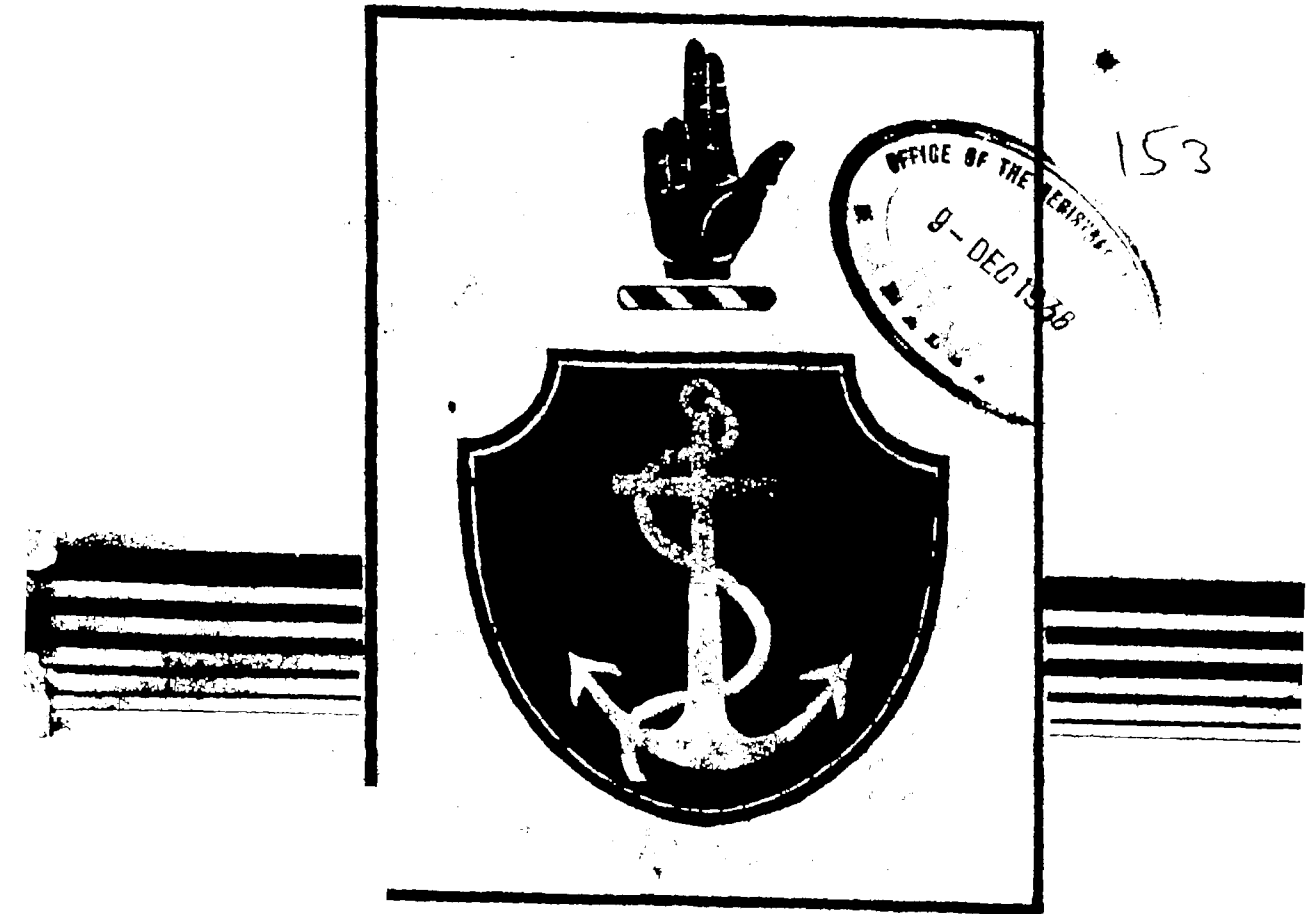


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THE  
**MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE**  
**MAGAZINE**

Vol. VI No. 2

DECEMBER 1938

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THE MADRAS

9-DEC 1938  
MADRAS



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

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THE  
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1936

COLLEGE NOTES

The second term began unusually early this year, because the U.T.C. campers have been told that they must go to Pallavaram on December 6th and it was necessary to find time for at least ten weeks of teaching before that date. So we found ourselves to be almost the only College at work on September 22nd when the College re-opened.

For most of us the two most important events in Madras have been the visits of the Olympic hockey team, and of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. We saw a rather stale team show flashes of brilliant hockey in two rather lackadaisical matches, the first of which was spoiled (for the spectators at least) by a heavy downpour of rain. And it was very pleasant to see our old student, Paul David (1933-35) bottling up Dhyan Chand, and scooping the ball away in true Olympic style. The Congress President must have been a very tired man by the time he had ended his tour of South India, but all who heard him speak came away impressed and inspired by his ringing sincerity, and his impatience with any but men of action.

*The Rains*

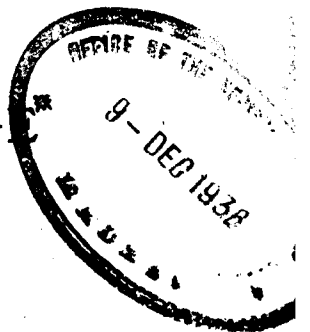
It is good to notice from the newspapers that the Madras rainfall is no longer below the average. The monsoon arrived up to time and gave

us one or two dreary days of heavy rain, necessitating one day's holiday for all except the examinees. We all know how local showers can be, and how there may be floods in Mylapore simultaneously with sunshine and tennis in George Town. And so we have been eagerly watching to see whether the clouds have been breaking over our new playing-fields at Tambaram. It is good to see the greenness spreading over the bare earth, and to watch the trees in the Hall gardens putting out new leafy branches. Tambaram seems to be a little drier than Madras, but the monsoon has not neglected it this year.

*Contributions*

There has been an increase in the number of articles submitted to the Editor this term. We are glad to see this, and hope that it means that students are discovering what kind of contributions are acceptable, and that anyone with a little imagination and thought may try his hand. We do not want our contributors to be too solemn. It is much harder to write a really good essay on a big and difficult subject, and a College Magazine should rather be a mirror of student life and social life at home and in College.

There is one point which must strenuously be insisted upon, and



clearly understood. More than one article received by the Editor has been a slavish copy of something written by another person. It should be clearly understood that this sort of thing is the height of dishonesty; and we hope that no students of our College will descend to such practices. There is nothing more enjoyable and exciting than to create something which is truly *one's own*, owing nothing consciously to anyone else. We may borrow, in our reading, from the great writers whom we look to for guidance and inspiration, but let us see to it that our thoughts and our style are our own.

#### *Why only prose?*

Where are our poets and our artists? It is not an easy thing to put one's thoughts into the language of poetry, especially when that language is not one's mother tongue, but surely there must be many students who read English poetry for enjoyment, careless of the examinations, eager to enter the world into which the door of poetry leads them. We do not believe that there are no such students in this College; and we ask them not to be content until they themselves have fashioned something beautiful in words,—something which can be the highest expression of what we feel about the world we live in.

And our artists? Is there no one who occasionally scrawls a picture on the back page of his notebook, during a midday lecture? No one who, seeing something ironical or ridiculous, tries to put it down on paper, however crudely? We know of several students who can draw with considerable ability. If they learn to look about them and keep their eyes open for the right subjects, they will find plenty of material for their pen in a busy

College. Black and white drawings in Indian ink are easily reproduced. See that they are not too small, and that the lines are bold, not smudged. And then get busy, putting into line your impressions of College life—if you have ever found any humour in it.

#### *Cosmic Rays*

Mr. Kibble writes for us the following note on a recent lecture given in College by Dr. Naher:—

Some years ago the existence of some highly penetrating radiation was detected by the continual occurrence of ionisation (or 'electrification') in the air. The fact that it occurred equally during the day and at all times during the night indicated that the radiation did not come from the sun nor from any such groups of stars as those in the Milky Way. It was found to penetrate through several hundred feet of the water of a lake, or into the earth. A penetrating power so much greater than that of X-rays, or the Gamma-rays emitted by radium, etc., indicates a wave-length for the radiation over a million times as short as X-rays, and about a thousand million times as short as visible light (with a wave-length about a ten-thousandth part of a millimetre).

But it has been found that though the radiation is the same at all times of day, its intensity decreases with increasing distance from the earth's magnetic poles, and this shows that it must consist in part at least of swiftly-moving charged particles, and not wholly of short-wave 'light'. It has been possible to demonstrate the deflection of the particles in an intense magnetic field in a laboratory, a deflection so slight in the most intense fields as to show a velocity considerably above 99 per cent of the velocity of light.

Any such radiation, whether streams of particles or light will produce secondary radiation as it passes through the earth's atmosphere, and one of the main objects of research in this subject is to discover the nature of the primary radiation which enters the atmosphere.

We are grateful to Dr. Naher for the lecture he gave in the College on the research he has been doing in Madras recently. He has sent up instruments which measure the intensity of this radiation, in balloons, one of which reached a height of about 100,000 feet, where the atmospheric pressure is less than 2 per cent of that at sea-level. It is a great thing to design an instrument so light that it can be carried to those great heights.

He finds that the intensity of the effect increases as the balloon rises, up to about 40,000 feet, and thereafter decreases. Presumably, above that height the production of secondary radiation is greater than the absorption of primary radiation. But in more northerly latitudes, that is, nearer the magnetic pole, the intensity goes on increasing up to the greatest heights, that the balloons have reached.

The whole effect is a very small one; an average of about one particle crosses a square centimetre at sea-level per minute. [The number of atoms in a cubic millimetre of air is about a thousand million million.] One reflects that a hundred years ago the effect on a magnetic needle of a moving wire with an electric current was thought a slight effect, of academic interest. It has led on to all the theory of electromagnetism, and to the vast use made today of electric power. One wonders what a hundred years from now may be the outcome of the most careful study of even the minute effect of the Cosmic Rays.

#### *Vacation*

We find from our dictionary that a vacation means a "making void or empty." This seems to be a rather unfortunate suggestion, if we apply it to our holidays, or to our brains during the holidays. It certainly does not describe the vacation of the U.T.C. men, to whom we offer our best wishes, and hope that they will maintain their high reputation for efficiency and hard work and keenness. To them and to all our readers we wish a good holiday and a happy New Year.

#### *Some Recent Additions to the Library*

##### 1. HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

|                           |     |                                                |     |         |
|---------------------------|-----|------------------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| Fisher, H. A. L.          | ... | New Governments in Europe                      | ... | B. 1312 |
| Hamilton, M.A.            | ... | Greek Legends                                  | ... | B. 1309 |
| Livingstone, R. W. (Ed.). | ... | The Pageant of Greece                          | ... | B. 1308 |
| Myers                     | ... | History of Rome                                | ... | B. 1324 |
| Trevelyan, G. M.          | ... | Garibaldi and the making of Italy.             | ... | B. 1325 |
| G. D. and M. L. Cole      | ... | The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe         | ... | F. 819  |
| Darling, M. L.            | ... | Wisdom and Waste in the Punjab Village         | ... | F. 812  |
| Lindsay, A. D.            | ... | Christianity and Economics                     | ... | F. 817  |
| Shirras, G. F.            | ... | Poverty and Kindred Economic Problems in India | ... | F. 818  |

## 2. ENGLISH LITERATURE

|                          |                                                      |     |         |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| Brown and Forrest (Eds.) | The Letters of Dr. Johnson                           | ... | H. 2334 |
| Edmunds, E. W.           | Shelley and his Poetry                               | ... | H. 2321 |
| Jones, H.                | Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher... | ... | H. 2340 |
| Mill, J. S.              | Autobiography                                        | ... | H. 2351 |
| Murray, J. M.            | Shakespeare                                          | ... | J. 254  |
| Squire, J. C.            | Shakespeare as a Dramatist                           | ... | J. 255  |
| Cousin, J. W.            | Biographical Dictionary of English Literature        | ... | F. 219  |
| Taylor, W. D.            | Jonathan Swift: A Critical Study.                    | ... | D. 516  |

## 3. PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

|                    |                                          |     |        |
|--------------------|------------------------------------------|-----|--------|
| Barnes, E. W.      | Scientific Theory and Religion           | ... | P. 921 |
| Kirkpatrick, E. A. | Mental Hygiene for effective living.     | ... | P. 922 |
| Legge, R. G.       | Christian Theism in Contemporary thought | ... | P. 923 |
| MacMurray, J.      | The Philosophy of Communism              | ... | P. 926 |
| Dewey, J.          | A Common Faith                           | ... | B. 586 |
| Baillie, J.        | And the Life Everlasting                 | ... | B. 585 |
| Temple, W.         | Nature, Man and God                      | ... | B. 583 |
| Lyman, E. W.       | The Meaning and Truth of Religion        | ... | B. 591 |
| Webb, C. C. J.     | Religion and Theism                      | ... | B. 593 |
| Whitehead, A. N.   | Adventures of Ideas                      | ... | B. 584 |
| Whitehead, A. N.   | Nature and Life                          | ... | B. 594 |

## COLLEGE CHURCH

## Preachers in College Church for the Second Term

|           |    |     |                       |
|-----------|----|-----|-----------------------|
| September | 27 | ... | Rev. J. R. Macphail.  |
| October   | 4  | ... | Rev. D. F. Wolfenden. |
| "         | 11 | ... | Rev. R. S. Macnicol.  |
| "         | 18 | ... | Rev. Gordon Matthews. |
| "         | 25 | ... | Mr. W. F. Kibble.     |
| November  | 1  | ... | Mr. E. J. Bingle.     |
| "         | 8  | ... | Mr. K. K. Jacob.      |
| "         | 15 | ... | Rev. T. G. Koshy.     |
| "         | 22 | ... | Rev. T. R. Foulger.   |
| "         | 29 | ... | Mr. G. C. Martin.     |

## COMPETITION

There were many entries for our Competition, showing that quite a number of students are eager that the new halls should be well-named. Yet in spite of what was said in our last issue about the suitability of names, very few entrants seemed to be able to think of three names which should be appropriate and well-matched. There were many Indian names suggested, but these were not often appropriate. *Thyagaroya*, for example, and *Durga* are not in any way connected with our College, or with education. *Gurukul* is a general term: has not each Hall a right to this name? *Santiniketan*, if used, would not please our fellow-students in Bengal.

There were some who seemed to be thinking of cinemas, rather than places of education: we were recommended by entrants to name a *Blue* hall, a *Minerva* hall, a *New Town* hall. Others who suggested *Cosmopolitan* hall were forgetting that this would imply that the other halls were not to be cosmopolitan. Several competitors, realising the significance of 1937, were eager for such names as *Centenary*, *Durbar* and *King Edward*. But after all, it is the centenary of the College, and not of one particular hall.

It was this matching of names which was most difficult. Some gave very neat trios, and suggestions such as *Jaya*, *Dharma*, *Santi*, or *Kambar*,

*Appar*, *Royar* had this merit that they were short and similar in form.

Several entries gave the names of present and former professors of the College; and there is much to be said for such a choice, for such names are written in the foundations of those beautiful buildings that await us at Tambaram. The trio *Meston*, *Moffatt*, *Theodore* very nearly won the prize because it had the virtue of commemorating three builders of the College, of signifying the brotherhood of India and Britain, and of being concise and homogeneous.

We have decided, however, to award the prize to K. N. S. Sarma, Class IV for three historic names which recall the greatness of India and which are neat and clear,

CHERA  
CHOLA  
PANDYA.

These names seem best to fulfil the conditions of our Competition, and are well-matched and short.

It may be as well to add that these are not the names which will eventually be used for the halls. The purpose of this Competition was to draw suggestions not only for hall names, but for names of buildings, roads, theatres and other localities which need to be suitably labelled. This purpose has been fulfilled, and of the hundred or so names received we shall certainly take some into use at Tambaram.

## THE WIDER ARENA

In inaugurating this page in the *Magazine* giving news of old students and their achievements in public life, it is fitting that we should record with pride the recent service done by Sir K. V. Reddi Naidu, as Acting-Governor of the Madras Presidency; and also the work of Dr. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, who as Vice-Chancellor of the University, is bringing his wisdom and experience to bear upon the problems of education.

We should be grateful if any students, past or present, who know of such items of interest as are chronicled below, would communicate these to the Editor at any time. We are anxious, with the co-operation of our friends, to make this a regular feature of the *Magazine*.

K. M. Rajagopalan, B.A. (Hons.), (1929-32), was successful in the recent Indian Civil Service Examination, held in September.

G. C. Arya (1932-34) has won a Government Scholarship enabling him to go to London for a course in Flying.

Miss C. Meenakshi, M.A. (1929-31) was awarded the Madras University Ph.D. Degree in August, for a thesis on 'Social Administration under the Pallavas'.

Miss V. Paranjothi, M.A. (Philosophy) was awarded the Madras University Ph.D. degree in August for a thesis on 'Saiva Siddhanta Philosophy'. She has since been appointed as a professor in the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow.

T. Tharyan, B.A. (1933-36) has been gazetted as a Lieutenant in the Travancore Army.

Albert Jesudasan (1923-25) was successful in being elected as a Councillor in the recent Corporation elections.

M. S. Samuel, B.A. (Hons.) (1932-35) has been appointed as a lecturer in English in the Hislop College, Nagpur.

N. Kesava Panikker, B.A. (Hons.) (1930-33) graduated M. Sc. at the recent Madras University Convocation, having done research in Zoology.

Victor Paranjoti (1927-29) has been appointed as Director of Programmes, Indian States Broadcasting Service, Delhi.

M. Srinivasa Rao (1932-34) won the V. Bhashyam Aiyengar Medal for Hindu Law, and the R. Lakshminaras Reddy Medal in the Law College.

M. K. Alexander, M.A. (1934-36) has been appointed as a lecturer in Oriental Philosophy in Howard University, U.S.A.

K. M. Srikantha Reddy, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.) Econ. has been appointed probationary Asst. Income-tax Officer, Nellore.

I. S. A. Jesudian, B. E. (Bishop Heber College, 1923-26) has been appointed Shift Engineer in the India Sugars and Refineries Factory, Hospet.

## MAGIC

If you were brought up in early childhood, as I was, on the kind of literature known as 'fairy stories,' the word 'magic' probably still arrests you with some sensation of thrill. In those tales there was always a magic sword by which the fairy knight could win all his battles, or a magic carpet on which to fly safely and gently wherever fancy willed, or a magic mirror in which far-distant events could be seen, or a magic ring by which some powerful genie could instantly be summoned to aid. 'Magic', in fact, opened up a new and marvellous world in which every wish could be instantly gratified. There was fearsome magic as well, as when the wicked fairy turned the handsome prince into a horrible monster. That gave an added spice to the thrill. Perhaps you were not brought up on this particular kind of nursery tale, but in the folk-tales of nearly all peoples there are elements of this kind—wizards and witches, spells, mantras, magical arts by which astonishing things can be made to happen.

From this world of fantasy the anthropologist comes to study magic as an actual reality which occupies an important place in the lives of all the races of men whom we call savage or uncivilized, and exists in not inconsiderable fragments among many who boast of civilization. By magic is meant rites and processes intended to produce an effect in a 'supernatural' manner by some mysterious power believed to be resident in the practitioner himself or inherent in the objects or processes employed. It is distinguished from religion in that the desired

effect is not thought to be dependent on the will of some superior Being or beings who are worshipped or propitiated; but like primitive religion it is surrounded by an atmosphere of awe or mystery, and among primitive men magic and religion are often inextricably mixed.

Magical arts are of an immense variety, but it is possible to group many of them into certain broad classes. A very large class is known as imitative or homeopathic magic, since into the examples of this class there seems to enter the element of *imitation* of the result desired. To begin with a simple instance, in the islands off the coast of New Guinea, in order to cause the fruit of the wild plum to ripen, rounded stones resembling the plum in shape are placed at the foot of the trees and at the appropriate season these are painted red. It is supposed that this assists the fruit to become red likewise. And, of course, like a great deal of magic, it works beautifully. If the stones are left there long enough the fruit does become ripe, and who is to say that the stones had nothing to do with it? In the same way, in some parts of India, when the seeds are being sown by the women in the paddy fields they let their hair hang loose down their backs, in order that the paddy may grow luxuriantly and have long stalks. In these simple instances there is nothing secret about the magic, but in the typical case the method of performing the magical process is supposed to be known only to an expert magician. In many parts of the world magical processes are carried out to bring rain when it is needed,

usually by a 'rain-maker' with an established reputation. In those same islands off New Guinea the rain-maker scoops a hole in the ground and lines it with leaves, and in it places a rough stone image of a man. Then he pours a decoction of minced leaves and water over the image, which is laid in the hole so as to point to the quarter from which rain is expected. Earth is heaped over the image and leaves and shells placed on the mound, and all the while the rain-maker utters an incantation in a low voice. Four large screens of plaited coco-nut leaves are placed around the hole, to represent clouds; on the upper part of each is fastened a blackened oblong of cloth, to mimic a black thunder cloud, and coco-nut leaves, with the leaflets pointing downwards are suspended close by to represent rain. A torch is ignited and waved over the mound, the smoke representing clouds and the flames lightning, while a bamboo clapper is sounded to imitate thunder. It is obvious that in this ceremony an attempt is made to imitate all the phenomena of a thunder shower.

Another example of this kind of imitative magic, and one which is very widespread, is the belief that an enemy may be destroyed or injured, by injuring or destroying an image meant to represent him. A North American Indian who wished to bring evil on anyone would make a wooden image of his enemy and run a needle into its head or heart, or shoot arrows into it, believing that wherever the image was pierced the enemy would experience pain in the corresponding part of the body; while not so long ago it was believed in out-of-the-way parts of Scotland that an effective method of disposing of anyone whom you disliked was to make a wax image of the

person and allow it to melt in front of the fire (other methods are now employed!—Ed.). That person would be seized with a wasting sickness and die. And again, such magic does work. If you are of an impressionable nature and know that so-and-so, who has a great reputation for skill in such arts, is engaged in sticking pins into a model of yourself, you are quite likely to turn sick and give up the ghost without further ado.

A special class of this kind of magic, known as contagious magic, involves obtaining some part of the intended victim, such as hair clippings or excreta, or something which has been touched by him, such as a portion of his clothing. It is then believed that appropriate processes performed over this part will affect the whole. An Australian native who was suffering from rheumatism was quite convinced that the pain was caused by an enemy sticking pieces of glass into the footprints which he had left in the earth.

Space will not allow me to mention many other kinds of magic. Frequently a special form of words—spell or mantra—must accompany the magical act, if indeed the virtue does not mainly lie in such 'words of power'. Then there is all the host of charms and amulets, bringers of luck, or protectors against the 'evil eye'. These, by the way, are now turned out by mass production. I had a circular only the other day from a firm in North India, offering me a marvellous talisman for one rupee only. It was guaranteed to bring success in everything from horse racing to passing examinations! (Applications from readers for the address of the firm will not be answered!)

What is the origin of this almost universal belief? Sir James Frazer,

in that monumental example of fine literature and bad science, 'The Golden Bough', suggests that it is due simply to mistaken ideas of causation arising from the association of ideas. The practitioner of magic argues that 'like produces like', and that therefore he can bring about any desired result simply by imitating it. On this view magic is to be regarded as primitive science, rather than as primitive religion. Frazer calls it the 'pseudo-science'. This is not an adequate explanation. There is no evidence for the existence of such reasoning among primitive practitioners of magic, and all that we know of the savage mind suggests that they do not deal in such abstract philosophical principles as that 'like produces like'. Moreover, if that were so, then the production of a result by magic would appear to be a plain case of cause and effect, similar to any other case of causation, and indeed Frazer implies that it is so. On the contrary, magic is looked upon as something mysterious and occult, and a clear distinction is drawn between a natural and a magical means of obtaining what is desired. The primitive cultivator has a considerable practical knowledge and skill in horticulture. He has knowledge of the different kinds of soil and the various cultivated plants, and, above all, of the importance of hard and accurate work. But when he has done all that practical experience dictates, there remains a great realm over which he has no control. There are unknown agencies and forces which one year bestow unwonted benefits of fertility, making rain and sun appear at the right moments, and the harvest yield in abundance. Another year again these agencies bring him bad luck and thwart all his most

strenuous efforts. To control these forces he resorts to magic, but he never tries to grow his crops by magic alone, and he knows quite clearly whether any process he is employing is magical or not. Thus the theory that magic depends simply on a faulty idea of causation is inadequate, for if it were so it would be impossible to distinguish between a natural cause and a magical.

Let us examine more closely a typical act of magic. I will take a simple and widespread example of malignant magic, that of pointing the magical dart. A pointed bone or stick is ritually thrust or thrown in the direction of the person to be killed or injured. We have innumerable recipes, both in oriental and ancient books of magic and in modern ethnographic descriptions of how such a rite is performed. But the emotional setting, the expressions and gestures of the performer, are seldom described. If, however, a sorcerer is observed at work, it is seen that he not merely points the dart at his victim, but does so with an intense expression of fury and hatred. He has not only to imitate the act of violence, but also to reproduce the passion of violence. The essence of the act, in fact, is the dramatic expression of emotion. Magic, as we have seen, is resorted to when man, engaged in a series of practical activities comes to a gap and realises the impotence of his ordinary knowledge and skill. Apart from any belief in the efficacy of magic what does a man under such circumstances naturally do? Passive inaction, the only logical course, is impossible for him. His thwarted desire grips him all the more strongly, and drives him to some form of substitute action. The man under the sway of impotent fury clenches his

fist and carries out imaginary thrusts at his enemy, muttering words of hatred and anger against him. The hunter disappointed of his quarry imagines the animal transfixed by his spear, and breaks out into gestures mimicking what he desires. Emotionally the substitute action has some of the value of the real action to which the emotion would have led if it had not been thwarted. To the untutored mind it seems that because the emotion is thus satisfied the desired end must somehow be nearer; somehow or other the substitute action must be a means which will bring the desired result to pass.

The resemblance between such spontaneous expressions of thwarted emotion and the rites of imitative magic is obvious. The latter are not the product of reasoning that like must produce like, but are substitute actions, which have become stereotyped and fixed by tradition. They have perhaps been originated by particular individuals in the course of emotional experiences, followed by some fortunate coincidence in which the desired result has actually come about, and therefore have become fixed in tradition as powerfully effective

means to that end. That the fallacy does not become exposed is due to a combination of causes. For one thing, one positive instance outweighs many negative ones in the human mind. Also the man who could originate a new ritual, and those who afterwards preserved and handed down its secrets, would probably be above the average in intelligence, and on the whole more successful in their various pursuits than their fellows—good evidence in the public mind that they possess powerful magic. Then, too, as we have seen, where the object of the magic is a human being it actually does work on him by the power of suggestion, and such success will confirm faith not only in that act of magic, but in magic in general. And if an act of magic does fail, there is always the explanation that someone else is using a more powerful magic to the contrary! We must not be surprised, therefore, at the tardiness with which the human mind becomes emancipated from belief in it, while recognizing that the magic of primitive man has no more substance in it than the fantasies of our nursery tales.

T. G. P.

## ON BEARDS

Last night, I had an interesting dream. I dreamt that I was an old man of eighty, mirror-headed, purse-mouthed (toothless), and white-bearded. My grandchild was sitting on my lap and amusing itself by stroking my beard which was about a foot-and-a-half long. I was relating to him a story of my childhood but the rascal did not seem to like it. In the middle of the story, he suddenly interrupted me, saying, 'Grandpa, it is funny to have a beard like yours. Why don't I have one?' 'You rogue!', said I, 'Can't you keep quiet for a while? I will hang you by your ears if you interrupt me.' 'All right grandpa,' he broke in, 'if you don't mind, I shall hold your beard tightly and you can hang me up by just standing.' I could not help laughing. I laughed—and awoke.

I told this dream to a friend of mine this morning and a discussion on beards followed. My friend said, 'It is curious that one does not like one's own manners but wants to imitate others. Man tries to imitate woman by shaving his beard and woman tries to imitate man in dress and habits.' 'That is quite true', I responded. 'You see, it is all due to the ravages of time. A few centuries ago, it was the fashion of men to have beards. Not only that. Any man without a beard was called a "beardless boy." 'Why', exclaimed my friend, 'It seems that even women liked beards in those days. I read somewhere that the Queen of France took the side of the rebels against her husband—whose name I don't remember—for the only reason that the King appeared before her, one

day, with a shaved chin! However, I don't think modern girls like beards.'

Indeed, there is something quite quaint in beards. I asked myself many a time, 'Why do men only have beards? What is the beard intended for?' The more I thought over these, the more I became puzzled.

Probably, the beard has got some significance. Some people grow it in order to look grave. Have we not seen certain native soldiers, policemen and ticket-checking inspectors in trams with bushy beards, curling their moustaches in a most dramatic fashion? Do we ordinarily find such solemnity in other persons? Of course, no. Perhaps that explains the matter to some extent.

I think there is some holiness connected with beards. The rishis had it, the Fathers have it and a host of those whom we style 'Their Holinesses' have it. Are beards the cause of their holiness, I wonder. Who knows?

It may be said that certain talents are due to beards. I have heard an amusing story which I shall relate to you. It tells how the great rishi, Narada, lost his beard. Narada was a good musician and was proud of his ability as a singer. One day, Lord Krishna took the form of a small boy and met the rishi who was on his way to the palace of Indra, the King of Heaven. The boy captivated the heart of the rishi by his humbleness and simplicity so that the latter was ready to grant him a boon; whereupon, Lord Krishna prayed that he might be taken to the palace of Indra. Bound by his promise, the rishi took

the boy with him under the pretext that he was his disciple. In the great hall of Indra's palace, many Devas and rishis were assembled. Narada majestically took his veena and played a song in praise of the God-king. The whole group was struck by the melody of the song. Lord Krishna next took the veena and played a song even better than the rishi's. All were surprised and looked at each other, wondering who the child was. Seeing that, Lord Krishna said, 'Oh Devas, I am the disciple of the rishi, Narada. If my song has won your appreciation, the credit goes to my master. For, see this,' he said, and holding a hair in his hand, Lord Krishna continued, 'this is a hair of my master's beard. As long as I have this with me, I shall be able to sing well. The rishi's music is in his beard.' No sooner did Lord Krishna finish speaking than the Devas and the rishis rushed forward and pulled poor Narada's beard in order to gain the gift of music. Within a short time, Narada's beard completely disappeared.

Have we not such experiences even nowadays? Thomas Carlyle had a beard. Both Bernard Shaw and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore have beards. What can we infer from all this but that their talents were due to their beards. But hush—don't rush up and pull the poor old men's—Bernard Shaw's and Tagore's—beards. Spare them!

Certain coloured beards have a

speciality. They denote something dangerous. I suppose that you have all heard of Blue-Beard, the wife-killer and so, I do not say more about this here. Another type of coloured beard is the red one. It is seen in the Katha-kali (a Malabar dance) and usually, the 'asura parts' have it.

Beards have, I believe, superhuman powers. Who has ever heard, either in legends or anywhere else, of magicians without beards? Have we not got ample examples of beards having magical powers? You all have, I believe, a faint remembrance of the fairy tales in which the burning of a hair of some-one's beard caused a spirit to appear and to do some wonderful things. We all remember, likewise, Banquo's words addressed to the witches in *Macbeth*.

..... You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.'

This shows that Shakespeare also believed that no magic could be had without beards taking a prominent part in it.

Now, to conclude, are we, modern people, without gravity, wit, holiness, manliness, supernatural powers and (thank God if it is true) cruelty or dangerousness because we have clean-shaven, creamed, smooth, beautiful faces?

P. KESAVA MENON,  
Class IV, Gr. I-b.

## THE THREE DREAMERS

Krishnan, Subban and Raman were beggars. They used to meet every day at 12 p.m. under the great Banyan tree on the road to Maduranthagam from Chingleput which attracts every wandering beggar. They were very good friends and so they used to divide their earnings into three parts, each taking one part.

But it happened one day that all that they got was not enough even for one man. They got some cold rice and some *Rasam*. Now there was a problem to solve. The problem was whether it should be divided into three parts or whether it should be taken by one man. After a hot debate and much discussion they came to the conclusion that one should take the food while the other two should starve till nightfall when they might get more food. But who was to be the lucky person who should take the food now? Every one of the three was hungry and everyone needed it very much. At last they got a solution for this also. It was proposed by Krishnan. According to that all the three should go to sleep and he who dreamt the finest dream should take the rice. The proposal was welcomed and all three went to sleep.

After about two hours they woke. Luckily there was Kuppu Thatha sitting on a stone when they woke up and they asked him to judge whose dream was the best, and he consented to act as the judge.

Krishnan began, 'I dreamt a very fine dream and it is the best I have ever dreamt. I went to heaven after my death and there I was welcomed

by *Indra* himself. He ran to meet me and asked me to be seated on a magnificent throne of gold set up with emeralds and rubies. The divine came and danced for me. The Devas held a splendid banquet in honour of my coming amongst them. *Brahmaspathi* composed a song in which he praised my valiant deeds while on earth. *Agni*, *Varuna* and even *Yama* were all waiting very anxiously to catch a glimpse of me and when they saw me they bowed so low that their foreheads touched the ground.

'After the banquet *Indra* took me to *Indrani* his beautiful consort and when I was there, *Vishnu*, *Brahma* and *Rudra*, all three of them rushed into the room to see me and sing my praises.

'Now Kuppu Thatha, don't you think mine is a very good dream? I know for certainty, mine will be the best. I can unfold the bundle and take the food even now.'

'Shut up,' cried Subbu, 'why do you think yours is the best dream? If you hear mine you'll not dare say that again. Now, Kuppu Thatha, I was a poor man who had not much to accomplish in this world of ours. One day I was sleeping on the pial of a choultry. Suddenly I woke up, for I heard a lot of noise. The royal elephant of Ujjain was coming with a garland in its trunk towards me. It came and put the garland round my neck. At once the huge multitude that followed the animal came and lifted me up crying, "Long live our king". I was made their king; for I was chosen by the royal elephant

itself on the event of my predecessor's death. I was much beloved by my subjects. I gave my friends Krishnan and Raman high posts in my court.

'The Rajahs of different nations trembled before me. They gave me tribute and made me the emperor of the large country of India. In short I was the greatest king in my time'.

Kuppu Thatha now commented both the dreams he heard just now were so good that he was not able to determine which was the better. 'Well let's decide it afterwards; now to your dream Ramu,' he said.

Raman began rather slowly, 'I was sleeping under a great Banyan tree when a very big demon came and woke me. Then he commanded me to eat the rice or he would eat me, he said. I told him that there were two other companions with me and that it was not just that I should take the rice all for myself. At this the demon became very angry and cried out, "I am going to eat you if you do not obey me. Your companions do not require the cold rice now. Krishnan is in *Indrasabha* taking food from the *Devas* themselves and Subban is a big emperor who has too much to eat". It added, "You silly, detestable creature, are you going to obey me or

not? I am going to eat you". Now I grew afraid. Yet I had the courage to ask it to prove whether all that it said was true. The next moment I was in heaven. I saw there Krishnan at the banquet. I called out to him; but he answered not. The devil saw this and shouted, "You see your Krishnan does not take any heed of you at all. Well, well, I am going to eat you after I have shown you Subbu."

'The next second saw me in Ujjain. There I saw Subbu in his durbar with his numerous officers and queens around him. I called out to him; but he answered me not. So the demon took me back to the tree and ordered me to eat the rice at least now. It threatened to eat my head in my sight if I would not obey his behest. What else could I have done? I ate the rice.'

'O, you rascal, did you actually eat the rice?' shouted the other two and they opened the bundle, which was empty. What else could he, Raman, have done if a cruel demon (Hunger) ordered him to do it on pain of death?

P. S. RAMAN,  
Class I, 3rd Group.

## AS A NAIR VIEWS IT

It is really a pity that so many of my profession choose to follow spare-tired guys either for the dough in it or for the supposed dignity of it. For myself I find a student's hostel (esp. one attached to the G. T. College) better suited to fit me for the hardships of life, by liberally providing them here, than fooling about with some moneyed gentleman with a multiple chin and a 'corporation.'

My daily duties consist of getting up earlier than any one else in George Town (except my fellow-sufferers). Our students find that the most convenient time to roll up luxuriously in their beds after disturbing till then the sleep of every other peaceful citizen in the neighbourhood. But it is their remarks on our work that is more characteristic. Nothing we ever do seems to be any good to them. There is always too much powder and too little milk in the coffee; had we forgotten to boil the water before making cocoa with it? It is always the same with every student. The pity of it is they all laugh whenever anybody says anything particularly silly.

Our greatest trial is during the nights? I have always wondered why there was a dinner bell here. Nobody seems to hear it. They roll in at their own sweet will. Some are so devoted to food that they have no objection to coming in five or ten minutes before the bell is rung. Others are more considerate and come a couple of hours later. I am not exaggerating. If you know that there are a number of theatres in this city, most of them more than two miles

away, that the films have an unaccountable fascination for the students, you would know that I am speaking without an iota of exaggeration. They insist upon being served at whatever ungodly hour they arrive. We have no alternative but to obey.

But there is another class of this exemplary society which is more troublesome. I mean those who manage to hoodwink the Superintendent and go to the pictures at 9 p.m. and come back—well, probably *you* know when they come back; we never could find out since we never were fully awake when they came. They bang the door for some time; at least so they say and complain later that they invariably succeed in waking up everybody in the Hostel except us. We can't help it. Being mortals, we require sleep. Their efforts are doubled if it happens to be raining. Even then, if no welcome-address is presented to them, they come to our windows, which open into the street, unfortunately. Then they all line up and sing the Hostel Anthem

Mac and Jack went up a hill,

Mac fell down,

And tumbled down.

And Jack came back with something, something,

and more lines equally irrelevant to the purpose. Some poetic guy says that music soothes a savage breast. I can't say whether it is because my breast is not savage or because the quality of this music is rather different from what is generally understood by the term 'music', it never soothed me. My habit has always been to sit bolt

upright as soon as they started on the first line. The next thing I invariably do is to run madly to open the door in the hope that they will stop singing as soon as the door is opened. I have been in this Hostel for more than a decade but up to this day I have never known one student coming back at that hour who didn't manage

to wake up everybody else in the Hostel. I don't know how it is with the students of the other Hostels. If it is the same, they all have my sympathy.

K. V. SRINIVASA RAO,  
*Hons. 3, Br. vi.*

## AP-BAH ! (A dream)

Some of us were standing on the terrace, late in the evening. The tower through which the spiral staircase ran, rose about fifteen or twenty feet above us. Just at the height, where the surface of the tower began to curve into a dome, there ran round it, a narrow parapet, about nine inches wide. The tall and swarthy fellow amongst us defied me to walk round the tower along the parapet, and bet four eggs (two crude omelettes) against my doing it. I accepted the bet. I was held to be an expert parapet-walker, and, to my own conceited self, a dare-devil.

Some of them helped me to climb up to the parapet, and I began to walk round it. I had almost gone half round, when I chanced to look down. More than a hundred feet, down below was the ground on which grasses grew and some small trees. For an instant, I was a dead man, and began to fall down. Then suddenly life dawned in me.

In my fall, I could just catch a glimpse of a fellow who was just finishing his shave by the window. A razor gleamed in his hand, and this made me think of my own, new electric razor, which I had kept safely locked up in my box, and with which

I had hoped to shave on the morrow. All these things happened when I was passing the window of a room in the second floor. In another split part of a second, I was passing the window of the prayer room in the first-floor. I could see the organ, the neat and well-arranged copies of the Bible on the shelf, and the bell which called up to prayer every night. Ah! God! Then I entered upon the last lap of my fall. When I was a few feet above my doom, I saw our general servant carrying a glass of iced lemonade on a tray. He dropped the precious liquid down when he saw me. 'Ah! Frater' I thought, 'when can I drink another glass of that kind'—

Then a big thump, and I lost myself. The last words I heard were 'Doctor' and 'Telegram'.

Horror-struck, I suddenly turned round and hit my head against the wall, and my hands could feel my sweet, soft, pillow. I got up and felt all the bones in my body intact. Ap-bah! the experience of mine was a dream—and was the result of sleeping immediately after loading my stomach with 'pilau' that Saturday night.

E. B. RABINDRAN,  
*Class IV.*

## ANOTHER GREAT WAR?

To-day, we find almost every country armed or arming itself to the teeth. Every country is in a state of alarm, suspicion and uncertainty. The 'Disarmament Conference' failed long ago and now, there are talks going on between various countries in their efforts to find possible allies in the event of their being involved in a war. These are all indications of trouble brewing in the background, portents of another great clash between the various nations of the world. It is true that at present, no one is willing to strike the first blow but a clash is bound to occur if the present state of affairs continues for some time more.

War has, doubtless, become extremely horrible now, with the aeroplane and poison gas in the field. These two are agents of the most painful and widespread destruction, and naturally, the thought of the calamities of war make men shrink from it but the unquenchable desire for more can be stopped by no obstacles at all. Even if the ordinary individual should feel averse to war, the unquestioned voice of the ambitious, unscrupulous dictator has to be obeyed without the slightest murmur. It is only too true that the realisation of the horror of war cannot at all put an end to it.

To-day, we find Europe divided into two great parties—the communists and the fascists. These two parties are irreconcilable enemies and each wants to assert itself in the world. Each has been increasing its strength, and persecuting the other whenever an opportunity has occurred. The suppression of the communists in Germany with an iron hand is an

instance of this. Till now, however, this struggle has been internal in each country but now, it is about to assume an international nature. Almost all the countries of Europe—excepting France and Britain, which have remained democratic—have turned either communist or fascist. Russia, one of the strongest powers now, is the champion of the communist cause while the fascist cause has, as its supporters, Italy and Germany, who, at present, have made a common front against Russia.

The last of these preliminary rounds is the Spanish rebellion. It is more than an internal struggle. It is the attempt of the fascists to gain one more ally against Russia in particular and the other countries in general. That the hands of fascism, the hands of foreign powers, were instrumental in bringing about the rebellion is clear from the facts that the majority of the people is against the rebellion, that the rebels have a full supply of the most modern arms and that the rebel Government has been recognised by Italy and Germany. It is impossible for the rebels to have been so successful as they have been without either foreign support or the support of the masses. The hand of fascism is thus clearly seen in the Spanish war.

The Spanish rebellion is a clash between the interests of fascism and communism. The rebels are definitely fascist, assisted by fascist Governments. The Spanish Government is not, strictly speaking, communist but naturally, they have to look for support from the enemies of fascism. Fear has driven France, and aversion

to war has driven Britain into a non-intervention pact into which other powers—Germany, Italy, Portugal and Russia—have entered just to oblige them. Perhaps the rebels have enough supplies to win the war, or the fascists rely on their ability to render help secretly or hold the fact as a mere farce. Anyhow, the fact, if enforced for some time more, is a virtual stifling of the Spanish Government and should they come out of the war victorious, help has to come soon enough from some quarter or other. Otherwise, another fascist triumph will be the result, probably to be followed by more. Each drop of rain is by itself a mere nothing but when many such drops gather together, a mighty lake is formed, even the sight of which inspires awe and fear.

Will Russia, then, come to the rescue of Spain, forsaken by France and Britain? If it will, in what form will help be rendered? If Russia intervenes in the war, what will Germany and Italy do? Will they help the rebels in a more effective way—with men? These are vital questions that are puzzling the statesmen of every country, but at the present moment, they are unsolvable riddles.

It is possible only to make wild guesses on the situation. We can guess that most probably, Russia will soon come to the rescue of Spain

either with war materials or even men. Such help, if it turns the tide in favour of the Government forces, will evoke more help on the part of the fascist countries and perhaps slowly, perhaps speedily, these countries will be drawn into the conflict, thus starting a fierce, desperate struggle between fascism and communism. These are, however, only wild guesses made on the assumption of Russian intervention—a very likely event in case Madrid holds out—and that Madrid will hold out for some more time, for the fall of Madrid is the sign of the triumph of the fascists and the end of the war.

We have, therefore, before us a vision of another great war, more dreadful than the war of 1914 but how wide the war will spread, if the vision comes to be realised, and what its after-effects will be, it is impossible even to guess. It might result in the end of communism or the end of fascism or the end of both, which will mean the liberation of the world from these two un-wanted, un-democratic forces which drag men into virtual slavery, and the host of oppressive dictators.

P. VENUGOPAL,

*Hons. IV. Br. 1.*

## ANTS

In the drowsiest part of the afternoon, when you are composing yourself to moist and fitful slumber and something bites you in one of the tenderer spots of your body, your first reaction is to capture the little intruder between finger and thumb, and crush it. But stop a moment, consider that this little ant is worthy of your attention. While man, having his origin less than a million years ago, is on the lower rungs of the evolutionary ladder, ants which have been found fossilised in Baltic Amber prove that they had almost reached their present state of development about thirty million years ago, and possibly, were in existence a hundred million years ago. Marx, Lenin and Stalin have just ushered in a sort of semi-socialism. Ants have been 'most successfully social' since the back-of-beyond in time.

Ants are comparatively long-lived creatures. Lord Avebury had two queen ants which lived for 14 and 15 years respectively. The record for a queen ant is 17 years. But what is more surprising is that though the queen lays eggs almost continuously throughout her life, she is fertilised but once—on her first and last nuptial flight. After this flight she descends, finds a convenient hollow, sheds her wings, and devotes herself to her lifework. She starves till the first eggs are hatched. The larvæ which emerge she feeds with her saliva, and they in turn feed her with their secretions. After a 'pupa' stage these emerge as full-fledged workers, though diminutive in size. These at once take upon themselves the responsibility of feeding the queen and the larvæ, and tending the eggs. They are literally 'born workers'. Without the slightest training they

are highly skilled nurses, maids-of-all-work, foragers, and warriors. These workers have been known to live for 6 or 7 years, barring accidents, and given suitable conditions.

The workers have their hands full. The eggs have to be shifted carefully from place to place according to the conditions of temperature and moisture. They have also to be constantly licked, in order to hatch. The larvæ are fed on cut-up insect meat or on 'Honey-dew', and the other half-digested food of the ants. They are cleaned every few hours and fondled. Then, the stage of evolution reached is so high that the perfect 'imago' or insect, cannot emerge from its 'pupa' without outside help. The cocoon is bitten open, and the imago is helped out very gently and carefully by the workers. It is then washed, brushed and fed, much like a human baby. But almost immediately these 'new-born' ants help the veterans at their work. They do not leave the nest for a few days, for their skins are still tender, but after that they also go out on foraging expeditions, with the others.

Ants specialise in 'Division of Labour'. A nest usually consists of three main types. The queens—there may be more than one—the males or drones, and the workers. The first two are mainly for the purpose of reproduction. They do little else in the nest. It was not to the drones that Solomon referred when he said, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard'. The workers are by far the most numerous. They are really a sort of neuter sex, of sterilised females. But some of them have been seen to lay eggs—but these produce only male ants. These are the preservers of the nest, if the others can be called the pro-

ducers. Their chief work is the feeding of the whole society. But even among the workers there are different types and sizes, the largest sometimes being many hundreds of times larger than the smallest. Imagine dwarfs the size of one's hand working with us in our world! Besides some develop large heads with powerful jaws, which are suited to soldiers, or guards and guides. Others remain within the nest, while still others devote themselves to foraging for food.

The mess arrangements of ants are peculiar. A few foragers visit the source of food and swallow as much as possible, like our 'Rice-killers'. But all this food passes only into the crop, where it is partially digested. The stomach which opens out on the crop then absorbs a fraction of this food, which that ant requires for itself. The remainder is distributed to the other members of the colony: queens, males, workers and larvæ. These come, protrude their tongues and at the same time stroke the fortunate one with rapidly vibrating antennæ. A drop of food is then regurgitated from the crop and passed into the other's mouth. A few such visits and distributions suffice to feed the whole community. If the source of food is coloured, say with aniline, soon the crops of all the ants are also coloured blue. Some of the ant-parasites live by nipping in between the feeder and the fed at the moment when the food is being passed, and carrying it off. Even the larvæ contribute to the common stock. After being fed by the workers, they secrete some liquid on their bodies which is eagerly licked up by the workers—a novel method of ensuring the love of the parent for the child. It is as though the workers provide the bread and butter and the larvæ, the cake.

When I went to see one of my Malayalee friends the other day, I noticed a paper-bagful of fried banana chips hanging by a piece of twine from the mosquito-net fittings of his cot. This device was, I believe to keep the ants away—but it did not. There seems to be an idea that ants have very good sight. But in fact, they are very short-sighted, and almost blind, compared with other insects. It is their acute sense of smell which enables them to find their objective. They recognise enemies by their smell. Each nest imparts a particular odour to its inhabitants. Ants from another nest will not be allowed to enter theirs. Their chief sense organs are their antennæ. In these are combined a variety of functions which we can hardly imagine in any one organ. It enables them to distinguish shape, size, colour, shading and solidity as well as smell. One touch of the antennæ will decide on a battle-field whether the other is a friend or foe. Uniforms and battle-cries are dispensed with.

Ants do not often get lost. In spite of their short-sightedness they are able to move about with safety. They have a way of orientating themselves with their immediate environment by smell, in which established trails would be some guide. It was Lord Avebury who found that their direction is guided by the direction in which light falls upon them. 'If, for instance, a solitary questing ant is imprisoned under a box for three hours and the box is taken off, it sets off in a direction which deviates from its original line by the same angle through which the sun has travelled during its imprisonment—in this case 45°.' (Julian Huxley) In artificial nests ants can be

completely tricked by shifting the source of light. Besides this when an ant is tricked into following a false direction on its homeward way by being imprisoned for some time, it stops its straight unhesitating march when it has travelled a distance, which, had it been moving straight homewards, would have brought it to the vicinity of the nest, and begins to quest about in all directions. It has a sense of distance. It is as if it assured its paces or carried an automatically registering pedometer as part of its equipment.

Ants sometimes show uncanny intelligence. H. W. Bates, 'The Naturalist on the Amazon', tells how, when some South American ants found that large numbers of them were squashed by trams, since their path lay over a tram-line, they tunnelled beneath the rails. Bates stopped up the tunnels. But the ants struck work till new tunnels were made. Ants imprisoned in trees by a band of tar or bird-lime smeared round the trunks, have been observed to build bridges of sand and twigs across the barrier, or let themselves drop from the branches. Another naturalist describes how he cut a slit in a nest of leaves. Some of the workers took hold of the two severed edges on the outside, and forced them together, while other workers inside brought the larvæ from their apartments. Then they rubbed the faces of the larvæ across the slit. The highly glutinous saliva of the larvæ, which they were thus forced to smear on the opening, sealed it firmly. Their social organisation does not seem to object to child-labour!

Some species have peculiarities of their own. The 'Parasol' ants, cut pieces of leaves from certain trees, and carry them into their nest. There

they arrange the leaves in a large underground bed, ingeniously connected with the 'upper air' by air-holes and vents to provide ventilation and moisture. As the organic matter begins to moulder, a network of fine mushroom fungus springs up on the bed, the seeds being introduced by the ants. Early in the growth of the fungus, by some means or other the ants make the fungus grow into bulbous stems, like cauliflower. This forms their staple diet. These are pure agriculturists.

Nor are cattle farmers absent. Some species exploit the little aphides or plant-lice as 'Ant-cows'. The aphides are adept at sucking the sweet sap from plants which the ants cannot get at because of their horny jaws. But these wasteful creatures utilise only a fraction of the sugary solution which the imbibe all day long, exuding the excess. The frugal ant of the proverb collects the exuded matter deposited on the plants. But not content with that they also 'milk' the aphides by stroking them with their antennæ, when the cows exude a drop of the solution. The eggs of their 'cows' are carried to their nest, where they hatch. The ants feed and tend the larvæ of the aphides with solicitous care. When the tiny animals emerge in the following spring, they are taken by their mistresses and placed in plant-pastures. Sheds of earth are often built over the 'cows', and covered passages leading to them, the doors being made too small for the exit of the aphides. That all this complicated procedure should be instinctive, seems remarkable. Here is exploitation *par excellence*.

The common harvester ant stores seeds and grain, but the 'honey-dew' eaters in arid regions must needs

store liquid food. The manufacture of jars and vessels being beyond them, they do the next best thing. They convert the workers themselves into honey-pots. The species has a very distensible crop. The foragers feed a few of the others constantly, without allowing them to pass on the food. The result is that soon their stomachs expand into a large spherical bag, full of food. These animated honey-jars hang by their claws, side by side in special store rooms! When necessary they are made to regurgitate the food by stimulation in the usual manner with the antennæ. Thus the whole colony is sustained.

In spite of their long 'civilisation' some species of ants still go to war, and make slaves. Whole battalions march with great speed to an enemy nest; which is usually of an inferior species. They then attack and drive off the defenders who try to carry away with them their larvæ and pupæ. But the chief object of the raid is to secure as many of these larvæ and pupæ as possible; for the larvæ supply the delicacies of ant diet, and the pupæ will later produce workers which can be used as slaves. These slaves do all the work of the nest while their masters and mistresses go on raids. Some of these slave owners have reached the stage where they can no longer fend for themselves, and die of starvation if deprived of their slaves.

Ants take in guests—but they must be paying guests! Often quite a number of beetles and other insects, much larger than the ants are to be found in the nests. These beetles develop certain glands on the abdomen which secrete sugary juices. In return for the privilege of licking up these juices the beetles are fed and housed by the ants. Cases have

been observed where their own larvæ have been neglected by the nurses in favour of the guest, on the principle that chocolate cake is better than plain.

The social organisation is run quite on modern lines. Cleanliness is secured by each ant. It lies in a passive posture while another ant cleans and brushes it thoroughly. They seem to enjoy these baths as much as we do. Their normal period of sleep is about three hours. But they sometimes work for eight hours at a stretch, when work is pressing. Nor is recreation, the value of which is so much emphasised among us to-day, forgotten by these tiny creatures. One can scarcely imagine these serious and industrious insects at play; but they have been seen to chase each other in a rollicking game of 'Last Touch' or to engage in mock battles as our boxers and wrestlers do. This puts the finishing touch to the similarity of their organisation to some which are current to-day.

But this parallel must not be pushed too far. It is true that had ants been able to develop into much larger creatures than they are at present, they may have hindered the progress of the vertebrates, and of man considerably. It seems however that they cannot progress much further. In fact it has been shown that at particular periods they have deteriorated, and then regained their present stage. While, before man lies an almost endless vista of progress through which he can proceed. Yet while we are so wholly occupied with ourselves, let us realise that there are marvels in Nature which, to say the least, are astounding.

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

## RANDOM REFLECTIONS

I have had for a long time a feeling that it does not require the assistance of people all the world over for the making of individual happiness. I called myself versatile. Every comfort that moneyed parents could give was mine. This, of course, I regarded as my rightful due. I could sing; and my friends told me that I did it well. It did not enter my thick head to think how I should have felt if they did not. So I lived on, never doubting my own capacity for happy individual existence and thought that others would be much better off if they also were egoists like myself instead of being ashamed of confessing to themselves their individuality.

I think I had been living in a fool's paradise. Not that I was mistaken in my view of individual happiness! On the contrary I shall hold I am right. But it suddenly came to light that I was not capable of it. It came to me the first day I was obliged to spend alone. I had no cricket, no friends to talk to and be jovial with. I felt like a camel. I looked out of the window. It was broad daylight. The humdrum of the city was at its height and it resounded in my ears. Still I did not know it was there. I was conscious of it as of a distant second consciousness. This was absurd as it was. It was to be worse. I saw people going out—probably for a dip in the sea or to visit friends. I had none of these gifts. I could not sing, for

my own voice startled me into that melancholy sense of loneliness that enveloped my entire being. It is a terrible, terrible thing to be alone. I had college to attend, but no mind to do so. If I did, I do not know what would have happened. I was sure it would have been for the worse. Perhaps, I was mistaken, perhaps, I was not.

For all that, I was wholly passive like a disabled serpent. I am cursed with too much imagination even to sink into ready slumber—even to be passive. At the slightest provocation, whirr went my thought, with it my heart and, as I saw, chances of relieving myself. I felt more miserable to feel that I could reach my ideal.

My room was vacuous enough. Yet it was full of ghosts. Every material thing in it was stiff and stand-offish. How could I charge them with not caring for me—those unlively things? A sparrow on the window sill looked at me and I thought it wondered why I should have been so stark mad as not to be a sparrow myself and soar merrily through the air. I had not heart enough to chase the thing away. For a time it made me recollect myself and I was reminded of a friend very much like a sparrow, but whose hair looked like real hair and not a sparrow's nest. She stood before me calm and pitying and looking like a little poem. She

seemed to talk to me and comfort me. She had a light green garment, very thin—I forget how she wore it. She had a broad face and the queerest thing about her was that she had a pair of spectacles on. How on earth she came to possess them I could not understand. But all the same they did not look incongruous. A statue she was with flowing garments. To call her a fairy would have been much too vulgar, as she was not like one. She had a thin, rather broad, mouth and was troubled. But the most striking feature was the air of motherly compassion about her. Could it be my mother long since dead? Oh, yes, of course. And simultaneously with the revelation came a wonderful light into her eyes. She was all radiant with smiles. I did not move towards her. I did not change my uncomfortable attitude even. Sleep closed upon me just as the poet describes.

..... tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.'

And still my mother stood smiling before me.

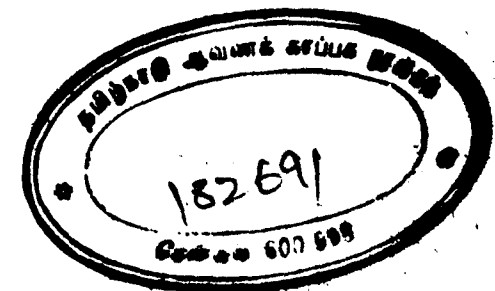
She would never cease smiling, it seemed to me, and then she moved. She came to me. 'Pachu!' she whispered in my ear—that is the name by which I am called at home. I was in a semi-conscious state and she said she would be my sister in my next birth as then she would not be obliged to die long before I did. I thought it was a splendid idea. Her name, she continued, would begin with an 'M' as it was the beginning of the word 'Mother.' I decided to call her Mythili.

Farewell! mother, till our reunion.

G. K. PARTHASARATHY,

(III, B.Sc.)

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## CAN SNUFF NATIONALISE INDIA?

Though a man is apt to desert his kith and kin through sheer difference of opinion, he cannot bear to entertain the idea of deserting his snuff box.

It is always natural, that the increasing popularity of a man tends to shorten the length of his name. Thus, the long name of Sri Bala Gangadhara Tilagar is popularly remembered as 'Sree Thilagar'. Even the name of Sri Gopala Krishna Gokhale was changed to 'Gokhale'. More or less in the same manner the fame of snuff has brought it down from the name of 'Poghaiyilai Podi' to what they call 'Podi'. It has undergone some kind of Vamanavathar of Hindu mythology.

If the snuff is found to be improperly blended it is neither its mistake nor the mistake of its manufacturer. It is because its user has become accustomed to it. In this connection, I like to narrate a story to you probably narrated by my grandmother before her marriage.

'Once a daughter of a fisherman was by some kind of ill-luck married to the son of a perfumer. She could not bear the horrible smell of the perfumes for the first few weeks and was contented to hold the basket, used by her during her early fishing expeditions, under her nose and smile awhile under its pleasing effect. Cooper has emphasised, that time is but a thief and true to the word he was a thief in her case also. As time passed on she grew accustomed to the unbearable smell of the perfumes. She then said that it was as pleasing as

her fishing basket which afforded her a timely knap.'

Its effect may be seriously noted by the man who is a beginner in the art of snuffery. Just have a look at him when he first applies it to his nose. He gives way to hundreds of sneezes and even wishes it to the devil. Everything becomes uninteresting and commonplace after its long use.

Therefore if the use of snuff apparently plays no part in stimulating our nose, it must be entirely neglected for at least a couple of hours. Then, its blend will be in the limelight.

Some do not like the idea of having their snuff in a 'Mattai' but have for it a nice box made of silver or gold. What is more striking is the fine and noble array of rubies and diamonds set on it. It is all for pride. It gives way to it. Just imagine the scene, when he opens it in a company of friends, who with their mouths wide open beckon to each other of the greatness and nobility of the pre-mentioned dandy. It will be still more exhibited if he just gives a tap or two to centralise and draw the attention of his on-lookers. The author of all this vanity will certainly rise in the estimation of others if he takes a pinch of snuff and lets half fall on his clothes, a part of it to enter his nose and the remainder let off to be as chaff for the wind. Only then will his dependants or on-lookers talk of him as using a three-pie worth of snuff per day.

If either a person wants to befriend another or wants to open a conversation he begins by saying,

'will you let me enjoy a pinch of your snuff?' or what is more common, 'yes, will you please present me a pinch of snuff?' Then after having a good suck of it through his nose and down his throat, just as a suction pump draws in water, and wiping the lucky part left on the outskirts of his nose off with his dirty piece of cloth initialises the conversation.

Often we must not be led away by the idea of enjoying at others' cost. Those who present us a pinch of snuff will at the same time turn out to be those culprits who want to enslave us, lead us into the habit if we are beginners in that art and gain something by their trick.

The fame of snuff is widespread and it is in the nose of all who love it. Just as a stranger is satisfied with a tumbler of water or a help, a pinch of snuff will give him the same amount of satisfaction. It will also render good ideas to the downcast.

However great a man may be, however learned he may be, his vast knowledge vanishes in a moment when he has not got a pinch to apply to his nose if he is an adept in that art. Nothing will come within the reach of his mind. But just picture him when he is able to earn a pinch and the large field of his intellect laid out before him looking spick and span. His laziness leaves him and he becomes lively. At that time, he can even write a hundred pages on a subject for he discovers enough material for it. Oh! What a lot does that pinch do!

If we at any time sneeze after a draught of snuff in the presence of many of our friends it will only serve to deteriorate our position. They will talk of us as having no experience at it. They will think of us in a mean

sort of way. Besides, they will not offer us any of their so-called reverence. Will there be any further lowering in our life than this?

If those who say that India is suffering from differences in religion, increase the habit of using snuff in the large body of our people, they will indeed succeed in their nationalising efforts. Differences in religion will at once disappear. Even a brahmin will request for a pinch of snuff from a sudra. Once, I saw a brahmin, scolding a 'feller', probably a low caste, and thus leading him off to a place, where none could notice him. Then he said, 'will you please give me a pinch of snuff?' and continued, 'excuse me for my roughness,' so saying he stuck it up in his nose and walked off. Just as I have previously stated and as I am now going to emphasise that new ideas will now present themselves before the two parties, they will likely appear and make them think that to nationalise Mother India must be their aim. Increasing the number of schools in the presidency will be of no use in this respect when we can as well increase the number of snuff manufacturers. This will make the nation intellectual even without study and bring to their minds good and great ideas. They make them learned and great from a practical point of view. If hygienic reformers do not like this idea, let them reform the idea of smoking cigars which is really an elder brother to the snuff. Some light cigar which has already been in the mouth of others. Perhaps they think that, that part of the cigar is not in the least affected by the saliva of the person.

Thus, I say we can achieve our aims namely to nationalise India and to bring the standard of Indian

culture to a higher level. Our standard of civilization will rise by slow degrees. Thus in a snuff box lies the charm which will solve all the questions on which India is concerned and make its citizens a nation. If you have entertained any doubt regarding this, experience a first draught of a pinch of snuff. See how your ideas widen to the horizon and

enlighten your mind. Then only you will know its value and the truth of what I have said. Ah, that pinch of snuff!

V. VENKATESAPERUMALL,  
*Class I, Group II.*

## THE SCIENTIST

Behold, ye muffs! the minion of modern science,  
At his seminary desk, sitting calm and serene;  
Betimes gleams forth from his face a glare,  
As of a lover's in his lightened hour of bliss.

Oh! Woe's wicked wand a magic played  
All to make him sad of fruitless labours;  
Like the sudden shrinking of a serpent's hood  
Under the deadening fatal dose of some drugs.

Unmindful of all reverses he works on still,  
The perfectest idol of labour and patience;  
Quite immune to everything that is without  
His mysterious regions, hopeful and trying.

And now an idea flashes as a shooting star  
That comes and goes out of our mortal vision;  
Oft comes the Depression which waits on him  
As a murderer for his opportune hour.

Success and Failure are but the Sun and Moon  
Where the one grows dim while the other shines;  
From monotony are enhanced our lives  
And Failure unveils the secrets of success.

K. ACHUTHAN,  
*Class IV, Gr. I-b.*

## MISSUS LEARNS ENGLISH

Saturday, the 24th of October was a red-letter day for me, not because of its own intrinsic worth but because of the charm and importance it lent to the following day—Vijaya Dhasami. Every Hindu worth the name knows—I am not to blame if he does not know—that Vijaya Dhasami is the day on which Hindus commit their children to book, birch and pedagogue for the first time. You may wonder, and with good reasons too, what importance such a day had for me, seeing that I was married only six months ago and have no children to be put to school. Well, I will tell you.

My neighbour, a rich landlord, had a five-year old boy to be initiated into the mystery of the three R's. Needless to say, I envied him, more so because he strutted about under my very nose with all the air of importance and concern of one closely observing fluctuations in the money-market. I knew the impending initiation ceremony was the cause of it all. I lamented that I could not be as busy as he, for I had no son, or rather it was not time I had one. But I had a brain-wave. There was my wife Leela, a romping girl, as innocent and ignorant as a five-year old child. Of course she knew Tamil pretty well for she could read *Ananda Vikatan*, the popular Tamil weekly, maintain dhoby account and sing a Tamil song to perfection. But of English she knew next to nothing.

To me, as far as teaching was concerned, it was immaterial whether my pupil was a girl or a boy, young or old, whether instruction was to be given in the mother-tongue or in

English. So I decided to initiate Leela into the mysteries of English on the suspicious Vijaya Dhasami day. But there was to be no pomp or pageantry, no ceremony: the initiation was to be strictly clandestine and unknown to my mother—the place of instruction in the vicinity of our bedstead and the whole course was to be based on mutual goodwill and understanding. Accordingly I approached Leela with my proposals and she readily fell in with it, for whoever will not under such circumstances?

So on Vijaya Dhasami day, at 9 p.m. or thereabouts, Leela and I adjourned to the bed-room with a primer of English, a forty-page note-book and a brand new 'Othello' pencil. From the very beginning that 'Othello' pencil, I feared, foreboded something of a tragedy. And my fears were not belied, for what ensued was really a tragedy, or rather a tragi-comedy justifying, perhaps, for the *n*th time Shakespeare's mingling of the tragic element with the comic. I took my seat, with Leela on my left side.

The reflected rays of the shaded table-lamp lit up her face with a dull refulgence enhancing her beauty a hundredfold. That little upward lift in her red top lip was distracting, infatigating, maddening; and her 'pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries' made me forget for a space my role of a preceptor. After a second or two of suspended animation the teacher in me got the better and forthwith I began my instruction to avoid another such lapse.

'M-a-t mat,' I said in a low but firm voice. There was a dismal

silence and I observed the ripples of a smile playing about the corners of Leela's mouth.

'Be serious, dear,' said I, 'no more of trifling. M-a-t mat.'

'Yem-ya-ttee mate,' blurted out Leela.

'Not "mate", say "mat",' I remonstrated.

But she persisted in saying 'mate', whether out of ignorance or design I know not. I thought that her tongue was not made for that low, front 'æ' sound.

So I passed over: 'B-i-n bin'.

'B-i-n bin,' repeated her dulcet voice. I was much elated that she could pronounce the bilabial voiced consonant so well. I was all the more pleased because I had expected her to say P and not B. 'Bravo, Leela, dear,' I congratulated, still keeping to that ghostly undertone lest my mother should hear me. 'One word more and I'll let you off for to-night.' She seemed to relish these last words of mine for she responded with a yawn.

'Q-u-i-l-l quill,' I coaxed her.

'Kiu-u-i-yel-yel Kuivll,' she echoed triumphantly.

'For shame,' I rasped out, not minding my mother. 'You block-head. You cannot grasp the fundamental sounds of English. No wonder you are hauled over the coals by your ma-in-law for so many other things!'

No sooner had the last word left my mouth than a complete change came over Leela's face. The blood rushed up her ivory neck and suffused her cheeks, making them glow in the dim

light which escaped through the shade of the lamp. Her lips quivered and she stood up in a defiant attitude like a magnificent Cleopatra. I was bewildered. The next moment I saw her lying prostrate on the bed, pressing her face against her downy pillow, sobbing and muttering something to herself intermittently.

For a moment it seemed to me that it was the end of all my earthly happiness. I could have made it up with her then and there, in fact I was on the verge of doing so. But sheer self-respect restrained me. So muttering to myself, 'Mischievous, thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt,' I sitting myself on the easy-chair and soon fell into a brown-study. After a time—my watch recorded 11 p.m.—I was rudely shaken back to consciousness by a booming noise. It was the rumbling of thunder. Rain fell in torrents. I was engrossed in thought, planning as to how I could make it up with Leela. Suddenly I heard a piercing shriek—an owl had escaped into our verandah. It screeched and hooted again most frightfully and I rushed to scare it away when . . . . . what happened?

Leela came tumbling down from the cot and encircled me tightly with her arms. Evidently she had been scared by the owl. Then ensued a scene of reconciliation, the sentiments and tender emotions of which may not have a parallel even in Shakespeare.

P. SHANKAR RAO,  
*Honours IV, Branch vi.*

## HOSTELS

### *Bishop Heber Hall*

The fast approaching selection examination has compelled some of our members to postpone for a time their usual stroll on the Marina and their weekly flight to the pictures. Some of them find it difficult to cope with the strict demands of the Senatus, but others uphold them. In the midst of all this, grand preparations are being made to celebrate in a fitting manner our Hall Day which is to come off on the 21st November.

With the Rev. T. G. Platten as Warden it has become possible for us to have the Holy Communion Service every Sunday in our Hall Chapel. It is proposed to have our usual terminal corporate Communion Service for Anglicans in the middle of November.

I regret to write that Mr. Appadurai Rajanayagam (Hons. V), a senior member of our Hall, has been confined to bed in the General Hospital owing to an operation in the abdomen. We are glad to know that he is now improving. We wish and pray for his speedy recovery.

A debate on the motion that 'Socialism is the only salvation for India,' showed that our Hall is dominated by socialists, though there are some of the fascist persuasion. But it is a pity that the socialists are afraid to put any of their principles into practice. In fact if ever a socialistic measure is brought in they oppose it. How then can the fascists trust their socialist brethren who talk much and do nothing?

Our members of the U.T.C. have already begun to talk of their camp at Pallavaram—the recruits with hope and terror and the trained men with

affected tone. To them and to every reader I wish a happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

PETER PAULPANDIAN,  
*President.*

### *The Fenn Hostel*

Most of us were glad to get back to the hostel on the 22nd of September. Very little work was done that day and in the evening some of the members who had been away from Madras set out enthusiastically to 'the pictures'. However after a couple of days we settled down, and preparations for the various examinations were begun with all seriousness.

On the fourth Saturday in October we had a meeting of the Literary Society of the hostel. The subject under debate was, 'Dictatorship—is it a good form of government?' Mr. Macnicol presided and we had a lively debate. Unfortunately the house arrived at no definite conclusion.

P. Martin has been elected to the Managing Committee of the hostel in the place of J. S. P. Durairaj who left the hostel last term.

The hostel Carrom and Ping-Pong Tournaments are to be held in the middle of November and members are regularly practising for them. One member is hardly ever away from the Carrom board.

We have a new member in C. S. Sam who is incidentally the baby of the hostel.

Finally we wish everyone a very happy Christmas and New Year.

SUVI RAJ GRUBB,  
*Secretary.*

### *New Hostel*

The unusual rush for seats in the hostels this year, resulted in the opening of the 'New Hostel' on the 1st July, in a rented building, sufficiently large to give accommodation for 28 people. The halls in which we lived in large numbers were partitioned after a lapse of 40 days. It is with immense delight that we welcome Mr. W. F. Kibble, M.A., as our Superintendent and the Rev. T. G. Koshy, M.A., as our resident manager. Our rents are consolidated. The lack of space deprived us of the privileges of a library, common room, sick room and the like. All these reduced the number of office-bearers to one, namely the Secretary. Even with all this, to speak broadly, we are a happy and contented family. We have representatives from all parts of the province and from all communities.

A General meeting of the hostel was held on the 16th July, with the Superintendent in the chair, to elect the Secretary. The unanimous election of the Secretary, despite the heterogeneity of the hostel, speaks volumes to friendship and union that exist in our hostel.

As our hostel is only 5 months old we have no achievements to our credit. But we are glad to note that there are musicians—vocal as well as instrumental—'Falstaffs', and budding politicians, who kill their time by patronising the various parties. Of all the students of the college, we have the privilege of being the first to use the new tables, chairs, lights, etc., from Thambaram, on which our visitors from other hostels look with envious eyes. We have organised a Debating Society that functions regularly. We are planning to hold inter-hostel debates.

The members of this hostel, including the resident manager, are new to this college. We are not subject to the fast approaching selection fever. Hence the attendance at the Carrom table is regular and growing. The chess set is sleeping.

The strict discipline, the closing of the gates after 9-30 p.m., the 6-feet-high thatty partitions, the battle with the mosquitoes, the 'Silence hours' are some of the interesting features of our hostel.

K. PURUSHOTHAMAN,  
*Secretary.*

### *Rangiah Chetty Hostel*

The shortest vacation and the longest separation was the remark heard when the hostel re-opened. As usual, the aggregate did not return on the first day.

We have been on an excursion to Tambaram, the future *alma mater* of our junior members. While returning, Wheeler and Wolsey were separated, to the great sorrow of the latter.

A new method of Hostel prayer has been introduced this term. This has given general satisfaction.

K. P. KUTTY KRISHNAN,  
*Secretary.*

### *The Second Students' Home*

This term has been quite uneventful—there has been nothing to disturb the settled serenity of our life except, to be honest, for the enthusiasm of some of our juvenile members over crackers and Bengal matches on Deepavali day. The riot has more or less subsided.

Our Hostel Day is to take place on the 9th of January 1937. The Literary and Debating Society has been very active throughout.

K. R. CHANDRASEKHARAN,  
*Secretary.*

#### *Caithness Hall*

The life of our Hostel this term has been comparatively peaceful, except when we have been rudely roused out of our sleep by the selection examinations and the monsoon. The annual tournaments were successfully carried through, and various rooms have been enriched by the sparkle of silver medals with brilliant red or yellow ribbons.

The rain played us a spiteful trick on our Hostel Day, with the result

that we had to entertain our guests in the stuffy atmosphere of the Common Hall, and the fresh air was further obstructed by a large and appreciative audience of uninvited guests. Nevertheless the occasion was successful, and we all enjoyed ourselves, including even the prompter, who had a busy evening. Mr. H. C. Papworth, the Principal of the Presidency College, in presiding, spoke appreciatively of the long period of inter-collegiate teaching carried on jointly by the Presidency and Christian Colleges.

We congratulate our former Secretary, Mr. K. Srikanta Reddy on his appointment as Probationary Asst. Income-tax Officer, Nellore.

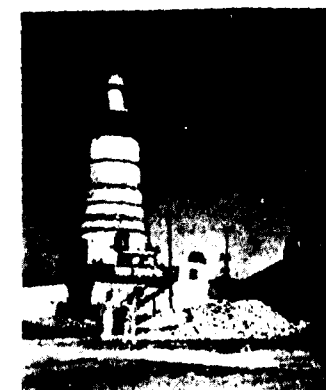
N. SUNDARARAJAMURTHI,  
*Secretary.*



FURNACES IN THE MINES



SCIPPIUS WEIR AT ELLIS' SADDLE



THE OLD FURNACE IN THE SALEM MINES



THE RESERVOIR AND DAM

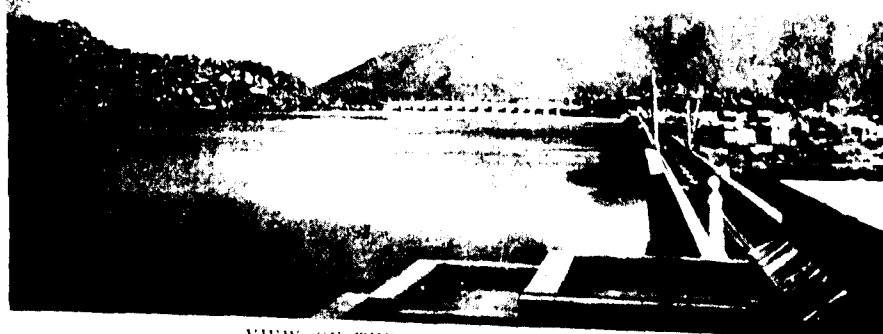


THE EXPLORERS

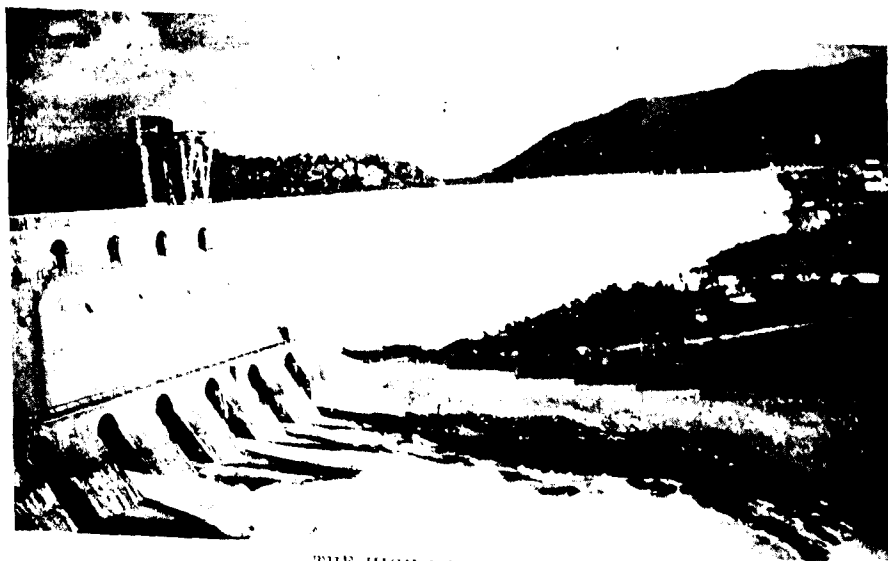
METTUR

Photographs by

A. R. Krishnamurthy



VIEW OF THE DAM AND RESERVOIR



THE HIGH-LEVEL SLUICES

## TO METTUR WITH THE COLLEGE BROTHERHOOD

We, a party of ten, left for Salem by the Blue Mountain Express on the night of the 18th November 1936, with the thrill and expectation of seeing the unique product of human skill, viz., the world's biggest dam. Dr. Gandhekar, who could not make the trip, had come to the Central Station to see us off. Mr. T. K. Rajasaktharan accompanied the party.

Our journey was comfortable and we reached Salem at about 4 a.m., the next morning. We waited at the station till daybreak and after 'chota', walked to the Magnesite works which are situated two miles from the station.

The Magnesium carbonate ore, present in the hills and distinguished by its white colour, is excavated and separated from impurities of stones, mud, etc., and is burnt in huge ovens by coal gas fire. The resulting compound is Magnesium oxide, which is ground, packed in bags and exported. It is largely used in paper-manufacturing and other industries. Besides, small crucibles called 'Mabor cupels' are made from the oxide. The cups are used for purifying gold and silver. What is known as 'Kalner' in Tamil, is also found in blue streaks among the hills.

From the works, we returned to the railway station, had our dinner, and went to Mettur by train in the afternoon. We walked to the surplus weir where we met the supervisor who took us round the Dam and

described to us its parts and their functions.

The Mettur Dam is the largest in the world, and second only to the dam which is under construction in America. This dam is 5,800 ft. long, 20.5 ft. broad at its top and 171 ft. high. The peculiarities of the dam consist in its drainage gallery and the arrangement for preventing leakage of water and cracking of cement slabs due to contraction. There are high-level and low-level sluices worked by electric motors, to let out the stored water whenever required. There are two surplus weirs to regulate the level of water stored.

Next morning, after a comfortable night in the rest house, we walked to the dam again and the supervisor of the hydro-electric works, explained to us the principles involved in the process of generating electricity by making use of the potential energy of the stored water. Water, at this pressure, rushes through the dam, and thus, moves the turbines. The generator which converts this mechanical motion into electricity, is fixed concentrically with the water-wheel. Before the current is sent out, it is strengthened six times by transformers. With the help of the Pykara hydro-electric power, they hope to supply electricity cheaply.

Then we visited the water-works. The superintendent explained to us the modern process of purification of water. Sufficient amount of alum is added to the impure Cauvery water

to remove the suspended impurities by sedimentation. Then it is run into filter beds. The filtrate is chlorinated. The water, so purified, is stored in reservoirs for supply to the public.

After an enjoyable dinner, we went to Salem by bus where we entrained for Madras in the night. We had to wait for some time in the waiting room.

The excursion was a great success and we returned to Madras with happy feelings, thankful to the officials at Mettur and Salem for their eagerness to help us throughout. The party dispersed at the Central Station to return to college at 10 a.m.

A. SRINIVASAN,  
*Class II, Group I-A*

## A TREASURE-HOUSE IN MADRAS

The Government Museum in Madras is one of the rarest places to be seen and I believe that none among the readers should fail to see the marvels of the ancient Indian architecture and other relics gathered therein to show the pre-historic civilization of India. I do not want to dwell at length upon the various things that I observed in my visit with my fellow students of the History Honours class under the guidance of our lecturer, Mr. V. Titus Varghese, but to touch briefly upon one or two things of general interest.

At the entrance to the pre-historic section are hung two iron cages—intended for the punishment of criminals—which reminds us of the long strides in which civilization has advanced.

Now-a-days we advocate the total abolition of capital punishment. But those were days in which men, even for minor offences, were confined to those irksome cages hung in public places, tortured and starved to death. The information that we get from the fables and puranas of India about the cruelty of the ancient kings of the Deccan and of the relentless severity of their punishment can well be realised by the very sight of the structure of those cages.

The pre-historic section of the museum evoked our interest and kindled our admiration of those 'time-forgotten' people of India whose memories would have been lost but for the numerous household utensils made of raw clay and the stone implements of the Palæolithic and Neolithic periods which have come down to posterity

through excavation or accidental discoveries. It seems that the majority of things found there were taken from Chingleput, North Arcot, Tinnevely and Nilgiris. The burial urns taken in the Tinnevely District are articles of suggestive importance. It brings to our oft-forgotten memory the glories of the Tamil kingdoms, of the importance of Korkai and Kayal and of the vigorous sea-borne trade they had with foreign countries. The large cemeteries along the course of the majestic river Tamraparani implies the former existence of a dense population. It is right under such conditions that we look forward to the day when provincial autonomy would be established and the Government of Madras would set up an institute to carry on excavation work in such important places as Adithanallur in Tinnevely District and reconstruct the history of the Deccan and of India.

The sculptural work of ancient India provides us with rich carvings and pictorial representations. e. g. the huge blocks of the Amaravati and various other broken stupas represent very touchingly the whole of Buddha's life. The image of Buddha with his large flat nose, significant of the non-Aryan element in him, installed in the left wing is an ever-inspiring source of devotion to all believers in *ahimsa*. It seems that a piece of sculpture representing the dancing Nataraja placed in the museum was very much appreciated by an American art critic who declared it to be the most marvellous work he had ever seen. The labour and

money spent upon these, whether inspired by foreign contact or roused by the indigenous love of architecture, deserve one's admiration.

One other thing that interested us very much was beautifully ornate wooden pillar removed from a house in George Town when additions were made to the Madras Christian College. That pillar stands there to tell the passers-by its own tale and at least in part the history of our College. Near and around the pillar are found rich wooden carvings, taken chiefly from the ruined old houses in Madras.

There are various other things which if I begin to describe will drag me into a mountainous task of which I am incapable. I do not want to be long, lest the Editor might think it an epistle and throw it into the W.P.B. Nothing is more fitting to conclude than to hope for a renewal of enthusiastic spirit in the History Association of our College and to have periodical meetings of that association to discuss subjects of historical importance.

PETER PAULPANDIAN,  
*Hons. 3, Br. iii.*

## SOCIETIES

### *The College Brotherhood*

Under the auspices of the 'College Brotherhood' a dozen of us went on an excursion to the Madras Pencil and Glass factories, the former of which is situated at Washermanpet and the latter at Tondiarpet. The excursion was led by Mr. Syed Muhamed, a member of the staff. At the pencil factory the 'Maistri' took us round and explained the working of the various machines in his own semi-intelligible Anglo-Tamil. A short description of the manufacture of Pencils and Glass is given below.

'Graphite' a greyish-black substance of organic origin is ground with water in big iron-grinders which are worked by an oil-engine. After

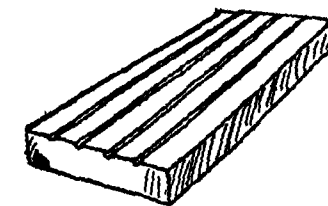


A GRINDER OF GRAPHITE.

grinding like this for a hundred times over and over again it is transferred from the 'grinding room' to the 'washing room' and is washed perfectly with water in which process the sand and other impurities in the graphite, being heavy, settle at the bottom of the tubs and the pure graphite powder is separated. It is

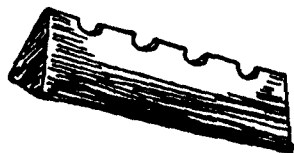
now intimately mixed with clay and again ground a hundred times in grinders similar to the former ones. Then it is transferred to a machine by working which the mixture is converted into thin sheets and transferred to another machine where it is drawn into a soft thread of the desired thickness by introducing the suitable 'matrix'. The thread is cut into pieces which after drying are sized and baked in a furnace heated by 'Bengal coal'. The comparative blackness and hardness of the pencils is attained by the degree of heat to which they are subjected and the proportion of graphite and clay in the 'leads'. The baking is not done in the case of copying pencils. So much for the 'lead compartment'.

Now you are in the 'wood-compartment' standing in front of the 'grooving machine,' into which small wooden planks about the size of  $8 \times 4 \times \frac{1}{2}$  inches, imported from Africa are introduced. They come out with four or five grooves on one of their faces. These planks are now taken to the 'glue room,' where the



grooved surfaces are glued, and the 'leads' placed in the grooves. A similar grooved and glued plank is placed on the former, and a number of such combinations kept in a press. After an imprisonment (rigorous, mind you!) of six or eight days as the 'Maistri'

thinks fit, they are released and their ends levelled. Then they are introduced in a 'shaping machine' where they get rounded, and, having acquired the shape of pencils, fall into a box. The shape could be made cylindrical or hexagonal or octagonal by placing the suitable blade. The surfaces are polished by a machine which has a



A BLADE

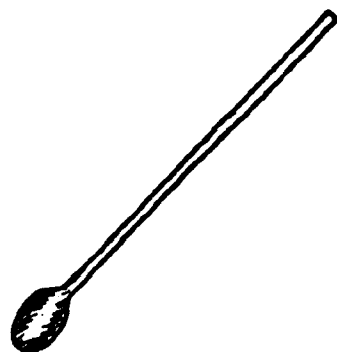
rough stone kept revolving. The pencils are taken to the 'colour room' where a machine colours them beautifully. They are coated with colour six times after drying each time and finally polished. The ends are now trimmed by an 'end trimming' machine and the names struck by the 'naming machine'. The desired colour is given to the name by introducing a colour paper in the machine. They are then packed and sold, purchased by all sorts of men and women, and used for writing all manner of things. That is all the tale.

#### The Glass manufacture

Silica is the principal ingredient of practically all glass. Silica itself is highly refractory. Fine silica is fused with lime and some other 'private chemicals' (according to the man who took us round) in a furnace of temperature 1200°C to 1400°C. If coloured glass is desired some metals or metallic oxides are added. Traces of cobalt produce a strong blue. Chromium gives a beautiful green colour. The fused glass which is in a semi-solid form is taken to the mould by means of hollow iron rods. In the factory there were about twenty-five people

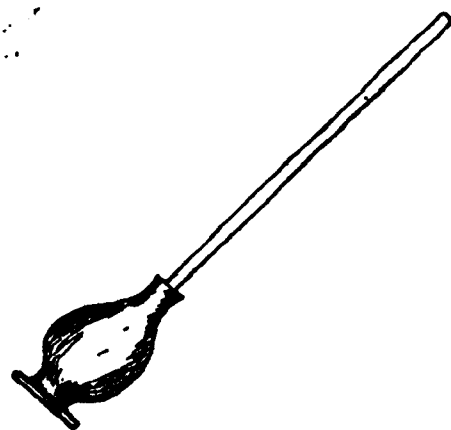
walking about horizontally, vertically, diametrically and every other -cally, holding these red-ended iron rods as if to come and plunge them right into your mouth.

The rod called the 'blow iron' is taken to the mould, plunged in some vegetable oil and is then blown into the required shape, many



A BLOW-IRON WITH THE GLASS AT ITS END.

beautiful results being obtained by skilful rotation and manipulation. The mould is fixed in a small pit,



THE ARTICLE

TAKEN OUT OF THE MOULD

where a man sits and opens and closes the mould as required. During the

operation, the tube is rotated rapidly to prevent sticking and to produce a good surface. Blowing is done by the mouth. After blowing for a minute or two, out comes the article properly shaped when the ends are trimmed and smoothened. Some surfaces have to be ground, and this grinding is done by holding the surface against a rough rapidly-rotating stone which makes that surface rough.

#### The Christian Union

The various activities of the Union are being carried on as usual with enthusiastic regularity. One more study circle has been started this term—in College Park Hostel. Mr. Macphail has taken upon himself the task of leading these 'epicureans' to the holy city of Zion.

With a view to give a splendid performance in the Christian Union Carol service which falls in the first week of December, Choir practices, and Carol singing are in full swing in the College chapel every Friday afternoon, under the able supervision of our 'Paul Robeson' Mr. Suvi Raj Grubb. Those students who possess musical talents—according to the opinion of others—are invited to join his ranks.

What does the Christian Union do? This question has been put by many students when they were confronted with the momentous problem of shelling out eight annas—mind you, not one or two—as subscription to the Christian Union. Though a brief—yet rather clear, we suppose—mention of its activities was made in the previous number, it has been found that one reading was not enough for some people to grasp, shall we say, the un-understandable mystery of it all. Well, study circles in the hostels form one of the most important activities

of the Union. Devotional services which are held every fortnight in the College chapel are intended mainly for day-students who find it inconvenient to attend the study circles. In this half-hour worship, men with definite Christian experience are invited to talk on some vital issues of Christian life. A Sunday School and Tennis Pickers' class keep us busy in the week-ends. Hospital visiting and helping the Brotherhood to run the dispensary for poor people, constitute the social aspect of the Union's work. The Christian Union library, which is situated in the Professors' Room, lends books and magazines to those who are interested in present-day problems. Recently, a small prayer group has also been started which meets fortnightly, with a view to advance a closer fellowship among students. It is hoped that all Christian students will enlist themselves as members of this society, and share in its activities with whole-heartedness.

The Poonamallee Camp.—The annual camp of the student Christian movement, held in the third week of August at Poonamallee, was attended by nearly forty members from our Union. The Church, with special reference to the Indian Churches, formed the theme of the camp. Dr. Little and Mr. Manuel of Trichinopoly and Dr. Jesudasan of Tirupatur were the main speakers. Mr. Cochrane, and Mr. Savarimuthu led the study groups very ably. The Clarion Call of 'back to the villages' was once again sounded by the various speakers.

The camp was a further step in the spiritual lives of many students. 'The sunset worship' which was conducted on the green lawns near the barracks compound, afforded the campers a time of deep communion with God.

The peaceful nature of those summer evenings with its dying glow of the sinking sun, and the whispering music of the twilight wind which spoke of the shade of night gathering around us, cast a spell of mystic adoration in the hearts of worshippers. We earnestly hope that the fire lit in them in those quiet hours with God will soon burst forth into a blaze, and send them back to their villages on fire for Christ and His Kingdom.

P. JOHN PHILIP,  
General Secretary.

#### *Dravida Bhashabhivridhi Sangham*

The third meeting of the above Sangham in the first term was held on the 24th August, in the III Class room at 4-15 p. m. under the presidency of M. R. Ry. S. D. Sarganar Avergal, when Mr. K. V. Rajagopalan, Class III, spoke on the subject, 'Youth is the best time for the formation of character'. The speech was supplemented along with some students by M. R. Ry. Alalasundaram Chettiar Avergal. With the President's concluding remarks the meeting came to a close.

The first meeting of the Sangham in the second term was held on the 9th October, in the same room at 4-15 p. m. under the presidency of M. R. Ry. Gopala Iyer Avergal, when Mr. Abdul Razak, Class IV, moved that 'Examinations are the real tests of intelligence'. Mr. Abdul Jabbar, Class II, opposed the motion. Among the good number of students who came forward to supplement the speech, were also M. R. Ry. Alalasundaram Chettiar Avergal and Vidwan Subramaniya Iyer, Tamil pandits in the high school. The debate was keen and animated throughout. The motion however was lost when put to vote. With the president's concluding

remarks and a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the meeting terminated.

We hope to be able to arrange a few meetings before the Christmas holidays, after the excitement of the selection examinations is over.

J. K. MANICKAM,  
Secretary.

#### *Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sangham*

At the very beginning at this term, we had the pleasure of welcoming into our midst Mr. T. Rajagopala Rao, B.A., L.T., M.R.A.S., who had just returned from Europe, and some of us felt sorry at the departure of Mr. K. V. Subba Rao from College, on the expiry of his term of office. It was proposed that a photo of the Andhra Association be taken with Mr. K. V. Subba Rao in our midst and we did take one on the eve of his departure. The credit of bringing it to a financial success is partly due to the ready response shown by my Andhra friends and partly due to the skilful efforts of Mr. Sivaprasada Rao to have one.

We had a meeting conducted in the Telugu class-room on the eve of Mr. K. V. Subba Rao's departure from College, and the subject was 'Female Education'. Though the attendance was not satisfactory, the enthusiasm of the speakers held the few that were present.

We hope that our Sangham will get on very well under the kind guidance of our president, Mr. T. Rajagopala Rao.

H. A. RATHNAM,  
Secretary.

#### *The Malayalee Association*

We had our Onam Day celebration on the 28th of August under the distinguished presidency of M. R. Ry.

Rao Sahib N. Kelu Nair Avergal, B.A. A fairly good number of Malayalees of the city, in addition to the students of the College, attended the function. The old students took a leading part in the farce we staged, and our thanks are due to them for the pains they have taken to make the celebration a success. We had a grand social in the right royal Malayalee fashion—with *Payasam*, *Charkara Upperi*, etc. The success of the function was mainly due to the untiring efforts of Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, B.A., the President of the Association.

The first meeting of this term was held on the 22nd of October under the presidency of Mr. Titus Varghese, M.A. Mr. Kesava Menon, a student of the IV Class, spoke on 'Some thoughts on Vallathol'. The speech was very impressive and interesting. We hope to hold some more meetings in this term.

P. V. LAKSHMANAN,  
Secretary.

#### *The Natural History Society*

The inaugural meeting of the above society was held on Monday the 28th September, with Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan in the chair. The address was given by Dr. C. Gnanamuthu, on 'The pulmonary respiration of frog'. In the course of his illuminating address he disproved the wrong belief that a frog will be choked to death when its mouth is kept open for a long time. Indeed, this was a wrong notion that existed among the zoologists till recently. He stated that a frog will not die even if its mouth is kept open for more than twelve hours. He also demonstrated various experiments which were very instructive. The meeting was well attended by students as well as members of the staff. The lecture

was highly instructive and of absorbing interest. The meeting terminated after a few remarks from the chair.

Our excursions.—Our visit to the Horticultural gardens was a fine one. We enjoyed it thoroughly seeing a typical horticultural garden. We observed some epiphytes like *Vanda* and its allies; and also ferns. The fernhouse was worth seeing with all its varied inhabitants. In short, we studied Nature in her home. Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, our president, helped a great deal. We intend going on an excursion to a more distant and interesting spot very shortly.

Before the end of last term we had an excursion to the harbour. A low-net collection was made and examined later in the laboratory. The diver procured for us a good many interesting specimens. One of our daring members caught hold of an *Enhydrina valakadien*—a deadly poisonous sea-snake. Mr. B. Bonnell and Mr. M. D. Paul who accompanied us helped us a great deal. We enjoyed the trip thoroughly.

Under the scheme of extension lectures Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan delivered a series of lectures, illustrated with lantern slides. These lectures were highly impressive and instructive.

The first lecture was delivered on Tuesday the 6th October on 'The cell and certain cell phenomena'. The second lecture was delivered on Tuesday the 20th October on 'Parental care among some animals.' There are some more lectures of the above series.

M. AZIZUDDIN,  
Secretary.

*Karnataka Bhashabhiwardhini Sangham*

A meeting of the above Association took place in the Sanskrit room on 24th Sept. '36. The following persons were unanimously elected as office-bearers for the current academic year.

*Patron:* Mr. T. Rajagopala Rao, B.A., L.T., M.B.A.S.

*President:* Mr. K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T., Vidwan.

*Secretary:* N. Bheemanna Setty, IV Class.

*Treasurer:* M. Sreenivasa Pai, IV Class.

On 30th Sept. '36, another meeting of the Association was held in the III Class room. Mr. T. Titus Varghese presided and Mr. T. Rajagopala Rao, who had recently returned from England, delivered an interesting and informing lecture on the 'Comparative Study of Dravidian Philology'. He explained his theory regarding the relation between the Indo-Germanic and Dravidian languages.

Mr. Titus Varghese said that the lecturer of that evening was fitted to tackle the difficult subject since he had long experience in the field of research. Mr. K. Narasinga Rao, on behalf of the Association expressed his heart-felt thanks to the lecturer as well as to the president. He heartily wished that a feeling of fraternity would be fostered by the members of the various societies.

N. BHEEMANNA SETTY,  
*Secretary.*

*Mathematical Association*

There was a meeting on 18th October and the officials for the year were elected. Mr. Kibble was elected the President and K. S. Ramamurti B.A., the Secretary of the Association.

As noted elsewhere in this issue, Dr. Naher of California Institute of

Technology kindly gave a lecture on 'Cosmic rays' on 21st October.

We hope to have one more lecture this term by one of our students on his researches, and many others next term by eminent men.

K. S. RAMAMURTI.

*The Christian College Debating Society*

(Founded 1877)

In a General Body meeting held in the second week of August, this year, Rev. R. S. Macnicol was re-elected as the Hon. President and the following office-bearers were also elected:—

K. P. Rungachary. P. G. II year.

K. V. Guruswamy. IV year Hons.

R. H. P. Holman. P. G. II year.

*Committee:* The above with

M. D. Edmonds. IV Class.

K. R. Chaudhary. III Class.

Premananda Sarma. II Class.

This premier society of our College has never, 'in the course of fifty-nine years of its life, known such indifference on the part of the students as it is now experiencing for some years. Men, trained in this society, are now serving the country as Ministers, as leaders of opposition, as Governors, and filling diverse other important positions. Now the society is passing through a dull period; its number of members has shrunk to the smallest figure in its long history of useful service. Next year the College is going to celebrate its centenary and to begin its life at Tambaram in the new buildings. When the College and all the other societies are preparing themselves to enter upon the second century with vigour and enthusiasm, it is but meet that the Debating Society, the central organization of students of the College should not lag behind and should begin activities in a spirit and

with a programme worthy of the occasion.

We have begun our work this year with an ambitious programme but in the actual working we find certain serious disadvantages from which similar unions are free elsewhere.

1. Now membership is voluntary. In no other college within my knowledge is it voluntary. If a training in public speaking, in organization and running of a society and cultivating interest in a general cause are necessary and important items of the equipment with which colleges provide students for citizenship, I believe that membership should be made compulsory even as subscription to the *College Magazine* is made.

2. There is no time in the timetable for the week, before 5 p.m. every day when all classes are free; nor any time is specifically allotted for the activities of the society. Hence the discouraging attendance and consequent addresses to empty benches.

We request the Senatus through our Hon. President Rev. R. S. Macnicol to include the membership fee in the special fee or to add this membership fee to it (to do something by which students will be made members of the society) and to allot one hour in the week's time-table for the society's business.

Now students are approached and requested to become members; some refuse, some consider; some delay and many evade. The Secretary who is sometimes refused co-operation on the part of other committee members cannot waste his time as he is also after all, a student.

To return to the work of the society for these two terms. Four meetings were held in all. The fourth meeting which was an inter-collegiate debate, was held at 4-15 p.m. on Friday 30th

October in the III Class room. The Pachaiyappa's College Union sent a team of debaters. The subject for discussion was 'that the League of Nations has been a failure.' A high level of debate was maintained throughout and a large number of students attended the debate. The Pachaiyappa's College team was treated to tea after the debate. The inaugural debate was distinguished by a special feature. Members of the Staff, Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias and our Hon. President Rev. R. S. Macnicol took part in the debate on the subject that 'Universities should be unitary and residential.'

The other two debates were College debates and the subjects were (1) That the Public Service Commissions are unnecessary, undesirable and a financial waste; (2) That astrology has a demoralising effect on the life of the people.

The society is indebted to Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias for his keen interest in the progress of the society and he is rousing the students to the usefulness of the training given in the society and admonishing in his own, warm and enthusiastic manner, the students for their lack of enthusiasm in common activities.

We hope to write something in the next issue on our new venture in evolving a 'Parliament' as an auxiliary of the Debating Society whose name we wish to change to 'The Christian College Union', to be more comprehensive.

K. V. GURUSWAMY,  
*Secretary.*

*The Philosophical Association*

Under the auspices of the above Association a debate was held on

2nd October under the student presidency of Mr. Lakshmanan, the subject being 'Suffering is not a necessary part of the order of things.'

Mr. Israel of Class III, moved the proposition saying, that suffering, though it exists, ultimately becomes good, that it has no important part in the order of things and that God never intended it. Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao, speaking for the opposition, vehemently criticised the above contention and said that suffering

forms an indispensable part of the order of things, without which neither morality nor any passionate love for Truth, Beauty and Virtue is possible. No one who really aspires for them can escape suffering.

There were many supplementary speakers, who spoke for and against the proposition. Then the proposition was put to vote and lost.

K. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO,  
*Acting Secretary.*

## ATHLETICS

### Basketball

We began the year, with the election of the captain early in the first term and the usual ceremonial match with the staff. The match ended in a defeat for the latter—contrary to the custom of past years. We had also an interesting match with the Union Christian College team which visited Madras last term and were defeated. Our Association entered for the Fr. Bertram Memorial Tournament conducted by the Loyola College and went up to the second round.

Although, at the beginning of the year, our standard of game was poor, it is very encouraging to note that the standard has become quite good. We have a strong five now. I am glad to say that basketball has become very popular.

Our sincere thanks are due to our President Mr. Syed Mohammed and other basketballing members of the staff. We are eagerly looking forward to the Y.M.C.A. tournament and the Olympics when we hope to do well.

### Results of matches played

|                        | Score.      |
|------------------------|-------------|
| Staff vs. Students ... | 22—34—won.  |
| Union College vs.      |             |
| M.C.C. ...             | 28—15—lost. |
| Teachers' vs. M.C.C.   | 12—32—won.  |
| Union College vs.      |             |
| M.C.C. ...             | 9—5—lost.   |
| Pangal Club vs.        |             |
| M.C.C. ...             | 32—24—lost. |

Engineer's vs.

M.C.C. ... 18—36—won.

M. C. VERGHESE,  
*Captain.*

### The Boxing Club

The boxing club is one of the most active clubs in the College at present. The club started with some old veterans and a great number of enthusiastic raws. Contrary to the usual custom the new men seem to be just as keen now as when they joined, which is very encouraging.

Our programme for a week is this:—

*Mondays*—Punching—practice and instructions.

*Thursdays*—Sparring.

*Fridays*—Punching—individual instructions.

We have been progressing steadily and it is not too much to say that we have a good team this year. We have some good men in both the lighter and heavier weights.

Among the lighter weights are some of the Tournament standard like Balasingam, Raju, Mani, Hensman, I. Kuruvilla, Karunakara Menon, Bower and Rupert.

Among the heavier weights are Subbiah Chetty, Sultan Khan, David, Subbramiah and Narayanaswami.

The club owes a great deal to its President, Mr. C. A. Abraham, who takes a real interest in the club's activities.

A. J. S. HENRY,  
*Captain.*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Indian Educational Policy, Its Principles and Problems.* By the late Dr. William Meston. C. L. S. Price Rs. 3-4-0.

In his retirement Dr. Meston pursued the study of a subject upon which for many years before he left India he had been an acknowledged authority. His "Indian Educational Policy" is the outcome of five years further reading and reflection on problems with which he had had thirty-five years personal experience. Those last five years were years of physical weakness and pain. But there is no indication of these circumstances in the pages of this book. Here we find only what we had learnt to expect in his work,—thoroughness, accuracy, clarity and wisdom,—with no trace of weakness though the end came within a few weeks—of the completion of the script for the press.

The work is divided, as the title suggests, into two parts. The former part discusses the historical development of an educational policy and the principles upon which it rests. The latter part deals with the problems with which the policy is confronted, problems of control, management, finance and religious neutrality. There is a good index; and also an extensive and valuable bibliography.

The book appears now in India at a time when its message is of great practical importance. There is an awakening of interest in educational problems. It seems as if we might be on the eve of a big effort to tackle India's fundamental problem, the problem of mass illiteracy, and to

correct the unduly literary bias of the present type of secondary education. It is no exaggeration to say that the success or failure of present endeavours at educational reform will depend upon the measure of influence which this book can be made to have upon the minds of those who in Departments and Secretariats and Councils will determine the nature of the next steps to be taken. Therefore all who are interested in the subject of education should study this book and give it and its teaching as wide publicity as possible.

The substance of the book is a plea, the wisdom of which is proved by facts and figures beyond the shadow of a doubt, for more faithful and practical adherence to the policy enlisting in the battle against ignorance all efficient forces, whether public bodies or private bodies or individuals, under the direction and control of the State, the State's function being not to manage institutions of its own, but with even-handed justice to inspect, control, and aid institutions under every form of public and private management.

Time will not quickly diminish the value of this final contribution from Dr. Meston to the cause of Indian education. It is difficult to believe that the historical survey of Indian educational policy from 1785 to our own day will ever be better done; and his discussion of principles and problems creates the impression of touching the unchanging bedrock of fundamental truth.

G. M.

*An A. B. C. of English Usage.* By H. A. Treble and G. H. Vallins. Oxford University Press. Re. 1-4-0.

Books on the usage of English have been published from time to time, and some, such as Fowler's *Modern English Usage* have become classics, indispensable to the serious student of English. This new publication presents in dictionary form information about spelling, punctuation and English idiom, which will be of the greatest use in the study of English composition. Here we may find light on such thorny problems as the uses of *shall, will, should, would*. Here we shall find our old friend *due to*, taking a paragraph to itself and we shall at last understand why it is quite incorrect to say 'Due to bad weather, he cannot come'.

Here we shall discover just why it is not right to say *rather very good*, and a *very unique young man*. And if we wish to probe deeper into the awful mysteries, we can explore those well-concealed pitfalls dug about the unattached participle, and the sequence of tenses.

The book is full of humour, like the English language itself. Did we know, for instance, that it is possible to give *five* different meanings to the phrase 'Is Mr. Jones over forty?'

Did we know that an Irish bull has no connection with the animal kingdom, but is 'a self-contradictory proposition; in modern use, an expression containing a manifest contradiction in terms or involving a ludicrous inconsistency unperceived by the speaker'; as for example:—

'I arranged to meet my brother at four o'clock; but when I met him, he wasn't there.'

This is more than a compendium of grammar and idiom. Students of English literature will find it very

valuable in giving clear definitions and examples of most of the devices and figures of speech used by the poets and authors. Irony is here explained and illustrated; such strange creatures as hypallage, hyperbole, and synecdoche are shorn of all their terrors.

This is not merely a book for a consulting library (a copy of it is being placed in our own); it is a book for a rainy afternoon, a book of humour for a leisure hour, a book which, by reason of its low price, should find its place on the book-shelf of every student who seeks to use the English language with force and a true understanding.

R. S. M.

*The Sociology of Population.* By Benoy Kumar Sarkar, Calcutta: N. M. Ray-Chowdhury & Co. pp. 139. Rs. 3.

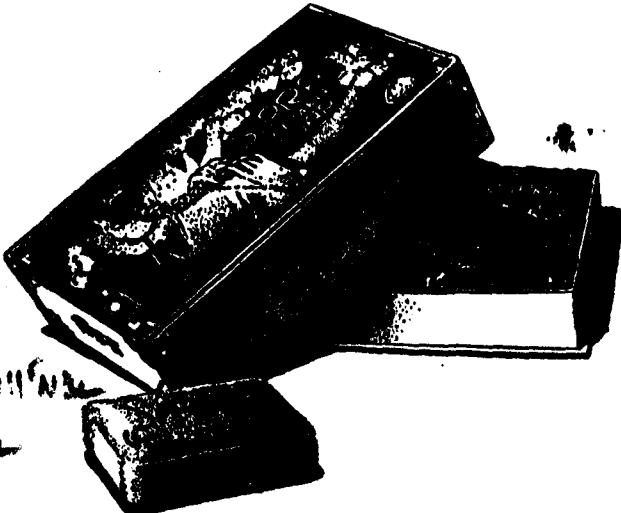
The author of this work is one of the foremost students of the population question in India and the book embodies some of his latest addresses and researches in this and allied subjects. He has achieved international fame and writes and publishes in English, French, German, Italian and Bengali. He desires to combat the terrifying ideas of overpopulation and degeneration which journalists and others promote from time to time. His view, supported by statistics, is that while the population of India is increasing, the productivity of the country both in agriculture and industry is increasing more quickly still, and as a consequence the standard of living is tending slowly but surely to rise. This rising standard may be improved still further by a variety of methods—agricultural research, expansion of industries, redistribution of population.

Prof. Sarkar is not afraid of an increasing population and is critical of those who advocate methods of checking the growth of population. He points out that various checks such as the postponement of the age of marriage already operate with sufficient strength in this direction without resort to more artificial aids. He has a great deal of interesting information to impart regarding changes in present-day economic and social conditions which bear upon this main question, and he draws upon his intimate knowledge of Bengal and European countries.

Prof. Sarkar is a believer in progress; he finds that belief confirmed by his sociological studies and inspired by the teachings of Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda. If degeneration takes place in one area or social group, regeneration occurs in some other area. The West may suffer its decline but progress may now be discerned in such places as Japan and modern Bengal.

(A copy of this book has been presented to the College Library by Dr. C. Narayana Menon of Benares Hindu University.)

E. J. B.



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