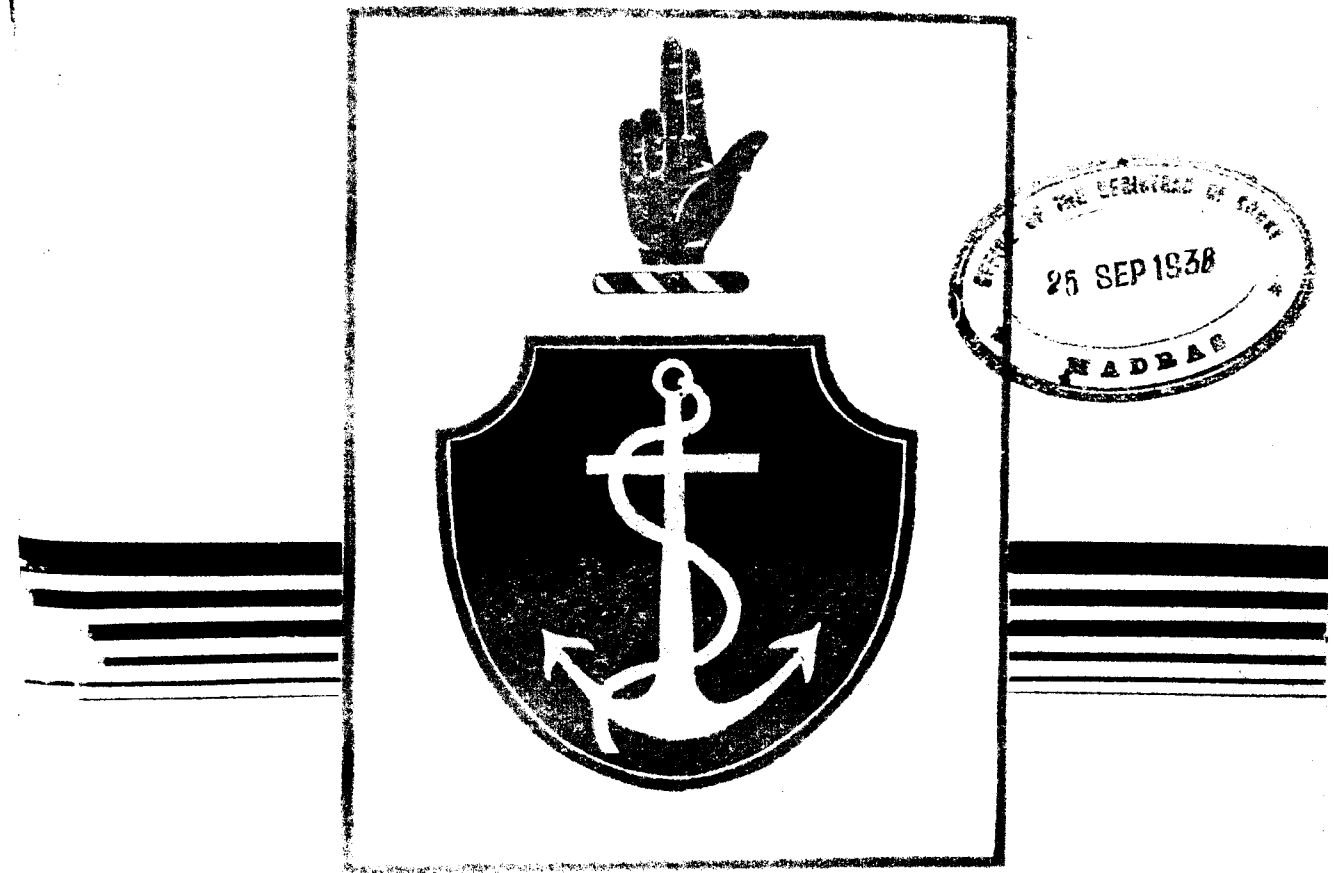


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THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

Vol. VI No. 1

SEPTEMBER 1936

THE MADRAS



"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1936

COLLEGE NOTES

The Editor Regrets

It is usual to publish the first number of the *Magazine* at the end of the first term, but the Editor, not realising the amount of care needed in the production of such an elaborate work as a College Magazine, did not allow the printer sufficient time in which to do his part of the business. Hence we must offer an editorial apology, and hope, in welcoming everyone back for the second term, that the news and notes here chronicled will have lost little of their freshness through being published three weeks later than usual.

The Hostels

There is no doubt about the popularity of Hostel life this year. In spite of the vote at a recent meeting of the Debating Society, where it was decided that Residential Universities were not desirable for India, our students have cast their votes strongly in favour of Hostel life, so that it has been found necessary to open an 'Annexe' at 237, Angappa Naick Street. There are at present more than two hundred and fifty students in residence, and many more would have joined Hostels had there been suitable accommodation. Those who are living in a room with three other students are looking forward to the single room which will be theirs in the

new Hall at Tambaram next June. Visitors to the Annexe may be shown by the residents there some of the new tables which are to be used in the students' rooms at Tambaram.

Staff

At the beginning of the first term Mr. Macphail was appointed Vice-Principal, this office having been rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Theodore. To the vacancy in the Philosophy Department came Dr. K. G. Rama Rao, M.A., who holds the Ph.D. degree in Psychology of the University of London. Dr. Rama Rao's recent illness is a cause of great regret, but we are glad to know that he has made an excellent recovery.

At the end of last academic year Mr. K. M. Cherian left us after fifteen years of service. We who have known his cheerful presence and kindly nature in College, and in College Park Hostel, hope that his new walk of life will not entirely prevent him from coming to see us often: and we wish him happiness in his work. In his place on the History Staff we welcome among us the Rev. T. G. Koshy, M.A., who comes to us with long experience behind him, for he has served both in Bishop Heber College, Trichinopoly, and in the Andhra Christian College. He is the resident Warden of the new Annexe.



REV. ALEXANDER MOLEMAL, M.A., B.Sc.,
LL.D., F.R.S.E.,
Professor of Philosophy

At the beginning of the first term the Rev. T. G. Platten took his place on our Staff as a Professor of Physics and as permanent Warden of Bishop Heber Hall. His appointment further strengthens the union between Bishop Heber College and the Madras Christian College, and we welcome Mr. Platten both for this reason and for the reason that he is no stranger to the East. He took his degree at Cambridge, gaining a double First Class, and was for some years on the staff of Trinity College, Kandy. Later he taught in the College of St. Mark and St. John, in London; and was Inspector of Education to the Diocese of London.

We welcome back Mr. Kibble, who has returned from furlough and is staying in College House until the return of Mrs. Kibble and Tom, at the beginning of the cold weather.

Mr. Barnes and Mr. Boyd went on furlough last April, and they both hope to return to India after a few months, in order to be at hand to help with the reorganization of the College at Tambaram. Meanwhile, in place of Mr. Barnes, Mr. E. K. Narayanan, M.A., has joined the staff as a lecturer in Chemistry.

Mr. Rajagopala Rao left for England on study-leave at the end of last academic year. He has been engaged for some time in making a comparative study of Germanic and Dravidian philology, and is now discussing these deep matters with Oriental Scholars in London. We are interested to hear that the University of Madras has appointed him as its representative at the Copenhagen Philological Conference.

In the absence of Mr. Rajagopala Rao, Mr. Sargunar has been acting as Superintendent of Vernacular Study, and the Telugu teaching has been

undertaken by Mr. K. V. Subba Rao, M.A., who has given us the benefit of his services while he is on leave from his usual duties as Principal of the Sanskrit College, Tenali. Mr. Anantanarayana Iyer, who came from Bishop Heber College and gave us a year of valuable service, has now left us; as also Mr. Eappen, who assisted us in the Mathematics Department until the return of Mr. Kibble. We welcome Messrs. Parthasarathy and Kalyanasundaram, new demonstrators; and Messrs. Jayaraman and Subramanian, new readers in English, who have joined the staff and are undertaking some of the special tutorial work which was carried on with good results last year. Messrs. Chittayagam, Thangasamy and Sivaramakrishnan have left us, to take up work in other colleges.

The Tutorial System

By the arrangement started last year, every student in the College is under a tutor who looks after his welfare and supervises his work. In addition to this, the Intermediate students in the Hostels are in touch with junior tutors who, being resident in the Hostels, can give time in the mornings, to help and guide them in their work. One year's trial of this system, which will be more fully worked out in Tambaram, gives us much encouragement. We find that the percentage of complete passes last year in the Intermediate Examination was nearly 51, which indicates an increase in two years of 21 per cent. We hope that those students who have had the benefit of the system for two years in succession, will be able to show by the quality of their work, that the experiment has been well worth while, and can be confidently carried on at Tambaram.

The Prize Giving

The unusually late date of the Convocation this year made it necessary for the College Prize-giving to be held on the very eve of the class examinations. It took place on Thursday, August 27th. The Mayor of Madras, who is a former student of the College, gave away the prizes and briefly addressed the students. Dr. Hogg, in presenting his report, said:—

‘To-day we are assembled for what we believe is to be the last College Prize-giving that is to be held in this Anderson Hall. Early in 1937 we propose to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first arrival in Madras of our founder, John Anderson, and a few months later we shall be entering as a College upon our new life at Tambaram. What has been for so long a rather vague anticipation is becoming a vivid prospect, and one is glad to sense among students and Staff the growth of a feeling of eager expectancy. The construction of our future habitation has progressed so far that it is now easy for any visitor to get a good idea of at least the outward conditions of the life we are to live there; and there are some of our hostel students in Georgetown,—I mean those who are living in the Annexe—who are privileged to be actually using some of the very tables that are to furnish the students' rooms in the Teaching and Residential Halls. No wonder, then, that the long-cherished dream has lost all its shadowiness.

I described this College Prize-giving as the last to be held in ‘this Anderson Hall’. For, quite possibly there may be another Anderson Hall. We cannot carry away with us to Tambaram the building in which we have so often met, but there is no reason why we may not take with us the old

familiar name, and use it for our new College Assembly Hall or for some other purpose. I do not know whether any of you students have realised what an opportunity there is just now for any man with an inventive mind. Up to the present only two of the Tambaram buildings have names already assigned to them—the Miller Memorial Library, and Bishop Heber Hall. The other two Teaching and Residential Halls have not yet been named. And each of these Teaching and Residential Halls has its own assembly hall or theatre which must have a name of its own; and names are also needed not only for many other buildings or portions of buildings, but for all the roads by which we are to find our way about our extensive grounds. The problem of nomenclature is thus one which may well tax the inventiveness and good taste of us all, and really good suggestions from any quarter will be welcomed.’

We have taken up this point in this issue of the *Magazine*, and students are invited to enter for the competition which is outlined elsewhere in this number. Entries should be sent in before October 15th.

Dr. Alexander Moffat

Dr. Hogg made fitting reference to the sad death of Dr. Moffat, who served for 35 years as Professor of Physics in the College, retiring in 1927. He had been living after retirement in Bangalore, and was keenly engaged in furthering the interests of the Tambaram scheme. But in April of this year the doctors advised him to consult a specialist in Edinburgh. An operation was found to be necessary, and though it was successful, the strain was too great for a man of Dr. Moffat's age. We publish a

photograph which will remind many old students of their friend and former professor, who had the interests of the College so much at heart.

Two New Records

We sometimes hear of athletic records being made by the sportsmen of the College, but it is not often that we are able to mention the making of another kind of record. This year we find among the announcements of the Twin Gramophone Record Company, a note of two, Nos. P. T. 6242 and P. T. 6389, recording Tamil Christian Lyrics sung by Gnanasekharan R. Joseph, of Class IV. We offer our congratulations to Gnanasekharan, and hope that he will be asked to give us some more. The recording seems to be good and clear, so far as a non-Tamil Editor can judge.

Fifty Years Ago

It is interesting, at this time, to look back at the beginnings of student Hostel life in Madras. The following notes were written by Dr. Miller in the *Madras Christian College Magazine*, September, 1889, and tell us of the beginning of the Students' Home.

'The institution is meant to be a "home" for Brahmin students only. It aims at giving to Brahmin students from the country some of the advantages which those of their class-fellows enjoy who can live with their own families while attending College. There are certain advantages in young men being trained away from home. In fact these advantages are so great that not a few wise parents in Britain, whom circumstances would perfectly allow to have their sons educated at home, deliberately send them to public schools at a distance, and are content with so much acquaintance with

them, and influence upon them, as can be obtained by having them at home for the vacations. . . .

Every true reform has an obscure beginning, and works its way through many obstacles, and commonly after many failures, towards permanent success. In this case the question was with which class of students the most hopeful beginning could be made. Brahmins are the most numerous class of students; and there are other reasons as well as this, why it appeared that help from them would enable the problem of remedying the admitted defects of the life of country students in Madras to be attacked with most prospect of success. Accordingly seven years ago, in 1882, a quiet little commencement was attempted. From then till now, tolerably steady progress has been quietly made. At first, a house was rented in the neighbourhood of the College. It had been in its day a good specimen of a fair-sized Hindu dwelling. It was, however, in anything but good repair. And suitable as it may be for the purposes of a Hindu family, this type of house is manifestly but ill-adapted to be the residence of a company of students, each of whom needs a certain measure of quietness and retirement. Still, it was deemed advisable to make a practical trial, even under somewhat unfavourable conditions, before proceeding to erect a building suitable for the immediate purpose, but which it would be difficult to make use of for any other if the experiment turned out a failure

A piece of ground, which had long been vacant, was purchased in Thambu Chetti Street. It was smaller than was wished, but in all other respects was suitable. As things have turned out, it is fortunate that there

was not much delay: for, with the rise in the value of property in the neighbourhood, an equally good site could hardly have been obtained now on any terms. The new building was begun in 1884 and, since February 1885, it has been occupied as the Students' Home. There are twenty rooms—living rooms or studies—some intended for a single inmate, some for more than one, and some for as many as four. Of these rooms, four are on the ground floor, five on the first-storey, and nine upon the second; while two (which the large-sized visitor is recommended to avoid, lest he become a fixture and block up the

way to them) are reached by the turret staircase which twists up into the airy regions of the tower. The rent of these rooms depends on the situation and the size of each, and ranges from Re. 1-4 to Rs. 5-8 *per mensem*; this being a small addition, of course, to the boarding and other charges. In this way good accommodation is afforded to forty members, while there is provision for the admission, in exceptional circumstances, of four others, as associates. But the whole number of inmates never exceeds forty-four, and will in no case be permitted to exceed it.'

College Church Services

First Term, 1936-37:—

June	28	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
July	5	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
"	12	...	Rev. Gordon Matthews.
"	19	...	Rev. T. G. Platten.
"	26	...	Mr. W. F. Kibble.
August	2	...	Mr. E. J. Bingle.
"	9	...	Mr. B. Clutterbuck.
"	16	...	Mr. S. W. Savarimuthu.
"	23	...	No Service (S.C.M. Camp).
"	30	...	Miss Eleanor McDougall.

PRIZE LIST FOR 1936

First Class

The Lord Pentland Prize: R. Prabhakar. (Subsequent Order: J. R. Samuel; G. Ganesh Rao; Jacob Abraham.)
The West Coast Prize (for proficiency in Scripture): R. Prabhakar.
Ilajahwar Chetti Silver Medal (for proficiency in Sanskrit): D. M. Soukoor.
Amjud Prize: G. Ganesh Rao.
Group Prizes. Group i: T. S. Venkatakrishnan; Group ii: V. K. Thiyagarajan; Group iii: M. Ramakrishnayya.

Second Class

The Junior Miller Prize: S. P. Appasami. Subsequent Order: K. Ramakrishna Chowdry; K. Rangarajan; I. Joseph.
The Mathai Prize (for proficiency in Scripture): S. P. Appasami.
The Craig Prize (for proficiency in English Composition, Intermediate Classes): S. P. Appasami.
The Chinnaswami Pillai Prize (for proficiency in Tamil Composition): S. Sivaprakasam.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize (for proficiency in Telugu): V. Balasubramanian.
Group Prizes. Group i, *The Ramiah Gold Medal and Prize*: K. Ramakrishna Chowdry.
The Amjud Gold Medal. Group ii: K. Rangarajan; Group iii: I. Joseph.

Third Class

The Gunn Gold Medal. M. Srinivasa Pai. (Subsequent Order: K. G. Kunhiraman Nair; P. H. Sankaranarayanan.)
The Kora Eapen Prize (for proficiency in Scripture): A Section, A. M. Palmer. B Section, C. P. Vijayaraghavan Nair.
The Ethiraja Pillai Prize (for proficiency in Tamil): J. K. Manikkam.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize (for proficiency in Telugu): K. G. Narasimhappa.
Hoare Prize: Edmund Z. Rhine.
Group Prizes. Group i: K. K. Mathen; Group ii, *The Sir Krishnan Nair Prize* (for proficiency in Physical Science): P. H. Sankaranarayanan, M. Martin Nathaniel; Group ii-E: W. Paul; Group iii, *Mackenzie Prize* (for proficiency in Philosophy): K. Venkatakrishna Rao; Group iv-A, *The Russel Prizes* (for proficiency in History and Economics): 1. K. G. Kunhiraman Nair, 2. J. K. Manikkam.

Fourth Class

The Miller Gold Medal and Prize: M. Sreeramulu. (Subsequent Order: S. Bhaskaran; H. Narayana Rao.)
The Elizabeth Miller Gold Medal (for proficiency in Scripture): M. Sargurudass.
The Ripon Gold Medal (for proficiency in English, as tested by the B.A. Degree Examination): M. Sreeramulu, Badruddin Akberally, equal.
The Setupati Gold Medal (for proficiency in Tamil): R. W. Theagarajan.
The Sanskrit Prize: K. S. Ramamurthi.
The Skinner Gold Medal and Prize: D. Sambasiva Rao.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize (for proficiency in Telugu): M. Sreeramulu.
Group Prizes. Group i, *The Ross Prize* (for proficiency in Mathematics): K. S. Ramamurthi; Group ii, *The Aberdeen Prize* (for proficiency in Physical Science): M. A. Narayana Iyengar; Group ii-E, *The Buckie Prize* (for proficiency in Natural Science): P. I. Chacko; Group iii, *The Cooper Prize* (for proficiency in Philosophy): K. P. Philip; Group iv-A, *The Thurso Prize* (for proficiency in History and Economics): D. I. Vedanayagam.

Third B.Sc. Class

K. Ramesh Pai.

Fourth B.Sc. Class

K. V. Vijayaraghavan.

Honours Classes

The Morren Gold Medal and Prize (for proficiency in Branch i, Mathematics, 5th Year Honours): T. K. Raghavachari.
The Miller Philosophy Prize (for proficiency in Branch ii, Philosophy, 5th Year Honours): T. C. A. Ramanujachari.
The Kellett Prizes (for proficiency in Branch iii, History, 5th Year Honours): S. R. Krishnamurti; (for proficiency in Branch vi, English, 5th Year Honours): E. Madhavan Nair.
The Elizabeth Miller Prize (for proficiency in Scripture, 4th Year Honours): P. John Philip.

Prizes for Scripture Knowledge

(Awarded on the results of the Peter Cator Examination)

College Prizes: T. V. Ramakrishnan, M. Martin Nathaniel.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

6, Byron Road,
Ealing, London, W.5.
14th May, 1936.

The Editor,
'Christian College Magazine',
Christian College, Madras,
South India.

Dear Sir,

I should be greatly obliged if you could render me a favour by publishing this letter in the next issue of your Magazine.

During the past few years, it has increasingly come to my notice from various sources in England and India, that several of the former students of my father, the late Rev. F. W. Kellett, M.A., at Christian College, have been enquiring after my sister and myself and have expressed a desire to communicate with us.

Born in Madras as I was, I left as a small child in 1898; my sister, who is older than I, left at the same time. Neither of us has returned since.

My father, however, arrived at Madras at the end of 1891, and, with only one year's furlough in 1898 and 1899, stayed there until 1904, when he tragically died only three weeks after landing in England in June of that year.

All the time he was out there, he was, although an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, attached for full-time work to Christian College, and in the short space of 13 years, endeared himself to

hundreds of students whom he taught or with whom he came into contact. So much so that in his memory was founded the Kellett Institute, at Triplicane.

Although my sister and I were too young to remember very much of our lives in Madras and not many of my father's students in person, yet we distinctly recollect some of them, particularly those who obtained Scholarships at Cambridge. Others of them are familiar to us even now by name, from the reminiscences of our late mother and the numerous friends from India who visited us when we lived in Cambridge from 1905 to 1914. Many of these reminiscences centred round our parents' house, Kobe Lodge, Royapettah, where they lived from 1899 to 1904, and where they, in addition to welcoming any visitor at any time, kept one afternoon each week specially for the students—a mixture of 'Garden Party' and 'At Home'.

We will be most interested in hearing from any one of your readers, especially former students and friends of our parents, who may care to write to the above address. And better still if any of them at any time contemplate visiting England, it might be possible to arrange a meeting in London.

Thanking you for the courtesy of allowing me to use your valuable space by inserting this letter.

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST F. KELLETT



THE OLD COLLEGE BUILDING



THE ARTS BUILDING



HALL NO. 1

Photos by

K. N. S. Sarda
Chennai

COMPETITION

Dr. Hogg's report at the Prize-giving, part of which is reprinted elsewhere in this number, made mention of the necessity of finding names to designate the different Halls, Buildings, Roads, etc., at Tambaram.

A prize of Rs. 5 will be awarded to the student who, in the opinion of the Editor (in consultation with other members of the Staff) sends in the best set of THREE names, one for each of the three nameless Teaching and Residential Halls which will ultimately complete the College at Tambaram.

It is natural to wish that many of the names to be used at Tambaram should be Indian, provided that (a) they have some appropriateness, (b) they do not convey misleading suggestions, (c) they are not too long for convenience. Some suggestions have already been made: *e. g.*, The Carnatic Hall and the Coromandel Hall; the Vandalur Hall and the Selaiyur Hall. These fulfil condition (a) since all of them are South Indian names, while Vandalur and Selaiyur are directly associated with the Tambaram site. They also observe condition (b). It would not do, for example, to have a

Mysore Hall and Kerala Hall, for that would suggest that students from those areas were to be assigned to a particular Hall; but Carnatic and Coromandel suggest nothing of that kind. But are these names short enough? It will be useful, on an occasion such as an inter-Hall match, to have names that are short, or that have good, vociferous vowels. Such are some of the points which should be taken into consideration. An example of three short names which are suitable also for other reasons is the suggestion 'St. Thomas, St. Andrew and St. George.'

Rules

1. Only past or present students of the Madras Christian College may compete.

2. Entries should consist of not more than three names, written in block capitals; and each entry must be signed.

3. Entries must reach the Editor on or before October 15th, 1936. They may be placed in an envelope in the Magazine Box or sent to the Editor, College House, Esplanade.

SAMUEL JOSEPH THEODORE, M.A., B.D., B.Litt., Ph.D.

Samuel Joseph Theodore was born on the 24th of April 1893, the eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Joseph, who retired from the pastorate of the South India United Church, Arupukottah, Madura District, last year. He was at school at Pasumalai, and passed the Intermediate examination of the University of Madras from the American College, Madura, taking Mathematics as his optional subject. In 1914 he proceeded for further studies to the United States of America, and graduated as B.A., with distinction in Physics, from Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., in 1916. He won many prizes during the course, including the much-coveted Phi Beta Kappa 'key'; and also a travelling scholarship, with which he proceeded to the Divinity School of Yale University, New Haven, Conn. Here he studied Philosophy, which became henceforward his principal subject, for three years, graduating as M.A. in 1919, again passing with distinction. He now returned to India, and for a short time was Director of Religious Education in his first College at Madura; but in 1922 he returned to Yale, taking the degree of B.D., and passing the preliminary examinations for the degree of Ph.D. From Yale, with another travelling scholarship, he proceeded to Mansfield College, Oxford, where he spent a further three years, 1922-25, taking the post-graduate research degree of B.Litt., and also the Diploma in Education. During a furlough year in 1931-32, spent partly in America, he completed his thesis

for the Yale Ph.D., and the doctorate was conferred on him shortly after his return to India in June 1932. At the time of his death he was at work upon a thesis to be submitted for the degree of D.Litt., of the University of Oxford.

In June 1925 Dr. Theodore was appointed Professor of Philosophy in the Madras Christian College. In 1931 he was appointed Vice-Principal of the College, a post which he held till his death except for one interval in 1934-35, during which he acted as Bursar of the College. He identified himself whole-heartedly with all the aspects of College life, taking a keen practical interest in games and students' societies and in the hostels as well as in its academic and religious life; and for one year he was Superintendent of the College High School. He had already served the University most wisely in many ways, as member of the Senate and Academic Council, as member and as Chairman of the Board of Studies in Philosophy, and on the Honours Board of Examiners in Philosophy. At the time of his death he was Treasurer of the Indian Christian Association and served on many important inter-denominational religious bodies. He remained to the end a faithful and valued counsellor of the American Mission and of the American College at Madura.

Dr. Theodore married, in June 1929, Miss Hilda Geraldine Thomas, B.A. A daughter was born in April 1933, and a son on the 18th of January, 1936.

Dr. Theodore died, in the prime of life and with bewildering suddenness, on the 27th of February 1936. To his colleagues in the College and elsewhere, as well as to his family and his many dependants and pensioners, the first great shock of bereavement was followed by an almost greater sense of desolation. He had lived and worked very simply and quietly, and it was only when he was snatched away that people began to realize how much, and in how many ways, they had counted on his wisdom, kindness, and strength. His intellectual ability is sufficiently indicated by his brilliant academic record; his other good qualities are not so easy to describe. With deep and far-sighted seriousness of purpose, with a high sense of duty, with profound but unobtrusive Christian piety, he combined intense affection, a fine capacity for enjoyment, and a boyish love of play. In his many friendships, and still more in his family-life, he was singularly happy. His widow, his two little children, and his aged parents, are commended to the prayers of his many friends in America and Britain, as well as in India.

* * *

We print below some extracts from letters written to Dr. Theodore or about him, chiefly with reference to the years he spent in America. They will show us something of the personal influence he had upon his fellow-students, and the respect he won from all who knew him during his life; a respect and love which we, who knew him as our teacher and our friend, are proud to share.

Dr. Meston, 7. xi. '28 (soon after leaving Madras for the last time; and only 3 years after Dr. Theodore had joined the College staff):—

'It is high time that you were

putting these sermons and addresses of yours into print. I know you have a great aversion to all that savours of publicity: but such messages as yours are much needed, and the circulation of them is a benefaction. . . . I do not wish to close this, however, without thanking you most heartily for all the strength which you were to me, in the administration of the College, during the three years of our colleagueship. I feel deeply grateful and indebted to you for your personal power in the College and for your most unselfish assistance rendered time and again to me. I rejoice to think of the asset which the College possesses in you.'

Henry B. Wright, Yale, 13. xi. '19:—

'You have helped us all to understand Christ better through your living among us. May God bless you in your ministry to India.'

George Dahl, Yale, 11. xi. '19. 'It has been a delight and a privilege to know you during these years with us. Your excellent class-room work, your loyalty to all the best interests of the School, and the sincerity of your consecration to the interests of the Kingdom, have more and more impressed me as I have come to know you better. . . . If you are ever tempted to lose your sense of humour, read the Book of Proverbs. Especially would I remind you of passages like Prov. xxv. 17, xxvi. 3, 13-20, xxvii. 3, etc.'

Harlen P. Beach, Yale, 11. xi. '19—put on board the steamer (for Scotland):—

'Let me thank you very sincerely for all that you have done for us here at Yale. . . . To have a foreigner lead in scholarship is very unusual. . . . You prove to us that intellectually your countrymen are our peers.'

Elmer M. Hersch, Deland, Illinois, 7. xi. '19:—

'You have helped me personally, Theodore, in my own effort to live, not merely to profess. Those meetings in your room at Yale were wonderful moments of inspiration and help in the problems that then confronted me.'

Dryden Phelps, student, 12. xi. '19:—

'Today the early morning Easter Service in your room is as vivid as at the moment when we met together and prayed and talked of our Saviour.'

Henry Hullam Tweedy, 12. xi. '19:—

'You have meant much to us, more than you realize: and you leave us with our friendship and esteem.'

Chas. R. Brown, Dean, School of Religion, Yale University, 12. xi. '19:—

'You have taken a high and a warm place in our esteem by the quality of your work as a student and by the genuineness of your life as a Christian man.'

Luther Allan Weigte, Prof. of Christian Nurture, Yale, 12. xi. '19:—

'I want you to know how glad I am that we have had these years together, and that through you I can make some contribution to the life of India. We have all grown to respect and to love you. I rejoice in your native intellectual power and in your disposition to apply it in hard study and in faithful work. You have made real contributions to the life of the School during your association with us here. *Thirumalaiswamy*, 2. iii. '34:—

'You have done much for me within the course of this year. Your influence in the development of my moral character is very strong. If at all I prove to be a man, — an honest man, I cannot but remember you with gratitude. I always enjoyed and benefited by your class. You have made me think Bible class is more essential for a

student than any other class so long as it is conducted by one like you. I am not a flatterer and I say this much out of sheer gratitude, respect and love for you.'

Professor E. P. Scott, Union Theological Seminary, N.Y.:—

'There are not many men who will be so sorely missed. He was the first example of an Indian gentleman I have ever known,—combining, as he did, a rare intellect with a beautiful character. One could not but feel that in this time, when the whole future of India is in the balance, the influence of such a man was inestimable,—all the more so as his vocation was that of moulding the younger men. It seems strange indeed that he should be called away when his real work was just beginning, and when he was needed so much. We can only hope that somehow in the Providence of God he has already fulfilled a work which will bear rich fruit in due time. This is Passion week, and one remembers another life, full of promise, which was cut short almost at the beginning, and which has yet fulfilled its purpose. May we not believe that what was true of Christ Himself will be true also of those who have served Him?'

The Dean of the Divinity School, Yale University:—

'On behalf of the Faculty of the Divinity School and of Yale University, I am writing to express to you our deepest sympathy. Your husband's name stands high in the roll of the alumni of this institution. He did his work with intellectual distinction and he endeared himself to us all by the qualities of his character and life. That he should have been taken so soon from his work is an event so tragic as to pass our human understanding.'

THE ORTHODOXY OF G. K. CHESTERTON

With G. K. Chesterton orthodoxy loses one of its doughtiest champions in the world of letters. To an age that had come to look upon it as a vestige of the past, he presented it as a herald of the future and 'an issue for the rising generation'. His definition of it as 'the central Christian theology summarized in the Apostles' Creed' seemed at the first blush a naive attempt to put the clock back, to revive an order which had 'withered up in the dry light of the Age of Reason'. But as one listened to his 'defence' of it, one felt the impact of something 'newer in spirit than the newest schools of thought', something more aggressive, more disturbing than the heresies even of a D. H. Lawrence or an Aldous Huxley. With an inexhaustible imagination and an invincible turn for humour, he translated dogma into living truth and held up doctrine as the only frame for spiritual liberty. In his own inimitable way, he made the Gospel shine as a new star in the firmament of thought and turned the gaze of a sceptical generation to that strange house on the edge of the Unknown 'to which age after age men are continually coming back as to a home'—the Church of Christ.

Part of Chesterton's defence of orthodoxy takes the form of a trenchant criticism of rival schools of thought. Very characteristically he compares the universe as seen by the poet and the saint with the grey world which Humanism and Rationalism depict for us. The rationalistic world is no doubt 'large' but its largeness has 'nothing of that freshness and airy

outbreak of the universe of one poet. This modern universe is literally an empire, that is, it is vast, but it is not free. One went into larger and larger windowless rooms, rooms big with Babylonian perspective, but one never found the smallest window or a whisper of 'outer air.' Chesterton flings open the window of the soul and makes us feel something of the freshness and the sting of the 'outer air'. He recaptures for us the vision which the poet and the saint have called up,

New and yet old
As the foundations of the heavens
and earth.

The saint as Chesterton sees him has the qualities at once of a poet and a child. Like the poet he sees the world stripped of its veil of familiarity, in all its naked splendour and peril. Like the child he sees 'everything as dramatic, distinct from its setting, not all of a piece like a picture but in action like a play.' He has that 'sensitiveness of simplicity' which is the child's and carries with him, even into the dark places of the soul, the glamour of the morning. He does more than speak the language of poetry; he makes his whole life glow with the beauty of a poem. Thus St. Francis paying court to the Lady Poverty, is a poet inspired by a passion as strong as the love of Dante for Beatrice. St. Clare, at seventeen, defying her parents and 'eloping into the cloister', is the heroine of a tale more wonderful than that of Juliet. St. Catherine, in the official shambles, kissing the bloody head of the criminal, is a figure more expressive than any creation of poetic art or fancy—'expressive

of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire'. Nay, every priest who flings himself into fasting and vigil is a shining example of that 'magnanimity of surrender' of which we only catch a glimpse in first love; and every penitent who sees his sins as scarlet is a child of wonder wrapped up in a vision more startling than any sight of untamed Nature—the vision of himself as he is!

Chesterton sets his orthodoxy in opposition to that too easy and seductive Christianity which holds forth Christ as an ethical teacher who uttered 'bald and breezy platitudes'. He shows how futile, almost pathetic, the 'pale Galilean' of 'modernist metaphysic' looks by the side of the Being, clothed in mystery and power, who stands out from the pages of the New Testament. He argues that if this Being is treated merely as a man the effect is more impossible than if He were treated as Divinity Incarnate. Taking those passages on which modernists found their 'gospel of simplicity', he shows that there is 'something the very reverse of simple and self-evident even in their language', 'something that can only be called subtle and superior' even if it is not regarded as a proof of divine authorship.

One of the passages which he considers in this light is a fragment from the Sermon on the Mount—the fragment about 'the lilies of the field'. It is easy to discover in such a passage a morality which is 'one solid and polished cataract of platitudes flowing for ever and ever.' It is not at all easy to convey the impression which it must have produced on those who first heard it; the impression of something 'vast, solitary and solid' which towers over the 'flat creatures living

only on a plane'. Yet this is what Chesterton is able to do in the course of a short paragraph:

Even in the matter of mere literary style, if we suppose ourselves . . . sufficiently detached to look at it in that light, there is a curious quality to which no critic seems to have done justice. It had among other things a singular air of piling tower upon tower by the use of a fortiori; making a pagoda of degrees like the seven heavens. . . . There is perhaps nothing so perfect in all language or literature as the use of these degrees in the parable of the lilies of the field; in which he (Christ) seems first to take one small flower in his hand and note its simplicity and even its importance; then suddenly expands it in flamboyant colours into all the palaces and pavilions full of a great name in national legend and national glory; and then, by yet a third overturn, shrivels it to nothing once more with a gesture as of flinging it away. . . . and if God so clothes the grass that to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven—how much more . . . It is like the building of a good Babel tower by white magic in a moment and in the movement of a hand; a tower heaved suddenly up to heaven on the top of which can be seen afar off, higher than we had fancied possible, the figure of man; lifted by three infinities above all other things, on a starry ladder of light logic and swift imagination. Merely in a literary sense it would be more of a masterpiece than all the masterpieces in the libraries; yet it seems to have been uttered almost at random while a man might pull a flower.

The vision of man 'seen afar off. . . lifted by three infinities above all other things' conveys the suggestion of just that quality in Christ's words which made His hearers say to one another: 'Never man spake like this man;' and it conveys the suggestion as no mere argument can—with an effortless ease which gives a touch of reality to the concluding words: 'Yet it seems to have been uttered while a man might pull a flower.'

Speaking of Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*, a critic observes that it is 'a plea full of eloquence, wit and passion for traditional Christianity; yet it was probably more disconcerting to the orthodox than to their opponents.' Disconcerting? yes; but only to those who are

afraid to step beyond the narrow confines of Dogmatics, to those who cannot hear the challenge of a terrible sincerity in passages like the following:

In a garden Satan tempted man: and in a garden God tempted God. He passed in some superhuman manner through our human horror of pessimism. When the world shook and the sun was wiped out of heaven, it was not at the crucifixion, but at the cry from the cross: the cry which confessed that God was forsaken of God. And now let the revolutionists choose a creed from all the creeds and a god from all the gods of the world, carefully weighing all the gods of inevitable recurrence and of unalterable power. They will not find another god who has himself been in revolt. Nay (the matter grows too difficult for human speech), but let the atheists themselves choose a god. They will find only one divinity who ever uttered their isolation; only one religion in which God seemed for an instant to be an atheist.

This is not merely Christian apologetics. It is a splendid defence of atheism—almost the only defence of atheism in modern literature outside Dostoevsky.

We can go on multiplying these quotations from Chesterton. We can go on listening to Chesterton discoursing on the things which he holds sacred. But we will resist the temptation and end this sketch with a quotation which seems to reveal the real G. K. C. better than any other. In a book written nearly thirty years ago, Mr. A. G. Gardiner described

Chesterton as a 'blithe improviser' who perpetually stood on his head in sheer joy. This is at best but a half-truth. Joy there is and in abundance in all Chesterton's writings; but it is not sheer joy, it is not the spontaneous outpouring of 'an enormously zestful temperament'. Chesterton makes this very clear in the concluding chapter of *Orthodoxy*.

The mass of men have been forced to be gay about the little things, but sad about the big things. Nevertheless (I offer my last dogma defiantly) it is not native to man to be so. Man is more himself, man is more man-like, when joy is the fundamental thing in him, and grief the superficial. . . . Yet, according to the apparent estate of man as seen by the pagan or the agnostic, this primary need of human nature can never be fulfilled. . . . Christianity satisfies suddenly and perfectly (this need); satisfies it supremely in this; that by its creed joy becomes something gigantic and sadness something special and small. The vault above us is not deaf because the universe is not an idiot; the silence is not the silence of an endless and aimless world. Rather the silence around us is a small and pitiful stillness like the prompt stillness in a sick room. We are perhaps permitted tragedy as a sort of merciful comedy because the frantic energy of divine things would knock us down like a drunken farce. We can take our tears more lightly than we could take the tremendous levities of the angels. So we sit perhaps in a starry chamber of silence, while the laughter of the heavens is too loud for us to hear.

C. T. RAJAGOPAL.

IS WORLD PEACE POSSIBLE ?

We of the present century, at least some of us, have witnessed a war,* so bloody, so barbarous and so destructive that it has left in our hearts an utter loathing for war and bloodshed. But, shame to say, there are at the present day, some nations which have no objection to waging war if it can secure for them the slightest gain. A small strip of territory is sufficient inducement for some nations to sacrifice the precious lives of thousands of young men, in the prime of their life and just embarked on life's great journey. Should not this cruel massacre (for it is little better than that) be stopped? Is not such barbarous and destructive warfare a blot on modern civilization?

The Great War was considered to be a war that would end all war. But, even after the terrible lesson it has taught the world, we see nations, at the present day, on the point of bringing about another such war. This makes us doubt whether World Peace can ever be achieved.

Before considering the methods (for there *are* methods) by which war might be put an end to once for all, let us note some of the causes which have led to it in all ages.

To the primitive man, war was as natural as any other event in his daily life. Before he had settled down in a territory, he had generally to drive out the previous inhabitants, and this meant war. If a primitive man saw a country richer and more fertile than his own, he set himself to conquer it. He had no idea that such war was

evil. To him Might was unquestionably Right.

We do not condemn our forefathers on this account, for the very good reason that they were uncivilized. But, when a modern and so-called 'civilized' nation acts according to this principle, we at once condemn its greed and selfishness. Modern nations *have* acted according to this principle, and pure greed for territory is still, unfortunately, a cause for war.

When men dwelt in a certain country for centuries, they began to regard it as their own. They developed peculiar national characteristics and peculiar forms of government. In short, they began to regard themselves as a 'nation'. As ages rolled on, a wider and wider gulf separated one 'nation' from another. The more powerful and consolidated a nation-state became, the more it resorted to acts of aggression against its neighbours. Going to war with another nation and getting the better of it was regarded as a means of enhancing 'national prestige'. Thus, this idea of 'nationalism' led to imperialism and perpetual warfare. This kind of nationalism still continues and is certainly a root cause for all modern wars.

Surely, this kind of nationalism is a continual menace to world peace. Nationalism which means that the peoples of the world confront each other with organised armies and terrifically destructive weapons in murderous conflict should end. If this kind of nationalism continues to

fill the world with war which is everyday becoming more and more destructive, it will result only in the total annihilation of humanity.

After all, national divisions are by no means fundamental or insuperable. Mr. H. G. Wells, one of our greatest modern thinkers has said,

'What is a nation? What is nationality? If the story of the world has demonstrated anything, it has demonstrated the mingling of races and peoples, the instability of human divisions, the swirling variety of human groups and human ideas of association.'

But, when we condemn nationalism, we do not justify imperialism. Imperialism is but the child of nationalism. When a nation becomes self-conscious and powerful, it becomes aggressive and seeks to dominate over its weaker neighbours. This can result only in perpetual struggle for independence, and thus, more war. The story of the world has also demonstrated this.

It is only when the peoples of the world put an end to this artificial division of 'nationality' which has cost them so dear, and substitute a world-loyalty for a narrow and aggressive national patriotism that World Peace can be secured. It is only in a World State and not in a mass of nation-states that perpetual peace can exist. 'Nations of the world, unite!' should be the cry of the seeker after peace.

But, to break down this idea of nationalism is no easy task. It is to

be feared that only a few more wars like the one which raged some years ago can teach mankind that World Peace is not merely an ideal state of affairs but a stern necessity and that nationalism and World Peace are incompatible with each other. The terrible lesson of the Great War has not sunk deep enough into the minds of nations and will perhaps have to be repeated over and over again. The failure of the League of Nations demonstrates this. The failure of the League has revealed to us that some nations of the world are not over-eager for World Peace.

How far the nations of the world are from the glorious goal of World Peace! But, if the spirit of loyalty is extended from national patriotism to world patriotism, if the fighting instinct of mankind be turned against the great social and economic evils of our time, there is hope not only that World Peace may be achieved but that the safety and happiness and freedom of humanity may be infinitely and gloriously extended. Like the hopeful poet, we can glance down the vista of the future.

'Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.'

R. PRABHAKAR,

Class II, Group 3.

* The Great War (1914-18).

THE LITTLE BIRD

'Holloa', cried Ramu from without, 'are you in?' 'You may come in, Ramu,' said I, closing the book before me; when Ramu makes a call it is something extra-urgent.

Ramu entered the room with a notice in his hand and sat comfortably on my cot. I turned a few leaves of the book I had closed at his entrance; it was a detective novel by Phillips Oppenheim. I could not resist the temptation in spite of the presence of so august a personage as Ramu.

'I cannot understand what there is in these "penny-dreadfuls" to keep you pinned to them, even when a friend comes for a chat,' sniffed Ramu, by way of reprimanding me for my discourtesy.

'*The Mid-Air Murder Case*,' By Oppenheim, price twelve annas, published by Hodder and Stoughton,' read I from the cover of the book, just to make him understand what my literary taste is. I have a name for taste in the hostel and I had to defend it even against Ramu.

I saw him frown and rise as if to leave the room.

'Well,' said I, 'you must not make so abrupt a departure. Anyhow, what brought you here? What is the notice in your hand about?' I fired these queries rapidly to restore my credit with Ramu for a nice chum. Any disrespect to Ramu would make me feel it keenly in the mess-hall.

Ramu sat down again and placed the notice before me. 'Read,' said he, as though it was answer enough to my questions. I obeyed the dictator. It was about a new film at the Roxy.

These take a large slice from off my monthly budget.

'Sorry, old chap, but I can't come; no money, understand?'

'Pshaw,' snorted he, with crushing contempt. 'I will pay for you. You may repay it afterwards.'

'But do you think the Warden would allow us to go to-day? He has warned us last week, boy!' said I, attempting to escape the film.

This objection did not take the wind off his sails and reduce him to a verbal calm. He had a solution ready.

'We thought over it and have arranged for it also,' finished Ramu, 'are you coming, Kittu?'

I could not refuse. I hoped the Warden would not know it. I followed him. The clock showed a quarter past nine. The coast was clear.

We reached the door without any alarm. A bus was soon taking us to the Roxy. On the way Ramu explained to me the details of his arrangement. They were so clever that I was soon as comfortable as the others. As Ramu said 'the Superintendent would not know about this unless the little bird told him.'

The picture was very good. Many of you would have seen it and so I do not want to give you details. I want to tell you what happened to us after leaving the theatre.

We reached the hostel. It was as silent as a tomb. All the lights were out. Even the studious Secretary of our hostel had gone to bed. Providence was helping us in a wonderful manner. We reached our rooms silently. Ramu came to my room before retiring for the night. Then came his proposal.

'To-morrow is Saturday. So we have no college. Whoever between us two gets up earlier in the morning must take the other to the hotel for a delightful lunch.'

'Done and done' cried I, for I was very sleepy and hoped to get the better of Ramu the next morning.

Ramu went away and I soon fell asleep. I dreamt of nothing but all the dainties in the hotels.

I do not know how long I ate my dream-cakes and *jilabies*. But somebody was poking me with a stick. I thought it was Ramu. So he had got up earlier. Good luck for the lunch, thought I.

I opened my eyes but not before I uttered these words 'Ramu, you have lost the bargain. Are you ready to go with me to the hotel? Remember your promise after we came

from the "pictures" yesterday night.'

I received no answer. I jumped up—only to see the Superintendent with his handstick in my room.

'Well, Mr. Krishnan,' the Superintendent said with a sardonic smile, 'I am glad to see you rise from your bed with happy thoughts. But don't you think your thoughts are rather loud? And so Ramu was in the gang, was he? And after I warned you so many times?'

I had not the courage to hear any more of his sentiments, quite unhappy ones.

Surely, the little bird had whispered to him! Alas, Ramu, after all your plans! what fools of the film are we!

M. KRISHNASWAMY,
Class I, Group i-B.

BIRDS FOR FLOWERS

'Tap, tap', and I got up from a very wholesome and hospitable bed and went to the door. The early morning visitor was a little urchin with a big flat basket-load of something on his little head. He was a chukla boy and came from a nearby village.

I saw an unusual thing happening in front of me, and for a few minutes did not realise the presence of my visitor. The man who lived in the opposite house of ours was a police constable. That guardian of law and order of our civilized country looked anything but that. He looked a hardened criminal even to the most unsophisticated. His hair parted in the middle was hoary on both sides. On the centre of his forehead he had a big round spot of sandal paste and in the middle of it a dot of *kumkum*. It was quite evident that he had just had his Saturday bath, for his eyes looked red, a sign that the barber had done good work for having 'beat the oil well in'. Something small flew out of the man's outstretched hand and I saw it was a small grey bird—a little bigger than the common sparrow. He swung out his left hand and two more birds got freedom, flew in jerks above my head and disappeared among the leaves of our *Thespecia* tree.

I turned to my little visitor and asked him what he wanted. Putting down the flat basket, the boy asked me whether I too would like to have a little *pungam* in the morning. I asked him what he meant by that and how it was that he had taken the agency for selling that very humanitarian commodity. For answer he opened that flat basket of his, and in

the meshes of a net I could see a few dozens of those small birds. He told me that his father, who was a professional bird-catcher, every time when he had happened to catch birds of that particular variety, would depute him, to take them to the town. From him I learnt that it was *pungam* to buy those birds and set them free. He also told me that he had just given three of those birds to the police constable for three pies. A pie for a bird—and he said it was not exorbitant.

The boy had by then, come inside our compound and on both sides of him were sunflowers in full bloom and brightly coloured zinnias. He became merry, dropped his business-like manner, and out came a grand idea. He agreed that he would give me two birds for a sunflower, and three for a zinnia flower. I bargained for three for the former and four for the latter. Reluctantly, the hawker of birds agreed upon the deal. I gave him four sunflowers and three zinnias. One after another I saw twenty-four little birds fly out. Seven more were left. Feeling elated over what I had done, I went into my room, took out a two anna coin from my scanty purse, and gave it to the little boy. Head over heels in happiness the little hawker shook his net and seven more birds attained freedom. Putting the flowers in his basket, and tying the two anna coin inside the folds of his loin cloth, and with a happy 'Vaaren saar', he dashed out with his floral burden.

E. R. RABINDRAN,
Class IV, Group 2E.

THE STOLEN CAR

T. K. Visvanathan, arrayed in a dark cotton suit and turban, wheeled his ancient motor-bike from the Garage of the Union Company. 'Is she all right for a trip to Conjeevaram?' he asked of Subbu, the mechanic. 'Have you oiled, greased, and screwed her together?' 'Yes sir, but if she stops on the way sir, and won't start, better leave her where she is, sir; not worth bringing back sir,' he replied, with a grin. Mr. Visvanathan pressed a tip into the man's hand, and looked regretfully at his washed-out machine, a relic of his wild College days. 'Yes, it is time I pensioned her,' he agreed, 'but her time has not yet come.' Affectionately, he fingered the controls, started her with a roar, and swept into Mount Road, heading in the direction of Mambalam.

Mount Road was not overcrowded, as it was only 5 p.m. The Quilon Bank had closed at 3-30 p.m. on the 24th of December, for two days holiday, and Visvanathan was on his way to his uncle's place at Conjeevaram. Since his father's death, this was his home. He spent his few and far-between holidays here. So he went careering down the smooth tarred road, past the Cathedral and into the more open country. Poonamallee Road was straighter and shorter, but the long caravans of carts not only blocked the way, but cut up the road. He turned to the right at Marmalong bridge and again at St. Thomas' Mount, and thus straightened out his course. Once on the open road he settled down to faster pace. His old Ariel was showing no signs of trouble. He had just threaded his way through

Sriperambadur, when a huge car swept past him raising a choking cloud of dust. Visvanathan wished the man to the devil but he coveted the car. As the shadows began to grow longer, he wondered if he could reach his destination before nightfall, because his lights were far from good. Any one who has been down this road knows the large double bend at about the thirty-eighth mile. Just as he was coming to it, the old Ariel coughed asthmatically—chug, chug, chug—and went to sleep. With a few muttered imprecations and a sigh of resignation he guided her to the side of the road, and tried to coax her back to life. He tickled the carburettor, he tried the spark, but it was all no use. There was plenty of petrol; it was not that, she was simply obstinate. A solitary bus stopped, and the driver and conductor tried their skill, but they were not used to the vagaries of motor bikes. So at 6-45 p.m. Visvanathan watched the last of the few spectators depart, and wondered what he should do. Conjeevaram was hardly nine miles off. He decided to abandon his machine for the present, so he wheeled her into a culvert. He unstrapped his attaché case, and pulled out a little alarm pistol. His aunt sometimes grew nervous if uncle did not return early; so he had brought this as a present for her. He slipped it into his coat pocket. Then he thrust the spare tools, etc., into the attaché case. Taking a last look at the Ariel, he left her alone in her glory.

Mr. Visvanathan marched briskly along, attaché case in hand. He wanted to get to the cross-roads at

least, which were a few miles off, where there was more chance of getting a lift. With this idea he rounded the second bend. A short distance away stood a large car. The small rise in the ground had hidden it from him. Thinking he might get a lift he quickened his pace. As he came nearer he looked at the number. It was M.C. 8300. Eight three nought nought—it seemed familiar. His mind flashed back to the previous evening at the Marina. He was listening to the Radio; after the programme the Police news was broadcasted. He remembered the unusual announcement: 'Stolen—the Zamindar of Ballichetti's car, Rolls-Royce, Number Eight three nought nought, Madras Registration. Description of man: Age 29, Height 5 ft. 9 ins., well-built and well-dressed, etc., etc.' He had never dreamt of car thieves in Madras. He felt all excited, as he drew alongside the car. It was a Rolls. The young man at the wheel was just tossing off a cup of tea from his Thermos flask. He put away the flask and the cup.

The fellow seemed athletic and strong. He was fairly well-dressed. But the most striking thing about him was his face, which showed boundless energy and enthusiasm. With inward qualms Visvanathan asked for a lift. After eyeing him critically for a moment he said: 'All right: where do you want to go?' Visvanathan explained his plight. 'I'll take you as far as the cross roads,' he replied shortly. Visvanathan's heart beat quicker. He placed his attaché case on the back seat. Then suddenly menacing the man with his dummy alarm pistol, he cried, 'Hands up.' The fellow's jaw dropped, and his hands went up slowly. 'What' he said, 'I've just

promised you a ride in a Rolls, and —', he shrugged; 'Ingratitude thy name is man.' 'Very easy to give rides in other peoples' cars', retorted Visvanathan; 'I know how you stole this one from outside the National Bank. Now you had better drive as I tell you to,' he said stiffly. Keeping his pistol poised he clambered into the front seat. 'Start,' he ordered. Immediately the lights were switched on and the car glided forward. As the young man was changing the gears, he relaxed for a moment, feeling like a hero. In that instant he felt the brakes grind, the pistol was torn from his grasp, and he found himself looking down the barrel of a shining little revolver—no dummy this time. Still covering him, the other man examined his pistol, and burst into a laugh. 'Plucky boy,' he gurgled, sarcastically, 'to hold up a car thief with a dummy gun.' The car had stopped again.

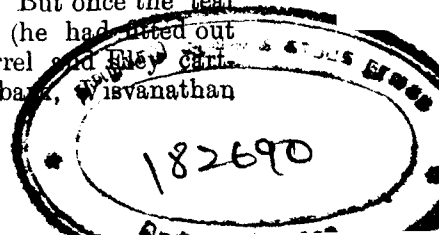
The two men then eyed each other for some time. Visvanathan felt uncomfortable, wondering what the next move would be. Suddenly the man spoke. 'You are going home for the holidays, aren't you? Well, I promise to give you a better holiday than your people will, on one condition. Come in as my partner. I have a job on which I want a confederate. Rs. 200 is yours when it is done.' Visvanathan was confused. True, he had longed for adventure, even for a taste of crime, but he never thought his dreams would materialise in this fashion, out of the blue. Besides he had already tried to play the hero; should he now change to the villain? He had run with the hounds, should he risk running with the hare? He looked at the firm, frank face that confronted him. 'If not—get out,' the stranger said crisply. 'I'll take

it on,' Visvanathan ventured, 'if you will play straight'. 'Yes, if you do' was the immediate reply. 'Well, Mr. ———', 'Visvanathan,' he suggested. 'Well Mr. Visvanathan, drive under my direction,' he said with a twinkle. They changed seats, the other man's automatic being ready for action. Visvanathan felt a thrill as he let in the clutch, and the luxurious car glided away under his control. Soon they were speeding through the night, under the shadowy avenues of trees.

It was about 7-30 when his companion directed Visvanathan to enter a large gate, on the road to Ranipet. As they drove through the compound his guide began to explain. 'This is the Zamindar of Ballichetti's mansion,' he said. 'You see, he has appointed a new secretary, a man called Raghavan. I am posing as that man. You are to play the part of a friend of the Zamindar's, whom he has invited here for the holidays. Unfortunately, the Zamindar had to go to Bombay on urgent business, and so he has sent me to entertain you here, till his return.' Just then Visvanathan brought the Rolls to a standstill in the large porch. He blew the horn. An old retainer opened the front door. Raghavan stepped forward and explained 'I am the new secretary,' he said; 'The Zamindar has gone to Bombay, and he asked me to entertain this guest of his here.' 'Yes sir,' said the man making a *Namaskar*, 'I shall inform the Mistress.' When the man had gone, Raghavan told Visvanathan that the Zamindar's wife and her cousin lived there. Soon afterwards, they were led down a long empty corridor, into a little hall with a broad staircase leading up. They were conducted upstairs, and Visvanathan was

shown into a richly furnished room, got up in European fashion, which he afterwards learnt was the guest room. He was still wondering at the ease with which they had imposed upon the house, and the novelty of his situation, when the old major-domo reported that food was ready.

The two men were served at a little table by themselves. A young lady in the next room gave the orders which were executed by two servants. Visvanathan was still in the grip of nervousness and fear. He wondered what would happen if the Zamindar returned, or if the news of the stolen car should reach this retreat. But Raghavan seemed as cool as a cucumber. Soon he too recovered self-possession. He noticed that everything was done in good style—from the Petromax to the food and service. 'I promised you a good time,' said Raghavan, 'can you shoot?' Visvanathan nodded. 'The Zamindar has a good stock of guns, and I hear there are birds not far from here, on the lake. We shall start early and return for lunch. Then we can have a nap, followed by tea, and a game of tennis. After dinner we can play billiards—you play, don't you?' Visvanathan had neither shot nor played billiards for years; but the proposal filled him with delight. He was quite carried away by Raghavan's enthusiasm. It was cloudy the next day, the ideal weather for shooting in a climate like ours. They went off after 'Choti Hazri' in the car. They stopped as near as they could get to the lake, and then marched through the fields. The single shikari who accompanied them seemed rather obsequious. But once the teal rose, and his gun (he had fitted out with a double-barrel and they carried ridges) began to bark, Visvanathan



entered another world. His mind went back to the days when his father, a district judge, had taken him out shooting with large parties in the Nellore District. Each of them returned with three or four pairs of teal to their credit, and Raghavan had also brought down a snipe in a neighbouring field.

A lavish lunch appeased the appetite of the hot and hungry sportsmen. The women of the household appeared at this meal. Both of them were young, and quite presentable. The elder was the wife of the Zamindar. She had a little boy by her side. These ladies talked quite freely, and Visvanathan soon discovered that they were both B.A.'s. His interest grew by leaps and bounds when the cousin, Sitalakshmi, engaged him in a discussion about the work of the Congress. The tennis they played after their siesta and tea, was also a great success. They played mixed doubles, and Visvanathan, reckoned a good player at his club, found himself among players as good as he was. Dinner was followed by billiards. He showed signs of his old skill, at times; but Raghavan won the rubber. It was at this time that Visvanathan grew confidential, and told Raghavan about himself—his brilliant school and college career, and his ambition for the I.C.S. But his father had died suddenly. And Visvanathan and his married sister, found that they had nothing. Their father, Padmanabha Pillay, had spent liberally, but what had ruined him was wild speculation. The house was sold and the outstanding debts cleared. Visvanathan found himself with a clean slate, but without a job. Luckily he had edged into the Quilon Bank, and there he had remained.

The next morning Raghavan

brought him back from dreams of Sitalakshmi to the sordid realities of life. 'Old boy,' he said, 'I gave you a good time yesterday, as I promised. Now we must get down to business. You know we have to be back tomorrow; today is the last day. You see, the Zamindar is a connoisseur in ancient Indian Art. He has just bought a little bronze figure for the trifle of Rs. 2,000. Now I can get a sale for this little Nataraja immediately. It is kept in his private museum, with other works of art. Ask to see the collection, and try to get it this evening.' Visvanathan had almost forgotten about their imposture. Now he felt guilty and ashamed. It seemed incredible that he the scion of a well-known line should descend to common thieving. His castles in the air, over which Sitalakshmi presided, came tumbling about his ears. Should he communicate with the Police? He could not go back on his word. His comrade seemed so open and straight in everything else—was it all put on? All day this duty—he considered it a duty—lay heavy on his conscience. He was silent and gloomy the whole day, and even the mixed doubles at tennis that evening did not revive his spirits.

After the game, as they came inside, Raghavan called the old servitor, and said: 'Mr. Visvanathan wants to see the museum; show it to him.' The old man brought the keys, and led him into a strongly barred room on the ground floor. It was lined with handsome glass cases, containing gems of ancient sculpture, miniatures, and other curiosities. His guide tried to explain the significance of each. But Visvanathan's eyes were constantly straying to the two-foot statuette of Nataraja on a table in the corner. 'That came only four

days ago,' said the man. 'It has not yet been labelled.' Visvanathan's brain worked at high pressure. 'I say, it is pretty hot here, after that tennis; could you get me a glass of water?' he said. 'Your will,' murmured the man with a bow, and sedately left the room. Visvanathan knew that he could not just carry it away, as he might be seen. He looked at the window. He opened it. It looked out on the garden, but was barred. Quickly he brought the statuette. It just went through the bars when inserted sideways. He let it drop gently on the grass outside, and shut the window. When the man returned with the water he was standing opposite a case on the other side of the room. He tossed off the water, and lit a cigarette. Then he emerged into a freer atmosphere.

But he was not out of the wood yet. He strolled through the long corridor past the staircase, and into the garden. The lamps were lit. He could not bring it that way. He found the place where the statuette lay. Looking up he was surprised to see that his window was only a short way off, on the second floor. He went up to his room and lowered a light rope. When he came down for his bath, he fastened Nataraja to the lower end of the rope. He then went in for dinner. Sitalakshmi was more charming than ever, now that she was beyond his reach. Though his spirits had returned now that he had got his duty off his conscience, he felt a dull hatred against Raghavan.

After dinner, he went straight up to his room, and drew up the statuette by the rope. As he surveyed it a wave of sentiment suddenly swept over him. He remembered the piety and reverence with which his mother treated all sacred things, and her

teaching him to do so too. Had he angered the gods by this theft of the Image? He was lost in reverie. It was thus that Raghavan found him at ten o'clock, after the old retainer had locked the doors. 'Have you got it?' he asked lightly. Visvanathan pointed to the image on the table. 'How did you do it?' continued Raghavan. 'Here is your Rs. 200.' He was struck by his companion's seriousness when he said: 'Keep your money. You have made me commit a sin for which I must do penance. It has caused me much bitterness already.' 'Oh ho, you are getting religious after shooting birds,' laughed Raghavan. Visvanathan turned on him angrily and would have answered bitterly if he had not been interrupted by a loud knocking and the blowing of a motor-horn below.

Both of them thrust their heads out of the window, and Raghavan called out, 'Who's there?' The guest room overlooked the porch. A young man emerged from the shadow of the porch. Looking up he shouted: 'Oh, you are there are you, Rajkumar? Come and open the door.' Visvanathan looked aghast at his companion, who replied: 'I'll be down in a moment.' Turning to Visvanathan who still stood confused, he said, 'I'll explain shortly,' and went away. He came back smiling. 'My lost car has been recovered,' he said. 'But the number,' put in Visvanathan. 'Oh that was what made you so certain, was it?' laughed the Zamindar. Eight three nought nought is one of my lucky numbers, so both my cars have the same number, being M.C. 8300 and M.C.P. 8300. It was the newer one that was stolen. As for the deception, my old retainer knows all my vagaries; so when I gave him a wink he took the hint.

But you must be wondering why I took the risk of bringing a stranger into my house. Well you see, I am looking out for a secretary. I liked your courage, when you held me up on the road; so I thought that I could have a little fun and at the same time see what sort of a man you were. I like your ability, and your sense of honour even among thieves. You are willing to stand by a comrade if you have given your word. Lastly you have some religious feeling, which I greatly appreciate. In short, will you accept the post if I double your present salary?' Visvanathan's mind

whirled. 'I hope you will excuse anything I have said which was not in accordance with my position,' he said incoherently. 'My dear chap,' said the Zamindar, 'you are not getting a deputation; you will still be my personal companion and friend. Besides Sitalakshmi likes your conversation you know' he added slyly. Hope flamed in Visvanathan once again. The Zamindar shook his head at him, smiling, and went out.

S. P. APPASAMY,
Class III, Group iv-B.

THE BATTALION PARADE

[B. COMPANY (*Christian College Contingent*) AT THE ARMOURY]—

Staff Sergeant B.—(addressed as Staff).—'Outside the verandah. On parade.'

[The company falls in two lines one behind the other.]

Corporal (student).—'Company, Numba.'

Company.—'Wine, ttoo, thee, four, five, six, six, se—'

Corporal.—'As-you-were, can't you do it properly?'

Staff.—'Stop that grinnin'. Will you?'

Corporal.—'Number.'

[The numbering is better this time and the company is marched off by the Corporal to the Island Grounds to parade there. Meanwhile, when marching to attention nobody is allowed to talk, whistle or even smile. The command 'march-at-case' is given when the company passes out of the Fort precincts, and on this word of command, the rifles are held in another position, and above all, silence may be broken.]

Corporal.—'Company, march at—Subbaramayya, don't anticipate the command—march at—ease. Left, right, left, right, left.'

[Now the kind of talk that goes on in the company:

I say, somebody knocked away my razor. I don't know what the officer will say about my beard. Whatha hell do I care man? look at mine, just as bad. Oh, what a blunder this is, I've tied my blooming putties the wrong way! 'Rio Rita, life is sweeter'—Daniel, you really think you are marching like a soldier kicking the

heels of the man in front and nearly blowing out my stomach by the over-vigorous backward swing of your arm? 'Keep young and beautiful, if you want to be loved.' Babu, believe it or not, last night I dreamt that I had been to Queen Ma—.]

Corporal.—'Company, march to attention' (as the company enters on the parade ground).

[So far this is the state of affairs in the B Company. The other companies, A and C, come straight to the Island Grounds.]

1ST PERIOD.—PHYSICAL TRAINING.

[Every one has to do the same thing though in separate companies. Now to return to B Company.]

Staff.—'Remove quickly your equipment, boots, putties, socks, hose-tops and shirts. Come on, quick.'

A student.—'Gosh, I don't have a bunian inside. Staff, no concession for dark fellows?'

Staff.—'You are a sloppy devil, hurry up laddy.'

[After the Physical training all dress up again ready for marching and other drill. All the companies join together and form two long lines one behind the other.]

2ND PERIOD.—PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Adjutant.—'Battalion, slou—p, up (slope arms).

Adda up (order arms). Cut those hands away like lightning, in the third movement.'

[Then he goes and salutes the Commandant and presents him the Battalion.]

Commandant. — ‘Battalion, Stand at ease, you, what are you scratching your nose for? Attention. Don’t move (though nobody is moving). Slope-arms.’

Adjutant. — ‘Don’t hurry the movements. Observe a definite pause in between each motion. The time is — one shout, two shout, three—’

Commandant. — ‘Battalion, Present arms. That last man there, wake up. One man can spoil the whole movement. Remember, present arms is one of the best movements, perhaps the best in arms drill.’

[After this there is five minutes rest, during which those who wish to smoke are forbidden to do so, till they get permission.]

THE LAST PERIOD.

[Each company drills separately commanded by its respective Officer and the Staff Sergeant. Hence to speak of B Company again.]

Officer. — ‘B Company, atten-shn. Jayaram, don’t bend backward, nobody is interested in your Tummy. Nair, don’t be so morose, are you constipated? Now then, by the right, Quick March. Left right, left, right—Abraham, change your step, an old dhoby that you are! Left, right. Lakshmanan, can’t you take a blinking longer pace? Halt. Keep your wits about you. Quick

March. Oh, oh, David you are a beauty. Halt. Dear, dear, dear, my grandmother totters much better! A crowd of old women that you are! B Company, Order arms. Matthew, there is too much of pathos about your movements. I tell you, you are a gentle Jane. All of you are unusually lazy today, I don’t know why. Staff Sergeant, take these lazy muts and lead them on to the armoury.’

Staff. — ‘Yessa. B Company, Quick March. Stop that skylarkin’. Halt. Look here, if I see your kicking him this time, I’ll make you run round the Island Grounds. Com-panai, quick march. Halt. I’m goin’ to keep you all here for an hour more. I’m not particular. Into line Left-turn. Stand at ease. Aten-shn. Look straight man, don’t look at me—I’m not nice lookin’.’

[Then march again.]

‘Left, right, left, right, left. (Coming near a student), You soap-nut, you are walking like Charlie Chaplin, man. Pick that rifle up—this time you drop it like that, I’ll come and give you a rap across the knuckles with this. Corporal, take charge—’

Thus ends the parade. ‘Home, Sweet Home’, to B Company.

P. MARTIN.

Hons. 5, Br. VI.

A QUEER DEALER

The death of Mr. Lancaster, the picture-dealer, seems to have passed without comment, but he was in his own way, a more remarkable man than many whose obituary notices are lengthy. The neglect may be explained, perhaps by the fact that for the past few years he had given up active work in order to serve as a travelling agent to Mr. Joseph, the famous collector. I knew Mr. Lancaster well. How he came to be a dealer at all is a mystery, especially as his previous enterprise was bee-farming.

I think it will be interesting if I put down his own version of the story of his meeting with Mr. Joseph.

‘One fine summer afternoon,’ (he said) ‘I was told that a young man was in the art gallery wanting to sell a picture.

‘I left my room and found a poor creature with a parcel. As he was untying, he said that his father was ill and that they had decided to part with the picture. They had no idea what it was worth.

‘I could see in a flash that it was an exquisite example of the famous Italian school. Though small, it was a perfect example of artistic finery.

‘“How much do you want for it?” I asked.

‘“Would it be worth ten pounds?” was his reply with the utmost timidity. Ten pounds would make all the difference to his father’s condition. He could buy many necessary articles with it.

‘“Excuse me a minute,” I said, and retired to my room. The picture will fetch seven hundred pounds at the

next Empire Exhibition. It can be sold to a bigger dealer at once for five hundred pounds. Here is a poor man willing to take only ten pounds for it! But I had no idea of taking advantage of such ignorance combined with such necessity. I returned to the gallery again.

‘“Here are ten pounds”, I said, counting them into his hand. “But that is not all that I am going to give you. Here is a cheque for three hundred and ninety-five pounds. Take it.”

‘He began to thank me. “If I had given you only ten pounds,” I said, “I should not be able to sleep at night, and that I cannot suffer.”

‘He only just left my gallery when a tall man came in. “I would like to look round your room,” he said, and he began a tour of the room. He saw the picture that I bought just before and he asked me the price. But I could not say! I told him I had no time to think how much it will fetch in the future. “How much did you pay for it?” he asked. “My dear sir, I” I began. I was a little annoyed at this question.

‘“I am going to give you a hundred pounds profit on it. But I do not need to ask you. I have the money you gave for it,” and he pulled from his pocket the cheque and the ten pounds.

‘“That picture was mine,” he said, “and that man was my servant. I wanted to test you. I know now what kind of man you are, and I make you an offer. Will you become my agent? My name is Mr. Joseph.”

‘My heart swelled high; for we all knew that Mr. Joseph was the prince of picture collectors. And this offer was a wonderful testimonial.

“‘You are very kind,’ I said. ‘It is a great honour to me. But . . .’”

“‘I know you want time to think it over,’ he said.

“‘I will tell you to-morrow,’ I said, and it was all too sudden.

“‘If you join me, the picture is mine,’ he said, “and I return your cheque; but if you refuse, I must

relinquish it to the honest dealer who bought it.”

That is the story, highly creditable both to employer and employed.

I am sorry to say that I cannot see Mr. Lancaster again. He was taken ill and it proved very dangerous. He was unmarried. But perhaps, I also ought to add, that he never existed.

L. JOSEPH,
Class III, Group iv-B.

THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE

‘We live, today, in a criminal democracy. That “democracy of crime” must be overthrown. And the first step towards that goal will be a complete change in the attitude of the average citizen towards a professional criminal, who must go.’ This dictum of a famous detective, sent a vibrating thrill into my heart. Yes, the professional criminal must go, and I as a law-abiding citizen shall respond to this plea and do my utmost for the suppression of crime. But how shall I begin?

* * *

Only the gentle slashing of waves, against the sandy shores, opposite to the South Sea Gate of Fort St. George, broke the peaceful stillness of that memorable night; Tuesday, December 31st, 1935. I was in the habit of attending the ‘Watch Night’ service every year. As the service was to begin only at 11-30 p.m. and as the night was very inviting, I started for a walk along the seashore. Except for one or two shadowy figures, sleeping soundly on the sands, I was all alone on the shore. A pale moon peered intermittently between fleecy white clouds floating lazily overhead, and sent silvery beams dancing over the rippling waves.

Caught suddenly in the radiance of one of these beams, a shocking figure appeared muffled up in a green shawl, out-lined against the peaceful scene. For a moment I was non-plussed and, to tell the truth, I would have fled from the spot in sheer terror, had not my ambition to become a detective, forced me against my will to stand rooted to the spot.

Here was mystery before me. Surely this muffled up figure must be an underworld-character, and I will observe his movements which seemed suspicious to me. I was filled with joy and the eager expectation of solving a mystery. What a mystery it was I leave for you to judge!

This shrouded figure slowly came towards me. My strong resolutions were crumbling to pieces. Should I run for my life? No! that will not do. I pressed my teeth together, as I was still chattering with fear and stood tensely for the attack which I expected would come. But instead of a knock-out blow on my head, a hand was placed gently on my shoulder and I heard my mysterious companion whisper, ‘Ramu’. At once I knew it was a case of mistaken identity. He also discovered the error and with a muttered oath and a word of apology (in Tamil) he turned abruptly and walked towards the High Court grounds. What else could I do but follow him? My curiosity had been aroused.

The streets were deserted as it was nearing midnight. The muffled up figure threaded his way quickly at a rapid pace until he reached the parapet wall of the grounds opposite to the level crossing. Then he stopped and turned round suspiciously and would have spotted me had I not hidden myself behind a dust-bin. Presumably satisfied that no one was following him, he jumped over the wall and immediately climbed a tree. After ten minutes he came down with a heavy stick in his hand. A chill sensation coursed down my spine.

Had he after all spotted me? Was this the weapon which he was going to make use of, to teach me a lesson, never to poke my nose into others' affairs? While these thoughts were raging in my mind, I found, to my surprise and relief, the expected assailant run for his life towards the Esplanade. At first I could not account for his behaviour. But soon the reason for his flight was revealed to me. For, suddenly I felt a heavy hand grip my shoulder. Dews of perspiration appeared on my forehead, and with a startled exclamation I turned round and saw a burly policeman peering at me with a sarcastic smile on his smug face. I knew that explanation would be of no avail. If I did not make a bolt for it, I would have to spend the night in a police cell. One essential point in my favour was that my captor was a 'modern Falstaff'. With the intention of taking him unawares I pretended to be a very submissive captive and followed him towards the High Court police station. My arm was still in his grasp. Just as we neared the gate, I wrenched my arm free and dashed across the ground. The constable was so amazed that by the time he found his voice to shout for help, I jumped clear over the fence (God only knows how I did it! perhaps it was fear that did the trick) and bolted across the Esplanade, and ran a headlong race straight through Angappa Naicken Street, instead of turning into Linga Chetty Street, where I was lodging. I did not however realise the error until I had reached Mannady. For up to that time my chief aim was to put as much distance as possible, between the policeman and myself.

I paused for breath suddenly, and from a secluded corner of a

lane I cautiously looked back and saw, not the policeman but the phantom-figure, whom I had been shadowing, slowly walking towards me. My hope and joy were renewed once more. After all, my troubles were not going to be wasted. I waited patiently till he went past me and then cautiously took up the trail. I saw him turn abruptly into a lane, and hastened quickly so as to keep him always in sight. But, imagine my surprise when I found none in the lane, as I turned into it just a minute or two after my quarry had done so.

It seemed unimaginable and ridiculous to me. The person I had been following had completely vanished. With a disappointed heart I turned my weary steps homewards. But scarcely had I taken a few steps, than I heard 'terrible thuds' as if some one was making use of a very heavy stick, followed by inhuman cries. My fear had completely vanished. The spirit of adventure was foremost in my mind and regardless of the dangers into which I might place myself, I rushed into the alley, from which the noise had come.

Almost immediately I saw two men standing there, one with an up-raised stick. The person with the stick, I recognised, as the man I had been trailing. With a superhuman effort, I gathered my scattering wits and courage, and demanded an explanation, posing as a C.I.D. Immediately, my midnight acquaintance, slowly came towards me with humble debonair and expressed his intention to explain everything to me. This sudden change in my opponent made me proud. Alas! 'Pride goeth before a fall' and what a fall I had, Gentlemen! For just as I was gloating over the fact, that I was about

to make a criminal confess without the usual third-degree method of the police, I found myself sprawling on the cemented floor of the alley as a result of a stunning blow I received on my nose! The next moment, both the fiends were upon me, and administered to me the soundest thrashing I ever received in my life, and later, carried me bodily to a corner of the alley where lay 'the murdered victim'—as I suspected all along. Can you guess what the 'murdered victim' was? No! you cannot. It was an enormously big bandicoot! its skull crushed to a pulp by the terrific blows it had received. What a detective I proved to be after all! Solved the 'mysterious' murder of a bandicoot! The ruffians, not satisfied with the blows they had already graciously bestowed

upon me, pushed me out of the alley with a resounding kick. Just as I emerged out of the alley I heard the Central Station clock chime twelve; after all I began the new year with a poor attempt at detection and a sound thrashing!

For many days after my sorrowful adventure (or is it mis-adventure?) I refused to be consoled by my friends, until at last, the age-old saying, 'Failures are stepping stones to Success', comforted me a great deal and restored the belief in my own talents as a detective, which I had lost on that memorable night of Tuesday, December 31st, 1935.

R. J. MANIKKAM,
Honours V. Branch vi.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

'Idle Pleasures' or 'Smiles, Vain Smiles'. By Daphrank.

It is the season of summer. The terrors of chill winter are over. Herds of cattle are grazing about in the grassy plains, the bees flutter about in quest of honey and 'full glad are all the huts and all the halls'. 'The maidens twine the (?) heads with myrtle green' and everything is tranquil and glorious. All on a sudden, like a thunderbolt from the blue, our poet Mr. Daphrank rushes into this scene of quiet and peace and preaches this immortal sermon:—

Waste not in wanton joy a pleasant day
Fling soon from thee, wine and flowers
away
And make the best you can of your life's
part.

A noble precept indeed! Our poet is no idle talker. He knows that example is better than precept. We think we are quite correct when we interpret his gospel thus: 'Ye silly mortals of this sublunar Universe, know ye that joy is fleeting and that death follows life. Close your eyes and your ears, therefore, to all that is beautiful and sublime and steep yourselves, drown yourselves in something which is lifeless and dull. Here I stand before you, a noble example of heroic sacrifice, denying to myself the least pleasurable sensation, and making the best of my life scribbling on this dull paper with this duller pen.'

I would like to remark that from internal evidence I have found out that Mr. Daphrank comes to India fresh from the continent, most probably from England—to be more definite, from the Lake District. Reason?

you may ask. Honestly this is the reason. This poet of nature says,

'With hoary frost the meads are no more
white,
While the moon looks smiling from above
But no longer on the silvery snow.'

I will desist from discussing these lines any further—I have never seen the 'hoary frost' and the 'silvery snow'.

An Evening Walk. By Daphrank again.

Our didactic poet is now in a more agreeable mood. He expresses delight at

The chatter of the bubbling brook
The wind whisp'ring among the tree, etc.

Good so far, but prithee, where is your moral?

Such comradeship of quiet is sweet and
gay
In solitude its joy returns
And man in grateful memory discerns
The subtle strength of friendships away.

This poet is a zealous teacher, and his poem has a high moral purpose. I will pay him in his own coin; Know thou, generous poet, sense is more important than rhyme!

My Fountain Pen. By S. G., Class II.

This short article is in easy, pleasant English but unfortunately the subject chosen is not good enough for our purpose. We shall quote a few sentences.

'I kept my guilty secret until after supper, and then I tried to fill the pen with ink. I spilled the only bottle of ink in the house. Wails of distress filled the air! "Oh, never mind," my father said grandly, "I don't need it." But my mother said that she didn't need it on the carpet.'

We are sure that Mr. S. G. can write really good articles if he chooses proper subjects.

My Friend. By D. A., Class II.

'John Milton creates a person and calls him Il Penseroso, and Joseph Addition (!), names the person whom he introduces in his description of a vision, Mirzah.' Our essayist has tried to out-Steele Steele, and has added something in the manner of *Addition* in this vivid portrait of his friend. First of all, the friend's house and garden are described, then some of his peculiarities; then follow descriptions of his father, his mother, his sister, his Tennis-courts, etc. We do not pretend to emulate the *Spectator* of old, and so we humbly bid good-bye to this lengthy, humorous, monotonous portrait.

'Beware of God's presence, for he is quite awake throughout.' By K. G. N. R., Class II.'

This is a grand story with a lofty moral purpose, as the title indicates. As the space available in our magazine is *very* limited, we would like to give a very brief summary of the story—as far as it is possible to trace it through the wilderness of the rugged, densely wooded pages.

Once upon a time there lived a couple. 'The husband, of the name of Raman, had a great faith towards God while his wife Ratna was a Godless, incredulous woman.' Once, Raman had to leave his wife and stay away in Bombay for a month. Before leaving her, he advised her to preserve her chastity and not to look out into the street when she had nothing else to do. But a few days later, a certain Kesavan happened to pass along the street. Ratna called him in. After talking together for a time, they went to the bed-room, and the moment they

were about to commit adultery, God came in the form of a boy and prevented the crime. A few days later again, the unfortunate Kesavan was tempted and this time he was punished very heavily indeed. Kesavan has been concealed in a granary to prevent detection.

'In fact he was suffering a living death there which was to him no better than a hell, for at the bottom of the granary there was a cobra lying quietly, which the moment it felt the pressure of his feet, was roused to its full fury, struck him with its spread-out head fiercely, and caused bleeding in his hand. Feeling this unexpected extreme pain, he jumped up a little and caught hold of a rope (it was thick dark, mind you—*Ed.*) hanging down from the roof, thereby trying to escape from the cobra, but not alas! a black (he observed the colour in the dark—when he was writhing with pain—*Ed.*) a black scorpion came running fastly down the rope and *stinged* him fiercely causing bleeding in the hand. The next moment, the rope was cut in the middle by a rat which was all along working very vigorously, with the result that he was once again brought a prey to the cobra (he is not dead yet!). Then our champion Mr. Gopal brought a long stick to one end of which a broom-stick was attached, and in the act of cleaning the inside belaboured Kesavan inside as *hardly* as he could, all the time pretending to be unaware of the fellow inside. . . . Not satisfied with all this, Gopal then brought a strong solution of cow-dung in water, and sprinkled handfuls of it on Kesavan. . . .'

We pity the poor author for his pains. We would advise him never more to try his hand at fiction. He is an anachronism. Of him it may

be truly said that he was not born for this age. His star would have shone with undimmed splendour in those good old days when men were more credulous, less sophisticated. O, cursed, O, miserable times!

My Unemployed Friend. P. V. R., Class III.

Our friend (we mean the employed friend) is offering a solution to one of the most burning problems of the day, the problem of Unemployment. 'In my opinion,' says Mr. P. V. R. 'I think that by improving agriculture, not only the problem of unemployment, but also the problem of economic Depression could be solved and thus bring peace and happiness to your country.'

In our opinion, (a) text-books of Grammar are not being used properly as they ought to be, and (b) there are at the present time, many young men who refuse to understand that to repeat something which has been often expressed more attractively, is more fruitless labour.

Women's Wiles (Short story). By S. P. A., Class III.

A crafty old woman who is tired of her husband, pretends to have become deaf all on a sudden, and keeps up the game ever after in her life. Her reason for this dissimulation is, 'It is mighty useful and very effective. You hear just what you like, and don't hear the rest. You escape all the fetching and carrying and answering unnecessary questions.'

This 'Family deafness' it seems, is inherited. Old Mrs. Ranganathan (that is the name of the old woman) hands over this heritage to her niece who is also suffering from a domineering husband.

The story is no doubt pleasant, but unfortunately, probability, verisimili-

tude to life is one of the essential features of a good story. Who can believe that a woman has nerves strong enough to maintain this deceit throughout life? If there are a handful of women of the type of Mrs. Ranganathan, the world would have been today, a quite different one! If men are as clever as they are taken to be, such 'Women's Wiles' are bound to be fruitless.

On a Rainy Day.

This very short article is well-written, but somehow or other it is not full enough to form a separate article for the *Magazine*. We hope that the writer will write next time and with better success.

Travelling in a Vallam.

This is indeed a very delightful theme to write on. Mr. M. C. M. has thought out the subject well but the mode of expression is not happy. There is a strong tendency to 'fine writing' which fails miserably in its aim.

'I awoke to find myself embraced by the cool atmosphere of the dawn. All the village was astir. The birds began to chirp. The frogs were croaking no longer. My boatman was all liveliness. . . . The cocks gave welcome to the approaching day. The swallows have already set out to their daily task. Cows abound the fields. Their young calves jumping and running beside them with their characteristic energy, sometimes go, suck their mothers (!) and get milk flowing in the udder only to run away from them again. . . . Mother Nature was in her elements. The sun was peeping through the sky' Tut! Tut!

Mr. M. C. M. must purge himself of this unhappy tendency to 'fine writing'. Beautiful thoughts look

more beautiful when expressed in plain, lucid language, and a false diction in description does not make Nature more attractive.

My Would-be Son-in-law. By K. S. R.

If A aspires to become my son-in-law without any chance of success, then A is my would-be son-in-law. In this story, the daughter of a poor schoolmaster is married to a rich Zamindar, and the poor schoolmaster refers to the Zamindar as 'my would-be son-in-law!'

Coming to the story, it can be briefly stated thus:—A short time after the marriage, the rich son-in-law dies, and the poor schoolmaster has one more care upon his head. No doubt a pathetic story, but the writer tries to drive home a moral to us. He seems to say that poor schoolmasters should not have rich sons-in-law. We are reminded of the story, how a boy told his friend that he would never go to sea because his father and grandfather had been drowned therein, and how the smart friend retorted by saying that he should never go to bed because all his ancestors had died in their beds.

Temptations. By A. S.

This is a serious, honest sermon. We would like to remind our future student-contributors that they must never try to teach or to preach in an article intended for the *Magazine*. The first question that you have to ask yourselves when you are writing an article is, Is this likely to create pleasure in the readers? If an article absorbs one's interest and at the same time teaches something, its aim is fulfilled. We are sure that Mr. A. S. will be able to write well on some other topic of interest.

General: We must thank all those who sent in their contributions, and we would advise those whose articles have not been included in the *Magazine*, not to be disappointed. Try again—fight on till at last your attempt becomes a success—that is the way. To those whose attempts have met with adverse criticism in these pages, we have a special request to make: Understand the critical remarks in the right spirit. To know one's own defects is better than remaining in blissful ignorance of them.

ATHLETICS

Football

We began the season in the usual manner with a few practice games to which all who could play football were invited. The attendance on these occasions was very encouraging and it was really gratifying to note the keenness evinced by some of the newcomers. Four friendly matches were played against, 'A Combined Team', Central Y.M.C.A., Y.M.C.A. College of Physical Education and the Minerva Club. These matches went a long way in the selection of the College XI.

The inter-collegiate League commenced on the 29th July, when we met and drew with the Engineering College. It was a tale of lost chances and we were distinctly unlucky in not forcing a victory. In the second match against the Veterinary College,

we won by 5 goals to 2. As the score suggests, our team was superior in every department of the game. In our third encounter against Loyola we were defeated by 4 goals to 2. We put up a very poor display and did not deserve anything better.

This year a regular B Team has been formed and fixtures are also arranged for them. In the first match against Parry's Sports and Recreation Club, our players did well in scoring a victory.

The following are the office-bearers for this year :

- D. Alexander ... Secretary.
- A. T. Arnold ... Captain.
- K. J. Somasundaram. Vice-Captain.
- A. T. ARNOLD, Captain.

Cricket

Averages : First Eleven.

BATTING					
	No. of Innings	Total Runs	Highest Score	Not Out	Average
B. S. Krishna Rao ...	5	151	62	...	30.20
R. A. Spitteler ...	4	71	44	...	17.75
Ganapathy ...	4	32	19	2	16.00
Ramakrishnan ...	5	75	49	...	15.00
P. N. Bal ...	4	41	18	1	13.66

BOWLING				
	No. of Wickets.	Runs	Average	
R. A. Spitteler ...	...	11	91	8.27
Beliappa ...	...	3	39	13.00
Ramadoss ...	...	4	52	13.00
N. A. Spitteler ...	...	7	94	13.42
B. S. Krishna Rao ...	...	9	157	17.44

ATHLETICS

Second Eleven.

BATTING					
	No. of Innings	Total Runs	Highest Score	Not Out	Average
Md. Ismail ...	3	85	70	...	28.33
N. S. Ramaswamy ...	2	49	41	...	24.50

BOWLING				
	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
G. K. Parthasarathy ...	16.2	2	55	10
Borgonha ...	9	1	23	3
G. S. Narasimha Reddy.	15	1	52	4

Hockey

At the time of writing it has not been decided who are to constitute the College Hockey Eleven. Although the players for the defence have been definitely settled, there is still a lot of shuffling among the forwards, the most difficult position to settle being the left-extreme. The team as a whole is fairly strong; our one weakness lies in the forwards being unable to finish in the ring. This clearly shows that what we require is regular practice and therefore it has been decided that there will be a team practice every Wednesday. Players who fail to turn up for these games, unless expressly excused by the President or the Captain, will be dropped in the next tournament game.

We have six of last year's players: the new comers are Mr. R. S. Macnicol, M. A. Belliappa, G. Cross, J. Arumanayagam and P. C. Rajarathnam.

Mr. Macnicol who is our goal-keeper is decidedly an asset to the team. Belliappa, right-half back, is sound in the defence and is in the making of a good wing half. Cross, the other wing half who is hard-working plays entirely a defensive game. He should clear with more

judgment. Arumanayagam, right-extreme and Rajarathnam centre forward must do their best to combine with the others to make the attack a success.

We have lost one match in the League Tournament but should comfortably win the remaining games. We ought to annex the Cup in the next tournament.

M. D. EDMONDS.

The Tennis Club

This year the club has a larger number of members than it used to have in former years. There are about 92 members from the college besides a few from the school.

The allotment of the courts took place last month and we expect challenge matches to take place soon. All the players are playing regularly in their respective courts.

There is one first court player, who will be invariably seen at the court from 3 to 6 p.m. every day. He hopes and wishes to represent his country one day in the Wimbledon tournament and to defeat Perry in three easy straight sets. We wish him success.

We intend to invite some leading players of Madras to give us practice for the coming inter-collegiate tournament. P. N. Bal is representing our college in singles and the doubles pair has not yet been chosen. We expect our representatives to do well in the tournament.

G. SREENIVASA MOORTHY,
Secretary.

Boxing—An Art

Finding that there is a general misunderstanding about the noble art of Boxing, I am writing this article in the fond hope that it will in part dispel some wrong ideas of Boxing, and Boxers; but the more immediate stimulus was the opinion of a gentleman, who with every line of his face expressing disgust and disapproval said, 'Boxing! eh! beastly! abominable!' I can understand his gentlemanly, but misplaced sympathy.

I shall try to prove that the impression of Boxing which people generally have is wrong.

Boxing is as much a sport as Football or Cricket. It is nothing but a game of wits. When boxing, as when playing any other game, you try to trick your opponent, and get your point, as you get your goal, or your run, and at the same time you try to foil him in his tactics. For every 'hit' in boxing there is an appropriate 'guard', so that if anyone gets hurt, it is only his fault, for it is obvious that if he guards himself he

cannot get hit. Mental quickness combined with the trained co-ordination of muscular action counts more than mere brutal strength or wind-mill tactics.

Boxers are enemies inside the ring, but in the ring only, but outside they are brothers bound together by a common tie.

Boxing makes a man a perfect gentleman. There exists an erroneous impression, that a boxer is a nasty fellow who goes along punching the noses of people weaker than himself. A true boxer is a perfect sport, and hence a 'pukka' gentleman. He faces the buffets of life with the same calmness with which he faces his opponent. He sympathises with the weak, for he knows what it is to be weak, and is therefore chivalrous. He has to lead a moral life, as otherwise he would not be 'fit'. His love of the sport gives him strength of character, determination of mind, and clearness of perception, as without these qualities, he ceases to be a boxer.

Physically, he is well knit, muscular, yet wiry, is quick, and of regular habits, and abstains from harmful stimulants.

Lastly he behaves himself in the ring, and never takes mean advantage of his opponent's weakness, for in boxing, the request of an opponent is never ignored. He plays up, and he plays the game.

JOSEPH HENRY.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

The trained men in our contingent are keeping their good form. They are showing all round keenness and efficiency and look like becoming very good soldiers. To attain this they will have to avoid the familiar but common mistake of thinking that they have learnt every thing and that there is nothing more to learn. It should also be the business of the trained men to enthuse the recruits and make them learn everything that conduces to efficiency.

There were about thirty-two vacancies at the time when the College re-opened and there was as usual a heavy rush of applicants. Applications were far in excess of the vacancies and many had to go away disappointed. A promising group of recruits has been selected and they are coming up well in their training.

Some of them of course are girlish in carrying out drill movements and look rather queer in their marching. Perhaps their ankles need a reducing cream and exercise such as rotating the feet from the knees.

There was a big clear-out of N. C. Os. at the beginning of this year and this gave opportunity for many of our trained men to become N. C. Os. C. S. M. Dharma Rao, who has been doing very good work for our contingent, will be leaving us shortly and Sgt. Somasundaram seems to be looking up for that place.

There are many good omens, now, which suggest that we are not going to lose our ground, and whispers which convey the news that our men have decided to do their best.

S. P.

SOCIETIES

Philosophical Association

The new year dawned quite brightly. On the fine afternoon of the 16th July 1936, the General Body met and re-elected Dr. A. G. Hogg to continue as the President, and elected Mr. C. D. Nagasundaram to act as the Secretary. The Executive Committee Members, who are the representatives of the classes were also elected. They are: Mr. K. J. Somasundaram for the Honours Classes; Messrs. C. Inder Mohan and K. Venkatakrishna Rao for Class IV; and Messrs. K. Baboo and Md. Mujahed Uddin for Class III.

The inaugural meeting for the year was held on the afternoon of the 13th August 1936. Mr. S. Parthasarathy, M.A., occupied the chair, and Messrs. G. Israel (of Class III), S. M. Shaik Mohideen (of Class IV) and P. Sree Ramachandra Moorthi (of Class III) delivered pleasant discourses on 'Christianity', 'Islam', and 'Hinduism' respectively. The lectures were supplemented by Messrs. K. Venkatakrishna Rao, Syed Abdul Khader, A. D. Krishnamoorthi, K. Baboo and T. A. Varadarajan. The meeting which was lively throughout terminated with a vote of thanks proposed by the secretary to the president and to the lecturers, after the conclusion of the chairman's learned remarks.

I regret very much that the resolutions passed at the condolence meeting held late in the last term could not be published in the previous issue of the *Magazine*. The meeting was presided over by Mr. S. Samuel, and was very well attended by members and non-members. Dr. A. G.

Hogg and Mr. S. Parthasarathy were also present. After praying God to bestow peace on the soul of late Dr. S. J. Theodore, the following resolutions were passed:—

- i. The Philosophical Association of the Madras Christian College places on record its intense sorrow at the untimely decease of the late Dr. S. J. Theodore, who was an honoured professor of this College, and desires to convey to the bereaved family its sincere condolences.
- ii. The Secretary is instructed to forward to Mrs. Theodore a copy of the Resolutions.

C. D. NAGASUNDARAM,
Secretary.

Dravida Bhashabhivridhi Sangham

A general-body meeting of the above Sangham was held on the 13th July at 1-45 p.m. in the third class room of the college, under the presidentship of M.R.Ry. S. D. Sargunar and the following were elected office-bearers for the current academic year.

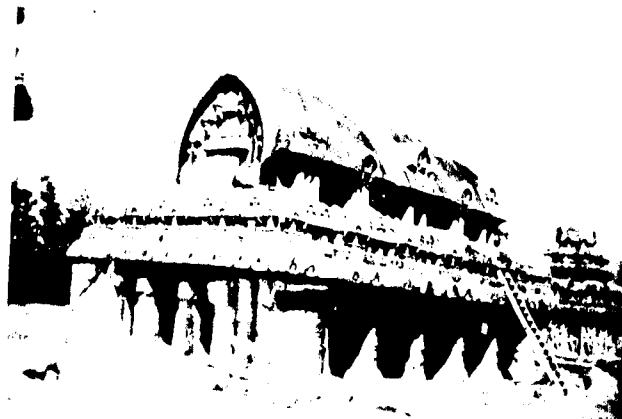
President.—M. R. Ry. S. D. Sargunar Avergal, B.A.

Patron.—Rev. Gordon Matthews, M.A., B.Litt.

Secretary.—J. K. Manickam, Class IV.

Treasurer.—N. B. Abdul Jabbar, Class II.

The inaugural meeting of the Sangham was held on the 22nd July at 4-15 p.m. in the third class room under the presidentship of Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. V. Swaminatha



Ayyar Avergal, when Vidwan K. V. Jagannatha Ayyar Avergal, delivered an interesting speech on 'Tamil Kalvi'. The president in concluding his supplementary speech appealed to all the Tamil students to have the same love and regard for Tamil even outside the college walls, which they had manifested by attending the meeting in large numbers. With a vote of thanks proposed by M.R.Ry. Gopala Ayyar Avergal the meeting came to a close.

On the 7th August at 4-15 p.m., a debate was held in the same room with M. R. Ry. S. D. Sargunar Avergal in the chair when Mr. Sivaprakasam of Class III moved that 'The Influence of Western Civilization on India has been on the whole beneficial'. Mr. Abdul Jabbar of Class II opposed the motion, but to no avail. Though the attendance was rather unsatisfactory and discouraging, this was amply compensated by the liveliness and enthusiasm which both the main and supplementary speakers showed in trying to justify their respective points of view. With the chairman's concluding remarks the meeting terminated.

We hope to arrange a good number of debates and speeches during the course of this academic year.

J. K. MANICKAM,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sangham

A general-body meeting was convened by Mr. K. Sivaprasada Row to elect the office-bearers for this year and the following were unanimously elected:

M.R.Ry. K. V. Subba Rao Garu, M.A., President.

Mr. H. A. Rathnam, Class III, Secretary.

Mr. K. Narasimhappa, Class IV, Asst. Secretary.

Mr. K. Sivaprasada Rao, Class IV, Treasurer.

Class Representatives:—

Mr. B. S. Krishna Rao, Class I.

Mr. M. Ramakrishnaiah, Class II.

Mr. P. Venganna, Class III.

Mr. K. Venkatakrishna Rao, Class IV.

We had our first meeting in the Anderson Hall on Thursday, July 30, when Brahmamasri Chellapilla Venkata Sastry, the celebrated Andhra poet-king presided. The inaugural address of the Sangham was delivered by Mr. D. S. Avadhani on 'The ancient lyric poetry and M.R.Ry. K. V. Subba Rao Garu of our college recited melodious poems composed by him about the distinguished chairman and the speaker.

There was a proposal to stage a drama but owing to the back-sliding on the part of many (as the September examinations are fast approaching) it was given up.

We hope to conduct as many meetings as possible in this term.

H. A. RATHNAM,
Secretary.

Natural History Society

A general-body meeting of the society was held on the 10th of August, 1936, at 1-30 p.m. with Mr. B. Bonnell, M.A., in the chair, when the following office-bearers were elected:

Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A., President.

I. Md. Azizuddin (Class IV), Secretary.

Sreenivasan (Class IV), Treasurer.

Class Representatives:—

M. Anantaraman (P.G.), Rathnam, (Class III), C. G. Jayaraman (Class II), V. Narayana Menon (Class I).

With a vote of thanks to the president the meeting came to a close.

The Committee met for the first time on the 12th of August to draw up a programme of work, and decided to go on excursions to places of interest once a month. It also resolved to have lectures by eminent men on important topics.

We hope to be able to approach a prominent person to deliver the inaugural address. It is also hoped that under the guidance of the learned president and with the co-operation of the members, the society will continue to prosper.

M. AZIZUDDIN,
Secretary.

The Malayalee Association

The first meeting of this academic year was held on the 31st of July. The office-bearers were elected with Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, B.A., as President. It was resolved by the Committee to celebrate 'Onam' on the 28th August. Students are busy making arrangements for the celebration of the festival which is a time of merry-making in their Homes.

The inaugural meeting of the Association will be held on the 21st instant, when Mr. Achutha Menon, B.A., University Reader in Malayalam, will address the students.

P. V. LAKSHMANAN,
Secretary.

Report of the Brotherhood

This year the annual welcome to new students of the College came off on the 18th of July, on the College Park grounds, in Miller Road. There was a large gathering as expected and the arrangements for serving tea and refreshments were excellent. The weather which looked threatening

proved to be helpful and the guests and the hosts enjoyed the evening thoroughly.

The first business meeting of the Brotherhood was held on the 23rd of July with Dr. Gandheker in the chair. Some members of staff and a large number of students attended. The following office-bearers were elected for the year:

General Secretary: K. N. S. Sarma.

Excursion Committee: Mr. Syed Mohamed, K. Ramakrishna Choudry, Koya Mohideen Kutty.

Social Service Committee: Mr. W. F. Kibble, T. J. Cheriyan, C. I. Verghese.

Book Club Committee: Mr. T. K. Rajasekharan, K. C. George, Bhce-manna Chetty.

The Brotherhood arranged an excursion to Tambaram on the afternoon of the first of July and reached Tambaram by the electric train. We were 30 strong including Dr. Gandheker, Mr. Kibble, Mr. Rajasekharan and Mr. Syed Mohamed. The first building we visited was the Science Building which Dr. Gandheker called the 'Chemistry Building' (!) He corrected himself later by saying that it is the foundation!! We visited then the Arts Block and the Library and one of the Halls and ended up by seeing the septic tank and the arrangements for the sewage disposal. We had tea and sumptuous feed brought with us from Madras. We spent a very enjoyable afternoon many of the excursionists having gone there for the first time. We realised the grandness of the scheme and the seniors in the party wished they had one more year to spend in College. The students at Tambaram must be exceedingly lucky to have all those wonderful facilities in the College and the Halls.

The Social service section has started in right earnest even before the inauguration of the Brotherhood. The dispensary was thrown open soon after the re-opening and is doing good work. Passes have been secured for social service visitors to the General Hospital and work is going on. The Mental Hospital authorities are sending their bus for taking about eleven students every Friday evening for a friendly game of football with the patients of the hospital. This part of the activity has always been very popular and every Friday the bus gets easily filled.

Dr. Gandheker will shortly organise a batch of volunteers for raising money for the King George V Memorial flag day on the 27th August. We expect to realise a good sum from the College.

K. N. S. SARMA,
General Secretary.

The Christian Union

In a general-body meeting held in the third week of February last, Messrs. G. C. Martin, O.F.E. Zacharias, and P. John Philip were elected President, Vice-President, and General Secretary respectively for this year.

On 16th July the General Body of the union elected the following to the Committee of the Union:

Mr. V. Balasundaram (Hons. III),
Treasurer.

Mr. S. P. Appasamy (Class III),
Social Service Secretary.

Mr. M. C. Verghese (Class IV),
Devotional Service Secretary.

Mr. J. G. Clement (Class III),
Study Circle Secretary.

Mr. Suvi Raj Grubb (Hons. IV),
Choir Secretary.

Mr. A. P. Abraham (Class II), Mr. Ratnaya (Class I), *Class Representatives.*

The activities of the union began in right earnest, with a well attended Freshers' Social held on 24th July, at 4-15 p.m., in the College Hall. After tea the meeting began presided over by Dr. Hogg. The General Secretary read the annual report of the union. The new Christian students were then welcomed to the union by Mr. G. C. Martin. Mr. G. W. Santiago, the newly appointed secretary of the S.C.M. for Madras and Vellore areas spoke next. He appealed to the students for a wider co-operation, and keener interest in the work of the S.C.M. The Principal winding up the meeting, wished the union all success, and expressed the hope that all Christian students of the College would become members of the union. With benediction from the chair the meeting came to a close at 5-20 p.m.

Already Study Circles have been started in Caithness Hall, Second Students' Home, Fenn Hostel and Bishop Heber Hall. As a form of social service a tennis pickers' class is being conducted every Saturday where Bible stories, and Christian lyrics are taught. Further, we are co-operating with the Brotherhood to run the dispensary. On Thursday afternoons, Devotional services are being conducted in the College Chapel.

We look forward with enthusiasm and hope for a year of useful Christian service.

P. JOHN PHILIP,
General Secretary.

HOSTELS

Students' Home

Our Home was opened to us on the 24th June with 28 members. Most of us are old members of the family. The general-body meeting took place on 11th July. Messrs. K. A. Ramamoorthy, C. R. Venkatesan, V. Ramaswaran and R. Muthuswamy were elected members of the managing committee. K. A. Ramamoorthy was then elected general secretary. On the 11th July we had our first meeting of the Managing Committee when the following were elected office-bearers for the year:

R. Muthuswamy, *Treasurer*. V. Ramaswaran, *Games Superintendent*. C. R. Venkatesan, *Guest Superintendent*. R. Raghunathan, *Medical Superintendent*. V. R. Subramanyam, *Librarian*. S. Venkatraman, *Auditor*.

Mr. P. Parthasarathy has been appointed as our resident tutor and we feel happy in his company.

From the beginning of the term, our life in the hostel was gay and happy. Our gaiety would have continued but for the sudden and premature demise of one of our members, Y. Sundararaj, a student of the second class. He was a member of the hostel last year also. After a brief illness, he left us all in the early hours of the 19th July, never to return again. We cannot but recall the innocent smile and the happy company he gave us. May his soul rest in peace and God give his bereaved family strength enough to bear this hard stroke.

K. A. RAMAMOORTHY,
Secretary.

The Fern Hostel

The Fern Hostel is full this year though many were refused admission. Thirty-two of the old 'uns are back again and twelve new youngsters have joined us which makes us forty-four strong. We have also a new Sub-Warden this year in Mr. N. Pitchandy.

A general-body meeting of the hostel was held on the 10th of July to elect the office-bearers for the year. The following were elected:

K. C. George, *Treasurer*.
J. G. Sambandam, *Librarian*.
J. S. P. Durairaj, *Auditor and Guest Superintendent*.

K. Viswanatha Nair, *Medical Officer*,
and Suvi Raj Grubb, *Secretary*.

Our first 'Muttai meeting' went off with a bang on the 17th of July. The new members were given a formal welcome to the hostel and introduced to one another. Early the next morning the old members began filling up the tank for the ducking ceremony. All the newcomers were ducked though one of them tried to escape by biting those who carried him! The hostel reception to the graduates of last year will be held next week.

Though we have a studious set in our hostel this year—in this respect the first class students deserve special mention—we enjoy ourselves to the full.

SUVI RAJ GRUBB,
Secretary.

Rungiah Chetty Hostel

The hostel re-opened on the 24th June. This year there was a good rush for seats.

A general-body meeting was held on 4th July, with the Superintendent in the Chair, to elect the Secretary and the other members of the Committee. The Committee met the next day to assign the various offices.

The office-bearers are:

K. P. Kutty Krishnan, *Secretary*.
P. V. Lakshmanan, *Games Superintendent*.

K. P. Kumara Menon, *Guest Superintendent*.

P. K. Ramakrishnan, *Treasurer*.

K. K. Madhavan Nair, *Librarian*.

We are glad to have Mr. G. C. Martin again as our Superintendent. Dr. Gandheker was acting as the Manager for the first two weeks in place of Mr. Asirvadam who was on a tour to Europe. We welcome as our Resident Tutor, Mr. Kalyanasundaram.

We could not go on an excursion to any place but we hope to have one at least in the next term. As the terminal examination is approaching, the junior students have begun to stick to their studies. The games are in no way neglected. The new Carrom board occupies a good time, especially among the novices, some of whom want to become proficient in the game before they are once again in the midst of their beloveds. Chess also appeals much but the battle now goes on without the Negus.

The exertions of the hostel comedians (supposed to be so) have a most unsavoury effect. Our 'Hercules' always meditates—perhaps upon his predicted voyage to the continent.

K. P. KUTTY KRISHNAN,
Secretary.

Caithness Hall

Our hostel opened this year to the wild clamours of new members, of every variety and description, from all parts of South India, determined to

find at least breathing space in the hostel, even after the whole place was crammed to overflowing.

The Manager and the Superintendent were kept busy measuring out space to the members for full three weeks. Three fortunate members were graciously escorted to the 'Annexe' in Angappa Naick Street, where they have fixed themselves in a room which can be converted into a Swimming pool on rainy days. We wish them the best of 'bathes'.

The doctor was very much in demand among many of the 49 members for a happy month during which spirits were toned and digestions corrected. And then of course there was a 'ducking' ceremony, to break the ice between the old and the new, which provided certain personalities ample opportunities to completely express their pent-up feelings. We congratulate Mr. G. Srinivasa Moorthy on his being elected as the College Tennis Secretary. We all hope to lead a happy and profitable life under the direction of our Manager and Superintendent.

Office-bearers for the Current year:

Managing Committee
Secretary ... Mr. S. Ramanujam.
Treasurer ... „ R. Sankaralingam.
Do. ... „ G. Govindan.
Do. ... „ K. Ramachandran.
Games Secretary „ Nalla Reddy Naidu
Convener of Debates } „ K. Srinivasa Rao.
Librarian ... „ Sheik Mohideen.
Guest Superintendent. } V. A. Sundaram.

Mess Committee
Mr. G. Babu Rao Naidu.
„ O. T. Bhaskaran.
„ C. G. Jayaram.
S. RAMANUJAM,
Secretary.

The Second Students' Home.

What shall we say about ourselves except that we are all happy? We have a considerable number of junior students. There are of course many varieties of them, very curious specimens, but I shall not describe them. The Hostel Managing Committee—I shall not plague you with names—consists of a Neo-orthodox Brahmin, a non-Brahmin Hindu, a Muhammadan and a Christian, all working with perfect harmony and co-operation. We have organised a Literary and Debating Society and a Weekly Bible-study Circle, both of which have begun regular work. Our Graduates' Reception—and we had more than

eight graduates this year—took place on the 29th of August. Among our graduates, special mention must be made of Mr. M. K. Alexander who passed his M.A. degree examination (Philosophy) in the first class securing the first rank in the University.

I hope that our life in this beloved Hostel will be fruitful and rich, that we will always find in it a substitute for our homes, and whatever little differences there may be among us, everything will be bathed in a flood of serene harmony, good-will and fellowship.

K. R. CHANDRASEKHARAN,
Secretary.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Odyssey of Israel (The Story of the Old Testament for Modern Readers). By T. G. Platten, M.A. (London, Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). 240 pages.

Mr. Platten, after a brief exposition of the modern attitude to the Bible, proceeds at once to an outline, stage by stage, of the history of Israel from the beginning of the historical period down to the Return and Restoration. Ample use is made of the discoveries and theories of modern scientific scholars, but the learning is not obtruded, and emphasis is laid throughout on the religious development of the people. After completing his account of the Restoration, Mr. Platten turns back to examine the earlier books of the Old Testament (the 'Pentateuch'), which were compiled in their present form most probably about the Restoration period; he shows how the compilation was made, and discusses the subject-matter of the books, distinguishing myths from legends and both from history. Then comes another chapter of history, which brings the story down to the time of Jesus. Finally there are two chapters on the remaining books of the Old Testament, including the Apocrypha, a chapter on the growth of the conception of immortality, and a chapter on the hope of the Messiah.

Mr. Platten is a teacher. His book is based on lectures given in a training college, and is intended largely for upper-form schoolboys and their teachers. And it has the virtues of its function: it is well-arranged, clear, and brief. At the end he gives a very handy time-chart, and a list of questions and suggestions for further

study. There are of course many difficult and doubtful points in the story he has to tell, and he does not conceal that there are such points: but his treatment of them is admirably balanced and reasonable throughout. It is obvious, in spite of his clear and simple narrative, that he has a very competent grasp of his subject, both as a whole and in its details; he seems to be especially interested in anthropology and archæology, and he pays much attention to the forms of worship of Israel at the various stages of their development.

The only criticism we have to offer is that he might have given us, possibly at the end of each chapter, a selected list of relevant passages from the Old Testament. As it is, the book is an introduction to the reading of the Bible rather than a handbook or companion-volume. But it is useful, certainly, to have such a book in such a simple and attractive form.

J. R. M.

The Mysore Tribes and Castes, Vol. I. By Divan Bahadur L. K. Ananthakrishna Iyer.

This volume completes the encyclopædic work on the tribes and castes of Mysore by Mr. Ananthakrishna Iyer, a distinguished old student of this College. Vols. II, III, and IV, which have already appeared, gave a careful and systematic account of the origin, tradition, customs, religion and economic life of the various social groups of the State of Mysore, treated in alphabetical order. A glance at the list of contents shows that no less than 92 groups are distinguished, and that

subdivisions are noted in some of them—a tribute to the thoroughness with which the author has carried out his work, but also provoking thought on the amazing complexity and diversity of Indian social life.

The present volume, which appears last although numbered as the first of the series, is intended to provide an introduction to the vast mass of ethnological information collected in the pages of the companion volumes. It aims at giving a comprehensive view of the social and religious customs dealt with in detail in the alphabetical treatment of the various castes and tribes.

The chapter headings show the scope of the work: Caste; Population; Marriage and family; Totemism; Magic; Animism; Religion; Funeral customs; Occupation; Village community; Dress and ornaments; Food, games and dancing. In these the author not only generalizes on the results of his investigations in Mysore,

but draws parallels and comparisons from the culture of other races in many parts of the world.

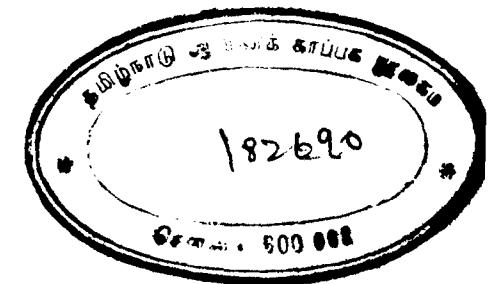
The chapter on Caste lays bare the complex origin of this greatest problem of Indian sociology. In this, as in his treatment of the subject of religion, the author writes dispassionately and objectively. His task has been to enquire and to describe, and he has fulfilled it with admirable care and thoroughness.

It is to be wished that this country, with the most complicated racial history and the greatest diversity of culture in the world, would provide more students to follow in Mr. Ananthakrishna Iyer's footsteps and devote themselves to ethnographic studies. A knowledge of the origins, traditions and aspirations of other communities would go far to heal racial and communal misunderstanding.

T. G. P.

COLLEGE MAGAZINES RECEIVED

The American College Magazine, Madura.
The St. John's College Magazine, Agra.
The St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly.
Ewing Christian College Magazine, Allahabad.
Zamorin's College Magazine, Calicut.
The Hindu College Magazine, Masulipatam.
The Andhra Christian College Magazine, Guntur.
Murray College Magazine, Sialkot.
St. Stephen's College Magazine, Delhi.
The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam.
The Lucknow Collegian.
The Serampore College Magazine.
The Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi.
The Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle.
The Elphinstonian, Bombay.
The Madras Medical College Magazine.
The Madras Law College Magazine.
The Magazine of the University Students' Union, Maharajah's College, Vizianagaram.



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