

The Presidency college

Magazine

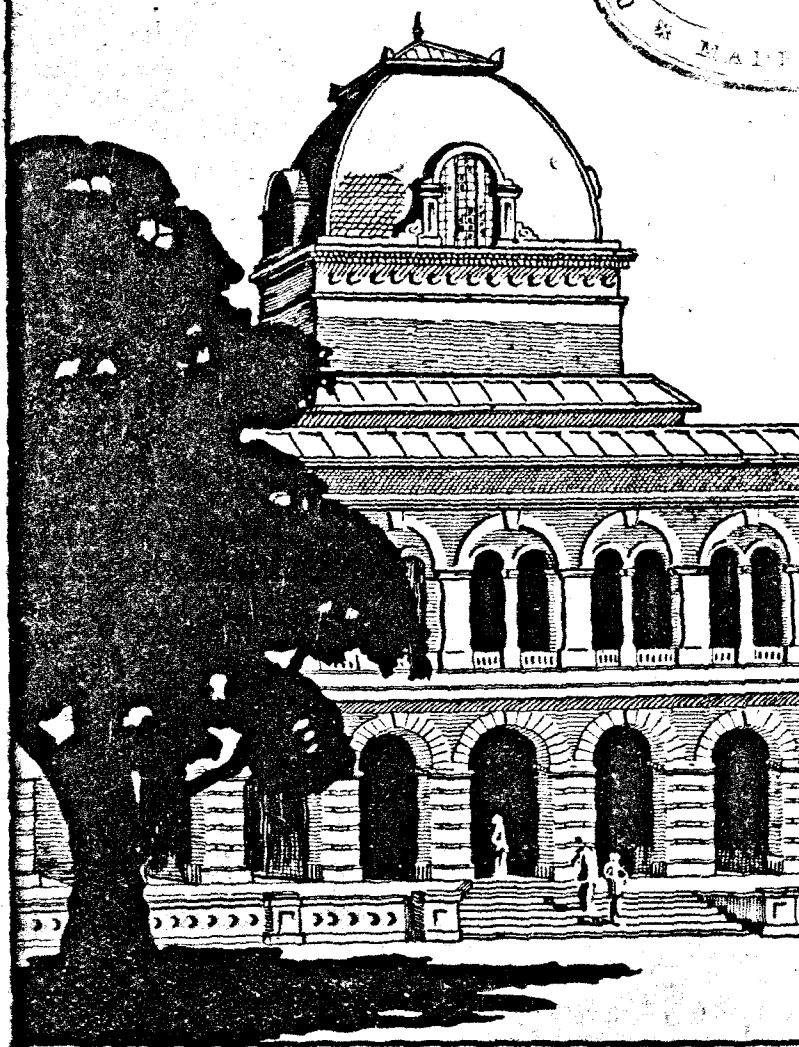
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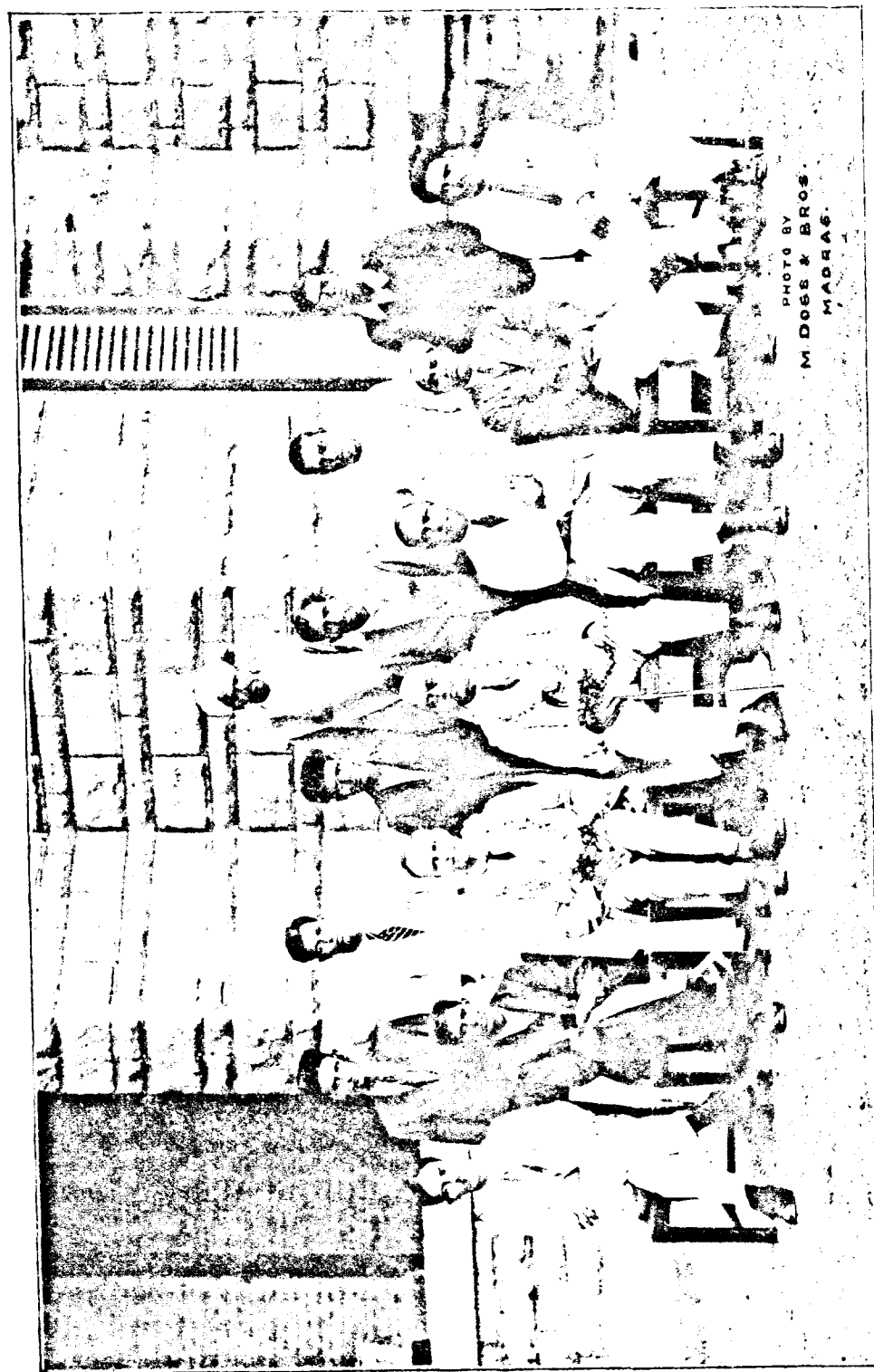
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(23RD. EDITION)



The Hon'ble Mr. S. R. Das with the Members of the College Union Committee.

The Presidency College Magazine

Editor.—S. E. RENGANADHAN, M.A.

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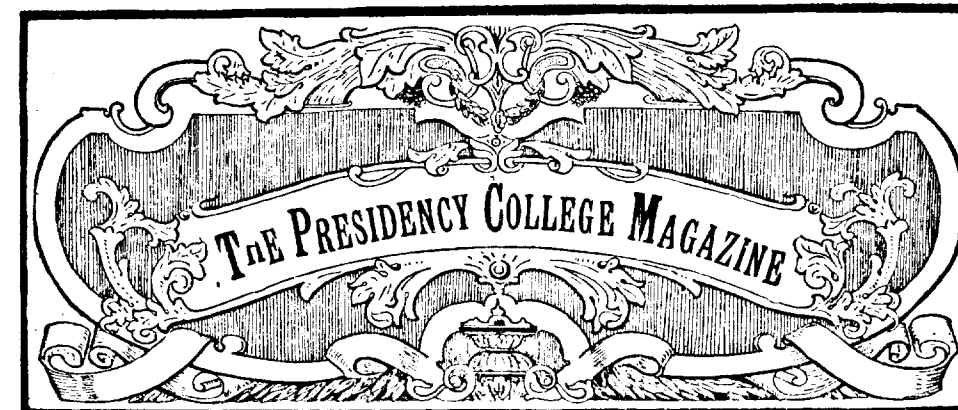
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Contributions to the Magazine from the Members of the Staff and the past and present students of the College will always be gladly received by the Editor.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor "Presidency College Magazine," Madras.



Vol. II

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International Women's Suffrage Alliance Congress, Paris

In speaking of the recent Congress at Paris of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, convened to secure enfranchisement for the women of all nations by the promotion of woman suffrage and such reforms as are necessary to establish a real equality of liberties, status and opportunities between men and women, I wish to lay emphasis particularly upon the feminists, and how they educated themselves to the task of becoming citizens to further their influence in public life. As an international and non-party organization, the Alliance has for its chief object, the obtaining of the political vote in the still un-enfranchised countries and generally to enhance the social and industrial well-being of different communities.

The aim of the international Women's Suffrage Alliance was to serve efficiently the cause of woman suffrage by inviting the representatives of nations who are already in the possession of this right to give an account of their experiences. It considers that the demand for votes by women is a demand of democracy and holds that all the members of a nation are worthy to practise their full rights of citizenship. After the war of 1914, everyone in Europe suddenly discovered himself or herself to be a democrat and a general wave of yearning for political equality and equal opportunities for women swept over the different countries. It was feared by some Governments, as in Holland, that revolutions would result if the right of vote was not accorded to women; and the women seized this opportunity to start a vigorous campaign in order to obtain the franchise and other reforms relating to questions like marriage, children, inheritance, and labour.

The women at work in the League of Nations and in the Alliance are by their knowledge of things and striking personalities well fitted to

but declared that which the people dimly knew". It was as if spiritual culture of the preceding periods slowly ripened and was broadcast throughout the land. Doctrinally all that Buddhism in India meant was the spreading of truth already known to the Brahmins among the democracy.

Buddhism, however, raised problems of its own. Some of them were so acute as to undermine the existence of Buddhism in India. Its agnosticism and its negations puzzled the masses, admitted to religious equality. It ended in the superstitions of the lower orders overwhelming the clear vision and the strong earnestness of the higher ones. Buddha's social organisation too could never be effective. The Buddhist Sangha withdrew the best part of the manhood of Magadha into monastic life, and the public life of the empire consequently suffered. Historians have even attributed the decline of the Mauryan Empire to the weakness of Buddhism as a social and political creed. As a matter of fact in after ages Magadha was for long known as "Vihara" or the land of the monasteries.

The Renaissance therefore which we are tracing was at once an answer to the problems of both the preceding ages and a further stage onward in the synthesis of Hindu thought. The Renaissance may be briefly described as the expansion of Brahmanism into Hinduism, the possession of a few becoming the religion of a nation, but that which is equally important is the manner in which the Renaissance carried out this expansion.

This great Hindu revival is best studied in the later recensions of the two great epics of India, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata with its heart's heart, the Bhagavad-Gita. For this reason this age has been called the Epic Age. These national epics, which had been in existence in rude forms for a long time preceding, attained their present "didactic form and setting" during the period which followed the great day of the Mauryas, and they were made the instruments of the Renaissance.

The Ramayana, to take the first of them, was a direct reaction to Buddhism. One single, central theme runs through the whole poem. Under Buddhist influence the monastic life had come to be so venerated that the flower of the nation had been drawn to it. The reaction gathered itself round a royal couple of Oudh who mingled in themselves all that was pure and best in monasticism with the joys and responsibilities of the home and the kingdom. The Mahabharata, older in its original, was later in point of date in being recast at this period. Both the poems were pruned and retouched and embellished with didactic matter till what was in the Upanishads was dovetailed into the conversations and dialogues in the two poems. Perhaps the most beautiful and poetical way in which this is done is exemplified in the dialogue in the Mahabharata famous as the Gita. Thus were the Vedas and the high philosophy of the Upanishads brought home to the masses and the gates of the temple thrown open to all. For no books have so formed the bone and marrow of daily thought and speech in India as these two epics, which from now became truly national from

the way in which they connected the divergent classes of India and the distant peoples with one another.

What, however, burnt itself deeply into the popular imagination was the characters in these two stories and the type each represented. The introduction of so many ideal types of character, some of them divine in origin, meant also a change in the conception of the Divinity. The highly abstract religion of the Vedas had to be made into a living reality for the masses. For them to rivet their code of morality round some divine figure, the conception of Ishwara and the Trinity was elaborated. It was only by a later process of differentiation that separate cults worshipping Siva and Vishnu as different aspects of the Trimurti took their origin and Brahma retired altogether from popular worship, for to-day there are no temples to Brahma.

Through all the changes however the essential conception of God as propounded in the Vedas never altered. The great impulse that generated from the personal magnetism of the Buddha found an idealisation in Siva, and early Hinduism gathered itself round him. Calm meditation, stirless prayer, endless knowledge, pity for all living beings became the essential attributes of Siva also. But the new Siva was identified not with the Buddha, but with the Rudra of the Vedas who had also the same characteristics. Siva came to be regarded as the Destroyer—destroyer of all darkness and impurity. The great prayer to Rudra in the Vedas became charged with an enormous amount of personal feeling:—

"From the Unreal lead us to the Real!
From Darkness lead us unto Light!
From Death lead us to Immortality!
Reach us through and through ourselves
And evermore protect us—Oh Thou Terrible!—
from ignorance,
By Thy sweet compassionate face!"

The Hindu Renaissance had its far-reaching effects on art, learning, and national solidarity. The swastika, the stupa or the funeral mound, and the tree, became the essential emblems of those who resolved to attain salvation by the path of detachment and knowledge. The temple, the lotus, and the sun at midday shining on all alike, represented in architecture those who would reach their goal by meditation and love and daily acts of pity and mercy. But the most striking monument of the Hindu Renaissance after the Mauryan age is to be found in the majestic caves of Elephanta, near Bombay. Carved out in rock, with a wealth of imagery and description, the central figure is a gigantic Trimurti. No one of the three holds the supreme place here. Siva, Vishnu and even Brahma, go to make up the figure of worship. Elephanta in point of fact perpetuates the synthesis of Hinduism. It is Hinduism after the Renaissance.

If we turned to other aspects of national life, we find the incident recorded of Patanjali, the great Sanskrit grammarian, attending the horse-sacrifice of Pushyamitra Sunga after worsting Menander. There was a revival not only of Hindu religion, but also of Hindu and Sanskrit scholarship. The movement now started which ended under the great Guptas making Sanskrit into the devanagari language. What is more interesting is the mention in the Mahabharata of its being repeated to Janamejaya at Taxila or to give its Sanskrit name, Takshasila. The very mention of the city calls up memories of the glories of Brahman scholarship, for the university of Takshasila was unrivalled in its fame and length of existence during the period of the seven ancient universities in India. Taxila has been rightly compared to the University of Cordova in mediaeval Europe. Just as Cordova united Moor, African, Arab, Jew and European, under the shadow of Taxila met Scythian and Tartar, Chinese and Hindu, Arab and Babylonian. "Taxila in her day", says sister Nivedita "was one of the focal points, one of the resonators, of Asiatic culture". On the highway between India and the rest of Asia, Taxila became a mother of universities. It was in this age also that Patanjali's "Yoga Aphorisms" was composed. Also in this period was elaborated the Code of Manu dispensing law and justice to the whole Hindu people.

The common streams of religious thought, worship, scholarship and architecture radiated in many directions and built up the whole of India into a unity. The religious centre of India, we may suppose, at this time was Benares. There probably was elaborated the idea of the Trimurti. But we find its architectural expression in Elephanta, hundreds of miles away. The dream dreamed in Benares is cut in rock in Bombay. What must be the unity of a country that could accomplish this! Sir Frederick Pollock in his "History of Political Science" describes Machiavelli as standing on the threshold of the European Renaissance. On the threshold of the Hindu Renaissance too stands a figure who has often been compared to Machiavelli—Chanakya. The united country could find a leader and guide in him, as did Chandragupta. The Hindu Renaissance too by welding the country into a unity made large political institutions possible. The religious unity which India now enjoyed bore its fruit when a century or two later the second great empire of India was built up by a man also called Chandragupta. For we must ever remember that the Renaissance we have been tracing reached its culmination in the golden days of the Guptas.

T. VIRARAGHAVAN.

A Tale of Chepauk

It was more than a hundred years ago. The newly built palace of the Nawab of the Carnatic in Chepauk was a stately pile with its domes and spires. The grounds of the palace which extended from the bar of the Coom right down to the southern end of what is now known as Lady Wenlock Park were dotted with fine groves of mango and palm, and the air was heavy with the scent of jasmine.

One summer evening, when the Nawab was away at Wallajabad and the sentries at the distant gates were asleep, Sriram had somehow managed to stray into the palace grounds unnoticed and found himself within a few yards of the main building.

He could from where he stood, see through the windows half a dozen girls in bright coloured *sarees* flitting about, and could distinguish two of them romping about and chasing one another round the room. His curiosity getting the better of his discretion, he drew stealthily closer to the palace and fixed his gaze on a window which was wide open. Suddenly a pretty girl hot and flushed with exercise rushed up to the window and leant against the sill with a bewitching smile.

Sriram stood entranced for a few moments and then was about to move forward in order to attract the attention of the girl, when she quickly withdrew and rejoined her companions. Sriram was bitterly disappointed but he suddenly realised the very dangerous situation in which he was. He lay hiding close to a big tree until it was quite dark, then crept along to the river's edge and after an hour's breathless effort made good his escape.

But though he got back safe home, he felt he was no longer free. He had fallen desperately in love with the girl he had seen and her charming face so haunted him night and day that he finally determined to get a glimpse of her again and, if possible, speak to her.

Casting about in his mind how best he could get into the palace grounds, a happy idea occurred to him. He had a long tuft of hair at the back of his head and if he could only grow his hair in front also, he could disguise himself as a woman and enter the palace without arousing any suspicion. So he started doing a hair drill morning, noon and night with the best oil he could obtain. When the hair on the forepart of his head had grown fairly long, he practised parting it in the centre and plaiting it. And at last when all the preparations for his great adventure were ready, Sriram sallied forth one evening dressed in a *saree* and carrying a basket of flowers for sale.

He managed to enter the great western gate of the palace unchallenged but as he approached the main building, he found to his dismay that his passage was barred by a large number of the troops, who had recently returned with the Nawab from Wallajabad. A group of these men gathered round the flower woman and began joking with her in their rough way. Sriram's disguise, alas, could not long survive their rude jests. A soldier who began stroking his cheeks detected the disguise and dealt him a severe blow on the head. He was immediately clapped in the guard room and the matter was reported to the Nawab.

Poor Sriram was marched up the following morning to the Dewana Khan, the audience chamber, where the Nawab was seated with some of his friends. As soon as the Nawab saw the thin weedy figure of the prisoner, he laughed heartily and asked the young man what he had come to steal from the palace—mangoes and pomegranates or the flowers in the garden.

But on Sriram maintaining a resolute silence, the Nawab's amusement turned into wrath. He sent for Ghouse Khan, the champion wrestler at his court and ordered him to take the prisoner to the roof of the palace, with his hands and legs tied, and fling him from there to the ground.

Ghouse Khan, a veritable son of Anak, strode forward and picking up Sriram by the scruff of his neck, went up to the roof and, swinging him to and fro, pitched him out as he would a rotten banana.

Flop!— Bang!— Thud!

Sriram, a clerk in the Board of Revenue Office, Chepauk, in the year of grace 1926, woke up with a start and found he had banged his forehead violently against the office table. As he wiped the perspiration from his face and felt the rising bump on his forehead, he realised he had been asleep and dreaming.

He picked up his turban which was on the table, adjusted it deftly on his head and was settling down to his work when he heard the Superintendent of his section, shout out to him "Sriram—Have you put up a note on the file relating to Ghouse Khan's petition? Please send it on to me before you leave office today."

Yes! There was the file on the table before him and he had been really hard at work on it on this sultry afternoon, looking up old and musty office records when he suddenly fell asleep. He glanced at the papers before him and recalled the facts of the case. Ghouse Khan, in the taluq of Tadpatri had applied to the Collector of Anantapur for the free gift of a plot of land on the score that he was related through his mother-in-law to Dawood Khan, a descendant of one of the Subadhars of Muhammad Ali, the eighth Nawab of the Carnatic. As Dawood Khan, who was receiving a Government pension had recently died, leaving no issue behind him, and

as Ghouse Khan was his next of kin, he prayed that Government might be pleased to grant him the land in lieu of a pension.

The Collector had forwarded the petition to the Board of Revenue for disposal, stating that he could not obtain any information as to the family history of Ghouse Khan.

The name of the petitioner brought to Sriram's shuddering recollection the gigantic figure of the Ghouse Khan of his dream.

With an energy and decision, unusual with Sriram, he dipped his pen in ink, and giving quite ar vicious jab to it, wrote the following note on the margin of the file:—

Dawood Khan, a military pensioner died in October 1925 without any issue. He was the only child of Mahfuz Khan, who was the first to obtain a pension from Government. The petitioner is not a close relative of the deceased Dawood Khan. He claims a connection with him only through his mother-in-law. In these circumstances, the free gift of land asked for by the petitioner cannot be granted to him.

Sriram carefully tied up the papers with red tape and sent the file on to the Superintendent of his section. And as he got up to leave the office, he caught sight of the open window to his right. It was that window which had often intrigued him in his vacant hours and had made him repeople the old palace building, now occupied by Government offices, with the figures of a vanished past. He looked intently at it now to make sure that the charming face he had seen there was nothing more than a dream. Then the other shadowy figure of Ghouse Khan, the Nawab's wrestler rose up before him, and with a slight shiver, he turned away from the window and walked briskly home.

S. E. R.





The Ideals of Youth



Though the title of this little contribution seems a bit high-sounding, I could not hit upon any other as fit to express briefly a few simple facts of life which we as youths have to know. Instead of wasting more words over any other introductory remarks, let me begin at once. Are you satisfied with the way you are leading your life at present? For my part I am in love with life and the varied pleasures I can enjoy in it, but am I satisfied to live as I do? Certainly not. We are steeped in a huge mass of conceit, artificiality, conventionality and frivolity. When will we ever be out of it? It does not require any Samsonian effort or some sudden revolution. If just each one of us makes up his or her mind to be honest, stripped of all conventions, what a really ideal youth he or she can make of himself or herself! Let us not have a false notion of things. It is conceit.

If you take pride in a thing, see that you contribute positively some definite bit of your energy to it. For instance—if you feel that you must heighten the reputation of the Association to which you belong, you must take some active part in its well being. You must be a conscientious member of it, paying in your subscriptions within the notified time instead of making the Secretary beg for it of you, and attending the meetings of your own accord instead of waiting to be coaxed to attend it by somebody else—and in short being loyal to it. Each one must depend upon himself and judge for himself how he shall act, and not wait for somebody else to set him an example. It is only by such small habits of punctuality and carefulness and voluntary contribution of your efforts that you can help your association. On the other hand, instead of doing this, if you just simply persist in asserting loudly to others that your association is the best, without yourself doing anything for it, and many others echo your sentiments—you are making a big make-believe of the affair. For, you and your friends perhaps have heard it said that your association is the best; you just take up the cry and forget that it will not continue to be the best by just drumming its fame without making any effort whatever to see that individually you are doing your share in it.

We talk of India's past glory, we talk of the prestige of the Presidency College, we talk of the greatness of the ancestors we are descended from and so forth. But how much are we ourselves contributing to keep up the glory, prestige and the greatness? Half our time is spent in frivolity and our young men to-day are more intent on studying the latest fashions in dress than in applying themselves diligently towards trying to understand the problems that have to be faced sometime, if

not now. In the history of every nation we find that it is the youths who always came to the rescue and saved their motherland in the greatest times of difficulty. But we Indian youths are still hibernating—unwilling to face realities as they are, and shirking responsibility as much as we can. It is high time we woke up and freed ourselves of this drowsiness.

All this comes out of living as we do, in an age of conventionality. Conventions have sapped the very essence of youth—and made us prematurely old, with a narrow and cynical outlook on life, and they have stunted free growth both physically and morally. Such a nature is quite contrary to youth. We want youths who are Titanic in build and Titanic in their broadness of mind. This we can look forward to only if there is unrestricted growth, and an open and free atmosphere. Therefore, scatter to the wind all forms of convention, and clear the way for fresh and vigorous life. By this I do not mean that you should run wild and commit all manner of unwarranted actions. But see how far you can live freely after your own manner of thinking, without disturbing seriously the equilibrium of the social life around you. Do not let rules and regulations rule you to the extent of checking all spontaneous and good impulses. If you feel that by going against a certain convention you will be acting for the best—or at least if no harm will come out of it—by all means break the convention. For society builds conventions for our betterment, not for hindering our progress, and if certain conventions have overstood their time, there is not the least reason why we should tolerate them. We have every right to do away with them, as we would dust off cob-webs.

It is a very simple affair to say "Break conventions", but we realize how difficult it is for us to actually do the deed. We have unconsciously woven them into our lives and to be freed of them is like letting a part of us go. But this is what we as youths have to learn. Let us do away with stupid age-worn conventions and artificialities that stand in our way and are of no help to us whatever; and if one pioneers to break it let us not damp his or her courage by heaping a mountain of abuse or scandal on him or her. Above all, respect the motive with which one ventures and give one the credit of goodness of feeling and sincerity of purpose always.

But in this connection we must remember that there is a difference between convention and tradition; often many confuse one with the other. While the one may hinder us from the realization of our ideal the other will show us the path to it. Tradition is made to be respected and conventions are made to be broken. But for all this, what our young men and women lack is boldness, and the spirit of risk and adventure. For example, take the unemployment problem among you. You would rather go through the routine of studying for a degree or some post graduate course which may not be of much use whatever to you later on, than strike a new path and experiment on your own behalf for other ways for employment.

Why not a group of unemployed young men start out to do manual labour in the fields or start a colony of agriculturists or anything that will give a really useful employment? It is because you are afraid you will be laughed at for a pack of unthinking foolish men. It is because you are afraid that your relatives will point the finger of scorn at you. But why should you mind all that as long as you know you are on the lookout for your life's work? You will say that it is not fair to let dependants on you suffer for your whims. But you are not making matters better by studying for the B.A. Anyhow the problem has to be faced—why not do it in an original manner instead of being like "dumb driven cattle", not knowing what is in store for you and living a moment to moment existence? The romantic and the adventurous instinct in you badly needs stirring. Do wake up and resolve to do anything in the face of the earth, and just see if you do not find life the pleasanter for it.

Of course, you are bound to get into many scrapes but laugh over them and you will feel that there is nothing like getting into scrapes. It gives more lightness and zest to life. Be bold, be brave, be cheerful, be hopeful, be honest, be everything noble your youth inspires you to be.

Every one of us must strain ourselves to the fullest extent of being ideal youths. It is of little use if one or two of us alone act up to the ideal. There is power only in joint and corporate action. If all young men were to join and say, "We are not going to be like blind sheep. We are going to set matters right and we ourselves will decide what is good for us and what is bad," who is there to say "No"? We youths form one of the most important factors in the world. If we do not know how to use our privilege—what stuff are we made of? Our business is to set right the wrong, and to enjoy the romance of life. With unity we could achieve great things.

I have every hope that youths are going to band themselves together and form the most influential voice in the country, to bring harmony where there is strife, comfort where there is sorrow, to weed out slavery and plant liberty and in short lay at the service of our motherland—all that we can do to the extent of our powers.

L. K. B.



School Days in Madras in the Seventies



To form a fairly accurate picture of Madras as it was in the early seventies of the last century, would, indeed, be a somewhat difficult task for the younger generation of today. Those were days when motor traction, and even the push bike, had not been evolved, nor the rickshaw imported from Japan. Boys who lived at some distance from their school had no motor cars, buses, or trams on which to travel in varying degrees of comfort and excitement. They came in small carts drawn by single bullocks, in jutkas, or in office perambulators on three wheels, propelled by a man; while the more wealthy drove in palanquin carriages drawn by one or two horses, or phaetons drawn by the fiery Pegu pony. The roads were quite safe for the pedestrian in those days: and the majority of the boys walked to school, some from distances of 3 or 4 miles. Tiffin was a more or less uncertain factor. A "water Brahman" was employed by the school to supply drinking water to the boys; and he also sold *vadais* and *murukku*. But Harrison's Restaurant had not yet come into existence, nor the Arya Bhavan nor Komala Vilas, nor even Krishnaiyar's Coffee Hotel where the hungry student could for a few annas make a good tiffin of *uppuma*, *iddli*, *bondas*, or *dosai*, washed down with hot and fragrant coffee.

Places of amusement there were none, to which the school-going population could resort, to the detriment alike of funds and studies: cinemas, theatres, circuses and the like were unknown. The People's Park with its rather poor collection of wild animals, and the Museum were the only places boys could visit by way of amusement. There were no daily papers hawked about in the streets. Indian journalism had not yet been born. There was no excitement of any kind, as over Municipal elections, or some great Swarajist leader's visit: the elective system had not been introduced, while politics had not yet come into vogue. Games and matches and tournaments, which bulk so largely nowadays in a student's life, were absolutely unknown then. Tennis and Hockey had not been heard of; Cricket and Football were played only by the *sahib-log* and the British soldiers. Railways were yet in their infancy: Malabar, the Ceded Districts, the whole of the Circars, and a liberal slice of the Tamil Nadu had yet to be brought within reach of Madras. Hence there was an absence of that cosmopolitan atmosphere that marks the present day school.

The boys were, with a very few exceptions, children from families long settled in Madras, with more or less the same traditions, the same outlook on life, and the same shibboleths. Hostels—the crucible of caste, culture, and character—had not yet been dreamt of. Boys wore the regular Indian

clothes worn by their particular caste or community: clothes cut in the European style were worn only by European or Anglo-Indian boys and by some of the Indian Christians. Mahomedans had clean-shaven heads, while Hindu boys all wore the *kudumi* with or without the two patches of hair over the ears, the rest of the head closely shaved. Caste-marks were ostentatiously blazoned on the forehead, so that one had never any difficulty in "spotting" at sight the caste of a boy. The caste-spirit was very strong: boys were most scrupulous, as a rule, in avoiding close association, leave alone eating or drinking, with those of a lower caste or with non-Hindus. In spite of this, many lifelong friendships were formed between Brahman and Non-Brahman, or Hindu and Muslim or Christian: human nature being what it has been always, and elective affinities being always stronger than artificial barriers. One never heard of Panchamas, Adi-Dravidas, or the like. Hindu boys freely stigmatized their Christian classmates as *Parayar* (Pariahs); but there were none at school from the ranks of the untouchables proper—unless they came camouflaged as Pillais! Smoking was absolutely unknown, except amongst the Anglo-Indian and Mahomedan boys. The seductive cigarette and the vile beedi had not come into being.

There was not, in those days, a very great choice of schools. The best known were the Free Church Mission (known as Anderson's, and then as Miller's), Pachayappa's, the London Mission (known as Hall's), the Royapettah Wesleyan (known as Jenkins's), and, last but not least, the school department of the Presidency College. Admission to a school was not the arduous affair it is today. There were no Leaving Certificates to be produced, no questions of where the boy had been and what he had been doing. A few simple questions by the Headmaster, and possibly a short examination, and the boy was enrolled. No thumb-marks, no Progress Register or the like. As for removes to a higher class, that depended on the marks secured at the final examination of the year, which, by the way, was the good old calendar year. For holidays, the boys had six weeks in summer, one month at Christmas, about a week at Easter, besides a day each for all the important festivals in the Hindu and Muslim calendars. There were no Educational Rules prescribing the minimum number of "working days", nor any rigorous rules as to the number of days a boy should actually attend class.

School hours were from 10 to 5, with one hour (1 to 2) for the tiffin interval. Each period of study was one solid hour. English Grammar, Geography, and Indian and English History were part of the usual course of instruction; also handwriting. Boys did not merely nibble at these subjects, but had a very thorough grounding in them, even though it was, of course, according to the educational ideals of those days. In consequence, they had no doubts as to the part of speech a given word was;

which, it is said, many an Honours B. A. of today cannot tell without much heartsearching. They had more than a nodding acquaintance with the outstanding personages and events in the story of their own land and of England, and a working knowledge of the position, products, and important towns, rivers, mountains, and lakes of the various countries of the world. Their handwriting had the saving grace of legibility; while in the matter of spelling—thanks to regular exercises in dictation—they were more than passable.

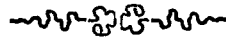
Training Schools and Colleges had not been established; hence, men fresh from High School or College had to be employed as teachers. Yet some of them were efficient, enthusiastic, and successful. As each master took the same class in all the subjects of study, save the vernacular (as it was called then), he and they had five whole hours a day of one another's company; and, in consequence, had ample opportunities for getting to know one another pretty well. For Tamil, Telugu, or Hindustani,—the only "second languages" for the teaching of which provision was made in most schools—the class would split up and go off to the room in which the Tamil or Telugu pandit, or the Hindustani munshi held his classes; and, as a rule, it was an hour of almost unrestrained levity that they spent there, without discipline, and without much to show, at the end of it, by way of knowledge gained or mental vigour enhanced.

The blackboard was never employed except in teaching Mathematics. Slates were much in vogue in all the classes, for Arithmetic and Algebra, Dictation, and occasional examinations. Map-drawing—or, for that matter, drawing of any kind—was not at all taught. Graphs were not known. There were no exercise books for long-suffering parents to buy for their hopefuls. Boys were never given any home-work.

"Very old-fashioned; humdrum, and drab", will probably be the verdict passed by the student of today on the picture attempted to be drawn above of school days in Madras of the early seventies. But to the boys who lived and moved and had their being then, and who today are in the sere and yellow leaf, passing, or overpast, the Psalmist's limit, and with grandchildren or other young folk treading for themselves the new ways of knowledge and training, amid entirely new environment, those were golden days, suffused with memories—tender, sacred, happy memories—memories of masters whom to know was indeed a privilege and an inspiration, of friendships that have helped one to be strong and true, of happy hours and innocent mirth. In those distant and fast receding days were sown the seeds that still bear blossoms to sweeten and beautify life, and fruit to make life worthy. Nor did the boys of those days fail to acquit themselves well in the struggle for existence: a good few achieved marked success, rising to positions of honour and influence in the professions, in the public

service, or in business. Be it remembered that Muttuswami Ayyar, Bhashyam Ayyangar, Chensal Rao, Madhava Rao, Dhanakoti Raju, Subramania Ayyar, Ranganadha Mudaliar, Theagaraya Chetti, Gopala Rao—to name a few only—were the products of those old-fashioned schools; and it will be realised that they played a great part in fashioning life and character.

W. L. V.



Energy alone can be called a man's wealth: for riches endure not for ever and will depart from him one day. Behold the man who remitteth not ever from exertion: Good Fortune inquireth the way to his home and entereth there.

The water with which a plant is watered is the measure of the luxuriance of its flower: Even so, the spirit of a man is the measure of his fortunes.

Let all thy purposes be grand: for then, even if they fail, thy glory will never tarnish.

THE KURAL.



From the lumber room of memory

The sultry day has shaded off into a starry night. My friend in the next room is singing, singing love-songs which have no sense, no harmony in them. In accumulated ennui, I close my eyes, stretch my legs out before me and try to see through closed lids.

The clock goes—one—two—three—and so on, till it completes ten. But the tenth stroke is so vague. I have dropped out from my setting. The mechanism of memory is working back. A year—no—two years, I have slipped by, and stand upon a crowded railway station platform. The station clock! Yes, the hour is ten. But day—bright sunny day. Every one looks for the train. My eyes too turn that way. But they are caught by a face—a woman's face. A shaven head partly covered with a white sari. A pair of eyes—no—only white eye-balls look out of them. They are mere caricatures. White balls that turn, hither and thither in sightless irony. Look at the face. A nose, perfect, slightly retrousse—tip-tilted—you say—with refined nostrils. But alas—small-pox-marked. Long eye lashes, long expressive lashes of a silken texture. But all their beauty is nulled by that vacant forehead that crowns them. The forehead is full of the emptiness within. Cheeks—which are picturesque and appear to be smooth—even through the close trellis-work of small-pox-pits. A chin, faintly dimpled. You can see such a chin in a Madonna. Have you marked just the suggestion of a dimple on that chin?

Her lips move. But they move with such aloofness. They do not seem to be part of her body. Yes! I can just make out the words. They are "Kittoo—Kittoo" and as if the mere mention of that name has refreshed her, she smiles—oh so painfully—so complacently.

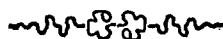
My friend has stopped singing in the next room. The whole hostel is quiet and, slowly—involuntarily, I drop—drop—drop—into sleep—

Great winds are playing havoc with my clothes. I feel them all going away from me. I turn this way and that—nothing—absolutely nothing around me. I turn to the ground beneath me. But—oh wonder—there is no ground beneath me. I am standing nude and helpless in emptiness. Darkness and fear are on me. I cannot see anything, hear anything, feel anything. But great, all-consuming fear is upon me. In passionate repentance I cry out—"I know the cause. I have been without truth—without faith—without what they call bhakti. But *She* had it." The cry comes home to me—the cry!—it was only a murmur, then. But now it is resonant, vibrant gloriously happy; the expression of perfect faith. "Kittoo!"

Kittoo!" I hold out my arms in appeal. But nobody helps me. She had a Kittoo. She, in her blindness—in her marred imbecility knew that there ought to be a Kittoo. All these rush upon me. They are the great winds that have left me nude. "Oh! Kittoo!—no—no—Oh! Infinite force—no—I bow down still lower—" Oh God!"

What am I doing? Why do I hold my hands up? Oh! I remember. I have had a dream! What a dream! I wipe the perspiration off my face, switch off the light and—sleep—

E. R. NARAYANAN.



Joe Gargery.

Man's strength with woman's tenderness combined
 Mark this true gentleman, our blacksmith Joe.
 What shame that ingrate Pip should treat one so,
 Who was to him so loving and so kind!
 His is the true nobility of mind;
 Though rough and crude in speech, in thought so slow,
 Yet others' feelings he is swift to know—
 Clear-eyed through sympathy, where most are blind.
 And all things he can patiently forgive—
 Too generous, he, to cherish an offence.
 Wisdom he has in self-respect to live,
 Though "awful dull", unlettered, yet with sense
 To know his sphere of life, and, relative
 To his own limits, reach true eminence:

D. H. S.



In Lighter Vein

SOME NEW SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.
 Ammonia is the food of the gods.
 Geometry teaches us how to bisex angels.
 An angle is a triangle with only two sides.
 A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids.
 Charon was a man who fried souls over the sticks.
 Contralto is a low sort of music which only ladies sing.
 The name of Caesar's wife was Caesarea; she was above suspicion.
 Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

AMUSING DEGREES.

The brand-new degree of Doctor of Longitude and Latitude has been conferred by the American Geographical Society on Lt. Commander Byrd, the first man to fly over the North Pole. America is the home of a large number of new and astonishing degrees.

Cornell University, for instance, has a special course in the management of hotels, and grants to proficient students a "D. H." or Diploma of Hospitality. The California Board of Education has conferred on Miss Adelia Hawkins a Diploma in the Art of Whistling, which entitles her to use the initials "B. A. Wh." Harvard has a "D. D. W." which signifies a Diploma in Dramatic Writing, while New York University confers, among other distinctions, those of "M. B. A." or Master of Business Administration, and "B. D. S." Bachelor of Domestic Science.

But nothing can beat the letters which a friend of ours used to print on his name card—F.M.M.U. They stood for Failed Matriculate of the Madras University!

"Now," said the bride-groom to the bride, when they returned from their honey-moon trip,

"Let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice-president in this household?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered.
 "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What position is that, dear?"

"Treasurer."

* * * *

Son: "Can you sign your name with your eyes shut, daddy?"

Father: "Certainly!"

Son: "Well, shut your eyes and sign my school report."

* * * *

ON G. K. CHESTERTON.

Here lies Mr. Chesterton
 Who to Heaven might have gone,
 But didn't, when he heard the news
 That the place was run by Jews.

ON KIPLING.

The tin-can politics of Rudyard
 Rust in some Tooting brick and mud yard;
 While, through the sacred brushwood rippling,
 Glimmers the faun the gods call Kipling.

HUMBERT WOLFE.

* * * *

TWO VIEWS OF EXAMINATIONS.

Dr. Thompson, a famous Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, gave the following definition of an examination:—

"A presumptuous attempt to fathom the depths of human ignorance."

A luckless student, though sitting for his examination, had left quite unheeded the valuable advice given by St. Paul to the youthful Timothy: "Give attendance to reading." He was confronted with a paper so stiff that he could not answer a single question; and, in a fit of despair, wrote across his answer-book eight words, and sent it up. When the examiner opened it, he read: "Fools ask questions which wise men cannot answer."

* * * *

"Sir, there must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero," complained the student.

"Neither do I," agreed the examiner, "but it's the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

* * * *

It was a coloured school teacher in America who descanting upon common and proper nouns, made the exception: "The word 'pants' am an uncommon noun, because pants am singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

* * * *

While the diagnosis of the patient, who had eaten rather generously was proceeding, the sick man said: "Doctor, do you think the trouble is in the appendix?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "not at all, the trouble is with your table of contents."

* * * *

At a recent College Union debate, the meeting unanimously adopted the motion, 'That in the opinion of this house, University Education does far more harm than good.'

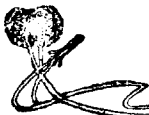
Well, the only consolation for the poor educationist is that, as a famous Master of Trinity once said, 'We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest among us.'

* * * *

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?

Hamlet overheard Julius Caesar telling King Lear on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest that the Two gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakespeare's plays. Macbeth said, "you may take it As You Like It, but I do believe that in one of my Midsummer Night's Dream, I heard Romeo and Juliet say that Love's Labour was Lost." Troilus and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold it to the Merchant of Venice for the sake of Coriolanus and Titus Andronicus. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were the joint accessories to the theft and after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor told King John all about it.

Richard the Second, a competent critic said that Bacon could write neither A Winter's Tale nor Venus and Adonis nor the Rape of Lucrece. Othello was busy discussing a point of honour with Richard III, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI and Henry VIII. There was Much Ado About Nothing and as Pericles was busy Taming the Shrew I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakespeare's plays. But All's Well that Ends Well.



Editorial Notes



The inauguration of the Senate of the Andhra University at Bezwada by His Excellency the Governor on the 30th August, marks a fresh stage in the history of that university. The Vice-Chancellor, in his interesting speech, pointed out various defects in the organisation of the new university and indicated the directions in which immediate development was necessary.

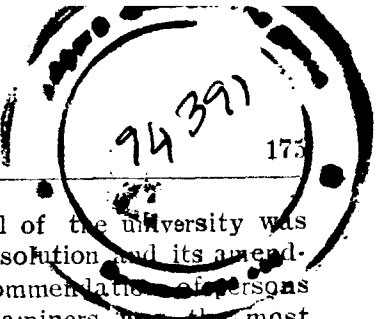
The university has, as yet, no buildings Professors or Readers. The instruction provided in the colleges affiliated to it, particularly in the science subjects, is meagre and there is no provision for Honours courses. It is proposed to constitute the faculties of arts and science at once, and to follow them up later, when funds permit, by the creation of the faculties of medicine, teaching, engineering and agriculture. The Vice-Chancellor laid great emphasis on the need for funds, and it is obvious that no great development of university work is possible without ample financial resources. As it is not possible for provincial funds to meet the entire cost of university expansion, it is absolutely necessary that the new university should be generously supported by the wealthy land-owners and by various public bodies in the Andhra country.

But more important than buildings or finance is the standard of the knowledge to be imparted in the colleges of the university. The cry for the vernacularisation of studies grows loud and insistent and sounds thoroughly patriotic. But if the new university is to maintain a high level of educational efficiency and command the respect of the academic world, there should be very rigid limits to such vernacularisation. The Vice-Chancellor himself recognises that for the type of scientific and critical study contemplated by the university, a good knowledge of English and, if possible, of other foreign languages, is necessary and that vernacularisation is likely to lead to parochialism in culture. Yet the danger of belittling the importance of a knowledge of English does exist, and the university authorities should carefully guard against it.

His Excellency rightly pointed out that the adoption of the mother-tongue should not be allowed to prejudice the study of English. The value of English both as a means of culture and an instrument of knowledge is very great and any lowering of the standard in regard to it will be against the interests both of the students and of the university.

We hope that under the energetic guidance of the Vice-Chancellor and with the generous and enlightened support of the Andhra people, the new university will rapidly develop into a great seat of learning and culture.

EDITORIAL NOTES



A statutory meeting of the Academic Council of the University was held last August, and if the space devoted to a resolution and its amendments on the agenda paper be a criterion, the recommendation of persons suitable for appointment as paper-setters and examiners was the most important item of business before the meeting. The names of persons proposed by the members of the Council were in addition to those which had already been submitted by the various Boards of Studies and ran into three figures. The proportion of examiners to those examined in this university will, at this rate, soon approximate to that between the officers and men of the army of a certain small Native State, referred to by His Excellency the Governor at Bezwada, in which, we are told, there were ten generals and eleven privates.

The Council approved of the revised scheme drawn up by the committee which had been appointed for the purpose, for the University Institute of Oriental Research, comprising Dravidian, Sanskrit and Islamic sections. The scheme provides for the appointment of a Director of Dravidian Studies, together with four Readers and six Fellows, a full-time Professor of Sanskrit and Readers in Arabic and Persian or Urdu. We hope the scheme will be put in operation at an early date and will serve to promote the advanced and critical study of these languages.

The Council accepted the recommendation of the Board of Studies in English regarding certain modifications in the course of study and in the examination for the B.A. degree. The main object of the changes proposed is to eliminate as far as possible, the cramming of notes on the history of English literature or on books which the students themselves have not read, and to encourage them to obtain a first-hand and fairly adequate knowledge of some at least of the authors of the books prescribed for detailed study.

Other motions relating to the management and control of the university library, to compulsory physical instruction and compulsory military training for university students, were referred to various committees for consideration and report. The Council approved of the recommendations of the various Boards of Studies as to the text-books to be prescribed for the several university examinations.

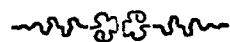
The Hon'ble the Minister for Education delivered an instructive address at the Annual Convocation of the Madras University held on the 19th August. The address contained a general survey of educational aims and methods and dealt with various special problems such as those of rural education, social reconstruction and university reform.

The Minister emphasised the value and importance of a liberal education for the youth of the country—an education which trains them to

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correct thinking and reasoning and produces a character which will enable them to view things truly and in right perspective. He impressed on his hearers the need for the improvement of rural life and urged that the regeneration of the masses should be the first thought of every educated young man.

The latter part of the address was largely devoted to an exposition of the principles formulated in the Madras University Act of 1923 and dealt with the methods to be adopted to make the university an essentially teaching and residential one. Sir A. P. Patro indicated that the distinctive development of the new Andhra University would be largely along the lines of technical and scientific work and foreshadowed the early establishment of a university for the Tamil Nadu. The address was that of a practical statesman and not of a mere theorist and deserves close study by all those who are interested in university education.



To

T. M. N.

The seasons change and turn, and the Earth renews itself; fair blossoms that faded and fell, reappear and gladden the heart of man; and life runs on its accustomed course with ever fresh energy and ever new intensity of purpose.

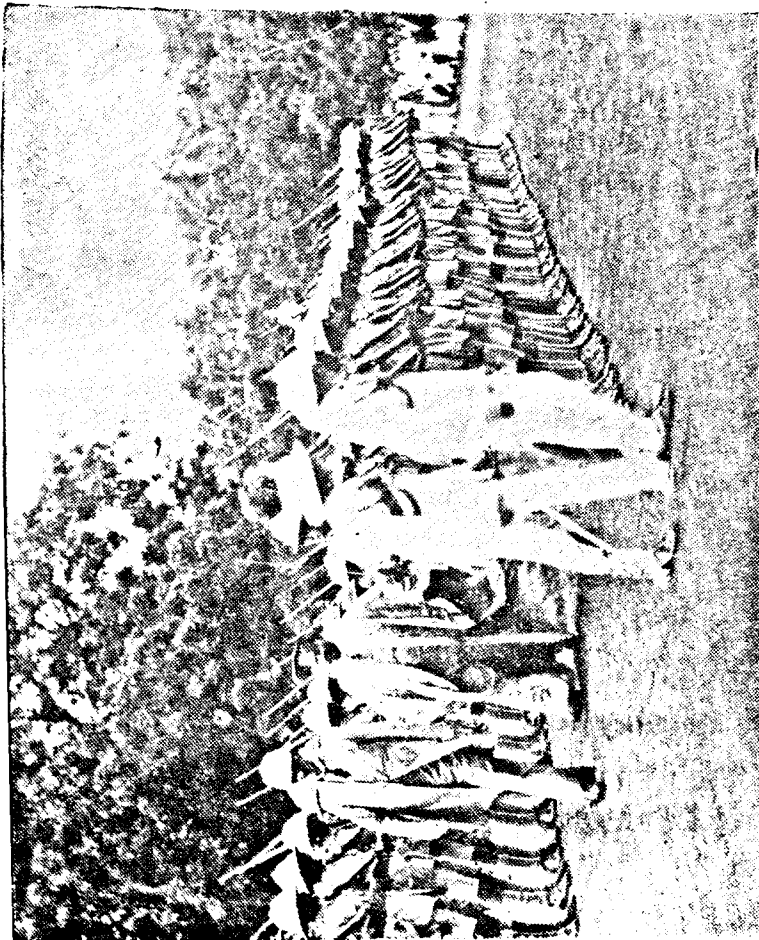
But he returns not to us, our champion, the prophet of hope, the pillar of fire! bold is the hand of death, quenched the fire in the eye and quelled that mighty heart!

Wherever thought strikes free and hope rises strong, and the cause that is just flourisheth for ever, his unseen presence cheers us on!

For not as a dumb driven sheep, nor as a mole digging dark holes of policy, but as a man he lived, fearless, free and bold, the master worker among his fellows! How far apart from the vulgar and the vain and the wicked! Noble with lordly indifference to mere pomp and circumstance, with supreme contempt for the easy contentment of unintellectual life unintelligently lived!

V. THIRUNAVUKKARASU.





U. T. C. Guard of Honour on Convocation Day.



College Societies

THE UNION SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The Union Society elections this year, although lacking in the interest that was centered in last year's proceedings, an interest that was due chiefly to the entrance into the lists of a lady candidate, was nevertheless the most exciting event of this, the first term. The contest was very keenly fought out, and the result, in the case of one of the successful candidates at all events, hung in the balance till the very last moment.

At least a couple of weeks before the event, vigorous canvassing had commenced. One may then, at any time, have come across such a scene, which was not without its own peculiar irony: Huge candidate, in hat and trousers, takes off the former to a small, very new boy in corridor, at the same time presenting him with a slip of paper: "I am Can I rely upon you for one vote please?" The frightened, very new boy looks up bewildered, and mutters an unintelligible affirmative or can only succeed in nodding and swallowing, "Thank you . . ." A vigorous handshake, and the mighty one passes on to new fields of conquest, while the new boy dimly realises that he has pledged his word for one of those two seemingly priceless votes, which are his by right of franchise. If he is in any way discerning he soon comes to realise his value as a not unimportant member of the Presidency College electorate, and his behaviour correspondingly changes. No more is he bewildered at the approach of a canvasser—on the contrary he anticipates and welcomes his approach as tending to magnify his own importance. Gone is his hesitating reply—instead he blithely strews his promises wherever he goes, confident that in the end no one can accuse him of not having fulfilled his promise.

Or sometimes, two rival candidates collide against each other in the endless process of running about after votes. Comes from each a sheepish

grin, a handshake and a mutual exchange of hand-bills, of which one can readily guess the fate, once one of the two has turned a corner. Well may the idealist sigh for the day when a candidate will shout out, from on high, the merits and qualifications of his opponent, who in the meanwhile is actively engaged in canvassing on his rival's behalf! Till then we must be satisfied with such little scenes of courtesy and of tolerance, which serve to lighten the strained and often hostile atmosphere of election-time.

As the days wore on, the canvassing became still more intensified. Gaily-coloured placards, slips and manifestos literally overwhelmed the unfortunate electorate at every turn of a corridor, at the door of every classroom. Candidates strove desperately to outdo each other in election propaganda, while their supporters eagerly discussed the progress of the campaigns, or anxiously weighed up the chances of their chosen one.

At last, with a burst of sunshine, the great day arrived. Soon after 10 o'clock the polling-officers, conscious cynosure of all eyes, took up their stand within a roped enclosure which served as the polling-station, and voting began in right earnest. As the day wore on the fortunes of the candidates swayed this way and that. Stray electors were rounded up from laboratory and class-room and hustled down to the polling-booth amid a chorus of yells and shouts of encouragement. It was highly diverting to witness the behaviour of some of the electors. A short, flashily-dressed individual would march in with an air as if the whole issue of the elections rested upon his single vote, on the scratch of his pen. With a confident smile he takes up his card, retires to the furthest corner of the roped square, and turning his back upon the crowd, leisurely scratches a cross, or two, upon the card held in the screening hollow of his hand, and then drops it into the ballot-box. Or a hurried, dishevelled individual, in dhotie and cap, is rushed into the booth: he glances round with a nervous and non-comprehending stare, then goes up in his confusion to the wrong table, hurries through the procedure with trembling hand, and hastens out by the exit, thankful to have escaped scatheless from the raging crowd the other side.

At times, during a lull in the voting, the tired and dusty canvassers refreshed themselves at the expense of their candidates. Towards the end, the noise and shouting became deafening as the excitement reached its highest pitch, for it was known, or rather guessed, that two of the competitors were running neck to neck. At 4 P.M., the ballot-box was conveyed in imposing procession to the counting-room, from which, after an hour of anxious expectation came forth news of the result: an easy victory for one, but the narrowest of shaves for the other. However the toil and turmoil of election-day is over, and the secretaries have started off upon their year of office, which is not entirely free from pitfalls, in the manoeuvring of which they might well make or mar their reputations. That it will be the former we sincerely hope and rightfully expect; that it will be the latter we do not

wish—though at the time of writing, a tiny cloud has appeared on the horizon to mar the complacency and to disturb the serenity of these, the first few weeks of their lives as secretaries of the Presidency College Union Society.

P. D. S.

THE UNION SOCIETY.

The inaugural address of the College Union Society was delivered on the evening of the 6th August by the Right Rev. E. H. M. Waller, Lord Bishop of Madras, with Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A., the Principal, in the chair. There was a good audience which throughout showed great liveliness and enthusiasm. But this time there was no manifestation of "the vocal, manual and pedal activities of the students" so often referred to in these columns in previous years. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the speaker was the head of a religious institution. The turbulent youth were miraculously transformed into a solemn congregation that had gathered to hear a sermon on "The Ideals of education".

The chairman, in introducing the distinguished speaker of the evening to the audience, remarked that the Lord Bishop of Madras could speak with authority on the subject as he was connected with educational institutions in India for many years. The Lord Bishop, during the course of his learned lecture said that India's future depended upon the education of her children. The purpose of education was to develop the whole personality of the student. As regards the ideal of education, different schools of thought existed. There was first the school which declared that the aim of education was to make the student thoroughly acquainted with the literature of his times. This was no doubt necessary but scientific research should also be encouraged. The Madras University, he was sorry to note, was not paying sufficient attention to research work. Referring to the second school which regarded the primary object of education to be to enable men and women to earn a decent livelihood, the speaker remarked that no nation could progress if it had such a low ideal of education. The third school was that which held the view that education should be national in every sense of the word. Though the speaker admitted that this was a noble ideal, he warned the audience against refusing to imbibe what was good in other lands. The highest ideal of education, in his own view, should be to train men and women "to think honestly" and to have continually before them the ideal of the realisation of the "Truth Eternal" in their own lives. Life should be the ideal and not mere 'living'. Religion should not be excluded from the curriculum of education. The speaker's vision of future India—which he described in glorious terms—was that she would hold an honourable place in the community of nations, making her individual contribution to the vast culture of the world. With a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. S. Y. Krishnaswami the meeting terminated.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Presidency College Philosophical Association was delivered by Sree Swami Yatiswaranandaji, President, Ramakrishna Mission, Professor Chakravarti presiding. The venerable lecturer of the evening gave the audience an intellectual treat for fully one hour with his illuminating address on "The essentials of Hindu Philosophy". It is to be hoped that the Swamiji's advice to the students to develop the power of concentration of thought will be appreciated by one and all of them.

THE TAMIL SANGHAM.

The inaugural address of the Tamil Sangham was delivered by Mr. S. Satyamurti, B.A., B.L., M.L.C., the member for the university in the local Legislative Council. The distinguished speaker spoke on "Tamil and its importance." In a fine Tamil speech he pleaded for making Tamil the medium of instruction in both high schools and colleges. The enthusiasm of the students knew no bounds and the function was a grand success.

THE NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered on Thursday the 29th July by Dr. F. Gravely who spoke on "South Indian Spiders" to a fairly large attendance. Commencing with a description of the common spiders of South India, their chief characteristics and their adaptability to their environment, the Doctor went on to say how, by keen observation, he has been enabled to identify them by their "music." The mode of formation of the spiders-web was listened to with great attention. There were only a few poisonous types among the many big spiders, and their sly methods of victimising the smaller insects for their sustenance was very interesting. The doctor had prepared his own slides for the occasion, and these helped to illustrate his remarks.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. P. F. Fyson, the Chairman, in his concluding remarks, reminded the audience how necessary it was for students of Natural Science to possess keen observation and to cultivate an interest in the collection of interesting and rare specimens. He concluded by thanking the lecturer for his interesting and instructive talk.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The activities of the Chemical Society started with the inaugural address, delivered by the eminent scientist Professor C. V. Raman on Tuesday, the 20th July. During the course of his lucid and eloquent lecture on the conditions of molecules on the surface of liquids, he pointed out how the surface of a liquid was never smooth. Though the surface may be plain to the naked eye it was in reality irregular. Microscopes a thousand billion times more potent than those we have, would discover to us the surface of a liquid as the Atlantic in the greatest of tempests, the like of which we have never seen.

The Professor explained how we had to differentiate between a solution on a liquid and a solution in a liquid. The rapidity of the first phenomenon coupled with internal solution and evaporation gave rise to the remarkable motion of liquid and solid bodies on liquid surfaces. Thus the phenomenon of surface tension was mainly due to solution on a liquid. His experiments with camphor and methyl violet bore out these facts, and gave a vivid picture of the forces operating on the surface of liquids.

For more than an hour and a half, he kept a heterogeneous audience of about three-hundred spell-bound with his lecture.

The At Home to the new graduates came off on Saturday, the 21st August, at 4-30 P.M. The guests and hosts were treated to a course of light refreshments, at the end of which all adjourned to the chemistry theatre. After a preliminary programme of music, the new graduates were warmly welcomed. In reply, the new graduates thanked the Chemical Society warmly and expressed the wish to be always connected with the society and take a part in its activities. The pleasant function came to a close with a few remarks from Dr. B. B. Dey.

The society has also organised excursions to places of scientific and technical importance. The excursion party organised by the society visited the Sugar Factory of Messrs. Parry & Co., at Nellikuppam on the 7th August and the Madras Medical Stores on the 2nd September.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural meeting of the Sanskrit Association was held on the 17th August under the Presidentship of Dewan Bahadur Sir T. Sadasiva Iyer, Kt., when Mr. D. S. Sarma, M.A., delivered an interesting and instructive address on "The Mystic Way of the Bhagavad Gita."

In the course of his address Professor Sarma said that 'Mysticism' generally appears in connection with an individual's effort to realize God in his soul and become one with Him. And true Mysticism therefore is the heart and the centre of religious life. It is found in the centre of all religions. The lecturer then pointed out that in our country the influence of the author of the Gita—the mystic author of the Church—has been more lasting than that of Buddha. His gospel remains as comprehensive as life, for he accommodates in it not only the several types of 'Mysticism' but also several unmystical types of religion.

The President in his speech exhorted the students—specially the Sanskrit students—to get the Bhagavad Gita by heart.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the chair and the learned speaker.

Office Bearers of College Societies, 1925-1926.

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A Primer of Hinduism**I****THE AUTHORITIES**

Pupil.—Sir, I want to know something about Hinduism. Will you please answer my questions on the subject?

Teacher.—Most willingly.

P.—Who is the founder of Hinduism?

T.—It is one of the distinctive features of Hinduism that it has no founder. It does not depend for its authority on the life-history of any man.

P.—What is its authority then?

T.—Its authority is Eternal Truth itself to which every man's spiritual experience can bear witness.

P.—I have no spiritual experience of any kind. How am I to know the Eternal Truth?

T.—As the spiritual experience of almost all men is imperfect, Truth revealed itself in this land through the minds of great Rishis. And this revelation is embodied in the Shruti.

P.—What is Shruti?

T.—'Shruti' literally means that which has been heard. Great Rishis, that had perfected themselves by long *tapas*, are said to have heard in their hearts eternal truths and to have left a record of them in our sacred books.

P.—What are these sacred books?

T.—They are called the Vedas.

P.—Are the Vedas, then, the authorities for Hinduism?

T.—Yes. The Vedas claim to teach a man the highest truths that he can know and lead him to his highest good. They are therefore supremely authoritative. And, as Truth is eternal, the Vedas, that have revealed it to the Hindus, are also considered by them to be eternal.

P.—How many Vedas are there?

T.—There are four Vedas—the Rig-Veda, the Sama-Veda, the Yajur-Veda and the Atharva-Veda.

P.—Why are the Vedas thus classified?

T.—They have been classified according to the functions of the various priests in the early sacrifices of the Vedic period. The Rig-Veda is a collection of hymns sung by the priest called Hota; the Sama-Veda is a collection of hymns sung by the Udgata; the Yajur-Veda is a collection of hymns sung by the Adhvaryu; and the Atharva-Veda is a collection of hymns sung by Brahma.

P.—Does each Veda consist only of hymns?

T.—Each Veda consists of three parts :—

(1) The Samhita or the Collection of Mantras or hymns (2) The Brahmana which is an explanatory treatise on the ritual (3) and the Upanishad which is a mystic treatise revealing the most profound spiritual truths.

P.—Are all these parts equally important? Is each Veda inspired from the beginning to the end?

T.—Will you tell me whether each rose plant is equally alive from the root to the flower? Without the root, the stem, the leaves and even the thorns, how can we have the flower? The Upanishad is the rose and it grows naturally out of the Vedic hymns and sacrifices.

P.—Have we as many Brahmanas and Upanishads as we have Vedas?

T.—We have many more. There are two Brahmanas attached to the Rig-Veda and about ten Upanishads. The Sama-Veda has three Brahmanas and about sixteen Upanishads. The Yajur-Veda has two Brahmanas and about fifty Upanishads and the Atharva-Veda has one Brahmana and more than thirty Upanishads.

P.—What are the chief Brahmanas?

T.—The chief Brahmanas are the Aitareya, the Taittiriya, the Satapatha and the Talavakara.

P.—How many Upanishads have we on the whole?

T.—The Upanishads are many in number. But the most important of them are one hundred and eight. Of these twelve are known as the Major Upanishads and the rest as Minor Upanishads.

P.—What are the Major Upanishads?

T.—The twelve Major Upanishads are :—

Īsa, Kēna, Katha, Prasna, Mundaka, Mandūkya, Aitareya, Taittiriya, Chandogya, Brhadaranyaka, Kaushitaki and Svetāsvatara.

P.—Why are these considered the Major Upanishads?

T.—Because they contain the highest truths known to Hinduism, and because all the other authorities on Hinduism are based on the teachings found in them.

P.—What are the other authorities?

T.—The Shruti is, of course, the supreme authority. But next to the Shruti we have the Smṛti.

P.—What does the Smṛti consist of?

T.—The Smṛti consists of admittedly human compositions, the object of which is to bring into existence social and political institutions embodying the principles of the Shruti. Therefore the laws for regulating the Hindu society from time to time are codified in the Smṛti.

P.—Do the laws change from time to time?

T.—Yes. The Rishis who guide the Hindu society from age to age make the necessary alterations in the laws according to the needs of the time.

P.—So Hinduism contemplates the promulgation of new laws and the productions of new scriptures?

T.—Most certainly it does. Else it would be a dead religion.

P.—Who are the most important law-givers of the past?

T.—The most important of the Hindu law-givers are Manu, Yāgna-
valkya and Parashara.

P.—What are the subjects they generally deal with in their codes?

T.—They deal with the Dharma or the duty of the various classes of citizens. Hence their law books are known as Dharma-shastras. They give detailed instructions regarding the duties of a man according to his class and station in life. They also describe the duties of kings, the administration of civil and criminal law and the penances for various sins.

P.—Is Hindu society strictly bound by these instructions?

T.—I have already said that laws change from time to time. Social and political institutions grow, men's ideas change, and new factors are introduced into national life. Then some of the old laws become obsolete, and new conventions arise which are ratified by the collective sense of the community. The Hindu society was a living organism in the past and its codes of laws were flexible.

P.—Is it a living organism now?

T.—I hope it is. The test of life lies in the response it gives to the environment. If the Hindu society cannot adjust itself to the needs of the present time, if it fails to follow the lead of its living sages, and if it has not the imagination and courage to march on and give a new embodiment to the eternal principles of unity, brotherhood and co-operation of the Shruti, its days are numbered.

P.—So the relation of the Smṛti to the Shruti is that of the body to the soul?

T.—Exactly. The body grows. It decays and dies. It is subject to the time process, while the soul is not. The latter is beyond time.

P.—Are there any other authorities beside the Shruti and the Smṛti?

T.—Yes. Next to these we have the Itihasas, the Purāṇas, the Darshanas and the Āgamas.

P.—Are these also subject to time and change?

T.—Yes. If, as we have said, the Shruti is the soul and the Smṛti is the body, these are only the organs and limbs.

P.—What are Itihasas and what is their object?

T.—The Itihasas are the two well-known Epics—the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Their object is to drive home to the popular mind by means of history and legend the principles of the Veda and the laws of the Smṛti. The great character types that we find in these books have firmly established the Hindu Dharma in the mind of the nation.

P.—So they form a sort of popular Veda?

T.—Exactly. The Shruti on account of the elaborate rituals and the long courses of discipline it prescribes, could only be for the few. But the Epics and the Puranas which are only popular and pleasant renderings of the Vedic truths are for all. Almost all Hindus get their earliest religious notions from the stories in the popular Veda.

P.—So we have to look upon Valmiki and Vyasa—the authors of the two Epics—as the Rishis who popularised the teaching of the Vedas?

T.—Yes. And moreover they are great nation-builders. The Hindu society is still following the lines chalked out by them. The characters they have created in the Epics are more real to the Hindus than actual flesh and blood. It is impossible to exaggerate their influence on Hindu thought and character.

P.—What are the chief characters in the Ramayana that have powerfully affected the Hindu imagination?

T.—Every Hindu child knows that Rama is an ideal king and that Sita is an ideal wife according to Hindu conceptions, and that Lakshmana and Hanuman represent, each in his own way, the Hindu ideals of loyalty and devotion.

P.—And what are the chief characters in the Mahabharata who have similarly influenced the Hindu mind?

T.—The Mahabharata is primarily an encyclopædia of Hindu Dharma. It consists of long stories, episodes, dialogues, discourses and sermons. However, the divine figure of Krishna dominates the whole. He holds all the strings of action. He is represented as both a great teacher and a man of action. Next to him come the five Pandu brothers headed by Yudhishtara, the very embodiment of Hindu Dharma in war as well as peace. Another great character and an authority on Hindu Dharma is the old warrior Bhishma, whose discourses are justly famous.

P.—What is the most important discourse on Hindu Dharma in this Epic?

T.—Undoubtedly it is the world-famous Bhagavad Gita.

P.—Where does this occur?

T.—It occurs just before the great war between the Pandavas and the Kauravas on the field of Kurukshetra. It is said to be a discourse between Arjuna and Krishna. The former grew faint of heart when he saw his dear

kinsman ranged against him in the battle. At the critical moment he was tempted to relinquish his duty as a soldier. Thereupon Krishna, his charioteer and friend, discussed the moral and metaphysical implications of all human duties, solved Arjuna's difficulties and persuaded him to do the work before him in a dispassionate and fearless manner.

P.—Why is this discourse so famous?

T.—Because it gives in a nut-shell all the philosophical and ethical teachings of the Upanishads. Moreover it shows a profound knowledge of the human heart—its hopes and needs, its doubts and difficulties, and its trials and temptations. Also it aims at producing a type of character which is the loftiest that the Hindu imagination has ever conceived. For the ideal Yogi of the Bhagavad Gita is, like the Avatar himself, both a man of contemplation and a man of action—a practical mystic whose head is in solitude and whose hands are in society.

P.—Is the teaching of the Gita as authoritative as that of the Shruti?

T.—Yes. The Gita is as authoritative as the Shruti, for it is the very essence of the Upanishads.

P.—What are Puranas?

T.—Puranas are religious romances which illustrate the truths of the Shruti by the stories of kings, the adventures of gods and the legends of saints.

P.—Are not the accounts given in the Puranas historically true?

T.—Some of them may have a historical basis. But most of them are obviously imaginative. The Hindu Scriptures deal with ideal truth and not historical truth. Their validity does not depend upon any historical fact. This is very well illustrated in the accounts we have in the Puranas of the various Avatars of Vishnu. For these are intended to give only an imaginative representation of God's help rendered to man at different stages of his evolution.

P.—What is an Avatar?

T.—An Avatar is an incarnation of God. When God comes down and lives in the flesh and exhibits His divine power we call Him an Avatar.

P.—Why does God come down and live in the flesh?

T.—The purpose of an Avatar is thus given in the Gita. "Whenever there is decay of the Law, O Arjuna, and an outbreak of lawlessness, I embody myself. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the wicked and for the establishment of the Law I am born from age to age."

P.—How many such Avatars have we had?

T.—The Puranas say that we have had nine Avatars (1) Matsya, the Fish (2) Kūrma, the Tortoise (3) Varaha the Boar (4) Narasimha, the Man-lion (5) Vamana, the Dwarf (5) Parasurama, the Man with the battle-axe (7) Sri Rama (8) Sri Krishna (9) and Buddha.

P.—Is Buddha an Avatar?

T.—Yes. He is among the great teachers of mankind. In spite of some doctrinal differences between Hinduism and Buddhism the Hindus look upon Buddha as one of themselves and recognise the value of the service that he has rendered to true religion.

P.—Does Hinduism contemplate the advent of new Avatars?

T.—Yes. A tenth Avatar is foretold in one of the Puranas. Hinduism is a progressive quest after truth. It undoubtedly contemplates the advent of new Avatars, as it does the promulgation of new laws and the proclamation of new gospels, provided these do not contradict the eternal principles of the Shruti. Hinduism does not bury its head in the past. Nor does it rebelliously secede from the past. So it is not impossible, my boy, that while we are speaking here today the sacred feet of a new Avatar may be marching across the plains of Hindustan, interpreting the Sanātana Dharma in terms of modern life to suit modern needs.

P.—Before we leave the subject of Puranas may I know how many Puranas there are?

T.—There are eighteen chief Puranas of which the most popular are the Vishnu Purana and the Bhagavata Purana. And there are eighteen minor Puranas. They are like the major and the minor Upanishads.

P.—What are Darshanas?

T.—Darshanas are schools of theology or philosophy based on the Shruti. Each school tries to correlate, systematise and develop the teachings of the various parts of the Veda. Here the appeal is to the logical understanding while the appeal in the Itihasas and Puranas is to the imagination.

P.—How many Darshanas are there?

T.—We have six Darshanas—Nyaya, Vaiseshika, Samkhya, Yoga, Mimamsa and Vedanta. The author of each Darshana gives out his theory in the form of sutras or aphorisms to which an authoritative commentary is attached.

P.—And, lastly, what are Agamas?

T.—Agamas are sectarian scriptures dealing with the worship of a particular aspect of God and prescribing detailed courses of discipline for the worshipper. Their aim is intensely practical.

P.—How many Agamas are there?

T.—The Agamas are divided into three main groups according as the deity worshipped is Siva, Vishnu, or Shakti.

P.—Are all these based on the Shruti?

T.—Yes, They claim to be based on the Shruti. Else they would not be authoritative.

P.—Are all these authorities the sources of Hinduism?

T.—Yes. The Shruti is the main source. The subsidiary sources are the Smṛti, the Itihasas, the Puranas, the Darshanas and the Agamas.

P.—When we have so many codes of laws, so many sectarian scriptures and so many systems of philosophy and schools of theology, how can we arrive at a definite homogeneous religion?

T.—My boy, India is a land of religious experiments. Hinduism is not a simple homogeneous religion. It is the name given to a league of religions. We find in its comprehensive and tolerant fold all types of religions from the highest to the lowest. Hinduism does not force all souls into one pigeon-hole. It frankly recognises the various grades of cultures that obtain in a community.

P.—But have all these religions a common aim?

T.—Yes. The aim of all of them is to make a man a perfect spirit like God. With this end in view they try to create political and social institutions which will enable every man to realise the God in him. Also they rouse his imagination, they quicken his intellect. They form his character and they undertake to guide him along the path of ascent. Those who accept the teaching of the Hindu scriptures and undergo the discipline they prescribe are bound to become free, perfect and god-like spirits in the end. This is what the Hindus call Moksha.

P.—But is Hinduism the only way to the goal? Are all other religions false?

T.—Hindus consider it a sin to say that any religion is false. The great Avatar of the Gita says, "Howsoever men approach me, even so do I accept them; for on all sides whatever path they may choose leads to me, O Arjuna". Hinduism therefore is the most tolerant as well as the most comprehensive of all religions. It lays no claim to any monopoly of wisdom. It abhors forcible conversions. While it takes care to explain its position and welcomes willing followers it never denounces other religions as false or evil. One of the minor Upanishads says, "Cows are many coloured, but the milk of all of them has but one colour. Look upon teachers as cows and knowledge as milk." Therefore, with us Hindus toleration is not simply a stroke of policy, but an article of faith. We look upon the whole world as a joint family. We welcome with open arms Muslims, Christians, Parsees and Jews as our brethren and study their Scriptures as reverently as our own and bow before their prophets. And as for Buddhists and Jains they are, as it were, "the flesh of our flesh and the bone of our bone."

(To be continued)

D. S. SARMA.



Beati Beati Mortui

The Sun that glowed so soft at morn
And later, rose up to his triumphant zenith
all forlorn
Is dead. And all the skipping hours
That gaily speed along, in never ceasing
showers
Sing the anthem as they run
Beati Beati Mortui.

The buds that flowered at morn and smiled
In unperturbed joy—which man thinks
wild
Are fading into death and memory
Amidst the wind which blew them life and now
grown sorry
Sing the dirge, though heard by none
Beati Beati Mortui.

The marriage music, dulcet toned
Flows slowly to the bride's young heart
all love-adorned
But yet it whispers to her being
In love-filled accents, rich in pent up
sighing
The mighty, universal secret
Beati Beati Mortui.

The farmer lets his gloating eye
Rest upon the lucent, sprouting corn
which by and bye
Will claim their golden tinted age
And bending low, in motherhood's great
privilege
Murmur the beauteous threat
Beati Beati Mortui.

So, on thro' life's eternal swing
In man or beast or bird on wing
We seem to hear the rhythmic symphony
Beati Beati Mortui.

E. R. NARAYANAN.



Cricket

We opened the season on the 21st August with a preliminary practice match, which served to throw some light upon the probable personnel of the team; and it was seen that although we are not quite as strong as last year, we can yet hope to hold our own with the other colleges. In this match Kalyan Raman scored 83 in a hard-hitting innings, while Nogi got 46.

Our first opponents in the M.C.A.A. Tournament were the Pachiappa's on our ground on the 31st when we won fairly easily with 253 runs as against their 115. For us Reddi (58), Jagannadhan (44) and A. V. Krishnaswamy (43) showed good form, while Jagannadhan (6 for 49) and Krishnaswamy (3 for 14) shared the bowling-honours.

We next met the Royapuram Medical School when we, securing first knock, made 241 runs for 8 wickets, while the R. M. S. could only reply with 24. Naik (46), Nogi (49) and A. V. Krishnaswamy (30) were the chief scorers on our side, while both Jagannadhan (4 for 4) and Varathan (5 for 18) bowled splendidly. The team has done well so far, and we wish them the best of luck.

Hockey

Our team began its activities rather inauspiciously by suffering a defeat at the hands of the U. T. C. We are proud of this defeat any way, because three of our best men were playing for the U. T. C. The second match we played was against the Loyola College on their grounds. We were successful in this match by the odd goal in three.

The M.C.A.A. Tournament has begun very auspiciously for us. Of the four matches we played, we won three and the fourth was stopped half way, when the odds were against our opponents the Medicoes.

The first of the four matches was played against the Loyola College team on their grounds at Kodambakam. The result was a repetition of our first match against them. The second match was against the Pachiappa's College team on the Chetput Hostel grounds. We defeated them by

8 goals against their 2. The third was against the Royapuram Medical School team on their own grounds. We won the match by scoring 2 goals against their 1. The fourth was played but not finished. Our opponents the medicoes claimed for the stopping of the game ten minutes before time, complaining that the ball was unplayable. The score then was 3 to 1 against them.

With Padma in our forward line and Veerasinghe in the defence and the others supporting them, we see no reason why we should not retain the two trophies this year.

Tennis

In Tennis, it is regrettable that the general standard of play is as bad as, if not worse than, that of last year, while we have no new players of outstanding merit. P. S. Venkata Raman, last year's Inter-collegiate Singles Champion is however still with us, so that there is a good chance of this championship at least remaining with us. With some luck and good practice we should even win the Doubles Championship.

A new feature this year is the introduction of inter-collegiate practice matches. We have been at home to both the Christians and the Medicals, and have beaten both. It would be interesting to see lady students on our courts once more, particularly as there seems to be no lack of talent among them. We recollect that in 1923, the Presidency College had the unique distinction of entering a purely Indian Mixed Doubles team for the M. C. C. Tennis Tournaments of that year. A step farther would be the introduction into our Home Tournaments, of a Mixed Doubles Championship. We cordially recommend the above suggestion to the General Sports Secretary of the Presidency College.

Football

The standard of Football, though showing a slight improvement on that of last year, is yet very poor. It seems that Football is not very popular with the Presidency College students, for in spite of a large roll, we cannot muster even a decently strong XI. If promising players would only turn up more regularly for practice and take some more interest in the game, we should soon be able to hold our own against the other colleges.

After a few preliminary practice-matches we met the Christians on the 26th July in our first inter-collegiate match, losing by the broad margin of 5 goals to nil. On our showing in this game we seemed very weak, but after some hard practice, we showed a marked improvement in our next, for we beat the Veterinary College by 4 to 1. We went on to beat Pachappa's by the odd goal in three, but were badly beaten in our next two games, by the Medical College and the new comers, Loyola.

Our two wins, however, go to prove that with practice we can do well in spite of the paucity of talent, so we would urge Football players of the college to take more seriously to the game.



A Midnight Journey



It was so pleasant and bracing after the tiring tug-o'-war in the examination hall—an escape, so to speak, from its cramped atmosphere into a far freer one. Uneventful as that journey was, still it had the fine hidden flavour of a subtle something that left a lasting impression on my mind, just as sometimes a casual human face seen among a thousand will catch the eye and dwell in the mind for ever. To me the experience savoured of the uncanny: it was a phantom journey.

With a sharp whistle the train left the station at about eight in the evening. Looking back at the motley crowd—the officious porters, the ubiquitous sweetmeat vendors, the shrill-tongued newsboys, the station-master with his hurried look, the guard nimbly jumping into his van and above all, that host of loafers loitering listlessly—the brilliant electric lights—and the swift-whirling electric fans, I was loath to leave this place so teeming with life. But slowly, inevitably, the train moved on, the lights and the busy hum of men receded in the distance, and the sound became an echo and the lights dwindled into specks which finally faded from view like a vision 'leaving the world to darkness and to me'.

Some say it is good to read an amusing book while travelling. Far be it from me to disparage a love of books that is proof against the noisy uproar in the compartment. But I prefer to sit in the convenient corner seat and watch the charming scenery outside. The gentle breeze fanning the face; the rude rhythm and metallic clangour of the wheels punctuated by the shrill whistle of the engine; the starry moonless sky; the silent hills sleeping like chained Titans—to resist the joint charm of these and prefer a book—'that mighty bloodless substitute for life'—was a task beyond my power.

Like a shrieking indignant giant the train sped on piercing the pall of midnight darkness. In its mad career it heeded not the small stations which vanished as suddenly as they shot into view. At one of these, a solitary watchman waved a torchlight, in recognition, as it were, of the majesty of the august visitor who, however, callously hurried on with an amused whistle bespeaking contempt for the man and his puny effort. Near another, an old fashioned bullock cart was plodding on its slow progress poorly contrasting with the furious forty-five per hour of the modern monster. And here and there, through the thick woods gleamed a furious forest fire which threw into strong relief the lurid gloom of the night.

The gentle breeze blowing so soft and sweet suddenly changed into a blustering gale. The wind cut our face, like a whip, forbidding sleep. One felt one could even touch it: it seemed in its intensity so tangible. On either side of us, were tall trees moaning and bending before the fury of the gale, and beyond lay sleeping the everlasting hills that heeded neither the noise of the train nor the roar of the wind. Overhead the myriad hosts of stars shone and twinkled. It was a scene worthy of an artist's pencil.

In vivid contrast to this grand scene was the busy human life within. The compartment was brilliantly lit up and with the talk and mirth and laughter of one's fellowbeings one could be quite at home even in such austere surroundings. Most of us could not sleep, for the wind blew so hard. But there were a few dauntless sleepers and resolute resters who were either sound asleep or were vacillating on the border that separates the land of nod from that of waking. "My God, what a wind!" exclaimed a middle-aged worthy and closed his eyes, whether in silent thought or peaceful sleep remained an uncertain point. A close-cropped stout-built individual in serge coat and white trousers subjected me to a fire of provoking cross examination and drew out of me everything that he seemed so anxious to ascertain: and when, I in turn asked some questions about him, which bare civility demanded, he had a peculiar knack of evading the relevant answer. To this day I have a vague suspicion that in him I have met a quack. Another beside me was a trifle foppishly dressed and had an eternal "beedie" in his mouth and he seemed to derive a genuine pleasure from the contemplation of the curling smoke which sometimes issued from his mouth and at other times made its exit through his nasal corridors. He seemed (pardon, Belloc) by profession a servant, by inclination a master and by chance a travelling agent to some insurance company.

Sweet is human fellowship; without it one is like a limb torn off the body.

The wind became calmer. It was about five in the morning. The woody regions turned into peaceful green fields. Now and then a bird chirped in the thicket and the ploughman shouted his morning song. And away in the east rose resplendent the glorious morning star, that favourite of poets from time out of mind and the harbinger of the rosy fingered dawn. A railway journey gives us some trouble. To old men its noise is a nuisance and to many its insufficient accommodation is irritating. But turn me from these superannuated grannies and dyspeptic busy bodies. A railway journey, remains, for ever, a delightful experience, an opportunity to read the ample page of Nature's book.

'WANDERING JEW'.

University Awards of Prizes and Medals, 1926

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

	Examination	NAME OF STUDENTS
The Christian College Medal ...	B.A. (Hon.)	P. Achyutha Menon.
Rao Bahadur M. A. Singarachariar Prize ...	"	

SANSKRIT

The Pitti Munuswami Chetty Gold Medal ...	B.A. (Hon.)	T. S. Balasubrahmanyam.
The Prince of Wales Medal ...	"	"
The Kerala Varma Jubilee Gold Medal ...	"	"
The Bysani Madhava Chetti Gold Medal.	B.A. (Hon.)	W. Venkatakrishna Rao.

PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY

The Jagidar of Arni Gold Medal ...	B.A. (Hon.)	S. R. Kalyanaraman.
The R. Pattabhirama Reddi Medal...	"	T. S. Swaminathan.

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

The Norton Prize ...	B.A. (Hon.)	T. Viraraghavan.
The Rajah Sir Ramaswami Medal ...	"	"

BOTANY

The Pulney Andy Medal ...	B.A. (Hon.)	R. Minakhisundaram Ayyar.
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MATHEMATICS.

The Caithness Prize ...	B.A. (Hon.)	K. P. Anantanarayanan,
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GEOLOGY

The Cromarty Prize ...	B.A. (Hon.)	K. S. Narasimbachari,
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MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE.

The Miller Gold Medal ...	B.A.	V. Sivaramakrishnan.
The Lord Pentland Mussalman Medal.	INTERMEDIATE	Muhammad Kaja Muhiuddin.

The Presidency College Old Boys' Association

A business meeting of the above Association was held in the College on Friday the 10th September, at which the following office-bearers were elected :—

President :

THE HON'BLE SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI IYER, K.C.I.E.

Vice-President :

THE HON'BLE THE RAJAH OF PANAGAL.

Chairman of Committee :

MR. V. T. KRISHNAMACHARIAR, C.I.E.

Secretaries :

MR. V. C. RANGASWAMI, B.A.

MR. C. K. KRISHNASWAMI, M.A.,

Members of Committee :

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE COLLEGE (MR. P. F. FYSON, M.A.)

M.R.RY. RAO SAHIB P. SAMBANDA MUDALIAR

RAO BAHADUR C. T. ALWAR CHETTY, B.A.

MISS C. K. KAUSALYA, B.A.

MR. T. N. MUTHUSWAMI, B.A.

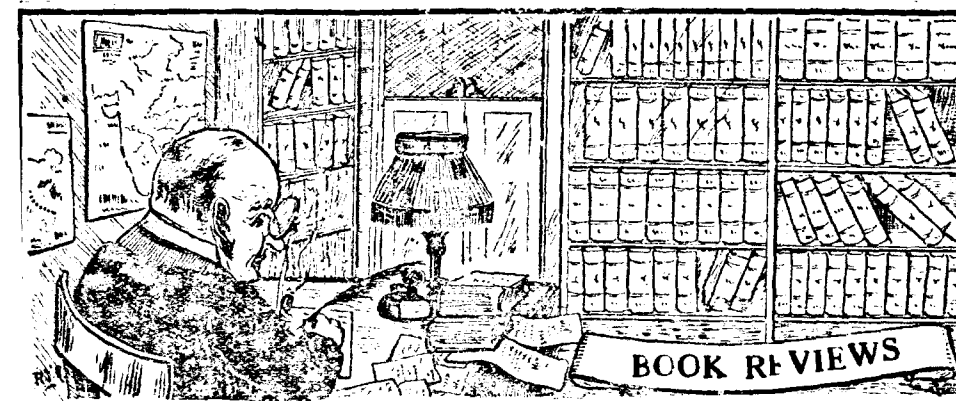
MR. SIVA PRASAD, B.A.

MR. C. S. V. RAMANI, B.A.

MR. B. R. SETURAMAN, B.A.

It was also decided that Professors who have served in the College could become Associate members of the Association.

The subscription is Rs. 5 for membership per annum for all except those who are students in a Professional College for whom the subscription is Rs. 2 only.



SIXTY-THREE POEMS—Wilfrid Gibson, Macmillan & Co., 1926.

This is a volume of selections from the poetical works of Wilfrid Gibson by Dr. Parker of Wilson College, Bombay, for use in schools and colleges. There is a useful critical introduction which gives a brief account of Mr. Gibson's longer poems and attempts an estimate of his poetic genius. The poet was born 48 years ago in Northumberland, and that country of

"Heatherland and bent-land
And valleys rich with corn
Land of singing waters,
And winds from off the sea—

is the chief source of most of his poems.

Mr. Gibson's genius is essentially dramatic and many of the poems deal with the portrayal of various mental crises in the lives of simple working folk,—Northumbrian shepherds and haymakers, pitmen and harriers, fisher-folk and sailors.

He is best in his short narrative poems and dramatic monologues, though some of his lyrics are not without beauty. Among his chief published works are "Thoroughfares," "Whin" "Neighbors" "I heard a Sailor"—collections of pure lyrics, lyrical narratives, Krindleskye, a long dramatic poem and "Kestrel Edge and other Plays," consisting of two short tragedies and a group of three comedies.

The selections in the present volume are mostly from the lyrical and narrative poems and are well calculated to illustrate Mr. Gibson's imaginative sensibility and his mastery of a varied verse technique. We quote below two short poems from the book.

Treasures three
 Life's given me—
 Opal-heart of dawning dreams
 Shot with restless fiery gleams :
 Crystal-heart by day and night
 Glowing with the living light:
 Amber-heart that wells with mirth
 Of the sun-enchanted earth.
 Every dawn's a golden key
 To unlock my treasury—
 Heaven here and now for me.

WOOLGATHERING

Youth that goes woolgathering,
 Mooning and stargazing,
 Always finding everything
 Full of fresh amazing,
 Best will meet the moment's need
 When the dream brings forth the deed.

He who keeps through all his days
 Open eyes of wonder
 Is the lord of skiey ways,
 And the earth thereunder,
 For the heart to do and sing
 Comes of youth's woolgathering.

WILFRID GIBSON.



Our Exchanges

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following
 Magazines :—

Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi
 The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam
 The Scholar
 Our Little Friend
 The Old College, Trivandrum
 St. Thomas' College Magazine, Trichur
 The Khalasa College Magazine
 The Alwaye Union Christian College Magazine
 The Devayatan, Daulatpur
 The Andra Herald
 The Law College Magazine
 The American College Magazine, Madura
 The Davar's College Magazine
 The Jaina Gazette
 The Garland
 The Gordonian, Rawalpindi
 The Chandbagh Chronicle, Lucknow
 The School Folk
 The Student Movement Review
 The Union Noble College Leader
 The Queen Mary's College Magazine
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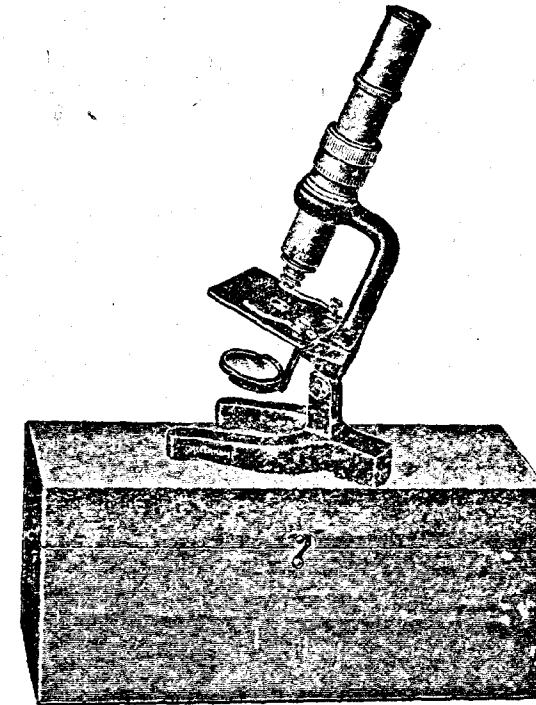
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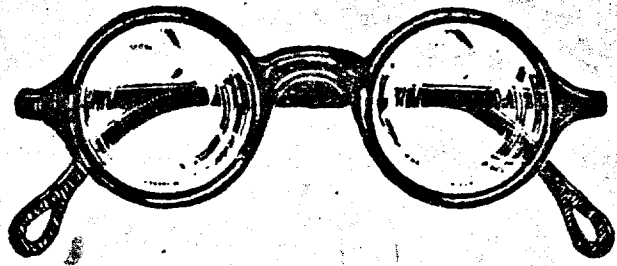
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