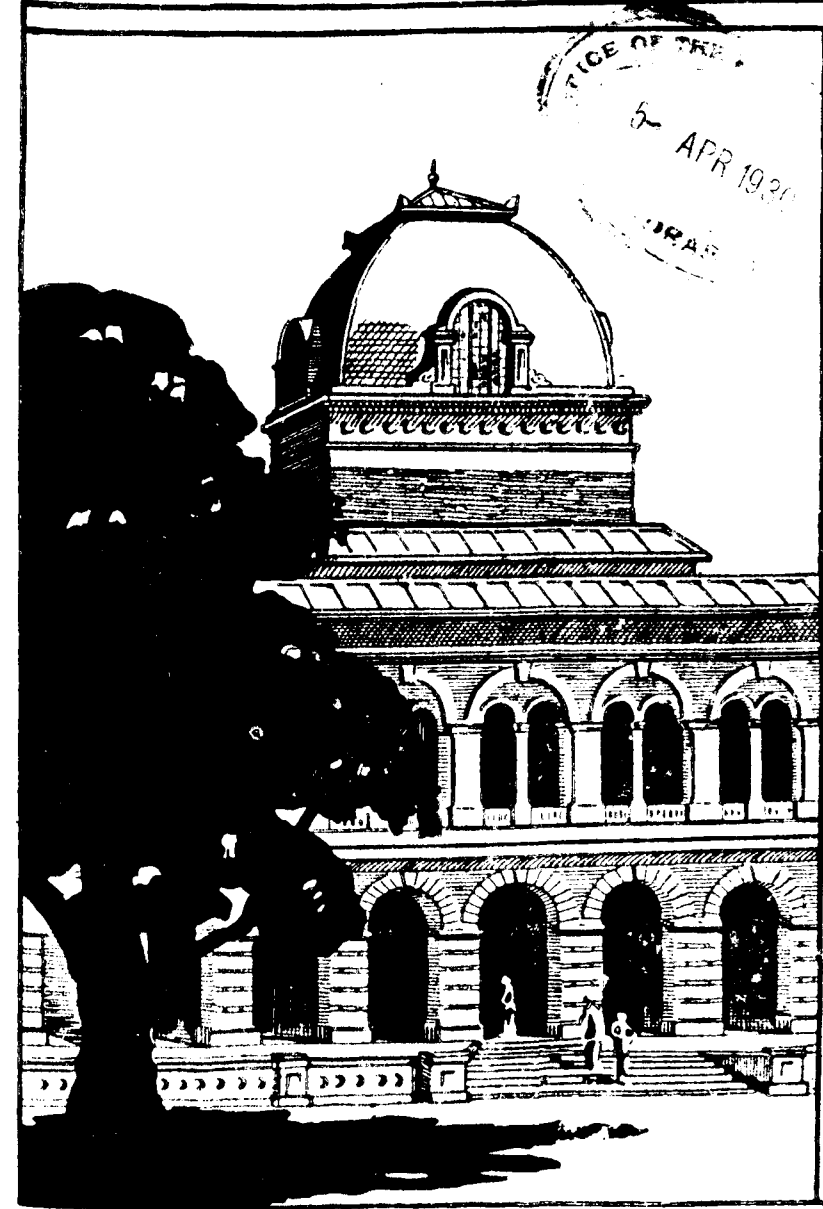


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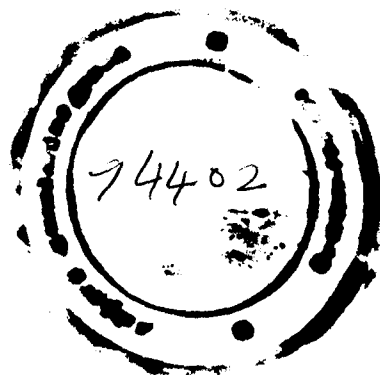


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A circular ink stamp from the Government of Madras. The outer ring contains the text "GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS" at the top and "OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY" at the bottom. In the center, the date "5- APR 1930" is stamped. Below the date, the word "MADRAS" is visible, followed by a small star and the word "STATE".

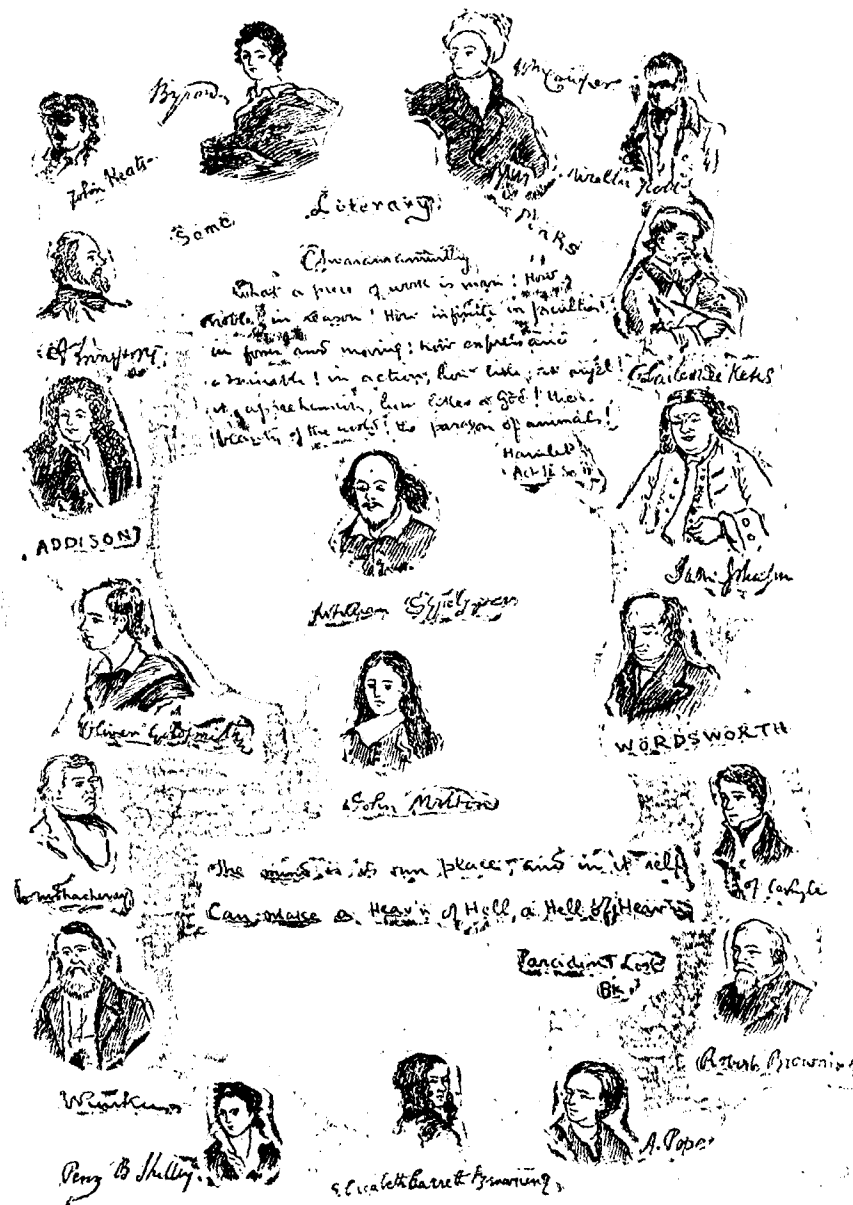
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Vol. V

MARCH, 1930

No. 3

Saints and Biologists

[A speech delivered by Mr. S. V. Ramamurti, I.C.S. on the Presidency College Hostel Day under the presidency of Dewan Bahadur K. Ramunni Menon, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras.]

WE begin at this meeting with the words of a saint in the form of a prayer. We end with the words of a biologist in the person of our chairman. Let me, therefore, trace the relation of saints and biologists. Saints, it is notorious, are not biologists.

Biologists, I do not think, would care to be classed as saints.

Yet there is a relation.

This meeting is, of course, a series of words beginning with those of a saint and ending with those of a biologist. But let me take another series—the series of the creative activity of man.

- You observe that saints are more common in the beginning of the history of civilized nations than towards the end, that they are more common in the nations

which are as old as the beginning of civilization than in younger nations, in *Krita yuga* than in *Kali yuga*.

In India, our history begins with saints—with inspired prophets, with Rishis, with saintly men and women. We have always had more saints than other nations.

When modern Europe emerged from barbarism into civilization, it was through Christian saintliness.

There is life all over the universe—in animals, in trees, even in rocks, as Bose tells us. But man is the only entity in the universe who has self-conscious life, who has creative life. All things, except men and God, are only objects. God is certainly a subject besides an object, and man is made in the image of God as a self-conscious and creative entity.

When life was born as humanity, man came trailing clouds of glory that was God, as a child does. To a saint God comes not from experience so much as from instinct and inspiration. To the saint, God is a remembrance.

As men lose their first warm remembrance of God, they become philosophers. Philosophers seek to see the oneness of God, whom they know but do not quite remember, in the diverse universe around, which they do see. Religion has always been succeeded by philosophy in Asia and in Europe. All religions start with prophets and pass on to philosophers. Philosophy is the after-glow of religion.

Then comes art which seeks to see in the beauty of parts the beauty of the whole universe. The oneness of the whole universe is of glowing grandeur and the perception of it has a profound emotional effect. Indian religion and philosophy were succeeded by Indian art. The Christian saints in the beginning of the Christian era were succeeded by Christian philosophers of the

Middle Ages and the Christian artists of the Renaissance. 72

Next to art comes engineering which is the practical form of physics. Man is not content to see the beauty of the world. He wants to recast it and make fresh forms of beauty, the beauty of form, the beauty of pleasure, the beauty of comfort, the beauty of power and so forth.

It was so in India. The arts of painting and sculpture were followed by the engineering achievements of temples, palaces, bridges, anicuts and so forth. It was so in Europe. The artists of the Renaissance were followed by the physicists and engineers of Europe up to the end of the 19th century.

India, as we know, has not quite begun to live in the 20th century. So we have only Europe to look at for what has followed engineering.

This is now, we are told, the age of chemistry.

Last century, Europe tried to collect the agricultural produce of the earth so that engineers might use it in factories in Europe. Cotton was taken and cloth was returned. Now we are coming to the time when cotton need not be taken but cloth will still be sent, made of synthetic cotton such as artificial silk. Last century, they took artificial manure from South America and sent it to other countries. Now they make ammonia from the nitrogen of German air and send it to us—though we too have air, but no chemistry. Last century, and even now, Europe has sought oil mines in Asia and elsewhere. Chemists are now engaged in making fuel from things—from hitherto useless things that Europe has. And it will come to us.

The world has begun to live more rapidly than physics can sustain it. Therefore we are not only to

re-manipulate the things that God has made, but help in re-making them. I take it that Indian chemists will also have their say in the near future, and that those of you who are chemists will help in that process.

What follows chemistry? There is now a new chemistry coming to the fore—bio-chemistry, the chemistry of living things.

It seems to me that the coming age is the age of the biologist. The biologist has already begun to cast shadows of himself. He has begun to convert animals, or at least parts of them, into men, or at least parts of them. He has begun to interchange sex. He has begun to hope to make death into life.

The essence of the biologist is to look upon life—even human life—as an object. In biology man looks not merely on matter but also on life as something which he can control and supervise. The biologist hopes to do the things that hitherto we have relegated to God—such as making monkeys into men, females into males, death into life. He is trying and hoping to take on the functions of God himself. We know God through His functions, rather than through His existence. So we may say the biologist's hope is to achieve God.

Thus the series through which the creative activity of man has been showing itself—the series, namely, of saint, philosopher, artist, engineer, chemist and biologist—has the saint at the beginning and the biologist at the end. To the saint God is a remembrance; from the philosopher to the chemist God is an experience; to the biologist God will perhaps be an achievement.

So that you will see that saints and biologists are intimately connected. Of this connection, this meeting has to-day given a miniature demonstration on which let me congratulate the Hostel.

The Gita in idle moments

(A paper read before the Sanskrit Academy on the Gita Celebration Day.)

THERE are idle moments and idle moments. Just as there may be method in madness, so may there be sometimes earnestness in idleness. It is not seldom that we have short intervals of leisure when the mind is high-strung and the mood exalted, but there is not sufficient time for any connected thinking. In such moments of what might be called idleness one likes to relax one's muscles and allow the mind to wander to the nooks and corners of experience reviving sweet or bitter memories—no longer simply sweet or bitter but delicately flavoured by time and touched by a certain sadness. There are heights to which our spirits once rose, when the vision seemed to clear a little and the path we trod lay behind us like a vanquished foe, and a smile of satisfaction came to our lips almost afraid of itself. There are, again, depths to which we once sank, unknown to our friends and unsuspected by those nearest and dearest to us, but known, too well-known, to Him who seemed to have forsaken us when we most needed His help. These are ever-recurring moments in the inner history of every religious soul. They often come back to us out of memory "mellowed by time and rendered pathetic in the retrospect." Alas! what small heights and what great depths! How far away is the goal, and what little headway do we make here! We seem to climb only to fall. We move an inch today, and slide back a foot tomorrow. The path seems to be clear one day. But on the next we find ourselves in a wilderness mocked at by the grisly forms of our own desires. We think we have

renounced, but we have not. And we lose our faith. Its place is taken by doubt. And what a doubt it is sometimes! It is not simply a doubt regarding this doctrine or that doctrine, this established truth or that established truth, but a doubt regarding all doctrines, a doubt regarding the existence of Truth itself. It is a prelude to what Carlyle calls the everlasting No—a negation of righteousness, justice, beauty and love—in fact, a denial of the existence of God.

In moments such as these—call them idle or busy—comes to our ears the voice of the eternal Singer saying,

“Whence hath this loathsome feeling come upon thee in this crisis? It is ignoble. It is disgraceful. It debars thee from heaven. Do not yield to this weakness, for it does not become thee. Shake off this base faintness of heart and stand up.”

As you all know, these are practically the first words of the Bhagavan in the Gita, and they should ring in our ears whenever we are encircled by doubts and fears and, what is more deadly than these, a spiritual listlessness, a languor of the soul. Courage is the first word in the teaching of the Gita. It is the first word in all religious life. *Nayamatma balahinena labhyah.*

It is remarkable how in religious life the darkest hour always precedes the dawn. The Gita in a couple of oft-quoted verses says:

“Whenever there is a decline of Dharma and an outbreak of Adharma I incarnate myself. For the protection of the good and for destruction of the wicked and for the establishment of Dharma, I am born from age to age.”

But I submit that this is true of individual experience as well as of national or racial experience. Whenever there is decline of Dharma in the heart and an outbreak of Adharma in the shape of doubt or fear or listlessness or

secret sin, He, who is the guardian of eternal righteousness, takes birth there—not only from age to age, but also from day to day. And when this holy birth takes place, the clouds of darkness roll away from our minds. For is He not “the light of all lights, beyond all darkness?” Is He not the mystical Sun whom Gayatri reveals to us, and of whom the sun in the sky is said to be only a fitful symbol? Is He not the *Bha-rupa* of *Sandilya-Vidya*, of whom more than one Upanishad says:—

“After Him, as He shines, doth everything shine. The whole world is illumined with His light?”

And did He not appear to the mystic eye of Arjuna as “the light of a thousand suns risen at once in the sky?” And does He not withal in His infinite compassion say that He enters into the hearts of His worshippers and “dispels the darkness born of ignorance by the shining lamp of wisdom?”

But the question for the religious soul rejoicing in the Light is—How to keep it steady? At a certain stage in our pilgrimage the question is no longer—How to become a *yukta* from being a *sakta*? or in other words—How to become a man of God from being a man of the world? but—How to become a *nitya-yukta*? or How to be always a man of God and yet remain in the world? It is remarkable how often that expression *nitya-yukta* or its synonyms occur in the Gita. I can quote at least six instances.

Becoming a *nitya-yukta* is nothing less than spiritualizing every action of ours. The Gita explains it in this way:—

“Whatsoever thou doest, whatsoever thou eatest, whatsoever thou offerest, whatsoever thou givest and whatsoever of austerities thou mayst practice—do that as an offering to Me.”

Too often we are satisfied with a half-baked spiritu-

ality. We are spiritual during our hours of devotion or moments of prayer, but quite unspiritual in the everyday traffic of the world. We forget that our hours of devotion and moments of prayer are intended only to strengthen us in spiritualizing every phase of our activity in the traffic of the world. Of what use is our prostrating ourselves before God in the temple if we are going to deny His existence in the world outside by our petty loves and hates, by our meanness and selfishness, and by our cruelties and betrayals? The author of the Gita condemns a man as a hypocrite who controls his organs of sense but continues to think of the objects of sense. I wonder what He would say of our present day soullessness under a thin veneer of religion. We have only to recall to our minds some of the scathing words He uses in the sixteenth chapter, of those who say, "I am rich, I am of high birth. Who is there like unto me? I will perform sacrifices. I will lavish alms. I will rejoice." He bitterly opposes all forms of religious hypocrisy—blind ritualism which says there is nothing else but this, smug *sannyasa* which thinks that mere renunciation leads to perfection, external righteousness which still fondly broods over sin, and sentimental humanitarianism which sheds pious tears and shirks its duty.

His whole gospel is a burning plea for religion in common life. That is why, though it is addressed to a famous hero at a most critical moment in his nation's history, it comes home to all of us. It comes home to the tiller in his field, to the merchant in his shop, to the lawyer in his chambers, to the scholar in his study and to the priest in his temple as well as to the soldier in the battle-field—teaching its simple lesson of Yoga or union with God, and not the technical Yoga of in-breathing

and out-breathing, and bidding every one of us learn to be a *yukta* and a *nitya-yukta* and do his duty honestly, courageously, efficiently and selflessly.

Our moments of idleness are no moments of idleness indeed, if from a sad survey of our past life we proceed in thought to this central lesson of the Gita and go out into active life again, as Arjuna went forth into the battle at the end of the discourse, saying :—

"My delusion is gone. I have come to myself through Thy grace. My doubt has been removed and I will act according to Thy word."

D. S. SARMA.

Gupta Art

(Continued from page 95 of last issue)

The Bagh caves

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the Ajanta caves—the contemporaneity is evident from the character of the sculptures, paintings and other ornamentations found in both sets of excavations—were those of Bagh, a village situated a few miles to the southwest of Dhar in Gwalior State. The Bagh works are excavated in a cliff in the southern slopes of the Vindhya, which rises to a height of about 150 feet above the Bagh river from which the village derives its name. The rock furnishes the only example, as Sir John Marshall points out, of sand stone in a region of basalt. It is however surmounted by a heavy weight of clay-stone band, the exudation of moisture through which has caused damage to the monuments.

The excavated caves at Bagh form a collection of nine good examples of the artistic excellence of the age, and they have been there crumbling in ruins during the last fifteen centuries. They cover a frontage of 750 yards, lending by their lack of contiguity, a certain picturesqueness to the grades of the mountain sides in which they lie. Time was when, in the full sunshine or during the copious showers of the monsoons, they afforded shelter to throngs of busy and pious monks who consecrated their lives to the preparation for the Nirvana. Time was when the artist with his chisel or brush and the Upasaka with his offerings and grants regarded themselves as transported to an earthly paradise of work and love in that enchanted glen. But during the last fifteen centuries

Gupta Art

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there have been there no yellow robed monks to wave a greeting to pious laymen, no artists to lend additional glories to the crimson and the purple of the sun-bathed rocks. The voices of the religious hymnists and of the country people, who grazed their cattle in the pastures on the hill-side have been silent for a long time; and where once reigned rapt contemplation or learned discourse in philosophy, we now find only a stray antiquarian or an enthusiastic student of history to smile on the ruins and experience the effect of nature and art on human sentiments.

For, as Mr. James H. Cousins observes, the Bagh* monuments are, like those of Ajanta, a study in environment. "The choice of situation here, as in similar places like Ajanta, was controlled by circumstances that touched the relatively permanent aspects of nature—temporary seclusion in the season of rain, tempered by some measure of accessibility to the wild fields of religious labour in the season of sunshine; shelter from the elements and wild creatures, combined with nearness to food and water. A river-bend and the accompanying cliff would serve the

* The earliest description of the Bagh caves is that of Lieu Dangerfield in the *Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay*, Vol. II, pp. 206-14, with a note by W. Erskine. Owing to the time at which this work was done and the lack of materials, it is very defective, the *viharas* themselves being mistaken for shops! The first scientific account is that of Dr. E. Impey in the *Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. V, pp. 543-73. In 1876 Fergusson noticed the caves briefly and reproduced the plan of two of the caves from Dangerfield and Impey. The account is that of Col. Luard in the *Indian Antiquary* for 1910, wherein he corrected some of Dr. Impey's mistakes. In October, 1923, the artist, Mr. A. K. Haldar, published a paper in the *Burlington Magazine*, and in 1925, Mr. M. C. Dey published his work *My Pilgrimage to Ajanta and Bagh*. Col. Luard's efforts subsequently led to the most sumptuous publication on the subject by the India Society, thanks to the generous donation of funds by the Maharaja Scindia, in 1927. It has a foreward by L. Binyon and a number of articles by savants on the different aspects of the monuments, besides 19 plates prepared by modern artists. This supersedes all previous works on the subject.

purpose, and these time may modify but not soon eliminate. The speculations of humanity in nature's power and variety may have brought details of colour and perfume to the landscape in, perhaps, blue flax and medicinal thyme; but food and clothing are fundamental, and the rich green that presages the coming gold of the wheat, and the speckled shrubs that promise the snow drift of the cotton, may have been as contributory to human picturesqueness a millennium and a half ago as they are today on the road from Mhow to Bagh—ninety miles almost as the crow flies into the southwest corner of the land fathered by a Prince among men, the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior."

The first of the Bagh caves is a single chamber, 23 feet by 14, supported by four pillars, in a sad state of dilapidation, the portico through which the entrance to it lay having been long ago the victim of time. The second, known locally as the Pandavagumpha, is fortunately the most elaborate and the best preserved of the group. It is a typical vihara of the age (and probably of a domestic establishment too), provided with more than twenty cells. Its pillars and pilasters present a charming variety of pattern and design. The facts that the chief object of worship in it is a 'dagoba' and not an image and that on the other hand there are standing figures of the Buddha and Bodhisattvas in the vestibule, are believed to indicate a transitional chronology for this monument. The third cave—locally known as hathikhana or elephant stable—was, like the second, a residential quarter but apparently intended for superior monks, if we are to judge from its more elaborate design and from its adornment by tempera paintings. It is not complete, but it has been ascertained that it consisted of two halls, an outer and an inner, with octagonal columns and with a chapel

of the Buddha in the north-east side. The whole cave is adorned not only with paintings but with a gold frieze in front in which the figures of elephants, lions, lion-masks and chaitya windows, inset with pairs of human busts, alternate with each other. There are also highly ornate porches from the middle of the cell verandahs, the pillars of which are of singular beauty. The 4th cave or Rangamahala, as it is called, is the finest of the group. It is not only finer than the other viharas but more spacious and elaborately designed. It has three entrances in front with two square windows, a square hall with pillared verandahs on four sides, in three of which there are cells and in the fourth a chapel. Owing to wider space, this cave has a larger number of beautiful pillars. The ornamentation of the several parts are also singularly grand and charming. The fifth cave, which is closely connected with the fourth, has been suggested to be an oratory. It is a rectangular hall traversed by two rows of columns with round shafts and plain cushion capitals. The sixth cave is a smaller hall connected with the fifth and has been assigned, on the ground of its possessing the pot and foliage motif, to a comparatively late period, namely, the seventh and eighth centuries. The other three caves (Nos. 7, 8 and 9) have collapsed and are at present mere masses of debris.

A comparison of the Bagh caves with the Ajanta ones reveals some interesting architectural differences. In the first place there are no *chaityas* at Bagh, all the excavation being designed for monastic or scholastic purposes; but the viharas themselves are furnished with *dagoba* sanctuaries, indicating the combination of monastic residence and worship. A second difference is that the centre of the halls at Bagh contains a group of four or more support-

ing columns. "These supplementary columns," says Sir John Marshall, "were necessitated by the peculiarly friable nature of the sandstone at Bagh. At other sites such as Ajanta, Ellora, etc., the rock was of better quality and wider spaces than this could be spanned without any intermediate supports." A third difference is that the bad quality of the Bagh rocks has disabled the donors of the age from engraving their records on their surfaces, to the detriment of the modern historian and chronologist! For the same reason, decorative carving occupies a minor place in these caves, while painting, on the contrary, looms much larger in importance. Indeed, the interesting suggestion has been made that the paintings of the group were made to serve the purpose of inscriptions. The remnants of the labels underneath some of these paintings have been surmised by scholars to indicate, by their palæographical features, the 6th and 7th centuries for the majority of this series of monuments. The first cave is believed to be the earliest, and the fifth and sixth the latest. The Buddhism enshrined in Bagh was Mahayanism no doubt, but it was singular in still retaining the comparatively archaic worship of the *dagoba* side by side with the more advanced stage of iconographic representation. The iconography of the monuments also shows the transitional features from the Buddhistic period to the growing triumph of Brahmanism.

We cannot say when the Bagh caves ceased to be tenanted by the monks. It must have been during that period of triumphant Hinduism which followed in the wake of the Rajput ascendancy, and indeed the growing potency of the Pauranic cult is evidenced by the nomenclatures given to these monuments in accordance with Pauranic predilections, thoroughly ignoring their original

mission and glory. And today, though nature herself has aided in the decay of the holy place in consequence of the sandstone material, the approach to it still retains the beauty of environment "in the general rhythmical contours of the surrounding country" which it possessed centuries ago. "The prospect of the platform in front of the chambers," says Dr. Cousins, "is to-day as the keen eyes of the students and craftsmen must have looked upon it in the days of its glory. The Bagh river murmurs its precepts eternally along the base of the cliff 30 feet below the 'caves.' Across the river the shallow valley rises against the sky-line dotted with short trees. The ground (for it is the rainy season) has the reddish tint that enters so largely into the colour schemes of the pictorial art of Bagh and Ajanta. But in the monsoon season, when the monks would repair to their spiritual home to taste the chastity and peace that still haunt the place like a white Presence, the land would spread before them as green as their memory is to us today."

V. RANGACHARYA.

A Note on the Ode to a Nightingale

THERE are many passages in Keats's *Odes* of 1819 which show how, even in the rapture of the melody of song or contemplation of art, thoughts of disquiet would now and then obtrude, rising up with a discordant note from the sub-conscious layers of the poet's mind. In the "Ode to a Nightingale" he wishes to 'quite forget'

"The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow."

The first four lines here are born out of the recollection of long watches of weary hours by his brother's bedside. The thought of the evanescent nature of all beauty in the world was one, we are told, which tormented Keats as if it were a peculiar personal sorrow; and he has given expression to it in a score of places both in his letters and poems. But a picture of the poet himself pining away under the combined afflictions of love and fell disease at that time would not be an inappropriate commentary on some of these lines, especially the last. The passage read casually appears but an imaginative fantasy or a designedly exaggerated description of mortal misery by way of contrast to the fairy world of the nightingale. But if it is read in relation to the facts of his life it reveals a poignant personal experience of the poet.

Even when he is under the spell of the nightingale's music, Keats cannot quite forget the sorrows of the world. He knows that with the end of the song the disillusionment is bound to come to throw him back into a pitiless world of hard realities, and rather than go back he would like to die at the moment of intensest rapture.

"Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath."

This craving for death is not merely a phase of the psychological experience of adolescence common in most young men of poetic imagination. It has its roots much deeper than in any momentary or fanciful dissatisfaction or quarrel with one's own being or the desire to anticipate the one unique experience of life before it is due. Keats has expressions in this very poem that might lead the reader to come to the latter conclusion at first, but a more careful study will convince him that to the poet death is 'easeful death,' rest and peace, a removal from all liability to suffer pain and sorrow, the accumulated burden of which had grown too heavy for him to bear. Critics have pointed out how shortly before this period Keats had actually written many such 'a mused rhyme.' In both the "Bright star" sonnet and the "Ode to Fanny," he soothes himself with thoughts of dying as a relief from the disappointments and miseries in this world. And one might also cite the sonnet, "Why did I laugh tonight," as expressing a similar sentiment, were it not for the fact that death in it is rather glorified as 'Life's high meed.' Thus it seems to be clear that Keats was slowly familiarizing his imagination with or reconciling himself to the thought of death, an early death which was to be his soon.

The following lines in the Ode have been a matter of some controversy:—

“Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.”

In the lines preceding these the poet expresses the desire to cease to be to the accompaniment of the song of the nightingale and thinks of it as a most delicious sensation. But these lines which immediately follow would seem to show that even in thinking of it as such death was not looked upon as anything other than an escape from a cruel world, a kind of world the nightingale never knew. If the sentiment had been one of rapture at the very thought of death, there is no logic in pointing out that the bird in its happiness never knows what it is to die, implying that death is naturally only the refuge of the unhappy.

There is yet another difficulty in the passage. Critics have pointed out that the bird is no more immortal than man. The individual dies—bird as well as man. If the poet means the type and not the individual, what is the point, it may be asked, in contrasting the type bird with the individual man? The answer would be that Keats is thinking not of the nightingale as a species of a bird, but simply as the song-bird, thinking only of the quality, the singing by which we know it and which has remained unaltered through the ages. Understood this way, the thought is one most congenial to Keats which he has given expression to in a score of places elsewhere—the contrast between the immortality of art (here the bird's art) and the transitoriness of life (here human life). And in the context the thought expressed thus is pregnant

with suggestion. Every bird, the producer of such perfect song, is known to the world only by its music which ever remains unchanged—and thus is immortal by its art. But what about man? Has man been able to express himself in some perfectly typical human note of art through which he might bid fair to be immortal like the bird? The individual poet, the individual painter is not thought of by Keats, but the whole type of man, the species. Has the latter attained to any distinguishing changeless note of humanity and artistic expression, even as the whole species of the nightingale has? With this suggestion the lack of logic pointed out by the critics entirely disappears. Again, the types are compared, not the individuals; and the lines gain in substance of thought and imagination and cease to be merely fanciful. That this interpretation is not far-fetched is clearly shown by the second line. ‘No hungry generations tread thee down.’ Keats was never more logical than in those two lines; but he has also seldom attained elsewhere to such brevity of expression. If the bird as a type has been able to attain this artistic perfection and immortality, and man as a type has not, the poet offers the explanation that it is due to the bird's being so happy in its world and knowing nothing of any struggle for existence, while man is trodden down in his world of misery by hungry generations. Only in a world of perfect happiness could there be evolution of any form of perfect art. Here again the vision of man borne down by generations of hungry mortals is expressive of Keats's state of mind during the period.

And this leads to another point worth noting. The nightingale is generally represented by poets as the bird of melancholy, the love-born nightingale unburdening her heavy load of sorrow out of a heart full to breaking.

She is imagined as the singer of the night, the very embodiment of sorrow made musical. The Greek legend of Philomela must have been familiar to Keats as it is to every schoolboy. It is therefore rather strange that he should have conceived the bird as the embodiment of happiness, singing of summer in full-throated ease and knowing nothing of pain and suffering. One might imagine that if Keats had not been continually brooding over his own miseries and been so dejected in mind as to fancy himself the most unhappy of all objects in the world he might have noticed the touch of plaintiveness in the song of the bird and expressed his sympathy for its imagined grief. In so doing he would have kept closer to the spirit of the Greek myth and the literary tradition. But in his present state the world of beautiful melody created by the nightingale appeals to him as the world of supreme happiness, and, like the arrested moment of supreme bliss in the picture of the sculptured urn, it is to him an avenue of escape from a world of cruel realities.

C. R. VENKATACHALAM.

The Expiation

CREEPING up from the sea, the shadows of night spread slowly over the eastern sky. The last tinges of colour from a gorgeous sunset faded steadily before their approach. A hush of silence settled upon us. Along the black, gleaming road stretched a glittering line of cars with head-lights staring out of the night like glowing eyes.

The mood of pensive thought that comes inevitably at the fall of dusk—a mood of delicious weariness and musing in which there is no need for effort of brain or body, had subdued my usually vivacious friend, Mr. Dutt.

He sat upright in his luxurious Studebaker, staring out into the blackness that was now on the sea. I stole a good long look at him, a fine figure of a man—shapely, massive head with a wealth of hair grown gray before its time; the eyes of a dreamer, dark, lustrous and full of fire; a stiff gray moustache and a chin that denoted immense power of will. Looking at him, one felt that he had a past. Was it of that past, hidden even from me, his closest friend, by his usual gaiety and nonchalance, that he was thinking?

Abruptly he turned to me. His face was serious, sad, even filled with pain. This was a Dutt I had never known. He seemed to be reaching out for comfort, for relief, for any help that I could give him. For the first time I noticed the deeply furrowed lines on his brow and around his eyes.

“What’s the matter, old man?” I muttered sympathetically. He seemed to be making some decision. His grasp tightened on the steering wheel.

"Yes," he said at last with startling firmness, "I will tell you."

"We have worked in the Courts together, R——, for five years," he continued after a pause. "You know nothing of my life before that. You took me, a gaol-bird then, on trust, and I am grateful for it. But you must know what I have been."

He had come to me five years ago with a tale of having been in prison, had refused to explain his past, and had asked to partner me in my new legal venture. Ever since, he had been strangely successful and strangely silent about the crime which was the cause of his imprisonment.

He had turned his face away to the sea again and was speaking with a queer, bitter jerk in his voice. I noticed, however, the purity of his English accent.

"I was a brilliant student, you know. A first class History man—prizes, medals, essays and all that sort of thing. My father, a struggling Tahsildar, was immensely proud of me. I was his only son. Unfortunately, he had four daughters, and you know a Tahsildar cannot be rich with four daughters.

"Well, it became pretty clear that I had to finish in England. The old man scrapes up all his spare cash—not much at that—and I find myself at Oxford in the thick of Burleigh's set.

"You knew young Burleigh at Lincoln's Inn. I am putting it mild when I say that I went through in one year what had been laid aside by my dad for three. God, didn't we live?

"As I said before, I was a bit of a genius."—Dutt's bitterness was positively uncomfortable—"And still hoping great things of the very fair reports sent to him at regular intervals, my father squeezed himself dry to meet

my expenses. I settled down in my last term and got a decent second.

"It was a come-down for me, but quite good enough to send the old man's enthusiasm up to the boiling point. I was entered at Gray's Inn. Where he got the cash from, I don't know. I must have bled him fearfully.

"Cannes and Deauville are for Nabobs, not for the sons of impoverished Tahsildars. But go there I did, and in royal style. At the eleventh hour, I sobered down again, chucked bridge parties, chorus girls, and night clubs, and came out third from the top. I told you I was a genius!

"And then my father wrote to me that he had mortgaged his only bit of property. He was in debt. I must come home at once. With my brilliant career, I should easily earn enough to pay off the mortgagee.

"I returned home to Calcutta and worked. My dear R——, what we now earn in a month I turned over every week of the first half year of my return. You know that notorious Rohilkand Murder Case? It earned me a reputation for shadiness. But I did not care. I won my cases, I made my money.

"But it was cruel, it was killing me. I yearned for the gaiety I had just left behind. The drabness of life in this country weighed on my soul. I hated the sight of a bazaar, of a disorderly, filthy street. I pined to go back.

"It was then I first saw her. I was on a brief holiday at Puri, that favourite bathing spot of care-free Calcutta holiday-makers. She wore a brilliant bathing-suit of crimson and gold, and lay propped up on brocaded cushions under a striped sun-umbrella. Her mouth was crimson and her hair was gold. She was alone. Not quite, for she chatted prettily to a little pug-nosed poodle that sniffed about her bare nees. And she was speaking French.

"I thought a smile flickered across her face as I passed, but could not be sure. Strolling back to my car, I found her still alone, sitting hunched up, her chin on her knees; her eyes filled with angry boredom and her little red mouth pouting at a perfectly clear blue sea.

"To me she recalled the typical Reveira girl—fashionably tall, fashionably slender, with Paris frocks, English complexion, and American shoes.

"I stepped softly up to her and said, 'Mam' zelle avez-vous de fatigue?'"

"'Oui, M'seieur,' "she murmured, looking up," 'J'ai tres fatigue. Tired to death of this tiresome country, these tiresome people.'

"She swept the beach with her eyes.

"'How I wish I were back home!'—she said and gave the prettiest of sighs.

"'And I too, Mam'zelle,' I said slowly, 'I wish I were back. I am of this country. But these people! It is a rat hole! Do you hear, Mam'zelle, it is a rat hole!'"

"She softly murmured, 'Oui, M'seieur'"

"Returning to Calcutta together we saw each other often. Nicolette's company was as wine to my fainting soul. She stood for all that I craved for, all that part of my life I had ever really lived. For, in truth, R——, one does not live here, one merely exists. I pined for the sparkle and fizz of Paris, Biarritz, London. She, too, most passionately. We were one in our common nostalgia. We lunched, danced, picnicked together. While I was with her, she declared that she really lived as she yearned to. I heartily agreed."

A wistful expression of regret had crept into Dutt's voice as he gazed out to sea. There were few cars left on the long, still road. The moon had come up and left a

broad shimmering path across the sea. Calmly and slowly he continued.

"I sometimes look back on those days as the happiest in my life—those days when Nicolette and I brought back into each other's lives the sparkle and vim of the Reveira. She was married. She made no secret of it. But was not ours just one of those relationships that can exist safely in no other place in the world but the Reveira?"

"Her husband, a stout major in the Blankshire Regiment, was away in the wilds of Baluchistan. She had been left in Calcutta in the care of an old duenna—a maiden aunt, I believe. She had found India fascinating at first—mysterious, thrilling, romantic. But a very short time had sufficed to peel the scales from her eyes and she saw India as it is—all poverty and squalor. She could not be happy.

"I had a car, and we drove. One night, a nocturne in blue and silver with the scent of jessamine heavy in the air, we left the dust and clatter of Howrah far, far behind. We drove like the wind through all the scent and the trembling, sweet, moon-mist of a perfect night. The rush of the air past our ears carried away with it all trace of tiredness and ennui.

"We were drunk with the wine of speed, drunk with the beauty and madness of that night. We courted disaster a thousand times on that wild drive. But fate is kind to those that challenge her most fearlessly, or so I believe.

"Once, I know, we smashed into a dog. I felt the grating of his bones beneath the wheels as we leapt forward. I felt Nicolette trembling and panting queerly, as she pressed down the accelerator still further to whirl us away from the cur's agonised shrieking.

"We drove often after that. She preferred her low, Swift Lancier four-seater,—lined with black scarlet like her red, leather driving coat. I thought I was a reckless driver, but Nicolette was far worse. At times she seemed possessed, mad. When I could gather my struggling remnants of common sense—a difficult task in Nicolette's company—she would laugh at my warning, and gaily declare that a violent death was a fitting close for a wild violent life.

"If in more sober moments one thought about Nicolette, one knew her to be shallow, frivolous and extravagant. One knew also that she was very expensive. Her zest for living was only equalled by her insatiable appetite for the finest feathers that money could procure. She complained to me of the scantiness of her allowance. After all, a major in His Majesty's service could not keep his wife like an American Millionairess. But I kept her so. My father, disappointed in me, left the city for his native village about sixty miles away.

"His debts, the mortgage, my duties and obligations vanished into thin air before the lure of Nicolette's charm. I gave her a ring, a miracle of an emerald, as my bank balance testified. She took pearls—a lovely string of them, furs, bracelets, shoes. I acquired her irresponsible way of not thinking of the morrow. Sufficient unto the day! And beyond Nicolette I could not think.

"When we were at the summit of our happiness and I felt the cup brimming over, she suddenly disappeared. Where, how, I could not think. I could not even realise that she had gone.

"For days I worked feverishly to keep a grip on myself. Nicolette gone!—and with her the bloom of life, all that was worth while in my drab existence.

Could her husband have discovered? But why did she not let me know somehow?

"Had she grown tired of me already? But we had only been together three weeks. It had seemed three years of happiness to me.

"A month passed—a month of dry tormenting suspense.

"Then came a letter.

'Mansfield Park'

"Dear One,

"How cruel I have been. Forgive me! (I did so with all my heart. I could see her bending over the paper with her peculiar air of pretty concentration. I read on.)

"I had to go. My aunt has carried me away to her castle in this desert for—Oh! indefinitely. I long to be in Calcutta again: can you come here?

"Just sixty miles and an open road. This Wednesday week will do toppingly. Twelve at night, and I shall slip out when I hear two little squeaks on your horn, and have one more spin with you.

"Will you believe me when I say that the Major has been frightfully threatening of late? It seems too good to be true, but he has actually and fiercely sworn to divorce his little Nicolette! Divorce her! Open her gilded cage and set her free! And whither shall I fly? Answer me!

Your Nicolette.

P. S. I might come to you before Wednesday, but come here in any case.'

"A load had been lifted off my mind. I saw my way clearly now. The Major to divorce her, set her free! I had only to wait a few fleeting days, and Nicolette would be mine for ever. I had never desired her more fiercely than during that brief period of waiting.

"She might come before Wednesday! All day I sat in my chambers waiting expectantly for her quick light tread. It was the only spot in which she knew where to find me. I lived those days in a vague haze of musing, interrupted by brief periods of fierce, panting desire.

"On Wednesday when I felt that my patience had reached the limit of endurance, my typist ushered a woman into my office. I was startled to see it was my mother. She had come *sixty miles* from our little village home. Had left my old father in some one's care and had journeyed all that way alone to see me.

"Her dead white *saree*, deep-sunk eyes, drawn face and trembling hands, brought me suddenly to earth from that ecstatic dreamland in which Nicolette alone existed. She was stricken dumb with grief. There was a hurt wistful look of appeal of love in her eyes as she looked into mine. A sudden pang of remorse caused me to choke. I could not speak.

" 'Sit down, Mother,' I mumbled at last.

" 'Your father is ill, my boy,' she said in a level tone with scarcely a quiver of emotion. "Will you not come?"

"She who had reared me in the path of religious orthodoxy, and who, shocked and stunned at the change in her only son, had ruthlessly cut me out of her home and her affections, now came to offer me a last chance of repentance.

" 'Will you not come back?"

"But all that was implied in that brief appeal flashed through my brain. To be readmitted to the caste, to be received back as a prodigal and a sinner into a mode of life I had come to loathe—to give up Nicolette and the life *she* was offering me!

"My eyes lighted on Nicolette's laughing roguishly out of a black photo frame on my table, and I felt I must

choose between the life that my mother had come to offer me and the life of my Nicolette, with her eyes of starlight and her gold-meshed hair. I heard her laughter in my ears—gay, care-free, inspiring like wine.....

"Turning rather fiercely to the pale presence at my table, I said:

" 'Why did you come here, mother? I cannot come. I loathe your caste and your horrible native life.'

"She tried every argument. But I was adamant.

"She turned slowly at last and went out of my life through the great swinging doors—a broken spirit.

"And I, mad with Nicolette's laughter still ringing in my ears, mad for the sight of her slender form, the touch of her fingers in my hair, her joyous brilliant presence, felt that I had chosen well. Life ahead was to me a glorious vista of energy, of youth, with the warm blood racing to the heart and laughter bubbling to the lips.

"That night the moon was glorious. I could scarcely touch my dinner. Wine, purple sparkling wine, seemed the only drink with which to stain my lips. The minutes dragged heavily by. At nine o'clock I felt I could no longer sit like a puppet at a table of grimacing fools. Excusing myself I went out.

"The Studebaker stood grey and sombre in the moonlight, like a greyhound straining at the leash. I sounded the horn. Hoot—Toot! Just that little sound and Nicolette would be mine! Those sixty miles to Mansfield Park—I could cover them in a couple of hours.

"Something seemed to possess me, body and soul. I dived into the car. My head bumped the low hood. She leapt forward. The gears crashed horribly. We shot ahead of pedestrians, taxis, tramcars. We were on the open road. The lights of the great city glimmered hazily in the moonlight, as I swiftly left Calcutta behind.

"I felt Nicolette's presence beside me. Her breath warmed my ear. Her low, rippling laughter set me trembling. Her arm was within mine. And we drove.

"The car warmed up and settled into her stride. Past fields, hamlets, lonely huts, and lines of scared carts laden with straw, we hurtled. The breeze whistled by our ears, the wine of speed was at our lips and we drank deeply and long. I must have driven that sixty miles in as many minutes. I could hear Nicolette gaily saying as we swayed drunkenly through a village, 'Death, my lover....How sweet would death like this be!'.....and we drove on faster, faster.....

"Gazing at me out of the night through which we rushed, I became aware of a pair of eyes, struck dumb with sorrow, fixed on mine. I tried to speed past them. They haunted me. They came slowly closer. They said 'Will you not come?' I could swear I heard those words above the roar of the engine. 'Nicolette!' I cried aloud, and put on extra speed.

"There was a sudden tumult about me. A rush of muffled forms, a hideous cry under the wheels, as I knocked down a bullock cart and dashed through a crowd of belated rustics returning to their homes. The hubbub faded to a wild wailing and sank to an indistinct murmur, as I sped away.

"The moonlight was suddenly blotted from the white road by an avenue of great peepuls. The wind whistled past me through the trees above. I checked the Studebaker's headlong pace, and drew up.

"I had reached the gates of "Mansfield Park" where Nicolette was a prisoner. I felt calm, happy, jubilant. She would not be a prisoner long.

"Hoot—Toot! Would she hear? Would she come? The moments were marked by the wild throbbing of my

heart. At last, a footstep on the drive and someone stepped out from the shadow, into the glare of the headlights. The servant handed me a letter. I tore it open.

"'Dear boy, sorry to make you drive here for nothing. I have been divorced. The enclosed will tell you all. Forgive me and goodbye!

Nicolette.'

"Enclosed was a newspaper cutting announcing her marriage to J. St. J. Ingram Esq. I.C.S.

"She had been divorced, set free, but only to marry another!

"'Memsahib gone with the Collector to Kashmir, Sahib,' the bearer volunteered.

"I could not reply. I climbed into the car and let her rumble along at a dead slow pace. The road seemed strangely familiar. I was surprised I had to pass by my native village—the place of my birth. The fact just struck my attention. But I was too dazed to think. Steadily, steadily, mile after mile, I crept along the road back to Calcutta. The sun rose, and I still drove, dead slow. I did not dare to think. I would have lost control.....

"I found myself in bed at last, my mind still one awful blank. I closed my eyes and slept.

"My deep slumber of utter exhaustion was broken at half-past-ten in the morning by a heavy hand laid on my shoulder. It was a Police Inspector.

"'Mr. Dutt, come down, sir....Here is a warrant.....a woman killed by your car last night....fifty miles from here....I am afraid it will mean two years.....! She was returning home in a country cart against which you dashed.'"

"Dutt's face was hidden in shadow. The sea seemed to moan far away. The road was deserted. I bent



down to turn the switch of his motor car, and with his foot on the self-starter said: "That woman, R—, was my mother....."

We drove home from the beach in perfect silence.

"R. A. St. C."

The Poor Pedestrian

THE traffic problem in Madras is growing more and more complicated and it is the poor pedestrian that goes to the wall in this struggle for the "Supremacy of the Road." Time was when the walker on foot had the roam of the length and breadth of the road, and he could thread his way without his being crushed to death under a Michelin or Dunlop, which the posters say—if posters are to be believed—even the cloven-hoofed gentleman found it too hard to bite.

Civilization has gone on apace, and sleepy Madras too has risen from her slumbers, and her arteries are now throbbing with the activities of a new-born life. Mechanical traction is the achievement of the twentieth century and, as a cynic put it the other day, we are now exclaiming "Look here, there is a horse!", and not long from now we shall have to say "Look here, there is a pedestrian."

In these mechanical aids to locomotion, there is action and reaction. They supply the means of facility of motion, and the temptation to move increases. With the increase of facilities, further devices are invented to cope with the congestion. Thus the whole thing works in a vicious circle, like the residuary electricity in a machine that starts the engine and is by its motion itself re-charged.

Madras has now become a city of buses. So prolific are the buses that ply through the thoroughfares, that even the digits ran short and the Police, who have to keep a census of this bus-y progeny, perpetuated themselves by stamping the insignia of their initials and

coining new sets of numbers as M. C. P's! And these monsters have to be fed not at home as before, but even along the road at intervals by the red flaring Shell and the green labelled B.O.C., till danger and safety were wedded together by the amalgamation of the rival companies.

The buses bring a goodly sum to the Corporation, no doubt, and to other persons besides (we need not say to whom, for truth is ever bitter), and the grateful Corporation has paved the way with tar and stones for the Good Year and Dunlop to tread on and leave their foot prints, rather rubber prints, on the tarry path. Even the rattling Jutka—(I do not refer to the anatomy of the horse, though it may be a bag of bones, but to the carriage itself)—is hushed on the tarred road, and dust and slush are eliminated.

But roads are still roads. I have been wondering what the definition in the Municipal Statute meant where a Road is defined to include the ditches by its side. *A fortiori*, it includes the ditches it bears on its bosom. I now surmise that the drafter of the code must have been a close observer—and (need I add?) a sufferer from—the roads. Macadam is tarred, and we have a black ribbon stretching along the middle of the road, its very spine. On both sides are our good old friend, the muddy road, just on a trifle lower level to receive with open arms the rain water that flows from the sacred eminence.

That is the side of the road dedicated to the bipeds,—I mean the pedestrians. If there are puddles in the middle of the road, the fringes are quagmires. They are the receptacle of all the rubbish which the goodly dames in the houses on both sides choose to dump upon this No Man's Land. This is the place where the cattle stray; it is the place where the dust bin is located by the authorities and

dislocated by the urchins; it is the place which is used as a common latrine or lavatory; it is the place where the sewage water overflows from the drains, and it is again the place where during rains the storm water swishes past carrying rotten vegetables, hay and what not. It is the place whereon overhang the betel leaf shops with their Parry's sweets and their "Split sodas and colours." It is the place where urchins play at marbles; it is the stand for "10 rickshaws," and the water trough, the gift of a 'Dewan Bahadur', and it is again the spot where the Corporation stores its gravel. It is the place where the Appakari vends her stuff, and the leper, the lame, the halt and the blind ply their whining trade. And this is the place where the pedestrian is permitted to tread and he is asked to confine himself there, and not stray or hinder the decent traffic in the middle. The dashing car when it plunges into a puddle in the road ejects a horizontal splash of mud and slush, and thus the pedestrian gets a decent number of these douches before he finishes a walk. Mud is probably sticky, and Madras mud has a real "fast colour," and our new-fangled gentries who affect the European costume with trousers that must hang down to the ankle, find themselves at a disadvantage, while their more fortunate and orthodox bretheren who can tuck up their *dhoti* up to their knee are able to cast off all these earthly accretions at the nearest water-tap.

Locomotion has now become a problem, to cross a crossing feat, to walk along a road a martyrdom. Pedestrians are a nuisance. They are matter in the wrong place. They don't pay any tax to the Corporation for walking along its roads, they don't put money into the Petrol Companies or rubber companies, and are just like a drone in a hive. They literally don't count, and for all practical purposes may be treated as nonenti-

ties. Therefore for the sake of the vehicular traffic they are asked to confine themselves to the sides of the roads which are unfit for such traffic. Are there side walks? None. Even if there are, they are monopolised by Petrol supply stations and municipal licensed bunks. What with the licensed and authorised occupation and the unlicensed and unauthorised occupation, there is precious little left for the pedestrian, even where to give appearance to a building and perhaps to preserve its compound from being spoilt, some low verandah or a side walk is found in patches in the city. The mere fact that they are not continuous or paved in all places is proof positive of the fact that they are intended for purposes which, at any rate, do not include the convenience or safety of the pedestrian.

The darkest cloud has its silver lining. And even the danger of the road brings out the latent qualities in a man which ages of supine inaction have made dormant. The timid man becomes brave, the sluggish becomes brisk; and all the resources, which a benignant Providence has endowed man with, are requisitioned by that instinct of self-preservation, when a man boldly leaves his threshold to walk along a road. For to cross a road, especially at a busy centre, our friend, the pedestrian, must have "the eye of a hawk, the ear of a terrier, the patience of Job, the physique of Hercules, the delicacy and the quickness of a dragon-fly and the courage of a lion." Is he not to be congratulated when he successfully crosses the rapid torrent—I use the word both in its metaphorical and its literal sense—of a thoroughfare? With beads of perspiration on his brow he exults in his successful manœuvre and sees, staring in his face from the lamp post, an invitation to insure.

The increasing dangers of the road have streng-

thened the hands of the Insurance Agent. King Bruce learnt his lesson from a spider; the story does not say where the spider learnt its lessons from. I suspect it must have been from an Insurance Agent, if you pardon a small anachronism. Some natures are like a rubber ball, which the harder you hit the more it bounces. And need I say the Insurance Agent is a living representative of that class? But man always laughs at his past dangers. Once the crossing is over, the pedestrian shuts his door in the face of the Insurance Agent and says something about a gamble and swindle, after he makes his unceremonious exit to devise ways and means to make another attempt. (For I am yet to know an Insurance Agent who acknowledges himself beaten. He can extract a premium from the proverbial stone.)

Such is the lot of the poor pedestrian. No wonder the Cleveland Press has honestly expressed the thought which slumbers in the mind of the powers that be, that the pedestrian is not only a nuisance, but also an expense. "If it were not for the pedestrians, a city could get along with half the traffic corps it now has." But if he is an evil, oh, tolerate him please! He belongs to a dwindling fraternity. Very soon he will be a rarity. Till then, Oh, please forbear and add not to his miseries!

K. S. KRISHNAMURTI.

On Ghosts

MANY and varied are the opinions regarding ghosts. Some swear that they have actually met ghosts, and some assert furiously that ghosts are illusions. I remember a dispute about ghosts, which I myself once had with my elder brother. The dispute began with casual remarks, gradually grew to cutting retorts, digressed to personalities, and ended in active fighting.

The verdict given by a philosophic friend of mine will, I think, be found interesting. When I asked him what he thought about ghosts, he said: "Considering it in the light of the cold philosophy of this prosaic (but sane) modern age, it is quite natural to call the ghost the offspring of fancy, the child of superstition and fear, and the natural invention of an excited imagination." I told him that it was all very well for him to talk so glibly about it, but that I wondered what he would say when he actually met a ghost.

"My dear fellow," he replied tapping me on the shoulder, "you talk as if ghosts do exist. I tell you there is no such thing as a ghost; and I will never believe that there is such a thing. With me at least, you can't palm off rustling sounds and shadowy figures as ghosts."

Now, if there was anything I could not brook, it was a condescending manner, a tap on the shoulder, and a 'My dear fellow.' It implied, or seemed to imply, that I was an ignorant youngster, not quite old enough to understand what was said. I determined to be revenged. So I meekly dropped the subject, and bided my time.

It happened that one night my philosophic friend, my brother and several others including myself were all

sleeping in the open verandah of a village inn. My friend was in the centre, and I was at one end. I got up stealthily at about eleven o'clock, crawled slowly up to him, caught hold of his toes, and pulled him slowly and steadily. It was a new moon day and perfectly dark; so there was no fear of his, or anybody's, seeing me. He woke up with a start, and a cry, and I crept back to my place. His cry awoke some of the others. One cried "Hush", another asked "What's the matter?" and all came to the conclusion that my friend must have had a bad dream. They went to sleep again—all except my friend, who was still restless. So I crept again cautiously to my brother, who was in my secret and was shamming sleep. We both groped our way to the corner where we had placed our boxes, and took out the mask of blackcloth which we had prepared for the occasion. The rim of the eyes and the mouth in the mask was smeared with phosphorus, and glowed in the dark. My brother helped to tie it on to my face, and, after enshrouding me in my blanket, crept slowly back to his bed and lay down. I went up to my friend again, and standing erect directly in front of him, raised my forefinger in a commanding manner, and said in a low, muffled voice "You are mine! I have got you!" He shuddered and shrieked aloud; and I at once tore off my mask and slipped back. The shriek awakened all the others, and they all hurriedly searched for the matchbox, which, however, was safe in my pocket. I took advantage of the general confusion, and creeping into my bed struck a match and lighted the lamp. We found our friend shivering like a reed in the wind. His nostrils were dilated and his eyes were round with terror. He sat up in bed at once, and amidst pants and gasps related to us how the ghost had first pulled him by the legs, and how it had come a second time to carry him

off. When his narrative was over, I ventured to remark "But, my dear fellow, there is no such thing as a ghost. It is only an offspring of fancy, a child of superstition and fear, and the natural invention of an excited imagination. If I remember right, you yourself told me so."

There was once a parson who boasted that he was not in the least afraid of ghosts. He said that ghosts were the natural outcome of indigestion or sleeplessness. But the people of his parish were very unshakeable in their belief in ghosts. So it fell to the lot of the spiritual shepherd to shatter the ghost illusion. There was an age-long tradition in the place that the fig tree in the centre of the village cemetery was the tryst of a wicked ghost; and no one had ever dared to enter the cemetery after dark. The over-enthusiastic parson accepted a challenge to go there at midnight and drive a nail into the trunk of that tree as a positive proof of his having been there. Accordingly he entered the cemetery at midnight with a nail in one hand and a hammer in the other. He was bold man, and a man of strong will, and he had determined to 'see it through'; but when he entered the graveyard there was deep down in his heart a lurking fear which, try as he might, he could not completely shake off. So he cast furtive, apprehensive glances all round, and then steadying himself walked straight up to the tree, placed the nail with its point on it, and with a few vigorous strokes of the hammer drove it in, and turned to get away as quickly as possible. But he was suddenly pulled back with a vigorous jerk. The blood froze in his veins, he clutched desperately at his crucifix, and began to mumble his prayers. It was in vain. When he made another frantic effort to get away, he was pulled back with threefold vigour. His knees gave way and he fell

down close to the tree, his coat still in the grip of his unseen enemy.

The parishioners, who had been anxiously waiting for his return, feared that something untoward had happened, and hurried to the cemetery with lanterns and staves. They found him prostrate and unconscious at the foot of the tree with his loose sleeve firmly nailed on to it.

Some confuse ghosts with nightmares. Of course, there is some resemblance between them, because they have a somewhat similar origin. But the vital point of difference between them is that ghosts are seen with the eyes open, and nightmares with the eyes closed. Nightmares have the advantage, of course; for it is more easy to throw sand on one's eyes when they are closed, than when they are open.

I can understand nightmares, because I have had a good many of them in my childhood. I never feared ghosts, but I had a terror of nightmares, especially those in which snakes played a part. I now laugh to think of those days, when, if I heard any rumour of a snake in the neighbourhood, I could not get sleep for many nights after. Sure as anything, I would be visited every night by a chaotic array of those terrible reptiles. Hoop-snakes, rattle-snakes, vipers, cobras, pythons and boa-constrictors (though I did not know all these names then), striped, spotted and mottled—all were sure to come. Sometimes a monstrous snake would climb up the cocoa-nut tree, hang half-way down, and grin horribly at me, and I would cover my face and awake with a shriek.

The Will-O'-the Wisp or the Jack-O'-Lantern, or, as it is called in Tamil, 'the devil with the flaming mouth,' forms a class by itself. Scientific reasoning has, of course, proved that it is caused by the explosion of marsh gas. But country people will have nothing to do with scientific

reasoning, and at the time I encountered the Jack O' Lantern I had no idea of marsh gas or of any other gas for that matter. It was in the country, when I was about ten years old. It was common gossip in the village that these devils abounded in the marsh surrounding the big lake near by, and one day we boys had a furious dispute over it. But, as we were of an adventurous and enterprising nature we resolved to waste no more words, but to go and examine them for ourselves. One boy informed us that, only the night before, his father had seen some of them on the extreme right of the marsh on the other side of the lake; and so without much ado we started just after dark to the spot armed with sticks and stones. It was a considerable walk, and our spirits were drooping. Our walking had almost dwindled into marking time. We somehow crossed to the other side of the lake, and not very far from us we caught glimpses of those devils, dancing to and fro in a most tantalising manner. Our hearts sank within us, but fear of ridicule forced every one of us to keep his fears to himself. Each of us thought the others brave, and there was no help for it but to walk on as before. The more our courage sank, the wilder those devils danced. However on taking a bend of the foot-path, they were blocked from our sight by the shrubbery, and we crept on in cold terror to the spot where we were sure to find them. Shivering we turned an abrupt corner round the shrubbery—and stopped dead. It was a gipsy camp.

But, as Hamlet says, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. All the time I have been writing this essay, I have been in dread of a 'friendly' visit from one of those defunct majesties, whom I have so grossly insulted and slighted.

F. C. ALFRED.

Dominion Status.

HISTORY is a prophecy of the past, and we largely believe in it. But nowhere in history do we find a series of relations so apparently contradictory and queer, complications so obscure, and jurisdictions so undefined as there exist between Great Britain and her Dominions. The recent developments within the British Empire have given rise to difficult questions of terminology, which Parliament has not attempted to solve. The self-governing Dominions, comprising Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, South Africa, and the Irish Free State, are in law still colonies, by which is meant "any part of His Majesty's Dominions, exclusive of British Islands, and of British India, and where parts of such Dominions are under both a central and a local legislature." And it is the position occupied by these colonies that goes by the name of "Dominion Status," a term not even formally recognised, still nebulous and capable of very wide extension, an upshot of expediency and lenient Imperialism.

Dominion Status, as understood in the case of the self-governing Dominions, is practical freedom. But empire and freedom of dependencies are inconsistent with each other, and are contradictory terms. "Inconsistencies cannot both be right; but, as imputed to human nature, both may be true," said Johnson. This is the case of the departure of twentieth century Imperialism from all precedents. Central command and control of empire no longer rests in London, except as a symbol. In an attempt to reconcile the claims of Imperialism—which is unquestioning subordina-

tion, and subjection—with those of freedom and independence, the British have succeeded in setting up this half-way house between the two. Dominion Status in all its implications means complete freedom from Imperial interference in commercial, fiscal, and other internal policies of the Dominions, leaving foreign affairs alone in the hands of the senior partner. But even in matters of foreign policy, Great Britain has not quite a free hand. From all this, many have concluded that the term "British Empire" is an anachronism, and one has advised the adoption of the phrase, "British Commonwealth of Nations." But so long as India remains a subject country, the term will be a misnomer.

Dominion Status is a new chapter in Federalism, contributed to political science by Great Britain. It is a sort of federal relation that links the Dominions to Great Britain. Internally independent and free to do what they please, the Dominions have to abide by the decisions of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster in foreign affairs. This broad resemblance to a Federation of the British Commonwealth has in it at the same time fundamental points of divergence. In the first place, the Dominions are not represented in either House of the Imperial Legislature, and in the second, the theory of Dominion subordination in matters foreign to the central authority, as in a strictly federal state, has failed in actual practice. And these points of divergence necessitate the differentiation of the position of the Dominions in the British Commonwealth from that of the part States in a Federation. This difference is not clearly comprehensible; it is not based upon specific statutes. It is the outgrowth of law and custom in a small degree, but largely of precedents and conventions. The Dominions have come to their present position not all of a sudden, but by a process

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of gradual evolution not anticipated by the statesmen of the last century. Even now we cannot definitely say 'this and this alone' is the position signified by the phrase "Dominion Status." It is capable of still wider extension, and even with differing degrees of status in particular Dominions.

The Dominions are autonomous units. They have not merely representative but also responsible governments, with control over the army and the mercantile marine. The Governors-General—the representatives of the King in the Dominions—have theoretically the power of veto, and reservation of bills passed by the Dominion Parliaments for the consideration of the King, that is, in effect, the Prime Minister of England acting through Parliament. But, in practice, it has come to pass that the right of the Dominions to do what is conducive to their good cannot be violated; and for a formal recognition of this right the resolution has been recently recommended by the Dominion Laws Conference to the Imperial Parliament for acceptance, that all laws passed by the Dominion Parliaments ought to be automatically recognised. Further, the power of veto vested in the Governor-General has become obsolete. As the representative of the King in the Dominion, he is supposed to be a non-party man; from this the corollary is drawn that he should not veto any measure passed by the government commanding the confidence of the majority of the representatives of the Dominion peoples. Thus, in effect, convention has made him a mere replica of the King in England. But even the theoretical existence of the power of veto is not liked by the Dominions. They want to abolish this power legally and have recently taken steps in this direction.

In matters commercial, the Dominions enjoy com-

plete freedom. It is quite conceivable that foreign complications would arise out of commercial relations with other countries; and, "according to understandings," the Dominions, having only a "National Status" which is very different from "International Status," could not be questioned "except through Britain," the senior partner. International Status implies treaty-making power, and foreign states have exhibited reluctance to conclude treaties "except with Great Britain"—as in the case of the United States and Canada in 1923, regarding the Halibut Fisheries Treaty proposed by the Canadian government. The demand for separate diplomatic representation, claimed and obtained in some cases, —like Canada and the Irish Free State—raises questions, constitutional and international, of extreme delicacy. In a sense, it forms the logical sequel to the position claimed by the Dominions at the Peace Conference at Paris, and the recognition of their 'National Status' in the League of Nations, which was not accorded without demur by the Powers.

In foreign affairs relating to the Dominions, England has theoretically a free hand. She can declare war and ask her 'children' to follow her; she can pledge herself, on behalf of the Dominions, to any line of action with foreign powers. But it is a moot question whether her 'children' would agree to abide by her arbitrary decision, undertaken without consulting them. It is interesting to note that Ireland signed the recent "Optional clause" refusing to be bound by the reservations—Imperial or domestic—that Great Britain proposed. Again, the Dominions may refuse to go to war when England declares war, if she has not already taken them into her confidence. That is, in effect, the Dominions have a primary right to be consulted in matters external touching

them, and also a right of refraining from abiding by the commitments of England on their behalf.

The Dominions have also taken an independent line of action in excluding any British National they choose. Australia has gone still further and asked Britain to stop sending any more of her sons until further notice.

Two other important questions remain which show us that Dominion Status means not merely internal sovereignty and right to be consulted in foreign affairs, but almost the severance, in certain important particulars, of the existing relations with England. That is, it means in reality complete independence, with an aureole of dignity and prestige of being a member of an enlightened Imperial Federation. In theory, the Privy Council is the highest judicial tribunal of the Empire; in practice, this right has been questioned, and some of the Dominions have practically severed their connection with the Privy Council, establishing High Courts of their own. Ireland, while allowing appeals to the Privy Council, has taken a queer stand, by saying that she will see that the decisions of the Privy Council are not enforced.

More than all this is the fact that some of them—like South Africa and Ireland—have put up flags of their own beside the Union Jack—a glaring violation of Imperial relations, a daring assertion of practical Independence. We cannot say whether the other Dominions will not also do the same thing.

Now, what does Dominion Status amount to? The answer is obvious. The sum of Independence is in it. You may extend it or magnify it as you will. But you will not add to the vocabulary of it.

At this juncture it is an interesting question to ask whether the Dominions, after all the centripetal forces have been done away with, and the centrifugal tendencies

have asserted themselves still more, would like complete severance from the Commonwealth or not. The question as to which of these two sets of forces will ultimately prevail is, as Sir John Marriott says, "a question for the philosopher to ask, but not for the historian to answer." But we might hazard an answer. Everything depends upon the possible loss or gain the Dominions might derive from remaining within the orbit of King George's sceptre.

Evidently, nothing seems to be lost by remaining inside the Empire, but much is to be gained. The loss at most might mean a shadow of juniority—not inferiority—in the rank of powers, in the political rungs of the International ladder. A sentimental loss at best, and not to be much bemoaned. On the other hand, the gain seems to be greater. Apart from the halo that surrounds the orb of a huge conglomerate of peoples moving in harmonious co-operation, a veritable perpetual alliance, preferential treatment in matters commercial, and absolute reliance on help from the partners in times of need are advantages for which a state cannot much depend upon alien powers, whose binding will at best be only legal, and determined by interest, while that of the Dominions will be moral and sentimental. More than anything, sentiment it is that will serve to keep the Dominions linked to Great Britain, and the gain to Britain will be merely that of high prestige in the political world as the leader and parent of a huge family of grown-up and responsible children.

B. G. ACHAIYA.

The Art of Crow-Catching

[The words 'crow', 'crowing' and 'crow-catching' are used in the following article in a sense not to be found in the English Dictionary. They are literal translations of certain Tamil words. A correct English rendering of Tamil 'crow-catching' would be—'toad-eating'.]

"There is no good in this world, but crowing makes it so."

By crow, fair reader, I do not mean that musically-inclined, Ethiop-complexioned being of the airy regions, familiar even to those most blissfully ignorant of ornithology, but a sort of two-legged specimen of creation, whose activities are mostly, or have been mostly, confined to the earth, and between whom and a genuine crow there is not only a difference of degree but also of kind. The only similarity that exists between the two species of crows is that the heavenly crows always, and the earthly crows often, carry tails (tales)! And, of course, both are very, very provoking creatures. But here ends all resemblance. It follows, therefore, that crow-catching (the theme of the present essay) does not mean the ingenious process of setting traps for the amiable fowls.

Crow-catching is an art. It has to be cultivated by conscious efforts; for, though "some are born crows," I contend that a crow, like a poet, is made as well as born. To such as doubt my statement, I can only say that I write with the authority of observation, though I cannot boast that I write with the authority of actual experience.

Having thus made my ground clear, I will now proceed to explain how the art is to be practised with discrimination and success. Let intending crows take

note that there are some people who are by their nature uncrowable. Such people, if they happen to be teachers or professors, are the bane of student life. If they are heads of offices, they are the bane of quill-driver life. If captains of vessels or commanders of regiments, they are respectively the bane of sailor and soldier life. These are painful facts, but none the less, they are facts; and we have to make allowance for such people. I do admit life would be far better, far nobler, if such people did not exist. I myself know several cynics who would be the most cheery of optimists, if only their superior officers were a little reasonable. Imagine an official who gives appointments and promotions purely on considerations of merit! Imagine a professor who actually looks through what a student has written, and gives him marks for that and that alone! I at once denounce such creatures as inhuman, monstrous. May God, in His infinite mercy, grant that we get only a small proportion of such men as heads of institutions!

Having dispensed with these ultra-honest men who are uncomfortably burdened with a conscience, we come to that amiable sort of people who are amenable to crowing. Such people, I declare, have themselves been crows, or more accurately, *are* themselves crows, though in a far higher plane; for one of the immutable laws of crowing is, "once a crow, always a crow." I know the vulgar word 'crowing' is not to be applied in such cases. The unpardonable blunders in grammar and syntax which our vedic authors commit, we courteously and reverentially designate as *arsha* forms in Sanskrit. Similarly crows in the higher planes are euphemistically called tactful persons. Such people, conscious that they are crows, are generous enough not to account that a sin in others which they themselves have been, and are al-

ways practising. All honour to such reasonable beings! I think all students will agree with me when I say that such persons make ideal professors, though they may have rather a hard time of it. For all will crow them, day in and day out—"mugs" to get a first class, and "muffs" to get a pass-mark! Indeed, wheresoever they go they will be crowed; for they themselves are crows!

I come to the next important point in the practice of this art. Crows are to take care that they go about their business with discrimination. Crowing, not well conducted, oft ruins both the crow and the person crowed. It is always essential that you study the person on whom you are going to bestow your crowish attentions. Much also depends upon your plan of action. There may be some weaklings who do not object to being crowed, but who must satisfy their conscience that they are not thus victimized. Such people, however, are easily dealt with by the initiated, who know when to crow, how to crow, and where to crow. Crowing, for instance, can be done with word and with deed. Crowing, again, can be done directly as well as indirectly. For, in the practice of this art, a medium can very often be used with advantage. A son, a dog, a literary effort—flattering attention shown to any of these cannot but take effect, since the formula, in crowing also is—"Crow me, crow my dog." Here (my benevolent disposition getting the better of me) I must pause to give a word of warning to the objects of crowish attention, who render themselves, though unconsciously, accessible to crows through their offspring. In such a transaction, beware the future of the young hopeful is endangered. A head-master once wisely remarked to me that sons of head-masters are almost always spoilt children. This is undoubtedly because they allow crows to perch on them.

It is said that crows are generally looked upon with contempt. But by whom? Ah! there you get the secret of it—only by those who are unsuccessful in the realm of crow-catching, since they lack the four cardinal virtues required for this art, namely, perseverance, good-humour, discrimination and tact. Such people very virtuously sermonize upon probity and justice and the conscious nobility of a conscientious mind. But let me strike a blow on behalf of the much-abused crows. Why do people crow, after all? From selfish motives, no doubt. But when was selfishness considered culpable? So people need not wear any expression of conscious guilt when they crow. They need not do the business in a sneaky sort of way. I know many a would-be crow has been obliged to assume a self-righteous attitude on seeing the trade practised in a covert manner, as though it were dishonourable. My advice therefore is, "Do it openly, do it honourably, and, most important of all, do it successfully."

There are some who, to my knowledge, practise crowing as a hobby. They crow whomsoever they see, even though that might be their first and last meeting in this life, and they crow without any object. All honour to them!

Before concluding, I should like to touch upon the universality of crowing. Wherever man is, there crowing also is. Nay, even in heaven this art is not unknown. For, why did Satan fall? Because he was no crow. Why do angels flourish? Because they are crows. And what is prayer after all? It is a sublime piece of crowing. The world goes on because of crowing. It is the grease without which the machinery of this universe would clog. There have been notable crows in history. There was William the Conqueror, who crowed the Confessor; there was Wolsey, who in his dying groans confessed that he had crowed

his earthly master more than the heavenly one; and then there were the courtiers of Queen Bess—finished crows, all of them.

Such is the art of crow-catching. It is the divinest of all attainments! There is no barrier which systematic, scientific crowing cannot break! Whenever I hear the story of a brilliant man who did not succeed in life, I always conclude he had not cultivated the art of crow-catching.

V. GOPINATHAN.

The Vitamins

THE science of Dietetics is very old and dates from those ages of which we have no record other than the traditions and customs handed down from generation to generation. The oldest of all the sciences, it has been the subject of research by many great men; but even to-day we cannot say with any amount of confidence that we have gone a long way towards the mastery of the problem. Even as late as the early years of the present century we had no knowledge of a group of substances which since then have been found to be of the utmost importance in the proper growth of all living beings and termed 'accessory food factors' or 'vitamins.'

It was only in the year 1906 that Hopkins after extensive research came to the conclusion that an animal cannot live on an artificial mixture of the four main classes of food substances—the carbohydrates, proteins, fats, and inorganic salts—all in a pure condition. In tracing the earlier history of the subject, we may note that while trying to combat the disease known as beri-beri found extensively in the eastern countries where rice is the staple food, Eijkmann discovered that fowls fed on a diet of polished rice developed a disease called polyneuritis, very similar to the beri-beri in man. In 1907 Fraser and Stanton observed that both beri-beri and polyneuritis could be completely cured by the administration of small doses of rice polishings. Casimir Funk in 1911 confirmed these results, and to the active substances which cured these diseases he gave the name 'vitamine.'

The term vitamin may be defined as a substance

organic in nature which in relatively minute quantities is found essential to the growth of living beings in addition to the four main classes of foodstuffs already mentioned. Such a definition is, of course, neither precise nor accurate.

But our information regarding vitamins is so scanty that we do not even venture to give them special names. They have been named by the letters of the alphabet leaving scope for the expansion of the subject. The existence of five vitamins has been settled beyond doubt. Of these the vitamins A, D and E are soluble in fats and hence found associated with them in nature, while the vitamins B and C are soluble in water. In addition to these, the existence of two other vitamins, *viz.*, vitamin F (or bios) and vitamin P—P (Pellagra-preventing) has been suggested, though not definitely established. We shall try to give a brief account of each of these in turn, without going into the chemical aspects of the problem which are rather complex and uninteresting to the general reader.

VITAMIN A.

This vitamin is concerned mainly with the growth especially of young animals including man. It is synthesised by the flowering plants and it is from these that animals get their supply of this vitamin. Of the animal products, cod liver oil, butter, fat, milk and egg-yolk are rich in this vitamin. In the vegetable world we have a still richer supply of it. Cabbage, carrots, orange peel, spinach, tomatoes, peas and wheat embryo have fairly large quantities of it. It is moderately resistant to the action of heat. But prolonged boiling for hours together destroys the vitamin. Hence we should take particular care not to overcook our food. Deficiency of this vitamin leads in all the higher animals to the disease known as

Xerophthalmia, by which ultimately they lose their eyesight and die. From the vitamin standpoint, therefore, we have to discard margarine, pasteurised and tinned milks and a host of other brightly labelled packets placed on the market, the contents of which have been subjected to heat without any regard for their nutritional value.

VITAMIN B.

This is distributed very widely in nature and is found in large quantities in cereals, pulses, and in many of the ordinary vegetables. Brewer's yeast is especially rich in it. This vitamin also withstands a reasonable degree of cooking. Deficiency of this vitamin leads to a disease which in man is called beri-beri, and in fowls polyneuritis. It is principally a nerve affection, the first stage being marked by a general appearance of illness followed by convulsions and death. Besides the nervous system, other tissues and organs like the spleen, ovary, pancreas, heart, liver, kidney, etc., are badly affected. Prompt administration of the vitamin extract, usually yeast, cures the disease rapidly. More than once it has been found that the disease is brought about in man by eating well-polished rice. The polishings contain the vitamin, and hence the milled rice which is deprived of the vitamin should be avoided.

VITAMIN C.

Vitamin C is present in all fresh fruits and vegetables. The tomato, orange, lemon, cabbage, lettuce, celery and carrot are all excellent sources of it. Sprouting beans and peas also contain it. The vitamin is easily destroyed by heat, and hence for a proper supply of the vitamin we should include in our daily meal a few at least of fresh fruits. Lemon juice is an excellent drink

both from the point of taste and the vitamin content. Deficiency of this vitamin leads to the disease called scurvy. "It is characterised by a spongy condition of the gums and a tendency to haemorrhages." Lemon juice effects an instantaneous cure of the disease.

VITAMIN D.

This is found associated with Vitamin A, and the two are, to a certain extent, related to each other chemically. Cod liver oil is an excellent source of the vitamin. Deficiency of it leads in children and young animals to the disease called rickets caused by the improper calcination of bones and teeth. The disease is never fatal in itself, but complications like broncho-pneumonia may arise, which may lead to death. A 'rickety' child does not walk or stand erect. It develops pot-belly and breast deformities. In short it becomes incapable of doing anything. Rickets have been cured by the administration of cod liver oil and also by exposure of either the child or the food given to it to a powerful source of ultra-violet rays usually from a quartz mercury lamp.

VITAMIN E.

Yellow corn, wheat embryo, lettuce, meat, rolled oats alfalfa and milk fat contain fairly large quantities of this vitamin. It is moderately resistant to heat and may be boiled for a short time without diminishing the vitamin content. The vitamin E has a peculiar interest of its own. Deficiency of it produces in man sterility through destruction of the germ cells. In the female also sterility results, though in a different manner. Successful mating may produce normal gestation, but after a few days the foetus dies. In such cases a diet rich in the vitamin may restore fertility.

VITAMIN F and vitamin P-P are of very recent suggestion, and not much is known of them. Probably the former is necessary for the life of the yeast, and the lack of the latter produces the disease called pellagra. Whether this disease is due to lack of vitamin P-P or to a deficiency of protein is not yet definitely settled. Yeast is a good source both of vitamin F and of vitamin P-P.

It may be stated that none of these vitamins have been obtained in the pure state. All that the chemists have been able to do during the short period of a decade is to obtain very concentrated extracts of these in water or other solvents and try to find out their chemical nature.

The staple food in S. India is rice and this, as we have already seen, contains a rich amount of the anti-beri-beri vitamin. Our ancestors, I believe, had more knowledge of the science of dietetics than we of the modern day. Whether they knew of the existence of vitamins or not, they did not require such milk-white rice devoid of all of its vitamin content as some of us who pretend to civilization and advancement most emphatically do. We are heavily paying the mill-owner so that he may remove for us not only the chaff but also the valuable vitamin. The ancient way of removing the husk by means of hand pestles is much better, since it keeps intact the vitamins on the grains. Then again our ancients, after boiling the rice with just enough water, allowed the latter to evaporate so that they might not lose any essence. But we feel that this process imparts hardness to the rice and we want to drain off the essence and with it the vitamin also and eat the stuff left behind. Another very good custom of our ancients is that of chewing betel leaves after meals. Betel leaves contain various vitamins, and hence, if properly taken in, are of great value as aids to digestion and growth. But civilization has made not a

few of us neglect this time-honoured custom, and take instead to tobacco in various forms even in our teens.

The discovery of vitamins has certainly made marvellous changes in our attitude to life itself. Armed with the modern knowledge about the vitamins, we are able to combat a host of diseases which are otherwise incurable. In S. India it is not uncommon that barren women go on a pilgrimage to the important shrines and invoke the help of the deity to make them conceive. The discovery of vitamins should hereafter save these unhappy women from this erroneous idea and make them mindful of their daily meal.

Moreover these recent developments in dietetics have proved that Nature is far more powerful than man, and that man cannot compete with her. All efforts of man to replace Nature's gifts with artificial ones have proved futile. What man can do is nothing more than to find out what Nature has already done.

K. N. SUBRAMANIAN.

Theory of Bargain

MANY a time have I been pestered by the shopman's absurd question, "For how much would you like to have it?" when I tell him that the price is too much and that I cannot purchase the article. The absurdity is clear, for I should be very glad to have the article for nothing. But the shopman's real intention is quite sensible and sane. He wants to know the maximum amount that I am prepared to give as price for the article. He wants to know this, so that he may compare it with the actual selling price of the article. If he finds it is less than the selling price, he bids farewell to the customer. If it is above, he tries to strike a bargain. Now let us examine carefully the principles that underlie this bargain.

Just Price: All of us will admit that trade and shop-keeping are honest professions, and that there are many honest men among merchants and shop-keepers. If this statement is true, then it is evident that in order that a merchant may be honest in his profession he must sell his articles at a just price. By just price we mean the actual cost of the article plus a *legitimate gain* which the merchant is entitled to. Taking gain is no act of exploitation, nor is it a despicable practice. We cannot do without merchants, and without profit no merchant can get on. Now, the question arises whether it is possible by any means to fix the just price. Is the legitimate gain a fixed fraction of the cost price? Perhaps the answer is to be found in economics. But I am no student of economics. According to me the just price is an indeterminate quantity, whose real existence, however, is easily seen. How

and by what miraculous means it came into existence, I cannot in the least comprehend. To take one out of the innumerable examples, we can get Swan Ink from Giri Bros., Triplicane, as well as from Chandra & Co., Broadway. At both places the price is the same. How did it come about? Do both these people take the same percentage of legitimate gain? I am at a loss to answer. But we are sure that there is no mutual understanding between Giri and Chandra. If my reader suspects there is any, his suspicion will soon be quelled when he is told that Swan Ink can be purchased at the same price from Abdullah & Co. at Trivandrum. And there is absolutely no correspondence, either by letter or by telegraph between Chandra and Abdullah. Still it is a wonder to us how this unanimity of prices exists.

Estimated value and Maximum Amount. Every man has got the power to estimate the value of a thing given to him. Similarly every customer has the power to estimate and, as a matter of fact, does estimate the value of the article which he wants to purchase. This estimated value is not constant, but varies with the individual. It plays a good deal, as we shall see later, in the actual execution of the bargain. But estimated value alone will not enable one to purchase a thing. One's purse must also decide. Every purchaser has got a maximum amount above which he will not strike a bargain. And this maximum amount is solely dependent on the financial position of the customer and *the degree of his need for the article*. Since no two men satisfy these two conditions in the same degree, it inevitably follows that the maximum amount varies with the individual. It has nothing to do with the estimated value, much less has it to do with the skill or intelligence of the customer. Thus many of us purchase only things that are cheap. Not because we

love costlier things less. Generally we love them more. But we cannot afford to buy them.

Having understood the three terms, *viz.*, just price, estimated value, and maximum amount, let us now build up the theory of bargain.

Let us take into consideration a lively bargain. By lively bargain I mean one in which there is no 'fixed-price' and in which a regular tug-of-war takes place between the seller and the buyer. Such bargains can be had only among the low and uneducated. Lively bargains are unknown to Spencer and Co. and shops of that type or to those in which inscriptions bearing 'Fixed-price' hang on the wall. In a lively bargain the merchant aims at getting the maximum price for his article. Is there any limit to this maximum? There is none, for the seller will be ready to accept any large amount given to him. Mathematically speaking, the limit to this maximum is infinity. Similarly, in a lively bargain the customer tries to fix the price at the minimum possible. Is there any limit to this minimum? There is none. Mathematically speaking, the limit is therefore zero. But I know instances where it goes still further down. I have seen Christian missionaries forcing copies of the Bible on unwilling non-Christians. But let us not take into consideration such abnormal cases. Let us confine ourselves within the limits of the practical and usual. Now there is no maximum for the merchant. But he is bound to fix a minimum. In case his opponent is stronger than himself, he will steadily lose ground until at last he reaches the bare selling price by which he gets the legitimate profit. Will he go below this? In all normal cases, he will not. Thus we find that *for the merchant there is a minimum value of the article which is the just price*. Similarly the customer begins the battle with the minimum offer

as the price, and slowly raises the value until at last he reaches the estimated value and then in certain cases, if conditions necessitate it, goes up to the maximum amount which he can afford to pay. Here he stops in almost all cases, and if a higher sum is demanded he drops the bargain and goes away. Hence *there is a maximum amount which the customer can give for the article*. We thus see that in order that a bargain may be struck, it is an essential condition that the minimum value of the article which is its just price (let us call it J_p) must be less than the maximum amount (Ma) that the customer can afford to pay. Let the estimated value be Ev , and the actual price at which the bargain is struck be p .

Profit and Loss. A lively market bargain is certainly a regular tug-of-war. In a tug-of-war two forces come into play. They act in opposite directions. The stronger force wins the contest. The same is the case in the market bargain. If the price p of the article be finally fixed at J_p , then it is evident that the bargain is a neutral one, neither party having a profit or loss. This state is possible only when the merchant and customer are equally clever. This is very rarely the case. When they differ in cleverness, p will not be at J_p , but will be either less or more. When the merchant is cleverer, he gets a profit and the customer suffers a loss; when the customer is cleverer, it is the other way. Loss must inevitably follow profit. They are complementary.

When does a merchant suffer a loss? He willingly suffers a loss in the particular case where he finds that keeping the thing longer would eventually bring about a greater loss. This is the chief reason that induces reduction sales. The fruit-merchant is very often the victim of such a situation. A customer undergoes loss under two conditions. In the first case, he may be ignorant of

the just price of the article, which is the only factor that determines profit and loss. In the second case, which is usually of more frequent occurrence, the customer finds himself placed in such a situation that if he does not purchase the thing, at a loss, the consequence entails on him a greater loss. *So what induces a man to undergo a loss voluntarily is the irresistible situation, which, if it is not faced, causes a greater loss.*

Cheapness and Dearness: We are very familiar with the sayings, 'The article is very cheap' and 'The article is too dear.' What do these 'cheapness' and 'deariness' mean? Do they differ from the profit and loss we discussed above? If they differ, in what way?

A few months back I chanced to buy a paper-weight from a wandering person. I got it for 3 annas, and I considered, and I do still consider, the price to be very low. Some of my friends agree with me while others tell me, 'The price is very high.' None of my friends knows the actual cost price of the article, nor do I. But 'cheapness' and 'deariness' readily fall from our lips. It is evident, therefore, that these two terms do not at all depend upon the real price of the article in question. Then on what do they depend? A little thinking makes us convinced that *they are entirely dependent on the estimated value of the thing. If the estimated value is greater than the price given, we say the article is 'cheap'; if less, the article is said to be 'dear.'* Thus my estimated value of the paper-weight was 6 annas, while the price I gave was only 3 as. It is, therefore, no wonder that I considered the price very low. The estimated values of my friends differed from mine and differed among themselves. When the price given is the same as the estimated value, we say, 'The price is neither low nor high.' It is neutral. Since estimated value varies with the individual, 'cheapness'

and 'deariness' are only relative terms and are dependent on the individual. What may be cheap to me may be dear to another.

The idea of cheapness affects a bargain very much. If I feel the declared price to be low, I will have the tendency to strike the bargain without much ado. Thus glancing at the article and considering the price mentioned by the merchant, I may say to myself, 'This is awfully cheap.' All the while the shopman may be laughing in his sleeves. The feeling of cheapness, therefore, always weakens the customer. A skilful bargainer should never have this feeling. The feeling is absent when the estimated value is equal to the just price. The expert bargainer estimates the price of the article exactly at its just price.

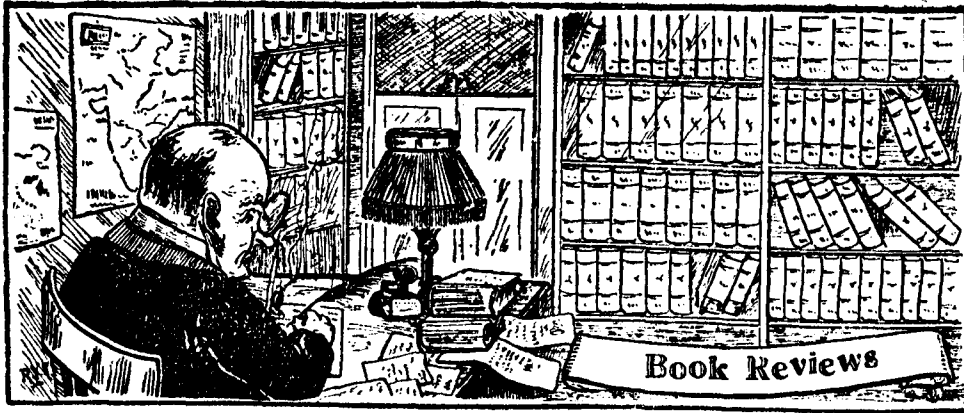
Influence of the estimated value. Estimated value tends to bring the price of the article to a level with itself. In other words, it exerts a force on the price in such a direction as to bring it nearer to itself. Monetary considerations exert on the man a force that acts in the opposite direction; the resultant of these two forces decides the price at which the customer wishes to have the article purchased. And this, acted on by the force exerted by the merchant, determines the final price. The important fact that the estimated value exerts a force in the same direction as that exerted by the seller on the customer is made use of by skilful tradesmen. The manufacturer, for instance, gives a gloss and an ornamentation to his goods that rapidly enhances their estimated value. This is the reason why European manufactured goods sell at a much higher price than Indian manufactured ones.

Some deviations from the normal. The credulous man cannot believe when he is told that in certain particular

cases the manufacturer sells his article at a price far below the actual cost price. The practice has become widely prevalent in modern times. Let us examine any one particular instance. A gillette blade costs more than 3 as. It is a small thin steel blade. Nobody can justify its price. It is inconceivably high. But look at the price of the glittering gillette razor. Including a 3 as. blade, it costs only 7 as. Wonder of wonders! Everybody—even the man in the street—is struck with the cheapness of the thing and he cannot withstand the temptation of purchasing one for himself. Let us examine the condition of a man who has purchased the 7 as. gillette razor. He uses it for a week, and then finds the blade useless. He purchases another blade for 3 as. This again lasts only for a week. Let us suppose that the man uses the gillette razor for 3 years, after which he finds it rusty and unworthy of further retention. Now, let us calculate the amount he has spent on it during the three years. Every month he requires 4 blades, and this for 3 years. Each blade costs 3 as. The total amount he has spent on the blades comes to Rs. 27. Now remember that Rs. 27 has been spent on a thing that costs only 7 as. That is, to put the story in other words, the man purchased a razor for Rs. 27-7-0 and used it for 3 years. If this fact is made known to all the people who purchase the gillette, I am sure, most of them will hesitate to buy it. The credulous man is deceived. Having purchased the original shaving apparatus for 7 as., the cheapness of the transaction forces him to forget the heavy price he is paying each time he purchases a gillette blade. And the wonder is that the poor man always fails to think and realize what an enormous number of blades he has purchased, while he is always boasting about the gillette razor, that its cost is

only 7 as. The same principle applies to the pocket flashlight in which a costly battery is used, and to many of the lanterns and table-lamps, which we imagine we purchase cheap, not taking into account the chimneys for which we pay heavily afterwards.

S. R. K. MENON.



ST. AUGUSTINE By Eleanor Mc Dougall, The Bhaktas of the world Series, Christian Literature Society for India, Pp. 144, Price 8 as.

WE heartily welcome this book—the first of a series of the lives of the Bhaktas of the world written for the benefit of Indian students. The name of Dr. A. J. Appaswamy, the General Editor, is a guarantee that the writers of the series would go behind the mere externals of religion and describe, in a spirit of reverence and sympathy, the palpitating experience souls sensitive to God. When once we go beyond rituals and creeds, dogmas and doctrines, and enter the region of spiritual experience we find there is a remarkable unanimity in the religious records of nations. We find there only differences of degree, but not of kind. Therefore there is no better method of true and liberal religious education than that of affording facilities to the young student for understanding the struggles, temptations, errors, victories and experiences of great souls in different ages and countries.

St. Augustine, the bishop of Hippo, is one of the greatest theologians of the Christian Church. During his life he was engaged in three great controversies—with the Manichaeans, with the Donatists and with Pelagius and his followers. It is in his controversy with Pelagius that Augustine developed those doctrines with which his name is now identified and which took shape in later times as Calvinism. His position is equivalent to that of our Southern Vaishnava School, who believe that man of his own accord is unable to will anything good and that the divine grace must do everything for him, and that salvation can come only from absolute surrender of man to God.

But it is not of this Augustine—the theologian and controversialist—that Miss Mc Dougall writes in this book. She has wisely restricted herself to Augustine, the man. She calls her book a study in his personal religion. In four chapters she describes the times of Augustine, his conversion, his later life and his Bhakti, quoting extensively from his Confessions and Letters. 'Augustine's Confessions' is a great Christian classic on a level

with Imitation of Christ, Pilgrim's Progress, and Theologia Germanica. And no writer of Augustine's life can help quoting from the saint's own spiritual autobiography.

As Miss Mc Dougall says, the life of St. Augustine falls into two distinct parts—the one before his conversion, which is so graphically described at the end of the eighth book of Confessions, and the other after the conversion. In the first, he had everything that life could offer—love, friendship, youth, success, wealth, fame, health and intellectual enjoyments of many kinds; and yet he was profoundly unhappy. In the second he had lost some of these things and renounced others and darkness was closing over the Church which he loved better than his life; and yet he was very happy. There in a nut-shell we have the secret of Bhakti, the miracle of grace. The author of Narada-Sutras says:—

"By Bhakti we mean an intense love of God. It is like the food of the immortals. For it makes a man perfect, deathless and satisfied. A man who loves God has no wants nor sorrows. He neither hates nor joys, nor strives with zeal for any ends of his own. For through Bhakti is he moved to rapture, through Bhakti does he attain peace and is ever happy in spirit."

But Augustine had to pass many a weary day of earthly glitter and the lusts of the flesh before he could discover this treasure. For he was none of your anæmic souls who are neither good nor bad throughout their lives. He had a strong body, a virile mind and a keen sense of the beautiful. Hence the temptation, hence the restlessness. In an immortal phrase at the beginning of the Confessions he says "Our heart is restless, until it rest in Thee." Augustine experienced both the restlessness and the rest in an intense degree. At the age of sixteen he went from his small native town of Thagaste to the University of Carthage, just as a Hindu lad of Chengelpet today might go to Madras, for his education. During his residence at Carthage he wildly plunged himself into a life of gaiety and dissipation. While he was still a youth of eighteen, he contracted an alliance with a young woman and had a son by her. He took her with him afterwards to Milan and Rome, and lived with her for fourteen years without marriage. Shortly before his conversion he was forced by his mother, the saintly Monica, to renounce her and think of a suitable marriage. But he was such a slave to lust that he very soon procured another mistress "regardless of the woman he had loved so long and regardless of the young girl who was to be his bride."

Next to love of woman intellectual pride was Augustine's great temptation. He was a brilliant student topping the lists in his time and carrying off the highest prizes. And he was a brilliant University Professor expounding with great ease and eloquence the subtleties of Aristotle. But these intellectual fireworks brought him only wealth and fame and not spiritual peace. To come into possession of spiritual peace one must have

great humility. As one of our Upanishads says, "This Atman cannot be obtained by intellect or instruction or much learning." One should turn away not only from sin and sensuality, but also from the sophistries of the mind. Both Hindu and Christian scriptures agree that a man should become innocent as a child before he can receive the grace of God. But Augustine in his unregenerate days "disdained to be a little one and, swollen with pride, took himself to be a great one." He naturally thought that the gospels were unworthy to be compared to the stateliness of Cicero, and that the eclectic Theosophy of the Manichæan sect was superior to Catholic Christianity. In his own eloquent language he says :—

"I lived seduced and seducing, deceived and deceiving in divers lusts ; openly, by sciences which they call liberal ; secretly, with a false-named religion ; here proud, there superstitious, everywhere vain."

But already deep down in his nature there were germinating seeds of a greater life. Sorrow had come into his life when on the very threshold of his career he lost a dear friend, a former school-fellow. And Augustine saw that he had no spiritual resources with which he could meet this first shock. Then came in course of time the study of Plato and Platonists, the influence of Ambrose, the saintly bishop of Milan, the reading of the epistles of St. Paul, and at last the unforgettable scene under the fig-tree in the garden.

"I cast myself down I know not how, under a certain fig-tree giving full vent to my tears ; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out, an acceptable sacrifice to Thee. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose, spake I much unto Thee : *And Thou, O Lord, how long ? how long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry, for ever ? Remember not our former iniquities*, for I felt that I was held by them. I sent up these sorrowful words. How long ? how long, "tomorrow and tomorrow ?" Why not now ? Why not is there this hour an end to my uncleanness ?

"So was I speaking, and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when lo ! I heard from a neighbouring house, as of a boy or girl, I know not, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read, take up and read"..... So checking the torrent of my tears, I arose ; interpreting it to be no other than a command from God, to open the book, and read the first chapter I should find..... I seized, opened, and in silence read that section on which my eyes first fell : *Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying ; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh*. No further would I read ; nor needed I : for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light, as it were, of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away."

Miss McDougal's book has sent us back to Augustine's own Confessions and that is the greatest service it can render to any reader.

D. S. S.

GEORGE FOX by Rufus M. Jones. The Christian Literature Society for India. Price 8 annas.

The Christian Literature Society has to be congratulated on their getting the author of "Studies in Mystical religion" and "Spiritual Reformers of the 16th and 17th centuries" to write this book on George Fox in "The Bhaktas of the World" series. The book is divided into four chapters dealing with Fox's life, his character, his teaching and his social work. The introduction is written by John W. Graham who points out the importance of the study of Quakerism for Indian students.

George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends or Quakers, was born in 1624, the very year in which Jacob Boehme, his spiritual predecessor, died. Both these mystics revolted against the theological systems they had inherited from the Reformation. The Reformation had made salvation the central thing in Christianity and represented it more or less as a legal transaction which took place centuries ago. Divine Justice which was outraged by the fall of man was at last satisfied by the death of Christ. Therefore emphasis was laid on the vicarious sacrifice involved in the crucifixion. And salvation became a mere belief in the atonement of Christ. Moreover Calvinism represented man as essentially a sinful being whose redemption must come from without. Fox and the mystics revolted against all this. They turned away not only from infallibilities and indulgences but also from dogmas and doctrines to what they called the inner light. They taught the living Christ—the divinity in man untouched by sin or suffering. In doing so they came very near the teaching of Hinduism that man is potentially divine, that salvation is from within and not from without and that the saviour is not this or that historical figure, of whom we read, but the immanent Iswara whose presence we can know and realise by direct experience. In the eloquent language of the author, "God for him (Fox) is not a First cause hidden away behind the creative processes. He is not off at the end of a rationalistic syllogism to be argued about. He is not an absentee Ruler represented here below only by a book, or an Ambassador or an Institution. He is Life and Spirit and so unsundered from the Life and Spirit within us. That is the basic ground of Fox's Christianity. He arrived at it through a thrilling experience, and he believed that everybody could verify that basic fact in a similar experience."

There are many points of contact between the Quaker type of Christianity and the Hindu spiritual culture. Some of these are pointed out in the introduction to this book written by Dr. Graham. The Quaker's opposition to war is a partial recognition of the Hindu doctrine of Ahimsa. His substitution of silent meditation for the vocal prayers of other Christian sects corresponds to the preliminaries of the Hindu Yoga. But the most important point of contact is that in which Dr. Graham goes wrong. The Hindu as well as the Quaker believes that the "native seed"

in man is not evil, but good which is God. Both of them are spiritual optimists. The Hindu goes even further and denies the *absolute* reality of evil. To him spiritual good is not mere ethical good, but perfection. Dr. Graham without paying attention to this deeper truth of Hinduism tells us patronisingly :

"One profound change must come over the thought of a Hindu who has absorbed Quaker ideas. From being a cosmic pessimist he would become a cosmic optimist."

D. S. S.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE INDIAN RELIGION OF GRACE By
Rudolf Otto, Christian Literature Society for India. Pp. 59, Price 8 as.

This book is a very good illustration of the dangers of theological training. It consists of a course of lectures delivered by a famous Christian theologian, the author of 'The Idea of the Holy', at the University of Upsala on the relation of the South Indian religion of Bhakti to Christianity. It is now translated into English and published in a book form for the benefit of Indian students. The lecturer after giving a short account of the Bhakti movements in India proceeds to compare Indian Theism with Christian Theism and comes, of course, to the conclusion that the latter is far superior to the former. But what takes our breath away is his warning to Indian Christians that they should not fall into the error of Sadhu Sundar Singh and accord to the Gita and other Bhakti literature of India a place even secondary to that of the New Testament, or a rank even equivalent to that of the Old Testament. This is distinctly a slap in the face of those patriotic and pious Christians of India, who are honestly trying to correlate the religion of Christ with the spiritual traditions of their ancient land and see whether a type of Eastern Christianity could not assimilate as much of Ramanuja and Ramananda as Western Christianity did of Plato and Plotinus. None but a narrow-minded theologian could think of asking Indian Christians to be faithful to the traditions of Israel and to their fierce and vindictive tribal deity—Jahve.

But let us look at the points of superiority or rather, in the euphemistic language of modern missionaries, the points of 'fundamental difference' between Christianity and Hinduism. They are mainly two. The first is that the God of Indian Theism is not a God of history. All that happens in this world is really of no consequence to him.

"Iswara sits enthroned on high in exalted majesty, while here on earth the unhappy and lost soul wanders about in a world and time of constant change. Then Iswara stoops down in pure grace, and out of the multitude of the lost He takes his own up to himself and keeps them with him, translated from this erring world and its suffering. But this erring world rolls on and on from aeon to aeon, without beginning and without end. It remains what it

is, a chain and a yoke without aim and end, without meaning and without value. This world can never become the object of a dominion of God."

Our readers will judge for themselves the travesty of truth contained in this passage. The well-known slokas in the Bhagavad-Gita describing the purpose of divine incarnations give the lie direct to this statement.

"Whenever there is a decay of Dharma and the rise of Adharma I incarnate myself. For the protection of the good and the destruction of the wicked and *for the establishment of Dharma* I am born from age to age."

If we consider the inner significance of the series of Avatars postulated by the teachers and prophets of popular Hinduism, we understand the importance they attached to the unfolding of the great drama of Evolution on this earth providing a spiritual training-ground for souls. And according to Hindu philosophers the origin of the universe is due to the dissociation of the Reality into spirit and matter, the process of the universe is the warfare between these two, the progress of the universe is the progress of the supremacy of spirit over matter and the goal of the universe is the complete supremacy of spirit over matter, when the Absolute comes to its own. In place of this conception what is the conception of history which Christianity offers us? According to Christianity, the incarnation of Christ is a unique historical event implying more or less a break in history. It cuts up the whole time-process into two parts and makes all the events of the first part tend towards it in prophecy, and all the events of the second part look back to it in fulfilment. According to Christian teaching preparations for the incarnation of Christ had been going from the beginning of the world. God chose a particular tribe of men, entered into a covenant with them, inspired their prophets from time to time and at last His Wisdom, co-eternal with Him, descended into flesh in Palestine in fulfilment of all the old covenants and prophecies. Jesus Christ is the incarnation of the Logos. His descent into the world is a unique historical fact. The further unfolding of the human drama has its meaning only in the spread of the Christian Church, which is the embryo Kingdom of God. Certainly this is different from the Hindu conception of history.

The second "fundamental difference" between Christianity and Hindu Theism is, in the clinching final sentence of Prof. Otto, that "India knows of a saviour, but not of an atoner." Atonement is the name given in Christian theology to the work of Jesus Christ as the saviour of sinners. It goes back to the thought of the primitive man that the anger of God had to be propitiated by the offering of a sacrificial victim. Judaism like Hinduism was originally a sacrificial religion. But while the later developments in Hinduism weaned its cultured followers from this primitive ritual and substituted the conception of a Yogeswara for the older Yajneswara, Christianity made it the central dogma of its creed by interpreting the martyrdom of its Founder in terms of a sacrifice demanded by an angry and

blood-thirsty god for the sins of mankind. Refine it as they may, atonement, as long as it means a vicarious sacrifice, is a relic of barbarism, and the less Christian theologians speak of it, the better for the religion of Christ. As a matter of fact we thought that the idea that the blood of Christ purified men, as the blood of the paschal lamb purified a Hebrew home, had gone the way of Eve's eating the apple and bringing 'death into the world and all our woe'. But dead theologies, whether Christian or Hindu, are like dead elephants. It is not easy to bury them. And even after burial someone digs them up again for their bones.

D. S. S.

THE BRAHMIN by V. S. Ramanatha Sastri and Dhurta Swamin. Dhurta & Sons, Madras. Price Rs. 1-8.

We do not think that obscurantism ever made itself so comical and contemptible as in this strange farrago of words. When absolute ineptitude dresses itself in the cast-off clothes of English poets and prose-writers and rends its hair and foams at mouth, it disarms all opposition. For even the most pugnacious of Non-Brahmins and modern Brahmins must be moved to pity at the sight of opponents of this type. Lest we be considered guilty of exaggeration, we give one or two specimens of the rant contained in these pages.

"God, in the shape of Brahma, created the universe, and revealed to his first born or eldest son his knowledge of the laws that govern the entire circuit of created things; and the eldest born understood the Vedas. The etymology of "Veda" is of much import; it comes from the root "Vid," corresponding to "wit" in the English language; i.e., the Brahmin was a witness to the revelation, revealed book, or knowledge or Veda. He did not acquire it by any tuition. He got all the four Vedas by intuition. Brahma the first teacher gave, and Brahmin the first learner received. The pupil and the master breathed the same atmosphere, and a teaching was possible, a transfusion took place. Brahma was Brahmin, and Brahmin was Brahma. In the language of the Bible, the God and the son were one; and there was a teaching or revelation. The Vedas, therefore, are in the blood of every Brahmin and educating him is literally nothing more than drawing out the Vedic knowledge in him."

"What a grace was seated on the brow of a Rishi! the front of Jove (Brihaspati) himself, an eye like Mars (Skanda, the War Lord) to threaten and command; a station like the herald Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,

'A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.'

"This was the ancient Brahmin. Look you now what follows. Here is his modern descendant blasting his wholesome ancestry like a mildewed

ear. Have you eyes, ye Modern Brahmin! Could you on this fair mountain of character leave to feed, and batten on this moor of senses? What judgment would step from the heights of virtue to the depths of base passion?

● 'Sense, sure, you have
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplexed;.....'

Yes. 'Apoplexed' is the word.

STUDENT LIFE IN THE WEST by A. J. Appasamy M.A., (Harvard) D. Phil (Oxon)—Christian Literature Society for India, pp. 83.

This is an excellent little book which should be read by every Indian student. It gives in a simple and charming style a vivid account of the university life in England, America and Germany. The author writes from personal experience and with a glow of emotion. Those who know anything of the university life here will sigh at the sad contrast between that and the life described in these pages. Of course a famine-stricken country like India in a period of transition, with her difficult problems of middle-class unemployment and endless diversities of communities and cultures, cannot for a long time to come hope to rival the west in the creation of a true University atmosphere. But even within our narrow limits a good deal could be done to improve the present state of things. To such as are enthusiastic about infusing life into our colleges and hostels, books like the one under review would be very helpful indeed.

HISTORY OF PRE-MUSALMAN INDIA (in Nine Volumes)—Volume I. PRE-HISTORIC INDIA by V. Rangacharya. Professor of Indian History, Presidency College, Madras.—The Huxley Press, Madras, 1929. pp. X & 247. Price Rs. 5.

The learned author of this book has planned a comprehensive history of Ancient India; and this preliminary volume is the first of a series which will cover the history of India up to the Muhammadan occupation. He takes the reader back to the Azoic times when the earth was a simple mass of fire with neither life nor organic forms, and to the epoch which followed it, when, according to geologists, India obtained her present geographical configuration. He clearly explains the current theories about the formation of the present river-system of Hindustan as well as of its mountains in the course of the Tertiary Epoch, which also witnessed the shaping of many of the features of modern animal and plant life. Various theories have been put forward, according to the scientific, evolutionary, biologic and

even anthropological approaches, as to the origin of man. Some anthropologists have maintained that mankind may have had a double or treble origin, that the first man was an arboreal or a ground-ape. But in these speculations it is good to remember that the Record of Rocks has still to be very thoroughly examined; and the traces of early man that are available are few; and that for long ages before these traces man lived and died in the open and his body left no traces whatever. The question of man's earliest birth-place depends on the decision whether he was monogenic or polygenic; but it may be presumed that he was evolved in a hot region, being on the whole a relatively hairless animal. The bibliography of literature bearing on the above-noted topics, and the conclusions of the most notable scholars given in this book may with advantage have been made longer and more detailed.

The primitive man is now regarded by some scholars as having originated in India during the uplift of the Himalayas at the end of the Miocene and the beginning of the Pliocene Ages in the plateau immediately to the south of Dandakaranya, the country of small hills adjacent to river-valleys, where he could have commanded the necessary things on which he should have subsisted. Speculations as to the particular locality where the mammal should have evolved into man have become numerous; and our author cautiously states that it is difficult to say which of these views can be positively accepted. The diffusion of Eolithic culture of which no human remains exist, but only implements and artifacts, is not marked by any Indian remains; and it is difficult, in the face of the conclusions of Bruce-Foote and others, to say whether any of the innumerable artifacts, so far discovered in India, can be definitely attributed to that age. Mr. Rangacharya discusses, on the basis of available information, the age to which important Indian discoveries like the pre-Chellean Godavari chip and the proto-Negroid specimen of humanity belong. While in Europe there are various sub-divisions of the Paleolithic Age, named after certain places in France, and each of these is further sub-divided, the correlation of paleolithic artifacts with ethnology in India is still a very obscure subject. Therefore our author's conclusion that in the Paleolithic Age India came to be occupied by the Pre-Dravidians, who were an intermediate link between the brachy-cephalic and dolicho-cephalic varieties of the earliest man, requires further elaboration and critical and synthetic examination before it can be accepted.

The region in the immediate neighbourhood of Madras and Chingleput has been termed the classic land of paleoliths, while Bengal, Bihar and Orissa have very few relics. A solitary picture gallery of the type similar to the European Aurignacian and succeeding cave-paintings so abundantly found in France and Spain has been recently discovered near Raigarh in the Central Provinces; and, according to Mr. Percy Brown, the Indian figures are not of that high artistic quality which characterises the pre-cave-paintings of Europe. The Vindhyan region is now supposed to be

the ground pregnant with the possibilities of fresh finds of primitive, if not prehistoric, art similar to the finds of the Pyrennees.

The various theories that have been suggested up till now regarding the original home of the Dravidians are explained at length; care has been taken to point out that Caldwell's use of the term, Dravidian, to indicate the Non-Aryan peoples of the South, though not warranted by usage and literary tradition, has become rooted in the terminology of research and learning; and "it will, perhaps, be pedantry at this stage to give it up." Risley's conclusions as to the race-distribution of the Indian population have been challenged by the accumulation of later anthropological evidences. Our author summarises, in perhaps too bold a manner, the ethnological position of India at the beginning of the Neolithic Age as one in which the Negrito element had practically disappeared. The pre-Dravidians and the Indonesian Mundas were swamped out by the Dravidian culture from about the ninth or eighth millennium B.C., of course subject to a certain amount of intercourse and blood-mixture between the two ethnic types. According to him, the Aryans were not very different physically from the Dravidians; and they probably belonged to the same original ethnic stock, the latter race coming three or four millenniums later. "The difference between the Aryans and Dravidians may be best explained on this hypothesis. The men of the recently discovered civilisation of the Indus Valley were probably connected both with the earlier and later types of the 'Mediterraneans'." These are rather bold conclusions and require a great deal more of justification and support before they can be admitted into the field of fairly certain hypotheses.

The account of the Neolithic culture given in this book is particularly good, clear and interesting; the neolithic sites are carefully and exhaustively summarised. Prominent attention is drawn to the resemblance between Indian and European neoliths; and consequently a common origin for the neolithic culture of both Europe and Asia is postulated. (Pp. 123 *et seq.*). The evolution of agriculture and fishery, and the growing differences due to geographical and occupational divisions were based on a vertical growth from pastoral to agricultural and from agricultural to industrial stages; and this differentiation is markedly found in the primitive Tamil society, as can be easily gleaned from an interpretation of early Tamil literature. Exogamous and endogamous marital regulations should have originated in this Neolithic stage; and thus our author thinks it probable that caste was a pre-Aryan institution to which a new vitality and new forms were given by the Aryan advent. The author's note on neolithic literature is valuable; but we would have liked a fuller note on the real significance of the lower culture in India at the present time which is detailed in Hodson's book—*The Primitive Culture of India*.

In the chapter on the newly discovered civilisation of the Indus Valley, the exact relations that are postulated by writers like Waddell between this

civilization and the Sumerian cultures, and the new interpretations that may have to be given on the basis of these finds to the theory of Aryan-Asura and Aryan-Dasa struggles are all pointed out. But we have to wait for the fairly authoritative treatise on the whole subject that has been promised by Sir John Marshall.

The book closes with a discussion regarding the date of the beginning of Aryan culture and of Vedic civilization. It is packed with information and is an eloquent testimony to the great erudition of the author, his untiring industry and his capacity for clear presentation.

C.S.S.

LEGAL ASPECTS OF SOCIAL REFORM: By Paul Appasawmy M.A., L.L.B., Published by the Christian Literature Society for India. Pages 238. Price Rs. 3.

This book is divided into three parts, and each part is sub-divided into many chapters of absorbing interest. The first part deals with the status of women, the second with the system of caste, and the last part with the principles of joint family and survivorship.

There can be no doubt that women occupied a high position in the Vedic times and that they were very much respected and revered. Ladies like Visvavara, Lopamudra, Maitreyi and Gargi are monumental examples of the wisdom of the women in Vedic times. The degeneration in the status of women is brought about by the interpretations of laws by various commentators. Writers like Jaimini and Vignanesvara tried their best to stem the tide of degeneration, but it was of no avail. And the undue importance that is attached by the ancient sages to the birth of a son is also partly responsible for this degeneration.

In the chapter on 'Widow marriages' the author deplores the slackness on the part of widows to take advantage of Act XV of 1856, which remains a dead letter for all practical purposes. To encourage such marriages, the author makes many constructive suggestions, such as that provision should be made for the widow both in the property of the husband and the father so as to secure an independent living for her, and that state should encourage such marriages by educating their issues.

In the chapter on 'Marriage expenses' the author suggests that ten per cent of the money spent on the actual ceremony should go to the state so as to be an effective check on pomp and extravagance. Further he states that if a person borrows more money than what is barely necessary for the marriage, say, three times his monthly income, such debts should be made irrevocable. And in other chapters he suggests that there should be a regulation of inter-caste marriages, a definition of the legal status of women

who are dedicated to temples, a change in the law of inheritance, and finally a provision for the wife, by way of maintenance, if the husband happens to desert her.

And in the chapter on 'Education' the author deplores the sort of education that is now imparted to women, which is not in consonance with the lot of life that falls to them. Education that gives training in character and manners, that makes them good housewives should be imparted to them. Music and games should not be neglected. And what is most important woman should be reinstated on the high pedestal that she occupied in the Vedic times.

In the second book, the author traces the development of caste system. A caste system that keeps 70 million of its people beyond its pale, a system which has divided society into so many water-tight compartments so that even in times of great national struggle they are unable to make a common cause, must either be overhauled or wiped out. Towards the former end there must be regulation of caste marriages, inter-dining, common temple-worship and other remedies. The chapter on 'Mass education' gives some valuable suggestions. Deploping the separation of religion from education, the author suggests that the vast wealth of the religious Mutts should be utilised for the spreading of mass-education by translating all good books on scientific subjects into the vernaculars of the country. The chapters on village sanitation, communal associations and reclamation of castes are also full of very useful suggestions.

The third and last book is on joint-family. Joint-family system as an institution was originally intended to shield the family from external aggressions, to preserve the property intact, and maintain to the family deities and faith. Now, such an institution is wholly unsuited to modern conditions, for it kills enterprise by frustrating the attempts of energetic and enterprising youth. Not only that, it is extremely hard on women, for if a man dies undivided, his wife and children are at the mercy of the undivided worth-for-nothing drones of the family. And so the author says that steps should be taken to bring Vignanesvara's conception of joint-family into a line with the conception of Gimutavahana, so as to abolish the rule of right by birth. He further makes the following suggestions:—

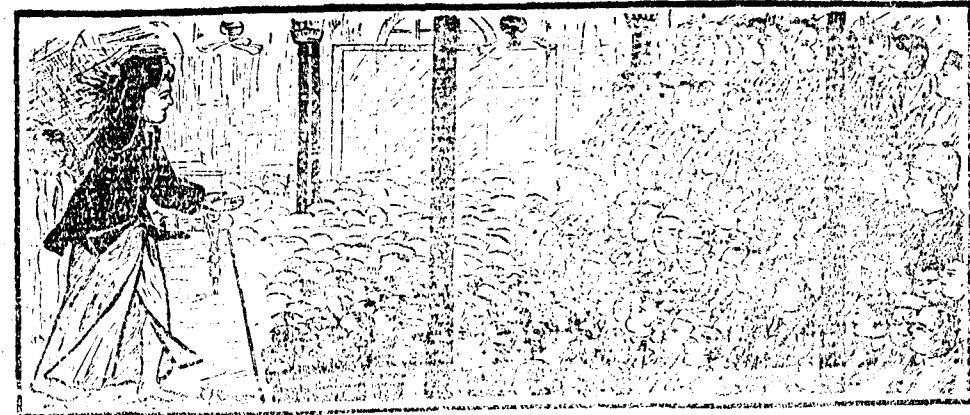
(1) The disposing power of a Hindu must be enlarged by widening the scope and limits of self-acquired property by means of bills similar to that of Sir V. Bhashyam and Justice Seshagiri Iyer, and this testamentary disposition should be made an integral part of Hindu law, so as enable the wife and children of a deceased member of a co-parcenary to live in their former state.

(2) The presumption that all property is to be joint till the contra is proved should be abolished.

(3) The fiction of adoption and the law of benami-transactions should be abolished.

(4) And finally a change must be made in the law of inheritance, which prefers sons to daughters, and persons claiming through females to persons claiming through males.

The author deserves congratulations for bringing out this book at a critical juncture in the History of India. One may disagree with him in the radical remedies he suggests, but one must accept that our society, as it stands at present, needs thorough overhauling.



College Notes

THERE was only one change in the staff during this term. Prof. W. E. Smith left the College on the 27th January '30 to take charge of his new office as the Director of Public Instruction, and Mr. Kini, after a short leave, returned as the Additional Professor of Chemistry. We heartily congratulate Prof. Smith on his new appointment. And as we go to press we learn that our Principal intends to go home on leave till November next, and that Mr. Statham will act as Principal during his absence. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Fyson a happy voyage home and back.

The College day was celebrated with great enthusiasm on 23rd January. The sports competitions began punctually at 2 p.m., and a good many events were well contested. A large number of old boys occupying high positions attended the function. The President, the Hon. Justice Sir C. V. Kumaraswami Sastri, arrived about 5 p.m., early enough to witness a few interesting items. After these were ended, he gave away the prizes and medals to the successful competitors and spoke a few words recalling his experiences of half a century back, as a student in the college. He wound up his very interesting address with an appeal to the present students to keep up the noble traditions of the college. We do not know whether all our readers are aware that Sir C. V. Kumaraswami Sastry comes of a most distinguished family whose members have been our 'old boys' for three or four generations. In him the present students can see an embodiment of some of the noblest traditions of the Presidency College.

The Union Society

The beginning of the term saw an innovation and a new departure. Following the system of the Oxford and Cambridge Unions, the Principal initiated a new rule to the effect that the Secretary of one term is to be the President of the next. Accordingly Mr. Vasudeva Menon, our former

Secretary, became *ip so facto* our President for this term. And Mr. Nagesh Mallaya was elected Secretary unopposed.

The first debate of the term was opened by Mr. C. K. Raghavan Nambiar who moved that "the boycott of legislatures advocated by the Lahore Congress is detrimental to the best interests of the nation." Mr. S. Ramankutty Menon led the opposition and carried the day.

The second was an extraordinary meeting when Mr. S. S. Zung, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Chengchow, China, delivered a very interesting lecture on "Youth movements in China."

Some of our budding orators took part in the Intercollegiate debate held by the Christian College. It was a very interesting function. The resolution, moved by Mr. P. R. Narayanan of the Christian College, that the present system of education is unsuited to the genius of India, was carried. Mr. B. K. Sarvottam Rao, Mr. J. Rama Rao and Mr. M. Nagesh Mallaya, who represented our College, acquitted themselves well.

At the fourth meeting of the Union Mr. M. G. Nilakantan moved "that the world has more to learn from sinners than from saints." Mr. B. V. Subramaniam opposed him. The motion was, however, carried.

As we go to press we have only these activities to our credit. Only a meeting or two more is possible. But despite the dearth of meetings we have had a very successful year.

The College Hostel

Our hostel opened this term as usual with the election of the office-bearers. Mr. P. A. Gopalakrishnan was elected General Secretary.

We conducted a debate early this term on "Communism *versus* capitalism." Messrs. T. R. Parthasarathy and P. S. Lakshminarayanan were the principal speakers. Many other students took part in the discussion.

Our magazine was published during this term in the form of a double number, thanks to the efforts of its sub-editors—Messrs. V. H. Mahadevan and N. V. Subramanian.

But the most important item of our activities this term was the celebration of the Hostel Day on the 23rd of February. Dewan Bahadur K. Ramunni Menon M.A. presided on the occasion, and Mr. S. V. Ramamurthy I.C.S. gave a very humorous and thought-provoking lecture on 'Saints and Biologists.' The prizes and certificates for the successful candidates in the Sri Gargi Memorial Examination in Hinduism were also distributed on the occasion.

The Presidency College Hostel.



"The College Dramatic Club"

Though the College Stage has attained a fairly high standard of efficiency by now, and though half-a-dozen dramas are staged during the course of every academic year under the auspices of the various associations in the College, it was only at the beginning of last term that arrangements were made for starting a Central Club with the main object of developing the histrionic talents among the students of the several departments in the College. At the invitation of the Principal a club called "The Presidency College Dramatic Club" was formed early in October 1929, and at a meeting held on the 25th the following office-bearers were elected :—

President

Mr. P. P. S. Sastri.

Vice-Presidents

Mr. J. Franco.

„ V. K. Ayyappan Pillai.

Secretaries

Mr. V. Venkatarama Ayyar.

„ G. K. Seshagiri.

Committee

Mr. J. Govindarajan.

„ A. N. Kalyanasundaram.

„ D. Janardana Sastri.

„ B. Raghavan Nambiar.

The members of the Club presented one of Bernard Shaw's latest comedies, "You Never Can Tell", on Monday the 10th February at the College Theatre, under the distinguished patronage of the Hon. Dr. P. Subbaroyan, Chief Minister to the Government of Madras.

In view of the shortness of time at our disposal and the difficulties attendant on the portrayal of a foreign civilization it must be said to the credit of the student actors that they sustained their difficult parts considerably well and clearly brought out the full force of Shavian humour as was evidenced by the repeated applause of the audience.

The part of Valentine, "the five shilling dentist," with a blank record after his six weeks' professional career, was admirably personated by N. Nagesha Mallya with the inborn ease and the grace of a trained dentist. M. G. Nilakantan acted the part of the waiter perfectly, and rendered his "you never can tell" philosophy about life and things with inimitable grace. The parts of the reckless twins, Dolly with her mischievous pranks and Philip with his "knowledge of human nature", were successfully rendered by Y. G. Duraiswami and D. Janardana Sastri.

E. K. Warrior as Gloria seemed to be perfectly natural in short-skirts, and he sustained the difficult role of apparent insensibility towards Valentine's advances by cleverly putting on the frigid coldness of a carefully educated twentieth century girl. The motherly tenderness, the reforming zeal of an "authoress of Twentieth Century Treatises" and the passionate outbursts of a wronged wife were successfully displayed by C. K. Raghavan Nambiar as Mrs. Lanfrey Clandon. The amusing irritability and natural obstinacy of Fergus Crampton were well rendered by T. Govindrajan, and they served as an adequate foil to the jocular pleasantry of Valentine and the affected leniency of Mrs. Clandon. On the whole, the play was a distinct success, and the stage-setting and costumes were appropriate. It may be mentioned here that some beginnings were made this year towards having our own scenes and costumes. We are, of course, aware of our rather serious imperfections, especially in the lunch scene and the drawing-room scenes; but these, as well as other minor defects, we hope to correct in the future. And with more funds and greater time, we hope to produce next year dramatic performances of a fairly high standard.

The Mathematical Association

Among last term's activities we have to include a lecture by Mr. E. S. Ross of the Christian College on 'The Logarithmic Tables' on 4th December, with Mr. T. Suryanarayana in the chair. The lecture was very instructive, especially the tables shown by the lecturer, which give the logarithms of negative numbers. With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the lecture terminated.

The activities of the Association began this term with a lecture by Mr. G. A. Srinivasan on 'The Indian Calendar' on Tuesday, the 21st January. This was the second lecture of the kind on the subject. The lecture was very interesting and the audience listened with rapt attention to the explanation of the occurrence of thirteen months in a year and extra days in a month. The Association is highly thankful to the lecturer for the keen interest he has taken in its meetings.

Another interesting lecture was delivered by Dr. R. Vaidhyanadhaswami on Wednesday, the 19th February, on 'The Mathematical Discipline' with Prof. K. Ananda Rao in the chair. The lecturer gave very interesting interpretations to some Sanskrit phrases and showed by a process of a remarkably powerful and clear reasoning that mathematics was the essential science of the world and that other sciences like philosophy and economics have to fashion themselves according to it.

It was a delightful evening that the members of the Association spent on Friday, the 21st of February, when Mr. V. Ramaswami Aiyar, President, Indian Mathematical Society, delivered the Valedictory Address, with Prof. K. Ananda Rao in the chair. After a group photo, all the members had a sumptuous lunch. The variety entertainment which followed was a



The Presidency College Dramatic Club.

very interesting one. Then our Secretary, Mr. N. Venkateswara Rao, read the annual report of the Association. After mentioning the meetings that were held in the course of the year, he informed the audience there were two unique features during this year—a reception to New Graduates and a farewell function. Subscription has been raised, he said, and membership thrown open to Intermediate students also. The lecture on 'the Fascination of Fenerbach's theorem' that followed the reading of the report was a very learned one. With the usual remarks from the chair and a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the pleasant function terminated.

The Physics Association

Late in November we had an interesting lecture by Mr. R. P. Padhi of IV Hons. on "The Photo Electric Effect." Mr. S. Chandrasekhar of V Hons. presided on the occasion.

This term opened with the activities of our fifth Annual Exhibition which was held on Wednesday the 22nd January. In the unavoidable absence of His Excellency the Governor of Madras, Mr. R. G. Grieve M.A. C.I.E., Director of Public Instruction opened the Exhibition. This year too we had a good crowd of visitors in spite of the fact that it was held only after the Natural Science Exhibition, and very late in the year. Our visitors appreciated our experiments very much, especially the glass grinding and glass blowing corners, the wireless section and the new items of this year, the reflecting telescope made in the College, the photography of sound waves, etc. The exhibition was kept open for a day and a half and not for one day only as in previous years, to give an opportunity for those who were unable to gain admission the first day.

Early in February we had a very interesting lecture by Mr. Sambamurti, Prof of Music of the Queen Mary's College, on "Indian Music—a Comparison with English Music." Dr. H. Parameswaran presided on the occasion. The lecturer said that in general western Music is characterised by harmony and Indian music by melody. He gave us some practical demonstrations on the violin which were much appreciated.

The next week we had a lecture by Mr. W. J. John of IV Hons. on "Flat space and time". It was a highly mathematical discourse on Restricted Relativity and the modern conception of time. Prof. V. Appa Rau presided.

The last item in our programme, our Association Day, went off successfully on the 24th February. We had neither a special president nor had we any valedictory address. The Association prizes and medals were given away to the winners. With this our activities of the year have come to a close. We had on the whole a very busy year with about a dozen lectures, mostly by students, four excursions, an At Home to

the New graduates and the Annual Exhibition. It is highly gratifying to note that all lectures were of a high standard and dealt with theoretical Modern Physics. The subjects ranged from "The Brownian Movement in liquids and gases," "the Infra-red spectroscopy," and "the Photo-electric effect" on one side to the highly mathematical "New statistics of Bose and Einstein" and "The Theory of Relativity" on the other. The general attendance in all these meetings was very satisfactory. Almost all lectures were followed by long discussions and the lecturers one and all had to run the gauntlet of keen critics. Circles, though small, are yet complete, and we feel we have a Royal Society here on a small scale. But we have as yet no fellows on our rolls!

The Chemical Society

Among our activities this term chief mention should be made of the very happy evening we spent on the 24th January, when we all met together to congratulate Prof. W. Erlam Smith on his appointment as the Ag. Director of Public Instruction. The meeting which commenced at 4-30, was presided over by Dr. B. B. Dey. The president in his opening remarks congratulated Prof. Smith on his new appointment and wished him a pleasant term of office. Then Mr. W. Mudlagiri Nayak spoke about his own experiences with Prof. Smith first as a student and afterwards as an assistant, and also how Mr. Smith was responsible for bringing the chemistry Department to its present state of efficiency. This was followed by a short speech by Mr. O. G. Eapen, the secretary of the society, in which he moved the following resolutions which were duly seconded and unanimously passed.

"That the Presidency College Chemical Society places on record its deep sense of appreciation and gratitude to Prof. W. Erlam Smith for the kind and valuable services rendered by him to the Society" and "That the Society takes this opportunity to congratulate him on his new appointment as the Ag. Director of Public Instruction."

Mr. Erlam Smith replied in suitable terms.

After three cheers to the guest of the evening, the pleasant function came to a close at 5-30 p.m. On the evening of Friday 14th February Dr. S. Mannady Nair, Professor of Biochemistry Medical College delivered a lecture on "Proteins and aminoacids." The lecture was largely attended and highly appreciated.

We are arranging to have our annual Social and photographs towards the end of February.

The Malayalee Association

Our activities which, owing to a series of unexpected and unavoidable

post-ponements, had been somewhat scanty during the first term, revived in the second term with redoubled vigour.

Three excellent lectures were delivered by distinguished Malayalees. Mr. George Joseph M. A. Bar-at-law, gave a very lucid talk, full of original ideas, on "Raja Kesav Das and Veluthambi Dalava—a comparative study." Mr. Kurur Nilakantan Nambudripad lectured on "Social Reform in Kerala." Finally Mr. C. Achyutha Menon, B. A., Reader in Malayalam in the Madras University, spoke on the "Nairs of Malabar."

On the 1st Feb 1930 somewhat later than usual, the Malayalam Drama was staged in the College Hall. The piece enacted was "Pandathe Patchau", the well known comedy by the late Mr. C. V. Raman Pillai. Special merit attaches to the acting of Mr. M. Balakrishna Menon, who played the part of the heroine, and Mr. M.G. Neelakantan who acted the hero and Mr. Ramunni Menon who excelled in the 'character' of a drunkard.

We hope to be able to have the last function of the year—the valedictory Address and Farewell Lunch—about the end of February or the beginning of March. No small thanks are due to Prof. I. N. Menon, this year's President of the Association, whose tireless activity has been mainly responsible for what success it has had during the year.



Cricket

THE end of the last term saw us play a few important matches. In the first of these we played the Pachiapas College, after having an easy walk over the Christians in our College tournaments, defeating them by 3 wickets. We had a hard struggle in this game, for we had lost 7 wickets with yet 51 runs to score in our second innings. The Pachiapites made 55 and 129 runs in their first and second innings. Our mighty bowlers Jagannathan and "G.P." bagged 9 and 7 wickets respectively for 53 and 69 runs while C. D. Parthasarathy claimed 2 wickets in the 1st innings at 3 runs a piece. In our turn we made 135 runs in the 1st innings towards which our 'star' batsman "G.P." solidly contributed 44 runs. Naick our Captain made 29, while Jagannathan, Krishnamurthy and Raghavan scored 17, 13 and 13 runs.

When we had only to make 50 runs to win we lost 7 of our batsmen, all in no time, but Venkatasubban and M. D. Rangaswami stopped the rot and scored the required number of runs and saved the situation. The former scored 21 and the latter 14 runs.

Subsequently we met our old rivals the Lawyers in the finals of the above tournament. We had no difficulty in winning the match. Our opponents in their first venture put up a decent score of 150 runs. Our men in their turn proceeded to score in a rapid manner and passing their total on the same day continued to score on the next day making up a total of 291 runs. All of us played well, but special mention must be made of our stalwart "G.P." who scored his maiden century. His score of 100 included many forceful drives and fours. Further C. D. Parthasarathy (41) Krishnamurthy (34) Venkatasubban (24) Raghavan (24) and M. D. Rangaswami (18) helped us to a good extent by their individual score. The Lawyers in their second attempt just averted an innings defeat. We had to make four runs to win and we made this without the loss of a single wicket.

Jaganathan bowled in a splendid manner and captured 12 wickets in both the innings giving away 113 runs while G. Parthasarathy Naick and



The "Presidency College Cricket Team"—1929-30.
Winners of the "Pennyquick" and "Duncan Memorial Trophies"

C. D. Parthasarathy got 5, 1, and 2 wickets. Once again we came out with laurels in this tournament after having secured the trophy for the past four years in succession. Well done, "Presidency"!

A unique feature of this year's Cricket was the match played between the past and the present students of the College. This is the first of its kind and it was played on the 12th of December when luckily for us, many of our gallant Old Boys were present in the metropolis to play the match. It was a twelve a side game and our opponents winning the toss elected to bat first and fared poorly against the deadly bowlings of our "Jagu" and "G.P." Much was expected from them but they collapsed for a paltry 79 runs—Nanjappa alone contributing a well played 31 runs. Jaganathan and G. Parthasarathy bagged 6 and 4 wickets at a cost of 37 and 16 runs. C. D. Parthasarathy claimed the other one yielding but 11 runs.

Though we lost the first wicket early, Naick our ever-cheerful Captain and Venkatasubban joined hands and in quite a short time passed their total. The former scored 41 runs and the latter was unbeaten with 32 runs. "G.P." who entered next contributed his share of 15 runs. Thus we were declared winners by 9 wickets and 18 runs.

The match was more in the nature of a happy re-union. We sincerely hope that in future such matches between the past and the present students will be played annually. The following represented the 'Past':—

Mr. V. C. Gopalaratnam (Capt) Mr. T. Vasu Naidu, Capt M. R. Grandhi, Messrs. C. Ramaswami, S. M. Savoor, Ugappah Shetty, A. V. Krishnaswami, K. M. Nanjappa V. G. Ramachandran, M. N. Chittiappa, Cyril Flory and M. A. Rajagopalan. Prof. C. K. Pillai played for us.

In our next match we had to meet "Law" again in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament. Winning the toss we elected to bat and our first wicket partnership between Naick and Jaganathan lasted till 110 runs were registered—Jaganathan (55) and Naick (51). With 194 for the loss of 9 wickets, we declared our innings closed. Our rivals in their turn were dismissed in a short time for 51 runs and thus we were left winners of the day by a large margin. "G.P." besides scoring 20 runs bagged 7 wickets at less than 3 runs a piece while Jaganathan captured the remaining 3 for 18 runs.

The Zahirians, whose guests we were at Colombo during our stay there, halted at Madras while on their way to Bombay. We played a match with them on the 21st December. The wicket was soft after rain the previous night and try as we could, we collapsed in our battings and scored only 82 runs of which Jaganathan and G.P. scored 25 and 14. We adjourned for lunch and once again rain interrupted our game. After a day's interval the match was continued on the 23rd. Though there was much criticism on our decision in allowing them to continue the game after a day's rest, we started the play in right earnest. They passed our score with ease making up 108

runs for the loss of 9 wickets. Our fielding for once left very much to be improved but the spirit with which we played the game was greatly appreciated.

Though we lost the match by only 26 runs we must confess that we have to learn a good lot from the Zahira boys who have been given a great deal of proper training in the game. As usual "G.P." distinguished himself by capturing 6 wickets for 55 runs. Such visits from foreign Colleges will surely improve the game to a considerable extent.

Our final match in the Inter-Collegiate tournament with the Medicoes ended in a victory for us by 27 runs. We have thus won both the "Duncan Memorial" and the "Penny-Quick" Trophies once again. Though the score was low in the above match special mention should be made of Rajaram's 29, G.P.'s 13 and Doraiswami's 12 runs. Our opponents replied with 53 runs only, to our 80. Bowling honours as usual went to 'Jagu' and "G.P." who captured 6 and 4 wickets for 27 and 26 runs respectively.

The total number of matches played by us during the season, including the six matches played in Ceylon, was 21 of which we were winners in 13, losers in 4 and the rest were drawn.

To say that we are proud of the selection of a couple of our younger members for the Annual Presidency Match is to employ a very mild expression to describe our feelings. We heartily congratulate the Indian Selection Committee on the wisdom they have shown in selecting two of our members, V. Jagannathan and G. Parthasarathy, our outstanding cricketers, who, though new to the Presidency match, are not new to the sporting public of Madras. They played their part in securing victory for the Indians after a lapse of five years. Jagannathan was easily the best bowler spinning both the ways and he captured 11 wickets in all giving away only 72 runs. Besides he was of great help in giving a good start for his side in batting.

G. Parthasarathy who claimed only one wicket during the match for 16 runs really pulled the game out of the fire in the second innings of the Indians by his 18 runs, which he scored slowly and steadily against dexterous and good bowling.

We will be failing in our duty if we do not mention the outgoing students of the college from the Cricket Team. We are really sorry for the separation but we wish them all luck and success in their future career.

Captain S. R. Naick, Secretary C. R. Venkatasubban, T. M. Doraiswami, M. D. Rangaswami, V. S. Raghavan, Jaganathan, Vijiarangan, and Saravanan have to leave us soon.

Cheerio!! boys, Farewell!

The Presidency College "Past" vs. "Present" students
Cricket match played on the 15th December 1929.



Tennis

The Tennis club has just completed its Annual Tennis Tournaments. The most outstanding player for the year is the Captain himself, V. Madhava Rao, who won all the events, singles and doubles both championship and Handicap.

The following are the results :—

Open Championship Singles.

Winner : V. Madhava Rao.

Runner up : D. V. L. Narasimha Rao.

Open Championship Doubles.

Winners : V. Madhava Rao & K. Rajagopalaswamy.

Runners up : C. R. Venkatachalam & C. Raghavachary.

Handicap Singles.

Winner : V. Madhava Rao.

Runner up : G. Parthasarthy.

Handicap Doubles.

Winners : V. Madhava Rao & T. V. Subba Rao.

Runners up : D. V. L. Narasimha Rao & S. Hari.

The tournament open to all Colleges in Madras has been a wonderful success this year. Almost every College sent in its representative teams and there were also a few entries from the mufussil. The finalists in singles were both Law College players and the match ended in an easy victory for N. Krishnaswamy against A. Sambasiva Rao. The doubles event was however the more interesting affair. The Presidites defeated the Christian College players in the Semi Final round and the Law College in the Finals, the latter team being represented by N. Krishnaswamy and A. Sambasiva Rao. The Presidency College was represented by V. Madhava Rao and D. V. L. Narasimha Rao. Our Captain played a really splendid game in the Finals and was easily the best of the four players.

We offer our hearty congratulations to all the Winners in the College Tennis Tournaments of the year.

