

LONG LIVE



HIS HIGHNESS SIR SREE RAMA VARMA G. C. I. E.,
MAHARAJAH OF COCHIN.

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"Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis".

[EDITOR]

“GLORY to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will”, sang the Angels of Heaven to the shepherds of the little town of Bethlehem on a star-lit wintry night nineteen hundred and twenty-six years ago. It was the most important message ever announced to the world; it was the most memorable night ever witnessed by it. For on that thrice-blessed night was born the Prince of Peace in a lowly manger, bringing with Him the message of love and fellowship, of contentment and peace, to a world weary of war and groaning under the weight of a corrupt society cankered to the core by every imaginable vice and lashed into restlessness by every conceivable passion. The world, indeed, was slow to welcome the new message—so unlike it was to any it had ever received. Nevertheless, by the slow persuasion of divine precepts and the sure inspiration of a virtuous life the message won its way step by step into the hearts of men; and by the end of the eighth century notable results were achieved in both the temporal and spiritual spheres of life. A new orientation was given to the world; a new philosophy permeated society; a nobler ideal of life was placed before the individual than “to eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die”. The dead weight of slavery that lay upon the ancient world like a pall of death was lifted, and the sunshine of life was turned in upon millions of men and women who had hitherto wallowed in a welter of misery, squalor and wretchedness. The sacred dignity of the

human soul was proclaimed ; the woman was raised to her legitimate rank in society ; the rights of the widow and the child were recognised and safe-guarded. The fierce barbarians who rushed upon the land with fire and sword, were tamed, transformed and moulded into the material of a new social fabric, of manly vigour and marvellous promise, which was to replace the effeminate and exhausted social wreck of classical Rome. Finally the nations of the western world were brought together in a bond of universal brotherhood based on the common fatherhood of a loving God.

War, indeed, was too deep-rooted in the passions of man to be abolished altogether. But the new Gospel tried strenuously and successfully to mitigate its horrors, its bloodshed and brutality, its frequent recurrence and its frightful dimensions. The Truce of God, initiated by the Church, was taken up and enforced by the Emperor and other secular rulers. It prohibited private warfare from Wednesday evening to Monday morning in every week, and during the seasons of Advent and Lent ; it prohibited violence against the ministers of religion, pilgrims, merchants, women, and peasants, and against cattle and agricultural implements. Every Christian above the age of twelve, whether noble, burgess, villein or serf, was obliged to take a solemn oath to observe and enforce the *Pax Dei* ; and whoever broke it became an outlaw. Peace associations were formed in every diocese, in which serfs and villeins, no less than knights and nobles, were enrolled. Great success attended these measures. Their results in France are described by Kitchin as follows :—“This check on feudal passions was wonderfully successful ; for two centuries it influenced social life.....and did much to destroy the tyranny of private war and to develop the better qualities of feudal society. Family life grew more sacred ; courtesy grew into a system of honour ; literature lifted up her head, and religion strengthened her hold on the growing life of the age”.

To prevent war between countries was a more difficult task. But here again the new Gospel made its influence felt by ordaining a code of international laws, which, unlike its modern counterpart, rested, not on ‘mere scraps of paper’, but deeper down on the corporate conscience of a people dominated by true Christian

principles. Then there was the Papacy, an international court of arbitration, which had a broader basis and a surer foundation than the League of Nations of the present day ; resting as it did on the bed-rock of immutable moral truths and the willing allegiance of loyal and believing Christendom. The Movement of Peace reached its full bloom in the 13th century ; and with Innocent III on the Papal Throne, Europe enjoyed such bliss as it never has done before or after. Says Hillaire Belloc, "That ineradicable dream of a permanent and satisfactory society seemed to have taken on flesh and to have come to live for ever among Christian men". Property in those days, both in land and in the instruments of production, was well-divided among many or all ; the peasant flourished on the farm, the independent craftsmen thrived in the towns ; and not only was there corporate worship of God in the monasteries, but also co-operative industry and trade in the guilds. "In arms that military type arose which lives upon the virtues proper to arms and detests the vices arms may breed. Above all, an intense and living appetite for truth, a perception of reality, invigorated these generations.

Such a bliss, however, was not destined to last. On the one hand the growing complexity of life, the rise of new interests, of wealth and luxury and of Godless education that sapped the foundations of faith,—all these loosened the hold of the new message on the thoughts of men ; on the other hand the anticlerical lawyers, puffed up with the grandeur of the Roman law, began to deify the king and vilify the Church ; yet on a third side the feelings of local attachments, helped on by geographical configurations, crystallized into form and assumed shape as national animosities. The result was tragic in the extreme : the majestic unity of Christendom was lost ; the Papacy was outraged ; Europe was filled with the din and clamour of war ; and, when wearied and exhausted, it turned to false prophets for the unction of peace. But how can these prophets, having no peace in themselves, grant it to their votaries ? They plotted and parleyed ; they made *ententes* and alliances ; they held Congresses and Conferences ; but all of no avail. The reign of Mars continued, and wars followed one another, each more murderous and bloody than the last. Uncontrolled ambition and unprincipled science, acting in concert, supplied both the

motives and the weapons of wholesale massacre and colossal destruction. The international sanctions of an age of faith were cast to the winds, no rights were respected, no rank and condition spared. The whisperings of conscience and the warnings of justice were drowned in the booming of guns and the whistling of bombs. Each nation found its only chance of safety in arming itself to the teeth. '*Si vis pacem, para bellum*'" quoted the militarist—the devil indeed with scripture on his tongue. A race for munitions ensued, and while every nation was urging upon every other nation the multitudinous advantages of a policy of general disarmament, each was on its own account, piling up in secret vaults and on secluded waters, fresh heaps and numbers of engines and heralds of deadly grandeur and dreadful destruction. Indeed, the world, with all its boast of scientific progress and stupendous achievements, was sinking deeper and deeper every day into civilised barbarity and systematic cruelty.

But the rude awakening has come at last, and that too, after the convulsing cataclysm of our own days. More eyes are now turned to the Prince of Peace; more hearts now yearn after His message of love; and there are faint indications to believe that the world is on the threshold of a new era. But we should not be oversanguine in our expectations. There are still great obstacles on the road. The so-called makers of the nations, who often make but little except their own selfish fame, are trying their best to keep out the moral force from their peace-experiments; and many of them play but a game of selfish national aggrandisement under cover of solicitude for world-peace. The cartoonist gave us more of truth than did the flashing head-lines and fraudulent reports of the journalists, when he depicted the plenipotentiaries at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva as enjoying a frank and open *conversazione* above the Peace Table, but as tied up into half a dozen secret and intriguing groups *under* the Table; and again when he showed by exposing the 'front and rear views of Geneva' how the members of the choir of nations, while singing the international anthem of 'Disarmament' in faultless melody and perfect unison, were one and all behind their backs '*well-armed for eventualities*'. And it cannot be otherwise so long as the governments of Europe fail to appreciate the importance

of moral power in the economy of peace. It is true, they seem to have realised "that the animosity between the nations is not henceforth to be overcome by legal clauses and safe-guards but by political leaders having faith in each other and in the future". But it is a pity they do not seem to know that this 'faith in each other and in the future' can come only out of common faith in God who is the common father of all and the Lord of past, present and future alike. Again they seem to have realised that the "surest foundation of peace is the policy of mutual respect and understanding". But here again they seem to forget that this mutual respect, if it is to lead to any tangible result, must grow out of common respect for the common rights of all, the weak and the poor as well as the strong and the rich; and for the moral sanctions which are the strongest and surest safe-guards of these fundamental rights. In brief, they should understand that the message of peace announced by the angels was only to men of good-will, or, to put it in the words of Pope Pius XI, that the Peace of Christ is achieved only in the reign of Christ.

Nevertheless, there is, in the signs of the times, some suggestion of a more assuring outlook of the future. The idea of Peace Congresses, first originated in 1623 by a French monk, Emeric Cruce, has of late made some notable advances; though, on account of the exclusion, by the Great Powers, of the one great moral Power in the world from their peace-deliberations,—a sorry feature indeed, and quite opposed to the original design of Emeric—the peace-movement has so far touched only the outer fringe of the field of international politics. The questions affecting "the vital interests, independence or honour" of the various states are still forbidden ground to the plenipotentiary peace-makers of Europe; who, in meeting assembled, are, therefore, not infrequently found deliberating profoundly on such matters as a programme of 'universal swimming baths'. Fortunately, however, a change is coming over Europe. The poisonous germs inoculated into the European body-politic some four hundred years ago seem to have spent themselves up and to be gradually yielding ground to the recuperative power inherent in the patient; and, with the chastening influences of the late war and

the changing outlook of men on the social and religious problems, it is possible the corporate and co-operative ideals of the much maligned Middle Ages may still have a chance among us, and moral force may come back into its own in the social and political dispensation of the future. So may we, during this happy Christmas-tide, be permitted to indulge in visions of a brighter radiance on the eastern sky; so may we make bold to seek inspiration from the music of the bells and, along with Tennyson,

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind;

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws;

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, the mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in;

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good;

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold.
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.



The Message of Christmas to Young Folk.

ONCE upon a time there lived a rich young man who tried, because he so much admired the kind and gentle character of Christ, to make his money give other people happiness. He went about placing coins and gifts in the homes of

poor people. He did good in secret. The name of this good man was Nicholas. When he died people called him Saint Nicholas. He died and was buried like any ordinary man. But one man, whom men called Nicholas, has from his grave, for hundreds of years, inspired the whole civilised world to be kind and generous on Christmas Eve. He was not a mighty warrior, but he has done more for the happiness, kindness, and good humour of the world than Caesar or Napoleon. Is that not a far greater mystery than Santa Claus and his donkey ?

Learn from this story that a beautiful character is more powerful than any fairy, and understand that your presents at Christmas are given to you in secret only that you, when you grow up, may follow the example of Saint Nicholas, and give without telling.



"Don't you find writing a thankless Job ?"

Author :— "On the contrary, everything I write is returned to me with thanks".

* * * * *

Visitor : "Why are you here, my misguided friend ?"

Prisoner : "I am the victim of the unlucky number thirteen."

"Indeed ! How is that ?"

"Twelve Jurors and one Judge."

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Sociology of the Human Body.

(Dr. P. P. ANTONY, L. M. & S.)

IT is to emphasise that the human body is a great collection of organised units of life called 'cells', harmoniously knit together and perfectly controlled by the central authority of the mind that the apparently paradoxical heading is chosen for this article. The cellular conception of the human body upon which rests the detailed study of the processes of health and disease and all normal activities of life, is the result of one of the greatest discoveries ever made. During the latter half of the last century Virchow enunciated that the cell was the basis of life and that all cells took their origin from pre-existing cells—*"Omnis Cellula e Cellula."*

Beyond the powers of our unaided eye there exist living beings so minute that a very powerful microscope is necessary to demonstrate their existence to us. They are indeed the merest specks of life without any kind of organisation—head, body and limbs all rolled into one, and yet performing every function that a living being is called upon to perform for the maintenance and continuity of its life. Some of these creatures that are on the lowest rung of the ladder of life, are so valuable to us that human life on this planet of ours seems impossible without their aid. Some, on the other hand, are so inimical to man that they are responsible for the majority of diseases which his body is heir to. An organism of this latter class is known as a unicellular organism.

A little higher up in the scale of life we see small creatures which appear to be a collection of very minute globular organisms permanently welded together and working harmoniously for the good of the whole colony. Such an organism which is but a conglomeration of the simplest units of life, is called a multicellular organism and every unit that goes to make up such an organism is known by the name of a cell. The cell, then, is the ultimate biological unit both of structure and function and, like any independent living thing, it has birth, growth, multiplication and death.

Very early in the stage of development the human body is but a globular mass of rounded cells. As development proceeds a wonderful process of specialisation takes place and little groups of cells are detailed off for special work and they assume more or less complicated shapes most suitable for their situation and the work they are called upon to perform. There is a striking parallel between the development of the human society and of the human frame. The early stages of both are characterised by a lack of differentiation of function. The larger the number of individuals that go to make up an organised social unit and the more intimate their association with each other, the greater is the complication in their mode of living and the more pronounced, varied and permanent the specialisation of function among them.

The fully-developed human body represents a very highly organised society of cells. In shape they vary from that of a disc to a beautiful arborization. They do a variety of work from carrying a simple load to scrutinising the spectrum of a star.

Every hair on our body is spun and painted by a cluster of cells. Every drop of sweat that breaks on our skin is gathered from our blood by small communities of sewer cells. Every drop of tear that washes our eyes, every drop of fluid that oils our joints, every drop of mucus that imprisons dust and germs in our nose and every particle of bitter wax in the ear that poisons the inquisitive insect that perchance invades that cavity, all these are manufactured by patiently and carefully working cells. There are millions of such chemist-cells before whose silent work the achievements of a Faraday and Lavoisier dwindle into mere child's play; and there are soldier-cells whose story of heroism and self-sacrifice is never surpassed by any that history has recorded even "of the brave days of old." It is interesting to note that some of these cells when removed from a living tissue and made to grow for a few generations in a test tube, lose their shape, forget their work, and revert to their primitive state.

The bones of a living person are not lifeless sticks of hardened lime, but they are clusters of cells living in the million compartments of the concrete edifices they have patiently constructed. Every piece of muscle in our body is a column of

living cells responsible for the performance of every kind of movement in the body. So obedient and faithful are they to their master that they strike work only when life fades in them and they never move a bit in the absence of an order from proper authorities. Exercises (in-door) calculated to work these cells to their fullest capacity and to increase their number are not really very beneficial. Out-door games are the proper form of exercise which develops the skill with which these cells are worked.

There are in the interior of our body many millions of cells engaged in cooking and preparing food for all the cells in our system. Though their name is legion they never 'spoil the broth' on that account. Many mechanical and chemical processes are involved in this work, which are beyond the scope of this article to deal with. Suffice it to say that many groups of cells—called glands—are engaged in the manufacture of different kinds of chemical fluids to deal with different parts of food and that the fluids so prepared are utilised in the cooking of it. Every particle of food so prepared, with the exception of fat, should pass the scrutiny of Liver-Chemists before it is sent out for general distribution. Liver cells pick out and burn any deleterious substance they come across in the food. They also manufacture and send to the intestines a substance which enables the latter to sweep away all unused food and to kill off germs of disease which may have stolen into them through the food. Liver-cells are such skilful chemists that they are entrusted with many other important chemical works in addition.

The arrangements for the distribution of food and other necessities of life are so perfect in the commonwealth of the human body that wholesome food, air and water are taken directly to the door of every individual cell. Equally perfect is the system of drainage which ensures speedy removal of all waste matter. This dual function is performed through a very elaborate system of waterways (blood-vessels), which draws its motive power from a very efficient central pump which works all the twenty-four hours without shift or extras. If efficiency of communication is a measure of civilisation, then the civilisation of the commonwealth of the human body is of the highest order. Looking at one of these channels of communication one sees an endless procession of red cells engaged quite unlike the 'red army

in the peaceful occupation of carrying loads of oxygen picked up from the lungs, to the cells that inhabit the remotest corner of the commonwealth. These red cells that give blood its colour are born in the marrow of the bones, and, after six weeks of unceasing and selfless work, die and are gathered unto their fathers.

Some one has said that civilisation meant multiplication of wants. That may be true of the insane civilisation that we see around us. But in the commonwealth of the body civilisation means maximum service with minimum individual wants. Every cell knows and observes the rule that food is in proportion to the work turned out. If the work of one community of cells is more vital to the commonwealth than that of another, the former knows that it is only entitled for better protection and not for any other preferential treatment; and no cell, however advantageously placed it may be, ever dreams of self-aggrandizement. The only way to increase the appetite of a cell is by giving it more work. However luxurious the food may be, the cells pick up only those things they require for their existence and for their work. As for the removal of waste matter it is mainly done by a pair of living sieves. These are big communities of delicate cells who pick up certain poisonous waste products from the blood and turn them on to the central sewage pump. Those who indulge in luxurious food and alcohol will do well to remember that they are working the liver-chemists to the breaking point, and are damaging the drainage system.

To safeguard the Great Commonwealth from foreign invasions by microbes a very efficient and highly organised army is maintained, aided and strengthened by a strong militia. The regular army can be seen patrolling the waterways. They are called the white cells of the blood. If, through some administrative error or otherwise, cells in some parts of the body are overworked, starved or poisoned, the ever-vigilant germs make an attack at the vulnerable point and force an entry. No sooner the invasion is announced than the regulars march out in a body to the point of attack and surround the enemy and put them to rout. Every fester and boil is a battlefield of this nature and matter that escapes is the debris of the battlefield, mixed up with the bodies of the heroic dead and of the germs slain in the

battle. In case the invasion is a widespread one, the whole regular army and militia are mobilised, all civil activities are brought to a minimum, and all resources of the state placed at the disposal of the military authorities. If everything goes well the war is brought to a successful end. Sometimes the enemy is more successful and, after the declaration of an armistice, a protracted conversation ensues at the end of which a treaty is signed by which the enemy gets possession of certain regions. Most diseases are wars of this nature and one has to be very vigilant to keep away the enemy and keep one's powder dry. It is also necessary to train one's fighting cells by courting minor attacks occasionally (vaccinations, etc.).

Strewn in the body of man are lumps of flesh which were once considered 'as rusty and battered relics' of man's ancestor with only archaeological interest attached to them. These are now proved to be of extreme importance to man. They are really colonies of cells (ductless glands), producing certain subtle fluids called 'hormone', which exert great influence on the growth and development of the various systems of the body, and in aiding and controlling them in their work. It is even asserted that a Shelley and a Napoleon were what their ductless glands made them. It is observed that a male crab, when attacked by a certain parasite which alters or destroys certain of its hormones, loses its male character and becomes a female! One of these glands produces a substance that stimulates the bone-making cells, and if the former does its work unchecked, bones will grow in uncouth proportions and the owner of the gland will become an unsightly giant. There is another one the absence of whose secretion will retard a child's mental and physical development, and it is marvellous to see the child's dormant powers unfolding themselves when that secretion is artificially supplied. There is another hormone that influences the sugar in the body. Physicians have lately taken up this subject in great earnest and, imitating Nature's ways, are already effecting some wonderful cures.

Lastly we come to the Parliament of Cells with many Ministers. There is the Party in power and there is the Opposition. The whole welfare of the State depends on the party that wields the power—the bad or the good. Most of the internal affairs are

managed by independent ministers. As far as the external relations are concerned the king is supreme. There are different groups of cells trained to receive messages through light, sound, heat, and touch and also with the abuse of molecules. It is thoroughly recognised that a correct knowledge of the outside world is necessary for an efficient administration of the internal affairs. When the parliament sit they arrange for constant news from outside and they keep before them all the old records and through an intricate system of wire arrangement the whole administration internal and external is carried on.

It is sad to have to record that some well-behaved and hard working cells, through evil counsel or otherwise, do break off from the general control, pull down every nerve, pounce upon every particle of food they can lay their hands on, and establish a mobocracy (cancer). They even turn carnivorous, and begin to prey upon their erstwhile brethren. A reign of terror ensues and, blinded with early success, they carry on the work of destruction and aggrandisement to such an extent that in the holocaust that follows, all the peaceful workers of the body and themselves, too, are destroyed, reminding one of the corroding aristocracy that sprang up at the vitals of the now extinct nations.

On the other hand it is indeed very refreshing to think that all these millions upon millions of cells should work so hard and so well and with such self-sacrificing spirit, and all that with no wages but just enough to keep themselves going. No Eugenic legislation or enforcement of Marxian doctrine can ever bring about such a consummation in human society. Only an integral change in the moral standards of mankind could achieve it. As the vast millions of cells are united through one soul, all humanity unites through one God.



A

Dissertation upon the Art of Sweeping,

OR

An Elia Nightmare.

[EMSEN].

A HEARTY, sumptuous dinner!—and then with the confused fumes of many delicate viands, still haunting my brain, I laboured up two pair of stairs, and stretched myself leisurely on one of the benches in the old Library of the Second Students' Home. *Apropos*—our daily fare, it was the most luxurious that human ingenuity could devise. Some of us, who felt alarmed at the steady progress of the ever-swelling dues, protested. We did not talk of money. No gentleman-student in town ever does, or should. Rather, we threw ourselves into a fit of Spartan indignation, and declaimed against the prevailing luxury. It was all of no use: and when we saw that, we fell to it with as much relish as anybody else. For, did we not pay?—Well, study was about the last thing to be thought of at that moment. There I lay watching, with a sort of Lucretian pleasure, old Thayee stooping over her broom; and feeling that I could not imitate the operation, were it even to save my country.

Suddenly, the stooping form of the old sweeper, raised itself up, gaunt and stiff: her features broadened. I shuddered.

"Good Morning, Sir," she said with a chilling coldness that penetrated to the very marrow of my bones. "I can see how you look down upon our art. When some of you roar out from the fourth and fifth floors 'Thayee, come with your broom, to room number—' you don't seem to recognise the vastness, the greatness, and the antiquity of the supremely delicate art upon which you make summons in so light a fashion. I tell you, Sir, Rome did not come into being in a day; neither did the Art of Sweeping."

I felt impressed by her manner, and reflected how the most useful, and the seemingly most obvious arts, are very often hit upon by chance and the merest accident.

"It is well known," she continued, "that mankind in their primitive stages, at least for the first twenty centuries, did not know how to sweep. Dust and Dirt gathered, and gathered, in houses, till their inmates were forced to quit them for new tenements. All this is common knowledge; and the details thereof, lo! are they not given in the second chapter of that great book of Confucius, '*Mutatio Mundanis*'.

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"Well, in one of these primitive dwellings lived Mr. and Mrs. Peruk. They lived happily in a house with dust up to their ankles, till one day, Mr. Peruk happening to offend his lady, she rose against him in hysterics, and after having soundly belaboured him, hurled him to the ground with such terrific force that he fell and rolled a distance of two yards, mechanically. I tell you, young gentlemen, I, Mrs. Thayee, with an experience of fifty years of married life, such of you as are married, take good care, that whatever might be the matter never offend your wives. For doth not the learned Poet say in immortal words 'Hell holds no fury as a woman scorned'.

[Here was Thayee, quoting poetry. 'What is the world coming to?' I thought.]

"All that has no concern with Mrs. Peruk. That was not what came to Mrs. Peruk's mind just then. Whatever attracted her attention was that the dust from a space of two yards was completely cleared. You will imagine her surprise at his discovery: and she did not fail to avail herself of it, immediately. To be brief, Sir, she rolled her husband, here and there, and there and here, until the room was quite clean. This was the beginning of our art.

"It was a new discovery. A net will hold water, but not a woman, a secret. Mrs. Peruk communicated the news to her neighbours and they to their neighbours and so on. The news spread like wild fire, among the good women of the locality, that an original and altogether inexpensive method of cleaning houses had been discovered, and Mrs. Peruk had at once a large number

of admirers, (I mean feminine admirers) and followers. Every morning as soon as the first ray of light glimmered in the horizon—they did not sleep till 9 o'clock, like some of you—(this side remark hit me and I shrank under it)—every wife led up her husband, knocked him down on the head, and rolled him and dragged him about the house, till the whole place was as clean as a crystal. It was a hard day for husbands—poor beasts—and these bi-peds, one could hear them every morning giving vent to their agonies—bleating, howling, wailing, squeaking, or roaring according as the species of animals to which they belonged.

“The custom of sprinkling water, after sweeping, even now prevalent is our Historian tells us, a relic of that habit of sprinkling water by which wives in those days revived their ‘lord and master’. The art that Mrs. Peruk found out, still goes by the name of ‘*Perukkal*’ in Tamil—and the disconcerting wit will not fail to see the significance of the double meaning of the Malayalam word ‘*Adikkal*’ for was it not a ‘good beating’ too? Ask Mr. Peruk”.

(I made a mental note of these interesting points of philology).

“Well then, thus, an era of clean houses was inaugurated. People no longer changed houses so frequently. The demand for houses fell, and with it, the high rents. The land-lords became bankrupt one and all. Insolvency cases crowded the courts with official assignees, receivers, referees, with attachments, auction sales, deeds of writ, this, that and what not—Lord! Once at least, in the history of the world, there was a busy time for lawyers—thanks to Mrs. Peruk. So might little things turn the currents of the ordinary run of life: So might insignificant discoveries revolutionise the life of society!

“From the husband, to the broomstick, is a transition which it took centuries to cross over. Perhaps with the progress of civilisation, love as a factor in life came into greater prominence. Perhaps the husbands all rose up in rebellion, in a body, like the old helots of Sparta: perhaps there arose a philosopher among the women, or a philosophress who found out that such a thing as a husband was not essential to clean a house with. Anyhow, we find in the seventeenth chapter of that book of Confucius that husbands as broomsticks had already gone out of vogue: and that the man had already



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been changed to an animal, a sheep or a goat, which in turn—(here our authority is a little bit tedious)—gave way to a log or a piece of wood. With the progress of civilisation there was a further transition—a change to a bundle of lesser sticks, which again has been improved to our present broom-stick—the crown and culmination of all civilisation. The details of these changes would be too tedious. But (here Thayee became more impressive,) you, Sir, (and her forefinger pointed critically to my nose) you when you look down upon poor Thayee sweeping, when you call up Thayee in that imperious manner, bless your stars that you lived not in the days of Mrs. Peruk. Or perhaps you did! Who knows? You! You! You! Nearer, yet nearer, with threatening precision came her thorny forefinger against my nose. I shrank back—hit my head against the back of the bench. I woke up, and found Thayee, calmly bending down and sweeping the library floor.



“He told the shy maid of his love,
The colour left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks”.

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“A Boy Scout was asked: Have you done a kind deed every day, something to make someone happy?”

“Well,” he replied, “I went to see my aunt yesterday, and—and, —well, I guess she was happy when I went home”.

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Romantic Criticism in the 19th Century,

ITS MERITS AND SHORTCOMINGS.

[MR. C. K. POULOSE B. A., (Old Boy).]

THE main principle evolved by the poets and essayists of the Romantic School was that poetry is the outcome of the poets' imagination. These writers felt that the stringing together of a series of moral platitudes and reflections on the facts of life did not constitute poetry, but that poetry came with the intuitive perception of the universal truth which lies hidden beneath the veil of ordinary life. As an inevitable corollary, the theory was evolved that criticism was more an act of the imagination than of the intellect. It was mainly among the essayists and critics of the early part of the 19th century that the new criticism was formulated. Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Coleridge and Carlyle led the way towards the development of this school of criticism, which aimed, not at assessing the worth of an author's performance by reference to certain abstract standards of judgment, but at interpreting an author to his readers. These Romantic critics worked against the old absolute or judicial methods—each in his own way. The principal uniformity, amid the wide diversities, of the new critics was that, without any direct concert, without any formulated anti-creed, they all laboured to remove the bolts and the bars, to antiquate the stipulations of the 18th century, to make the great question of criticism not "what kind have you elected to try? and have you followed the rules of it?", but "what is it that you have done? and is it good?"

It was the narrow-mindedness and unreasonableness of the judicial methods of criticism of the 18th century that provoked this reaction. To quote Professor Saintsbury: "The curse and mischief of the Neo-classicism lay in the tyranny of Definition itself. Poetry, (according to them) was such and such a thing, it consisted of such and such de-limited kinds, its stamped instruments and sealed patterns were this and that. And they

proceeded to apply these propositions inquisitorially, excommunicating or executing delinquents and non-conformists". They had certain fixed standards drawn from the classical authors of antiquity who, they regarded, had reached the height of perfection. The ancient classical dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, were to them the best dramatists. The most perfect epic poetry they found in Homer and Virgil. They blindly and superstitiously followed the laws formulated by Aristotle or Horace, or by the French critics working on the principles of the ancients. The Neo-classic critics might be studied through two prominent representatives—Addison and Johnson.

Addison undertakes a systematic criticism of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He does not seek a right understanding of the poem in "an analysis of the writer's character and the study of his age". His method is to examine it by the rules of "epic poetry" and to see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* and *Aenied* in the beauties essential to that kind of poetry. He finds fault with Milton's 'fable', because the "event is unhappy," while Aristotle had laid it down as a general rule that an epic poem should "end happily". He complains of Milton's allegories that they rather "savour of the spirit of Spencer and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil". Again, the Romantic drama of Shakespeare (in sharp contrast to the Neo-classic drama) was a "mixed play," which was one of the monstrous inventions that ever entered into the poet's thought. Johnson also, as Macaulay observes, "took it for granted that the kind of poetry that flourished in his own time, which he had been accustomed to hear praised from his childhood, and which he had himself written with success, was the best kind of poetry". Milton, Cowley, Gray—all had the audacity to take an untrodden path in poetry—and all are, one after another, hauled up to hear their sentence of condemnation. Johnson's ears were accustomed to the "melliflence of Pope's numbers," but not to the music of Milton's *Lycidas*, in which he found "the diction, harsh, the rhyme uncertain and the numbers unpleasing".

On the death of Johnson the Reviewers tried to keep up the 18th century tradition, arraigning all innovators in a most exasperating way. According to the *Edinburgh Review*, "the

standards of poetry have been fixed long ago by some inspired writers whose authority it is no longer lawful to call in question". The Editor then contemptuously refers to Southey as belonging to "a sect of poets that has established itself in the country within these ten or twelve years".

This narrow vision of the 18th century was broadened, on the one hand, by the study of new literatures, and, on the other hand, by the appeal to history and by the idea of development which has so profoundly modified every field of thought and knowledge. In that lay the change of method. And this, in itself, was enough to suggest a wider tolerance, a greater readiness to make allowance for differences of taste, whether as between nation and nation or as between period and period, than had been possible for men whose view was practically limited to Latin literature. The old, narrow, rigid, absolute standard was replaced by the conception of a common instinct for beauty, "modified in each nation by the special circumstances of its temperament and history".

The Romantic critics of the 19th century used at first an inductive method, by which the "law of each author's work must be sought within that work itself". Lamb and Hazlitt were the chief exponents of this incipient Romantic criticism. The inductive method in Romantic criticism has nothing to do with merit, relative or absolute, or with praise or blame, of any work. It recognises no appeal to authority, except the appeal to the literary works themselves. The inductive critic knows nothing about differences in degree, he recognises only differences in kind. Contrasted literary methods—as for example, the method of Shakespeare and the method of Ben Jonson in the drama—are considered by him, not as higher or lower, but simply as distinct. Such distinction allows "no room for preference, because there is no common ground on which to compare". For him there is no law imposed from outside. Thus "the laws of the Shakespearean drama are not laws imposed by some external authority upon Shakespeare, and for obedience to which he has to be held responsible, but laws of dramatic practice derived from the analysis of his actual works". The critics business is not, therefore, to test Shakespeare's practice by its conformity to certain abstract ideas of the

drama or to rules independently drawn up, but simply to discover, by direct examination of his plays, the principles upon which they were written.

Lamb and Hazlitt could find merit in the pre-Restoration poets as well as in the poets after them. Hazlitt could do justice alike to the age of Elizabeth and to the age of Anne, and see the merits of Wordsworth without being blind to those of Pope. As a critic, Lamb holds a prominent place among the leading exponents of that side of Romanticism which was fed by the reviving interest in the great writers of the period before the Restoration. His *'Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare'*, with its original and sympathetic comments, did much to stimulate a taste for the Elizabethan and Jacobian playwrights. Lamb also was able to explain to the reading public, which had been accustomed to the stilted poetry of the century, the distinctive characteristics of the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Lamb and Hazlitt—like Coleridge and Carlyle, their Co-workers in the field of Romantic Criticism—felt that the first requisite of a critic is *intelligent sympathy* and that the critic's duty is not so much to *report* on a work as to *interpret* it.

The chief merit of this inductive Romantic Criticism is that it is based upon the reasonable and broad-minded idea that "one period of literature cannot prescribe for another." Because literature is a product of evolution, its history is a history of unceasing transformations; and thus the quest for permanent criteria is fore-doomed to inevitable failure, since it postulates finality where, in the very nature of things, finality will never be found. These critics were reasonable enough to declare that rules must rather be extracted from the practice of good poets and prose-writers than imposed upon them. They saw clearly that, but for the writings of authors, the critics would have had nothing to theorise upon. Their criticism thus made the poet, and not the critic, master of the situation. Poetry was redeemed from the thralldom of the insipid, mechanical, "moralising bigotry and antiquated formalities of the classical school."

However, this method has its short-comings. These critics considered a work as a whole, as a complete entity by itself, and without reference to the stage which an author's development had attained to when he wrote it. They studied each work as a

thing by itself and not as a resultant of various influences acting in harmonious combination. They examined literature in the spirit of pure investigation. "The law of each author's work must be sought within that work itself," and the law so found cannot be applied to the work of any other author, and, therefore, can never be used as a standard of judgment or even as a guide, which it is the aim of the criticism of literature to discover. They had no organisation; they did not formulate the principles on which they worked into a definite code. Each critic worked in a separate individual way of his own. Naturally, informed by no sort of organised law, the work of those critics became occasionally a matter of private judgment and private interpretation. Thus criticism sometimes became an expression of the personal idiosyncracies of the critic.

The private interpretation and judgment of a work, without any reference to the external influences under which that work was produced, is naturally the expression of one's personal taste. And this taste is generally formed through the influence of some favourite authors of the critic, and the critic expects the same type from others. Hazlitt, in framing his conception of poetry, was guided too exclusively by his loving study of the earlier English writers from Chaucer to Milton. The model so framed is made the standard of judgment of all other writers—who naturally fare ill by comparison,—allowing little room to the 'ever-varying temperament' of the individual poet. His judgment on many poets, and notably on his contemporaries, too often sounds like an intelligent version of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. Or, to speak more accurately, he betrays some tendency to return to principles which, though assuredly applied in a more generous spirit, are at bottom hardly to be distinguished from the principles of Johnson. He too has his "bills of exclusion and his list of proscriptions."

Two other Romantic critics, Coleridge and Carlyle, gave the interpretative function of criticism a clear, reasonable and equitable basis. They held that poetry embodies universal truth in a form that springs from local and personal conditions. To understand a poet, therefore, implies the capacity to rise on the wings of imagination into the situation out of which the poet's work grew. This is in brief the historical method of criticism.

According to Carlyle, the chief exponent of this method, "the History of a nation's poetry is the essence of its History, political, economic, scientific, religious." This is but a paraphrase of Goethe's saying—"every man is the citizen of his age as well as his country," or of a more emphatic observation of Renan, that "one belongs to one's country and race even when one reacts against one's century and race."

Hudson is of opinion that "this method is at once more conclusive and more equitable than the older methods," because it sets itself to understand things rather than to class them, to explain them rather than to judge them. Its aim is to account for a work by a study of the genius of its author and the turn his genius has taken from the circumstances amidst which it is developed. It gives no scope to personal bias and predilections. It gives an exhaustive analysis of the author's genius and the environment which had surely made an impress upon the man. Side by side with a more tolerant and keener judgment of artistic form, and with an idea of the closer correspondence between the thought of a nation and its art than had hitherto been suspected, came a clearer sense of the inseparable connection between *form* and *matter*, and of the impossibility of comprehending the form, if it be taken apart from the matter. Thus Carlyle is of opinion that the form is to the matter as the skin to the flesh. Coleridge corroborates this opinion. "Style is nothing but the art of conveying the meaning appropriately and with perspicuity".

The historical method is invaluable as a means of interpretation. But it does not weigh the importance and unimportance of the work criticised. It will find equal merit in Caedmon and in Milton. The inferiority of Caedmon's intrinsic merit is explained away by the unpropitiousness of his environment, the undeveloped state of the English language when he wrote. It is true that Caedmon elicits our admiration when we consider what he could perform even when the English language was in the embryonic stage. But this does not mean that he is equal to Milton. Mathew Arnold holds that the historical method is fallacious. It is "likely in special to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets". The historic estimate prevents us from making a 'real estimate'.

According to Arnold, "to trace the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a poet, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism", because the long and laborious study of this history will blunt the keen edge of enjoyment.

In short Romantic criticism professes to interpret an author, not to judge him. But the end of criticism is also to guide us, by distinguishing for us good works from bad works. In this aspect Romantic criticism is no complete guide. Mathew Arnold's 'touch-stone-method' might help it to combine the two functions of criticism—interpretation and judgment.



"Here is a book", "said the agent, which you can't afford to be without".

"I never read" answered the victim.

"Well, buy it for your children".

"I am single— I have no family. All I have is a dog".

"Well, don't you want a nice heavy book to throw at the dog now and then?"

* * * * *

A Jew had two sons, named Ikey and Mikey. One day he went out without his key, so he shouted to Ikey, "Throw out my key".

In a minute a window was opened, and Ikey threw out Mikey.

* * * * *

The Bards of Our Bed-chamber.

[K. S. ANANTHASUBRAMANIAN II. U. C.]

L EIGH Hunt, when he so beautifully described the delicious moment of dropping into sleep, thought only of the moaning of the wind in some distant crevice as the sweet lullaby for the occasion. We are sure that, had he been so fortunate as to make a short sojourn in our country, he would have conceived something more appropriate. We are sure he would not have gone to fetch from a far crevice the moaning and sighing of the wind, but thought of the music in his very ears while on his bed, and dwelt upon it with the impassioned imagination of a poetic mind, and never thought of going to sleep at all. And it is our definite opinion that neither he nor any of his fellow mortals could, even though they would, with such music to listen to.

The reader may already have made some shrewd guess as to what music we allude to and the authors thereof, and the title of this short paper, if not suggestive of much, must have by this time carried enough to him. We had intended to entitle this with a plain "Music of the Mosquitoes," but a wayward impulse seizing our imagination, we as well thought it meet to give it an imposing name. By this frank confession on our part the reader, we request him, should not conclude that we are anxious to make up what pith and marrow is wanting in our production by the pomposity of its title. Far be from us any such base thought! Moreover, we are certain that the very gravity and seriousness of the subject itself will make good any defective treatment which it might suffer at our hands.

It is indeed a lamentable fact (nevertheless we are forced to record it) that poets have made no attempt whatever to immortalize the sweet ethereal notes of these, the nightingales of the closet. Sublime poetry has emanated from those very hearts which have remained callous to the music of these tiny bards ;

stirred to poetic fire as they listend to the larks of heaven or the nightingales of the grove. This injustice and contempt, whether it proceeds from want of a true appreciation of the beautiful, or whether its cause is to be traced to an undue familiarity which according to the proverb breeds contempt, let that learned fraternity determine for itself. But if we have succeeded in our present endeavour to remove the scales from the eyes of even a few, we consider ourselves to be amply rewarded ; and we here beg to record our sincere anxiety to see at least one "Ode to the Bards of our Bed Chamber" from the quill of one of the rising young poets of the day. Surely a novel and admirable theme for a poet to dwell upon !

We have a great partiality for mosquitoes. But that does not at all imply we are enamoured of bugs. On the contrary, for bugs we have the most deadly aversion. Would you like, dear reader, to jump from off your chair as you are perusing a most serious paper, or discussing a very delicious dish, as if a dynamite explosion had taken place underneath you, and learn, with tragic vexation, a bug it was that wrought the mischief ? But for mosquitoes, ah, their music ! what charm !! entrancing !!! soul-stirring !!!! Never for a moment doubt, oh ! reader, that these are mere catch-words and phrases—we hate all such trash. Each one of these words carries a world of meaning ; and the triple and quadruple exclamation marks, too ! So look as intensely as you can at them, and we warn you beforehand that we will not stoop to enlighten you. Well then, we listen unto that music with a delight unequalled by aught else ; and when, as on some rare occasions, the magic spell of that music even is not sufficient to keep us awake, those generous musicians administer a few stings to our body and we are once more in our proper senses.

We have often heard students complain that they very often find it a difficult affair to avoid sleep and sit long into the night. Well, then, here we have made the grand discovery (and by the way unanticipated by anybody else in the field), for which the student-world should remain our debtor for ever. Let those who find sleep hanging too heavily upon their eye-lids furnish themselves with rooms frequented at least by a few hundred mosquitoes that will keep agreeable company with them and keep them

awake from dusk till dawn. It would moreover be preferable to have these rooms overlooking, at least very near to, filthy cow-sheds.

This master-discovery of ours, we are sure, would deal a sad blow at all the snuff-dealers in the market. And if we are not very much mistaken, there is already a rumour flying about that the snuff-dealers in a body are going to file a suit against us! The issue of this litigation let the learned world watch.



"I used to think I knew I knew,

But now I must confess,

The more I knew I knew I knew,

I know I know the less."

* * * * *

First Man (to entire stranger): "Surely, I've met you before",

Second man: "when",

Didn't we meet in Quebec?",

"Never been there",

"Funny, neither have I. Must have been two other men".

* * * * *

“Woman and Literary Men.”

(P. G. N.)

“... I see the tenor of Man’s woe

Hold on the same, from Woman to begin.”

(Paradise Lost Bk. X.)

I WONDER why all literary men, the oracles of our nation, have something to say in contempt of our women. It has been a tradition with them, ever since our first parents fell from their sacred estate. The legacy of the Hebrew psalmist has been much improved in later years ; and we find a rare unanimity of feeling concerning this unfortunate being both among Christians and Pagans. Our writers (of the male species) have endeavoured to trace all our woes and miseries, all our troubles and turmoils to these five letters WOMAN; and we cannot but admire the sapience with which they have branded the weaker sex as being woe to man.

I do not know for my part (for I am no woman) how that poor, delicate lady, Miss Jane Welsh, took it into her head to tag her soul to an all-besetting machine. Were I that girl, and were Carlyle to propose to me, I would fain have closed my eyes upon his face, my ears upon his appeals, and my gates upon his person. How did he manage to soften and mellow the volcanic ebullitions of his fiery temper, and cringe and fawn with a trembling look of anxious expectation? Ill-starred union—pathetic bewailings, grunting murmurs, thundering rebukes, and streams of ‘iron tears’ ; and all for want of discretion. However, I too agree with that witty writer that such an alliance embittered only the lives of two, and not those of four, as would have happened if Carlyle and Mary had married separately. Such unions are, in legal technique, *pactum illicitum* ; and the men, who contrive them, are to be arraigned in a court of justice and put into prison for a couple of years. The Prophet of the Victorian Age!—if that poor man had a little sense in him, he would have augured correctly for himself.

Every man of letters enters the literary world with dainty vignettes, with songs and sonnets upon his lady-love. He becomes the worn-out Petrarch in the glimmering gloom of his desk and then only the Richard Glover of our actual world. He sings of

“Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair,

Soft dimpled hands, &c ”

The glories of dreamy Alhambra he holds out for her. A tempting prospect indeed— so enticing, so entrancing ; to be glorified in enduring verse, to be the propelling force of the idle pen of a right royal bard. The joy in that little, virgin heart ! What electric sensation ! What trembling palpitation ! What throbbing pulsation ! Enthroned on the ardent affections of an adoring admirer, promised all the rare and precious things which soaring fancy can conceive of, the praised beauty “assumes the rod and affects to nod.” But the man has changed his creed with the rapidity of the oriental gourd, and the sequel is too tragic to think of. One is too often reminded of D’Annunzio and his fascism in wooing.

These literary men generally fall in love at first sight and use all their skill to capture their unsuspecting victims. They take a keen aim, they wait, they gaze, but a slight gust of wind, a little spray upsets all their hopes. The winged arrow whizzes through the air, but falls far short of the target ; and because of this “miscarriage of their amorous missives” they leave the world of mortals and retire into the cave of Adullum. There they brood and reflect, there they philosophise and sermonise, and, in the guise of aphorisms and dictums, they pass on to posterity, the bitter fruits of their own experience.

Here comes the most curious man, who produced a Viola and a Volumnia, a Rosalind and a Miranda, a Portia and a Perdita, with a face pulled long, with eyebrows arched and thick lips curled, apostrophising in a prophetic strain,

“Frailty, thy name is woman ! ”

The irony of Fate ! Woman, the innocent victim of the drunken invectives of a tavern-haunter for the disloyalty of another—and that too a man !

Look, there sits in his lonely hut, with his careworn and wrinkled face, the Homer of our nation tainting in immortal verse the very spring of motherhood. Blind Milton, (how justly true his name!), he sees

“..... innumerable

Disturbances on earth through female snares”.

Why does he pour his epic venom, upon the charm and crown of creation, for the neglect of his own wedded wife? Rather it is a marvel and a mystery how she could endure him, even for a month.

Behold a Pope— what a usurpation of a great name!— sermonizing from his ‘august’ pulpit to an adoring and admiring audience,

“Every woman at heart is false”.

How ingenious his conclusion! how ingenuous his confession! Well might that “little, crooked thing” have raised his eyes to the sky and invoked the blessings of his Creator for an atom of melting beauty, or have shrugged his shoulders, pointed his long, lean finger and, with a menacing mien, pitted himself against the “throne and monarchy of God”. On account of a Lady Mary Wortley Montague having once ‘crossed’ him, the bright emanations of Divine genius are held in perpetual chagrin and scandal.

It is not infrequent, in our social lists, that these discredited knights-errant of modern chivalry, who at first voluntarily lowered their lances to their Queens of Beauty, suddenly place them in rest and rush in full career against those innocent and helpless damsels. It provokes our smile, and not rarely our spleen, that some of these knights of the pen, when they fail in their love, make their literary debut with their scorn of woman-kind. “The cloud of accredited mendacity thickens,” and the horizon of letters presents a woeful sight. And not satisfied with the havoc they have already caused, they come with laws to regulate the life of their prey. One cannot but feel amused at the humorous vein of our ‘gentle Goldy’ reviling the freedom of our women. He might as well have said along with Manu, the Draco of the Hindus, “A woman should never enjoy liberty”.

“... Nothing lovelier can be found”
 In woman, than to study household (i. e. husband's) good”.
 What gracious concessions to womanhood! to motherhood! To
 sit on the hearth-rug, to flourish the ladle, to pacify the cauldron,
 to sway many a crowned dish, to issue stringent orders to the
 housemaid, to amuse her heartless lord at tea-table conferences.
 What a sweet and calm government!

The abnormal amount of satire on women, like the vast
 number of modern divorces, is the bitter outcome of want of
 patience and reason in man, which makes him ‘marry in haste
 and repent at leisure’. Often the poet—the unpractical man,
 the person with his heart in his sleeves—on waking from his
 sweet reveries, finds in a girl the graceful vision of an ethereal
 sylph, gliding along wide vistas of ineffable romance and bound-
 less beauty, and his hectic brain invests her with attributes,
 outstripping even her fondest dreams. And when familiarity
 brings home to him his mistake, he is all aglow with livid
 passion; and his roseate mist of dewy felicity vanishes for ever.

Yet it excites no little exasperation that some people seem
 to look with an amount of indulgence upon the vices and weak-
 nesses of these literary men. They argue that these malignant
 slanderers are but the children of Nature—supersensitive souls—
 that there is something pathetically sublime about their lives,
 that, in consideration of the delightful works which they
 bequeath to us, we should absolve them of their unblushing sins,
 and enshrine them in our hearts as sacred beings worthy of our
 worship. Shelley is the “beautiful... ..angel who beats in
 the void his luminous wings.”; Byron is the champion of liberty
 and the staunch fighter against social conventions; their careers
 were sad and came to a tragic close. But what of the other side
 of their lives—the shedding of tears and the breaking of hearts
 in which they had wantonly indulged? Voiceless women!
 curse your own stars that you were born women. You are
 made “a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and to men”.
 Would that the tyranny of man over woman were ended!
 Would that these people in the night gowns had but relented!
 I would request the ‘sphered souls’ of those departed literary
 men to come down and blot out every uncouth letter which they

wrote in their frenzied madness ; to spin out in its stead "three-piled hyperboles" ; to expiate their unpardonable injustice ; to "enforce the pained impotent to smile".

The madness of these poor authors, and the blindness of those who delight in their works ! Woman—she, frail and fragile ? Is there aught in this world half so piercing as her looks, half so paining as her lashing eye-brows, half so pointed as her moving tongue ? Her slightest wishes are more honoured than His Majesty's statutes. And when anger crosses her face, our beguiled men of letters tremble for their very existence, fall down on their willing knees, pour honey on their scalping tongues, crave a thousand pardons, promise instantaneous reparation, nay, life-long submission, and all for fear of losing her favour ; all for winning a soothing word, a beaming smile from the self-same weaker sex whom they are never tired of holding up to ridicule and to perpetual scorn !

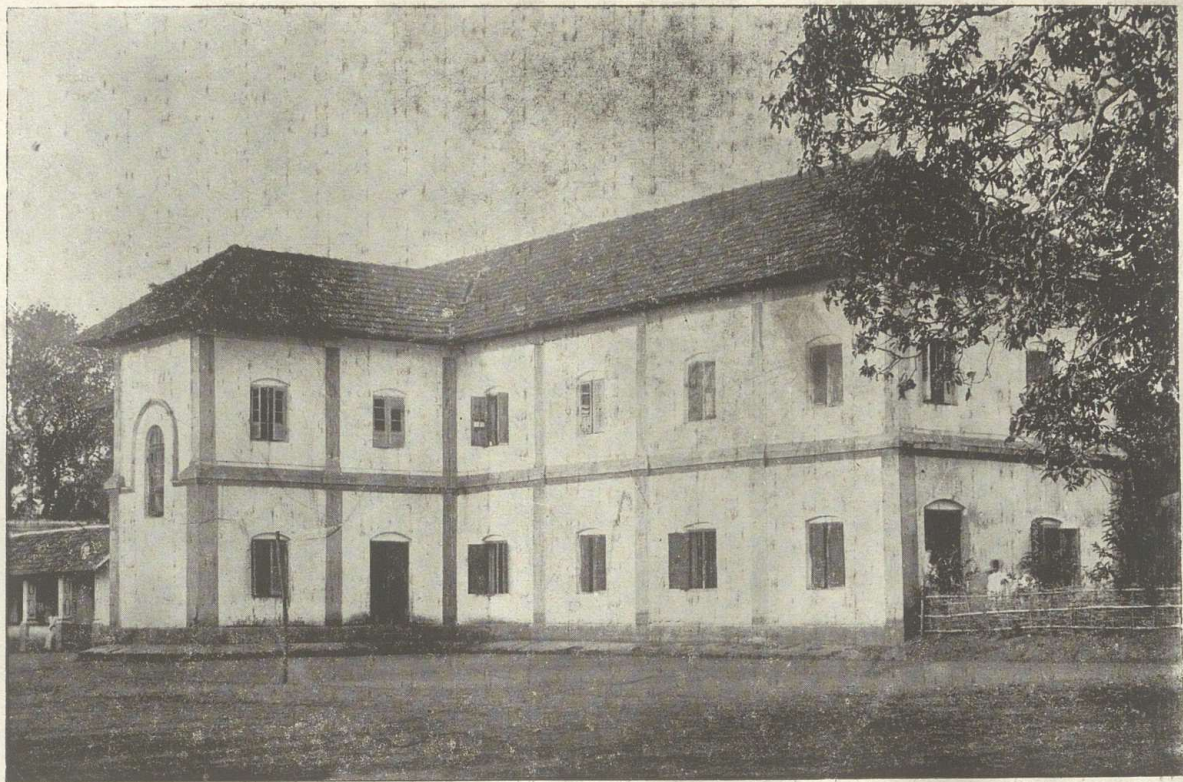


"Constable", said the senior magistrate of the little country town, frowning darkly in his effort to look wise, "what is this man charged with ?"

"Bigotry, your worship," said the constable. "He's got three wives."

"Constable", said the magistrate very gravely, "you should be more exact. Why have we instituted evening schools for our police force if not to teach you that when a man has three wives he has committed not bigotry, but trigonometry ?"

And the prisoner at the bar turned a shade paler as he realised the enormity of his crime.



THE COLLEGE BOARDING HOUSE, ST. MARY'S THOPE.

Spelling and Pronunciation.

[P. S. VENKATESWARAN (Old Boy).]

THE English language of the present day occupies among modern languages a unique and conspicuous position, not only in that it is spoken by the largest number of persons speaking one language, but as well in that it is in a fair way of becoming shortly the 'lingua franca' or common language of the world'. The high position which it now occupies among its kindred languages is not only due to the vast influence which the British Empire now commands over the world, but innately because of its alphabetic character, comprehensive vocabulary and comparative simplicity of grammar and syntax. One serious defect, however, which ultimately threatens to ruin the whole language and destroy regularity and standard in it, is its hopelessly unphonetic nature, whereby the spelling in no two words agrees with the corresponding pronunciation.

When I was but a boy, one of my favourite questions where-with I used to tax my chums was :

"If 'cut' is cut, and 'but' is but,

Why is 'put' pronounced like put?

If not is 'not' and cot is 'cot'

Why is caught 'caught' and wrought 'wrought' ?"

From this ditty is apparent the distinctly unphonetic nature of the English Language. No symbol in the English alphabet has got one sound of its own, and no sound but has more than one symbol to represent it. Thus the vowel 'a' in the alphabet is made to represent eight distinctly different sounds in the words rat, ball, ate, path, able, bare, about, cottage. Similarly the diphthong 'ea' stands for different sounds, each distinct from the other, in the words dead, read, dear, earn, heart, great, swear, reality, create, and guinea. On the other side the vowel in the word bid, is signified by as many vowels as i, y, e, u, ui, ei, ey, ie, a, ai, as verified respectively in the words bid, hymn, English, busy, guinea, forfeit, valley, kerchief, orange and mountain.

This deplorable state of things, where no vowel stands for only one sound, and no sound is represented by only one symbol, has been brought about not by deliberate intention but as the natural outcome of events over which people had no command. The pronunciation of many words in a language is ever changing, and, owing to the inevitable influence of consonant changes, vowel shift, assimilation etc., cannot be checked in its progress. It is, therefore, essential, if the language is to retain its phonetic nature, that the spelling keeps pace with the ever progressive pronunciation. In the history of the English language, however, with the innovation of the Printing Press, spelling has become more or less fixed and standardised; while pronunciation has continued its course of active change; thereby leaving spelling to lag behind, and making the language by its unphonetic nature a chaos of confusion worse confounded.

The consequences, existing as well as anticipatory, of allowing this marked want of equipoise between the spelling and pronunciation to continue unchecked are but too apparent. A student easily realises the difficulty; for conquering the spelling he devotes much time and labour which might profitably be devoted to other studies. Others too have to do "double, double toil and trouble;" for mugging up the spelling forms is one of the necessary steps to get some hold of the rudiments of the language. Training in mugging up and committing the type forms to the heart tends to cultivate dullness, to impair the intellect, and costs the time and labour of the scholar. That much profit would accrue if only spelling were made to agree in all words with their corresponding pronunciations, is a fact too evident to need further discussion.

The language itself is to suffer if the equipoise between the spelling and pronunciation is not restored. English has now become, like the Chinese tongue, almost inflectional, and if standard and regularity are not restored soon, spelling is likely to become an arbitrary distinction depending upon no definite rule. Spelling will become a lawless chaos. The language will consequently lose its popularity and suffer for it; for it may then become 'dead' like its predecessors in Greek, Latin and Sanskrit*.

It is high time therefore that, in the interests of students,

* Did they die for want of equipoise between the spelling and pronunciation?—Ed.

scholars, the general public, and of the language itself, prompt measures are taken to reform the spelling of English words and make them correspond with pronunciation. This reformation has to be repeated every fifty years, and spelling always allowed to keep pace with pronunciation.

Germany realised the importance of spelling reform as early as 1899. America and to a certain extent France also have recognized the necessity of adequate measures to change the spelling of many words. It now remains for the Central Spelling Society of London to obtain the sanction of the Government and change the standard of spelling in official documents and recognised books.

Not but that there are many, opposed to this reform of spelling; but their chief reasons are ignorance and orthodox prejudice. What they urge about old books becoming useless in case spelling is modified, can best be answered in this civilised era when printing of new editions is not a difficult matter. Their second argument that pronunciation is but a rolling stone is more sensible; but it goes not against reform of spelling but only urges the necessity of spelling reforms taking place once every fifty years. During the time between two consecutive spelling reforms, the spelling will remain standard in spite of the small changes in pronunciation taking place; by this means approximate equipoise can always be preserved between the spelling and pronunciation.

The attention of you all, gentlemen, is therefore invited to this point which certainly deserves the serious consideration of all the friends and well-wishers of the English Language.



The Haunted Hinter Land.

[Mr. T. B. KRISHNASWAMY MUDALIAR M. A., B. L.,]

THE Palace of.....became a network of public offices. In the days when wisdom flowed out in black ink, out of goose quills, the racing quill made a screeching noise that kept the clerks' heart merry; when the steel-nib supplanted it with its hoarse rasping voice, the grating sound was still divine music, like the chink of gold. To-day when they are both superseded by the iridium-tipped smooth-flowing noiseless fountain-pen, the silence of the office premises becomes oppressive and clerks are over-powered by the tomb-like majesty of past and buried splendour.

Damp, imprisoned air, a brooding sense of fateful melancholy and a feeling of the transience of all earthly splendour, drive many people to suicide and others to the open verandah: so much so that at.....Palace, many of the inner chambers went into disuse. The locks were rusty and the chains rusty, that bolted the doors of these chambers where once "leman lolled with dainty feet" and music and dance and mirth with love and laughter of women resounded. The rusty old porter, when questioned by casual visitors regarding these inner chambers, says that man and boy he has served for over 47 years and never son of man crossed the threshold, nor even the European Sahebs. to see what was beyond. It looked like foolhardiness or dare-devilry to him to be asked to take one there-into.

"You are an Ejman (master); and it is not for your slave to refuse or contradict. But young master, hear an old man speak. These chambers are snake-haunted and perhaps worse".

The young master so addressed was an Engineer, who had the qualities of the race of the first of Indian Engineers, Anjaneyar. This Engineer—with something of primitive man's mischievous ways—was a veritable monkey as much for mischief as for meddling with things that never concerned him.

In the spirit of western inquiry he was not to be hindered or put off by an old man's prattle. He took up his abode in the old Palace: camped an indefinite period, resolved on investigation, very much in the spirit of Srinivasa Rao who wanted to carry on researches in Pudukottah. During the first few days the investigation was profitable in a sense not contemplated by the Engineer; stolen and secreted stock of stationery came to light; buckets and lamps and furniture in their transitional stage of being put out of sight and, when not missed, shifted off home, got detected and restored. Errant and egregious kerosine tins likewise came back into their proper receptacle, the store-room.

But later, nothing happened. The porter warned the Engineer against snakes; the Engineer suspected the porter's honesty and burst open a door-way—the wood itself went to pieces but heaped-up mounds of ant-hills and snake nests blocked the way and the serpents very visibly and quite audibly hissed!

For a time, therefore, all activities ceased. But on Saturday-nights strange sounds as of jocund revelry struck the ear of young Anjaner and excited the scientific instinct of research in him.

Night meant terror of ghosts, super-added to that of snakes; and no servant would follow the adventurous master whom the servants regarded as somewhat insane.

Early next morning the Engineer climbed the walls of the Palace and peered all round with a pair of spy-glasses and could see no passage through which any one could get in. He rode round and round the palace, like those ragged rascals, who, for alliteration's artful aid, ran round and round the rugged rock. He found no passage that could architecturally or otherwise be accommodated in the walls. He waited for the next revelry; it was on a Tuesday, and then again on a Saturday. What could this mean? Did the devils hold a concert? The palace was haunted doubtless and spirits made themselves rather merry; but the merrier they grew, the sadder, the madder, the Engineer became.

He found the first requisite of investigation was a boring machine which could rapidly bore through the walls, rapidly at

all events, noiselessly also if possible. The machine was invented and perfected.

Now came a mysterious noise at night and the Engineer began boring through all intervening walls to get at the sound. No genuine man of Science gets dispirited by failure or even by the mockery of his fellow mortals. Our Anjaner's first experiment followed sound as closely as a scent and took him into the backyard of a music master's house outside the precincts of the Palace. For a thick underwood covered all the streets in the precincts of this neglected Palace, and the dark hour of night was not particularly suited for a nice discrimination. The music-master, who was as timid as a woman, yelled and shouted and drew in crowds who took Anjaner into custody, but released him when they came to know who he was. Nothing daunted Anjaner kept burrowing in all directions like a bandicoot. His next exploit took him to the double wall of a Chetti's house with loose sand between. His boring operations brought down the sand and the weary hours of the night were marked by the rapid flow of sand from a store that was never intended to serve as a sand-clock!

One more exploit, this time into a cow-shed and the clamour for the expulsion of Anjaner from the Palace became loud and insistent.

He was given seven days' notice to quit, but the very first night the old provoking musical sound fell again on the explorer's ear. Some men cannot stand a gasping pig; others cannot hold their water when they hear a bag-pipe! At the sound of music now, our Anjaner grew mad almost and went boring right through the walls. He passed through dark chambers, shelves where bones were rotting, water tanks and cesspools; but keeping his course straight, he found himself very near the Holy of Holies of an inner shrine. He desisted from work as the dawn was at hand and that day, for it was already past day-light, he plucked up fresh courage to go further and found fresh flowers on the altar and many signs of recent occupation. Sunday passed to Monday and there was need but to wait a day more.

That eventful day, he hid himself in an underground passage that he came upon rather late in the evening; hid himself as he heard the familiar sounds come up a subterranean way.

What was his surprise when lo and behold, the Maharajah himself, followed by his entire harem, came singing and dancing and propitiating the lord even as devotees do to-day at Pandarpur.

Fear for his life smote him fiercer than the cold night wind, and the sticky droppings of bats. In fear for his life every minute, the poor man was half dead and just recovered breath when the party, devoutly intent on God, passed on again, innocent of intruding eyes.

Long hours after, he picked up breath and courage and explored the subterranean path-way; door after door was opened, but door after door remained. He had seen enough to discover that the path-way led to the pleasure house of the Maharajah and into the New Palace.

He returned a sadder and a wiser man and knew how ancient houses have been preserved by their piety. You cannot kill the gods, nor their devotees !

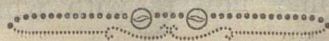
They rehaunt the groves : remount the hills
And renovate their rites profound !



My Dream.

[P. G. N., III. U. C.]

I would be the dew-drops which wash the rose ;
I would be the flash which lights the dark cloud ;
To wean my ways and veil them from the woes
Of life, thou sky, from this earth-born crowd,
To thine blithe blue fain would I lightly soar
With glossy wings and songs love-born and loved,
With form serene, a star, from thy own shore
Would I shed quivering beams, and would gleam
Like a pearl in the briny coves ; and more
Creation's charms disclose. I would redeem
The lure and lust of lurdan life, and be
The morn or eve, the breeze or bloom that seem,
To my mind, the shades of eternity ;
And dream in the dales of thy mystery.



Childhood.

[K. RAMA MENON S. I. C.]

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

For what are our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are loving poems
And all the rest are dead".

Longfellow.

WE could never have loved this earth so well if we had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth, where, again and again every spring, come up the same flowers, which we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grassy lawn and listening to the redbreasts and nightingales that poured forth from the autumn hedgerows the golden volumes of soul-inspiring minstrelsy.

There is no sense of ease like that we feel in those scenes where we were born and brought up, where objects became familiar to us even before we had known the labour of choice, and where the outside world seemed but an extension of our own individuality. The woods we roamed about in those tender days, with the smooth yellow-brown foliage of the trees between us and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speed-well—what wild palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms could ever vibrate such deep and delicate fibres within us as those in which our happy infancy was spend! Those familiar flowers with which we adorned our

little sisters, those well-remembered bird-notes which often drew us to the foot of the old half-worn trees, those favoured fields where we so often chased the many-coloured butter-flies—these are still the mother-tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the soft and subtle associations which the fleeting hours of childhood have left behind them.

‘But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollection
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence’.

What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where every thing is known; and loved because it is known!! Sweet childhood, thou art the abode of peace, innocence and jollity. No rankling cares, no heart-corroding doubts do enter thy ever-jocund bosom. Thy heart doth not give room to treason or treachery. Sinful thoughts and sinister motives do never contaminate thy spotless sanctity. Ha! how I like to be a child again. How I regret that the golden gates are closed upon me for ever—those golden gates which once passed, we plunge headlong into the very vortex of worldly affairs and through them into sin and sorrow; for

“Heaven lies about in our infancy.

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy”.

Gracious child-hood! thou art blessed, thou art the ally of virtue and the real harbinger of freedom. I respect thee, I adore thee with all my heart.

“Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.”



The Merry Crew.

[M. G. N.]

MR. Doolittle and Mr. Like-punch, Mr. Break-horse-back and Mr. Me—that is myself to be modest,—and a couple of others—we form the Merry Crew. Not that we have ever in our lives been in a ship and as to the matter of that, seen one except perhaps the picture of a viking ship in a history book or a miniature of the 'Emden' in the local museum. But what is in a name? This, of course, with due deference to those whose opinions differ. And as to being merry, we have the poet on our side.

.....and 'twere as easy

For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,

Because you are not sad'.

The five of us excluding Mr. Doolittle,—all as sound bachelors as ever discussed woman over a glass of wine, met one evening in what may be termed in courtesy to Mr. Doolittle, one of his rooms. The window, patched with parti-coloured pieces of torn coats, 'the sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,' the humid wall scantily covered by the Pip, Squeak and Wilfred Caricature, and a few chairs in various stages of evolution—all spoke of the opulence of Mr. D. The owner of this commodious apartment deposited himself carefully in one of these chairs or rather tripods and the manner in which he accomplished this feat without tumbling down, spoke volumes of his knowledge of centre of gravity. Lighting his pipe, he drew forth from his pocket, a scrap of an old finger-soiled newspaper, that had miraculously escaped the waste-paper basket, and began to drawl forth its contents.

'Hullo! boys,' he exclaimed very soon, 'Heard the news in London! Mr. Bonar Law has resigned and the ministry is dissolved'. 'You don't say so?' asked Mr. Like-punch with all a John Bull's passion for politics. 'Aye, but I do,' chuckled Mr. D.

‘And that reminds one of something, old chaps,’ suggested he who answered to the not over-euphonious name of Break-horseback, ‘what do you say to a parliament of the Merry Crew?’

‘By jingo!’ cried Mr. D, ‘Won’t it be jolly just?’ ‘You would beat Sir Isaac Newton all to nothing old chap’, this to Mr. B. ‘Well, a Parliament is not a bad idea after all. And to have the preface of Right Honourable to one’s name, and be called an M. P., is rather grand to be sure!’

No sooner proposed than resolved! His Majesty’s Prime Minister—aye, there was the rub. Mr. D swore that he was born a Prime Minister, Mr. L more modestly proclaimed that his father had prophesied he would be one, Mr. B. protested that he was cousin to Mr. Bonar Law, what if though to the fortieth remove. Of course, election by ballot was resorted to. Of the election campaign and manifestos it is not for us to write. Suffice it to say, that the bills with ‘vote for Mr. so and so’ on the walls of Mr. D’s apartments bear sufficient evidence to them. Mr. D and Mr. L were each allowed one vote; but Mr. B, due to his extra seven stones, was allowed two. I wonder what postage this parcel of a Mr. B will have to bear in its despatch from this mortal world to the roomy realms of Pluto! The three of us thought it wise not to vote at all, and Mr. D and Mr. L each voted for himself. But Mr. B’s two votes prevailed; Mr. D and Mr. L, with mutual consent, were chosen as the Leaders of His Majesty’s Opposition and the Independent Centre respectively. As to the bill to be moved in the Parliament, why, the inevitable ‘Woman Franchise’ came in as handy.

The Rt. Hon’ble Break-horse-back introduced the bill into the House with all the paraphernalia of parliamentary phraseology. ‘Ladies and Gentlemen,’ he began. ‘I mean, Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Like-punch and others,’ he corrected himself. ‘I protest,’ vociferated Mr. D, ‘I am not plain, humble, Mr. Doolittle, but Rt. Hon’ble, Leader of His Majesty’s Opposition.’ ‘Amen’ added the Rt. Hon’ble Like-punch.

‘Friends, Ro—Englishmen, countrymen,’ began the speaker, not a whit daunted, ‘lend me your ears’. ‘And pray where are yours?’ asked Mr. D. ‘Woman,’ proceeded the speaker, heedless of the interruption, ‘woman is but another species of creation,

As my mother used to tell me-er-poor soul! She now sleeps under the turf in Glastonbury Churchyard—she was a virtuous woman in sooth-er-although I could never like that captain-er-who married her after my father's death—'The full stop, please,' impatiently bawled out Mr. D. 'As my mother used to tell me, Adam and Eve, before they were driven out of that garden of Aden (Laughter)-er-were the happiest couple. But then Satan came on the scene-er-and lo! Eve brought woe on man and hence was known as the first '*woeman*'. Next, she began to take various whims into her head, and then she became '*whim-man*'. But days are changed-er-gentlemen, she is no longer '*whimman*' but is '*woo-man*'-er-because she has begun to woo man (Laughter). Oh! What a fall was there, my countrymen! (Cheers!). Woman is no longer your partner in life-er-but your slave'. Here the speaker waxed eloquent. 'She is the machine that cooks your food, that sweeps your house, that cleans your linen. But, grant her, her rights, I say, and see if she does not clean your linen, sweep your house or cook your food, as well, if not better'. 'The d—l! she would,' I could hear Mr. D. mutter. 'I appeal to you gentlemen,' the speaker went on, 'to your love of your mothers, of your sisters, er- of your wives,-er-of your daughters,-er—"You are 'erring' too much, sir," shouted Mr. D. 'Well then,' replied the speaker, 'I come to the end of my speech. I request you that the bill may be passed. Let me once more assure you, gentlemen, that with your women hanging round you, like a mill-stone round your neck, you can indeed do little. (Contagious Laughter). So give her her rights, I say." The Prime Minister ceased speaking and sank down into his seat with a covert glance at the leader of the opposition.

This worthy individual now stood up 'amidst loud shouts and clap of hands,' to quote a line of the proceedings of the meeting. He thought of Dame Doolittle, and his eyes involuntarily covered at the mere thought of her. Would to God, he mused, that the old vixen is employed in her duties in some one of the farthest rooms'. Oppose he must; since he was the Leader of the Opposition and so with an introductory cough, he began 'my worthy colleague (coughs)—I mean His Majesty's Prime Minister,' (coughs)—"Try Chamberlains'

Cough Remedy, Mr. Doolittle” broke out Mr. B—‘has introduced this bill to be passed in this House—hum—but I have the pleasure—I mean the privilege—hum—to oppose it’. ‘Don’t hum, Mr. Doolittle,’ again interrupted Mr. B. ‘I can well excuse the rank ignorance of the speaker (Order! Order!) in subjects where a woman is concerned. I extend my sympathy to him because he is not married; because he has had no occasion to hear the words of passive submission which the woman repeats after the clergyman when the nuptial knot is tied. (Hear! Hear!). Woman is but the bone of a man, says my Bible,—’ ‘Which edition, please?’ questioned the leader of the Independents—‘and as I was saying, God has made woman to be the subject of man and not his sovereign. To take a concrete example. Dame Doolittle—’. ‘Dame Doolittle be d—d,’ Mr. B burst forth in impatience. ‘You would rue the day you said that, Sir,’ almost shrieked forth a voice behind him, and in another moment the door was banged open. Dame Doolittle stood in the presence of the astonished M. P.’s like ‘Ate, come hot from Hell’. ‘And what do you mean, sirs’ she broke forth, ‘a set of lazy, good-for—nothing fellows that you are—what do you mean, I ask, by smoking and drinking and revelling and idling away your time, while an honest woman toils beside, like a drudge, to make both ends meet?’ ‘Madam’ replied Mr. B, whose wits had just returned from a wool-gathering expedition, ‘I, as the Prime Minister of this House——’. He stopped short, for the next instant, Dame Doolittle had taken what seemed to me to be an egg from a bag she carried about her, and pelted it straight against the face of Mr. B. The Prime Minister with his extra seven stones was indeed too broad a target to be so easily missed. If a dauber could then have succeeded in shifting to his canvas the picture of the Prime Minister, his face all besmeared with the contents of the egg, he would then and there have made his fortune. The face of Mr. Like-punch was a study. ‘But as I was saying, gentlemen’, continued Mr. D. obstinately, ‘with a wife like Dame Doolittle, it is different. She is the paragon of virtue, the most loving of women and it is she that has made me what I am’. ‘Amen’ muttered Mr. L. ‘Silence, sir’, shouted Dame Doolittle and the prospect of another egg made Mr. D hold his tongue. ‘And you will get what you so

well deserve, if you just wait here, till I fetch my broomstick,' and with this warning, the virago walked out of the room.

'After all, a fresh egg is not much worse than a boiled one', murmured Mr. B, to hide the ground he had lost; 'A Marne could be won with a battery of eggs'. 'The Mrs. was returning from the roost,' Mr. D. ventured at an explanation. 'And now' said Mr. B, roused at last to a sense of his ministerial duty, 'as to the decision of the question'. The votes were counted and just the inevitable thing happened. 'Six ayes and no nays'. A single egg and the near prospect of a broomstick had achieved it all, and the next instant, the Prime Minister and the leader of the Independents had quitted the apartment—we followed suit, of course—leaving the Leader of the Opposition alone to resist as well he might, the battery of 'the Mrs'.



Defraud not the poor of alms, and turn not away thy eyes from the poor.

Despise not the hungry soul; and provoke not the poor in his want.

Afflict not the heart of the needy, and defer not to give him that is in distress — *Eccel.*

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Agricultural Reconstruction.

[V. K. HARIHARA AYYER, IV. U. C.]

NEVER has it been possible in the History of a country to apply the truth of the maxim, "water, water, every where, nor any drop to drink," with greater significance and lampler justification than perhaps in the present economic condition of our country. Viewed from the economic standpoint, India presents a large number of paradoxes and incongruities that more than puzzles the imagination of the average observer.

If a vast area of arable land endowed with exceptional fertility; a large population with characteristic powers of industry and endurance; sufficient raw materials with mineral and agricultural resources,—if these are some of the surest requisites for the economic stability of a nation, then History must pronounce an unqualified verdict in favour of India. For India is a land, known from time immemorial as one of the most fertile regions of the Earth—fertile with her plains of the Punjab and of the Hindustan; and fertile also with her Malabar and Coromandal Coasts, enclosing between them the vast space called in History as the "Garden of South India". Well within the influences of the Tropics, her climate and rainfall have been most conducive to human habitation. Lastly, her races and peoples are of the purest Aryan stock, rich with the legacy of an ancient tradition, an ancient culture and an ancient spirituality.

Nevertheless, is not India to-day the most poverty-stricken? In spite of her richness and fertility, her fields are now the least productive, her farmers the least fed, clothed and housed! The picture is none the less pitiable in the case of the middle or even the highclass Indian. While the Indian villager has been staggering under the weight of rural indebtedness—the village sowcar is a nightmare to him,—the so-called educated man—the modern university graduate—is confronted by the still weightier problem of 'Unemployment'.

Speaking of this situation, Prof. V. G. Kale of Poona says, "The evil of unemployment has, of late, become acute in this

country. The economic and social revolution, which has silently proceeded in the land, has brought unemployment among the middle classes as well. The maladjustment of the educational system with industrial organisation is responsible for much of this unemployment." Thus we have lands but no crops; Wealth but no capital; Education but no application.

This great paradox of fortune, this most acute irony of circumstances, has indeed not failed to attract the attention of grave economic thinkers, and to lead to a recognition of the obvious fact that "India is first and foremost an agricultural country." Naturally, agricultural studies came to be introduced in Schools and Colleges, in place of an entirely exclusive course of literary and non-technical education, which, though once it served a useful temporary purpose, had latterly brought about disastrous consequences.

Of the various other remedies advocated or adopted towards the resuscitation of Indian Agriculture, not the least important was the attempt to supply the farmer with the easiest and cheapest means of commanding capital and credit. For, his greatest difficulty was the fact of his being under the clutches of the usurious money-lender. With this supreme end in view, the government, towards the last quarter of the nineteenth century, tried a number of palliatives. It granted 'Takavi' advances to cultivators, passed the Agricultural Loans and Land Improvement Acts, moderated the rigour of the law in favour of the agricultural debtor, and sought to restrict the power of the latter of alienating his land.

But these remedies did not go to the root of the matter; and others had to be devised. As similar conditions of agricultural indebtedness and poverty that once prevailed in Germany and other parts of Europe had been successfully met by rural Co-operative Banks and societies, devised by F. W. Raiffeisen, it was believed that this example, if followed in India, would bring about the desired amelioration; and at last 'Co-operation' came to be regarded as the sovereign remedy for the troubles of our country also.

But the Co-operative Credit Societies, in which every reformer found the fittest panacea for all agricultural ills, have not, for the past quarter of a century, produced all the results



THE PHYSICS LABORATORY.



THE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY.

expected of them. Says Sir Frederick Nicholson:—"It is not merely cheap and facile credit that is required. It must be credit which shall only be so obtainable that the act and effort of obtaining it shall educate, discipline and guide the borrower. It should be granted only to those who have learned to think, to plan to save." In these few words, so beautifully but forcefully expressed lies the very essence of India's Co-operative ideals.

True, Co-operative societies have sprung up in India in great and amazing numbers during the past few years. Agricultural societies alone came, in 1915—20, to 25,873, in 1921—22 to 46,778, and in 1923—24 to 54,695, showing a steady and appreciable increase in their growth. But on a closer examination of the movement, it will be seen that the progress is superficial, being more in the number of societies than in the efficiency of their work. Our societies are mostly defective and the evil demands the immediate attention of the promoters of the cause. In his book on the "Impressions of the Co-operative Movement in France and Italy," Mr. Otto Rothfield observes, "Even where Co-operation has the same ideals to express, it must assume somewhat varying forms according to *national character and the economic circumstances*, which are the materials for its self-expression". Thus we have to effect changes suited to the places wherein, and the peoples for whom, Co-operation is organised. That this aspect of the Movement has not been well looked into, is evident from the copious Report of the MacLagan Committee which remarks:—"We regret to have to say that the conclusion has been forced upon us that in the majority of cases Primary Societies in India fall short of the Co-operative ideal. Speaking generally, there has been found a lack of true Co-operation". Hence it is time we pause to mend and modify the already existing societies. We have to bring their members more into sympathy with the practical side of their working. Again, instead of being an association of borrowers, each society has to be a true centre of mutual help and upliftment; instead of being an assembly of illiterate masses and poor cultivators, it has to be turned into a centre of attraction and an institution for the social, moral and cultural development of its members.

Besides Co-operative Societies, we have to open Land and

Agricultural Banks all over the country. In his pamphlet on Agricultural Banks, Sir Dinshaw Edulgi Wacha pleads in the most unmistakeable terms for the establishment of Land Banks which alone will emancipate our cultivators. James B. Morman in his *'Principles of Rural Credit,'* says, "Land Mortgage Credit Associations, Mortgage Credit Banks, Joint Stock Banks, Land Improvement Fund and Annuity Banks, are all the agencies through which land owners can obtain long-term mortgage credit". These are the institutions that go to make for the success of the Agriculturist's effort—be they in the improvement of his land or of his cattle and agricultural implements, or of his field labour and transport facilities.

Finally, it is important to remember that Co-operation is essentially a democratic ideal. The theory of Co-operation is briefly "that an isolated and powerless individual can, by association with others and by moral development and mutual support obtain in his own degree the material advantages which are ordinarily available only to wealthy or powerful persons; and can thereby develop himself to the fullest extent of his natural abilities. Co-operation is the gospel of self-reliance. It combines and reconciles the principles of individualism and solidarity. And it is through the action and inter-action of these individualistic and social forces that we can achieve the effective realisation of the higher and more prosperous ideal of life which has been characterised as "better business, better farming, and better living". It follows, therefore, that it is ourselves more than others, the governed more than the government, that should tackle the problem of Co-operation. In the annual Government Resolution issued last year, the Governor of Bengal—where in 1923-24 there were 9342 Societies—said, that it should be realised that 'unless voluntary organisations take the initiative, the moral and economic uplift of the population of the Presidency cannot be brought within the sphere of accomplishment'. The work of starting, guiding, and conducting Co-operative Societies has, therefore, to be done by zealous, educated, and public-spirited non-official gentlemen,—with the sympathy and support of the Government, of course, and even under their supervision for a long time to come. More important still, the work of Co-operative education and

propaganda can be successfully carried out only by popular agencies. It augurs well, therefore, for the future of Co-operation in India that of late there have come into existence, in many of her Presidencies and Provinces, voluntary Co-operative Associations, intended to work up this all-important aspect of the movement. The Bombay Central Co-operative Institute, the Madras Provincial Co-operative Union, the Bengal Co-operative Organising Society, the Mysore and Cochin Central Co-operative Institutes are a few of these associations. With their increase in number and scope, in efficiency and usefulness, Co-operation in India may be expected to enter upon a new phase and to become a potent instrument for the economic, moral, and social uplift of the lower and middle class peoples, and thereby for general social peace, prosperity and contentment in the land.



Wisdom inspireth life into her children, and protecteth them that seek after her, and will go before *them* in the way of justice..... He that hearkeneth to her, shall judge nations; and he that looketh upon her, shall remain secure. If he trust to her, he shall inherit her, and his generation shall be in assurance——*Eecl.*

A reproof availeth more with a wise man, than a hundred stripes with a fool....It is better to meet a bear robbed of her whelps, than a fool trusting in his own folly.

What doth it avail a fool to have riches, seeing he cannot buy wisdom——*Prov.*

How the Lecturers Went A-boating.

[By 'ONE OF THEM'.]

"Books! 'Tis a dull and endless strife;

Come, hear the woodland linnet;

How sweet his music! On my life,

There is more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!

He too is no mean preacher:

Come forth into the light of things,

Let Nature be your teacher."

THE call of the Woods came to the Lecturers—an inevitable, irresistible call—irresistible as the call of the angry heavens to the peacock, or the rich roll of the trumpet to the prancing war-horse!

Poetry! do you call it? Hush! yes!—pure and simple, fresh and dripping, from the back-waters of Kokkalai! Fact is, the Arts and the Sciences had a ducking in the back-waters, last month. They found the Muse at the bottom! They have dragged her up, and brought her captive, and lo! here she is!

But I am anticipating. Well! The call of the woods came to the Lecturers. A boating excursion, in the back-waters of Kokkalai! Lord! What a buzz and stir was there, immediately the proposal was launched! The very idea was cooling and refreshing. It was like "the gentle burst of a cool breeze passing through a Professor's room".

For the water of knowledge is sweet, delectable, delicious,—what you will, my friends. But, too long a dive into that ethereal element sometimes does terrible havoc, and makes a plunge and a dive of another sort refreshing variety.

So every one was for it. Enthusiastic B declared that, after having studied all the theorems and axioms of Mathematics, he had found nothing to equal the pleasure of a hearty row and a sumptuous dinner! Serious-minded R, till then engrossed by the theory of Relativity, here found something relatively, as well as absolutely, pleasant. The Man of History, himself oppressed by thoughts of Economic Oppression and unemployment, here found some relief, something congenial to employ himself with. The Men of Literature, I have no doubt, recalled to their minds, Byron's *Apostrophe of the Ocean*, and his love for sporting upon its waters. Perhaps, they thought of

Keats' love of boating, perhaps remembered the passionate zeal of Shelley, who died a martyr to his love of boating,—any way, all declared themselves in favour of the excursion.

The great enemy of our guild, it is well-known, is the giant named 'Ennui', the son of 'Sedentary-Work'. This mighty giant has overcome many of our compatriots, nay, imprisoned many of our brethren in sister-Colleges, in several dungeons, called "Laziness", "Discontent", "Peevishness", "Irritability", and last and fatalest dungeon of all, "Boredom-for-Students". It was recently noised about, that this mighty ogre was about to attack the province of the St. Thomas'. We resolved, like prudent soldiers, to carry the war into the enemy's country, to give battle to this dreaded giant, on the historic shores of Kokkalai.

Strategy, however, suggested, that we should steal a march over the enemy, before we took to our sails. The house of aristocratic T, an ancient castle with modern embellishments, and commanding an extensive view of the back-waters to the west, was, therefore, by the unanimous vote of a council of war, chosen as our base of operations for the day's campaign. Aristocratic T, you will easily imagine, was not one of us. (For Lecturers don't get rich enough to be aristocrats, and aristocrats don't generally become Lecturers). Nevertheless, Mr. T, generous and genial, received us with open arms and a beaming countenance. He had already arranged the boats for us; and, with a fair wind, off we went, the junior T, himself leading at the bows, the senior T, remaining behind to bring up reinforcements.

Oh! the joy and the glory of movement! As the oars splashed upon the still waters, and as, with each hearty stroke, the boats bounded over their glassy surface; and as the cool breeze fanned our faces, glowing with the heat of exercise, we felt our whole being expand, or if you would have it in the words of Tennyson, "our spirit beat its mortal bars". Dear Reader! if you have never experienced the joy, the thrill of a boating, you have yet to feel life.

At last after two hours of hearty rowing, we landed on a desert island—or, so it seemed, to our fancy.

Now came the great event of the day, when the Professors of the Arts and the Sciences, each deposed his own particular

deity and poured forth libations at the altar of the Culinary Science.

First, the Man of Mathematics, cleared a circular space of ground, and set three stones in an equilateral triangle; and he instructed us to introduce the firewood perpendicular to the base, till it reached two inches above the centre of the triangle. The whole thing, he finished up with a lecture on the efficacy, and the importance of Mathematics, much in the same way as the Mighty Bard is said to have finished off with an oration, every time he butchered sheep.

And then, the hands that feed the Torch of Learning, and keep it burning brightly over the St. Thomas' College, now tried to evolve a more material fire. How well they have done the former is well-known to the world: but in the latter, we have to admit, they failed miserably. For, after a good deal of puffing and blowing, they produced only some smoke, which found its way directly into their bronchial-tubes, and their lungs; and they puffed and they phew-ed and they pshaw-ed and said it was no matter.

Chiefly to thee, now, Oh! mighty Man of Physics, goes the credit. For, thou didst send the oxygenated air into the smoky cavity, and made the carbon-ated wood combine with the oxygen and burst into a flame. Thou, too, didst place the enormous crucible over the triangular stones, so that its centre of gravity fell exactly in the centre of the base of support; yea, thou measured out, the *Aqua*, and raised its temperature to the boiling point.

Hail! thou profound Professor of Chemistry! All honour to thee! For, thou didst mix and compound the several ingredients in their due proportion; and weighed out the salt and the tamarind. Thou didst make the mustard and the Bengal-gram, decipitate over the fire—and thou mixed their compound into that other compound, the flavour whereof, rose into the Heavens, and made the gods suspect that the mortals had stolen their Nectar—That was Sambhar!

What was the man of Literature doing all the while? He was, we are told, dreaming in a corner, and attempting to write a Petrarchian sonnet upon scientific cookery—which sonnet, was afterwards, by universal consent, consigned to the flames,

when there was a lack of better fuel, the Man of Literature, sulkily grumbling that there were a thousand other sonnets, daily published in magazines which deserved the same fate ! Quite Right !

The Man of History, all the while, sat, idly musing, reflecting over the question of Capital and Labour, as applied to this cookery—though, we are told he threw off all this idleness, when it came to a matter of their consumption, and set to work, along with the rest, when he had found them, to his chagrin, altogether heedless of the inter-relation between Supply and Demand.

The dinner finished, we wandered like Robinson Crusoes over the island, over which, be it herein noted, we have planted the flag of the St. Thomas' ; and thus formally taken possession of it in *our* Queen's name. On our way back arose the question as to whether the boats were to be sunk, or not ; and upon this question our maritime Utopia was divided into the Sinkers and the Floaters. Hot dispute there was, and Rebellion showed her lurid face amongst us. But it ended in a compromise : the Sinkers went off in a schisim, and got themselves ducked, to their heart's content, in some part of the Channel.

Now the Man of History, anxious as usual for monuments and records, sought to commemorate the event. He had all the while been thinking how best to chronicle the glorious exploit. Vain was the appeal to the Muse, as it usually, and invariably is ! The Man of Science now came to his help. And as we sailed along, the wonderful Magician lightly leapt ashore, on an enchanted island, and we, in the boat, were as the sailors of Ulysses, by the island of the Sirens. He fixed three poles on the ground, and placed a mysterious box over them ; and behold ! the result of his incantations, does it not appear on the opposite page.

At last the day came to a close—as all earthly things must. After having spent the whole evening in rowing, we were, on our return, treated to a royal repast by the hospitable T. The tables were set in a beauteous garden, and they literally groaned under the delicious items, to which we did ample justice. A vote of thanks to Mr. T was proposed and lustily responded to ; after which we trudged home, talking of the joys and the glories of the day—a day of strenuous exertion and hearty enjoyment.

Aspirations.

[FROM THE PERSIAN.]

I caught a star and kissed it. Lo!

Its scorching flame did scotch my lips

And singe my hair. It did ; but oh,

What ecstacy ! For while time slips

Its joy ineffable shall be

A reminder of Eternity !

So doth the moth's sublime desire

Loving the fierce incandescence

Of all annihilating fire,

Throw back the soul on its own essence ;

By love made radiant, love her far

Flings off the slough, floats out a star !

"K".



He that setteth bounds to his words, is knowing and wise ; and the man of understanding is of a precious spirit. Even fool, if he will hold his peace shall be counted wise : and if he close his lips, a man of understanding—*Prov.*

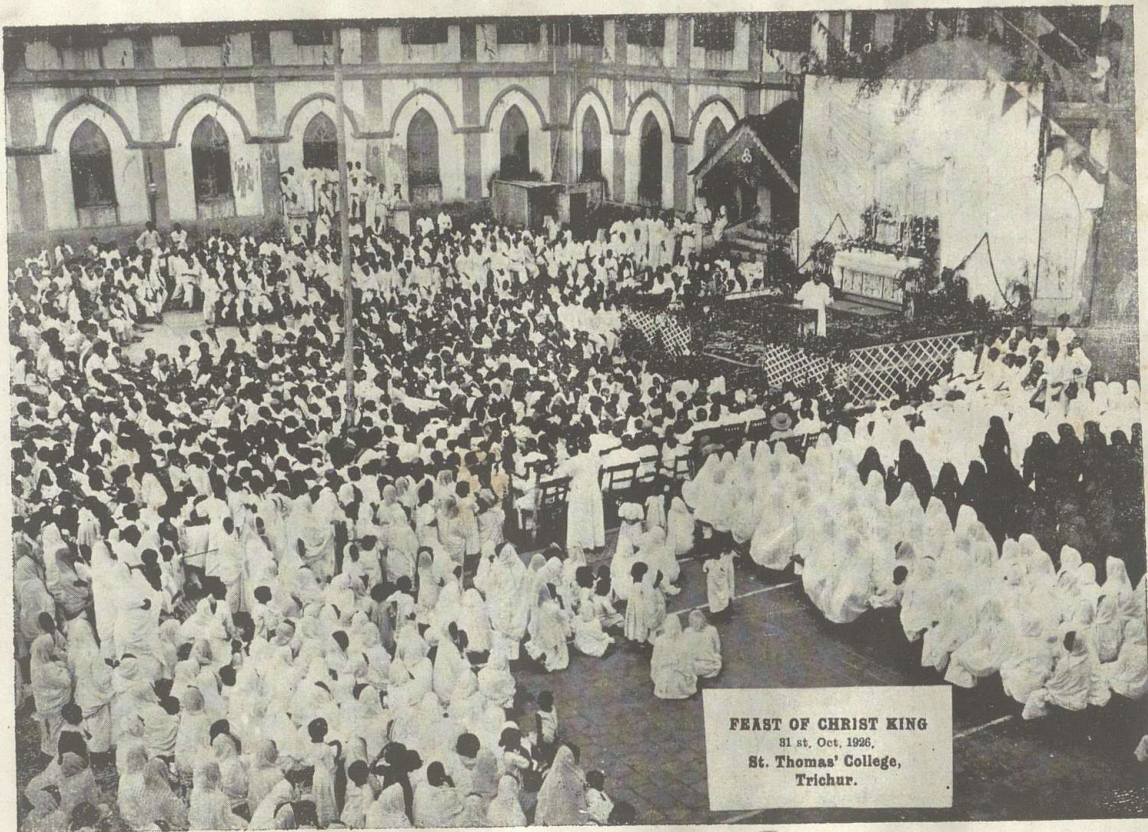
"WESTWARD HO!"



THE LECTURERS OUT ON A BOATING EXCURSION.

Here is just a glimpse of the boating facilities of the *Elthuruth Kols* which, for the wealth and variety of scenery and the thrill and throb of excitement, can vie with the best reaches of the Alway River or the proud expanse of the Ernakulam Backwaters. And now that the Lecturers have successfully *explored the unknown* and demonstrated its wonderful possibilities, the Students, we hope, will follow up the *adventure*, organise a Boating Club, and institute an annual Boat - Race — so popular a feature of the Sports - Programme of our mother universities of the west.

"Christ King"



FEAST OF CHRIST KING
31 st. Oct, 1926,
St. Thomas' College,
Trichur.

"PAX CHRISTI IN REGNO CHRISTI"



Notes and Comments.

The Home-coming. The more observant among our readers must have by this time begun to make *comments* and conjectures *apropos* our peregrinations. But they will please remember that it is the great poet himself who says “few thy friends, *their adoption tried*, grapple them with hooks of steel”—(Italics ours). We have been trying our friends; and you will agree with us that it is not an easy matter to come across a true one—especially among Printers. A second aspect of our wanderings is that with every changing step, we have been coming nearer and nearear home. Like Goldsmith’s Traveller, we, too, wherever we roamed, whatever realms to see, had always our hearts fondly turned to our own, our native land—Hence the progression from Trichy to Palghat and thence to Trichur.

And coming home, we have put on our best attire—the best, of course, that we have. This, however, is against the established and accredited usage of the modern world. But our idea of dress is that it should be a foil and not a fraud. To wear fine clothes in a foreign land is a deceit; but at home and among friends it betokens only respect and consideration for the feelings of others. And this gala dress of ours has not been cut and fashioned by any professional tailor-artist. We owe it all to our student-friend Mr. K. N Pisharody of the IV University Class—our hearty congratulations and sincere thanks to the budding artist.

* * * * *

Education again. We had much to say about education in our last; all the same, we need no apology to say more. Last time, again, it was the teachers that took up all our attention. But after all, the function of the teacher is only a delegated trust. The work of children’s education is primarily the duty of the parents, and if, because of the complexity of life, it has been

found convenient to set apart and label a set of men as pedagogues, does it follow that fathers and mothers can with impunity wash their hands off their children's future? Is not the rearing and training of their children too sacred a duty to be neglected, too great a responsibility to be abdicated by them in favour of the school? And yet ninety-nine out of every hundred of modern parents think their duty by their children completely over if they pack them off to the nearest school. And even this, many of them do because the urchins are a botheration at home; others because it is the fashion of the day; others again, because in any case they have to contribute to the education cess; and still others because of the professional salaries that loom in the distant horizon. But few or none of them ever seem to care a twopence as to what these young hopefuls of theirs do or not do at the school or in the class. The anxious mother, who wrote to the teacher that her daughter should not be taught any Vulgar Fractions as she was to be married into aristocratic circle, showed better solicitude though little accomplishment.

True education, as opposed to mere instruction, must be a matter of co-operation between the teacher and the parents; nay the larger share of it falls to the parent than to the teacher. "A child is what a mother makes it during the first years of its life, not what the teacher makes it." Even while at school, the child must owe its formation more to the parents than to the teachers. The part played by the school is only secondary and complementary. "No other human being can stand *in loco-parentis*." The phrase is only a *legal fiction*. As the house is the child's first school, so also it ought to be the last,—and not the least.

It is, therefore, an encouraging sign of the times that, here and there at least, we see the slow beginnings of a truer conception of the parent's role in education. The Guardians' Day as an annual function is slowly spreading its way into many of our schools. Surely an exchange of views at least once a year, if not oftener, a comparing of notes, a putting of heads together, of the teacher and the parent on the question of their common wardship of the child, is an advance in the right direction—at

least it is a recognition of their joint responsibility in the matter, which, we hope, will lead to important results in the future. And we are proud to think that it is the St. Thomas' High School that took the lead in this important direction. Our congratulation to the Reverend Headmaster, whose zeal for student-welfare and insight into their real requirements made him conceive and carry out this fruitful idea even as early as 1922.

Turning to another direction we see a Judge of our Chief Court presiding over a Guardians' Day Celebration in one of our schools, and this again is as it ought to be. For the child, if neglected by the teacher and the parent, is ultimately to be hauled up before the Judge. It was indeed a wise law among the ancients that punished the father for the offence of the son. Such a salutary law, we think, would have produced very desirable results in our modern society, wherein parental neglect of their children's education has taken a very serious turn.

* * * * *

The Town and the Gown.

It was almost a normal feature of many of the university towns of the Middle Ages that the townsmen not infrequently came to blows with the gownsmen. But we of to-day have outgrown those days of muscular debate! Cordiality between town and gown is our watchword. We are, therefore, very glad to note that our College has, of late, become the rallying point for all kinds of activities that from time to time pulsate the public life of this busy town. It was in our College quadrangle that the rate-payers of the Trichur Municipality mustered strong to meet and greet their Chairman, Mr. C. R. Iyyunni M. A., & B. L., on his election to that responsible office. A brilliant gathering they formed; and among the guests of the day was included even such a distinguished personage as the Hon'ble Sir Srinivasa Sastri. It was to our College Hall again that, under the lead of the 'Saktan Thampuran Samajam', the loyal citizens of the place flocked when they desired to convey their respectful greetings to their beloved Sovereign on the occasion of his 68th birthday. The widely lamented and untimely death of Mr. Rengaswami

lyyyangar, the editor of the 'Hindu', brought the friends and admirers of that reputed Journalist, once again to our spacious Hall, to bemoan his loss and convey their condolence to his bereaved family. A like function the same Hall witnessed when, on the sad demise of Mr. B. C. Chacko, the public of Trichur, in solemn meeting assembled—this time again under the auspices of the 'Saktan Thampuram Samajam', paid its last loving tribute to the departed soul. The All-Cochin Aided School Managers' Association, too, has met in our Hall many a time to discuss the educational politics of Cochin.

The 31st of October, 1926, saw a huge and enthusiastic gathering round about a picturesque altar erected at the foot of the College Tower; and this time it was to proclaim the Kingship of Christ to a wayward and sophisticated world which had strayed away from the peaceful sway of that Heavenly King.

The Old and the New.

All around us we see preparations in full swing for the celebration of the College Day. We are glad that the generations, past and present, of the *alumni* of our great mother have so heartily joined hands to weave a laurel wreath to crown her brows. We are gladder still that the public of Trichur—all creeds and classes included—have made this occasion an opportunity for showing their high appreciation of the noble service the College has been rendering in the cause of education for the past many years. We wish the College *ad multos annos*.



College Chronicle.

16-9-26. Rev. Fr. D. Honore S. J. of Trichinopoly addressed a joint-meeting of the College Union on the "Limitations of Science". The venerable old man of wisdom forcefully brought home to his young hearers the supreme importance in life of cultivating a correct and comprehensive attitude towards the scientific problems of the day.

28—9—26. Visit of His Grace the Archbishop of Verapoly and Bishop Perini S. J. of Calicut. The latter, who was for several years a professor and the Principal of St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore, gave us an interesting speech in which he emphasised the importance of a true conception of the end of Education. Education, he insisted, would be no education without the acquisition of sound moral principles and the formation of a healthy character. These alone make Education worth while, these alone make for success in life.

4—10—26. The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C. was kind enough to visit the College during his short stay of a few hours in Trichur. He was taken round the College-buildings by Father Principal and was prevailed upon, in spite of the fatigue of a long journey, to address the students and the staff. With his usual classical English, he gave expression to his varied experiences as a teacher and a public man. He exhorted the younger generation to take a keen interest in the public questions of the day, so as to equip themselves for the battle of life in store for them.

11-10-26. His Excellency Mgr. Edward Mooney D. D., the new Delegate Apostolic of India, paid a short visit to the College.

14-10-26. College Retreat for Catholic Students commenced. Rev. Father Soufflet S. J. of the Madura Mission was the preacher. 200 Students of the College and High School Classes with a good sprinkling of the English-knowing Catholics of the town, followed the spiritual exercises,

26-10-26. Sir C. V. Kumara Sastri M. A. & B. L. of the Madras High Court, who was staying here for native medical treatment, was invited by Father Principal to see the College and its work, and the distinguished Judge graciously accepted the invitation and addressed the students.

31-10-26. The Feast of Christ King, newly instituted by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, was celebrated on a grand scale. There was an open-air meeting at which Father Principal, Mgr. A. Pudichery and Professor Petta spoke on the various aspects of Christ's kingship and explained how the Gospel principles should not only be applied to our private, spiritual life, but should inform and govern all our activities, social, political and philanthropic. God and His Christ cannot be banished from the life of society and the nation ; all endeavours for a world-peace should be based on the recognition of God's *supreme claims* on man in all his various capacities. Unless the nations of the world act up to this ideal no remedy can be found for the evils of the day.

25-11-26. A meeting of the Old Boys of the College was conducted in the College Hall under the presidency of Rev. Fr. Palocaran M.A. (Edin.), himself an Old Boy, to concert measures towards the organisation of an Old Boys' Association and to make preliminary arrangements for a joint-celebration of the College Day. It was resolved to form an Old Boys' Association of the St. Thomas' College and to inaugurate the same on the forthcoming College Day and a Provisional Committee, consisting of Messrs. R. G. Krishna Iyer B. A., T. L. George B.A., B. L., A. A. George B. E., J. Petta M.A., and K. Achutha Menon B. A., B. L., was appointed to frame draft-rules to be placed for adoption at the inaugural meeting. Also a Part-Committee, consisting of Rev. Fr. Thatchuparambil, Messrs. K. Achutha Menon (Secretary), T. L. George, A. A. George, P. A. Devassy, A. L. Devassy, A. I. Mani, C. Sankarankutty Menon, V. K. Gopala Menon, R. G. Krishna Iyer and Dr. A. P. Francis, was appointed, to be incorporated with the Part-Committee appointed by the College, thus to form a Joint-Committee for the College Day Celebration. It was also resolved to approach the old boys and well-wishers

of the College with a request to institute prizes, or to make contributions towards them as well as towards the expenses of the College Day Celebration.

25-11-26. Dr. Zacharias, Ph. D., lately of the Servants of India Society, visited the institution during his tour in Malabar for securing contributors and subscribers for a new Catholic Journal called 'The Week', to be published from 3, Portuguese St., Calcutta. The learned doctor's aim is to approach the questions of the day from a Christian and Catholic standpoint and to elucidate how Christian principles can contribute to their right solution. The first issue of 'The Week' on the 6th of January is awaited with keen interest.

29-11-26. The Cochin Olympic Sports were held at Trichur under the presidency of His Highness Rama Varma III Prince of Cochin. Our students put up a good fight and scored a very creditable record. Here are our champions :—

T. G. Joshua, II U. C. —First in Pole-vault:

T. A. Dharma Rajan, II U. C. —Second in 220 yds. race;

„ „ 100 „

P. Gopala Menon, III U. C. — Second in Hurdles.

A. S. Hariharan, I U. C. —Second in discus throw.

Our hearty congratulations to all of them, and to our enthusiastic games-superintendent, Mr. S. F. Nunez, M.A., M.L.C.

3-12-26. Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of His Lordship Bishop Vazhapilly. An address was presented to His Lordship by the staff and students, in which among other things, mention was made of the fact that the Saint was a "distinguished university man, being a Master of Arts and a brilliant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, the mother and prototype of our own Oxford and Cambridge."

7-12-26. Selection results announced. Of the 139 students in the Senior Intermediate, 16 were detained, four in Group III and twelve in Group I. In the Senior B. A. Class, of the 60 students, all were allowed to appear some, however, being sent

up only *conditionally*, subject to the results of a fresh examination early in February.

10-12-26. A Parliamentary Meeting of the College Union was held to discuss the question, "Whether India was ripe for Swaraj". The *elite* of the town were also invited to attend, and many of them graced the occasion by their presence. The motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. Our congratulations to the St. Thomas' College Parliament on its having so generously resolved to give immediate *Swaraj* to India.

13-12-26. A meeting of the College Day Celebration Committee was held with Rev. Fr. Palocaren in the chair, when the various programmes of the College Day were discussed and settled and sub-committees were appointed to carry out the different items of the celebration.



The College Union Notes.

THE year 1926—27 has begun with an extra-ordinary outburst of energy and enthusiasm on the part of the College Literary and Debating Societies. Our strength has risen to the extremely encouraging number of 420 and hence our Union now consists of two sections, the Senior and the Junior, the former consisting of the B. A., and the latter of the Intermediate, Classes. We are extremely glad to note that almost all the Students of the College have thrown themselves heart and soul into the activities of the Union.

We commenced our activities this year on the 15th July, 1926, with a business meeting held separately for each section, at which the office-bearers were elected.

The inaugural meeting of the Union was held on Tuesday, 20th July, 1926, with Rev. Fr. John Palocaren M.A., (Edin), the Principal, in the chair, when Mr. M. S. Narayana Iyer, B.A., (Hons.), delivered a most interesting and inspiring address on "Literary Societies in relation to Life."

Besides a good number of ordinary meetings held separately by the two sections, we could conduct as many as four special joint

meetings on those happy occasions when we welcomed into our midst such distinguished guests as the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C., Sir. C. V. Kumara Sastri, M. A., & B. L., Ag. Chief Justice, High Court, Madras, Rev. Fr. D. Honore, S. J., Professor in Physics, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, the most Rev. Angel Mary, D. D., Archbishop of Verapoly, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Paul Perini, Bishop of Calicut. With a view to infuse enthusiasm and fresh spirit into the hearts of the students, Prof. Petta, our enthusiastic and obliging President, delivered at a combined meeting of the two sections of the Union, held on 21st October, a lecture on 'Time and Tide', the like of which we have had but few this year.

On the 5th of November, 1926, there was held a combined meeting of the two sections of the Union to discuss one of the pressing problems of the day, "Whether Early Marriage is Detrimental to the Progress of Society". The meeting was largely attended; and was presided over by C. A. Ouseph Esq., B. A., & B. L., M. L. C.

The subjects dealt with in our ordinary meetings—both Malayalam and English—were of great interest and usefulness to our students, some of which were, "The Present Economic Outlook of India"; "Literature and Science"; "Industry and Commerce with special reference to India"; "The Malayalam Literature and 'Kumaranasan'"; "Education"; "Liberty"; and "Nature and its Influence on Man". We take this opportunity to thank all those gentlemen who presided over our ordinary meetings—the names of Rev. Fr. J. Palocaren, Vidwan A. V. Sebastian, Messrs. P. Chandrasekhara Menon, B. A., & B. L., M. Krishna Menon, B. A., & B. L., K. K. Rajah and K. Kochukrishna Menon, B. A., deserve special mention.

On 10th December, 1926, was held the first session of the St. Thomas' College Parliament, for the discussion of the burning question of the day, "Whether India is ripe for Swaraj". The spacious Hall was packed to the full and great enthusiasm prevailed. Mr. P. Rama Menon, IV. U. C., took the chair as Speaker of the House. Among the distinguished guests on the Visitors' Gallery were the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Antony Pudicherry and Dr. Rao, Civil Surgeon. The motion was introduced by Mr. V. K. Harihara Iyer,

IV. U. C.— in Parliamentary language, His Majesty's Prime Minister,— while the opposition was led by Mr. K. S. Menon, III. U. C., His Majesty's Leader of the Opposition. The debate was conducted with great zest on both sides. But the issue of the day was decided by the members of the Independent Centre, who almost in a body trooped off to join the Government block. For the splendid success of the parliamentary meeting we owe much to Professor Petta, and Mr. A. L. Krishna Iyer, our Vice-President.

Nor have our Union activities been confined merely to the meetings. On one occasion we invited Prof. Khiya to act the part of certain characters of Shakespeare and other English authors of repute, while on another occasion we had a musical entertainment in the College Hall.

Our best thanks to all who have in any way contributed to the success of our Union.

K. T. KURIAKOSE, III. U. C.

V. K. RAMA MENON, II. U. C.

} Secretaries.

Acknowledgments.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following magazines in exchange for ours:—The Magazine, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly; Women's College Magazine, Trivandrum; The Union Christian College Magazine, Alwaye; Kumbhakonam College Magazine; The Mangalore Magazine; The Maharajah's College Magazine, Ernakulam; Our Little Friend, Ernakulam; A Government College Miscellany, Mangalore; the Presidency College Magazine, Madras; St. Joseph's High School Magazine, Pavaratty; The Scholar, Palghat; Christian College Magazine, Madras; St. Mary's High School Magazine, Bombay; Maharajah's College of Science Magazine, Trivandrum; The Kerala Economic Journal, Thiruvalla; The Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi; Pachayyappa's College Magazine, Madras; The Carmela, St. Agnes College, Mangalore; The Kottayam College Magazine; *Kathachandrika*, Ernakulam.