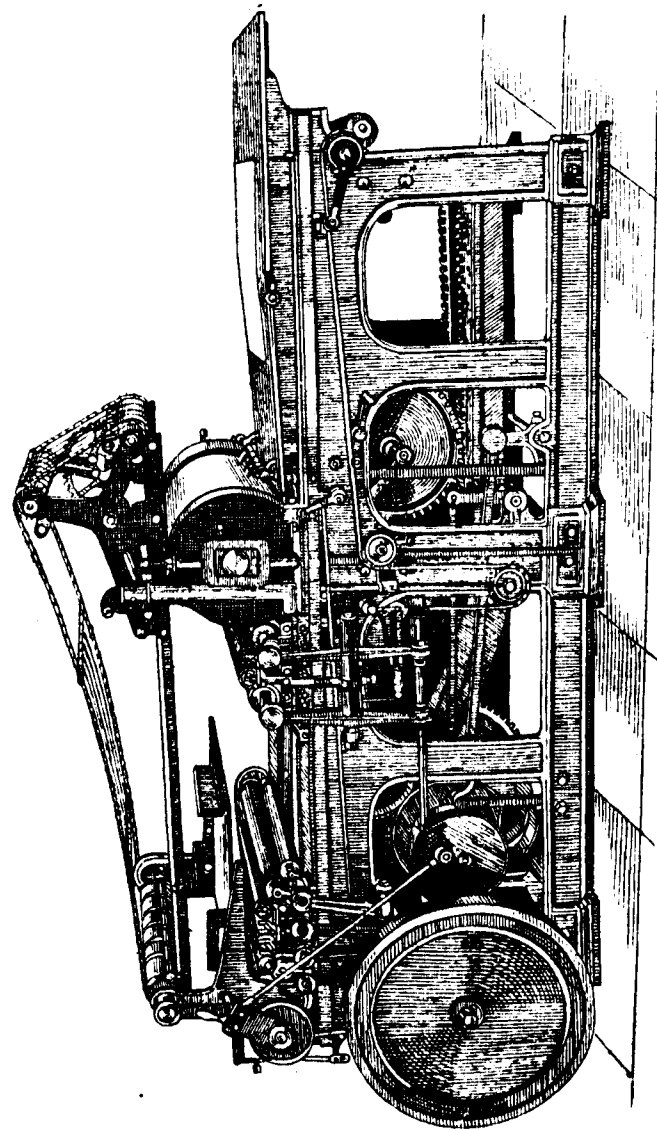
the thick spaces and substitutes middle spaces for them, thus decreasing the space between the words and allowing more room at the end of the line. On the other hand, if he nearly fills a line and the next word is a long one, he takes out some of the thick spaces and substitutes a combined middle and thin space to increase the spacing between the words; or if this is not enough he may substitute en quads for the middle-and-thin spaces. However it is done, his object is to drive out the line to the full width of the stick, and this accomplished he can commence the second line.

When the compositor arrives at the end of a paragraph the remainder of the space in the last line is filled out with quads of any convenient size. When the stick itself is full, the lines of type are lifted out and placed on a much larger shallow tray called a galley. The process of setting up in the stick continues until the part of the manuscript that has been given to the compositor is all finished.

next the chase. The page-cords having been removed and the type made perfectly level by a wooden planer, the quoins are wedged in with the aid of a shooting stick and mallet. The forme can now be lifted up and taken to the machine.

THE MACHINE ROOM

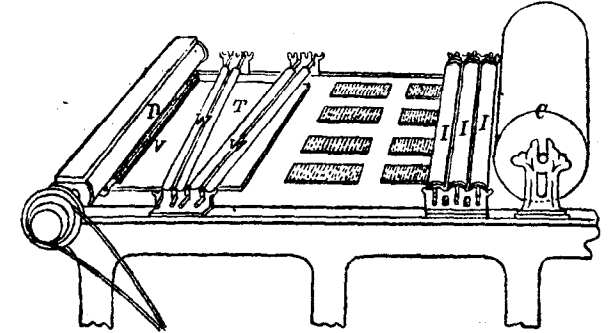
The most common type of machine used for printing books and magazines is called the Wharfedale, named after the place of its manu-



THE WHARFEDALE

facture in England. The framework supports a large steel plate, called

the 'bed', which, when the machine is in motion, travels backwards and forwards under the cylinder. In the diagram it will be seen that the bed consists of two parts; the raised portion on the left (T) is the plate where the ink is beaten up to a thin smooth coat; the forme rests on the lower portion. The ink, which is about the consistency of butter, is first placed in the duct (n) and as this revolves a small roller which has an up-and-down motion transfers the ink to the plate. The rollers (W.W.) beat up the ink on the plate, and as the latter travels down the machine the other set of rollers (III) are supplied with ink, which in turn they transfer to the type-faces in the forme. The paper is passed under the cylinder (c) from the table (feeding board) on the right. The edge is seized by grippers attached to the cylinder which is timed to revolve at the exact moment when the forme underneath commences its return journey. The paper thus receives the impression as it passes round with the cylinder, and is afterwards caught up to a tray at the top. While the operator is placing his next sheet in position, the forme is receiving a fresh supply of ink at the other end of the machine, and then back it comes ready for printing again. The average number of impressions per hour on a machine of this type is about 1,000.



Great care is required in making ready a forme on the machine. The impression is so delicate that the slightest irregularity in height of any part of the forme causes some of the types to press almost through the printed sheet while some other types are hardly visible. To secure an even impression it is sometimes necessary to paste thin pieces of paper on the cylinder so as to give more pressure to the weak parts.

THE BINDERY

When the sheets are printed, they are taken to the Bindery, where they are folded up. The various sheets are collected in the order in which they are to appear in the book, and then are stitched together at the back. The cover is pasted on, and the magazines are taken to the guillotine which trims away the edges on three sides. The magazines are then ready for despatch.

W. H. W.

'Not a Doctor?'

SCENE I

Sganarelle, the woodcutter, and his wife Martine, are seen engaged in their daily pastime, quarrelling. They come on to the stage, which represents the road near a village, and we hear them insulting each other heartily.

SGANARELLE: 'I tell you, I'll have nothing to do with it: I'm the master here!'

MARTINE: And I tell you, you've got to do as I say: I'm not married to you just to endure your foolishness!

SGANARELLE: It's a weary business, having a wife! Aristotle was quite right when he said that a woman is worse than a devil!

MARTINE: Clever fellow isn't he, quoting his silly Aristotle!

SGANARELLE: Of course I'm clever. Where will you find a woodcutter such as I am, who knows how to reason on all sorts of things; one who has been the servant of a famous doctor for six whole months, and who knows all the rudiments by heart!

MARTINE: A plague upon the hour and the day I first agreed to marry you!

SGANARELLE: A pest upon the hooked nose of the lawyer who made me sign my doom!

MARTINE: It's all very well for *you* to complain. Is there a single moment when you don't have to thank heaven that I'm your wife? Did you ever deserve such a wife as I?

SGANARELLE: You needn't talk. You were pleased enough to get me.

MARTINE: What do you mean—pleased? A man who drives me to the hospital, a drunkard, false to me, who eats up all I have—

SGANARELLE: That's a lie: I drink some of it.

MARTINE: —Pawning bit by bit every article—

SGANARELLE: That's how to live thriftily.

MARTINE: —Who has taken away my very bed—

SGANARELLE: So that you may get up earlier.

MARTINE: —And in short, leaves not a stick of furniture in the house—

SGANARELLE: All the easier to change one's residence.

MARTINE: —Who from morn to night does nothing but eat and drink—

SGANARELLE: It keeps me from being bored.

MARTINE (*pausing for breath*): And what do you expect me to do with the family?

SGANARELLE: Whatever you like.

MARTINE (*pathetically*): Four poor little children in arms—

SGANARELLE: Well, put them on the ground, can't you?

MARTINE (*angrily*): Do you imagine, drunkard, that things can go on like this always?

SGANARELLE: Gently, my wife, gently, please.

MARTINE: Must I endure your insolence for ever?

SGANARELLE: Now, now, don't let's get carried away.

MARTINE (*passionately*): Do you think I won't find a way to *make* you do your duty?

SGANARELLE (*significantly*): Wife, you know that I haven't a meek nature, and I have a very strong arm.

MARTINE: I don't care *that* (*she snaps her fingers*) for your threats!

SGANARELLE: Little wife, darling, I will box your ears for you.

MARTINE (*shrieking louder and louder*): You drunkard, you!

SGANARELLE: I'll beat you.

MARTINE: Your wine bottle!!

SGANARELLE (*raising his arm*): I'll thrash you!

MARTINE: Wretch! Deceiver! Rogue! Coward! Scoundrel! Swindler!!

SGANARELLE: Oho, you want it, then? (*He begins to beat her*).

MARTINE: Oh! Oh! Ow!

SGANARELLE: This is the best way to calm you.

Here Robert, a passer-by, who has heard the noise, bustles in.

ROBERT: Hulloo, hulloo, what's this? What shocking behaviour! A plague upon the rogue who beats his wife so!

MARTINE (*suddenly turning on him defiantly*): Can't you see that I *want* him to beat me?

ROBERT: (*recoiling, startled*) Oh—er—carry on then, by all means.

MARTINE: What are you interfering for?

ROBERT: My mistake.

MARTINE: Is it any of your business?

ROBERT: Quite so.

MARTINE: Here's an impertinent fellow, who wants to prevent husbands from beating their wives!

ROBERT: I—I take it back.

MARTINE: Have you any right to poke your nose in?

ROBERT: No. N-no.

MARTINE: Well, mind your own business!

ROBERT: I'll say no more.

¹ An adaptation by Mr. Macnicol of Molière's 'Le Médecin Malgré Lui' presented at Caithness Hall Hostel Day, December 1933.

MARTINE: I *like* being beaten.

ROBERT (*turning to Sganarelle, desperately*): Man, I'm so sorry to interrupt. Go on, thrash her, hit your wife properly. I'll help you if you like.

SGANARELLE: No thanks; I don't want your help.

ROBERT (*grumpily*): Oh, all right.

SGANARELLE: She's *my* wife, not yours.

ROBERT: Undoubtedly.

SGANARELLE: And I don't need *your* assistance.

ROBERT: Don't mention it.

SGANARELLE (*his temper rising again*): And you are a cheeky fellow, poking your nose into other people's business. Get out! (*He chases him off, and then returns rubbing his hands*) That's that.

Let's make peace; shake hands!

MARTINE (*ironically*): Yes,—after you've beaten me.

SGANARELLE: O,—that's nothing. Shake.

MARTINE: No, thanks.

SGANARELLE: Eh?

MARTINE: No.

SGANARELLE: Come, come, little wife?

MARTINE: No—I *want* to be angry.

SGANARELLE: Shame! It's nothing! Come on!

MARTINE: You've hurt me too much.

SGANARELLE: Well—I'm sorry. There! Give me your hand.

MARTINE (*slowly*): I forgive you, then, but—(*aside*) you'll pay for it!

SGANARELLE: You are foolish to mind these things; they are quite necessary in friendship from time to time; and five or six blows between two people who are fond of each other, only help to cheer them up. Well—I'm off to the wood, and I promise you I'll bring home more than a hundred faggots today. [*He goes out, whistling.*]

MARTINE: Well, whatever I do, I'll try to get my own back for this. I must find a means to be revenged for that beating. Of course any woman can use her hands, to pay back her husband; but that's too delicate a punishment for my rogue. I want a revenge that may make itself felt more easily. Let me think.

(*She sits down on a seat to think what she may do; and meanwhile Valere and Lucas, two men-servants, come in, talking together.*)

LUCAS: Personally, I think we've undertaken something quite impossible.

VALERE: It can't be helped: We've got to obey our master. Besides we both have an interest in the health of his daughter, our mistress; there's no doubt that her marriage, delayed by her illness, will bring

us good fortune. Horace, who is generous, is a favoured suitor for her hand, and although she has shown her friendship for a certain Leander, you know well that her father has never consented to receive him as a future relative.

MARTINE (*to herself*): How can I be revenged on him? (*She catches sight of the two servants*). Ah, gentleman, I beg your pardon: I did not see you and I was thinking over something which is troubling me.

VALERE: Everyone has his troubles in the world. We also are seeking for something which we cannot find.

MARTINE: Is it something in which I can help you?

VALERE: Maybe it is. We are trying to find a skilful man, some specialist, who may be able to give some relief to our master's daughter, who is suffering from an illness that has suddenly deprived her of the use of her tongue. Several doctors have already exhausted all their science on her, but sometimes one comes across people with wonderful secrets, some special remedies that work where others have failed: that is what we are looking for.

MARTINE (*aside*): Here's a chance of paying back my wretch of a husband!

(*aloud*) You've come to the right person; I know of the most marvellous man in the world for such fatal maladies.

VALERE: Oh, please, where can we find him?

MARTINE: You'll find him just now over there, amusing himself by cutting wood.

LUCAS (*laughing*): A doctor who cuts wood!

VALERE: Who amuses himself by gathering herbs, you mean?

MARTINE: No. He's an extraordinary fellow who likes this sort of thing, fantastic, queer if you like: you'd never think him to be what he is. He wears unusual clothes, he pretends to be ignorant, and is always extremely unwilling to use the marvellous talent for medicine which heaven has granted him.

VALERE (*wisely*): It's a wonderful thing how all great men have some touch of foolishness with all their learning!

MARTINE: This one's folly is incredible—I warn you that he won't admit that he is a doctor until you have each taken a stick to him; he will only reveal the truth to you if you first let him feel it. That's our method when we need him.

VALERE: An unusual method!

MARTINE: True, but after that you'll see that it will work wonders.

VALERE: What's his name?

MARTINE: Sganarelle, he's called. But he's easy to recognise: he has a long black beard and wears a yellow and green coat.

LUCAS: A yellow and green coat! Is this a parrot's doctor?

VALERE: But is he really as skilful as you say?

MARTINE: Why, he can do miracles. Six months ago there was a woman whose case was abandoned by all the doctors. They gave her only six hours to live, when this doctor I tell you of, was brought by force. He just put a drop of something in her mouth, and in an instant she jumped out of bed and began to walk about her room, as well as ever!

LUCAS: Amazing!

MARTINE: Three weeks ago a little child of 12 fell from the top of a tower and broke all its limbs on the pavement. Our friend had scarcely been brought along when he applied a certain ointment in a special way; and the child jumped to its feet and ran off to play carroms!

LUCAS: Extraordinary!

VALERE: This must be a universal doctor.

MARTINE: No doubt about it.

LUCAS: He's just the man we need. Come on, let's find him.

VALERE: We're much obliged to you.

MARTINE: Well—don't forget the things I warned you about.

LUCAS: Leave it to us: if beating is all that's needed,—he'll come!

(Sganarelle is heard chopping firewood in the distance, and singing to himself.)

VALERE: Listen! I hear someone singing and cutting wood.

(Sganarelle comes in, singing, with a bowl in his hand. He does not notice the servants.)

SGANARELLE: La, la la la! Now for some refreshment! That wood is filthily dirty.

VALERE *(aside to Lucas)*: That's the fellow himself.

LUCAS: I believe you're right.

(They advance politely, bowing. Sganarelle stares at them and then bows stiffly.)

VALERE: Sir, is not your name Sganarelle?

SGANARELLE: Eh? What's that?

VALERE: I ask you, are you not called Sganarelle?

SGANARELLE *(looking at each one in turn)*: Yes and no, according to what you want out of him.

VALERE: We want to pay him our deepest respects.

SGANARELLE *(smiling)*: Oh, in that case, my name is Sganarelle.

VALERE: Sir, we are overjoyed to meet you. We have been directed to you in connection with a certain affair. We greatly need your help.

SGANARELLE: At your service, gentlemen.

(He bows, stiffly, waving his hat from side to side.)

LUCAS: You honour us, sir. But, sir,—do wear your hat: the sun may trouble you.

SGANARELLE *(aside)*: They are very full of ceremony, these fellows.

VALERE: We come to you, sir, because we have heard of your ability.

SGANARELLE: Certainly, gentlemen. I am the world's best wood-cutter.

VALERE: Ah, sir,—but that isn't the point—

SGANARELLE *(interrupting)*: Besides, I sell it very cheaply: four annas a hundred faggots.

VALERE: Please don't talk about that.

SGANARELLE: I tell you, I couldn't give them for less.

VALERE: Sir, let us talk seriously.

SGANARELLE: I'm quite serious; I can't lower my prices.

VALERE: Please, please, let's talk no more of it.

SGANARELLE: I tell you, you must pay my price. I'm not one who deceives.

VALERE: Sir, can it be that such a person as yourself is amused by such pretences, lowering yourself to talk in this way? A man so learned, a famous doctor such as you are, disguising yourself so, hiding your talents like this!

SGANARELLE *(aside)*: The man's mad!

VALERE: Sir, please don't pretend in this way.

SGANARELLE: What?

LUCAS: All this tomfoolery is no use. I see through it.

SGANARELLE: Why, what do you want me to say? For whom do you take me?

VALERE: For what you are—a great doctor.

SGANARELLE *(indignantly)*: Doctor yourself! I am nothing of the sort, and never have been.

VALERE *(aside)*: See how his madness shows. *(Aloud)*. Sir, deny these things no more. Please don't let us have trouble.

SGANARELLE *(with increasing impatience)*: Heavens, man, tell me what you want! I am no doctor, and I don't know what you want to say to me.

VALERE *(aside)*: I see we must use our last resort. *(Aloud)*. Sir—one last chance—tell us what you are!

LUCAS: Come on, no more nonsense—Admit you are a doctor.

SGANARELLE *(dazed)*: I'm going mad!

VALERE: Why deny what is well known?

SGANARELLE: Gentlemen, in one word I tell you, I am *not* a doctor.

VALERE: You are not a doctor?

SGANARELLE: No.

LUCAS: Not a doctor?

SGANARELLE: No—I tell you.

VALERE (*threateningly*): Since you want it, you must be brought to it!

(*They beat him energetically.*)

SGANARELLE (*yelling*): Oh! Oh! I—I'm just whatever you please gentlemen!

VALERE (*pausing*): Sir, why do you force us to this violence?

LUCAS: What's the use of giving us all this trouble?

VALERE (*with feeling*): I assure you I deeply regret.

SGANARELLE (*ruefully rubbing his shoulders*): What's this all about?

Is it a joke, or are you saving when you want me to be a doctor?

VALERE: What! Don't you admit that you are one yet?

SGANARELLE: A doctor? Not I!

LUCAS: Isn't it true that you are one?

SGANARELLE: Not a bit of it! (*They begin to beat him again*). Oh!

Aiyo! yes, yes! Since you want it, I *am* a doctor, I am a doctor, and a chemist too, if you want. I'd rather agree to it than be beaten to death.

VALERE: That's much better, sir, I'm glad to see you are reasonable.

LUCAS: It makes me very happy to hear you talk like that!

SGANARELLE (*Aside*): Am I really mad? Have I become a doctor without knowing it? (*Aloud*). Gentlemen, tell me—are you quite

sure you are not deceived? Is it certain I am a doctor?

LUCAS: Indeed it is.

SGANARELLE: Honestly.

VALERE: Without doubt. You are the most skilful doctor in the world.

SGANARELLE: Really?

LUCAS: One who has cured I don't know how many illnesses.

SGANARELLE: Extraordinary!

VALERE: A woman was given only six hours to live: they were preparing for her funeral, when you, with a drop of something, made her fit to walk about the room.

SGANARELLE: Good heavens!

LUCAS: A little child of twelve fell from the top of a tower, and broke all its limbs. You, with some ointment or other, made it fit to stand on its feet and run off to play carroms!

SGANARELLE: Thunder!

VALERE: Besides, sir, you will have just what you want, if you let us take you along with us.

SGANARELLE (*suspiciously*): Is that true?

VALERE: Yes.

SGANARELLE (*cheering up rapidly*): Oh—I'm a doctor, no doubt! I forgot, but I remember now. What is it that you want?

VALERE: It's a matter of a girl who has lost the power of speech.

SGANARELLE: What! *I've* never met such a girl!

VALERE: Come, sir. (*He begins to move off.*)

SGANARELLE: Wait! (*He gives his bowl to Valere*). Hold this, you. (*He turns to Lucas*) And you—walk behind: it is the doctor's orders.

LUCAS: Here is a fine doctor! I think he will succeed, for he is a buffoon!

(*They go out.*)

SCENE II

A room in the house of Geronte. His two servants Valere and Lucas are seen talking to him.

VALERE: I think you will be satisfied, sir; we have brought along the greatest doctor in the world.

LUCAS: Yes—one who has cured dead men.

VALERE: He's a little eccentric, as I've told you; and sometimes he has moments when his mind seems to wander.

LUCAS: Yes, he likes some fun. You'd sometimes think he was a little wrong in the head.

VALERE: But in spite of it all, he is very learned; often he says the most wise things.

GERONTE: I'm longing to see him. Bring him in at once.

VALERE: I'll go and get him. Ah, here he is.

Sganarelle enters.

GERONTE: Sir, I am delighted to meet you; we need you greatly.

SGANARELLE (*Bowing*): Hippocrates says—"that we should both wear hats."

GERONTE (*Startled*): Hippocrates says that?

SGANARELLE: Yes.

GERONTE: In what chapter, please?

SGANARELLE: In his—his chapter on hats, of course. Doctor, I have been hearing—

GERONTE: To whom are you speaking, may I ask?

SGANARELLE: To yourself.

GERONTE: I'm not a doctor.

SGANARELLE: You aren't?

GERONTE: No, indeed. (*Sganarelle begins to beat him*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

SGANARELLE: You're a doctor now: I've had no other kind of degree myself.

GERONTE (*to Valere angrily*): What kind of rogue is this that you have brought?

VALERE: I told you he was an eccentric doctor.

LUCAS: Take no notice of his jokes, sir.

GERONTE (*ruefully*): I don't much like his jokes.

SGANARELLE: Sir, pardon the liberty I have taken.

GERONTE: At your service, sir.

SGANARELLE: I'm sorry.

GERONTE: It's nothing.

SGANARELLE: Some hard blows—

GERONTE: Say no more. Sir, I have a daughter who is suffering from a strange disease.

SGANARELLE: I am delighted that your daughter needs me: and I hope with all my heart that you and all your family need me too, just so that I may show the pleasure I have in being of service to you.

GERONTE: I am obliged to you, sir.

SGANARELLE: What is your daughter's name.

GERONTE: Lucinda.

SGANARELLE: Lucinda! Ah, a beautiful name to give medicine to! Lucinda!

Lucinda comes in.

GERONTE: Here is my daughter.

SGANARELLE: Is it she who is ill?

GERONTE: Yes. She's my only daughter, and I should be deeply sorry if she were to die.

SGANARELLE: Well, well, she needn't die without a doctor's prescription.

(He sits down between Geronte and Lucinda).

Now, what's the trouble? What kind of pain do you feel?

(Lucinda answers by signs, putting her hand on her mouth, her head, and under her chin).

LUCINDA: Han,—hi,—hon,—han.—

SGANARELLE (*startled*): Eh? What do you say?

LUCINDA: Han, hi, hon, han, han, hi, hon.

SGANARELLE: What?

LUCINDA: Han, hi, hon.

SGANARELLE (*puzzled*): Han, hi, hon? I don't understand you. What language is that?

GERONTE: That's the disease. She has become dumb, and no one has been able to find out the cause. Besides, this accident has postponed her marriage.

SGANARELLE: Why?

GERONTE: The man who is to marry her won't do so until she is cured.

SGANARELLE (*amazed*): Why, who is this fool who doesn't want his wife to be dumb? I wish *mine* had this disease. I'd take care not to cure her!

GERONTE: We want you to spare no pains to cure my daughter.

SGANARELLE: Oh,—don't worry. Tell me,—does this disease depress her much?

GERONTE: Yes, indeed.

SGANARELLE: Good. Does she feel great pain?

GERONTE: Very often.

SGANARELLE (*turning to the patient*): Give me your hand. (*To Geronte*) Her pulse shows that your daughter is dumb.

GERONTE: Ah, yes, that's the trouble: You've discovered it first shot.

SGANARELLE (*looking very wise*): Yes,—your daughter is—dumb.

GERONTE: Yes,—but can you tell me how it has happened?

SGANARELLE: Nothing easier: it happens that she has lost the power of speech.

GERONTE: Good. But how?

SGANARELLE: All the authorities will tell you that it is due to a hindrance to the action of the tongue.

GERONTE: But tell me, what is your opinion of this hindrance?

SGANARELLE: Well, sir, it is caused by certain humours, certain vapours, sir, that pass from the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where the heart is: And then the lungs, which communicate with the brain, that is, of course *पेट*, passing through the veins, which in the ancient language we call,—er, *पसोना*, these vapours fill the ventricles of the shoulder blades—are you listening, sir?

(Geronte has been paying no attention whatever.)

GERONTE (*with a start*): Oh!—Yes.

SGANARELLE: These have a bad influence which is caused—pay attention, please.

GERONTE: Yes—all right.

SGANARELLE: —Caused by the bitterness of the humours formed in the hollow of the diaphragm, it so happens that (*here he quotes a long string of learned words which, fortunately, Geronte does not understand*) And that, Sir, is just why your daughter is dumb.

GERONTE (*dazed*): This is fine reasoning, no doubt: there's only one thing that surprises me; I mean the position of the liver and the heart. Is not the heart on the *left* side, and the liver on the *right*?

SGANARELLE: Once that was so; but we have changed all that. Modern methods have made all the difference.

GERONTE: Ah! Please excuse my ignorance.

SGANARELLE: Certainly. Now, my prescription is as follows: Make her lie down and give her a portion of bread, soaked in pepper water.

GERONTE: Why that, sir?

SGANARELLE: Because there is a sympathetic virtue in that pepper water and bread which will induce speech. Don't you give such food to parrots, and don't *they* learn to speak?

GERONTE: True! A marvellous doctor. Quick (*To the servant*) Some bread and pepper water!

SGANARELLE (*preparing to leave*): Well—good morning.

GERONTE: Wait, Sir, here is your fee.

SGANARELLE (*startling back*): Not at all, sir.

GERONTE (*holding it out*): Please.

SGANARELLE (*with apparent hesitation*): I won't have it.

GERONTE: What!

SGANARELLE (*taking the money*): I am no money-grubbing doctor.

GERONTE: So I see.

Geronte takes Lucinda by the arm and they go out.

SGANARELLE: Well, well, this is not too bad,—So long as nothing happens,—(*Leander enters the room softly, startling Sganarelle*).

LEANDER: Sir, I have been waiting for you. I implore your help.

SGANARELLE (*recovering, and taking hold of his wrist*): This is a very bad pulse.

LEANDER: I'm not ill! That's not why I've come.

SGANARELLE: What on earth do you want, then?

LEANDER: Sir, I just want to say this. I am Leander. I love Lucinda whom you are attending; and since I am cut off from her by the bad temper of her father, I beg that you will assist my love, and help me in a plan to get a word with her. My life and happiness depend on it!

SGANARELLE (*angrily*): What do you take me for? Do you dare to ask me to help you in your love affairs, lowering the dignity of my profession by such a business!

LEANDER (*looking round fearfully*): Sir, please don't make such a noise.

SGANARELLE (*shouting*): Impertinent fellow!

LEANDER (*terrified*): Oh—Oh! Softly, please.

SGANARELLE (*more calmly*): I tell you, I am not that sort of man, and you are extremely insolent to want to employ me. (*He sees Leander holding out a purse, and takes it as he speaks*). You—you are a good man, and I'd be glad to help you; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world who take people to be what they are not. You angered me.

LEANDER: I'm sorry.

SGANARELLE: Never mind. Now, what's the trouble?

LEANDER: You must realise, sir, that this illness that you want to cure is really a pretence. The doctors have given various causes for it: the brain, the liver, etc., but in reality it is *love* that is the true cause. Lucinda has only done this to avoid that marriage into which she was being forced. (*He hears a noise in the distance*). But some one may overhear, sir. Let us talk this over quietly.

SGANARELLE: Well, my friend, I feel quite an interest in your love affair. I declare, I'd give up my medicine, if only that you may win the lady for yourself. Let's see what we can do.

They go out together.

SCENE III

The same, rather later. Leander and Sganarelle are together.

LEANDER: I think I make rather a good compounder; and since the father has hardly seen me, this change of clothes is enough to disguise me.

SGANARELLE: Certainly.

LEANDER: All I want is half a dozen long medical words, to make me appear the complete doctor.

SGANARELLE: Nonsense, you don't even need that. The dress is everything. I myself know no more than you.

LEANDER (*startled*): What?

SGANARELLE: I don't know anything about medicine! You're an honest fellow and I'd like to let you into my secret, since you have let me into yours.

LEANDER: What! you aren't really—

SGANARELLE: Not a bit of it. They made me into a doctor in spite of myself: I never got further than my S.S.L.C. I can't think where they got this queer idea, but when I saw that they were determined that I was to be a doctor, I made up my mind to let them pay for it. Besides, you've no idea how profitable it is. People consult me all day. If this goes on, I've a good mind to keep it up all my life. It's the best of all professions. Whether you do good or

harm, you always get paid just the same. It costs nothing to hurt a man. *He* don't get blamed for mistakes. If a man dies, it's his own fault. The great thing about the medical profession is that there is the greatest discretion in the world among dead man; not a single one ever complains of the doctor who has killed him.

(GERONTE and his daughter LUCINDA enter.)

GERONTE: Ah, doctor, I was asking for you.

SGANARELLE: How is the patient, sir?

GERONTE: A little worse, since taking your medicine.

SGANARELLE: All the better; that shows that the medicine is working.

GERONTE (*noticing Leander*): But who is this man whom you have brought?

SGANARELLE: This is my friend, a compounder with whom I wish to consult. (To *Leander*) Go and examine the patient, sir, so that we may discuss her illness together.

He takes Geronte to the side, and holds him in conversation while Leander and Lucinda meet and whisper together.

SGANARELLE: It is a very interesting question among doctors, whether women are more easy to cure than men. I beg you to listen to me. Some say no; others say yes. Personally I say yes, and no. It would seem that the rays of the sun have some effect. . . .

LUCINDA (*suddenly*): No, my feelings are quite unchanged.

GERONTE (*turning in amazement*): My daughter spoke! A marvellous cure! Wonderful doctor! What can I do for you in return for this?

SGANARELLE (*who struts up and down and puffs out his chest*): Ah, this illness has given me *very* great trouble!

LUCINDA: Yes, father, I've recovered my speech enough to tell you that I will have no other husband but Leander. You needn't try and make me marry Horace. Nothing will shake my determination! Your talk is quite useless. . . . I've made up my mind. . . . You've no business to force me to marry anybody. . . . My heart won't let me yield to such tyranny. . . . No! No! No! No! I won't, I won't!!

All this time Geronte has been vainly trying to speak, but each time Lucinda prevents him by screaming louder and louder.

GERONTE: Oh, what a flow of words!! Sir, won't you make her dumb again?

SGANARELLE: That's impossible. But I'll make you deaf if you like!

GERONTE: No, thank you. (*He speaks firmly to Lucinda*) You'll marry Horace tomorrow.

LUCINDA: I'd rather marry Death. (*There is a pause*)

SGANARELLE: Let me do something. I have a cure for everything; and this time our compounder can help. (*Speaking to Leander very significantly*) I should recommend a dose of Elopementum, mixed, perhaps with a drink of Matrimonium. You are skilful in the profession, sir: take the patient for a turn in the garden before we try this remedy, and I will consult her father. But hurry! Lose no time! Come, let us try the remedy.

Leander takes Lucinda out to the garden.

GERONTE (*suspiciously*): What drugs are these that you mention? I don't seem to have heard the names.

SGANARELLE: They are only used in cases of urgent need.

GERONTE: Did you ever hear such impertinence as hers?

SGANARELLE: Daughters are sometimes very troublesome.

GERONTE: You've no idea how she is infatuated by this Leander.

SGANARELLE (*shaking his head*): Young blood, young blood!

GERONTE: You know, since I have discovered the violence of this love affair, I have been careful to keep my daughter shut up.

SGANARELLE: Very wise.

GERONTE: I have prevented them from communicating with each other.

SGANARELLE: Excellent.

Lucas bursts into the room, very excited.

LUCAS: Sir, sir, your daughter has run away with that Leander. It was he who was the compounder; and the doctor planned it all!

GERONTE: What!! Police, quick! Don't let him go! Traitor, I'll bring you to justice! (*He rushes out.*)

LUCAS (*grimly*): Doctor, you'll be hanged: don't you move an inch!

(*At this point Martine enters, breathlessly looking for the husband*)

MARTINE: What a trouble I've had in finding this place! Tell me, where's the doctor I recommended to you?

LUCAS (*grimly*): Here he is—going to be hanged.

MARTINE (*stupefied*): What! my husband hanged? (*She bursts into tears*) Aiyo-o! What has he done to deserve it?

LUCAS: He has helped my master's daughter to run away.

MARTINE (*sobbing*): Oh, my dear husband! Is it true, must you die?

SGANARELLE (*much moved*): Too true. (*He sighs deeply*)

MARTINE: Still, if you have finished cutting today's wood, that will be some consolation.

SGANARELLE (*the martyr*): Leave me, my heart is breaking.

MARTINE (*with more sobs*): No—I'll never leave you. I'll stay and encourage you to die. I'll wait faithfully till you are hanged.

(*Sganarelle groans deeply*).

GERONTE (*entering*): The police will be here in a moment, to arrest you.

At this point, instead of the police, Leander and Lucinda enter, to the surprise of all.

LEANDER: Sir, I come to reveal myself to you, and to give Lucinda back to you. We had the idea of eloping together, and of getting married; but we want to do something better. I will not steal your daughter from you, I would rather receive her from you willingly. (*Significantly*). I only want to say that I have just heard that my uncle, who is very rich, has just died, and I am his sole heir.

GERONTE (*after a pause, holding out his hand*): Well, sir, you seem to me to be a fine young fellow. I give you my daughter very willingly.

SGANARELLE (*aside*): A narrow escape for the doctor!

MARTINE: Since you are not to be hanged, thank me for making you a doctor, it was I who got this honour for you.

SGANARELLE: Yes--and I don't know how many beatings as well!

LEANDER: Let us let bygones be bygones.

SGANARELLE: All right. (*Turning to Martine*). I forgive you those beatings because of the dignity to which you have raised me. But be prepared to live in future with proper respect for a man of my importance. And remember that a doctor's anger is to be feared more than anything else in the world.

Curtain.



K. Ramaswamy,
Class I, Group I.

Books Old and New

I

My Life and Thought: an Autobiography. By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by C. T. Champion. (George Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

Mahatma Gandhi is revered and followed by large numbers because he stands to them for spiritual forces. It would seem, from some accounts at least, that China, in the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and Japan, in Kagawa, have been granted leaders of the same kind. Is there to-day anyone at all like these men among the races of the West? It is interesting to consider the autobiography of Albert Schweitzer with this question in mind. Schweitzer has never put himself forward, it is true, as a leader in the affairs of this world; in all his autobiography he does not once offer a political opinion. But he too makes us think of what he stands for, rather than of anything that he says or does: it is what he stands for that attracts our attention and holds our reverence. We can hardly look at his life without looking again, in a new way, at our own.

* * * *

Schweitzer was born in 1875, the son of an evangelical pastor. His native country is Alsace, which was then part of the German Empire, but was restored by the 'Peace Treaty' of 1919 to France. As a child, by his own charming account, he was not especially distinguished. 'In languages and in mathematics it cost me an effort to accomplish anything. But after a time I felt a certain fascination in mastering subjects for which I had no special talent. So in the upper forms I was reckoned one of the better scholars, though not one of the best. With essays, however, if I remember right, I was usually the top boy.' A passion for music, especially for the organ and for the composer Bach, was born while he was still a child.

Schweitzer became a student of Strassburg University in 1893. In his second year he had to undergo his compulsory military training. Already he had struck out his own line of thought in the study of the Gospels: on manoeuvres he carried a Greek New Testament in his haversack. 'And being then so robust that I did not know what fatigue was, I was able to get through some real work in the

evenings and on the rest-days'—an example for all members of the U. T. C. in camp.

The next twelve years were filled by activities which are amazing in their amount, intensity, and variety: theological and philosophical studies in Strassburg, Berlin, and Paris; regular preaching and pastoral work; teaching at a theological College, later on as Principal; playing the organ in Paris and all over Europe. He threw himself into everything, it is obvious, with a passion in which he forgot himself completely, working often all night and always all day. While writing the book by which he is most widely known, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, he undertook an essay in French on the music of Bach, which turned into a book of 455 pages; later he was asked to translate the book into German, but found it easier to re-write it—in 844 pages.

Schweitzer is almost bi-lingual. Nobody is quite bi-lingual, he says. 'If anyone assures me that he has two languages, each as thoroughly familiar to him as the other, I immediately ask him in which of them he counts and reckons, in which he can best give me the names of kitchen utensils and tools used by a carpenter or smith, and in which of them he dreams. I have not yet come across anyone who, when thus tested, had not to admit that one of the languages occupied only a second place.'

* * * *

The German book on Bach, to be accurate, did not appear till 1908; and by that time Schweitzer, still carrying on all his other activities, except only his Principalship, was a third-year medical student.

'On October 13th, 1905, a Friday, I dropped into a letter-box in the Avenue de la Grande Armée in Paris letters to my parents and to some of my most intimate acquaintances, telling them that at the beginning of the winter term I should enter myself as a medical student, in order to go later on to equatorial Africa as a doctor.'

Schweitzer was fulfilling a resolution he had made in 1896, when he was only twenty-one. He was then enjoying his strenuous life so much as to feel uneasy about it: why should he be more fortunate than others? 'I must not accept this happiness as a matter of course, but must make some return for it.' He made up his mind then that he would live till he was thirty, as he was now doing, 'for science and art,'—for the pursuit of truth and beauty,—and that after that he would make a clean break, and would devote himself thenceforward to 'the direct service of humanity'. The resolution was made one morning before he got out of bed, and then he went on as usual, thinking no more about it till the time should come. He left it to

'circumstances' to settle what form his service would take. He experimented now and then in work for orphans, tramps, and discharged prisoners, but kept an open mind. Then, one evening in the autumn of 1904,—a few months short of his thirtieth birthday,—he casually opened a magazine of the Paris Missionary Society as he was sitting down to his work; and he saw an urgent appeal for a medical missionary for the Congo. 'The article finished, I quietly began my work. My search was over.' He told nobody, except one friend; like St. Paul, he says, who 'conferred not with flesh and blood' (Galatians i. 16).

When he made his decision known, he was encouraged by nobody. Many blamed him for 'burying his talent' etc.; others guessed at disappointment in worldly ambition, or even in love! 'How much I suffered through so many people assuming a right to tear open all the doors and shutters of my inner self! . . . I felt as a real kindness the action of persons who made no attempt to dig their fists into my heart, but regarded me as a precocious young man, not quite right in his head, and treated me correspondingly with affectionate mockery.'

He proceeds to justify his resolution, as if it were an act of self-indulgence, in a chapter which, we think, claims a permanent place among the classics of religious biography.

* * * *

'In my own case I held the venture to be justified, because I had considered it for a long time and from every point of view, and credited myself with the possession of health, sound nerves, practical common sense, toughness, prudence, very few wants, and everything else that might be found necessary by anyone wandering along the path of the idea. I believed myself further, to wear the protective armour of a temperament quite capable of enduring an eventual failure of my plan.'

Such a resolution, he says,—'to do something special,' is not necessarily religious: it may be born of mere restlessness. 'Only a person who can find a value in every sort of activity and devote himself to each one with full consciousness of duty, has the inward right to take as his object some extraordinary activity instead of that which falls naturally to his lot. Only a person who feels his preference to be a matter of course, not something out of the ordinary, and who has no thought of heroism, but just recognises a duty undertaken with sober enthusiasm, is capable of becoming a spiritual adventurer such as the world needs. There are no heroes of action: only heroes of renunciation and suffering. Of such there are plenty. But few of them are known, and even these not to the crowd, but to the few. . . .

'Of those who feel any sort of impulse, and would prove actually fitted, to devote their lives to independent personal activity, the majority are compelled by circumstances to renounce such a course . . . [in order] to provide for one or more dependents, or because they have to stick to their calling in order to earn their own living. . . .

'Those who are so favoured as to be able to embark on a course of free personal activity must accept this good fortune in a spirit of humility. They must often think of those who, though willing and capable, were never in a position to do the same. . . . Of all the will for the ideal which exists in mankind only a small part can be manifested in action. All the rest is destined to realize itself in unseen effects, which represent, however, a value exceeding a thousand-fold and more that of the activity which attracts the notice of the world. Its relation to the latter is like that of the deep sea to the waves which stir its surface. . . .

'Yet no one finds himself in the position of having no possible opportunity of giving himself to others as a human being. . . . No fate can prevent a man from giving to others this direct human service side by side with his life-work. . . . That everyone shall exert himself in that state of life in which he is placed, to practise true humanity towards his fellow-men, on that depends the future of mankind. . . .

'I am convinced that there is far more in [men and women] of idealist will-power than ever comes to the surface of the world. Just as the water of the streams we see is small in amount compared to that which flows underground, so the idealism which becomes visible is small in amount compared with what men and women bear locked in their hearts, unreleased or scarcely released. To unbind what is bound, to bring the underground waters to the surface: mankind is waiting and longing for such as can do that.'

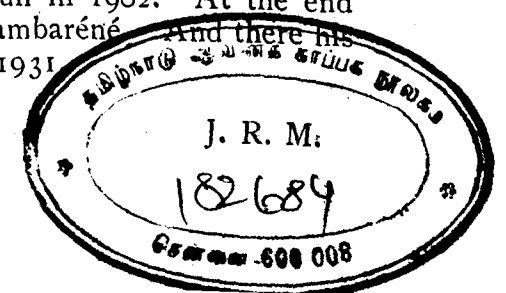
So Schweitzer submitted himself to the long medical course. And at the end of it, the Paris Missionary Society, which he felt himself called to serve, hesitated to accept him as their missionary, though his offer was to support himself wholly with money contributed by his friends or raised by his musical performances; some of the committee were dubious as to the correctness of his theology. He explained that he was anxious to heal rather than to teach; except on medicine, he undertook to be 'as dumb as a fish' and at length they suffered him to go.

* * * *

In 1913 Schweitzer found himself at last in Lambaréné, on the River Ogowé, in the northern province of the French Congo. A bare summary of the rest of his life must suffice.

On the outbreak of War in 1914, as a German subject in French territory, he was interned, and at first was forbidden to work in the hospital. 'So on the second day of my internment, still quite amazed at being able to sit down at my writing-table early in the morning as in the days before I took up medicine, I set to work on the *Philosophy of Civilization*.' Later he was allowed to resume medical work; but in September 1917 he was transported to France, with his wife. (He had married just before sailing for Africa; his wife appears seldom in the book, and never in the index.) He had to leave the manuscript of the *Philosophy of Civilization* with an American missionary. 'He—as he admitted to me—would have liked best to throw the heavy packet into the river, because he considered philosophy to be unnecessary and harmful. However, he was willing, of his Christian charity, to keep it, and send it to me at the end of the War.' The Schweitzers were kept in internment camps in the south of France till, in July 1918, they were exchanged, and returned to Germany through Switzerland. Schweitzer served as a doctor in the Municipal Hospital at Strassburg, and also began preaching again; in his little spare time he continued to work at his *Philosophy of Civilization*. With the end of the War, Strassburg became once more a French town: he does not say what he felt about that, which suggests that his sympathies were at any rate not strongly French. Later came invitations to play the organ at Barcelona, and to lecture in Sweden and elsewhere. In 1922 he was in England for a couple of months, playing and lecturing; his Selly Oak lectures were published as *Christianity and the Religions of the World*. Recognition and responsibility came to him most plentifully. Thus he found he had not lost the three things which he had thought he was sacrificing for ever when he turned missionary,—his music, his university teaching, and his financial independence. The *Philosophy of Civilization* was published in 1923; the printing of the German edition was interrupted because the presses were required for the production of paper money, when the mark collapsed.

Early in 1924 he returned to Lambaréné, meaning to stay for two years; actually he stayed for three and a half, busy with the building of a new and larger hospital. In 1927–1929 he was back in Europe, and played and lectured, raising money for his work, in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, England, Switzerland, Germany and Czechoslovakia. In his 'spare time' he prepared for the press *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle*, a book begun in 1902. At the end of 1929 he arrived for the third time in Lambaréné. And there his autobiography was finished, on March 7th, 1931.



II

Cry Havoc! By Beverley Nichols. Published by Jonathan Cape, 1933.

With troops massing in the Tyrol and Italy preparing to defend Austria against Germany if necessary, one wonders if the dogs of war have not already been unloosed, but in *Cry Havoc* published last year, Beverley Nichols makes a desperate attempt to convince our reason before it is too late, through overwhelming evidence, of the futility of war and of the deadly nature of the next if it should occur.

He once wrote an article entitled, 'In the next war I shall be a conscientious objector,' but some words of H. G. Wells convinced him that a detached attitude of this kind was not tenable. One could not say, 'I stand out,' letting others do the fighting and then, if they succeed, benefitting by their efforts. From this he joined the out-and-out pacifist school of thought, but left that too because he decided that 'to be absolutely logical he would have to deduct from his income-tax that proportion of it that would be spent on armaments . . . even at the cost of suffering imprisonment. An out-and-out pacifist is therefore *ipso facto* an anarchist . . . and you cannot be an anarchist on some things and a constitutional liberal on others.' So although he began the book in the 'true anarchical peace-at-any-price spirit,' he felt obliged to desist.

Mr. Nichols decided that a perfect book on war and peace should have four parts. The first would examine the preparations the world is making for attack; the second, the preparations the world is making for defence; the third, the forces and organisations making for peace. In the fourth part the author would draw his conclusions. An exhaustive treatment would require the powers of omniscience and would occupy many lifetimes, so in this book he confines himself to certain aspects which have been brought forcibly home to him.

At the outset the writer tries to divest the word 'war' of all the glamour and chivalry with which it was associated before, and even since, 1914. 'As soon as the first shot in the air was fired the word "war" became obsolete.' War conjures up the picture of two bodies of soldiers fighting against each other, whereas in 'the next war' incredible destruction will be wrought from the air, and if some word existed connoting 'the mass murder of civilians' it should be substituted—for that is what it will be.

Following his plan, Mr. Nichols confines himself to the study of the armament industry. The results are devastating in their implications. He visited the works of an armament firm in the North of England and while he was waiting for someone to show him over, examined a chart hung on the wall for all to see. It revealed the

fact that this firm in only one of its branches was supplying armaments to fourteen governments simultaneously, two of them actually engaged in fighting against each other at the time. Mr. Nichols does not scruple to call the trade in armaments 'the bloody international'—for obvious reasons. One overseer actually said, 'We don't care who's having a whack at whom, providing we get the order.' And what of the shareholders? Is 'More death, more dividends' their slogan?

From the War Office in Paris permission was given to view the Schneider armament works at Le Creusot. Their headquarters is a quiet-looking house rather like a country vicarage. After a prolonged wait he was taken to see motor parts being made! The Schneider combine controls not only France, but has works in Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Poland. At the one in Poland, American aeroplanes are made. Their directors are on the boards of banks all over the world and control the policy of governments in a diabolical way.

Turning to the subject of defence and mindful that the 'next war' will be fought in the air with gas as the chief offensive weapon, Beverley Nichols set out to find what defence a city like London would have against Lewisite poison gas, the most deadly yet produced, which could choke to death the population of that city in three hours. He found only one shop that made gas masks and these were being shipped to Turkey.

The chief of the organisations working for peace is the League of Nations with its headquarters at Geneva and thither he travelled. With reverence he approached the League of Nations building but was dismayed by the first session he attended in a stiflingly hot room. All the delegates seemed to be chatting, laughing and gesticulating in ways distinctive of their various nationalities and no one appeared to pay the slightest attention to the speaker, a man whose name filled Nichols with excited awe. It all seemed a wicked mockery of the ideal of Peace and he could not bear this apparent indifference. Leaving the building he had the good fortune to run into a friend, a journalist, X. X told him that he had quite misjudged the assembly. He said: 'All the delegates have had copies of this afternoon's speeches for the last twenty-four hours. They have read them, digested them, discussed them. The attendance at this afternoon's meeting is really only a formality.' He said, in addition, that no one could live a year in Geneva as he had done without being pro-League personally. In that word 'personally' there is a wealth of meaning. A profound believer in the League of Nations himself, X was a reporter for an anti-League newspaper and had to supply it with the kind of thing its policy required. It is iniquitous that any paper should have so set a policy towards an international peace organisation that it should be unaffected

by any good that it does. It is far from giving even the devil his due.

When Mr. Nichols wished to question Lord Beaverbrook who controls the *Daily Express* with its enormous circulation on his 'isolationist' policy—'the policy that advocates a self-supporting and politically exclusive British Empire as an alternative to the League of Nations', he thought it would be wise to get a man of the international outlook and reputation of Sir Norman Angell to do it. Lord Beaverbrook said he would answer any questions that Sir Norman Angell might put to him, by post. The questionnaire was duly drawn up and sent. That Lord Beaverbrook was too busy to answer them is significant.

There are recorded dialogues (too closely packed to be more than mentioned here) between Francis Yeats-Brown, author of *Bengal Lancer*, and Robert Mennell, who was a conscientious objector during the war, and between G. D. H. Cole as an advocate of Socialism and Sir Arthur Salter as an advocate of Capitalism.

In his summing-up Beverley Nichols goes back to his question: What is war's ultimate cause, or (more picturesquely) what are the microbes of Mars? He decides that patriotism is the chief cause. 'Patriotism is not enough', Edith Cavell said, and it is not. A child is thought odd if at a tender age it does not show patriotic feeling. It is not, he says, instinctive, and gives as an illustration English, German and American babies all being brought up together, all speaking English. He asserts that it would be unnatural if the German and American babies leapt about singing their own national anthems. This is a ludicrous illustration, but it has an underlying truth.

To say that one is proud of the nation that produced Shakespeare or Beethoven begs the question. Pride should spring from achievement; should not an Englishman be proud of Beethoven whose music has given him so much pleasure? An exclusive love of country will lead to the destruction of that country. 'It will lead you to hate any other lovers of their countries. You will both fight for what you love, and you will both be destroyed. For . . . a new war will lay bare the nations with no respect of persons, no distinction between victors and vanquished.'

He pleads for personal witness to the cause of peace, for 'one pacifist creates another', and in all countries there are at the present time international movements 'disorganised, persecuted cruelly, hushed up, disgraced, but smouldering with intense activity.'

This is a brave and sincere book written with such unflagging energy and zest and sparkle that mere enumeration of its contents cannot possibly reproduce its spirit. It demands to be read, to be

pondered over, and to be acted on, if the world of our time is to survive.

L. R. M. B.

III

The Street of the Sandalmakers.—A Tale of Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Translated from the Danish of Nis Petersen.

When *The Sign of the Cross* was shown some months ago in Madras, all who saw it remarked on its dramatic speed of action, and its vivid presentation,—not always very accurate,—of life in Rome under Nero. Something of these qualities are also to be found in this big book which tells a similar story of a slightly later Rome.

In one sense it is not quite like the film, for it is, until near the end, a very leisurely book. The author knows a great many facts about ancient Rome, and he wants us to have as complete a picture as possible: so he fills in the details of his picture as carefully and accurately as he can. We discover, for instance, that in Rome the holy water in the temple of the god Bacchus, could be obtained from automatic machines, just as we to-day obtain platform tickets. We discover that they had cab ranks, as we have stands for rickshaws; that the sign of a Roman milk-shop was the image of a goat over the door, and that the rich were fond of grilled dormice, served with mushrooms pickled in vinegar.

The story tells of a handsome young Roman named Marcellus, son of Papirius, Chief of Police, who falls in love with a beautiful Jewish girl named Ruth. In spite of the complete disapproval of his father, Marcellus secretly marries Ruth; they plan wonderful things for the son who is to be born to them; they are to call him Jon; but at last when Jon comes, his mother dies. The baby cannot be kept secretly by his father, so it is carried off by an old shoemaker who becomes both father and mother to the child.

In the second part of the novel we meet Jon, six years old, travelling back to Rome with the old shoemaker who is dying of disease. They meet an old fortune-telling woman who prophesies a great future for Jon; and in the next moment we see him stealing sausages from a shop, getting a beating, and meeting a very beautiful Roman lady, Cæcilia. There is a glimpse of the famous Roman physician Galen who is brought, too late to save the old shoemaker's life, and then Jon is adopted by a dentist named Rufus and his wife Pomona.

'What follows,' says the author, 'is a tale of love, unless one prefers to call it a tale of lack of love.'

It tells how Jon contrives a meeting between his father Marcellus and Cæcilia, the beautiful girl. She lives in a country house 'by the

fifth milestone on the Appian Way', and Marcellus goes to visit her there. It is his first contact with the Christians—for Cæcilia belongs to this new sect, and he is strangely impressed. He is fascinated by Cæcilia, but she has nothing beyond a deep longing that he shall understand the mysteries of her faith. . . . 'But as Marcellus rolled in towards the city, he had the impression that Christianity consisted in walking in fairyland with a young woman who said: "It is written," and each time fastened upon him two inimitably clear grey eyes.'

And all the time the busy life of Rome goes on. We hear of a criminal who is believed to have bewitched one of the famous race-horses at the Circus: the police arrest Jon's slave Philetus for the deed, and he is executed in the customary Roman way, by crucifixion. 'There hung Philetus. He was a little pale, but he had always been pale, and it is difficult to say whether there had been any change in this respect. He hung in lonely sublimity, trying to relieve his head of some of the weight of his body. The post offered no possibility. It had been worn smooth by the slave's predecessors in that bed of pain. With the cross baulk it was no better. His arms were stretched out to their greatest length so that the baulk lay tight against his shoulder blades. So he let his head sink forward, supporting his weight on his neck, and hung thus for an hour. . . .'

Meanwhile Marcellus has come more and more under Cæcilia's spell, and more and more, in spite of himself, he is drawn away from the gaiety of the city to seek her company. Yet always she mystifies him, by leading his thoughts away from herself towards the mysteries of Christ. Day by day she sees him, and he never notices how pale and thin she has grown, until the doctor, in the hearing of Marcellus, orders her to the hills for a rest.

'For a long time—a very long time—they sat in silence. At last Marcellus said:

"Your heart, Cæcilia, must I wait for that?" She looked at him in pity, and answered ecstatically:

"I am the bride of Christ." After this day he never heard her voice again.'

For now the feeling against the Galileans ran high. It was known that the son of the Chief of Police was associating with them; and a plot was hatched by his enemies against Marcellus whereby he might be arrested at one of their meetings. The plan succeeds; Marcellus is taken; but he knows now that he cannot retrace his steps, and he has no wish to do so. Cæcilia, from far among the Italian hills, has sent him a tablet, and on it he reads two words: 'Stand firm.'

The Government officials have every desire to get Marcellus out of this scrape. He has only to sacrifice before Cæsar's image—a mere formality. They are horrified and amazed when he refuses to do so:

and his father, with an iron sense of duty, has no sympathy. And so the story reaches its climax, for among the Galileans, tried and condemned for contempt of the mysteries, was Marcellus, son of Papirius, Chief of Police. We hear the sound of the whips, we see the prisoners being driven down to the harbour, bound for Sardinia and life-long exile. But Marcellus, descendant of the noblest in Rome, marching with them, falls by the roadside, cut down by a Roman soldier's sword.

Such a brief summary can hardly convey the vivid qualities of this leisurely, dramatic story. There are many incidents which lead us away from the main theme, and which have no place in a sketch such as this. But if our readers are looking for a tale full of vigour, they will assuredly not be disappointed by the colourful pages of *The Street of the Sandalmakers*.

R. S. M.

The Splitting of the Atom¹

It was radioactivity that altered our view of matter. Till its discovery we believed that an atom was not capable of being divided. In radioactive elements and, most noticeably, in Radium, there occurs a spontaneous disintegration of the atoms. An atom of Radium spontaneously gives out α , β and γ rays and finally reduces itself to lead. In non-radioactive elements we see no such tendency to disintegrate spontaneously. On the other hand, extremely violent treatment is necessary to disintegrate atoms of the non-radioactive elements. It was only as recently as the latter half of 1930, that Lord Rutherford, assisted by Drs. J. D. Cockcroft and E. T. S. Walton, perfected methods of producing the required degree of vacuum and of developing the high voltage found necessary for breaking up such atoms.

All the heavy atoms have complicated structures. Every atom has a number of particles with positive charges, known as protons, and an equal number of particles with negative charges, known as electrons. All the protons in an atom and some of the electrons form a complicated and condensed group, known as the nucleus of the atom. It is the nucleus which decides the atomic number and the atomic weight of the element. Round this nucleus the rest of the electrons move, each in certain definite orbits. With its nucleus and its outer electrons the atom resembles a solar system in miniature. But this tiny universe cannot be seen even by the most powerful microscope so far devised. This universe may be visualised by imagining the nucleus to be the size of an orange when the nearest electron will be a quarter of a mile away. This shows how small the size of the nucleus is compared with the size of the whole atom.

If an atom is to be broken up it is the nucleus which has to be shattered. The designing of a suitable 'bullet' to break up an atom is attended with very many difficulties. The 'smashing power' of a bullet depends on its mass and its velocity. The atom itself being very small the size of the bullet has to be very small indeed. Hence, the bullet has to be given a very high velocity. It was only early in 1932, that Drs. Cockcroft and Walton of the Cavendish laboratory split a Lithium atom by hitting it with a fast moving proton. A proton is a Hydrogen atom with its single electron removed. To impart the required high velocity to a proton, a voltage of 700,000 was employed.

Alternating current voltages have the advantage that they can be built up by static transformers. The ordinary voltage in a laboratory is about 250 volts. Such a voltage has first to be stepped up to the order of 10,000 volts before high voltages such as 700,000 can be thought of. If the terminals of a source giving such a pressure be connected to two points in air a metre apart, sparks will jump across this great gap. Should these two terminals be placed on the opposite sides of a pane of window glass the pressure will break the glass and a puncture will be made. When a terminal of such a source is placed on a large sheet of glass, streaks of energy analogous to streaks of lightning will flow along the surface of the glass plate and these streaks will tend to creep round the external edges of the glass sheet. The reader will appreciate, then, the difficulties of insulation which have to be faced.

To get a steady rectified potential of this order special thermionic valves were designed. The principles of these valves are the same as the principles of those used in ordinary radio-reception. In designing the valves, however, care was taken to avoid corona formation. The Zeiss Glass Works at Jena helped the Cavendish laboratory with 'Molybdenum' glass bulbs. The shape of the bulb and the position of the elements for maximum efficiency were determined by preliminary experiments. The valves were kept evacuated by high-vacuum pumps. The output of a single valve was 150,000 rectified volts. By using two such valves in series, 300,000 volts were attainable. The input of electrical energy to the valves was obtained by means of transformers specially built by Metropolitan Vickers, Ltd. Having obtained 300,000 volts by this means, higher voltages were obtained by a set of condensers with a special set of switches. The arrangement of condensers for voltage amplification was very complicated. This system of voltage amplification has now been patented by Drs. Cockcroft and Walton. By this device it was possible to get a pressure of 800,000 volts. Today it is possible to obtain more than a million volts by this method.

To get the required protons what is known as a canal ray tube—of the same type as used by Wein—was used.

The positive ions were produced by a discharge in Hydrogen excited by an alternating voltage of between 40,000 and 60,000 volts. After production, the ions passed through a tube of the type used by Aston in his mass-spectrograph. By applying the 800,000 volts to this tube after producing a very high vacuum the protons were given a tremendous velocity and they were made to hit a target of Lithium. The more plentiful atoms of Lithium have an atomic weight of six and there is also an isotope having a mass of seven; a proton has a mass of one. When a proton imbeds itself in an atom of Lithium,

¹ Abstract of a paper read to the Physical Science Society on the 15th of November, 1933.

having atomic weight seven, the resulting mass is eight. But this produces an unstable arrangement and hence splitting occurs. The products of the splitting are two α particles, each of mass four. The α particles have been shown to consist of helium nuclei. The mass of Helium is four. If an electron is added to each of these particles the result will be two Helium atoms. Thus an atom of Lithium plus an atom of Hydrogen give two atoms of Helium.

It was found that owing to the excessive smallness of the nucleus of the lithium atom, only one 'bullet' out of every ten millions hit the target. This result is worse than the score of the worst U. T. C. private. To quote a writer in the *Scientific American*, 'A grain of lead changing to gold would produce about a hundred million times as much heat as the same weight of burning coal. Hence the conversion of a fraction of a grain of lead would give us more than the energy of a ton of coal. But the grain of lead turned into gold would be worth only a fraction of a cent. Hence the energy in the atom is worth many times its weight in gold.'

Though the transmutation of metals is now possible, it is not the conversion of the baser metals into precious metals that will matter in the future, but the vast energy which may be available. It may be possible to use this energy when our great oil-fields of the present, dry up. The present 'hit and miss' method, however, is no use for obtaining this energy economically. What type of machine will be employed to harness this energy for regular use it is difficult to guess.

V. A. PONNAIYA.

Two Ancient Poems

I. The Majesty of God's World.

[This magnificent Nature poem was written by a Jew in the third century before Christ. Throughout it, we are conscious that the author is thinking of God not merely *in* Nature, in control of it. He is to be found in the Sun and the Moon and the Storm but is acknowledged always as beyond these elementary powers and in control of them.]

The pride of the height, the clear firmament,
 The beauty of heaven with his glorious shew;
 The sun when it appeareth, declaring at his rising a marvellous
 The work of the most High: [instrument,
 At noon it parcheth the country
 And who can abide the burning heat thereof?
 A man blowing a furnace is in works of heat,
 But the sun burneth the mountains three times more;
 Breathing out fiery vapours,
 And sending forth bright beams, it dazzleth the eyes.
 Great is the Lord that made it;
 And at his commandment it runneth hastily.
 He made the moon also to serve in her season
 For a declaration of times, and a sign of the world.
 From the moon is the sign of feasts,
 A light that decreaseth in her perfection.
 The month is called after her name
 Increasing wonderfully in her changing,
 Being an instrument of the armies above, shining in the firma-
 The beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars, [ment of heaven;
 An ornament giving light in the highest places of the Lord.
 At the commandment of the Holy One they will stand in their
 And never faint in their watches. [order,
 Look upon the rainbow and praise him that made it;
 Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof,
 It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle
 And the hands of the most High have bended it.
 By his commandment he maketh the snow to fall apace,
 And sendeth swiftly the lightnings of his judgment.
 Through this the treasures are opened;
 Like birds the clouds fly forth
 By his great power he maketh the clouds firm
 And the hailstones are broken small:

At his sight the mountains are shaken
 And at his will the south wind bloweth.
 The noise of the thunder maketh the earth to tremble,
 So doth the northern storm and the whirlwind :
 As birds flying he scattereth the snow
 And the falling of it is as the alighting of grasshoppers :
 The eye marvelleth at the beauty of the whiteness of it,
 And the heart is astonished at its raining
 He poureth the hoar frost also as salt on the earth,
 And being congealed, it lieth on the top of sharp stakes.
 When the cold north wind bloweth, and the water is congealed
 It abideth upon every gathering together of water, [into ice,
 And clotheth the water as with a breastplate.
 It devoureth the mountains, and burneth the wilderness,
 And consumeth the grass as fire.

We may speak much, and yet come short :
 Wherefore in sum, he is all.
 How shall we be able to magnify him ?
 For he is great above all his works ;
 The Lord is terrible and very great,
 And marvellous is his power.
 When ye glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as ye can ;
 For even yet will he far exceed :
 And when ye exalt him, put forth all your strength, be not weary ;
 For ye can never go far enough.

II. The Fall of Tyre : A Hebrew Oracle.

[Two thousand five hundred years ago this oracle was pronounced by the Jewish prophet-poet Ezekiel, describing the fall of a mighty city. Tyre was a great seaport city of the Phœnicians, and like part of New York today, it was built upon an island. It is interesting to read that this rock island's surface area was not much more than one-third of the area of our College site at Tambaram, and that consequently as the city grew in importance, it had to build *upwards* ; so that skyscrapers were known even to the ancients !

The fall of this city at the hands of the king of Babylon is predicted in this poem in a vivid comparison, wherein Tyre is likened to a beautiful merchant ship wrecked in a furious storm far out on the high seas. Even although we read it in English translated from the original Hebrew, we may still feel the thrill of the language and enjoy the magnificent description of the mighty ship's destruction.]

O Tyrus thou hast said I am of perfect beauty,
 Thy borders are in the midst of the seas,
 Thy builders have perfected thy beauty :
 They have made all thy ship boards of Senir fir trees :
 They have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee
 Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars ;
 The company of the people of Ashur have made thy benches of
 ivory

TWO ANCIENT POEMS

Brought out of the isles of Chittim.
 Fine linen with embroidered work from Egypt
 Was in the spreading of thy sail ;
 Purple and scarlet from the isles of Elishah
 Was thy covering.
 The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market :
 And thou wast replenished
 And made very glorious in the midst of the seas.
 Thy rowers have brought thee into deep waters :
 The east wind has broken thee in the midst of the seas,
 Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise,
 Thy mariners and thy pilots,
 And the traders of thy merchandise and all thy men of war
 Even with all the company in the midst of thee
 Shall fall into the depths of the sea in the days of thy ruin !
 The sea-coasts around shall shake
 At the sound of the cry of thy pilots.
 And all that handle the oar,
 The sailors, and all the deep-sea pilots
 Shall come ashore from their ships,
 They shall stand upon the land . . .
 Bitterly shall they cry, and cast up dust upon their heads
 They shall wallow in ashes . . .
 With bitterness of heart, and bitter wailing shall they weep for
 thee.

‘What city is like Tyrus
 Like the destroyed in the depths of the sea ?
 When they wares crossed the seas
 Thou didst supply many people ;
 Thou didst enrich the kings of the earth
 With the multitude of thy riches and of thy merchandise.
 In the time when thou shalt be broken by the seas
 In the depths of the waters shall all thy merchandise fall,
 And all thy company in the midst of thee.
 All the inhabitants of the isles shall be struck dumb
 And their kings shall be terrified,
 They shall be troubled in countenance
 The merchants among the people shall shudder at thee,
 Thou shalt be a terror
 And never shalt be any more.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

LONDON,
November.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I had less than six weeks on the American continent, landing at Vancouver on July 13, and sailing from Quebec, by the famous ship *The Empress of Britain*, on August 19. The first few days were spent in Canada, with cousins in Vancouver Island, where I was greatly taken both with the scenery and with the society, so were the last few days,—three of them with Dr. A. S. Woodburne, at his holiday-home, whom I found very happy in his work at Chester, Pennsylvania, but eager for news of Madras. Besides Vancouver, I saw the St. Lawrence River, a magnificent waterway, and the charming city of Quebec, which in appearance wholly and in other ways more or less, is neither British nor American, but French. But I saw nothing of the country as a whole, and indeed, as I understand, only the most European parts of it, so I will say no more of Canada.

I

I entered the United States at Seattle, and my stopping places thereafter were San Francisco, Los Angeles (of which Hollywood is a suburb), the Grand Canyon, Kansas City, Chicago, Washington, and New York. I have only to write down the names, even now, to feel slightly dazed. Three times, as I progressed eastwards, I had to put my watch forward by an hour,—from Pacific Time to Mountain Time, to Central Time, and to Eastern Time. The difference in time between Greenwich and the nearest parts of India is very little more than the difference between the extremities of America.

How the face of the country changes, as you cross from side to side: that is one of the surprises. In the far north-west, solitary mountains shoot up straight from the plains to the levels of eternal snow, Mount Baker and Mount St. Helen. The seaward slopes of California, north of San Francisco, are covered with rich vegetation and with giant redwood trees, 300 feet high and anything up to 30 feet in girth, thousands of years in age,—‘the oldest living things’, they tell you. Inland and further south are twisted tawny-golden mountain-ranges, covered by forests of scaffolding for oil-wells, spanned by chains of lighthouses for aircraft flying by night; a dry waste except

where man has settled, but there sprouting into fantastic prodigality. You leave California to enter a wide belt of the most desolate desert,—blinding glare, searing heat, and a pervasive grittiness. Nothing can live on this ground but cactus, and the air above it is empty save for aeroplanes.

A little beyond the desert, in Arizona, comes the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. The canyon or gorge is more than 200 miles long, and at the point to which the railway brings you, its breadth is anything up to twelve miles. It yawns across a vast plain which rises gently northwards; the southern lip is about 7,000 feet high, the northern lip about 10,000 feet, and the river-bed, at this point, is less than 2,000 feet above sea-level. But it is not the size of the thing that impresses one. The Nilgiris are as high, in places, as the Grand Canyon is deep, though nothing like as precipitous. The really striking thing is the weirdness of the shapes and colours. This gash in the earth lays bare many strata, all horizontal and wonderfully uniform, of different formations; so that the walls are evenly striped, light olive-green shale at the top, then bright red sandstone, buff limestone, and at the bottom basalt or something which is such a dark-green as sometimes to look blacker than any black could be. The layers are mostly about a thousand feet deep, all sharply contrasted, and divided off as with a knife. And the rock is twisted into every conceivable shape: minor canyons go worming their way through the vertical side-walls: here there is a great crescent-shaped bay, five miles from horn to horn, and there a knife-edged promontory, with a few bold buttresses and with outcrops which are pyramid-shaped, like a South Indian temple. And the sun plays on this all day, passing slowly from one end of the canyon to the other; bringing out fiercely all the colours on one cheek of headland, and throwing the other cheek into purple shadow. Sometimes you can watch a cloud floating down the gorge, far below you, as if it were a fish in a clearstream. And when evening comes on, the canyon fills with a haze which you think you could walk on, till all the colours have been transmuted into violet and blue. There is no beauty in the Grand Canyon by day; it is all a pitiless waste and glare, with no home for any living thing; but nothing could be more mysteriously beautiful than the Grand Canyon in the starlight.

Proceeding eastward, you cross next the high plateaux of New Mexico, undulating gently to a very distant horizon, and varied by lumps of rock a few miles square called *mesas*, on which the Indians used to build their secret cities; and then you descend gradually to the endless level wheat-plains of the Middle West, Kansas and Missouri and Illinois. Another night in the train, and you waken in the morning to find yourself high up in the prettily-wooded valleys of

the Allegheny Mountains; and by noon you are in the parklands of Maryland and Virginia, the country of Harper's Ferry and the Shenandoah Valley.

II

The variety of landscape, then, is one main impression. Another is the uniformity of the cities. They are placed very differently indeed: San Francisco set as on a throne, washed on one side by its lovely bay and on the other by the Pacific Ocean, with sea-mists swallowing it up frequently; Los Angeles in a vast bowl of bare tawny mountains, half-drowned in sunshine that seems never to fail; Chicago raising its skyscrapers on a converted swamp by the blue waters of its inland sea; New York, most nobly, on its island. Yet how much alike they are.

There are skyscrapers in all of them. New York is hemmed in by the sea, and was thus forced to expand upwards: and the other cities set themselves to outbuild New York, though it can hardly be good economics to expand upwards, defying gravitation, where there is room to expand sideways. So in Los Angeles the skyscrapers stand solitary, and somewhat foolish-looking, amid acres of desolate plots—where the estate agents are waiting for still better prices. Even on Manhattan Island, in New York, there are good building-sites that lie vacant, and miles of mean two-storey and three-storey houses. I do not think that it is from force of circumstances that the skyscrapers spring: it is from mere exuberance of spirits, the ambition to do something that has never been done before, and to beat gravitation.

This is the American spirit, and shows itself in countless ways. And this makes the uniformity that I have spoken of the more striking. This exuberance of spirits is canalised. Every one is trying to excel, and everyone is trying to excel in the same way, and at the same thing. One of the magic words in the United States is 'new'. Every manufacturer cracks up his wares as 'something new, something different', till the cry becomes most wearisome. It is the slogan that advertises every make of toothpaste, and I heard a 'barker' or tout at the Chicago Fair trying to entice the crowds to see an octopus with the same formula. 'Here's something you don't see in your everyday lives,' he said,—'something new, something different.' The cinemas across the continent showing the same films, with the same huge posters outside; the newspapers raising the same scares, unfolding the same revelations, and sensations,—there is something nightmarish about it. You make a day's journey, and find that the paper you buy on arriving might be identical, except for the title, with the one you bought in the morning,—even if you are keeping off the productions of the great Hearst Syndicate.

I shall have something more to say about newspapers in a moment; but first let me set down what seems to me a third characteristic of this American spirit, besides its exuberance and its uniformity: and that is its preoccupation with outward things. The people are always moving, with great speed and energy and enthusiasm: they are all moving, at a given moment, in the same direction (though their direction may change from time to time, and very rapidly); and it is always because they are making for something that they can see and touch and measure.

Every New Yorker can give you the height of the Empire State Building, and every San Franciscan can reel off the length and weight and cost of the Golden Horn Bridge which has just been begun: figures seem to be in the air everywhere, and most things, one gathers, are admired strictly in proportion to their price in dollars. Everyone notices that, and they laugh themselves sometimes as they pour out their numerals.

And the same thing shows itself in subtler ways also. Instead of wisdom, the crowds seek information, and nowhere in the world, I should think, can you get information in such quantities, or so easily; and instead of happiness, they seek enjoyment,—the enjoyment of comfort, or grandeur, or novelty—'something new, something different.'

* * *

I am deliberately generalizing, of course. The individual American is not very different from any one else. Over and over again I met a man of whom I found myself thinking, 'Why, he might be British' (or even—occasionally—'Scotch'); and an Indian, I imagine, would have recognised in the same man the qualities he had thought a speciality of India. And Americans are perhaps exceptionally ready to laugh at themselves, to forestall the criticism of others. They certainly seem anxious to hear what impression they make on touring aliens. Really anxious, I mean; not like the Englishman who politely asks foreigners whether they like England, but asks, as if he knew what the answer would be—or ought to be. But in spite of all this, I stick to my generalization—great energy, an enormous capacity for work, a very active dislike of resting content with present achievement: an abounding and cheery friendliness, an aptitude for teamwork, a hatred of being—or feeling—alone: a passion for the tangible, the concrete. These are the prevailing notes of American life, as I saw it.

And the mixture can be very attractive. The American spirit, in fact, is apt to be contagious. When you are on the spot, it is not easy to hold yourself aloof from activities which a foreigner, reading about

them, might look down upon, attributing them to vulgar ostentation or shallow optimism.

I happened to be there when the National Recovery Administration was setting about its work. On the economic aspects and implications of the great experiment, only an expert can speak, even yet: but an onlooker could not fail to be struck by the high spirits which the administration showed. They never thought of standing on their dignity, and they made no pretensions whatever: they were frankly out on an adventure, uncertain where it would lead them; determined to try everything, more or less, and willing to learn from anything. They were like schoolboys out on a holiday, and a large majority of the nation seemed to be whole-heartedly with them.

President Roosevelt's administration is of course unusual, even for America: but I should think it would be inconceivable elsewhere. We expect a government to say, in effect: 'We propose to do so and so; if you behave yourselves, and support us properly, the results will be as follows.' Here is the way that President Roosevelt introduces a Farm Relief Bill:—'I tell you frankly that it is a new and untried path, but I tell you with equal frankness that an unprecedented condition calls for the trial of new means to rescue agriculture. If a fair administrative trial of it is made, and if it does not produce the hoped-for results, I shall be the first to acknowledge it and advise you.' 'Frankly' is perhaps the President's favourite word; though 'new' must run it close.

III

I pause, to re-read my letter so far; and see that I am becoming much too general. I am too ready to analyse and expound, and have been making deductions, which might have been made from books and journals. Perhaps it will re-adjust the balance somewhat if I now begin to draw on my store of newspaper-clippings. I have laboured so far to be faithful to my impressions as a whole: now I can give scraps, with the warning that they are offered for what they are worth, and no more; no general conclusions about America are implied by my choice.

* * *

First, as you doubtless expect, come Marriage, Divorce, and Gossip. A. B., a famous boxer, marries an actress; they have both been married before, I don't know how often. And of course they are interviewed.

Seated close together in a comfortable lounge porch, the former heavyweight champion and Mrs. A. B., known to Broadway musical comedy goers as the 'Cheerful Little Earful', described how they hope to make a success of their

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marriage and why they came to Nevada to be married. '*In the first place,*' began A., '*we want to have a baby. We don't know how soon but we are going to have one.*' At this point the new Mrs. B. had her say. '*Yes,*' she said, '*may be two or three.*' That called for an embrace and then the former heavyweight champion continued '*We want to have a home of our own. We love each other and we are married. That's all there is to it. Neither one of us is going to talk about our former marriages or divorces. They are things of the past.*'

The italics represent heavy type in the original; I am afraid the Diocesan Press would scarcely be equal to facsimile reproduction. And of course the newspapers gave the names in full; perhaps it is squeamishness, not delicacy, that leads me to substitute initials.

A. B. however faded very quickly, because C. D., who divorced his wife about the same time, was, in newspaper-language, a 'socialite,' a social personage; the son, moreover, of a very lofty official. And another lady, Miss E, was brought into the story at once.

Miss E was asked pointblank if she was going to marry young D. The question drew only an evasive reply—a half admission at the most. '*Well—not right now,*' she said. A persistent reporter then asked if C had 'popped the question.' She replied only: '*You'll have to ask him.*' And his reply was '*I can't say.*' But Miss E, C and his sister, Mrs. Blank, were together much of the day. C left his hotel suite this morning and went to the Windermere, where Miss E and her mother are staying. He was entirely frank as to his plans. '*I am going to spend the morning with Miss E,*' he said.

The couple were duly 'married,' a few days later, facing a battery of press-cameras. And were forthwith interviewed.

'Of course I'm thrilled about marrying C!' chirped the bride. C said he had talked 'frequently' with his father at (Washington). 'Father was very, very jovial,' he said. To the protection of her 'favorite brother' sprang sprightly, blonde Mrs. Blank. 'Give the couple a break now,' she urged. 'The marriage is over and they are no longer news.' 'Yes,' added C, preparing to leave with his new wife for Fort Worth, 'after all, a man's got to have some privacy.'

The real news in this line, however, was provided by Mrs. Aimée Semple McPherson-Hutton, the famous evangelist of the so-many-million-dollar Angeles Temple at Los Angeles. (Semple is her family surname, McPherson the name of an earlier husband.) In this case I should feel that I was being unkind if I withheld the names. Hutton, her present husband, rose to that position from being a singer in her choir. She was away in Paris in the early summer, undergoing an operation to keep her from getting fat. Hutton meanwhile was engaged by a film-company. While she was on her homeward voyage, Hutton announced that he was petitioning for a divorce. When she reached Los Angeles they managed to patch it up, but both of them had ample publicity meanwhile.

Baltimore, Ind., July 26.—Mrs. Hutton was rested and vivacious, with her straw-colored hair expertly curled by the ship's barber who brought his curling

iron, his scissors and his comb into Mrs. Hutton's cabin where she received him in a pale blue negligee. She said she was still in a 'haze' over her vaudeville-actor husband's action. 'I always thought of the strong man as being clean and wholesome,' she said. 'There is only one thing I can think of and that may be money. I haven't been able to give Mr. Hutton as much money as I used to. I am giving him now \$90 a week, a nice home, a cook, a chauffeur, and 12-cylinder automobile, and I am paying his father, David Hutton Sr. \$260 a month. Shortly before I left for Europe, the strong man asked me for a diamond ring and I gave it to him. It was the first time I had ever bought a diamond. Then he asked me to sell my church and auction off my furniture. He said he wanted to do this so he could spend the rest of his life at the watering places in Europe. I couldn't do that and that may be the reason for this divorce action. But I could have sworn that Mr. Hutton loved me. He wrote me love letters right up to the day I sailed.'

Long Beach, July 26.—Dimpled David Hutton, Aimée Semple McPherson-Hutton's 'dumpling,' today stayed in his hotel room, deaf to telephone calls and even persistent raps at the door (by reporters, is to be understood).

Los Angeles, July 27.—If Aimée Semple McPherson-Hutton has any inclination to throw stones, her rotund husband David L. Hutton Jr., has plenty of ammunition himself, he declared today. 'Dimpled Dave' . . . apparently took particular objection to two statements attributed to Mrs. McPherson-Hutton in Baltimore. One was that there was 'no room in the temple for hypocrites,' and another that 'Dave is on the slide and can't last.' BIG-HEARTED, YEAH? In between such statements, Aimée had sandwiched remarks about her 'dear big-hearted Dave.' Hutton's attorney, Jerome Mayo, today issued a carefully drawn statement which intimated that if Aimée wanted a good fight over the divorce, it would be welcomed with open arms. . . . Meanwhile, Hutton's first venture into motion-pictures was being rushed through the cutting room to take advantage of the publicity. The title? 'David Hutton—Aimée's Tearful Little Eyeful.' And Dave carries a nine-pound baby in some of the scenes, it was reported. Aimée, it will be recalled, sent Hutton a 'hoax' cablegram informing him of the birth of a nine-pound son. The cable was sent, she added later, to locate a 'leak' at the temple. . . . Hutton, decrying the \$90 stipend, claimed part of it went to pay for the cook, and that any way the temple paid the salary, not Aimée. Then he disclosed that Sister Aimée was receiving \$600 monthly while on her tour of the world, and 'had to wire me for funds to come home.'

Hutton was immediately engaged to sing at a cinema. An incident on the first night was thus succinctly reported in the sprightly columns of *Time*:

Down to the footlights in a Los Angeles cinema stepped corpulent Baritone David L. Hutton. . . . He smirked to the audience, 'I'm very glad to be back in the City of the Angels. You know, I married an angel.' When he opened his mouth to sing, *Whiz!* went an egg hurled by a girl in the front row. *Plop!* a second egg splattered against the back drop, dribbled down to the floor. *Plop! Plop! Plop!* Baritone Hutton lumbered off stage. As stage hands mopped up the eggs, police arrested one Jane Thomas. Next day she was fined \$5 per egg, declared: 'I believe it was worth it.' Mrs. Hutton remarked: 'Wasn't that too bad? But the way of transgressors is hard.'

Another Los Angeles cinema at the same time was featuring a journalist, W. W. He had become famous by being knocked down, in

a crowded baseball-stadium, by a cinema-actor who resented something the journalist had said about his wife (it was included in its entirety in all reports of the incident). In the cinema, W. W. was nightly to fight a boxing match with Jack Dempsey, Mrs. Dempsey refereeing.

I am digressing already, it seems, and might as well add a sample of the writings of this same W.W., a 'columnist,' which is, being interpreted, a writer of columns chiefly about himself. The dots and dashes are all in the original stuff.

At any rate, I leave Hollywood in a few days—a little pensive—for besides the hospitality—the much-kidded climate is hardly to be found in my own town . . . In New York I will be bothered again by the oppressive heat and humidity—which is a tough combination to beat. . . . And then will come the treacherous winds in the Winter—which make me so afraid. . . . Carrying with them epidemics of dreaded plagues—which man cannot combat successfully. . . . The very reminder of its dangers lets me down. . . . Perhaps the skyline of the town will lift me up, again. . . . Or may be I really need a vacation.

* * *

There you have three couples making fools of themselves in public, without regard for manners or decency. But I don't think the blame lies with them so much as with the journalists who egged them on to give themselves away, and made them appear to be heroes (of a day or two) for doing so. The man who offers a bribe is worse than the man who passively takes it: wickedness is hateful, while weakness is only pathetic. And the journalists, in their cynicism, can offer glittering rewards. They leave deluded not only the victims of the paragraphs that I have quoted, but the ordinary reader of newspapers as well. They have a scale of values of their own; or, rather, perhaps, they snap their fingers at every value except what they call 'newsvalue': and they have succeeded in imposing this scale of values on the public. They have exploited vulgar curiosity and morbid sensationalism; they have fed the people on heady spices, till wholesome food has come to seem insipid. It is only a small corner of the ordinary newspaper that is occupied with matters which will still be worth anybody's attention in a fortnight.

There are 'stars' in Hollywood who are drawing enormous salaries because they allow the reporters to make fools of them on the front pages. There are crowds who go to see a new film, not because they think the principal actress can act, but because she has found a new reason for divorcing a third husband, and has told the world all about it. I found it was quite generally assumed, as of course, that poor David Hutton was suing for divorce at the instigation of his publicity agent; at any rate the music-hall and the film-company were paying him a high salary because he and his wife were making mean

and nasty remarks about one another across the continent. When W. W. 'got a sock on the jaw,' it was regarded as quite natural that he should proceed to make money out of it.

Anyone who does a supremely silly thing may be sure that his name will take precedence of every other name, from coast to coast, for a day or two; he can count on a large return in publicity and (if he is a good manager) in dollars. Supremely silly;—or, unfortunately, supremely wicked. The press advertises crime as well as folly. It is generally recognised that the gangster-business would not have flourished as it has done, for example in Chicago, but for the picturesque writing-up that it got in the press. Journalists certainly were hand-in-hand with the gangsters; they gave them fame, and made them look like heroes: and it is often suspected that some of them deliberately fostered crime on a new scale in order to have something new to write about. The lure of notoriety may even play some part in the horrible lynchings that break out in waves from time to time: when one small township emerges into the limelight, its neighbours are apt to chafe at their comparative obscurity. There are people who would do almost anything, once the way has been shown to them, and especially if there is keen competition, to get into the news: and the reporters, who like to call themselves 'newshawks', exploit this human frailty for the good of their printing-presses, recking nothing of the harm to manners and morals.

I speak with feeling, because it seems to me that this sensationalism is a poison which saps both decency and intelligence, and is deadly insidious. No doubt truth will prevail in the end, but this kind of thing has a good run first. The disease is not by any means confined to America: if it were, I would not write as I have done, for it is unchivalrous, and dangerous too, to dwell on the faults of one's neighbours. When I got home again, after a five years' absence, I was shocked to find how much the newspapers relied on the appeal to crude love of excitement and vulgar curiosity. In London, only the *Times*, I think, still tries to give all the news, everything in its right place, and nothing else; one other daily paper comes near it, and the rest fall farther and farther behind.

* * *

To return to pleasanter subjects, my next exhibit is Ballyhoo. The word was not previously known to me, though it seemed to be well-established; it means roughly to attract attention for the sake of attracting attention, and does duty as noun, verb, and adjective.

Records:

Under an agreement made with Chicago World Fair officials, Al Simmons, Jimmy Dykes, 'Red' Kress consented to try for a world's catching championship

by catching baseballs thrown to them from the top of a 625-foot Sky Ride tower. When a mathematician found that the balls would be travelling 136·80 miles an hour, and would strike with an impact of 6,604 foot pounds, White Sox Owner Louis A. Comiskey refused to risk his players.

The 43-year-old biscuit claimed by Mrs. Alice Torrence of McCrory, Ark., as one of the oldest in the world, is fresh from the oven compared to M. L. Ellis' biscuit. Ellis, a Fresno resident, has pieces of a biscuit which he said was at least 72 years old. The biscuit, he said, was brought to the United States in 1861 by Fred. A. Kempt, a German seaman, and given to Ellis in 1904. Anyway, Ellis claimed, if his biscuit is not the oldest in the United States, at least it is the stalest bread in California.

In Glens Falls, N. Y., Harry Caswell, handcuffed to the wheel of an automobile in a 100-hour driving endurance test, drove into a barn to avoid a rainstorm. A backfire of his motor set ten tons of hay ablaze. As the flames licked at his clothes, he picked the lock of his manacles with a hairpin, escaped.

In Washington, D. C., 'Slim' Jones, holder of the world's record for being buried alive (38 days), turned over in his coffin, picked up his telephone, asked for long distance, chatted with Ray Richards, buried alive near a hot dog stand in Denver, N. J. Jones told Richards that his grave was in the bed of a dried up stream, that heavy rains threatened to wash him out, that he intended to stay underground 40 days if he could. Richards told Jones that bandits came to his grave, tried to steal the day's cash receipts, threw burning matches down his air tube, singed his pillows.

From the advertisements of a circus (not, I admit, from a newspaper):

I admit we have no gorilla. I will go further and say we have no giasticutos, no hyfandodge, no auk. But we have things just as protolithic, and more macrobiosian.

Preponderant in appalling bigness, the Greatest Show on Earth assumes proportions for the Golden Jubilee staggering to the human mind to enumerate and contemplate. Such a colossal aggregation of attractions demanded a revision of technique and method in presentation. Hence revolutionary innovations have been employed to display them with inconceivably impressive brilliance. . . . Suggestive of the immensity of the superb spectacular feature are fifty elephants, gorgeously resplendent in jeweled robes and mounted with glittering howdahs designed by the famous Indian Prince, Gandhi Moodi of Delhi. Magnificently transplendent exhibits are a sublime temple imported from India and the several ornately jeweled floats and triumphal cars studding the imposing processional pageant.

A literary critic on a new dictionary:

In my humble opinion the Blank Dictionary is the best book of the year or of the decade. I will go further than that, it is the best book of the century. The office that does not contain a copy of the Blank is empty.

'Humble,' I think, is good.

A Sunday evening religious service in the Stadium at the World's Fair:

Although a great chorus of 100,000 church youths of the city has been called for the occasion, Dr. A. B., Chairman of the special vespers committee, has stated

that all spectacular elements have been eliminated from the service. It is pointed out by church leaders, however, that this very avoidance of spectacular elements in this day, which seems only to demand bigger and better thrills, is in itself something of a sensation.

How to use State Governors :

George Dern of Utah, Secretary of War, and twenty Governors who will come to Southern California after a conference at Sacramento are going to be paraded across the stage of a cinema showhouse the night of Friday, July 28, flanked by twenty-one beautiful actresses. The theater's impresario has announced each Governor will be introduced by an actress from his home state. Each actress will laud the impresario, and the impresario will laud his current film.

Three advertisements :

Cash isn't needed. Pay only \$2 down to assure getting a Blank Heater at the old price PLUS a supply of Free Coal. When heater is installed, start easy payments, if you wish, on our generous time-payment plan.

Amazing educational exposition. Five floors of exhibits. 'Crime does not pay.' See the gallows on which over a hundred met doom. The Electric Chair. Solitary Confinement. Conducted Tours. Open 10 a.m. to midnight. The Old Cook County Jail. Admission 25c.

Rival Garbo! Eyelashes dyed, \$1.

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Style and Language. It betrays great ignorance of course to speak of 'the American accent', since accents in the United States are many and various; but I think there is an American language. It is not so much a question of vocabulary. Of course they have their own slang, which is generally most romantic and expressive, and also their own jargon, which is horrid. Slang, I take it, implies the invention of new words and phrases; while jargon is the misuse of words already known, as in the application of technical terms beyond their proper sphere, or the manufacture of barbarous hybrids. By jargon we get 'realtor' for real-estate agent, 'mortician' for funeral undertaker, 'beautician' (or even 'cosmetologist' and 'facial ameliorationist') for those who profess to improve the appearance of ladies. I have seen 'restorium' for rest home; and have heard of a college 'pantorium,' an institution 'dedicated to the pressing of the students' pants.' A hirer of trucks in New York calls himself 'truckologist', and has had the name protected by copyright.

But apart from slang and jargon, there is a style, or a kind of style, which seems to me to be especially characteristic of modern America. It is terse, and almost brutally direct; with great energy, it is restrained, laconic, and cynical; it concentrates on a few significant details; it concerns itself chiefly with physical things and the most primitive emotions; and it has always a peculiar tang, which cannot be described but cannot be missed. It is found, for example, in the

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novels of Ernest Hemingway, Keith Faulkner, and John dos Passos, and on a lower level, in a very lively and well-informed weekly *Time*, which was founded quite recently by two undergraduates. Here are four specimens of *Time* :

Short, stout and smiling, Mayor-elect Shaw wears a brace on his right leg, walks with a marked limp. Even to his friends he declines to explain his infirmity's cause (presumably infantile paralysis). Despite it he sails, shoots, fishes. His 'new deal' for Los Angeles calls for a big public works program, and the dismissal of Chief of Police Roy Steckal and Captain William Hynes, hot Red hunter.

At 44 he has a large osteopathic practice in and around Cambridge, Mass., which he generously shares with one or two beginners. Mrs. Wilson keeps the office spick and span as her own apartment which is adjacent. Their English bull-terrier Judy, 5½, regularly summons them to dinner. Judy also 'plays the piano.' No one may smoke in Dr. Wilson's office. As long as he is there he works 'like the devil' until he gets 'the jitters,' which happens every month or so. Then he and his wife hie off to some quiet place where he can sleep, walk and read 'something with no relation to osteopathy.'

Just above the northwest corner of the U. S., at an editorial desk from which he peers across the Pacific into the Orient, across North America at Europe, and across the years into the Future, an earnest, tireless idealist named Robert James Cromie publishes the Vancouver *Sun*, dominant daily of western Canada. Publisher Cromie is even more widely known than his newspaper. As a reporter, he takes the world for his beat, travelling all over it frequently, meeting and observing its famed persons and places. When he returns home he writes editorials for his paper, ambitious in conception, abounding in hope and prophecy, eloquent in a style not unlike that of grandiose Publisher Hearst (whom he despises). To his friends in the wide world for which he has made Vancouver his lookout station he often mails copies of his writings—urging monetization of silver for a great new trade with the East; calling for magnanimous U. S. reduction of War Debts; etc. etc.

Ras (Prince) Desta Demtu arrived in Washington in all his African splendour. Told off to escort him was the State Department's Jefferson Patterson. Only with the greatest difficulty had an Ethiopian flag (green, yellow, red) been dug up to deck the Mayflower Hotel, the Ethiopian national anthem orchestrated for the reception by the Army band at the Union Station. The bowlegged little Prince with curly whiskers first called at the White House wearing a two-foot shako of lion's mane. A large crowd awaiting General Italo Balbo cheered him by mistake. Day later, wearing a pith helmet, he returned to lunch with the President. His soft Amharic had to be interpreted. In the Blue Room before the meal he flipped open a box and drew forth as royal presents for the President two lion skins and a photograph of his father-in-law in a gold frame. (President Hoover had sent the Emperor his autographed photograph for a coronation gift.) The meal that followed was a difficult one. President Roosevelt's stomach was still bothering him. The Ras, a Coptic Christian, could eat no meat, milk, or butter that day. Mrs. Henry Nesbit, White Housekeeper, served clams, fish, three vegetables, fruit salad, water biscuits, pineapple ice. The Prince passed up the clams.

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And now, lastly, a small handful of curiosities. Let us abandon ourselves to crude sensationalism.

The day of the book burning in Germany, 80,000 New York Jews paraded behind Major General John F. O'Ryan. School children shouted, 'Two, Four, Six, Eight, who would we assassinate? Hitler! Boo! Boo! Boo!'

In Cincinnati, Negro William Chappel went to the grave of his wife with a rake handle, poked it into the soil to see whether the guaranteed all-steel casket [his coffin] was still there. He had been doing that every Memorial Day for three years. The undertaker had promised him in 1929 that if the casket did not endure for 50 years he would give him \$100. When Sexton Brown tried to stop him, Widower Chappel got Deputy Sheriff Parrot, had the grave opened, found the casket disintegrated; collected, the \$100.

According to the complaint Nocella, who is white, was involved in a fight at a Negro social club at 65 Fleet Street. The strife became general, and in the melee the combatants rolled into the street. In the course of the hostilities some one bit off Nocella's left ear. Nocella saw it lying on the side walk and was about to retrieve it when a large Negress came along, picked it up and announced, 'I'm goin' to keep this for luck.' She carried it away with her.

When Wiley Post was flying round the world, to break the record of course, he telephoned to his wife in America from Germany. This was the conversation. She begins: 'Well, how do you feel?'—'Swell'. 'Well, hurry home.'—'You bet I will.' 'Well, I'll be seeing you soon'—'O.K. So long.'

A very good note to end on, I think.

Yours sincerely,

J. R. MACPHAIL.

National Student Conference, Allahabad

Five hundred students from all parts of India, Burma and Ceylon gathered at Allahabad on 23rd December 1933 for the long-expected Quadrennial Conference of the Student Christian Movement of India, Burma and Ceylon. The sight of groups of educated young men and women, the spirit of youth shining in every face, and the retirement from arts and science and city-life to the secluded and beautiful College-site on the bank of the Jumna—these were in themselves sufficient to give a thrilling experience to those students. But what was a matter of far greater interest was that the young people professed to meet there as an army, 'bold for Christ's sake', to take up 'the challenge of Christ to our generation.'

The Conference began on the evening of the 23rd. We had almost the same programme for all the seven days of the Conference. We had a 'morning quiet-time', a morning worship, a morning address, a Bible-study in the morning, a group discussion in the afternoon and an evening worship and address. Besides these, we had special business meetings and informal gatherings.

The morning addresses centred round the needs of Indian villages and towns—the need for 'rural-minded' Christians (especially doctors and educationists) who will give themselves to serve in the villages, the need for intelligent, capable and upright Christian citizens and the need for young and enthusiastic evangelists. The speakers tried to point out how a Christian should do his best to improve the social, economic and moral conditions of the society he or she lives in and they suggested practical methods of village-work and training for ideal citizenship. During the evening meetings the speakers talked to us about the relation of Christ to world problems of today. They painted a picture of men and women running about in search of a power which can give an adequate solution to their individual and national problems and create an interest in their lives which many of them feel are not worth living. We heard an address on 'The Way of the Cross' as the way of life of Christ and the only way He shows every man and woman who wishes to follow Him. Two leaders spoke in two consecutive evening-meetings witnessing how in their lives they had found fulness of life and power in taking up the Cross and striving to follow

Christ at every moment of their lives. Two other non-students witnessed to this purifying, transforming and guiding power of the Indwelling Christ.

The subjects for Bible-study were 'The Preparation for the Gospel,' 'Christ in the Church,' 'Christ and Moksha' and 'The Problem of Suffering'. Experienced leaders carefully analysed for us the teachings and precedents regarding these subjects in the Bible and we find the series of studies very useful to us in our thinking and living. The subjects for group-discussion were 'The Economic Order and Unemployment,' 'Nationalism and Inter-Nationalism,' 'Christianity and Other Faiths,' and 'Social and Moral Hygiene'. Groups of about fifteen men and women discussed one or other of these problems with a view to finding out what Christ would have us do in this crisis.

The value of a Conference like this, involving expense, preparation and time cannot be easily questioned. Apart from the experience of those who were able to make positive resolutions and renunciation of self at the Conference, the fellowship of Christians of India living together and praying together was a power of which one can neither know the limits nor calculate the results.

The challenge which came to us at the Conference was three-fold—to make a continual and unconditional surrender of ourselves and our interests to Christ, to study the social and economic problems of the day in the light of the Gospel and find out how Christ can help and guide men in the formation and re-formation of society, and to try to share our faith and power in Christ with the many around us to whom Jesus is little more than a historic figure of the past.

The last words spoken at the Conference were words of warning and encouragement: 'None of us can, even if we will, return from the Conference just the same as he or she came to it. The down-dragging lesser ideals of life will begin to influence, and what seemed easy to us during the Conference will become difficult. So we need something more than the vision and the fellowship we have had. Partly, we can convert our resolves into habits. But we need more, not what will keep us steady but what will turn our faces in a new direction. Let us turn to God and remember Him rather than ourselves. He will come to us if we sin and He will come as the Good Shepherd with his unchanging, eternal love and we shall be crucifying Him anew if we return to our former sins. Let us look out from ourselves and look to Him and give ourselves to Him in confidence.'

D. A. THANGASAMY,

Book Reviews

Christ and Human Suffering. By Stanley Jones. Hodder & Stoughton, 4/-. Obtainable in India from Association Press, Calcutta.

This is what Dr. John R. Mott would call a *dynamic* book. It is also a profoundly joyful book. It is written by a man who has found something—something which makes life worth living. But no, that is a miserably inadequate way of putting it. He has found something which makes life not only worth living but radiantly, triumphantly joyful. The book is lit up by the glow of this joy. That means that the book ought to be read. There are so many good books published nowadays that one may be pardoned for wondering sometimes whether the time has not come for restriction of output. Many of those books are good, but not very good; they might have been written by anybody. Not so this book. It glows throughout with the fire of the author's own indomitable spirit. It is a testimony. It tells of truths that he has discovered—or rediscovered—and felt, and tested, and found more than sufficient for all his need. It is a confession of faith.

Dr. Jones may conceivably be wrong in his conclusions. He deals briefly, in passing, with the contributions that have been made to the discussion of the problem of suffering by non-Christian thinkers in this and in other lands, and differs profoundly from them in his judgments. He may conceivably be wrong. But it is certainly worth listening to. When a man who has himself obviously felt deeply and poignantly, offers to face along with us the bitterest, most tragic facts of our human life—those facts which make life, for most of us, not a triumph but a weariness—when a man offers to face those facts along with us, and tells us that he has seen his way through them, not merely to endurance but to whole hearted joy, which of us can afford to say that we do not need his message? The book ought to be read.

The book, I said, is a personal confession. Perhaps I may be permitted to make a confession of a rather different kind. I began this book without much enthusiasm, if not with a definite prejudice against it. I wondered whether, for all his vigour and charm, the author was not being rash in attempting so big a task. I found myself at first extremely critical. The language of the book sometimes goes beyond vividness and becomes positively crude. Frequently it is over-strained. Phrases like 'smother down the choking ache,' sentences like 'Every exaggeration ends in prostration, whose only issue is death,' do not appeal to me. In some places, notably on

page 148 and on pages 197 and 198, exegesis of Scripture passages seemed to me unsound. But as I got farther into the book, I found that criticism was disarmed. In spite of all the blemishes, the main impression was of sincerity, insight, wide and deep experience, robust, triumphant faith. Dr. Jones has not attempted to do the work of a philosopher. But he has honestly faced the darkest things in human life, and scrutinized and interrogated them, and he has found an answer. The answer may conceivably be a mistaken one—for argument's sake, that may be admitted—but before disagreeing with a man, it is as well to hear what he has to say. I should recommend that course in this particular case. The book ought to be read.

A. J. B.

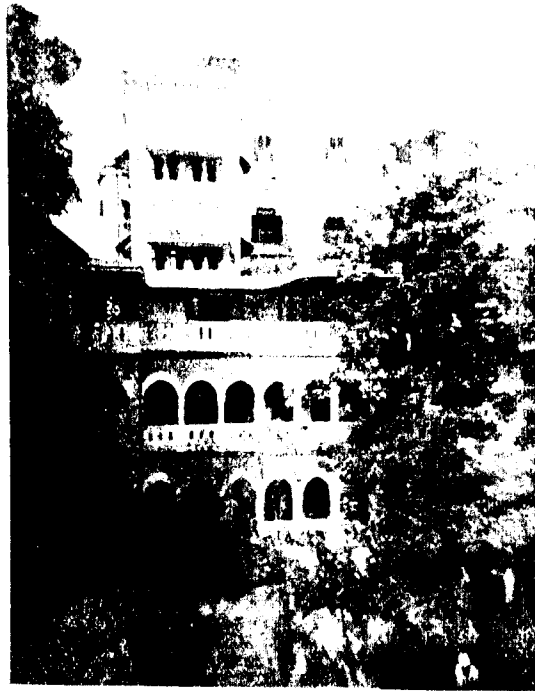
Morning Hours in College Church. By William Meston. Christian Literature Society. 8 As.

This volume contains the addresses given by the author at the devotional services in the Madras Christian College Church. The titles of the addresses are: The On-Looker, Courage, Principle and Loyalty, My Father's House, and Under Authority. The reader will find in them deep religious insight and the passion of a great soul surcharged with the compassion and love of Jesus. The addresses form a call to a heroic and adventurous living and contain a message of vital value which will bless and enlarge the soul of everyone who reads them. To those who heard him give these addresses the volume brings back to memory a forceful personality who incarnated in his own life its truth.

The C. L. S. has put us all in debt by publishing this book. It is sad to think that we will have no more of his gracious words. The sermon given by Dr. Hogg at the Memorial Service is also printed at the end.

S. J. T.

THE STUDENTS' HOME, THAMERU CHITLY, NEPAL.



*V. N. Sadanand,
Class III, Group 2 B (by)*

MOONITE COLLEGE TOWERS.



*M. Vidyarajan,
Class II, Group ii.*

Hostels

The Students' Home

Hello! everybody! The Students' Home calling.

In our last broadcast we forgot to mention that the only J.T.C. man in our hostel, I don't want to give the name, was chivalrous enough to go to the aid of his neighbour who was beset by a squadron of mosquitoes and succeeded in killing one of them with 'one ultra smart blow' dealt with his powerful right hand.

We have in our hostel expert fiddlers—of course they can't produce any music—among whom the post-graduate naturally excels. Our hostel 'Tarzan' is a keen naturalist and he hunts after frogs.

Now for our Hostel Day and Golden Jubilee celebrations which came off on 8th February. Mr. K. Sanjivakamath, B.A., B.L., was kind enough to preside over the function. It being a college working day, we are glad to say the staff found it convenient to be present.

After light refreshments the guests were conducted to the tenace upstairs. The meeting began with a Sanskrit prayer. The toast to the hostel was proposed by the Secretary and was responded to by Mr. A. Krishnamoorthy, M.A. The toast to the college was proposed by Mr. M. Srinivasa Rao and was responded to by the Rev. R. S. Macnicol, M.A. Two playlets written by Mr. C. S. Kamalapathi of our hostel were also enacted. Mr. C. S. Kamalapathi took the leading rôle in 'Nero', the first playlet. The cruel joy of Nero when he saw houses, turrets and images falling a prey to the devouring flames was faithfully and effectively portrayed by him. The second one was 'His will be done', featuring Messrs. M. Vidya Rajagopalan, B. S. Amrita Rao, and C. S. Kamalapathi. Our thanks are due to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Vitaphone Co. for the ideas they had given us by their Frankenstein, 'Old Dark House', 'Lodger', etc. Mr. Amrita Rao was cast as the mad and monstrous brother. He did his part so well that even the members who see him daily as himself dare not come near him, when he is seated in a dark corner. We assure Mr. Rajagopalan that his brother, dramatically of course, is as sane as himself and that he will no more 'wander out at nights thirsting for human blood'. The two playlets were much appreciated by the audience and had not Mr. Kamath given a rollicking and humorous speech, they would have gone home quaking, notwithstanding the intermittent musical performances by Mr. K. S. Anantakrishnan.

Now for our ordinary life. We are all having a jolly time of it. The proximity of the exams is not, moreover, increasing our electricity bills.

In the inter-hostel carroms doubles tournaments Messrs. P. T. Sankaran and Sankaran Nair from Caithness Hall knocked off the prizes.

In the intra-hostel tournaments in pingpong and carroms singles Messrs. N. Satyanarayana Rao and M. Srinivasa Rao came out successful. They both, as partners, won the carroms doubles tournaments. It was a pity that there was no bonda-eating race, which leaves Mr. Brahmanand prizeless. Better luck next time Bram!

In a few days we will all have examinations. Hoping that our hostel will score good results, we close our broadcast.

B. AMRITA RAO,
Secretary.

Second Students' Home

The peculiarity of our hostel is that it attracts crowds only during the third term. True to this, the strength of our hostel has suddenly swelled to twenty.

The new year seems to have begun very badly with our Superintendent. He has been in bed for some time. Consequently we are denied the pleasure of his company.

Before the close of this summer our Superintendent will be in his home. We shall be sorry to miss him, but glad also because he will have complete rest and a good holiday. We wish him *bon voyage* and a happy return. We doubt if our Superintendent can bear the separation from his dear Patience.

The hostel is in full vigour. Members are vying with one another in their desire to consume midnight current.

The long expected Test matches were played out and the results are known to all. But we wonder if those two members of our hostel who were all praise for the Indian Team will ever recover their cheerfulness at all.

V. KRISHNAMACHARY,
Secretary.

The Fenn Hostel

Our Christmas vacation being very short, we had to come back very soon to our hostel again. Now it is a month since our college

reopened, yet sweet memories of our homes are still in the minds of many. We have only a month more to finish off our examinations. So this term our hostel is seriously engaged in preparation for the examinations. Yet recreation, happiness and pleasure are not wanting here. When we had a Wednesday off the working days, we formed a merry party and had the chance of seeing our new college buildings. The recent cricket matches occupied some of our time. We would be very glad to organize excursion parties and things like that, but now we are straight at the face of examinations. Still many of our hostel functions are coming only during this week. The staff will be entertained, the senior members will be given a send-off, the Fennland Magazine, full of pleasant jokes and humour, will be published, and we will all enjoy our Muttai meeting and Annual Dinner.

Now, summing up the activities through the whole year, we can say that all along we have enjoyed true hostel life. As to the spiritual and devotional side of our life, the attendance during the daily prayers was very regular and on Sundays we had twelve speakers throughout the three terms as against two during last year. There has been a steady improvement in all the aspects of our hostel. We have entered a team in the inter-hostel tennis doubles tournament conducted by the King Hostel. Though we may not fare well, it encourages *esprit de corps*.

Our Christmas carol service was a grand success with an appropriate address from the Lord Bishop of Madras who was kind enough to preside on the occasion.

Finally, readers, on behalf of our hostel, I express our best wishes to those who leave our college and wish good luck and prosperity to all.

With kind regards.

RAJASING-BALIAH,
Secretary.

Caithness Hall

Saturday, 2nd December 1933, was a day of mirth and rejoicing for the members of the hostel, as the 30th Anniversary celebration of our home was conducted on that day. We prepared ourselves enthusiastically for the coming events. At 8 a.m., Mr. V. Ramadas Pantulu unveiled the portrait of the late Mr. V. J. Patel. At 5 p.m., after tea, the guests and the members met in the Library Hall; and the meeting and entertainments commenced under the presidentship of Sir Alladi Krishnaswamy Iyer, Advocate-General.

After the prize distribution to the winners in the Hostel Day sports and several musical items, a short playlet, 'Not a Doctor?'—translated from Molière by the Rev. R. S. Macnicol—was staged. The function came to a close at 8-30 p.m., with a final vote of thanks from our Manager, Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias.

Early this term on Wednesday, 17th January 1934, we went to Red Hills on an excursion accompanied by our Superintendent. We spent the whole day very joyfully there, rowing, singing and roving about, and returned by 6 p.m.

This year we sent two teams to the 'Inter-Hostel Carrom Tournament', conducted by The Students' Home. Our two teams met in the finals and Messrs. P. T. Sanker and C. Sankaran Nair became the winners. I am glad to say that we were fortunate enough to win the trophy this year too, and, in conclusion, the Hostel on the whole runs very smoothly and happily.

K. T. ABDULLA SAHEB,
Secretary.

The Rangiah Chetty Hostel

The third and final term has begun. The hostel looked old and seemed to express some feeling for its fast approaching separation from the senior members. The senior members are busy and worried, busy preparing for the examination and worried at losing the company of Cohen and Kelley, Laurel and Hardy.

I need not say again that the members are having a good time, as they used to have before. Let men come and go; they don't care. There are many philosophers in our hostel and as a result many schools of thought are existing here. One school says that men like to eat; another says that men are for sleeping; still another says that they are born to read and read till they forget what they have read, but no reasonable thought has yet come into existence in our hostel.

It was with great joy that we celebrated our Hostel Day on the 20th of January 1934 under the presidentship of Mr. S. R. Ranganathan, M.A., L.T., Librarian, University of Madras. Many old members were present that day. After tea, the meeting started with prayer by Mr. P. S. Subramanian, B.A., B.Sc., an old boy of our hostel. As an ordinance was passed to prevent future damage and disrespect to some of our distinguished members, we dropped the hostel bulletin. At the end the President gave a very interesting speech about his hostel life in one of the Georgetown College hostels. The function came to a close with a vote of thanks proposed by our Superintendent. We sincerely thank Mrs. E. J. Bingle for having kindly consented to distribute the prizes.

On behalf of the senior members who will be leaving the hostel at the end of this year we wish to assure the junior members and all those who are connected with the hostel, that they will be for ever in the memory of those who are leaving the hostel and that the leaving members will never forget the happy days they spent here in an atmosphere of love and friendship.

We understand that our Superintendent is going on furlough at the end of this year, and, on behalf of the members of the hostel, I take this opportunity of wishing him a comfortable voyage, a happy time at home, and a speedy return to the midst of the old students.

B. KOILPILLAI,
Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

This term the administration of our hall parliament saw a distinct growth and development by the determined efforts made by the members to promote the affairs of our petty state.

Early in the beginning of the year we conducted a thanksgiving service for the Rev. C. H. Firbank, M.A., the late Principal of Bishop Heber College, whose fatherly care, careful guidance and tender affection are still fresh in our minds.

There is a slight fall in our sports activities this term, though carrom holds the upper hand. It is mainly due to the college physical instruction class, which most of our members attend regularly though not willingly. Our hearty congratulations go to Mr. George Muthiah on his success in carrying off the trophy for the Pole Vault in the College sports.

We have a photo studio of our own, of which Mr. Lawrence claims to be the sole proprietor. But the real credit goes to Mr. S. S. Dhanapalan for his never-failing words of encouragement to the ever-failing moonlight photo experiments of Mr. Johnson.

In conclusion, we thank all those who helped us to find a successful end to the first year of Bishop Heber Hall's career in Madras. We earnestly wish and hope that our career will be the strong foundation for a bright and prosperous future of our hall in the history of our good old Christian College.

S. E. JEYAPALAN,
General Secretary.

Societies

The Christian Union

We have very little to add to the report of the work of the Union which appeared in the last issue of the Magazine. However, there are one or two things which can be recorded. We had our annual Carol Service in the College Church at 6 p.m. on 12th December. The service was well attended and there were about forty members from other Unions of the S. C. A. and S. Y. W. C. A. of Madras. We are glad to say that many who attended felt happy to have been at the service.

Our Union was represented by eight members at the Quadrennial Conference of the Student Christian Movement. After their return, six of them spoke about the Conference in two meetings of the Union. An account of the Conference is printed elsewhere in the Magazine.

We have no doubt that it is glad and interesting news to our Union that our President, the Rev. R. S. Macnicol has been elected to the General Committee and also to the Executive Committee of the S. C. A. of India, Burma and Ceylon.

We are approaching the end of another year. By the time this issue of the Magazine is in our hands we shall have had the election of the principal office-bearers for next year. As we look back upon the work and value of the Union this year, we find them very little in comparison with the infinite possibilities of work and fellowship before the Union. But we shall lay even this little achievement at God's feet, humbly praying and hoping that the Union will be used by Him more and more in succeeding years in all its service and fellowship.

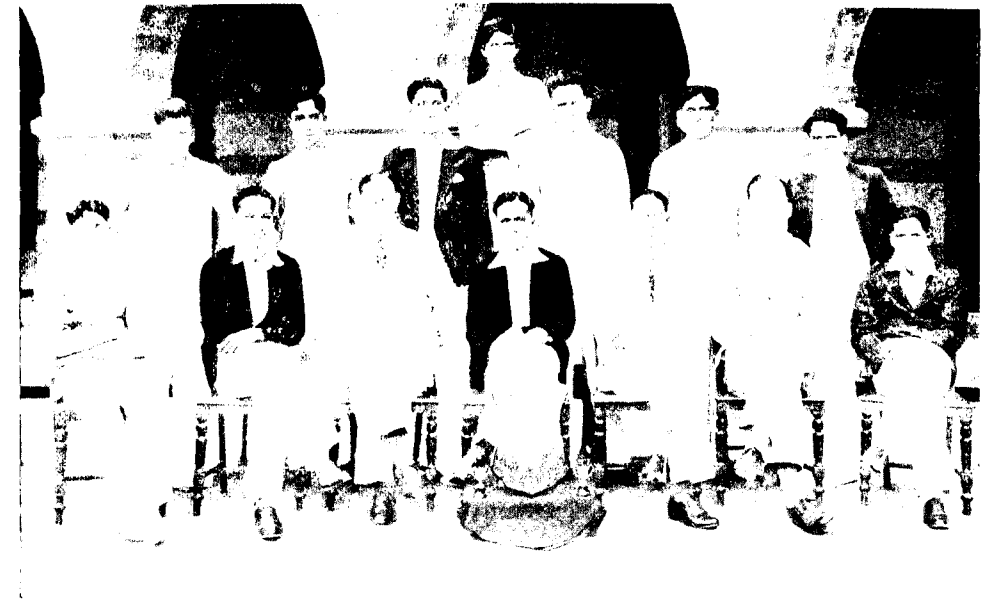
D. A. THANGASAMY.

The Christian College Brotherhood

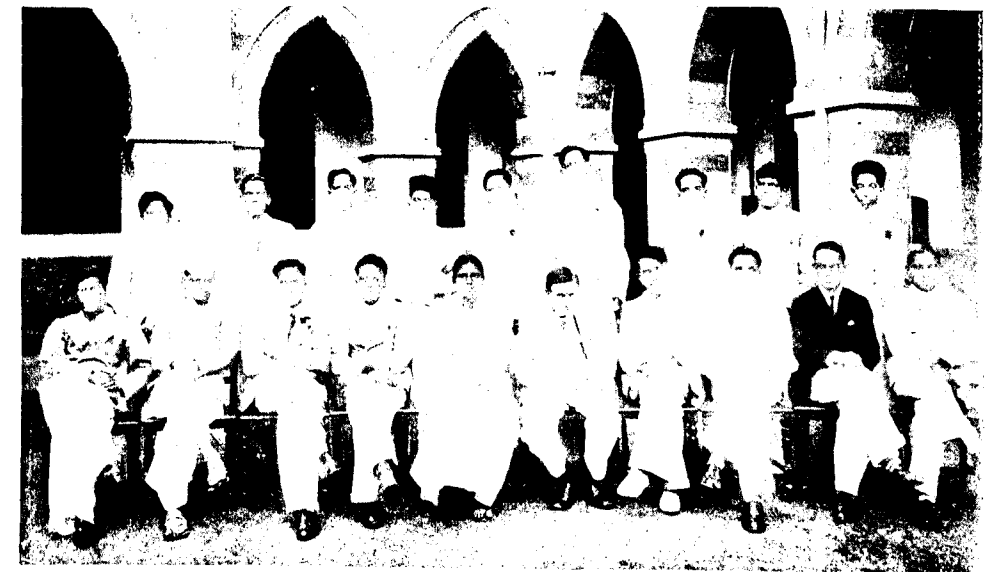
Social Service Section

One more year's service has been completed. One more set of enthusiastic volunteers has been trained and is going to be sent out into the country.

Though exams, rains and other impediments tried their level best to damp the enthusiasm amongst students, I am glad to say they failed to have their effect. The students stood by their word and did their duty.



TEAM REPRESENTING THIRD CLASS : WINNERS OF THE COLLEGE
ATHLETIC SPORTS CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP.



INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE, 14th FEBRUARY

Our attention this term was focussed mainly on the dispensary work. Many enthusiastic students pushed the go-cart dispensary round the corners and gave medical aid to the people. They treated fifteen people per diem on an average. We have, of course, some boisterous lads that infest the streets coming up as patients just for the fun of being treated. But this does not in any way decrease the value of our work. When these fellows gather round the go-cart, naturally the elders will be inquisitive to know what is going on, and so our work is done. By this go-cart method we found that we could treat and dress patients who fear to go to a hospital. We have done our utmost to encourage people to go to hospitals. We sincerely believe that if this work is carried on seriously in the days to come, it will be of immense use to the patients as well as the citizens.

The hospital visitors are doing their duty to cheer the unfortunate bedridden people. The students that work on behalf of the Library Association read to the patients or spin interesting yarns. The Mádras Library Association was recently 'At Home' to the social service workers. After a cup of tea the various workers exchanged notes. The gathering gave us new ideas.

I hope that the students next year will take greater interest and outshine all the useful work done this year.

B. S. AMIRITA RAO,

Secretary.

Excursions

An article on excursions expatiating at full length upon the importance and value of excursions without any good real excursion being undertaken in particular, may at first seem to bear a close resemblance to the tragedy that is said to have been once produced of *Hamlet*, the character of the Prince of Denmark being omitted. But ours is not exactly so.

Think of all the excursions, dear friends that we have had. Think of our excursions five days in a week to the yellow buildings at the end of the Esplanade.

Variety has always been acclaimed as the spice of life and we find that is true. The dull routine of College life that is the same every day subdues our high spirits. We crave for a change. Man cannot, as you all know, go on trudging like a pair of oxen for ever and ever about an oil mill. His mind needs change. In spite of the vivacity and life, and all that our professors impart to it, it cannot be perfect in itself. It is at this juncture that the importance of an excursion is realised.

We start out of our haunted homes and beaten walks to gratify our rambling propensity by visiting new places. After some diversions, again fit to continue our routine with rejuvenated spirits, we return. Excursions infuse in us a new kind of democratic life and corporate living.

I forgot to tell you that we are soon starting off to 'Mahabali-pura' or 'the seven Pagodas' a place of high archaeological interest. There is the sea with a nice beach and beautiful scenery around. Join us to share the holiday spirit. By the time this reaches you, I think we will be cheerfully sitting at our exams with joyful minds.

Don't feel sorry when I speak the truth of the insignificant number of our excursions. Anyhow, we will arrange more excursions next year than is customary, but on condition that you elect the same secretary.

M. V. RAJAN,

Excursion Secretary.

Brotherhood Book Club

At the very outset, I can say that our President, Mr. Joshua's appeal on that grand day, when the old students of the college welcomed the newcomers, does seem to have had its own effect. A vast majority of students have bought what they needed from, and got rid of their old books through, our Book Club, and thus have made the best use of it.

There were many improvements too, this year. We were introduced to a number of new publishers, to add to the number of our usual dealers, such as Messrs. P. Vardachari & Co., Rochouse & Sons, etc. All of them, both new and old, have been co-operating with us, by promptly responding to our wants. So, our thanks are due to them.

A good many of the Christmas cards have also been sold.

Now, the year is coming to a close and we will be separated soon, in a month or so. But let me request the members of the Book Club to think of the days, when they have been serving it in one way or another, and to have an ambition to improve its activities still more and more. It is only then, that they will be showing their gratitude to this honourable institution.

C. D. NAGASUNDARAM,

Secretary, Book Club.

Associated Societies

Under the auspices of the Associated Societies an inter-collegiate debate was held on the 14th of February in which nearly all the Arts colleges in the city took part. Mr. F. E. Corley, M.A., presided.

Mr. R. Santhanakrishnan, P. G. I. (English), moved 'That the present system of University Education does not suit the country'. The motion was carried by a large majority.

The meeting was well attended, and the parliamentary manner in which the debate was conducted was very much appreciated.

OSWALD DAVID,

Secretary.

Dravida Bashabhivirdi Sangam

Under the auspices of the Sangam two meetings were held on the 29th of November 1933 and the 9th of February 1934, when M.R.Ry. Vidwan R. Visvanatha Iyer, Avl., of the Presidency College delivered an interesting lecture on 'The Futurity of Tamil' and M.R.Ry. K. V. Jagannatha Iyer, Avl., assistant editor of *Kalimagal* spoke on 'The Beauty of Poetry'. Both the meetings were fairly well attended. It is proposed to hold another meeting before the expiry of this term. It is hoped that all the members will take much interest and make the function a success.

K. SUBRAHMANYAM,

Secretary.

The Philosophical Association

During the second term there were four meetings.

The first was on 9th October, when under the presidentship of Mr. S. Samuel, M.A., Mr. Kailasam spoke on 'My View of Life'.

The second was on the 17th of the same month when the Secretary led a debate that 'Under the present system the Punishing of Thieves is Unjustifiable,' while Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A., presided.

A week after that Mr. S. Subbarama Ayyar, M.A., presided over the third meeting, when Mr. V. K. Narasimhan, B.A. (Hons.) of *The Hindu* spoke on the 'Economical Basis of Fraternity'. Lastly, Mr. K. A. Thanikachalam, B.A., spoke on the 'Value of Inhibitory Power' on 28th November, when Dr. S. J. Theodore, presided.

The physical principle of every action having a reaction proved true in our realm too. The action of the second term was followed by the reaction of the third term and thus there was no meeting in the last term. We need not now analyse the causes and begin classifying them under Aristotle's four divisions of causes.

At least a few of the readers may expect a word or two as our reflection on the activity of the Association. That would be that even

in 'the blind man's search in the dark room for the black cat that is not there' there is bound to be interest, for do not psychologists say that interest follows attention?

M. THIRUVENKATACHARI,
Secretary.

The Natural History Society

The grandest chapter of our experience in the society was on an occasion when it went out on a scientific expedition to the Vandaloore Hills. It was on the afternoon of 18th November, 1933, that the green vegetation of the slopes of the hills greeted us. Our president, beaming health and spirits, was more a sportsman, with his gun slung over his shoulder, than a scientific investigator into the mysteries of the animal kingdom buried in the very bowels of the hills. The capture of a few scorpions and millipedes was the boast of the society and the scientific society preserved them to make a final research into the anatomy of the animals captured in their laboratory, straining over the microscopes with the humane wish of educating posterity by their work. Whether the captured animals deteriorated in the strong formaline or the eyes of the investigators were blinded over the microscopes, we do not know, but it was a fact that the masterly treatise long expected from the society never appeared.

We thank Mr. Chelliah, M.A., B.Sc., for imparting to us information not only in Botany but also in Geology.

Dr. Gravely, Superintendent of the Madras Museum, delivered an interesting lantern lecture on the 5th of February, 1934. The subject was 'How Insects Produce Sound'. There was a good attendance.

P. G. SAMBANDAM,
Secretary.

Athletics

Football

The last match of the season has been played and we have won no trophy. It is true that we put up a formidable show at the beginning, but in our last match we lost, largely because of our lack of experience.

A few other matches were played, including one with the Old Boys. It ended in a draw.

The inter-class matches were successfully conducted by the kind help rendered by our Physical Director. The level of the play on the whole was high and most of the games were quite exciting. The Third Class won the trophy which was given away on our College annual sports day.

B. KOILPILLAI,
Captain.

Hockey

The hockey team had a thoroughly good season, and there was an excellent spirit in the team. The Michaelmas tour has already been reported, and also our almost-but-not-quite-success in the Presidency College tournament. In the Inter-collegiate League Championship, we finished up second to the Medicals, but had the satisfaction of inflicting a defeat on them and of being the only team which did so.

Our captain, Oscar Zacharias, did excellent work as goalkeeper. He filled both posts, and also his shirt, most adequately. The backs provided a striking contrast with each other both in style and in dimensions. M. D. Edmonds was nippy and neat, while H. Paul carried all before him. He is a stout fellow, Paul. Ralph Mitchell was an excellent right-half. He has plenty of speed and *finesse*, and always plays well except when he gets depressed. Frank Fisher's memory improved greatly this season. He never once forgot to turn up at an Inter-collegiate match. His play at centre-half is as clever as it ever was, but with advancing years he is, inevitably, slowing up a bit. We were in the happy position of having two excellent left-halves. Md. Yakub was a tower of strength. He made only one serious mistake all season, and that was at the Duncan Memorial final when he got into conversation with a friend on the touchline and didn't

notice the ball passing him. K. M. Aiyappa was almost as good, a bit slow but tremendously sure. He comes from Coorg where they play hockey all day. At right-extreme also we had two first-rate men. Isaac Mantramurti was always speedy and vigorous and sometimes brilliant. Mahdi Ali has lost some of his speed, perhaps, but he can still move when he wants to, and has not forgotten how to hit a ball. Arthur Spitteler, at right-inner, was full of pep. Sometimes he looks like a war-horse, and sometimes like a golfer, but at other times he looks, and is, an excellent hockey-player. Mr. Soares, at centre, was the artist of the team. His play is marvellously delicate. If he had been able to play in our opening match, we might have won the championship. Paul David ('Small Paul') was another artist. He has grown a bit, but is not yet quite so big as Paul the Greater. (See above). At left-extreme, Ralph Spitteler did good work, especially when he remembered to keep his position. He *had* to work hard because, otherwise, his big brother was very severe with him.

D. Ramachandran was a frequently-used, and very useful, reserve, and others who did good service when called upon were S. Nicholas, J. H. Raju, and S. Duraiswami. Finally we owe a great deal to Mr. C. F. Dwyer for constant service as umpire.

OBSERVER.

Cricket

Although we made such a poor showing in the Inter-collegiate tournament this year, things were really not so black with us as they seemed. It was not so much through lack of talent as through want of experience on the part of the team as a whole, that we fared so badly against the other colleges. Towards the end of the season, having gained some experience, we showed our capabilities by beating some strong combinations from the city League clubs. In spite of our indifferent success we have had quite a happy year—happy in the knowledge that we have lived up to the college tradition of 'Lose, but play the game'!

It would not I think, be out of place, in this report of the year's activities, to review the team individually.

To begin with, 7 out of the 11 are new comers to the team, and one of them, G. C. Arya, combined the duties of Secretary and Vice-captain. He is a hard worker and a dependable lieutenant, and what he lacks in skill he makes up for in sheer enthusiasm.

Vembu, another fresher, kept wicket for us and showed himself to be a reliable opening bat. Ramachandran, who is also new to the team, is probably our best all-rounder. He is a good medium-fast bowler, capable of breaking both ways, and he uses his head as well

as his hands, with good effect. As a bat he is capable of hitting up useful scores when he plays without undue caution. He is brilliant in the field, and shows an all-round sound knowledge of the game. I, for one, shall be very surprised if he does not Captain the side next year.

Our left hander, R. Spitteler, is a first class youngster. His bowling got him a place in the combined colleges team—a rare distinction for a junior—but we hope this will not turn his head. With a little more luck in bowling he ought to make a first-class left handed, leg-break bowler. His batting is of the free and easy type, and his country-slogging has helped us out of many a tight corner. His fielding, however, needs a little brushing up. Mr. Soares, when in Madras for the week-end, played regularly for us. He is a good all-rounder, but this year his lucky star was not in the ascendant.

Unfortunately for us, U. Krishna Rao of the First Class, better known as 'Doctor', was an eleventh-hour 'find.' His slow leg-breaks have a lot of spin in them, and in his very first match he captured 4 wickets for 14 runs.

Rama Rao, alias 'Fat Boy' alias 'The Amjud Prize,' is the last of the freshmen. He bats well, is a good change bowler, and a cheerful field. On one memorable occasion in stretching out his mighty leg to stop a ball, he kicked it a hundred yards to the boundary! His cheerful good nature made him the pet of the team, and lightened many a load of defeat.

The others we have met with in last year's report: Ananda Rao, our most stylish bat, our 'Kippax' still opens for us. It is said that he joined college only for the sake of cricket. I can quite believe it.

Sundaram, a pretty bat, though a trifle hasty, and a first-rate man in the slips.

W. Spitteler, alternately a hefty hitter and a Dilawar Hussein, a good change bowler and a brilliant fieldsman.

Of the Captain least said soonest mended; but he tried to do his poor best all along.

In taking leave of the '33-'34 team we should like to wish our successors greater success, and at any rate we have left them a solid foundation on which to build, for three of the six that remain are top-hole bowlers.

In closing we should like to express our thanks to Mr. Macnicol our president who, though new to the game, took a great interest in the team, and gave us plenty of material and moral support.

A. E. SPITTELER,

Captain.

Tennis Club

We began our college tournament pretty early so as to finish off with it and be rid of the bother, so to say. But, unfortunately, it was almost the end of the term before it could be finished. It is not I but Mr. Jardine and his little band that should be blamed for this. There were four events in all open for competition. They were singles and doubles both open and handicap. Mr. Sundaram who distinguished himself so well in the Presidency College tournament was undoubtedly the hero this year. He lost only in one event, viz. the Handicap Doubles. The match was exciting and went to fifty-three games in all. He, however, could not help losing in the end.

Unhappily this term, our President was seized by illness and consequently we could not have him in our midst frequently. We very much regret this. We are very glad he has recovered.

Most of us will be leaving the College this year. We cannot forget these memorable days of ours and the happy life which we enjoyed in the Club.

We understand our President is going on furlough this year. We are sorry because he will be missed here for a year.

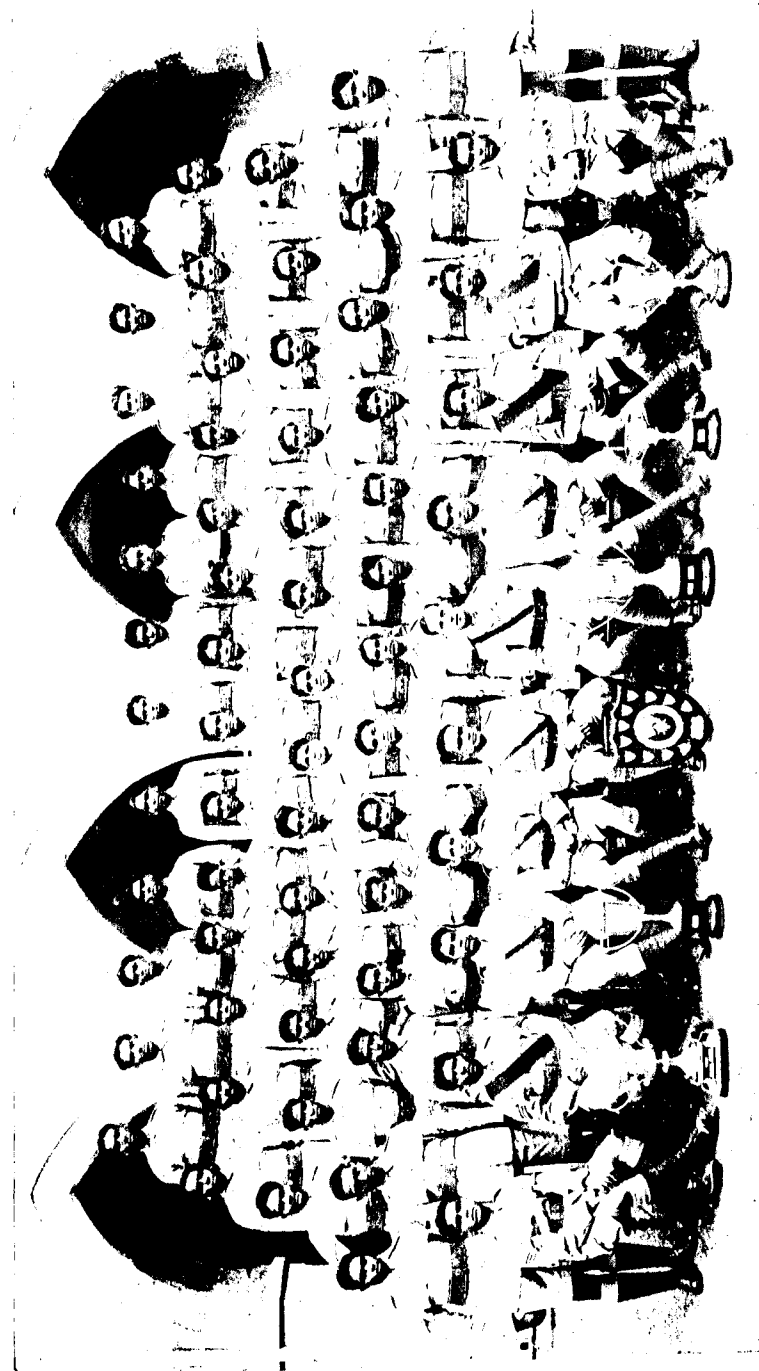
G. SUBRAMANYAN,
Secretary.

Interclass Tournaments

The usual practice of running the interclass tournaments in football and hockey after the College Sports, was given up this year. It was felt that these tournaments should be over before the College Sports, so that the prizes might be given away on the Sports Day. Unfortunately there was only a fortnight to run off both the tournaments, but the captains of the class teams supported the tournaments and co-operated in every way. Matches in both football and hockey were conducted simultaneously to save time. But, as ill luck would have it, several matches ended in draws, and finally some of the matches were played in the mornings. This was quite a novel thing, but the enthusiasm was so great that all the matches arranged for in the mornings were played off. Class II won the Interclass Hockey cup and the Football cup was won by Class III. The trophies were presented to the teams on the Sports Day.

C. A. ABRAHAM,

5TH (MADRAS) BN., U.T.C., "B" COY. (CHRISTIAN COLLEGE), 1933-34.
(Winners, Wellington Shield, 1933-34.)



College Day

The 43rd celebration of the College Day was held on December 29th. At 8 a.m. *chota hari* was served in the Lower School Hall. After that the party set out for Tambaram, where they were shown over the new buildings, and where a lecture was delivered by Mr. Bonnell of the College Zoology department on the subject: 'Some Animals Useful to Man'. A meal was served at Tambaram in one of the rooms in the Science Block. Dr. Alexander Moffat, formerly Professor of Physics in the College, and the President of the College Day, Rajasabhabushana Dewan Bahadur C. Srikanteswara Ayyar, retired Inspector-General of Police, Mysore, were present with the party at Tambaram. On the return of the company to Madras, an entertainment of music was given in the College Hall, after which the Business Meeting of the College Day Association was held. This was followed by tea, served in the gallery of the hall. The public meeting in the Anderson Hall began after this. The Chairman proposed the toasts of the King-Emperor and the Motherland and then moved the following resolution which was carried:

'This meeting of the former students of the Madras Christian College assembled at the 43rd celebration of the College Day Association records the sad demise of some of the devoted members of the Association, and loyal students of the College, namely, Rao Bahadur Paul Appaswamy, Chief Judge, Court of Small Causes, Madras; Mr. K. H. Ramayya, Registrar of Co-operative Societies, Mysore; Mr. V. E. Sudarsana Mudaliar, retired Huzur Sheristadar and previously Honorary Presidency Magistrate; and Professor S. Mahadeva Ayyar.'

The toast of the College past, present and future was proposed in affectionate and reminiscent style by the Chairman and responded to by Mr. F. E. Corley, the Acting Principal of the College. Mr. Corley, in his reply, stated his conviction that there was no falling-off in the 'atmosphere' of the College, that the spirit of brotherhood, of comradeship, and a sense of belonging to one great community continued. In speaking of Tambaram, he said that Tambaram should not be regarded as a goal, but as a stage from which further advances might be made. The story of the College had been one of advance, experiment and adventure, and if they were faithful, the advance, experiment and adventure of the future would outshine the glories of the past.

A letter from a former Professor of English in the College, the Rev. K. C. Macartney, was then read. The letter is printed below.

Dr. Moffat who, along with Mrs. Moffat, was present at the meeting was then invited to speak. He warmly expressed the pleasure felt by his wife and himself at being again in the College and at having the opportunity of meeting former students of the College, and also of visiting Tambaram, where they saw the first fruits of the effort to place the College on a residential basis.

Mr. K. Swaminathan, an Honours student of the College, spoke.

Mr. K. Sanjiva Kamath proposed the toast of 'Our Guests' and associated with it the name of Mr. J. S. Wilson, Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, London. Mr. Wilson, in reply, gave a short talk on 'Rovering and the College Student'.

In conclusion, Mr. S. Balasingam Satya Nadar proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman.

MR. K. C. MACARTNEY'S LETTER.

The Rectory,

S. Andrew's,

Guernsey.

December the 4th, 1933.

DEAR MR. SANJIVA KAMATH,

I was very pleased to hear from you, having very vivid memories of you as a student and tutor of the Christian College. I remember how you assisted me in my struggles, when I was a very new Professor, to pronounce correctly the names on the roll of, I think, the senior Intermediate class. I have heard from time to time, with great interest of your social work, and I knew already that you had undertaken the Secretaryship of the College Day Association. I hope and am sure that it will flourish exceedingly under your inspiration.

I am very much flattered, but even more embarrassed, by your invitation to take my place among the illustrious former Professors of the College who have sent messages to the old students on the day of their re-union. But it is no false modesty that compels me to decline. These messages were begun by our great benefactor Dr. Miller and have been continued by Principals, Vice-Principals and scholars of outstanding importance, while I live in a small island, immersed in local politics, and occupied with the spiritual cares of a parish.

This does not mean that I have forgotten, or ever can forget the years I spent in Madras, or that I have ceased to follow with the keenest interest Indian affairs. My family connections with the Indian Services and my personal affection for the People are far too

strong for that ever to be possible. But it is a full decade since I left India, and the many changes which have taken place in that time both in India and in Europe, make it impossible that I should be able to emulate the wise and weighty letters of those who have addressed the College Day Association.

I would like to assure you that my memories of the College are among the most treasured experiences of my life, that many names of staff and students are constantly in my mind, and that I hope for you all, that the year which is going to bring so much to India will bring nothing but good to you.

I am certain that the coming year will see a great advance in the transference to India of the control of her own destinies, and I am also sure that there is no one in England who does not sympathize with the aspirations of India, even though there are some who are doubtful of the value of democratic and parliamentary institutions. So much has happened in Europe to shake men's confidence in parliaments, that it is only natural that some people should hesitate and wonder if that is the best gift to offer to India. I do not think for a moment that these voices will prevail, but I am sure that they will be raised, and that they will be reported, and that they will be read in India, and that if not understood they will cause a certain amount of irritation. They are not the voices of men unsympathetic to India, they are the voices of men disappointed at the fruits of democracy. As I sit as an ex-officio member of one of the oldest parliaments in the world, and listen to the debates, I am tempted sometimes to wonder if all is well with democracy.

But if I am not careful, I shall find that I have written you a message which will equal in length, though not in wisdom, those to which you have been accustomed. This I must not do. Yet I thank you very sincerely for the compliment of your invitation, and assure you of my best wishes and kindest remembrance of yourself, and of the College, of which I am so proud to remember that I was once a member.

Will you convey to those who still remember me on the staff and in the world outside, my very best wishes?

Yours sincerely,

K. C. MACARTNEY.

Commemoration Day and Sports

The College Commemoration Day was held this year on Friday 26th January. This was considerably earlier than last year. Again this year there were matches arranged for the day previous to the actual Commemoration Day in which former students of the College met present students. There were matches in football, hockey and basket-ball. In the football match the result was a draw, in hockey a strong Old Boys' team was defeated by one goal, and in basket-ball the Old Boys' team was almost spectacularly successful! These matches were played on the Y.M.C.A. grounds. The turn-out of spectators was disappointing as compared with last year. In fact, there were hardly any on-lookers at all.

On Friday there was the usual change in the time-table to enable the Commemoration Service to begin at noon. The Commemoration Address was delivered by Mr. Boyd. It is given below.

The sports began at 2-30. They were organised, as has become the custom now, on the principle of class-teams and of competing for the sake of the class and not of the individual. An account of the sports is given farther on. Our president for the sports was Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar an old boy, who distributed the prizes and made a brief speech.

COMMEMORATION ADDRESS.

'Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord manifested in them great glory, even his mighty power from the beginning.'

Many of you are attending your first Commemoration Service, and before you came into this hall, I suppose you must have been wondering what it was all about. You knew it had something to do with remembrance, and perhaps you have been asking senior students, who was to be remembered or what was to be remembered. But, even if you were in complete ignorance, at the beginning, as to the meaning and purpose of this gathering, I think you must have begun to see it, as this first lesson was being read, 'Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord manifested in them great glory, even his mighty power from the beginning: All these were honoured in their generations, and were a glory in their days People will declare their wisdom, and the congregation

telleth out their praise.' Commemoration Day is the day on which we remember the men who made our College, and the central act of the whole day is this solemn service in which we are now engaged, in which we seek to celebrate the greatness of those 'makers' who have gone before us, and above all to give thanks to God from whom all goodness and greatness come.

'The men who made our College.' But who made it? I don't know how many of you have read the story as it is told at the beginning of the College Calendar—the story of those two Scots chaplains who, nearly a hundred years ago, founded a Christian school, of John Anderson and his two friends who came to carry on what had been begun and wore themselves out in gallant and laborious service, of William Miller, scholar, statesman, and great-hearted lover of India who for nearly fifty years devoted his indomitable energy and splendid talents to the upbuilding of the College and reigned supreme in the affections of one generation of students after another. The written story finishes there, so far as personalities are concerned, but some of you have heard your fathers and your elder brothers carry it on, as they spoke of Skinner, Macphail, Meston. William Meston, not the least among them, is still to many of us something more than a vivid memory. To some of us here he revealed in a new way the meaning of duty, for he was a living symbol of consecrated service. Anderson, Miller, Meston—they have left a name behind them to declare their praises.' 'And some there be that have no memorial.' It is well that we should notice that. There were many, whose names, even, may have been forgotten, who yet laboured well at those foundations on which we build. 'They are perished as though they had not been' yet 'their glory shall not be blotted out,' for surely on this day of remembrance, we shall think not only of the heroes of our past, but of the unknown, undistinguished followers who also, in their measure, were makers, founders, builders.

Ninety-seven years are, after all, but a short period of time, and yet, even ninety-seven years, where there are men of adventurous faith to lead, and loyal men to follow, can be made to hold a whole world of achievement. Today we look back over the ninety-seven years that separate us from John Anderson the pioneer; some of us will be looking back along that other line which connects us, through Bishop Heber College, with pioneers of another tradition, no less distinguished; and, as we look back, we see, very near to us, men whom we knew and love, and in the further distance we see men who are but names to us, yet famous names, and around them we see a nameless multitude. And if we look with the eye of true vision, we see courage, unselfishness, devotion, written on their faces, and we thank God for what they were and what they did.

What is it that has been done for us, what is it that has been given to us, for which it is fitting that we should give thanks to God? Well, I don't know that I can answer that question for everybody in this audience. I don't know whether everybody in this audience feels that there is reason to thank God. If to you the College is simply a set of buildings in which, in return for certain payments, you receive a certain amount of assistance towards the passing of examinations, then I don't suppose you will feel any pressing necessity to praise God for the men who made it. After all, you could have got the same kind of assistance in other places, if you had happened to drift that way. There is nothing wonderful in it. It is a purely business transaction. But I hope there are some here who know and have felt that College life is something more than that, something more than a purely business transaction. I hope there are some who have felt, or are beginning to feel, that their membership of this College has involved experiences and privileges which cannot be thought of wholly or even mainly in terms of buying and selling, because they belong to a different order of value altogether. It is only by such people that I shall be understood when I ask 'What has been done for us, what has been given to us, for which it is fitting that we should give thanks to God?' and when I answer 'We have been given a College *which has a soul*.'

Every college has of course a body, and the body is not unimportant. Some people love the battered old body of this College, and they wonder how we can ever think of casting it aside—these curious, rather handsome old buildings which have seen so much of our history—these buildings which with their towers and battlements, are a continual witness to the aspiring spirit, the grand—perhaps the grandiose—conceptions of William Miller. Every college has a body, and we can afford to be proud of our strange old body. And every college worthy of the name has a mind, is animated by a principle of genuine intellectual effort and aspiration. I am proud to belong to a college like that—a college which has preserved a genuine intellectual ideal and which has ever been jealous of its intellectual integrity, a college which, in spite of pressure and some temptation, has, on the whole, refused to become a cramshop, and has chosen rather to produce imperfect men than perfect parrots. But there is something more than body and mind in our college, and it is that 'something more' that I think we have special reason to be thankful for. Body and mind—good buildings, genuine intellectual aliveness, these are marks of any college worth calling a college, but by themselves they are not enough. It is possible for an institution to be well-housed and to be full of intellectual keenness, and yet to be cold and uninspiring and mechanical—and in a word *soulless*. I am thankful that I belong to a college

which has a soul, a central core of spiritual force which gives it life and warmth and driving-power, and I hope that some of you here know what I mean when I speak of this, have felt the influence of this soul, and feel with me that here is something for which we may joyfully praise God.

I am speaking of something that has been given to us, something that has been handed on to us—a tradition, not something that we have made. It would be unhealthy to meet here and pay compliments to ourselves. But that is not what we are doing. We are recognising with thanksgiving something that we did not make. We found it. It was here before we came. It was made for us by those who went before, by God working in them. And what *is* it, this tradition, this precious tradition, which I have called 'the soul' of the college, what is it, how did it arise? Let us recognise quite frankly that the creative impulse behind it was a Christian impulse, and is so still. It is true that the leaders of our College in every generation had reason to be grateful—and were grateful—for generous and loyal co-operation from men who at any rate were not called Christians, and no doubt it will always be so, but the main impulse has always been a Christian impulse, the desire to set forth the knowledge of God in Christ as the beginning and end of what is most needful and most precious to be known. Many of you here have been nurtured in other religious traditions, and it is not my business or my purpose at this moment to attempt to set forth Christian truth to you. I am merely reminding you of the simple facts about the history of our College, and of their outcome in a living tradition which is the very soul of our College life, apprehended, I think, not only by Christian students, but by all, whatever they may call themselves, who are sensitive to the spirit of the place. What is that tradition? Let us try to answer that question plainly now. *It is a tradition of reverence for God.*

Many students, and many more old students, have spoken to me, proudly and affectionately, of what they called 'the life of the College' or sometimes 'the spirit of the College.' They felt it while they were here. They felt it even more when they had gone away. They weren't able to explain exactly what it was, but they knew it had something to do with 'friendliness' and kindly understanding. Yes, many have been aware of it, but not everybody realised what it was or where it came from. It was *the soul of the College* they were speaking of, that soul which was born in it because it was nourished by the faith and love and service of men who revered God. 'Their bodies were buried in peace, and their name liveth to all generations. Peoples will declare their wisdom, and the congregation telleth out their praise.'

And what then? Have we met simply to do honour to our 'makers', and to give thanks to God for them? That in itself is good,

but there is something more. A tradition which is merely talked about is dead; a living tradition is recognised, and accepted, and embodied in new lives, and handed on to others, and it becomes richer as it passes from generation to generation. Have we become aware, even dimly aware, of this tradition which has been handed on to us? Have we become aware, even dimly aware, that our College has a living soul? Have we become aware, even dimly aware, that the secret of what we love best in our College is that soul of reverence which was breathed into it by the early makers, and which has been the central inspiration of its life in all the succeeding generations? If we have thus become aware, even dimly aware, of an inward source of spiritual life and power shall we not go to that source and explore it and drink from it ourselves? Shall we not ask, What is this living spirit, what does it demand of me, how shall I yield myself to it? If you and I and all of us, so different from one another in our background and traditions, and yet in the providence of God, united here in one family in this old College if you and I and all of us were captured by the spirit of reverence for God, what do you think would happen? Our common life would be enriched; for, remember, it is reverence that creates the severest sense of duty and destroys all slothfulness, it is reverence that creates the deepest brotherliness and destroys all meanness and insincerity. Our common life would be immeasurably enriched; our legacy to the future would be something even finer and more potent than what the past has given to us. And for ourselves, as individuals, we should have in our hearts that secret which is more precious than much fine gold, that secret which in youth, in age, in death, can keep us safe from all danger.

THE SPORTS RESULTS

100 yds.	... D. Ramachandran, Cl. III.	... S. M. Dawood, Cl. III	... 10½ secs.
120 yds. hurdles	... Class III	... Class I	...
16 lb. Shot Put	... M. Krishnan, Cl. IV	... P. T. Sankaran, Cl. II	... 30 ft. 3¼ in.
Cricket ball throw	S. M. Dawood, Cl. III	... M. K. Thomas, Post-Grad.	... 85 yds. 2 ft. 10 in.
110 yds. race	... D. Ramachandran, Cl. III	... P. Subramanian, Cl. II	... 58 secs.
Medley Relay	... Class I	... Class II	...
Long Jump	... C. A. Soundararajan, Cl. I	... E. David, Cl. III	... 18 ft. 10¼ in.
One mile	... R. Spitteler, Cl. I	... K. Narayanaswamy, Cl. II	... 5 min. 27 secs.
High Jump	... C. A. Soundararajan, Cl. I	... J. James, Cl. II	... 5 ft. 3½ in.
Pole Vault	... G. Muthiah Cl. I	... I. D. Manthramurthy, Cl. II	... 8 ft. 9 in.
4 x 220 yds. relay	... Class III	... Class I	...
Tug-of-war	... Class III	... Class I	...

The championship shield for scoring the largest number of points was won by Class III, with Class I as a close second. The pole vault is a new item introduced this year and it proved very popular. Two

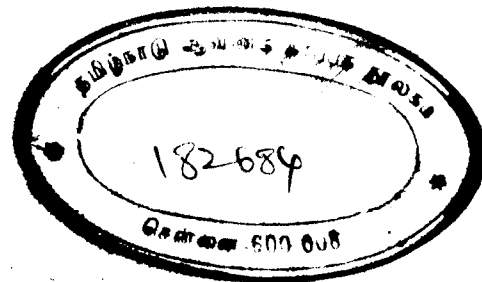
new records were created this year, in the 100 yds. race, by D. Ramachandran, Class III, time, 10½ seconds; and in the 16 lb. shot put, by M. Krishnan, Class IV, distance, 30 ft. 3¼ in.

There was a 220 yds. race for Old Boys for which there was a large number competing. N. Vickers finished first, G. P. David second, and A. Eling third.

The arrangements for the spectators were very good and, for the guests, most of whom were Old Boys of the College, there was a large pandal erected.

Magazines Received

Agrawal Vidyalaya Magazine, Allahabad. January 1934.
American College Magazine, Madura. December 1933.
Ewing Christian College Magazine, Allahabad. December 1933.
Excelsior, St. Berchman's College, Changanacherry. December 1933.
Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi. December 1933.
Hindu College Magazine, Mazulipatam. December 1933.
Kumbakonam College Magazine. February 1934.
Loyola College Magazine, Madras. February 1934.
Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam. January 1934.
Murray College Magazine, Sialkot. November–December 1933.
 January and February 1934.
Our Home Magazine, Sri Ramakrishna Mission Students' Home, Madras. December 1933.
Presidency College Magazine, Madras. December 1933.
St. Andrew's College Magazine, Gorakhpur. New Year Number.
St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly. February 1934.
St. Paul's College Magazine, Calcutta. Christmas Number, 1933.
Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta. December 1933.
Students' Chronicle, Serampore College. December 1933.
The Leader, Noble College, Masulipatam. Christmas Number, 1933.
The Old College, H. H. The Maharajah's College of Science, Trivandrum. August and December 1933.
Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle. November 1933.
Zamorin's College Magazine, Calicut. Long Term, 1933.



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