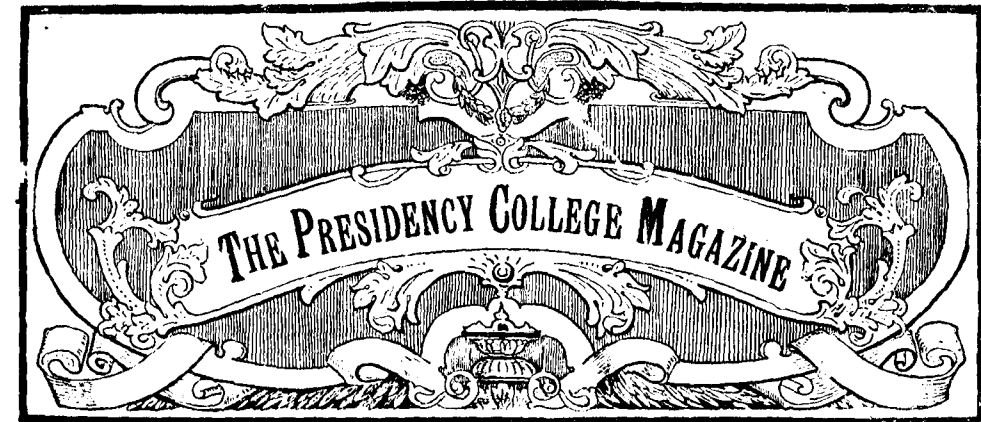


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Vol. II

SEPTEMBER, 1925

No. 1

Mamallapuram or The Seven Pagodas

PALLAVA ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE

III

There is, however, no gainsaying the opinion that the sculptures at Mamallapuram are by far superior to the architecture as complete achievements. Whereas the latter were a hint and an adumbration, as it were, of greatness, the sculptures were an actual realisation of greatness. We have reason to be proud of them. Since, however, as has been mentioned in the last part of the previous section, opinion is agreed as to their greatness, the present section will avoid discussion and concern itself with making a direct estimate.

The best of the group-sculptures, taken as integral compositions, are five in number;—one or two more may perhaps be added to them by personal preference. They are all in bas-relief. Four of them are in the interiors of caves or mantapams, and one, the largest in scale, carved on the face of a big boulder.

In the cave traditionally called Yamapuri is the deservedly famous Mahisha-Durga sculpture. It represents the victorious close of the battle between the demon and the goddess. Mahisha with his buffalo-head and lubberly form is already in retreat. His body slopes away from the goddess, the left foot set forward to flight, while the hands clutch the massive club and the head turned in defiant terror at the goddess. The little figure of the goddess riding on a lion sits in graceful contrast to the heavy

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fiend, the left arm stretched vigorously forward to the bow while the bent right arm, apparently drawing the shaft, balances it behind. A benign composure breathes in her face, an easy non-chalance in her gentle smile, as though it were all a child's task to her. An asura is falling headlong in front of the lion, another has fallen between Mahisha's legs, while two combatants are rushing at each other in the centre on the top. Durga is supported by her dwarf-attendants, while Mahisha by his warrior-asuras. The figures of the goddess and the demon are master-pieces of pose and expression; and the whole group is dynamic with life and movement.

The delighted eye dwells lingeringly on the imperious beauty of Durga and the stupid, perplexed expression on the face of the Mahisha, that so strikingly contrasts with his giant-strength. It notes the aesthetic sense of the unknown sculptor in the subdued relief of the six other arms of the goddess. It admires the skill with which movement is suggested by attitude, gesture and expression; the tense vigour of Durga's arms, the slope of the asura figures who bend before the charge of victory. It is amusingly pleased with the stout little dwarfs in a variety of attitudes, especially the fellow that swings the *sīmaram*. This is great work. The old, old theme of the antagonism of good and evil finds here a fitting and most impressive interpretation; and thus art is fulfilled of its purpose.

Great interpretation of a great theme must also be the criticism of another panel-relief in the Varaha cave over the hill. The group, which is dominated by Vishnu, the "Strider of the Universe," is a magnificent and almost terrible rendering. The firm, straight, massive lines of legs and arms symbolise the awful power of the Supreme; the eight radiating arms stand for His splendour as revealed in the noon-day sun. The right arm supports the lintel of the panel, symbolising His upholding of the Universe. The upright lines of arms, legs, sword and bow, are caught up in answering resonance by the four stiff-sitting *dēvas* in different attitudes below. An ascending gandharva-form on the left and a descending one on the right are the Dawn and the Setting Sun. I agree with Mr. Havell in his interpretation of the relief in preference to reading it as the Vamana-Bali theme; the latter view leaves the halo round the rising and sinking figures altogether unexplained, besides lowering the key of grandeur in which the relief is obviously cast. Note the artist's greatness revealed in the absence of any crowded detail, the same quality of purity that we noted in the Rathas; in the deftness with which movement is made manifest; in the naturalness imparted to the eight-armed figure by two of them being thrown into relatively higher relief, in the tremendous strength and majesty investing the image. What might be conceived as a simple Nature-myth is by this master exalted into a grand vision of the awful splendour, serenity and power of universal Nature.

We turn to the other reliefs in the cave almost with a feeling of relief. The group on the panel opposite represents Vishnu as Varaha, standing with one leg placed on the thousand-headed Sēsha and tenderly dallying with the Earth-goddess whom he holds enfolded in his right arm. The adjoining panel, on the left of the interior vault, shows Lakshmi seated on a full-blown lotus rising out of the sea, supported by two finely posed elephants in very low relief. As the gods and the demons churned the ocean of milk to obtain the immortalising nectar *amrita*, from the foam of the agitated waves rose Lakshmi, divinity fresh-bathed, and beheld Vishnu and became the Queen of Heaven. That is the mythology; nor is its beauty lost on the artist. The expectancy of a new experience, the wonder and joy at the sight of the splendour of Vishnu, the ecstatic rush to union expressed by the outstretched arms—all this makes the sculpture a rapturous embodiment of divine femininity.

Only one relief-piece now remains to be noted. The broad and extended screen of carvings on the eastern face of a boulder on the big ridge has been the subject of many descriptions. The boulder is nearly a hundred feet long and forty-five feet high with a fissure in the middle about four feet wide. The crowded group represents according to tradition the penance performed by Arjuna to obtain the celestial weapon Pasupathasthra with which to fight the Kauravas. His wasted form stands in the posture of penance in the centre, and all figures to right and left face him. The whole creation hastens to pay homage to the will that sustains austerities whose power burns through the three worlds. Siva, Indra, Surya, Chandra and a host of gandharvas are there. Now we have no new quality to note in these figures individually. The fissure, however, contains a Naga and Nagini, denizens of the Nagalōka, rising up one below the other as from the depths of the ocean. They are a pair of most shapely and well-modelled sculptures, the upward movement being finely indicated by the sinuous curving of the snake-bodies. Observe how the artist makes their form and movement realistic by avoiding straightness and symmetry in his design: a little device, but one of great import in revealing to us the range as well as the height of the artist's powers.

For, what this signifies is the capacity of the artist to observe Nature and render her with faithfulness. One of the most charming and captivating of the creations at Mamallapuram is the group of elephants at the bottom of the Arjuna-frieze to the right of the cleft. The majestic tusker looking gravely at Arjuna, the female behind him lifting up her left fore-leg and whipping up the end of her trunk in evident impatience, the little baby elephants playing pranks all round their parents—this enchanting study in realism would waken the sympathies of the blindest gazer at Nature, and might stand for a final vindication of art. A work of equal excellence is the most stately bull near the Rathas, carved

in the round. There too are to be seen, also in the round, a life-size elephant and a lion, which, however, do not reach this level. But in the carvings throughout the place lie scattered many renderings of animals of very pleasing workmanship: cow, calf, rat, lizard, deer, monkey, cat, tortoise. A charming study of monkeys—male, female and baby, the male attending to the cleanliness of his partner's head, the baby suckling in the arms of his mother—is to the north of the Arjuna-piece. And in the Shore Temple by the side of the shrine lies the lovely trunk of a stricken deer that is exceedingly well-turned. Thus not human life and forms only, not only grand philosophic ideas, but the life and forms and habits of their animal fellow-creatures also moved the sensibilities of the Pallava artists. In their renderings of Nature, they show imaginative sympathy, minute observation and a genial humour.

IV

The foregoing account of Mamallapuram is mainly descriptive. It is by no means exhaustive, although the best things have nearly all been mentioned. I have sought in this essay to estimate this city of monuments from the art point of view, and in such a manner as to induce interest and enthusiasm. I found in my visit to the place that the most glowing descriptions of its art have not exaggerated its excellence, and I wondered that I had not visited it before. For there is not the least doubt that Mamallapuram is among the very best art-monuments of India. Nor could it be less interesting to the student of history. It is a relic of antiquity, in which the romance of ancient history blends with the romance of art, each illuminating the other.

And both the history and the art of Mamallapuram are capable of further study and disentanglement. What field of exploration can be more fascinating than the magic of the ravelled history of South India before the 10th Century A.D.—the ever inconstant see-saw of fortune on which Chera and Chola and Pandya now rose and now sank; the strangest vicissitudes of time by which empires that flourished in fabled splendour and traded with Rome and China and Egypt shrank to nothingness; the cities that reared their palaces and domes by river and sea wiped out of existence by fire or flood; the cultures that have left no trace of themselves but have been succeeded by works like the Epic of the Anklet and the writings of learned commentators like Adiyarku Nallār. And what more fascinating to the student of art than the origins of South Indian architecture as he traces them through the monuments that are extant farther and farther back into the centuries, till he finds himself in the dim twilight of the sixth or fifth century and his imagination feels all around him the worn and indistinguishable forms of halls, domes, and vimānas rising in the shadow of the ages. And he might even pursue his journey into the darkness beyond guided

by the glimmering light of the hints and allusions that lie strewn in old Tamil literature. And consolidating the yield of his labour, discuss whether Dravidian art is truly indigenous, or derived from the northern art of Amaravati and the Buddhist Caves through the Chalukyan craftsmen working under the victorious Pallavas, or, if both, what relative share is to be ascribed to native and foreign inspiration. Thus the field of enquiry is lacking neither in interest nor in scope.

Mamallapuram stands at the verge of historical ground in this enquiry. A feast of beauty in itself at the same time that its historical implications are so profound, it ought to be a place of pilgrimage to every lover of beauty.

T. N. RAMANATHAN





A Dickens Nightmare



It was Christmas night and past eleven. One by one Mr. Samuel Jenkins had speeded his parting guests home, and now at length he sank down into his luxurious arm-chair, a sense of pleasant exhaustion stealing through his ample frame.

Rat-tat-tat went the door of his sitting-room. 'Who is it' he called out. Instead of an answer the door burst open, and a large florid red-faced woman bounced into the room, weeping noisily into a gigantic handkerchief of many hues. 'Oh Sir!' she cried, to the astonishment of Mr. Jenkins, 'to think of the depravity of human nature! This 'ere Pickwick'—here Mr. Jenkins noticed that the woman was accompanied by a corpulent gentleman in a blue coat, who smiled at him nervously—'e promised to marry me, 'e did, and as I swoons away with joy, 'e yells into my ear as 'ow it was all a mistake it was, and me a pore widder too, and with not a soul to protect me and my fatherless boy. Oh Pickwick!' shaking her first at him, 'if I don't makes you repent your wicked deeds, my name is not Bardle!'

'Beware o' widders' boomed a voice behind Mr. Jenkins. Thoroughly alarmed now at this sudden invasion of his privacy, he turned sharply round to encounter the gaze of a small bewhiskered man, who, with many significant winks in the direction of Mrs. Bardle repeated the words 'Beware o' widders, Sammy my boy.' Mr. Jenkins was about to resent the familiarity in violent terms, when he felt his arm seized by Mrs. Bardle who hurried him out of the room exclaiming 'you just come along with me, and I'll show you how you can trifle with a pore woman's affections!' In vain did he protest he was not Pickwick. They rushed out of the house and into the street, up which they advanced at an alarming rate, when 'toot-toot,' and a stage coach came whirling around the corner packed outside and in with parcels and human beings. 'Jump in, jump in Jingle, it's your last chance!' shouted an old gentleman. Mr. Jenkins could not very well see how he might 'jump' into that mass of goods and humanity, but he suited the action to the word and, Heaven be praised! found himself being swiftly carried away out of the clutches of Mrs. Bardle.

'And now Jingle,' began his kindly preserver slapping him on the shoulder, 'what on earth made you desert my poor sister, just when, she tells me, she agreed to elope with you?' Jenkins knew he was not Jingle, but thought it best to say nothing under the circumstances—soon however he was to rue his silence, for Mr. Wardle—so he called himself—declared that as they would be passing a church shortly, it would be a good opportunity to lead Miss Wardle to the hymeneal altar.

'Stop thief! stop thief!' Jenkins shouted, while he hotly pursued across a lonely moor, the figure of a fast retreating convict, who had Mr. Wardle's spinster sister slung over his shoulder. After what seemed to him an interminable length of time, he overtook his man, forced him to yield up his burden, and found himself confronted by a woman with a most lugubrious cast of features, who immediately she found herself on firm ground, threw her apron up before her face, proclaiming loudly that she was a 'lone lorn creetur.' 'Cheer up dear Mrs. Gummidge' said Jenkins in a soothing manner. He knew that was her name though he could not tell where he had met her. He put his arm around her to add weight to his consolatory remarks and looked tenderly down upon her and, oh horror! instead of Mrs. Gummidge's woeful countenance, his eyes encountered the fierce gaze of Mrs. Bardle—'ah ah! my fine gentleman' she shrieked, 'I've got you now 'avn't I? You just come along with me to Mr. Chadband, the same wots promised to marry us.'

'Are you a horse, are you a donkey, are you a lion, are you a bear? no, you are only a man; and why are you only a man?' Before Jenkins could reply to this second interrogation on the part of the bland, parson-like individual before him, the wedding ring was snatched out from the latter's hand by he did not know who exactly, though he joined the rest of the people who tumbled out of the church shouting 'Fagin, Fagin!' . . . 'Hands up, while I search your pockets,' growled the stern policeman—Jenkins, wild-eyed and trembling in every limb, found himself surrounded by quite a large crowd of men and women, one of the latter supporting Mrs. Bardle in her arms. 'Oo would ave' believed 'e was capable of such an act,' said one woman excitedly. 'To think of 'is running away with 'is own wedding ring, and desertin' 'is pore bride!' The ring was at this moment produced from his waistcoat pocket by the stern policeman, and Jenkins was hand-cuffed preparatory to being led away to prison. He could not account for his seemingly preposterous action, but he had a vague idea of having three gentlemen friends answering to the names of Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman, who would be able to extricate him from his present situation—yet, how was he to get at them? To his relief, a small boy whom everybody addressed as 'Joe' and who was alternately prodded in the ribs by the stern policeman and a tall, dark, lean lady, came forward, and timidly offered his services to him. 'You are a bad man' said the tall, dark, lean lady to Jenkins, sourly, 'but I don't mind telling you not to trust that young imp of iniquity—he is, to put it briefly, a boy, and as I said to my foolish sister-in-law Clara, I have had enough experience of the vermin to fix me in the belief that they would even take one's life if they could—bah!' 'Your's perhaps' murmured Jenkins *sotto voce*, and immediately the whole crowd precipitated themselves on the unfortunate gentleman, headed by the tall lady, who made several ineffectual thrusts at him with her umbrella.

A sea of faces surged up before him, all or some of whom he felt he had seen before. That little old couple quarrelling with each other must surely be the Smallweeds he thought and there was Madame De farge grinning horribly at him the while she knitted an enormous noose, which his sixth sense told him he was soon to become acquainted with. That without doubt was the brazen pair, Sally and Sam Brass, and there was Mr. Pecksniff of seraphic mien, his two blossoms Cherry and Merry on either arm: and there again, was poor Barnaby with his raven . . . Then in a trice Jenkins became part of the crowd—Barnaby and his bird the focus of every body's attention. 'I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil!' screamed the raven. 'Hear, Hear' cried Mr. Jenkins. Instead of repeating the performance however, the raven loomed larger and larger before his terrified gaze, becoming every minute more like the fiend it claimed descent from, and assuming a very threatening attitude indeed towards Jenkins. Then, with a great screaming and flapping of wings, it swooped down on him, burying him beneath its weight. . . .

Mr. Jenkins was running along a long dusty road at a desperate rate, but where to or where from, he had not the least idea. As he doubled the corner, a woman darted her head out of the window of a small cottage, and entreated him to come in and rest himself. He gladly complied with her request, but hardly had he done so, when she dropped on her knees before him, raising her eyes to heaven. Poor Jenkins naturally suspected he was being led into another matrimonial trap, but was relieved to hear a man, presumably her husband, say in great irritation, "There she is on her knees again! She always does so Sir, when she is excited. Now ups you get, or 'I'll'—The threat was not completed, for two old ladies entered the room at this juncture, and without more ado seated themselves at the tea-table, where Jenkins and his new found acquaintances soon joined them. 'How do you do Mrs. Gamp?' he found himself saying to one of the old ladies. 'As well as could be expected, Sir' she replied, 'living as I do on cucumbers and tay with a drop of something strong in it, though my friend here Mrs. Pipchin prefers animal food.' As Mr. Jenkins stared at Mrs. Gamp, a diabolical smile overspread her face, and producing an enormous cucumber from her pocket, she began to slice it up, which done, she and her friends arose with one accord and proceeded to force the vegetable down his gullet, assisting the progress of the same with huge draughts of something strong, to use Mrs. Gamp's own words. Prayers, entreaties, threats, were in vain. Jenkins used his arms and legs freely, emitting a loud yell whenever it was possible for him to do so. Suddenly his assailants 'melted away into thin air' and he found himself alone, to his unspeakable relief, though he was not to remain so long.

A deep sepulchral voice fell upon his ear—'I Simon Tappertit having heard that you Samuel Jenkins, miserable specimen of humanity, have dared to set yourself up as my superior in the nether part of your anatomy, do challenge you now to the proof thereof.' Mr. Jenkins politely denied the charge, though he knew he was equal to any test, which is saying much, for all substantial men do not necessarily possess proportionately formed 'understandings'. Tappertit however with set lips drew out a measuring-tape from his pocket and proceeded to measure the circumference of Mr. Jenkins' calves. The result apparently not being very comforting to him, he thrust out his head and without a word of warning butted into Mr. Jenkins' central regions. The latter returned the attack and together they went rolling over the floor convulsively clutching at each other. How long this might have continued we do not know, had Jenkins not bumped his head violently against the fender.

'Oh Sir! dear Sir! what is the matter with you?' He opened his eyes to find his housekeeper bending over him anxiously—he himself was on the floor, feeling very bruised and shaken, while the bumps on his forehead—not the bumps of knowledge—were visibly increasing in size—'It is the wine, and the enormous helping of Christmas pudding you had that has done the mischief,' she said shaking her head sadly, but she was an old and privileged servant.

C. M. SATUR.

GOD'S WITNESS

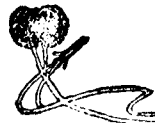
Whether by curling wave in forest shade,
Or 'midst the city's toil and lassitude,
Through everything that God all wise has made,
A Law there runs, that brings to all things good.

No foamy drop falls from the thund'rous surf,
No leaf down-flutters parched, no day is lit,
No flower blossoms on the spring's green turf,
But follows Law, and dares not err from it.

Man has no option but acquiescence,
And there can be no Law, without a Mind,
To lay it down and wrest obedience.

No surer witness then have we, to quell
Our doubts in an Almighty Deity,
Than this firm Law that governs all so well.

"R. A. St. C."



Photography—A hobby



It is a well known fact that however busy with his books a student may be, there comes a time when he finds it physically impossible to be occupied with his books alone, when the mind requires something in the form of a relaxation, and this kind of relaxation he is sure to obtain if he engages himself in some hobby. Hobbies are numerous; some of them not only serve as a recreation but are also of some practical utility to the student, while others are comparatively of little use. As an illustration, we can take up stamp collecting, a craze for which has sprung up in recent years but which is not quite useful to a student. But it may be said without fear of contradiction that one hobby that is sure to have an abiding interest for every one, not only because of its intrinsic merit but also because of its utility, is photography. It has a fascination of its own that no other hobby possesses. The first acquaintance with a camera sends a thrill through its proud owner.

In youth, we come across many men, perfect strangers at first, but who become dear to us through friendship. Many others we remember because of their distinction in academical qualifications or at sports. Our professors, we always cherish grateful memories of, and the very buildings under whose roofs the early years of our making we spent, become dear to us. It is only natural that we should think of these in later years, and is it not natural that our pleasure in reviving old memories should be enhanced if we get a sight of them again? After all the reverses that we meet with in the course of a life time, the presence in one's album of long departed professors and relatives and of pictures that revive pleasing memories of olden times, bring balm to a wounded soul and pleasure to a happy being.

Apart from this sort of general usefulness, there is another aspect of its utility which certain classes of students are able to appreciate. To the natural science student, a camera is an essential factor in his outfit at least when out on his tours. It is not necessary that he should waste his time in drawing pictures of interesting specimens. He has only to bring his camera into use and he gets a hundred pictures in less time than it would take him to draw one. The professors too find it very useful to employ lantern slides to illustrate their lectures and the students find an interest created and a real difficulty in following the lectures eliminated, by the slides.

Art students find it very helpful in copying old masters, for old masters are not within reach of everyone. To such, and they are a numerous class, true renderings by photographic means are invaluable.

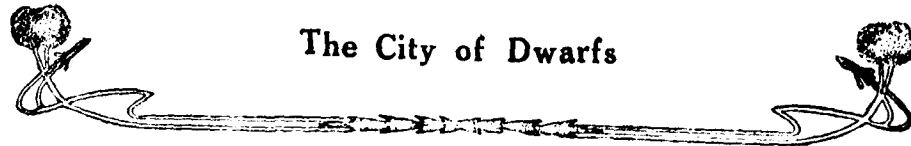
To engineers again, the difficult task of building dams, bridging rivers, cutting tunnels, opening mines and establishing colossal plants of machinery are all made easy by photography. Helping humanity is the doctor's motto and he is helped in his profession by photography. Detectives make use of it in the course of their work and the lawyer is aided by it in clearing up innocent men of imputed crimes, or bringing really bad men to book.

Well, the utility is all right, but what about the cost? some may say. It is not after all so costly as many people think. Cameras and photographic materials in general have become so cheap nowadays that it is within reach of almost anybody. It seems incredible when one hears that a camera which yields really good pictures can be had for the paltry sum of 8 rupees or so.

Many people again are under the impression that only costly cameras give good results. Sometimes a cheap camera gives better pictures than a costly one. Each camera has its own limitations and if one understands those of his own particular camera and keeps within them, he is sure to get results that will please himself and astonish others. There are a host who believe that they will have to master a lot of literature on the subject before they can have a camera and be able to use it. Nothing of the kind. You simply walk into the shop and take the best camera you can afford, without being too fastidious in your choice, and read the pamphlet of instructions given with it. If only you follow those instructions intelligently, you cannot manage to fail. Photography has been so far simplified at the present day that the man in the street can become one of its votaries without any trouble. An American author has declared the practice of modern photography to be "as easy as falling off a log!" and he said that more than twenty years ago. How much easier should it be now!

Its fascination, its utility and its general interest is sure to attract people of all climes and times and already we see signs of a popular recognition of its merits, in the ever increasing number of cameras that make their appearance at any gathering of some importance. Whereas during the first decade of its existence photographers were numbered by tens, and even for the next quarter of a century by hundreds only, the camera now counts its votaries by the thousand, and has become a familiar object. Indeed it is not too much to say that the time is not far distant when the truth of the saying of a distinguished photographer of old that "the camera will one day be found as necessary for a man as his pocket handkerchief or watch", will be realised.

C. A. RAJAGOPALAN.



The City of Dwarfs

We were rushing past the Palghat Gap, admiring the magnificent scenery, which Nature has showered forth so plentifully on this wonder-spot of earth. This place had its attractions for me from earliest times—those sombre hills with the majestic clouds sailing past them, glittering under the rays of the evening sun; and these followed by dense interminable forests, through which the train heaves its way, like a man that has toiled all day longing for rest. I had often wondered why the train would not stop in the middle,—instead of having a straight run from Olavakot to Podanur,—and give an opportunity to the passengers to penetrate the forest depths. One may easily laugh at the idea; but the weird fascination of the place was irresistible to me.

To-day my wishes seemed to be fulfilled; for the train suddenly stopped at one of these places, where the forest trees grew thickest; and before anybody knew why, I found myself walking through the thickset clusters, with no one beside me, but my trusty walking-stick. I do not know at present, for how many days I roamed about without food and rest, meeting with adventures that are common in any forest; but at the end of a certain period, I saw the woods clearing gradually, disclosing a few house-tops in the distance. This acted as a powerful tonic on my drooping spirits; for I was yearning to see some human habitation after a wearisome life of wandering in the forests.

It was not, however, a mere colony of wild tribes that I was fated to come across; but a city, a live city presenting everywhere the spectacle of a gala day, from the dress of its inhabitants to the decorations of the street walls. But one thing struck me as very strange—that no human being was taller than my walking stick. The guards at the entrance had looked on me with amazement; and for a time had refused to admit me within the city walls. But the king had passed orders that on this festive occasion no one who looked like a man should be denied admission. This order saved me; and I entered the city, wondering what sort of people it could be, into whose hands I had fallen.

It is needless to say that the entire build of the city was in accordance with the dimensions of its people. The houses were neat and artistic; but were so small that I could barely stand erect in most of them. Lovely little gardens with roses as large as a silver rupee, fruits big and small, swimming tanks built with the most exquisite marble, well-kept parks and avenues,—these and a hundred other pretty things

pointed towards a highly developed sense of the artistic. One could have barely dreamt that the heart of the forest would contain such an abundance of civilisation.

I attracted considerable attention immediately. People began to surround me on all sides and put me all sorts of questions. Who was the strange man, twice as tall as the tallest among them? From what strange land did he drop in? Did the world contain such queer realities? It began to dawn on me gradually that these were not dwarfs in body merely, but dwarfs in mind also. Was I a second Gulliver destined to stalk abroad like a giant among a race of pigmies? The mental vision of these people seemed to have been so warped as to exclude the possibility of life any where except within a narrow area of a ten-mile radius. They were the chosen people of God destined for ever to live on this chosen spot of earth. They were the universe and the universe was the city of dwarfs.

With these ideas ingrained in their minds for centuries, it was no wonder that they looked upon me as a piece of miracle. I should have been the centre of a still bigger crowd, had not the festivities drawn away a large number of people. They were, I understood, celebrating the 'Festival of the Birth of Man', which they held annually. Huge meetings, attended with spectacular demonstrations, were being addressed by priests and such other religious authorities, to explain to the masses, the significance of the festival. I hurried to one of these meetings, and gathered the following information as to the birth of man, which I shall give in the words of the priest himself.

"The Lord of Heaven, many centuries back, created first the vegetable kingdom, following that the birds and the beasts and then wondered who should rule this world. He thought for two days and two nights and then to him came 'The Idea'. Chopping off the branch of a tree, barely three feet in length, He planted it straight in the soil, covered its top with a cocoanut shell and watered it twice daily, waving his magic wand above it each time. For four days did he do so; and on the fifth, there sprang out a live being who could talk and walk and to him said the Lord, 'Thou shalt rule the world—this chosen spot of mine and then shalt multiply into my chosen race.'"

There was a dead silence; the people bowed low to the creator in the person of the priest. He had told them the highest truth. But hilarity broke out again all too soon and some rushed towards me and snatched my stick, planted it in the ground and imitated the action of the creator.

All this did not continue long. Suddenly there leapt to the forum, a man who looked taller than the rest and began to harangue in a most violent manner. "It is all false" said he, "all that this priest, this liar has

told you. Man as he is to-day, is not the finished product of a week's labour. It has taken millions of years for man to grow thus. And do not for a moment be under the delusion that you are the only people living or that this is the one place that sustains life. You have refused to enlarge your vision and take in new knowledge—and the result you see is this dwarf-mind and this dwarf-body." And then pointing to me, "Look at our new friend here; would you, on seeing him deny the existence of life elsewhere or that it is impossible for us to grow further." The speech was often interrupted, and there were frequent cries 'Down with the man', 'Down with him for heresy', 'He has forsworn his God'. And he had to end therefore with the warning "Look here, I prophesy, if you go on at this rate, you will be a God-forsaken people and your city, ere long, will be a desert."

No sooner had he finished than he was hand-cuffed by the king's policemen and charged with heresy, for poisoning the minds of the people and marring the festivities of the greatest festival in the land. It was a summary trial that the poor man had; he was sentenced to two months' hard labour.

I should certainly have been the royal guest during all my stay here, had I not associated myself with this unfortunate man. He had risen superior to his education and environments; and for *this* he had to suffer. I visited him often in prison, availing myself of the courtesy so profusely shown to me as a stranger, and had long talks with him. What a pity that his people should have ceased to grow at all—that was the burden of his song. He thought of an intense campaign to propagate his views, the moment he was released; and I promised him my active assistance.

Two months passed by quickly; and to-day we were to address a monster gathering on the 'Real Story of Man'. My friend spoke with his usual vehemence born of conviction. He was alternately cheered and condemned—a sufficient indication of the fact that the people caught nothing of what he said. When my turn came next, I began by pointing out that utterances in religious books had their own proper place: but when we came to science, we had to start with a clean mind, cleared of its prejudices and prepossessions. I assured them that we in our country had similar stories as to how man was first created; but that we restricted them to their narrow region, and set about discovering truth with an absolutely open mind.

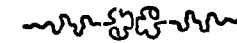
I had barely finished before both of us were arrested and brought before the king. This time it was a condign punishment that was to be awarded to us. We were sentenced to death, which in this land, was accomplished by an instrument very much like the guillotine. My friend received the sentence calmly; but I thought of appealing to the British Government to save me from the savages. But where was it—the British

Government—in these wilds? So then, did I come to this strange land to lay down my life for nothing? Was this the reward for carrying the torch of reason to the dark corners of the world? Ah!

The day of execution drew near. I was horrified at the change that had taken place in me in those few days; but that mattered little. I had to undergo a far greater change in a much shorter time. I was shown the 'guillotine'—and all the hideous apparatus of death. I saw it all. . . . I fainted.

When I recovered, I saw before me no dwarfs, no 'guillotine', but the surgeon's knife in the Podanur hospital, ready to operate on one of my wounds, which I was told I had received in the now notorious train-smash.

H. S. KAMATH.



Everything has two handles, one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother sin against you lay not hold of it by the handle of his injustice, for by that it may not be borne: but rather by this, that he is your brother, the comrade of your youth; and thus you will lay hold on it so that it may be borne.

Epictetus.





Reminiscences



MR. H. S. DUNCAN, M.A.

One fine morning, a spirit of restlessness was upon the Presidency College; there was a commotion and an uproar. Batches of students were seen dashing to and fro along the high, arched corridors of the college that grimly resounded to the noise. Even the denizens of the laboratory were out on that day. The scene reminded one of the opening scene in "Julius Caesar". All this was because the students wanted a holiday in honour of the release of Mahatma Gandhi from prison. The big English Lecture hall, where the huge B.A. class was having its lecture, was the very centre of the storm. The presiding Professor was soon rendered helpless. I stood by wondering what would happen next. Somebody whispered that the Principal would rush out and scold the students and bring the "ring-leaders" to book! Just then, a tall and graceful figure with a crest of silvery hair emerged from a room and composedly walked up to the storm-centre. There was no rage on his brow; a smile was on his lips. Silently he entered the hall and stood facing the students with his genial smile. Instantly, there fell a hush on the college; and order returned with it.

This was, in fact, Mr. Duncan's characteristic way of ruling; indeed he ruled so little that he ruled so well! How far Mr. Duncan was actuated by Herbert Spencer's doctrine of "Natural Reaction" or by Darwin's new system of instruction, I cannot tell. But there is no doubting the fact that he regarded the college as a republic in the making, voluntarily restricting much of his function to sympathetic supervision and guidance. The disciplinary side of the college life was largely transferred to the keeping of the students' own conscience and the rod was uniformly spared. He allowed the college union society to elect its own secretaries and executive committee by regular ballot; and he encouraged the numerous College Associations to spring into life in startling numbers. As a result, the beginning of the academic year in the Presidency College is marked by the temporary din and bustle of the electioneering campaigns, by the blow of the bugle and the flow of handbills!

Even in the class room Mr. Duncan was for "guiding" rather than for "instructing". My personal experience is with his lectures on Shakespeare. He always took pains to note down at home the salient points pertaining to the text as well as the necessary references for comment and criticism. Mr. Duncan's lectures were by no means "learned" though full of learning; nor were they by any means "exhaustive" though they never lacked in thoroughness. Mr. Duncan was always a conservative

in interpreting the dubious passages of Shakespeare. He would rather sift and present what the standard annotators had to say on the matter than try to place an independent construction of his own. While lecturing, he never attempted at producing an effect. Singularly free from the accompaniment of all gesticulations, his voice flowed forth like the slow waters of a river on level ground. Mr. Duncan did not very much mind whether the students took care to take down his lectures or contented themselves with day-dreaming with wide open eyes. Like the sower in the parable, he would go on sowing; the seeds that fell on soft ground would germinate, while those that fell upon rock would but feed the ravens!

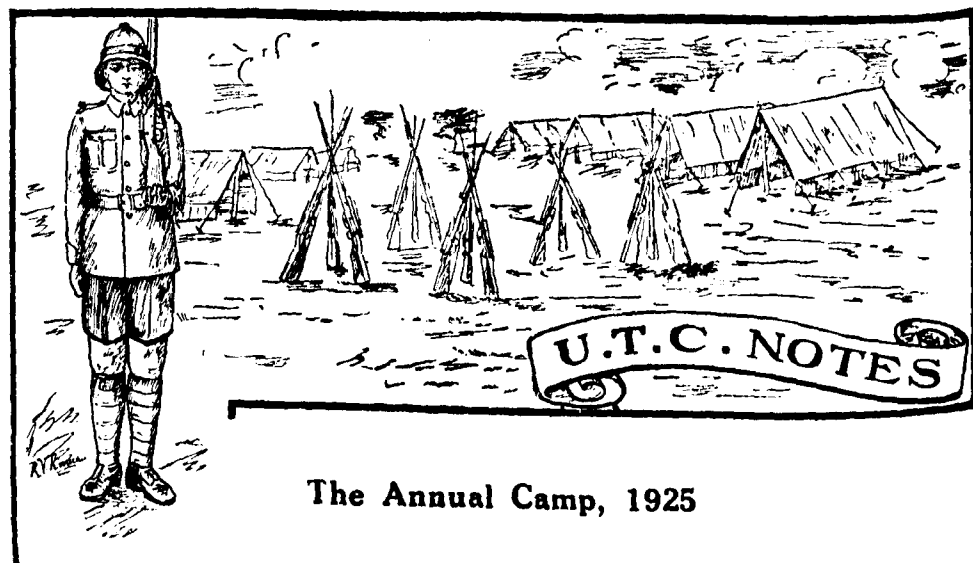
I wonder if Mr. Duncan was ever a sportsman in the strict sense of the term, yet he always took a personal interest in the games and sports of his college students. I have often observed him walk up to the grounds to watch the fortunes of a match or tournament in which the college was a party. He would call the college team individually to him before the commencement of the match and enhearten them saying in effect:

"Play up, play up, and play the game". And when the victory was with the college, the next day was sure to be a partial holiday!

No one who has at any time come in contact with Mr. Duncan will ever forget his extremely kind nature. He used to forgive the misbehaved and the defaulting students more than "seven times." At considerable personal inconvenience, he always took delight in complying with the students' request to attend meetings or "parties" organised under the auspices of the College Associations. At the time of his retirement from the college, an enormous strain was put upon this quality of his in the shape of numerous farewell parties—sometimes at the rate of more than one a day. Mr. Duncan, however, found time and convenience to oblige his students, who now, in his retirement at home, wish him a long life of unbroken happiness and prosperity!

M. K. S.





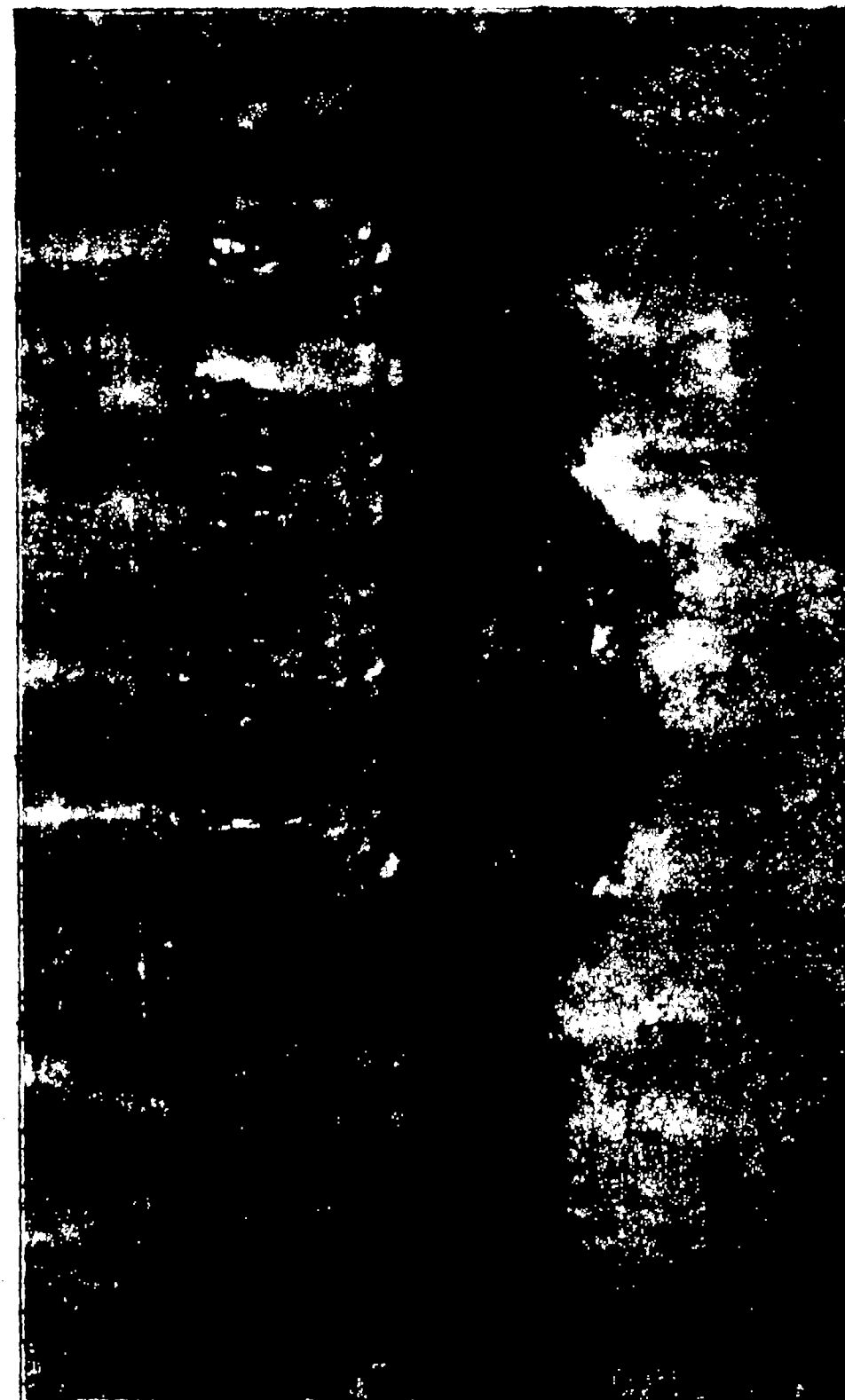
The Annual Camp, 1925

Each succeeding year has shown the popularity of the U. T. C. going up by tremendous leaps. Undoubtedly, the annual training camp extending over a fortnight is one of the prime attractions which draw college students by the score to apply for recruitment. The muster rolls of this year's camp bear mute but eloquent testimony to the rising tide of enthusiasm, to the increasing appreciation by the members of the Corps of the training imparted during those fourteen days. A comparison of statistics shows a 50 per cent. increase in this camp over the attendance in the previous year.

As in the first two years, Agram plain in Bangalore was the site first decided upon for our camp, and tents were actually pitched there for that purpose. But the forces of nature got into play to upset the intentions of the Commandant—a violent thunderstorm blew down the tents three days before our camp was timed to begin. Necessity therefore compelled Headquarters to turn their attention to the Pekin Barracks near by, which fortunately happened to be partly unoccupied. A few tents were hastily pitched just alongside of the barracks, and so it came about that some dwelt under canvas for all the fourteen days, while some were safely sheltered by brick and mortar walls. Most of the men who had the fortune to attend one of the previous camps on Agram plain were inclined to be a little bit disappointed at this unexpected change, but consoled themselves with the philosophical truth that it could not be helped.

From the very beginning the temper of the "E" Company towards the camp manifested itself in a very high percentage of attendance. We were all housed in tents, except a few who had to be turned into the

'E' COMPANY U. T. C. GUARD OF HONOUR TO H. E. THE CHANCELLOR.



barracks for want of sleeping-room in the tents. The majority preferred life under canvas; there was something romantic about it, something so utterly different from our ordinary life; and moreover the barracks took away from the interest which arises from strangeness. Of course, there were also those who preferred to trust themselves to the safer shelter offered by a stone building against possible storms and rains; and events were not wanting to confirm the conviction of these "barrack-room dwellers" in their own superior wisdom, incidents like one or two heavy down-pours of a night and the consequent drenching of a few unfortunate beings who had either neglected to fasten their tent-flaps properly or who had the signal misfortune of being the inmates of a leaking tent. One had to take such things as all in the day's run and it is really pleasant to remember that one did so.

Life was none too easy—as we ordinarily understand the meaning of the word—in the camp, not a mere matter of eating and sleeping. We had to do men's work there and sometimes the strain was only just not too great. Parade for about 2 hours in the morning from 7 o'clock, parade for about 1½ hours in the evening from 3 P.M., half-an-hour's rifle-cleaning somewhere about midday, that is a general summary of our daily training in camp. But it was not one round of never-varying monotony; our interest never flagged when interesting tactical exercises sometimes replaced the usual routine of arms-drill, and we learnt to look forward to the pleasant evenings after supper when the swift hours slipped by unnoticed in the attention displayed in a boxing match, a torchlight tattoo or a camp concert. The strain of arms-drill was sometimes very great but the very fact that the men underwent it bears sufficient testimony to their grit and to the wonderful way in which they had learnt to undergo discipline.

The men were always on the look-out for suitable objects on which to expend the boisterous enthusiasm with which most of them seemed to be inspired and the mess with Kelu Nair's army of cooks often enabled the junior N.C.O's to practise giving words of command. Each day's mess invariably opened with the command to the "Mutton-Sergeant" to 'get on parade!'

The rigour of military discipline enforced the rule of "Lights out at 9.45", but sometimes situations arose over which rules and regulations had no apparent control. Such was the discovery of a cobra outside a "C" Coy. tent by the Orderly Officer on his rounds a quarter of an hour after the tattoo had been sounded, and the consequent hubbub until a hockey stick gave it the quietus. Another night—the "E" Coy. guard was on duty that night—the fire-alarm was very nearly given, and would have been given if the fire, which was outside our boundaries, had not been quickly extinguished.

Speaking of the "E" Coy. guard reminds me of the prisoner over whom we had to mount guard, an unfortunate member of the U. T. C. sentenced to 48 hours solitary confinement in the small prison room for "insubordination to a N-C-O. and refusal to comply with a command". Such an unhappy occurrence is of course naturally and necessarily rare but it showed the insistence upon the immediate and complete compliance with orders demanded by military regulations.

One element which the Battalion had lacked in the previous camps was supplied by the presence in this camp of the U. T. C. band. The attraction and impressiveness of ceremonial parades was greatly enhanced by the presence of the "Adyar boys." I should not forget to mention here that the U. T. C. has now reached such a standard of excellence that over a hundred and twenty picked men, besides the band, were able to take part in the King's birthday parade, along with the regular troops.

The "E" Coy. deservedly pushed itself to the forefront in the camp. The "Infantry Training Manual" has wisely laid very great stress upon everything which tends to promote physical culture as a very important branch of the soldier's training and so we were justly proud when some of our men signally distinguished themselves in several of the items on the U. T. C. sports day and R. Q. M. S. Veerasinghe of our Company was presented with the championship prize he so richly deserved. Another proud day for the "E" Coy. was when we won the cross country Cup this year for the third time in succession. One can only echo the pardonable, consciously proud words of S. S. I. Whitney, "Keep it up, lads, keep it up!"

In the ceremonial drill competition, despite the fact that constant and whole-hearted practice had brought us to a high level of efficiency, we fared rather badly. Our anxiety then was about the Willingdon Shield for which we had all the while seemed to be in the run. That very night however the decision of the Willingdon Shield Committee was announced and it is unnecessary more than to refer to the tremendous cheering that followed the Commandant's pronouncement that, after due deliberation, it had been decided by the Committee to award the shield to "E" Coy. as the best all-round company for the year. It is unfortunate that certain measures of the Shield Committee should have given rise to a protest by "B" Coy.—the shield-holders of the previous year—that their claims had not been properly looked into. A special Committee appointed to look into the justification for such a protest, while modifying the procedure of the previous Committee, ratified its award and so the "E" Company holds the proud privilege of being the champion company of the Battalion.

Before I bring this account of our activities in camp to a close, I think it proper to speak of the mutual sympathy and understanding and

the hearty co-operation of the officers, N-C-O.'s, and men which enabled the Company to occupy the proud position it at present holds. The Company has lost the services of an able and enthusiastic officer by the departure from our midst of 2nd Lieutenant Gopala Iyer. We owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the indefatigable energy with which he worked us and worked with us and for the wonderful example he set us by banishing the terms "weary" or "tired" from his vocabulary.

Let us justify the faith of our officers and the faith of our instructor in us by taking to heart and practising the never-to-be forgotten advice to "keep it up lads, keep it up!"

* * * * *

As holders of the Willingdon Shield, our Company had the privilege of providing a guard of honour to H. E. the Chancellor of the University on the occasion of the Convocation on the 20th August 1925. The guard of honour, with the full complement of the U. T. C. band was under the command of our Company Commander Lieut. S. E. Runganadhan. His Excellency after inspecting the guards complimented them on their smart turn out.

Cpl. P. ACHUTHA MENON.





Vijaya



We met first at college. Something seemed to attract us one towards the other and soon we got introduced to each other. Then, one day he invited me to dinner (perhaps, he knew that the shortest cut to the heart is through the stomach) and we became fast friends.

It was nearly six months since I left Vijayaragu and I had not heard from him since then. Being the only child of his parents he was very much loved by them. He was a nice fellow, sometimes frightfully boring but still a good sort. Also, like many, he was a smoker; but unlike them he had, as somebody said, neither cigarettes nor matches but only the habit.

This was how I met him at last. He had, probably, come to Madras to spend some days. I had been out on business that morning, and was hurrying on my way home as it was already long past dinner time. My eyes suddenly fell on Vijaya (I always called him Vijaya) standing at the corner of a broad and busy road. I was going towards him when, all at once, he slipped and fell. He pulled himself up as I approached him.

"Hullo, Vijaya, hurt much?" I asked sympathetically. "So glad to see you at last." "Oh, not much," he replied, "but how awfully fortunate, I say. Thought you were no more." His mouth opened into a broad smile. He took my hand and shook it so violently that the joint at my shoulder seemed to snap—and for a few moments I saw blue. I determined, on the spot, never more to pity any one else except myself. For as Shakespeare would certainly have said if he had thought of it "He that pities another needs pity himself". Extricating my hand from his grasp I made an attempt at a happy smile; all that I could get at was a compromise between a smile and a scared and painful look.

Vijaya accompanied me to my lodgings. As we were walking on he began "I wish to visit the zoo this afternoon. A 'liger' born to a lion and a tigress seems to be a new arrival". "'Tis childish, Vijaya" I replied, "let us stay at home and spend an evening together". "Childish!" he grew indignant "stuff and nonsense. Nothing but the crystallised essence of nonsense. It's something worth visiting, apart from the biological interest that the 'liger' possesses. Come on, you fresh little thing; if you don't propose to come, I propose to drag you along with me." The warning had come; so I assented.

We reached my lodgings. When I was ready for dinner I invited Vijaya to dine with me. He never refused a meal when he could have it free, for there was always that in it which never failed to touch a

chord in him. So he said he wouldnt mind though he had taken his meal before coming out.

No sooner were we settled down than he made himself busy. He put not only his heart and soul into the business but both his hands; and before he could think of calling in the aid of his legs I reminded him that he had had enough to satisfy him. And it was only then that he made anything like a serious attempt to stop.

Going to my table, after meals, Vijaya took my cigarette packet, offered me a cigarette, took one himself and transferred the packet to his pocket. He flung himself into an easy chair. "Now, I'll tell you the news of our dear old college after you left us." I nodded. His eyelids drooped. "You remember, I told you once. . . ." he began. "Oh yes, I am quite sure I remember it, . . ." I put in, and left the room to get another easy chair. When I came back I was not a little surprised to see Vijaya already asleep, with the unlighted cigarette between his lips and the matchbox in one hand. Being rather tired myself, I stretched myself in the armchair and soon fell asleep.

When I awoke a surprise was in store for me. The confounded fellow was there dressed in my suit and new tie. The effect was quite comical. The trousers were too short for him, and showed part of his leg above the hose. They were also so tight for him that the stitches were drawn quite taut. The coat was in as grave a position of being torn as the trousers. His feet had been squeezed into the shoes.

Taking our afternoon tea we started for the Zoo. While passing by a restaurant I happened to look towards it. "There, you are thirsty. Don't deny it; come on, we'll have some coffee". "Not at all," I protested and before I could say anything more he dragged me in. Evidently, Vijaya was not going to be satisfied with the coffee, for hardly were we seated when he said, "Order the dishes". Asked what there was to be had, the waiter repeated such a long catalogue that by the time he came to the end of the list I forgot all the names. So I said, "Get everything for him and first some coffee for myself". Two names, which I remember because of their oddity, were "sweet khara bundhi" and "garam, garam ice drinks".

Vijaya was in his element when the dishes were before him. He began his narrative and soon warmed to his subject. He was telling me about his college magazine. He had been elected editor of it. "My congratulations, Mr. Editor; would you like to have anything else?" I asked. He had been eating for a long time. "I regret that owing to tremendous pressure upon my space, I cannot accept anything more", he replied absent-mindedly. He got up and heaved a long and heavy sigh. "Clink" and one of the buttons of his coat snapped and shot into one of the empty plates. I paid the bill and we came out.

Once in the open street he began his narrative again. We had not walked a hundred yards when Vijaya stopped. "I say, I feel so heavy and find it so difficult to breathe. Also the shoes bite." So we hailed a passing jutka. The sight of the horse was not in the least encouraging; but as there was no other conveyance available on the spot we got into it and proceeded.

Vijaya's narrative, like the bore's tale, had a beginning but did not seem to have an end. He was speaking on like a gramophone, and my attention was somewhere else. Suddenly he caught hold of my hand and asked "Now, what do you think of it?" I hardly knew what that 'it' was, but I managed to put in, "oh! well of course you were perfectly right." He continued the thread of his narrative.

Things went on smoothly for some time. But as we were turning round a corner, a motor-lorry passed with deafening hoots. This got on the nerves of the horse and it began to shew a sudden burst of energy, which it was all along conserving. It went up on its hind legs, kicked, fell down, started up and all that sort of thing. "Hang it, the magneto's again giving trouble," mused Vijaya absent-mindedly. No amount of whipping, shouting or patting cooled the spirits of the docile creature.

So as we got down and approached the Zoo, walking the rest of the distance, I caught Vijaya's sleeve. "Yes," he said, turning towards me, "What can I do for you." "For heaven's sake, Vijaya, don't let us hear any more of your story till we are home again. Such things don't agree with the constitution of these animals.

Vijaya was unusually silent the rest of the evening, and stayed with me for the night. At supper he was quite off colour. He ate very little and was absolutely dull, silent and stupid. Something, I feared, was going to happen.

We went to bed early. In the middle of the night Vijaya shook me violently. "Soon, get up, for god's sake" he was shouting. I jumped out of bed. "What, robber snake . . . ?" I said quite stupefied, "Get hold of a stick, belt, table, anything at hand and strike."

Catching a chair near by I raised it up. "No don't wait" he shouted "it's not that. For the last few minutes I have been feeling very empty in my inside.

"Do you think it will be necessary to take a few biscuits or some such thing." "Not at all," I replied firmly, remembering the freshly opened tin of biscuits on my shelf. "That is quite unnecessary."

I was no more disturbed that night, and Vijaya left early in the morning.

B. DEVA RAU.

A South Indian Sugar Factory

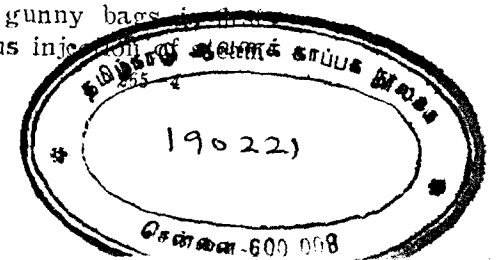
Excepting salt, perhaps the most widely used article of human diet is sugar. Its undoubted nutrient value when taken in moderate quantities to satisfy the needs of our animal economy and more particularly its characteristic sweetness of taste, create an unfailing demand for it and make it an exceedingly valuable commodity in the markets of the modern world. South India has an abundance of sugar producing vegetation in her waving palms of palmyra and cocoanut and in her less extensively cultivated sugarcane. But owing probably to the lack of capital and the spirit of industrial enterprise the factories engaged in the production of sugar are few in our Presidency.

At Nellikuppam, a small and little known village about one hundred and twelve miles to the south of Madras on the South Indian Railway, there is a factory belonging to Messrs. Parry & Co., devoted mainly to the manufacture of pure white sugar and the partial conversion thereof into those familiar varieties of cheap confectionery which are to be found for sale even in the remotest retail stalls in the depth of the country. The place itself has nothing to recommend it and does not attract either the casual wayfairer or the inquisitive tourist. It derives its importance solely from that industry which is located in it. As the train gradually approaches the place, one can get glimpses of titanic chimneys emitting volumes of black smoke defiling the pure country air, and of occasional green thickets of sugarcane which the ryots cultivate to feed the industry.

The main raw product which they use is crude palmyra jaggerie collected from all parts of the Presidency, by far the largest amount coming from the southern districts. The company has under its pay a well organised staff merely for collecting the raw stuff from the ryots of the palmyra growing districts and their agents are to be found in many of the jaggerie producing centres. In a shed of the factory several hundred bags of the brown treacle like substance oozing out through the coarse rushes of the gunny bags, are stored up and from this unpromising and uninviting stuff is derived that white crystalline substance with which we are all familiar and of which most of us are fond.

Though the efficient purification of the crude brown stuff requires elaborate machinery, the technical process is of no extraordinary complexity nor does it seem to require any great manipulative skill of the workers.

The foul smelling and evil looking stuff in the gunny bags is dissolved in water which is heated by the continuous injection of steam.



and the turbid solution produced—which in colour and general appearance bears a remarkable resemblance to the water of the Cooum or the Buckingham canal—is then filtered through enormous sieve tubes and got free from suspended debris. The brown dirty looking liquid is then pumped up to the top of a tall tower packed with bone charcoal—the product got by the carbonising of the bones of animals. This charcoal has the peculiar power of taking off the offending colour from the solution of crude sugar and of rendering it crystal clear, and with prompt hands applied science has seized it to do the necessary work of cleaning sugar. By the time the liquor from the top percolates through the layers of charcoal and reaches the bottom it undergoes a remarkable change of complexion—the dusty dark hue which excites contempt and repulsion is found to have given way to a paler and clearer colour which does not offend our sense of sight.

This clear liquid which in spite of its comparative clearness is still very 'thin' is next concentrated by evaporating in vacuum vessels—'in vacuo' as they would put it in the parlance of science. Enormous pumps are worked by power to create suction and maintain a partial vacuum in the vessels when the concentration is going on and when the concentration has reached a stage when on cooling beautiful clear crystals are deposited, it is allowed to flow down and cool. The thick falling crystalline masses are caught in cylindrical vessels which have peculiar sieve-like walls.

In the substance thus obtained we cannot yet recognise the fair crystalline sugar of the tea table, for a brown syrup still contaminates its purity and this unwelcome adherent has now to be literally shaken off. By suitable machinery the cylindrical sieves in which the sugar is received are caused to revolve round with tremendous velocity and the 'centrifugal' force thus called into play makes the liquid syrup flow out through the sieves, leaving our familiar friend clear and smiling in the cylinders, ready to be scooped out.

The brown syrup thus unceremoniously thrown off is by no means wasted, for in it sugar still lurks and by a very similar process a softer, more yellowish sugar of inferior variety is obtained.

We have thus followed the evolution of white sugar from its black origin—we have seen the black Ethiopian changing his skin and becoming lustrous white, a miraculous metamorphosis effected by the magic of applied science. We could with equal interest have followed it through still further changes by which its price is suddenly multiplied and by which it is given new forms and flavours and made to contribute to the aesthetic satisfaction of man in a more refined manner. But the sordid spirit of commercial jealousy bars our way to those secret places where

the sugar is made into cheap confectionery—the company is afraid of its trade secrets getting out and visitors are never allowed into the confectionery department.

An important and costly by-product of this sugar industry is alcohol—which can when properly employed be a very valuable fuel. Fuel is of vital importance to modern material civilisation since power is its pivot and power is derived from fuel. From the molasses remaining after the extraction of sugar both superior and inferior, by a process of fermentation and distillation, employing enormous vats and stills, many gallons of alcohol are also obtained.

It may also be of interest to many, most of us being addicted to the frequent use of aerated waters, to know that carbondioxide which is the gas dissolved under pressure in the water, giving it its well-known effervescent properties, is obtained from the fermenting vats and is compressed into steel cylinders for sale.

This soot laden, dull hued factory is really a remarkable place, for in that busy hive of industry is produced more than three hundred and fifty candies of sugar and many gallons of alcohol per day and the sweets produced there go to sweeten the many hundreds of infant mouths of a whole Presidency.

SCIENCE.





The late Sir P. Theagaroya Chetty



In the death, on the 28th of April last, of Sir Pitty Theagaroya Chetty, the Presidency College lost one of the oldest of her Old Boys, and the Presidency at large its Grand Old Man. Full of years and honour, leaving behind a splendid record of strenuous work of a most selfless character, Sir Theagaroya passed away in his seventy-third year, deeply mourned.

Born on the 27th April of 1852, in a well-to-do family known alike for its charity and benevolence, Sir P. Theagaroya Chetty took his B.A. degree in 1876 from the Presidency College, Madras. Few can say now what distinguished this remarkable man in his undergraduate days; but we may safely surmise that he was characterised by great independence of outlook. For, as soon as he passed out of the college, he successfully resisted the alluring temptation to seek office under Government. He began life as a merchant and carried on an extensive business in hides and skins. With the vision of a prophet Sir Theagaroya foresaw that the fostering and promoting of industries in India was the most urgent need of the country, and he set up a model weaving factory near his residence at Tondiarpet.

Sir P. Theagaroya was one of the earliest to point out that the system of education obtaining in India was not all in harmony with the needs of the country. Technical and industrial education was what he championed at almost every step of his life. In 1908, a Weaving Conference was held in the city of Madras, presiding over which Sir Pitty made a very vigorous plea for introducing what we now call 'vocational' training into all elementary and secondary schools so that "the annually recurring calamity of hundreds of students being sacrificed at the altar of University examinations" might be averted. He also put forward, on the same occasion, practical suggestions for developing the weaving industry. For several years he was on the Managing Committee of the Chengalvaraya Naicker's Technical Institute. He had been the President of the South Indian Chamber of Commerce ever since its inception. In 1914 when the Tenth Indian Industrial Conference held its session in Madras, he as the Chairman of the Reception Committee, made a speech full of practical ideas and ripe business experience which was widely commended. Earlier in the day, he it was that strongly contended, in the public meeting called to consider the form of memorial best fitted to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria, that it should take the form of a Technical Institute.

Sir Pitty came from the people and to the people he dedicated his life; he was a "people's man" through and through! Firmly believing

that our national ambitions could be realised only through the material and moral progress of the masses, he sought to supply the desideratum by healthy industrialism on the one hand and by the spread of education on the other. At a considerable cost, he maintained at Washermanpet a school for boys. For a long time he was one of the Trustees of the Pachaiyappa's Charities, in which capacity his enthusiasm for education on sound national lines found abundant scope for manifesting itself. Besides, Sir Theagaroya supported the education of many a poor student who was thus enabled to rise to a high position in after life.

Unique, in every sense, have been Sir Pitty's services to the city of Madras and equally unique have been the respect and regard in which the city held him. Nearly for half a century he laboured in the Corporation of Madras both as a member and as President. From the very beginning he stood boldly for the freedom of the Corporation from undue Government interference. When the old city Municipal Act was being framed, Sir Pitty thought it his duty to oppose it stoutly until the Act assumed a more liberal form. In the early stages of his life as a City Father, he was a fearless critic of the executive and in all matters of dispute between the Government and the Corporation, he resolutely stood by the Corporation. As the President of the premier Municipality of South India, he brought his ripe experience to bear upon the several problems confronting the administration of the city municipal affairs including the problem of the Coom. He was the first elected President of the Corporation and he commanded the respect and confidence of every wing of that body! Hence it was amidst a chorus of spontaneous eulogy proceeding from every corner of the House that Sir P. Theagaroya Chetty retired from the Corporation of Madras.

In the latter part of his life, Sir Pitty devoted his energies to the inauguration and popularisation of a great mass movement generally known as the Non-Brahmana movement. How he in conjunction with the late Dr. T. M. Nair, inaugurated the movement in the winter of 1916, how he broadcast the aims and aspirations of the movement throughout the Presidency through the medium of the press and by means of conferences, and how the party of which he was the leader came into power under the Montague Chelmsford scheme of reforms, are all matters of recent and current history. In launching forth the movement, Sir Theagaroya sought to bring up the backward classes in every respect into line with the upper classes by peaceful means, so that the national solidarity so essential for any scheme of self-government to work, may be established. He bade his sleeping countrymen to arise and be up and doing. He called the non-Brahmins to the fore, instilled self-respect and self-confidence into them and asked them to educate themselves so as to shoulder their share of the burden of the civic life of the country.

To this end he espoused "communal representation", to be followed until the existing gulf among the communities was bridged. So, communal representation was not adumbrated as a normal scheme of civic life in this Province, but only as a temporary measure for the purpose of establishing equality among the various communities.

Sir Theagaroya was always simple in his life, religious and devout. In society none was more genial. Winding up the Sheriff's public meeting called to devise means to perpetuate the memory of this great man, H. E. Viscount Goschen the Governor of Madras said, "I consider it a great privilege to be allowed to preside over this meeting to perpetuate the memory of one whom I claim as a personal friend, whose character I admired, whose society I enjoyed, and whose memory I shall ever cherish." A great patriot, and an unwearied and selfless worker, he laboured for the welfare of his fellow countrymen, and the memory of his life and work will remain an inspiring influence with them for many a year to come.

A. E.



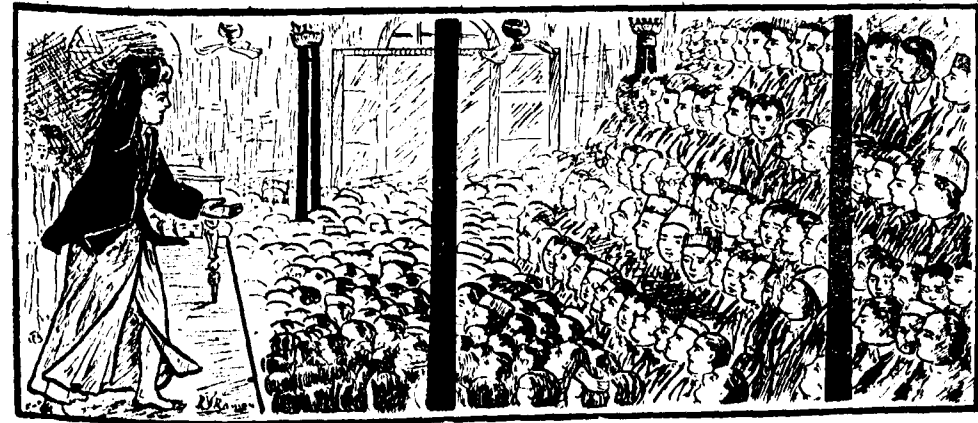
I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

I vow to thee, my country—all earthy things above—
 Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love.
 The love that asks no questions : the love that stands the test.
 That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best :
 The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
 The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.
 And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
 Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
 We may not count her armies : we may not see her King—
 Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
 And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
 And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

CECIL SPRING-RICE,



SIR P. THEAGAROYA CHETTY, KT.



College Societies

THE UNION SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

Although we are entirely at a loss to account for the sudden determination of a lady-student to contest what has, in this college, been considered from time immemorial a man's prerogative, yet we cannot help admiring and applauding her pluck and enterprise, and can but wish her the best of luck in her next attempt. Her action will certainly mark the year 1925 as a record year in the annals of the P.C.U.S.

There were certainly no signs to herald her entrance into the election lists until a couple of weeks before election-day. Up to that time the usual electioneering campaign was but just commencing, people met you at every turn and corner, before every class-room, with a bundle of printed slips, one of which they insisted upon your receiving. Soon, as a result of repeated doses of these slips, you found yourself with a little bundle of them and you began to contemplate the possibilities of putting in a yearly store of shaving-papers! Then suddenly the monotony was broken by the startling announcement that Miss R. R. was to stand for election, one of the three male candidates having stepped down in her favour. In the midst of the buzz of excitement we paused a few minutes to reflect upon the possible reasons for his action. What! To so easily relinquish such a glorious prospect as the P.C.U.S. Secretaryship with all its accompanying eclat! and as we paused to consider, some once familiar lines of Tennyson floated through our mind.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend,
On whom their favours fall.
For them we battle till the end—
But we digress.

This announcement, we are sure, set many a youthful heart throbbing excitedly. A lady candidate! Just fancy! And the ladies' corridor suddenly assumed an added attraction to students, one and all. Frequent habitues of the locality literally haunted the spot, while the till-now indifferent ones were moved to pass and repass more than once. And we would not care to guess at the emotions of any one of these romantic personages. A determination to strive their uttermost to return her triumphant, we are sure, formed part of them, but for the rest! ah! There we trespass.

Although momentarily nonplussed by this totally unexpected addition to their number, the two remaining candidates did not despair. The canvassing recommenced vigorously. More and yet more slips were printed, gaudy placards adorned every wall, while one even prepared a 'Manifesto', on reading which you felt, that if the author could but be trusted to perform faithfully all that he promised in it then he would be the Ideal Secretary! The lady candidate, although prevented from personally conducting her campaign, had no lack of willing and able canvassers.

At last the long-awaited day arrived, and with it, what excitement, what bustle! Small bands of ardent supporters scornfully ignored the attractions of 'lectures,' and resolutely determined to remain by their 'man' at this the most critical of moments. Liberally bedecking themselves with posters and slips, and arming themselves with packets of the latter, they took their stand outside the magic ring which comprised the polling-booth, and commenced operations. Small students were hustled and hustled up to the booth, the whole while receiving a heavy volley of "Vote For s—," which we are sure, often did more to confuse the luckless ones than to help them make up their minds. Bigger and brawnier voters were treated with more respect, and were gently steered towards the tables, receiving at the same time the same injunctions. As the day grew older, 'business' became brisker, and during momentary lulls in the procession of voters, canvassers wiped their heated brows and speculated upon the chances of their candidates. Back and forth swayed the fortunes of the polls. The sun rose higher and the air grew warmer. "Drinks or we perish" cried the canvassers, and drinks it was. Yet in the very act of guzzling the cool liquid, one paused to remind the spectators that his vote had not been bought by one anna's worth of sweetened and coloured water! Yet we wonder!

At this point the flagging spirits of all received a reviving fillip by the appearance of the fair candidate herself. Amid a breathless hush she polled her vote, and after lingering for a few minutes, took her departure. Yet her presence, momentary as it was, served to plunge her supporters, with renewed vigour, into the task of gaining votes. An outburst of

merriment at some distance from the polling-station now drew universal attention to the spot. A goat had been caught, and in spite of audible protests, a pink placard was hung around its neck, and a hurried snap was taken of this supporter of H. We leave it to our readers to judge of the amount of success this effort may have met with. But little remains to be told. The close of the voting saw H. heading the list with a huge majority, while the remaining male candidate made a distant second. The lady, in spite of the gallant efforts of her canvassers, failed badly. Again we are at a loss to account for this failure, in spite of the apparent enthusiasm with which her entrance had been greeted. There is no accounting however for the fickle choice of such a large electorate as the Presidency College students.

And in conclusion, let us call upon the two successful secretaries to exhibit during their tenure of office, an amount of energy and initiative which should justify their election. As Carlyle has it,

'A nation of flunkies elects flunkies as its leaders, and a nation of heroes, heroes.'

And so let them beware of condemning both themselves and us by the weight of their actions.

P. D. S.

* * * * *

The inaugural address of the Union Society for the current year was delivered on the 28th of August by Mr. A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., M.L.C., with Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A., the Principal, in the chair. The learned lecturer spoke on "Culture and commercialism in education" and pointed out that it was high time that the Indian universities also gave scope for the development of the commercial side of life *pari passu* with the cultural aspect of life. He paid an eloquent and well-deserved tribute to the ancient Indian Universities of Nala and Taxila, saying that those universities nourished culture unqualified and unlimited by considerations of country, race or creed. He then passed on to a survey of the pervading spirit of the western homes of culture from the point of view of a globe trotter that he claimed to be. He said from what he observed of the atmosphere and working of the renowned universities of Germany, France and England, he could not help inferring that an ever active and even aggressive nationalism was indirectly, nevertheless intensively, being instilled into the minds of undergraduates! Even the Americans were no exception; they too thought that the world's centre of gravity was in New York. The eloquent lecturer said "everywhere our country, our institutions, our civilization" dominated the culture as imparted in the European universities. Nor did he spare the aggressively

nationalistic tendencies of his own country. He pleaded that culture should be placed above country, colour or creed, embracing all knowledge and all experience.

Mr. Ramaswamy Mudaliar next said that in western countries, culture has made peace with commercialism and that their Universities were vying with one another in producing the best commercial talents! India, living as it does in such a world of commercial enterprise, has to fall in line with the other manufacturing nations of the world, if she wants to hold her own in the comity of nations. He criticised the present state of the Indian graduates—a state that could not but lead to unemployment! He hoped that the existing Universities as well as the Universities yet to spring into life would take note of this fundamental need of the hour.

The Chairman thanked Mr. Mudaliar for having kindly undertaken to spend a part of his busy time with them. He remarked that though the lecturer had readily consented not to bring in controversial matter, the latter's inferences about the aggressive nationalism of the western Universities were highly controversial! He assured the audience that his own experience at Oxford University was the very antithesis of the learned lecturer's observations. Throughout, the packed audience showed great liveliness and enthusiasm, if the vocal, manual and pedal activities manifested, could be taken as tokens thereof!

The inaugural address of the Mathematical Association was delivered by Dr. R. Vydiyanathaswami, F.R.S.E., the topic of the lecture being 'Mathematical research'. The lecture was of a highly philosophic nature.

Besides this, the society has already held two ordinary meetings, at one of which Mr. T. Vijayaraghavan, Madras University Research Scholar in Mathematics, spoke on "Some problems in the theory of numbers".

The society organised a social gathering in honour of the new graduates.

The inaugural meeting of the Physics Association came off on the 7th August when Captain T. W. Barnard of the Madras X Ray Institute delivered a lecture on that institute. During the course of the address he pointed out the enormous importance of electricity in modern medicine and its share in alleviating human suffering. Besides this, the society held one meeting for the discussion of Physical Science topics.

With the kind permission of the authorities the members of the society were enabled to visit the Government X Ray Institute, Madras.

The inaugural address of the Chemical Society was delivered by Mr. E. Barnes, B.Sc., of the Christian College on 30th July, 1925. The subject chosen being 'Allotropy', or the diversity of forms of particular elements, he spoke of the historic development of this branch of the study and explained the views on the subject current in the world of present day science. The society has also held two ordinary meetings for the discussion of scientific topics of chemical interest.

Side by side with these deliberative activities, the society has also organised excursions to places of scientific and technical interest. The society was at home to the new graduates of the year on August 22nd, this being the first occasion of its kind in the annals of the society.

The excursion party organised by the society visited the Sugar Factory of Messrs. Parry & Co., at Nellikuppam on 15th August and the Chrome Leather works at Pallavaram on the 1st September.

Dr. H. Parameswaran delivered the inaugural address of the Natural History Association on "Physics as applied to Natural Sciences," during the course of which he emphasised the fact that an adequate knowledge of Physical Science is necessary and useful for the intelligent investigation of animate Nature. Besides this, the society held three ordinary meetings for discussion of topics of geological and biological interest.

The society held a social gathering to meet the old boys and to congratulate those on whom the University had recently conferred degrees.

No excursions for purposes of scientific study have been made as yet, but places of zoological and botanical interest will be visited shortly.

The Karnataka Sabha was "At home", for the first time in its life, to the new graduates of the year and the inaugural address was delivered on the same occasion by Mr. M. D. Alasingarachar. Mr. H. Narayana Rao, retired Professor of Geology, Presidency College, presided over the function.

The inaugural address of the Malayalee Association was delivered by Mr. K. T. Chanthu Nambyar, B.A., B.L., of the Tellicherry Bar. The subject of the lecture was 'the pleasures of Malayalam literature' and during the course of it the lecturer pointed out the various kinds of literary felicities abounding in the works of the great poets of the language.

Office Bearers of College Societies, 1925-1926.**The Union Society***President :*

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Vice-Presidents :

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MR. M. SURYANARAYANA RAO, M.A.

Secretaries :

MOHAMED HAMIDUDDIN.

S. Y. KRISHNASWAMY.

The Natural History Association*President :*

MR. P. F. FYSON, M.A.

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MR. T. SHANKAR SINGH, M.A., M.Sc.

MR. E. EKAMBARAM, M.A., L.T.

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MISS S. JOSHUA.

A. S. MAHABALA RAO.

The Historical Association*President :*

MR. M. A. CANDETH, B.A., LL.B.

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The Philosophical Association*President :*

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MD. ABOO BAKER.

Editorial Notes

The Academic Council and the Council of affiliated colleges met in August for the first time under the presidency of the new Vice-Chancellor, Sir R. Venkataratnam. One of the most important resolutions placed before the former body for its acceptance was that a new optional branch entitled juris-prudence or Law be introduced as group seven for the B.A., Pass degree examination. We are glad that the resolution was referred to a committee for consideration and report. The fatal fascination for the study of Law is already so great in this country that its introduction into the Arts Colleges, will, we are afraid, swamp the interest in literary and scientific studies.

The Council appointed a Committee for working out the details regarding the organisation and management of a University institute of advanced oriental studies and research, which it is proposed to establish, and approved of certain amendments to the laws relating to the appointment of part-time teachers of the University, chosen from amongst the members of the staffs of the constituent and affiliated colleges.

The discussion on the Government Committee's resolution on the adoption of the vernaculars as media of instruction in the higher forms of secondary schools, was highly interesting, and we are glad that the amendment to make the use of the vernacular obligatory on all schools, was defeated. One has to remember that there are at least five chief vernacular languages in southern India. While every encouragement should be given to the use of the vernaculars in schools, it is neither desirable nor practicable to force it on institutions situated in areas which are not linguistically homogeneous.

There seems to be a regular epidemic of an aggressive type of despotism in academic matters at the present day. We hear of compulsory military training for students one day, the compulsory use of the vernaculars the next, and the compulsory segregation of women students in separate colleges, the third! We hope the disease will not spread.

The address delivered to the graduates admitted to degrees at the Convocation by Sir Murray Coutts-Trotter, was characterised by a clarity of thought and lucidity of expression, not often found in public utterances to-day. There is a great deal of confusion of thought, particularly in

regard to educational matters, and he did well in examining and expounding the import of certain terms, with a view to a clearer and deeper understanding of facts. He combated the narrowly utilitarian view that the function of a University was merely to enable a student to earn his living directly he passed its portals, and maintained that University education should secure width of interest and of outlook. He described the distinctive attitude of mind which a University training should aim at producing as the critical spirit. That this critical spirit need not necessarily be merely destructive or negative, he proved by a reference to the early Ionian Greeks who along with their Attic successors were the creators of the finest literature the world has ever produced.

While education should not neglect to fit a student for effective membership of the organised community to which he belongs, it should, at the same time, develop the higher side of his nature—train his judgment and broaden and strengthen his sympathies. This compatability of the useful and the liberal is nowhere better expressed than in the memorable words of Milton—"I call a compleat and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices both private and public of Peace and War."

* * * * *

We offer a hearty welcome to Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A., our new Principal. He is by no means a stranger to the College, as he was a Professor here for sixteen years, before he went out as a District Educational Officer. He returns to the College with a great deal of administrative experience, and we wish him every success in his new and responsible office.



History of the Presidency College IV.



The year 1857 marks the beginning of the third epoch in the history of the College. The new University of Madras was about to be established, and the course of study was henceforth to follow the lines laid down by the University, though for several years subjects were taught which found no place in the University curriculum.

At the beginning of the year, the fifth or highest class in the High School was transferred to the Senior or Collegiate department to this extent, that instead of being taught as hitherto by Masters, the pupils were henceforth to be taught by the Professors.

At the beginning of 1862 the two lowest classes of the High School were transferred to the Government Normal School, in pursuance of the policy, laid down at the beginning and already acted on in the transference of the Primary School in 1856, that the institution should eventually become purely a College.

In consequence of the University course for the B.A. degree having been extended from three to four years, an additional class was formed in the senior department in 1870.

At the time when the present University was founded, the College department comprised four regular Professorships: English Literature, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, History, and Logic and Moral Philosophy. In addition to these there was the post of Superintendent of vernacular studies, which though sometimes designated a Professorship, never held the status of the four Professorships mentioned above.

On the occasion of the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Joyes, the designation was changed in 1879 to that of "Superintendent of vernacular literature," a name which was thought to express better the nature of the duties attached to the appointment. When the College was further reorganized in 1884, and Assistant Professors were appointed, this designation ceased altogether, though the duties continued as before to be performed by a separate officer.

It has already been remarked that, though the officer who had charge of vernacular studies from 1856 was sometimes designated Professor of Sanskrit and Vernacular Literature, in point of fact, Sanskrit was not taught as a part of the curriculum. But as years passed by the importance of this language in higher education came to be increasingly felt, and measures began to be discussed for its introduction.

Two courses were open: either to teach this language through the medium of Pandits, as in the case of the vernacular languages, or to establish a chair of Sanskrit to be filled by a European scholar. Partly with a view to the more efficient teaching of the language, and partly with a view to bringing

to light and conserving the treasures of oriental literature scattered throughout the Presidency, it was decided to adopt the latter course; and accordingly in 1868 Mr. J. Pickford was appointed by the Secretary of State to be the first Professor of Sanskrit. Ill-health compelled him to resign in 1870, and his place was filled towards the close of 1872 by Dr. Oppert. That the movement in favour of providing for the teaching of Sanskrit was not due to a passing fancy is proved by the steady increase in the numbers taking up this language. By the year 1875 the classes had become so large and numerous that a Sanskrit Pandit had to be appointed to assist the Professor.

Meanwhile the interests of the vernacular and other languages had not been neglected. Malayalam was added to the curriculum in 1866, Kanarese in 1869, and Arabic, Persian and Urdu in 1872. The immediate occasion of the three last named languages being added was the transference to the College of the high school classes of the Madrasa i-Azam. Latin was added in 1890.

A chair of Physical Science was sanctioned by the Secretary of State in 1874, and early in the following year Dr. Wilson entered upon his duties. A chair of Biology was founded in 1885, and the teaching of General Biology and Zoology under Dr. Bourne was begun in 1886. In 1889 a Professorship of Physics was sanctioned, and Mr. Jones, who arrived towards the end of the year, formed classes at the beginning of 1890. In consequence of the institution of this chair, the designation of the chair of Physical Science was changed into that of Professor of Chemistry.

Owing to the small attendance, the Law class was placed in abeyance in 1870. It was re-opened in 1873. A Junior Professor was appointed at the beginning of 1884. At the beginning of 1890 the staff was further increased as a temporary arrangement. The sanction of the Secretary of State to the establishment of a separate Law College was received in 1891.

The system of holding an annual written examination, conducted either by outsiders, or by members of the staff in subjects other than those taught by them, was continued long after the founding of the present University. But the difficulty of obtaining competent persons, who could spare the time, was felt more and more, and at length became so great that it had to be abandoned. The examinations came to be conducted entirely by the staff, and to a large extent by the teachers examining their own classes in their own subjects. In 1894 a further change was made by the abolition of a formal annual examination of the classes going up to the University examinations. The award of Proficient's certificates was also discontinued, they having ceased to be valued by the students. The high school classes were also closed in this year.

A marble statue of Mr. Powell was presented to the College in 1878; and an oil painting of the late Mr. Thompson in 1895. Both these were gifts of friends and former pupils.

The question of providing proper accommodation for the Madras University had early engaged the attention of the President and Governors. The building rented in Egmore was fairly commodious, but being a rented house, the Board was liable to be called upon to vacate it on short notice.

In 1843 the University Board addressed Government on the necessity of providing a building for the University. The rented building in Egmore was not considered to be sufficiently near the great centres of the population. To give it a building of its own would, it was urged, tend to attract public confidence and give stability and popularity to the institution. In 1855 proposals were under consideration for the erection of a building to accommodate the Madras University, including the Presidency College, as well as the school of Industrial Arts, a Public Library and Reading Room, and the Government Museum. Various considerations interfered to prevent the carrying out of the project of having the School of Industrial Arts, the Museum, and the Library and Reading Room in the same building as the College.

In 1864 designs for a building to accommodate the Presidency College and Senate House were called for. The prize of Rs. 3,000 which was offered for the best design was awarded to Mr. Chisholm. Eventually it was decided to erect the Senate House as a separate building at some distance from the College.

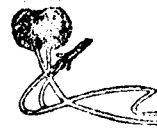
A contract for the College building alone was, therefore, entered into with Messrs Barnett and Ronnycastle. The foundation stone was laid by His Excellency Lord Napier in 1867.

On the 25th March 1870 the building was formally opened by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and the students transferred to it in the month of July following.

Chairs of Zoology and Geology were established in 1910, and a Chair of Botany was added in 1912. The Professorships of applied Mathematics and of Economics were sanctioned in 1920. Mr. Edmund Thompson, Principal of the College from 1862 to 1882, retired in the latter year and he was followed by Dr. David Duncan. Mr. G. H. Stuart succeeded Dr. Duncan as Principal in 1892, and he in turn was followed by Mr. J. B. Bilderbeck who was Head of the College from 1899 to 1906. On Mr. Bilderbeck's retirement, Sir Henry Stone became Principal in 1907, and he was succeeded by Mr. H. J. Allen in 1915. Mr. Allen's successor, Mr. H. S. Duncan retired in 1925.

The College is affiliated in arts to the University of Madras up to the standard of the Bachelor of Arts (Honours Degree) examination, and instruction is provided in all the branches (except in Branches VI and IX) of the course for that examination, and in all the groups for the B.A. (Pass) Degree examination.

The College staff consists of over fifty Professors, Assistant Professors and Pandits, and the number of students which has steadily increased in recent years, is now very near a thousand.



"Epistle Dedicatory"



THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE HOSTEL,
Triplicane.

To

The Students of the Presidency College.

My dear students,

I have taken the liberty of dedicating to you my "Introduction to the Bhagavad Gita," which Messrs. Ganesh and Co. are about to publish. My object in doing so is to call your attention to the type of character which the Gita seeks to produce. This great scripture reveals to us the type of a disciplined soul, calm and clear-sighted, to whom duty is the will of God to be carried out in selfless and fearless humility. It is my settled conviction that unless Hindu students understand this ideal and make an approximation to it in practical life, the Indian Renaissance, to which the present age is a witness, will be a poor and futile thing. The ideal of the Gita is all the more precious to us because, being removed as far as possible from the formalities of religion and applying itself to the realities of life, it exactly suits the needs of a renovated India. The Hindu student is particularly in need of a scripture which will be an ark of safety to him on the flood of social and political changes, which is rapidly removing all our old land-marks. For neither at home nor elsewhere is he taught anything which could give guidance to his spiritual life. The Hindu home has practically ceased to function as a living spiritual institution. Its discipline has become mechanical and its religion mere ceremonialism. It is therefore powerless to influence the growing spirits of to-day. I am afraid that for a long time it cannot resume its functions. Till our priesthood is enlightened and the adjustments demanded by the modern spirit are made in the Hindu religious belief and social structure, the home will have little educative value. And outside it, we have no organised Church or religious institutions of any kind that could supplement the secular instruction given in schools and colleges. So a young student who is spiritually inclined is thrown on his own resources. He is left unaided to pick up his religion in whatever way he could. No wonder therefore that a majority of the Hindu students are ridiculously ignorant of their religious tradition of which their countrymen are so proud. Their minds have no spiritual background. Their aims and aspirations have no scheme of life behind them. The culture that they acquire is often fatally divorced from all ethical values. And even their manners are sometimes devoid of the old-time sobriety and grace. Consequently

at the first touch of adversity their souls crumble down. And in moments of temptation they have nothing to fall back on. In later life, they will be easily subject to superstition and become slaves of custom. If they happen to possess any strength, they develop into obscurantists. But if they want to save themselves and their country from this state of things they should wake up early and make a serious study of religion, not for the sake of mere knowledge but with the intention of leading a true spiritual life. For this purpose they cannot choose a better guide than the author of the Gita who is one of the greatest sages that this country has produced. In trying to understand his message however, they should carefully avoid all metaphysical disquisitions and controversial niceties that have gathered round it and fix their eyes on the practical aim he had in view. What that aim is I have humbly tried to interpret in a way which all of you can understand. My booklet is, as it were, a small, private gate—not the main entrance—to the temple of God. You can easily enter the temple by this way without being overborne by the crowds that throng the main entrance. Therefore I call upon you and, through you, the students of other colleges to choose this way that leads unto Him "at the sight of whom all ties of the heart are broken, all doubts are destroyed and all sinful actions fade away."

Yours sincerely,
D. S. SARMA.





Cricket

Cricket attracts a fairly large number of players during the evenings. Not an evening passes without the nets being fully engaged from 4 to 6. P.M. In the week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday are set apart for senior practice, and Monday and Friday for the juniors. Indeed, there has been a regular rush of cricketeers and it is gratifying that even our second eleven is very strong with promising freshers as Venkatasubban, C. T. Rangaswami, Gopalakrishna Reddy, Stracey and Rajagopalan. In Pereira we look to a very useful wicket-keep and in Nayak, a steady batsman.

Our cricket programme will be full this year. We are having good fixtures for our 'A' and 'B' teams, including those with the M.U.C. and the M.C.C. Add to this, this year we are having the Duncan Memorial Cricket Tournament, in memory of our former Principal.

Coming now to the cricket matches hitherto played, we have been successful in both the matches, one with the Victoria Hostel Eleven on 9th August, and the Medicoes on the 15th. In the former, our side though strong enough for the Hostellites, was deprived of its normal strength by the absence of Veerasinghe, Reddy, and Devayya, while Nanjappa and Madhavan played for the Hostel Team. We topped with a score of 120 runs of which Rangaswamy scored a fine 41. With Jaganadhan, Ramachandran and Veeraraghavan bagging 6, 2, 2, wickets respectively, the Hostellites succumbed with 97, Nanjappa alone having to his credit 42 runs.

Coming to the match with the Medicoes, we secured 203 runs, with Kalyanaraman, Nanjappa and Veerasinghe fetching 53, 62 and 56 runs respectively. It was late in the evening when we got in the Medicoes to bat. Our fielding and steady bowling baffled them much, only Hensman

(28 runs) and Garson (22 runs) being able to make some stand. The bowling honours on our side that day fell to the credit of:—

A. A. Veerasinghe	...	...	2	wickets for 12 runs in 6 overs
V. G. Ramachandran	...	...	2	" " 13 " " 8 "
K. M. Madhavan	...	...	2	" " 19 " " 12 "
T. Colaco	...	...	1	wicket " 4 " " 6 "

So, when the Medicoes drew at 6 P.M., they had made only 65 runs with nine men out.

Sports Clubs

HOCKEY—Capt. K. M. Nanjappa.

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THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH SERIES.—Edited by Sir Henry Newbolt: Published by Messrs. Nelson & Sons. *The Tide of Time*; *Noble English 4 series*: *Approach to Chaucer*; *Approach to Spenser*; *Stories in verse*; *Stories in Prose*; *Sea-Life in Literature*; *The Greenwood*; *Essays*.

This new series under the general editorship of Sir Henry Newbolt aims at illustrating the way in which the recommendations of his committee on the teaching of English can be worked out in public schools in England. *The Tide of Time* is a remarkable anthology, but the most valuable part of it is the running commentary that links the selections together and exhibits them from the point of view of the poetic workman who studies the mechanism of poetic composition from within; how a particular stanza form comes to be chosen: how particular ideas persist; how various phrases repeat themselves from time to time, getting a fresh currency after the old stamp is pretty nearly worn out, and so forth. The *Approach* volumes are an admirable introduction to the particular poets and are models of sensible and intelligent guidance to the young student. The special topics like the *Greenwood*, *Sea Life*, etc., carry with them their own recommendation and are well-chosen and competently edited.

K.

ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA.—By F. Bowman, M.A.—Longmans Green & Co.

This is a first course in Algebra intended to enable the student to arrive as rapidly as possible at a stage when he can apply his knowledge to the problems of science and engineering. The subject matter corresponds roughly to the School Final and the greater part of the Intermediate courses. Special pains are taken to explain the rationale of the processes and the various pitfalls in the subject. The book will be found particularly useful to students who are unable to secure proper guidance.

The treatment of the purely theoretical parts of the book, such as the definition of negative numbers, their laws of combination, etc., admits of considerable improvement. To state that "the result of subtracting a larger number from a smaller is the numerical difference between them with the minus sign prefixed to it" may be a very good working rule but is hardly a satisfactory introduction to such numbers and leaves out the essential fact that they constitute a backward extension beyond zero of the natural number system. Here and elsewhere, the practical aim of the author casts its shadow on the theory.

Among the special features of the book must be mentioned a particularly good treatment of graphs, of equations of degree higher than the second, a chapter on infinite series and another on nomographs. There is a large variety and an unusually large number of examples accounting for the size of the book, and the general treatment is full and with a view to future applications.

The size of the book (636 pages) must be considered a point against it. The book would have been more welcome had it been issued in two parts or reduced to a more convenient size by abridgement of some of the chapters and the deletion of a large number of examples. When one remembers that the Indian school boy often carries his entire library to his school and back each day, the size of a book becomes an important consideration, even apart from its influence on its price.

A. N. RAO.

GROUNDWORK OF ECONOMICS.—By Radhakamal Mukherjee, M.A., Ph.D.—Longmans Green & Co., 1925.

Professor Radhakamal Mukherjee's *Groundwork of Economics* is a welcome addition to the exiguous list of text books on Indian Economics. The subject has been presented in an interesting and original manner. According to the author, economic life has to be viewed "as intimately bound up with a wider social life and with its framework of time-honoured institutions and modes of living". He has therefore refrained from planning his work on the severely theoretical lines adopted by western writers. One is relieved to note, for example, the absence of stereotyped sections on Consumption, Production, Distribution and Exchange. Instead, the author has dwelt at length on topics relevant to India and in one of the early chapters, after tracing the effects of geographical environment on land, he has ventured on an ingenious hypothesis connecting rice-cultivation and the sustained co-operative effort necessary for its production, with "the associated family life of India." There are also instructive chapters on the food-values of the chief items composing an ordinary Indian diet-sheet, as well as on the causes and consequences of "uneconomical holdings." The

most stimulating sections however are those on "rural reconstruction" and, "lines of economic development". Professor Mukherjee has very great faith in co-operation. He also thinks that the application of hydro electrical power to rural industries as in Sweden, Norway and Italy would open up fresh prospects to Indian cottage industries and communal workshops. He points out with force that village industries are still holding their own in Europe to-day, in Switzerland, Holland and Belgium and enters a caveat against "the lure of the city" and other evils consequent on "the new ordering of industrialism in India". The book is throughout enriched with valuable references to present day economic conditions in the world beyond India, particularly in Japan, and on the whole affords very interesting reading.

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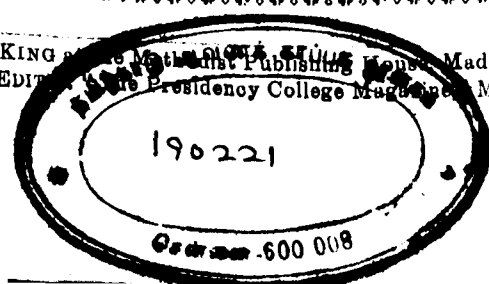
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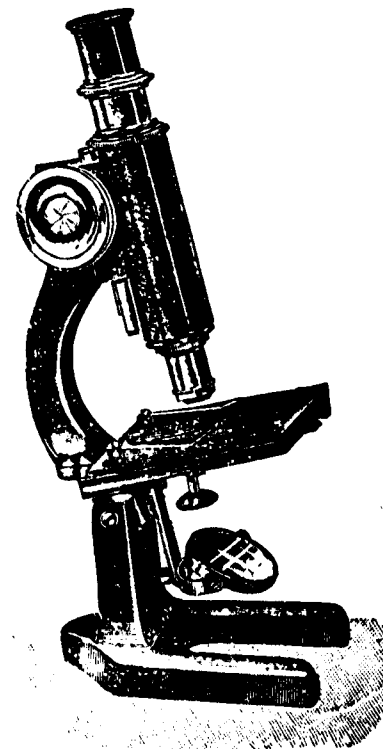
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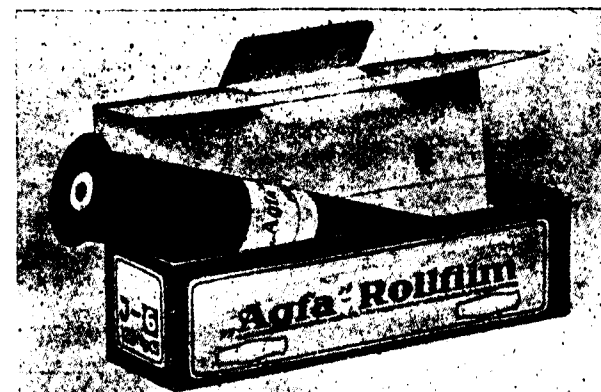
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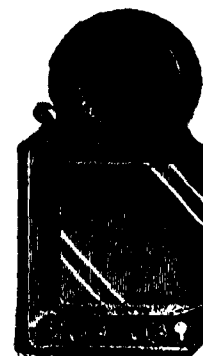
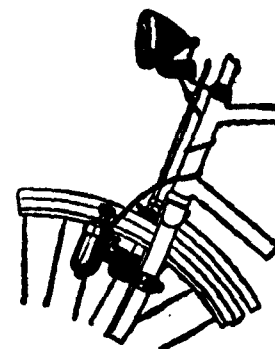
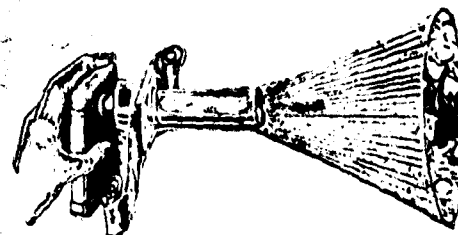
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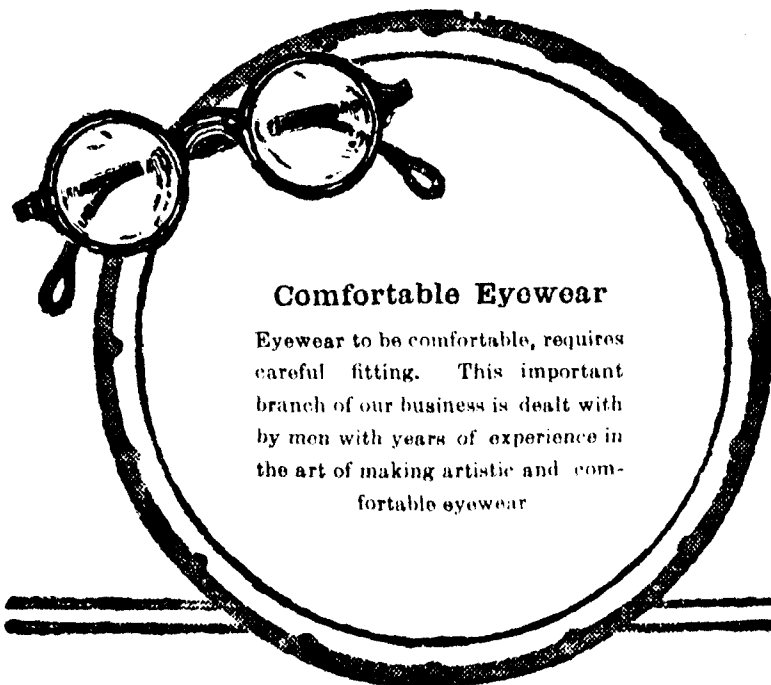


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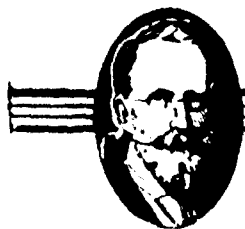
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