

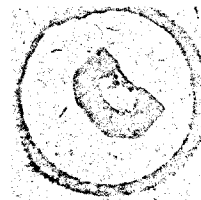
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The Presidency college

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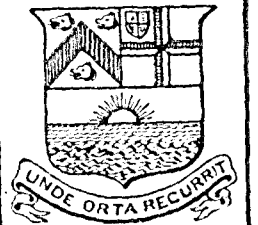
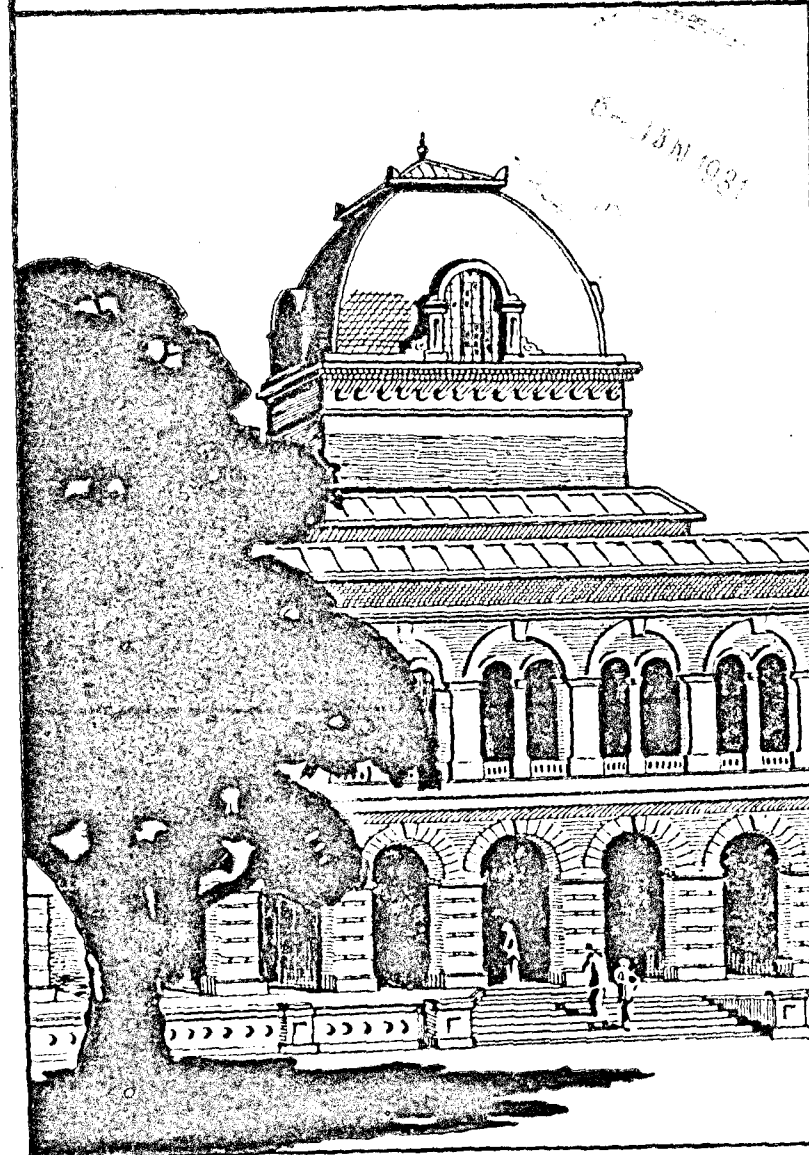
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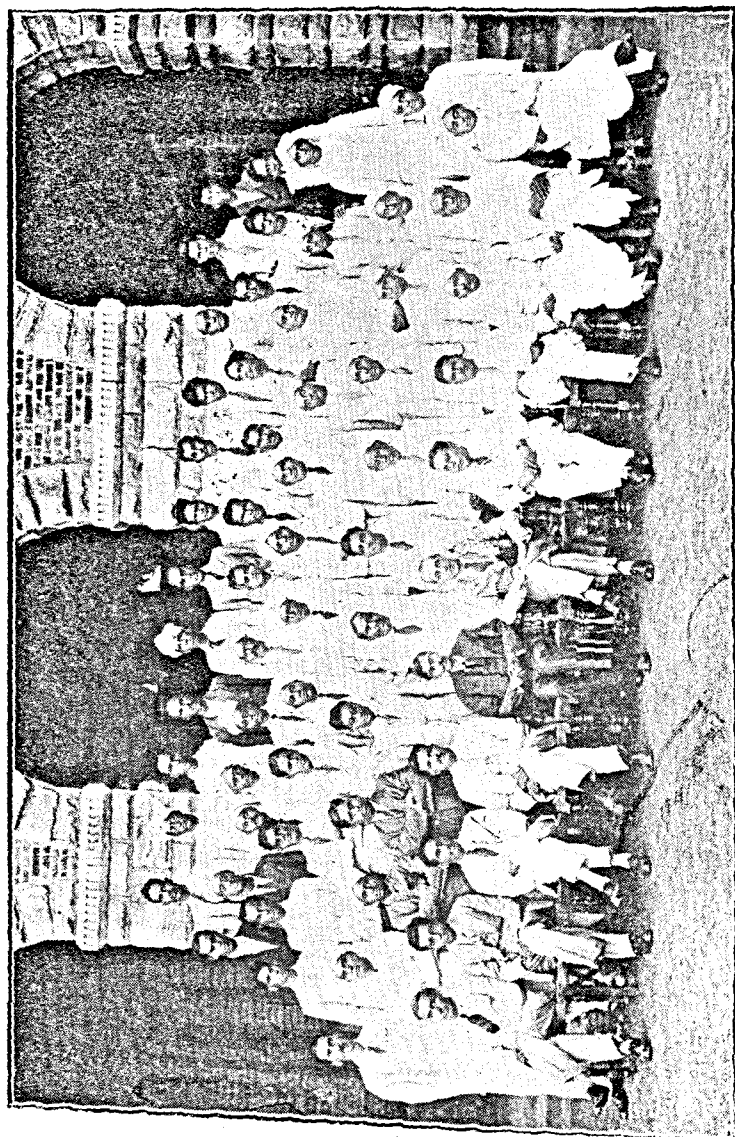
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VOL. VI

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 1

CONTENTS

	Page.
TWO AUGUST FESTIVALS—By V. Rangacharya, M.A.	... 1
SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION IN INDIA—By T. V. Seshagiri Rao, M.A., Ph.D.	... 9
THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY—By M. N. Mallaya	... 13
AESTHETIC VALUES—By "Prakash"	... 19
THE LURE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE—By V. Gopinathan	... 23
REFLECTIONS ON A WASTE-PAPER-BASKET—By S. Rajagopalan.	27
FORD AND GANDHI—By S. R. K. Menon	... 30
ON DREAMING—By "X"	... 37
A STORMY NIGHT—By B. V. S.	... 41
ON TAKING PEOPLE ROUND—By R. Sivaramakrishnan	... 42
A STROLL ALONG THE MARINA—By P. Madhava Sarma	... 46
THE RUBAIYYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM —By V. K. Aiyappan Pillai, M.A.	... 49
UNTO THIS FIRST—By S. K. Chettur, M.A., I.C.S.	... 54
BOOK REVIEWS	... 58
COLLEGE NOTES	... 65
SPORTS NOTES	... 74
THE MAGAZINE COMPETITION PRIZES	... 79
SRI GARGI MEMORIAL COMPETITION PRIZES	... 80

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

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



Vol. VI

SEPTEMBER, 1930

1

Two August Festivals

I. The Bara Wafaut

ON the 8th of August this year was celebrated the famous festival known as the Bara Wafaut. It was a day of solemn observance for all Mohammedans except the Wahabis. The ceremony falls on the 12th day of the third Mohammedan month, usually known as the Rabi-ul-awwal. The significance of this term is merely seasonal, it indicates the commencement of the spring; but its singular importance in the religious life of the Moslems is clear from the expressions *Vilaudat Shareef*, *Mowlood Shareef*, and *Bara Wafaut*, used in connection with it. The first two of these terms signify "the birth of the noble Prophet," while the third indicates the "twelfth day, the day when the Prophet died." According to one view, the birth of the Prophet took place on the 12th of this month, and his death on the 2nd. They therefore rejoice on the 12th, and observe the previous days as days of prayer. According to another view, the Prophet died on the 12th

and so that day has been observed as *Bara Wafaut*. It thus happens that the same day is observed by some as the day of mourning, and by others as the day of rejoicing. The mourners call it *Bara Wafaut*, and the rejoicers call it *Viladat* or *Milad-i-shariff* or *Milad-i-Nabi*. However, so far as the practical observances are concerned, there is no difference between the two parties.

The observances connected with the *Bara Wafaut* can be divided into three groups, namely, those connected with the ten days from the 2nd to the 11th, those connected with the 11th, and those of the 12th or the actual day of the death or, as others would take it, the birth of the Prophet. During all these days all Moslems devote themselves to the distribution of alms and the reading of the *Fatiha*, the first chapter of the Koran, which is to this effect: "Praise be to God, Lord of the worlds, the Compassionate, the Merciful! King on the day of reckoning! Thee only do we worship, and to Thee do we cry for help. Guide Thou us on the straight path—the path of those with whom Thou art not angry, and who go not astray."

On the eleventh, the observers of the *Bara Wafaut* have what is called the *Sandal* ceremony. This consists in preparing a perfumed sandalwood ointment and carrying it in a vessel in procession to the *Itgah*, the place where the *Fatiha* is to be said the next day, and then distributing it among the assembled people. The *Sandal* procession of this year which took place the other day in Triplicane passed from the mosque of the late Amirun Nissa Begum Sahiba in Jam Bazaar, through the Pycroft's Road, the Fakir Sahib's Street and the Ellis Road, to the Asaar-Munzil.

In the twelfth are offered the *urs* or prayers and oblations. In the morning, the Koran is read either

in the mosques or private houses, then food is cooked and the *Fatiha* uttered. Then follows allegiance to any sacred relics of the Prophet and other eminent personages who formed towers of strength to early Islam. The observers of the day as the *Bara-wafaut* are very particular about seeing the *Qadam-i-Rasul* or the footstep of the Prophet. This is a stone fragment with the impression of the Prophet's feet, usually kept in a box under the care of a special functionary. The story is that, after the battle of Ohund, Muhammad was once ascending a hill in a rage, and that the fire of his indignation melted the hill, in consequence of which his feet became impressed on the soil. Pieces of this relic came into the hands of a number of fortunate people or institutions in the world. A local Muthavalli or one who is entrusted with the management of a mosque or other religious institution is in possession of such footprints; and they naturally form objects of worship. The place, where the *kadam* (foot) of the Rasul (the great Messenger or Prophet) is accommodated, is gaily decorated. And to the faithful who are assembled in front of it are narrated the stories of the birth and achievements of the Founder of the faith by men specially engaged for the purpose. Portions of the Koran are also read on the occasion, and the *Darud* form of prayer is recited. The *Darud* is to this effect: "O God! Have mercy on Muhammad and his descendants, as Thou didst have mercy on Abraham and his descendants. Thou art to be praised, and Thou art great. O God! Bless Muhammad and his descendants, as Thou didst bless Abraham and his descendants. Thou art to be praised, and Thou art great."

The observers of 'the feast of the noble birth' prefer to pay their respects to a hair from the Prophet's beard instead of to the impressions of his foot. The *Asaar-i-*

sharif, as this relic is called, is believed to possess a miraculous power. It never loses its length and grows again whenever a portion is broken off. To-day it is put into rose-water and the latter is distributed among the faithful for being drunk or rubbed over the eyes, in the midst of the utterances of the *Fatiha* and *Darud*.

There are various other relics which figure in the celebrations in Madras. These include the supposed foot-steps of Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law and patron-saint of the Shia sect in particular, and the relics of his son Imam Hussain, whose martyrdom is celebrated in the Mohurram. Then there is the cup of Hazrath Bilal as well as the tooth of Khaja Ovais a Qarani. Equally interesting are the blanket, the belt and other relics of the celebrated dervish, Shaik Mohiuddin Sayud Abdul Khadir Jilani. This saint was a native of Jilan near Bagdad, where his tomb exists. His reputation as a saint is so great that his name is invoked during epidemics and other visitations, when a green flag is carried in his name. His disciples and followers are numerous, and *Fatihahs* are offered in his name every month, particularly the fourth. Abdul Khadir is the greatest saint of Mohammedanism and lived from about 1078 to 1175. The literal significance of the name *Abdul Khadir* is 'the slave of the Almighty'; and, as the saint was a great man, his name has been, like that of the Prophet, a favourite personal name among Moslems. He is also known as *Ghouse-al-azam*, literally the greatest redressor of grievances, and *Pir Piran*, literally the saint of saints and teacher of teachers. The title *Pir* was given in the early days of Mohammedanism to those who distinguished themselves by an ascetic life and by a capacity to perform miracles. Abdul Khadir was renowned as a great performer of miracles. His greatness has also been celebrated in the titles *Pir-i-dastgir*

(that is, the holder of the hand of protection), *Azam* (the highest), *Mahbub* (the beloved) and *Mohiuddin* (the restorer of the faith). Naturally many Mohammedans belong to his school of teaching, and his relics, like those of the Prophet and Ali, play a large part in the celebrations.

II. The Upakarma

Of the sixteen *Samskaras* or purificatory ceremonies that came to be fixed among the Aryans the most important was the study of the Vedas. And the well-known institution of *Upanayana*, or the investiture of the sacred thread was introduced as a preliminary step to this. The investiture, though pre-Vedic in origin, took its present form in the age of the *Brahmanas*, and it served as an initiation into the Vedic studies. This initiation is technically called the *Upakarma*.

The real meaning of the term *Upakarma* is better expressed by the term *Vedopakrama*, the commencement of the study of the Vedas. The ceremony was originally intended for the boys whose *Upanayana* had been performed in the season which came to a close with *Sravana Purnami*. It is well known that a boy's *Upanayana* has to be done in the *Uttarayana*, commencing from the *Makara-sankramana* and ending with the *Kataka-sankramana*. This important *samskara*, like marriage, cannot be done during the six months when the sun is in his downward course. As the *Upanayana* season ends just before the month of *Kataka*, and as the newly ordained boy has to be given a month's time or so for the mastery of the *Sandhya* prayers, the arduous duty of Vedic study, for which, after all, the investment of the *Yagnopavita* is

intended, came to be formally commenced about a month later on the full moon day of Sravana in the first instance, and on the full moon day of Bhadrapada in the second. Between the earlier and more essential of these two dates and the close of the Upanayana season, the novice would have more than a month for mastering the daily prayers.

But the custom arose, in course of time, of making this ceremony applicable not only to the newly-invested novices, but even to those who had been Brahmacharis and Grihastas. It became, in other words, an annual and universal function, instead of being an initial and particular one. It may sound illogical to speak of the commencement of Vedic studies for grown-up bachelors and householders who had been studying the Vedas already for years. But it is not difficult to imagine the *raison d'etre* of the annual performance of this ceremony which was originally performed only once in a man's life. As the Aryans advanced more and more into the interior of India, they had to do more and more with the peoples whom they conquered and civilized, and therefore came naturally to be secularized to a large extent. Depending on the monsoons for their food, they had necessarily to devote a part of their time to the agricultural and other secular pursuits of life. Such a pre-occupation necessarily led to a break in their holy studies. At first this break was probably incidental and regretted; but, as the necessities of secular life became more and more pressing, they had to recognise this break as not only unavoidable but even *legally* necessary. They seem to have been convinced that, as the study of the Vedas could be done only fitfully and incompletely, it must be prohibited altogether by means of strict canonical injunctions. In this way it came to be recognised that

Two August Festivals

after Taishya Purnami, that is, the full moon of Taishya (corresponding to Tai or Magha), there must be the *Utsarjana* or renouncement of the Vedic studies. A logical result of this was that the abandoned studies had to be renewed at a more convenient time of the year. And such a convenient time was found in the Sravana Purnami, because it was already the time at which novices had to commence their holy studies. In this way all people, old or young, married or unmarried, came to have the Upakarma ceremonial on the full moon of Sravana or the full moon of the next month, Bhadrapada. This custom was well established by the time of Manu and Yagnavalkya. We might place it in the two or three centuries which preceded the Christian era.

Such is the origin and the probable history of the Upakarma ceremonial. We shall now proceed to the way in which it is observed. The first thing that is done in the Upakarma ceremony is of a preliminary and expiatory character. The abandonment of the Vedic studies during the previous six months is an act for which repentance should be expressed. This is done by means of the *japa* called *Kamokarshit*, *Manyurakarshit* (desire and anger did it, that is, the abandonment of the studies). The repetition has to be made a thousand and eight times so that the person may be impressed with the seriousness of the omission.

Then comes the real ceremonial. Nowadays, of course, a slight repast intervenes in the case of youngsters and the less orthodox between the preliminary ceremony and the main ceremony. After the repast, the Brahmachari goes to the nearest sacred tank or river accompanied by his teacher and others, and after a *sankalpam*, in which all the gods are invoked for protection and purification, he bathes. Then he wears a new sacred

thread and makes offerings of water to the various deities presiding over the Vedas.

The next stage in the ceremony is the propitiation of the Vedic deities by offerings in fire. The idea seems to have been that, as the offerings thus far made have been in water, a counterpart of them should be made in fire. All people adjourn for this purpose to a temple-hall near by, if it is available, or to the foot of an Asvattha tree on the banks of the river or tank. The preceptor of the whole gathering kindles the holy fire and puts offerings of ghee in it, the disciples repeating all the while the *mantras* uttered by him. The fire offerings are made not only to the Vedic deities but also to an elaborate pantheon consisting of various gods, Rishis and Pitris.

When this elaborate worship is over, the head-priest recites the beginnings of all the Vedas and Sastras; and all people, particularly the Brahmachari novices, repeat them in chorus. The presumption is that the beginning of the Vedic studies is made under the best auspices possible. The whole gathering then disperses after the distribution of cocoanuts and other holy offerings, and after mutual salutations in token of the dawn of a new year of Vedic studies.

V. RANGACHARYA.

Social Reconstruction in India

OUR impulses may be divided into two groups, the possessive and the creative. The impulses of the first group aim at acquiring and retaining something that cannot be shared. And the impulses of the second group aim at bringing into the world some valuable things, such as knowledge or beauty or goodwill, in which there is no private property. The best life is that which is built on creative impulses. And the worst life is that which is inspired by love of possession. Social institutions which have a very great influence on men and women should therefore be such as to promote creativeness at the expense of possessiveness. They should be so organized both by individual effort and co-operative labour as to liberate the creative principle in man or woman for purposes of furthering and fulfilling life, and contributing to its joy and beauty.

In India the principle of growth or creative evolution in most men and women is hindered by inherited social institutions. The impulse for free life and creativeness is stifled. But, fortunately, with the progress of thought and knowledge new possibilities of growth have come into existence. These have given rise to new claims which must be satisfied. Consequently institutions which give less opportunities to some classes and castes than to others, to one sex than to another, are no longer recognised as just by the less fortunate, though the more fortunate still defend them vehemently. However, if Indian life is to progress, it should liberate and promote creativeness, and satisfy the new demands on the part of men and women for justice, equality and liberty. And

for this Indian social institutions should be so fundamentally changed as to embody the new respect for the individual which modern feeling demands.

There are three forces on the side of life which have to be fostered by better social conditions than those that prevail at present in our country. These are love or mutual regard, the instinct of creativeness, and the joy of life. In India all these three forces are checked and enfeebled by the conditions in which men and women are obliged to live. This is the case not only among the less fortunate, but also among the majority of the well-to-do. The conventional conception of what constitutes a peaceful life leads most men and women to live a life in which their most vital impulses are sacrificed. As a result of this the joy of life is lost in listless weariness. Our social system compels most of our men and almost all our women to carry out the purposes of others rather than their own, making them feel impotent in action and only able to secure a certain modicum of passive pleasure. Our coercive customs destroy the vigour of the community, the expansive affections of individuals, and the power of viewing the world generously. Many of them are unnecessary and should be given up, and those that are really good should be so remodelled as to suit the growing needs of a race that has to progress and that has to contribute to the civilisation of mankind. If this were done, the life of men and women in our country would become remarkably different from what it has been, and the Indian race might yet travel towards a new vigour and a new joy.

Customs and habits are merely moulds that serve the purposes of life for some time and soon become a hindrance to its flow and progress. And all moulds must break and yield before the on-coming and ever-expand-

ing current of life. Otherwise stagnation and death would result. All prophets have broken the moulds that became rigid, and liberated life. Life refuses to be hemmed in by rules perpetually. Our caste-rules are so many rigid moulds, and they have to give way, if life is to expand and progress. Educated men and women should be free to marry in any community or caste they like. The privileges of hospitality, which are so gloriously described in our Dharma Sastras, should be extended to the members of all castes, creeds and communities. Excommunication should soon be a thing of the past. Purdha has to be torn away, if life is not to be suffocated behind it. The practice of isolating men and women in society should be given up, if we want to cultivate refinement. The place and function of woman in society should be carefully considered. What is known as *Stridharma* should be remodelled on the principle of creativeness, so as to enable woman to realise the joy of living and the highest purpose of life. She can realise these only when her instinct for creativeness and her initiative are released from enslaving customs like child-marriages, enforced widow-hood, inferior treatment, dowry system etc., and from other customs that deny her the privileges of free thought, free movement and action, and free choice to mould her life according to her own purposes and ideals. She should be recognised as absolutely equal to man in all matters; social, political and religious. She should receive special consideration and courtesy as befitting her tenderness and grace. And she should have all-round freedom, just as man has, for the full expression of her individuality, for furthering and extending her life either at home or in society. If the real worth and dignity of womanhood is thus understood, then necessarily home life and social

life become two great blessings. The Grihastha Asrama will no longer be considered as a drudgery to be tolerated for some time, till the soul gets ripe for the so-called higher stages of life. On the other hand the home will be valued as a nursery of the soul. As a matter of fact there is nothing wanting in social life or home life for the perfecting and refining of a person's soul, provided it is reorganised on sound principles of equality and freedom, love and service.

T. V. SESHAGIRI RAO.

The Testament of Beauty

TO those pessimists who believe that good and great poetry is extinct, *The Testament of Beauty* by the late Dr. Bridges is a challenge. The last work of the Laureate is his greatest; and, not only that, it can perhaps be said that it is the greatest contribution made to literature in this century. It is unique by the wide sweep of its thought and its sustained artistic excellence. A poem of over four thousand lines, it has taken all knowledge for its compass and discusses, in a way hitherto unattempted in poetry, the origin and destiny of man, condensing within itself all the philosophy from Plato to the latest philosopher.

Even a summary of the poem will serve to reveal its beauties. It is divided into four books—'The Introduction,' 'Selfhood,' 'Breed' and 'Ethick.' It begins in a conventional way. The poet climbs up a hill and surveys from that eminence the scene below. It is really the hill of life that he has climbed, and from there he surveys the past. A glow of childlike wonder enthralls him and he feels himself 'to a new birth purified.' His mind reawakens to a fresh initiation of life.

And yet was nothing new to me, only all was vivid
And significant that had been dormant or dead :
As if in a museum, the fossils on the shelves
Should come to life suddenly or a winter rose-bed
Burst into crowded holiday of scent and bloom.

He now begins to discuss the adequacy of Reason, unguided by the senses and tells us :—

"Man's Reason is in such deep insolvency to sense,
That tho' she guide his highest flight heavenward and teach him,

Dignity, morals, manners and human comfort,
 She can delicately and dangerously bedizen
 The rioting joys that fringe the sad pathways of Hell."

Then he suddenly breaks off and speaks of the urgency of music. How deeply seated is that 'urgence whereto Bach and Rozart obey'd!' Even the animals and birds possess music, which they hand down through their generations. Birds indeed are nearest to men because they too can sing and dance.

Coming then to the theme of Beauty, the poet thinks that man's happiness lies in his loving response to the wealth of Nature, and

"Beauty is the prime motive of all his excellence,
 His aim and peaceful purpose ;"

But there is also ugliness in Nature. Confronted with the question, WHY things are as they are, man should know that his task is first to learn WHAT IS, and

"In pursuant knowledge
 Pure intellect will find pleasure and the only ground
 For a philosophy conformable to truth.

Man's quarrel with Nature is then traced to 'the vision which beareth the assurance of the diviner principles implicit in life.' St. Francis is an example of one who was wholly absorbed by such a mystic vision. But even St. Francis could praise Nature and compose a hymn glorifying the sun and the moon, the stars and the earth, and clouds and winds. In this connection the poet gives us a splendid description of Nature equalling the best of Shelley's and Keats' descriptions.

'The sky's unresting cloudland, that with varying play
 Sifteth the sunlight thru' its figured shades, that now
 Stand in massiv range, cumulated stupendous
 Mountainous snow-billowy up-piled in dazzling sheen,

Now like sailing ships on a calm ocean drifting,
 Now scatter'd wispy waifs, that 'neath the eager blaze
 Disperse in air : Or now parcelling the icy inane
 Highspread in fine diaper of silver and mother-of-pearl
 Freaking the intense azure ; Now scurrying close o'erhead,
 Wild ink-hued random racers that fling sheeted rain
 Gustily, and with garish bows laughing o'erarch the land:
 Or, if the spirit of storm be abroad, huge molten glooms
 Mount on the horizon stealthily and gathering as they climb
 Deep-freighted with live lightning, thunder and drenching flood
 Rebuff the winds, and with black-purpling terror impend
 Til they be driven away, when grave Night peacefully
 Clearing her heavenly rondure of its turbid veils
 Layeth bare the playthings of Creation's babyhood ;
 And the immortal fireballs of her uttermost space
 Twinkle like friendly rushlights on the countryside.

And he establishes the truth that 'the spiritual elation and response to Nature is Man's generic mark.'

The second book, where selfhood is discussed, begins with an interpretation of the vision of Plato in the 'Phædrus,' where he sees a chariot drawn by two steeds flying towards heaven. These two horses represent 'Selfhood' and 'Breed' and are driven by the charioteer 'Reason' and are both, unlike what Plato said, capable of good. The elder, viz., Selfhood, we are told, is stronger, but the younger, viz., Breed, is livelier, finer and more mettlesome. Selfhood and Breed are the animal instincts which are the birth-right of man, and the former always asserts itself in a hard struggle for existence.

Selfhood rules throughout organic life. All dumb activities in atom or molecule are traceable to 'selfhood in its first degrees.' Nature, however, recognising the harm of this Selfhood placed the germ of a higher development even in plants and animals, and that is motherhood—the instinct of a creature that will sacrifice itself

that its progeny may live. In man this instinct of motherhood is the spring of purest affection, and compassion. We are told how Nature wrought for protection where the gift of motherhood was denied, and in this connection the social systems of ants and bees are described.

The poet then explains how history and poetry honour the steeds above the charioteer. Our great epic is Homer's epic of war. Whence then comes wisdom? Reason that condemns war is made to say "No man cometh unto wisdom but by me." Reason was not created full-grown but 'as a helpless nursling of animal kind unto whom 'he oweth his knowledge, language, grace, love and ideals.'

We again return to the theme of Beauty, for the authority of Reason rests on its idea of Beauty, and much of what the steeds can do depends on how the charioteer is inspired by Beauty and to what extent.

The third book speaks of breed. Breed is to the race what selfhood is to the individual. Breed is needful alike to plants and animals, but there is a difference of apparatus. The enrichment of the species was the prime reason for the segregation of the sex. So breed was Nature's provision for the continuance of the species, but it is different in man from all other creation, being transformed to an altruistic emotion and spiritual love. Dante's love, for example, was breed purified by the idea of beauty. Then all the relations of sexes are discussed, and their history traced from Adam to modern times. And throughout emphasis is laid on the potency of Reason. It is shown how, when Reason goes astray, man sinks to the lowest vices of the flesh.

In the last book we are introduced to 'Ethick' which deals with the skill and manage of the charioteer Reason.

And since Ethick implies a sense of Duty, the origin of Duty is traced. It arose in animals and birds from the sheer necessity of protecting themselves. The ousel, for example, which takes such pains to build its nest, were it asked why, would, if it could, answer, "I know not, but I must." Thus arose the idea of obligation. All our moral concepts are traceable to animal instincts awakened to consciousness, to a sense of selfhood and a sense of morality. After Duty comes Pleasure. The importance of Pleasure is discussed and the distinction between good and bad Pleasure pointed out. Pleasure which is the outcome of a response to beauty is good. Pleasure at its highest becomes a spiritual escape soaring away to where

The Ring of being closeth in the Vision of God.

And this approach is religion. And this too, when not guided by Reason, goes astray and degenerates into mere superstition.

Again we come back to the theme of Beauty and we are told that Reason is comparatively insignificant.

For sure the idea of beauty is not Reason's idea
Nor hath Reason the idea of courage and mirth,
Of faith, or love or poetry or music's delight.

The poem ends in an exalted tone. Much of its obvious beauty, however, lies not so much in these ideas, but in the figures and illustrations offered in explanation and expansion of them. A world of philosophy is condensed here, and explanations and illustrations are drawn from all sciences. Modern science has been for the first time successfully brought into the realm of poetry. Indeed there is no subject that has not been touched upon—history, politics, literature, art, painting, music, medicine, physics, chemistry, botany, in fact, all sciences and all arts. Even the game of foot-ball is touched upon in

Bk. IV. But the theme of beauty is the central idea of the poem. It is never lost sight of, and it confers unity on the whole work.

The Testament of Beauty is written in loose Alexandrines, and, though this liberty makes it prose at times, the poem rises often to Miltonic sublimity. Music too cannot be long kept out of the work of a poet who has sung for at least sixty years. Bridges is a great poet who has mastered English metre, and this work embodies a new type of versification.

If the poem has its merits, it has its defects too. It is too metaphysical for the average reader, and it is difficult to follow the trend of thought without the closest attention. There is no human touch about it. Nor is there any humour to save it from tedium. Here and there Bridges speaks more like a scientist than a poet, and on subjects like war and the relation of the sexes he is pre-eminently a Victorian.

Bridges believed with Keats that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. *The Testament of Beauty* will be a thing of troubled beauty and difficult joy for ever.

M. N. N. MALLYA.

Aesthetic Values

THE constant reading of literature makes clear the destructive nature of aesthetic values, which in some ways may be felt to be tyrannical. They may be illusory and help sometimes to weaken and unfit the mind for the intensely real issues of life, or there may be a great need to revise our present sense of aesthetic values, so that their deleterious effect may be avoided. But there can be no doubt that in the world of literary study we are accustomed to a sense of values which exist nowhere else and are apt to be contrary to the values of real life.

The sharp difference between aesthetic values (which are identified here with literary values) and the values of real life takes its origin in the very conditions of poetic creation, which seeks to copy life and endeavours to make that copy effective by making the light and shade particularly marked. As in the pictorial art, any literary composition which does not convey this alternation between good and evil becomes vapid. Thus the effective way of exhibiting the brightness and glory of human life reduces itself largely to showing its darkness and gloom. So we realise that the tragedy is almost the highest species of literary composition. Disaster, evil passion etc., are terrible things in real life. But literature seeks to impart pleasure even through treating these. Therefore the literary student is accustomed to think highly of stories of murder and revenge, of jealousy, of giddy ambition and of deadly ingratitude. You tell a person ignorant of literary values that Shakespeare's "Othello" is an extraordinary composition. You are asked what it

treats about, and you tell him that it is the story of a jealous husband who kills his wife. You then encounter perhaps an absolute condemnation of the husband which is not pleasing to you. You then endeavour to explain that the killing of the wife should not be regarded as a selfish man's fulfilment of revenge and so on. But your listener will not be convinced till you have discoursed on some of the basic principles of literary creation.

The artistic or poetic temperament in man is distinct in itself. It is a temperament ordinarily opposed to the intensely practical temperament which is therefore regarded as extremely prosaic. The character of Richard II in Shakespeare's play shows the fine imaginative poetic temperament which has, however, unfitted him to withstand the shrewd machinations of Bolingbroke. Within recent times Bernard Shaw has illustrated the opposition between the stolid and practical and the refined and unsuccessful temperaments in the play, "John Bull's Other Island".

What is attractive to 'copy' for literary composition is obviously not equally valuable in real life. Readers have to possess the requisite literary response before they can judge compositions aright. Often there is a conflict of opinions about books and characters in them which is due to the difference of temperaments in readers. Queen Guinevere's lapse from right conduct is artistically of great value. We all love Falstaff without ever committing ourselves to love him in real life. Prince Hamlet should probably appear an insufferable young man in real life, while in the play Horatio, in whom the elements were perfectly mixed, appears to be of the least moment besides the Prince. The conflict between aesthetic and ethical or religious values is illustrated effectively in Milton, who succeeded in making Comus

and Satan far more attractive than he could have intended.

The question of aesthetic values will be considerably elucidated if we consider the characters of popular heroes and heroines in the drama and the novel. Novelists have often had to make pitiful struggles in this matter. Sir Walter Scott seemed to achieve results contrary to his own wishes. The more deliberately the novelist attempted to fashion heroes, the more wooden they became, and his rogues, he complained, turned out attractive. We are less interested in the hero of a novel who is throughout correct in conduct than in one who commits blunders and can retrieve them. Art values dearly the natural instincts in man and depends on the *human* quality of its material. The unerring aesthetic sense of Jane Austen is evident in her creations. The more attractive girls in her novels are those who are imprudent and rash and commit blunders. The sensible Elinor is eclipsed by the lively Marianne. The statuesque but charitable Jane pales before Elizabeth. With all her faults Emma is lovable. Of the men only two are striking, Darcy and Knightley. The evolution of Darcy is a triumph of Jane Austen's. Knightley has no faults, but he is still attractive because in presenting him the artist has understood the dictum *ars est celare artem*. Thackeray emphasised deliberately the *human* quality of his heroes. The aesthetic value is illustrated aptly in the two characters of the father and the son in the "Newcomes." Clive was meant to be the hero, but fails to attract the reader, while Colonel Newcome remains one of the profoundest creations of fiction. We owe this to the deep calamities in which the Colonel is plunged.

Many readers fail to appreciate the full worth of a literary composition, because they lack the adequate

artistic response on account of temperamental limitation or of the lack of its cultivation. The vulgar mind has a craving for the satisfaction of poetic justice in literary works. "Far from the Madding Crowd" which is one of the most consummate and delightful productions of Hardy, has an inartistic conclusion in which Bathsheba is at last married to the good man, Farmer Oak. Yet in other places critics have cheaply interpreted the events in Hardy's books as illustrating his sense of the irony of life. In that short novel, the "Trumpet-Major," we have two brothers, John and Robert, of whom Robert, the apparently idle and selfish type, wins Anne who had become the beloved of both. Robert deserved Anne richly because of his happy temperament which should have helped him to make a suitable and pleasant husband.

Even great authors have often failed to attain the true aesthetic values in their compositions, because these are rather tricky and elusive. And readers too have to cultivate a proper sense of aesthetic values, before they can appreciate literary creations adequately. The artistic values are so obviously different from the moral and real values of life that one accustomed to think constantly of the former will have to guard against introducing them in practical life.

"PRAKASH".

The Lure of the Civil Service

WELL, there he goes—another of those who are going to have a shot at the I.C.S. I knew him two years back—he was a quiet, easy-going fellow then, with plenty of fun and frolic. He used to come to me often and we used to chat for hours together, without edifying each other over-much. But all that is changed now. He never even recognizes me—he is too much absorbed with his ruling passion—of getting into the civil service. I am not particularly noted for the encyclopædic nature of my knowledge, and he says a future civilian cannot afford to make friends with people like me—that is, those from whose conversation he cannot gather much of 'general information.' I for one shall not be able to tell him when and why the League of Nations originated and who all were killed in the Great War. I cannot give him any information about the latest Test Match Scores or the population of the British Isles. I cannot tell him whether Segrave succeeded in breaking the record or breaking his own neck. And my friend—rather, my friend that was—regards it a mere waste of time to cultivate friendship for friendship's sake, and so we have parted company for ever.

He is not, by any means, a rare specimen in these days. The academic year comes to an end, and there is a bumper crop of graduates. After the Convocation you expect them all to go home. But no, many of them linger about the metropolis. Almost every other Honours graduate you meet with (Yes, even 'third-classes'—though it is difficult to believe it) is preparing for this huge lottery of lotteries. You walk into a public library, and

you are struck by the deserted appearance of the shelves which once sheltered the massive volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica. You cast your eyes around, and behold! There they are, the aspiring I. C. S. men, ever restless, ever curious, busy taking down notes as if their whole life depended upon it. There they will remain, pinned to their seats, still taking down notes, till the librarian courteously reminds them at five that, if they are not in a hurry to leave, he is. And off they start with an injured look, and hasten home with a copy of the evening edition of the daily newspaper, and try to learn it up by heart till late in the night. Exhausted they sink into sleep in spite of themselves—an interrupted sleep, in which they dream of examinations and interviews, England and motor cars, fair brides and rich dowries, till morning dawns once again, and once again they take the road that leads to 'general information.'

There is a tide, the poet says, in the affairs of men. Evidently he has not thought of the Honours man, who has got *two* chances of grasping opportunity by the forelock and be led on to fortune. However, it is shocking to see how few are actually led on to fortune. The fate that overtakes many, though it has a comical side to it, is still pathetic. For more students compete for the I.C.S. Examination than this world dreams of. Twice they go to where many are called, but few are chosen, and twice they are turned back mercilessly from the gates of felicity, and the wild dreams they had of honour and wealth and fame all give place to the dull reality of rotting in an eternal office, unheard of, unhonoured, unsung! "Into what pit from what height fallen!"?

'Something of everything, and everything of something'—so one characterized the knowledge you are ex-

pected to have for this mysterious examination. For the whole examination *does* seem to be enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery. The mysterious arrangement by which nobody gets more than two chances; the mysterious medical examination, which professes to see whether one is fitted with a frame strong enough to form part of the "steel-frame;" the mysterious belief that in England it is easier to get selected since only second-rate Englishmen think it worth their while to compete—and the mysterious way in which young men laden with University honours are forced down, down the list! All is a mystery, dark and unfathomable. But the greatest of mysteries is that knowing all this there are hundreds of people who aim at this gamble and spoil their whole life by a soul-killing three-years' course of Economics or Physics, or Anthropology ignoring their taste for Literature or History, which would have surely made them decent human beings at least, if not civil officers. But, of course, it is no use trying to talk sense to these people. The Civil Service has become a craze, and young men will go on spreading nets for this rare bird in the bush.

And yet it is rather surprising to see how these young hopefuls have lost all pleasure in life in the course of their study of life as a text-book. They go to the theatre, but are not attracted by the beauty of the heroine or the world of romance into which we are wafted. They go there only to study the comparative merits of a Fox-production and a Metro-golden Meyer production. They get by heart the names of the actors, and of the film-directors. They take no notice of the lady whose pretended aversion for her lover gradually decreases as the motor car in which the young adventurer carries her off increases in speed. They are busy noting the motor car itself, whether it is a Ford or a Rolls

Royce, whether it keeps to the right side of the road or to the left. For it seems anything may turn up, during the *viva voce*—that strange process in which your intelligence is tested by a quarter of an hour's talk with you on things which cannot, under ordinary circumstances, interest a normal human being. Again, our friends occasionally take a walk along the marina not to enjoy the breeze or to look at the gaily dressed men and women in motor cars, but to meet some of the civilians there, and get some tips from them for the examination.

Reader, cannot our Honours graduates live their lives in peace, instead of straining themselves like this? A hundred years hence what would it matter whether anyone of them was an I. C. S. man or an ordinary man like me?

V. GOPINATHAN.

Reflections on a Wastepaper-basket

THERE is no more convincing proof that I am an arduous student than that my wastepaper-basket is ever stored with slaughtered pieces of my manuscripts. There is no better testimony to the fact that I fume and fret at every species of idiocy than that I crush any piece of writing which may happen to contain a silly idea. Indeed I possess a religious ardour and a military enthusiasm of the highest type in this destructive process. I do not convey a silly composition to the wastepaper-basket in a calm and dispassionate manner. My conscience will prick me if I mete out a sympathetic treatment to my errors. I never fondle them, though in an intellectual Sense they are my own offspring. I am not a sentimental parent. I am convinced that a certain school of philosophers are very sensible when they maintain that our faults and flaws are the offshoots of the Satanic part of our nature. Being theologically inclined, I sometimes burn my manuscripts at the stake or hack them to pieces because they are the defilers of the pure kingdom of thought. But I prefer the latter method. For if I employ the incendiary method, I fear the burning pieces may declaim in noble imitation of the Marian martyrs: "We shall this day by the grace of God light such a candle in the room as will never be put out by all the fire engines of Madras." Therefore I hack them and watch with a conqueror's triumphant smile the mutilated fragments as I throw them one by one into my wastepaper-basket.

I sincerely believe that the wastepaper-basket has come into being with a sacred mission. Our method of

diagnosing whether a thing has life or not is all a plain jugglery. We think that a wastepaper-basket is inanimate. But who ever could have known that the motionless ant-hill in the heart of some Himalayan wood was potentially Valmiki, the divine author of the Ramayana? Indeed, sublime souls are generally devoid of earthly animation. Therefore I think my wastepaper-basket is spiritually alive. I am convinced that it has a soul, as it has a lofty purpose and a saintly character.

You may be a votary of science, and you may think it necessary on my part to demonstrate the fact. You may smile when I say that a wastepaper-basket possesses a soul and a spiritual mission, even though it is physically inanimate. But I will satisfy you. Yesterday we believed profoundly that plants had no life. To-day we clamourously assert that flowers laugh and leaves weep. It follows naturally that the theory of life will be advanced in favour of the lapidary kingdom to-morrow. And I hope that a scientist deeply conversant with scale and number will one day come to us and count the heart-beats of our compound walls. And then I am sure he will not forget to announce to an astounded world that a wastepaper-basket is also an animate being. The very fact that it swallows sheet after sheet and retains them all, through a mysterious process of digestion, should form a reasonable ground for further scientific investigation. Yesterday we shook our heads sceptically when we were told how ostriches could swallow glass or fire or stone. Now we believe it. Similarly is it not possible that wastepaper may form a life-sustaining aliment to certain creatures? It does so in the case of at least one unobtrusive and docile quadruped—the horse's twin-brother. I think the well-known patience of this creature is due to the

strange food it devours. For the same virtue is seen in the wastepaper-basket also.

If you are curious to test its patience you have only to kick it. Though at once it bounces off to the other end of the room, it comes back to you. Even though you have heaped ignominy on it in that way, it feels no resentment whatever; but actually proceeds to give you some entertainment. For it submits obsequiously to play the part of a foot-ball. If you hurt it on one side in wanton mirth, like a good Christian it turns the other side and says meekly, "Oh! Master! this side of your willing servant." There is no doubt that the distinguishing trait of a wastepaper-basket is patience, as the distinguishing trait of Visvamitra is impatience. I suppose that if the great Rishi should be made to suffer for his stormy passions, the gods would pass the following sentence on him. "Friend, thy mind must be trained and controlled; thou shalt take the form of a wastepaper-basket in the next birth. Thus thy patience will be tried, and thou wilt learn to live the life of a *tapasvi*."

A wastepaper-basket is not only a live creature. It is not only a spiritual phenomenon. It is also a treasure of chastened decorum and good manners. Without it there would be no civilization. Would it not be an unmistakable sign of barbarism, if we were to have no drainage in a city? Madras without its under-ground drainage would be a Venice of rushing gutters. A wastepaper-basket is the drainage of the city of thought. Without it there could be no human progress.

S. RAJAGOPALAN.

Ford and Gandhi

THE thoughtful reader of the daily newspaper must have noticed that America takes greater interest in the present Indian Renaissance than any other Western country. This is, in the present writer's opinion, due to the unparalleled material prosperity of the United States, which has enabled the people of that country to listen to spiritual teaching and take interest in spiritual exploits.

Material prosperity is not opposed to spiritual progress. In fact, both advance only together. Common sense can make this plain to us. If the Creator of the universe had expected man to abandon all bodily comfort, He could have with greater economy created a world of human spirits. But the fact that we have got a body does not mean that it is enough if we live to tend it. For the noble passions such as love, self-sacrifice, love of truth, etc. that animate the human being would be certainly unnecessary and out of place, if they were not to be directed towards building up a spiritual life. Therefore, for the perfect man material prosperity and spiritual prosperity are equally necessary.

With these ideas in my mind I have ventured to compare Henry Ford with Mahatma Gandhi. For I believe that Ford has contributed towards the physical happiness of mankind as much as Gandhi has done towards their spiritual happiness.

Ford has done for economics what Gandhi has done for politics; they have spiritualized the two sciences and have brought about 'a change of heart.' Today, the progress of humanity towards its 'ever-increas-

ing purpose' is impeded by two conflicts, viz., the class war and the international war. And to me it seems Providence has sent Ford to furnish a lasting cure for the former malady, and Gandhi a lasting cure for the latter. In the history of this century these two personalities occupy a very high station. They are 'heroes' in the Carlylean sense; they are the prophets of the 20th century.

Just as Gandhi has shown to the world that the ultimate goal of the human soul is Truth, that the shortest way to it lies through suffering and self-sacrifice and that the necessary speed is to be acquired by means of soul-force, so has Ford demonstrated to the world, in an equally valuable degree, that the physical happiness of mankind consists in cheaply providing every man with the necessary material objects, that the shortest way to this end lies in the employment of 'Power' and that all available speed is to be attained by means of the 'service-motive.'

Ford's economics can be defined more or less as the science of social progress and social morality. He subordinates the individual to the mass while frankly recognizing the doctrine that freedom of enterprise is the creative element in economic life. Service is the soul of his work. He puts service before profit. 'Profit,' he says, 'must and inevitably will come as a reward for good service. It cannot be the basis—it must be the result of service.' He has a thorough contempt for competition, for he passionately believes that 'it is criminal to try to get business away from another man.' For a similar reason he has no trade secrets. He believes in high wages and shorter hours of labour in opposition to the orthodox theory.

There is no classification in Ford's business as capital, labour and the public. He calls this classification 'the

capital-labour-public mistake.' Each of these three parts is according to him part and parcel of an *organic* whole which he calls business. This business is run with the service motive, but it claims profits. Ford's theory of profits is a marvellous piece of ingenuity. Though work is done with the service motive, profits are necessary for a business to function. For business is like a living individual existing for the service of society. A living thing cannot return all it has taken for its maintenance. In an exactly similar manner a business cannot give out all that it has absorbed. In other words, the selling price cannot be made equal to the cost price. Profit is essential, in Ford's opinion, to business vitality. 'The business itself needs a profit or a surplus to keep its vitality a little in advance of the drain upon it. This surplus is to prevent depletion under extraordinary strain, and also to permit of expansion. Growth is necessary to life, and growth requires a surplus.' This statement is made of the business,—not of the owner or director of the business. The latter is paid like any other worker out of the costs of the business. The profit belongs to the business. The main consideration is the business—the entity that gives employment to the producers and gives useful commodities or needed service to the public. The profits of the Ford industries have not gone into the pockets of Ford, but have to a cent gone back every year into the business to provide facilities for still further lowering of costs and raising of wages.

Is there a business organization in this world that can compete with Ford's in point of service and usefulness? Yes, there is one. The All India Spinners' Association, founded by Gandhi, is a decentralized business like Ford's. Gandhi is as great an industrial engineer and as great an economic reformer as Ford.

The service motive of Ford was not born of any accident, sentimentalism or idealism. By service alone a business can live: this is the gist of his theory. 'The spirit of service is just a knowledge,' he says, 'that no man can survive, no industry can survive, no government can survive, no system of civilization can survive which does not continually give service to the greatest possible number.' Ford has lived to show that industry can flourish only by rendering service. One must not mistake him for a lover of machinery. The truth is that the peculiar economic conditions of America have necessitated a change from manual labour to machine work. An abundance of raw material on the spot is counter-balanced by a lack of manual labour. Accordingly in America, mere produce may be squandered with impunity; but on the other hand, it is vital to be sparing of the human factor. Machine-work in America is, therefore, not a craving, it is a dire necessity. On the other hand in India our natural resources being comparatively limited in proportion to our vast population, we have to put more labour per unit of our resources. Since unemployment brings about the steady deterioration of the nation, as it has already done, we cannot afford to sit idle leaving all work to the machinery. Says Ford, 'Idle hands and minds were never intended for any one of us. Work is our sanity, our self-respect, our salvation.' Gandhi also says the very same: If by some chance one man could plough up the whole of the land of India and control all the agricultural produce, and if the millions had no other occupation, they would starve, and being idle, they would become dunces, as many have already become. *I would welcome every improvement in the cottage machine, but I know that it is criminal to displace the hand labour by the introduction of power-driven spindles, unless one is at the same time ready to*

give millions of farmers some other occupation in their homes.'

Gandhi's exact attitude towards machinery should be carefully understood. In reply to a correspondent's question—'Are you against all machinery?' he wrote, 'My answer is emphatically, no. But I am against its indiscriminate multiplication. I refuse to be dazzled by the seeming triumph of machinery. But simple tools and instruments and such machinery as saves individual labour and lightens the labour of the millions of cottagers I should welcome.' And Ford believes, 'The function of the machine is to liberate man from brute burdens, and release his energies for the building of his intellectual and spiritual powers, for conquests in the fields of thought and higher action?' It is not difficult to believe that if as a result of the efforts of the machine-advocates, cheap water-power should be supplied to the cottages of India, Gandhi would readily give his sanction for the substitution of the charkha by the electrically-driven spindle.

The zealous Indian reformer has always found himself in a difficulty regarding machinery. He knows that if India is to recover from her poverty-stricken condition and occupy a place among the nations of the world, she has to be industrialized. This involves the centralization of business with the consequent multiplication of towns and cities with all their horrors. Ninety per cent. of our population lives in villages. Are they to be drawn into the cities? If it is done, India's soul will be smothered, for it breathes in the villages. This is the plain reason why Gandhi refuses to advocate the mechanization of India. But if a man comes forward and convinces Gandhi that the industrialization of India can be effected without the destruction of her village

life, then Gandhi will be the first man to accept the idea eagerly. *Such a man is found in Ford.*

Ford's case for the decentralization of industry is founded on several good reasons. First of all, agriculture he considers a sort of industry that needs only a small fraction of man's time and energy. 'The real problem of farming is to find something in addition to farming for the farmer to earn a living at.' This being the case, industry and agriculture cannot afford to live apart. Actually they fit into each other very neatly. In order to supplement farming with industry, Ford has resorted to decentralization. He took the automobile industry to the farmer, and he has built small plants in country parts where water-power is available. 'We have not drawn men from the farms,' he is now proud to say, 'we have added industry to farming.' The same is the monumental work of Gandhi. In India, farmers in practically every province and district are idle for at least three months of the year. Some sort of industrial work is to be provided for them to save them from physical and mental breakdown. But as yet, the Indian villages have not developed mechanical power. So what other cottage industry can be cheaper, more universal and, above all, more suited to the genius of India than the charkha industry? No doubt, therefore, Gandhi is the Ford of India.

Ford, like Gandhi, is one of the greatest peace-makers of the world. He sits in none of those make-believe conferences called in the names of Peace and Disarmament. He does not dabble in politics. But his ideas embedded in his industrial plants have spread all over the world. If Ford goes to France or Ireland to install his plant, he is not there to exploit the wealth of France or Ireland. He has gone there with the service-

motive—to supply those countries with cheap automobiles, to feed their labour, and to enhance the prosperity of those countries to the intense delight and increasing welfare of their inhabitants. 'Our foreign plants,' claims Ford, 'are not little American settlements. Our Irish plant is all Irish, our English plant is all English, our plant in Brazil is all Brazilian, and so on over the world. We feel that we could not be of service following any other course.' Thus has Americanism developed the resources of Poland, Germany and other countries in Europe.

Ford's greatest ideas embrace the welfare of humanity and, like the out-and-out practical man that he is, he holds views about commerce, war, peace, nationalism and internationalism which are fascinatingly simple and exceedingly business-like.

The corner-stone of Ford's theory of nationalism and internationalism is that '*a nation is only a homogeneous economic unit.*' All hostilities among nations he attributes to the fact that 'sometimes what is to be an economic unit is split into two or more parts.' Thus in his eyes Europe has set up political boundaries and then is trying to make economic boundaries out of them with disastrous results. When I read about M. Briand's recent proposal for the United States of Europe, I thought of Ford. For M. Briand wants to abolish the economic boundaries between nations in Europe while retaining the political ones, which attempt according to Ford will end in nothing but a fiasco. Economic boundaries exist in Europe because of the political boundaries, and the latter are unnatural and out of place. Hence unless the artificial political boundaries are abolished, Europe will have no salvation. Will M. Briand have sufficient candour to admit this fact?

A sisterhood of nations, in which each nation is a homogeneous economic unit—this is Ford's ideal of Humanity. He considers internationalism a daughter of nationalism, rather than a rival. Having conceived such a world, he derives from it his ideas about international relationship and morality.

The panacea for all troubles and evils resulting from modern trade and commerce lies, in Ford's opinion, in the creation and widening of the *Home Market*. 'We ought to wish for every nation,' says the high-souled automobile manufacturer, 'as large a degree of self-support as possible. Instead of wishing to keep them dependent on us for what we manufacture, we should wish them to learn to manufacture themselves and build up a solidly founded civilization.' America depends almost entirely on her own Home Market, little does she depend on foreign markets. This has led to a stability of her prosperity, almost unaffected by the drunken dance of modern trade. The magnitude of the American Home Market we can easily imagine when we are told that the workers in the Ford factories in United States alone own more automobiles than are owned in the whole world outside that country. 'If the home market is built up (and everywhere in the world this can be done), then the export trade will be the natural and healthy exchange of commodities which one country can spare and the other needs.' Thus there could easily be a healthy trade between nations. The outlawry of vicious competition—the kind of competition that brings on war—is totally impossible in Ford's ideal world. 'When every nation learns to produce the things which it can produce, we shall be able to get down to a basis of serving each other along those special lines in which there can be no competition. The North Temperate Zone will never be

able to compete with the Tropics in the special products of the Tropics.' And he concludes, 'Commerce began in service. Men carried off their surplus to people who had none. The country that raised corn carried it to the country that could raise no corn. The pasture country brought meat to the grassless plain. *It was all service.*'

If Ford justifies nationalism on economic grounds, Gandhi supports it on spiritual grounds. Gandhi's broad humanitarianism does not prevent him from being a champion of nationalism. The key-note of his nationalism is the desire to have a chance to develop his country in ways which are natural and normal to her, 'with the hope that, unhampered and unmolested, she may bring her peculiar treasures, as once indeed she did, to the altar of Humanity.' He believes that every nation has a mission to discharge and a message to deliver to the world. And if Gandhi advocates independence for his country, by that independence he does not mean an arrogant isolation from the rest of the world, but he means *a freedom to sacrifice a part of his country's freedom for the sacred cause of Humanity.* Gandhi echoes what Mazzini said years ago, 'Every people has its special mission, which will co-operate towards the fulfilment of the general mission of Humanity; that mission constitutes its Nationality.'

S. R. K. MENON.

On Dreaming

MAN, says Aristotle, is a dreaming animal, and I should think my friend Mani has attained perfection in this phase of man's nature. He dreams almost every day of his life as well as every night! He would wake up at untimely hours of the night with a vivid recollection of a shocking accident. One night I was startled by an unearthly shriek and awoke to find Mani on the floor frantically kicking his legs. He had dreamt that a railway engine had run over him. Heavy supper, I murmured; but he came down on me like a cartload of bricks. All the same I was forced to keep vigil with him the rest of the night lest the engine should repeat the joke.

Mani has a great faith in dreams and holds that one could solve many problems by dreaming of them. "There was Tartini," he would say, "the violinist-composer of the eighteenth century, who captured a recalcitrant melody now known as 'the Devil's Sonata,' by dreaming of it." But I who am of the earth, earthy, would ask him, "But, my dear fellow, can you dream of a way to hoodwink the examiners without touching your books?" He would never accept that dreaming and doing are poles apart. "No!", he would retort furiously. "Imagination is the co-efficient of action, and many a conqueror of the world has won his battles in his arm-chair by the fire-side."

One of Mani's oft-recurring dreams is that he has topped the I.C.S. candidates' list for the year. "I do feel a placid satisfaction in dreams" he would say, and, of course, he is right. For many young Romeos and Juliets have been heard to sing "In dreams you are always

near, sweetheart," when that particular heart was miles away.

Another of Mani's beliefs is that moon-light is a potent agent in inducing pleasant dreams. "Have you read the 'Endymion'?" he asked me one day. "It reminds one of the glitter of moonlight on Hawaiian seas. Such a dreamy poem, I am sure, could have been written by none but the most moon-struck of poets. "Very true," I agreed. "But then, there is a common belief that continued exposure to the moon's rays brings on rheumatism. So, my dear boy, be careful." But Mani was only wilful.

Like all dreamers, he is of a romantic temperament. I once took advantage of this and hinted to him that I could make him dream of his future partner in life. "Head of my ancestors!", he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me that before?—And how do you do it?" "Not so fast! Not so fast! 'Tis nothing elaborate," I explained, "You've got to get a bit of a wedding-cake, put it under your pillow and go to sleep on it". "Is that all?" he cried. "Ah, by the way," I added, "won't it be more enchanting if you tried it in the open air, under the moon?" "Certainly, certainly," said he and hurried away.

That night, while I slept indoors, there was my crazy friend hugging his pillow and getting a chill under Cynthia's significant smile. Early next morning I was rudely shaken out of my bed, and I opened my eyes to behold the fist of my friend right under my nose. "Hang my future bride! Look at these ants in my eyes and ears, on my neck and underneath my arms stinging me in eleven different places"—He choked in righteous anger. "You shall pay for this!! You—You"

X.

A Stormy Night

What a vision meets my eyes
As I gaze upon the skies,
When clouds are sweeping through
And the lightning flashes blue,
While the thunder roaring loud
Smites every passing cloud;
And lofty trees that stand on high
Lined against a sombre sky
Have leaves that flutter in the shade
Like the tresses of a maid:
But a solitary star
Peepeth at me from afar!
And, as I muse and meditate
On the littleness of human fate,
The heavy clouds now seem to roll
Into my dark and desolate soul.
Anon, a streak of lightning, lo,
Sets my thoughts in lurid glow;
And hopes and fears so ill at ease
Then flutter in the stormy breeze;
And the melancholy night
Penetrates my being quite:
But a solitary star
Smileth on me from afar.

B.V.S.

On Taking People Round

EVERY man has his own forte and his own foible. Though proficient in many things, he must prove a miserable failure in one particular field. Even to the most versatile genius there is a limit. Naturally, therefore, there is one thing in which, with all my capabilities in other directions, I cut a poor figure; and that is 'taking people round.'

There is a common story of the parents of three boys who were once asked to sacrifice one of their sons in order to avert a serious family calamity. The father loved the eldest son, and the mother the youngest, and so the lot fell on the hapless second son. Now at the present day superstition has not enough hold on parents' minds to make them sacrifice their children; but the danger to the sons other than the eldest and the youngest is none the less real, as I have only too good reason to know, being one of these unfortunates myself. For on us devolves the duty of taking people round. The elder brothers are too old to do it, and their dignity will be compromised; and the younger brothers are, of course, too young.

Practice, they say, makes one perfect. But speaking from experience, I can never bring myself to believe it. Now there are a number of such mischievous adages invented by old rheumatic gentlemen in moments when there is nobody to question them. There are, on the other hand, wise proverbs which, like wine, only improve with age. Then there are some midway between the two—the one, for instance, which tells you that the best method of spoiling the child is to spare the rod—which for a time

I thought mere bunkum, but in which I have now begun to put great faith.

Well, to return to our subject. I was saying, "Practice makes perfect." But no amount of practice has made me perfect in the art of taking people round. Nor do I entertain the least hope of becoming an adept in the art. By virtue of the position I occupy in my family, it has fallen to my unenviable lot to take many a person round our unassuming little town. And every time we returned tired and bored, each wishing that he much rather had gone alone.

There is a type of person who comes to our town entertaining grand ideas about it. He wants to see the town, and we go along some road that I have never seen before. He asks me coolly and naturally, as if it were the simplest and most natural question in the world, where the road leads to. I hesitate, think, mention half-a-dozen names which first suggest themselves to my mind, and in the end say blandly that it leads to a number of places. The visitor wonders at my want of knowledge, and I become a few inches shorter in his eyes for ever after. Not to know where a road in his own town leads to! he muses. As if I am a municipal surveyor or a road directory! As if it is my duty to know everything about all the streets in the town—and many of them shorter than their own names too!

Another type is the man mightily interested in some hobby or other and lustily pursues it wherever he is. He discusses at great length the various makes of cars and their relative advantages and disadvantages. He wants statistics about the numbers of each kind of car in our town. Or fountain-pens. How many kinds are there in all, how many in our town, and how many of my friends possess each kind? Or brands of cigarettes. Or match-

boxes. Or anything, in short, about which they collect laborious (and very imaginary) statistics, all the time wondering at your ignorance and lack of interest.

A harmless type is the man who makes friends with every one on the road with as much ease and facility as a duck takes to water, and does not trouble me with questions. I can tolerate him and even encourage him, if only I can escape the fury of my fellow-citizens after our friend's departure from the town.

Then there is the man who, by dint of dogmatism and self-assertion, assumes much superiority. He vehemently argues that this road leads to such and such a place or that house belongs to such and such a person, for he saw it three or four years ago while going in a rickshaw or a bus at about 8 P.M. In the interests of truth I enter my humble protest, but in vain. He asks me not to argue with him, for he knows the place better than I do. Then why on earth he should take me along with him wasting my precious time, I long to ask, but I dare not.

I need not give examples of the various other types. Suffice it to say with one and all I have failed, despite my sincere and honest attempts. I even tried a few times to imitate a friend of mine who is a past-master in the art—but the change was from the frying-pan into the fire. Now, this friend of mine could handle any kind of man and take him round the place with equal ease and success. But the lies he utters, and the tales he concocts! And the perfect ease with which he hoodwinks unwitting innocents, and the serious face of equanimity he maintains all the while! No fairy-tale writer could excel him in wild fanciful imagination. Nestor could not equal him in his gravity while relating these tales. But every time I tried to imitate his methods I failed miserably. While he played upon all men he came into

contact with, as so many violins, I seemed to produce only harsh and jarring sounds. The longer the stroll, and the brighter the evening, the more miserable and weary we appeared on our return, and the smaller I seemed in our guests' eyes.

It is a time-honoured custom with my younger brother and myself, when there is some shopping to be done, to quarrel between ourselves as to who should do it. One evening I surprised all the family in general and him in particular by starting for the bazaar without demur and by being very alert about it. The secret of it was, reader, there was a friend of the family, new to our town, waiting to be "taken round." But judge my mortification when the first person I saw on my return was that 'friend of the family' still eagerly waiting to be taken round by me.

R. SIVARAMAKRISHNAN.

A stroll along the Marina

IT was one of those fine summer evenings that are never friendly to those who are in the dumps. The sun and the clouds had measured strength all through the day. The former at last came out victorious, and my spirits leaped up to greet him, as I left home for a stroll along the Marina.

A stroll along the waters has almost become a necessity to me. There is nothing like it to blow away the cob-webs. But the monotony of pursuing the same walk every day, you might say, is a thing one cannot stand. Well, I am armed against that. For I am lucky in the choice of my friends. No two of them are of the same temperament, and this gives me a world of variety. One is a happy-go-lucky fellow well posted up in news about the pictures. He gives us the piquantest tit-bits in his own line. Another is a first rate 'mug.' He has the privilege of administering to the too light tone of the conversation frequent doses of stale literature and philosophy. We have a rabid politician too among us, who is never at one in his creed with the men in power, and so consoles himself with sly thrusts at their morality. Last of all, we have a sentimental Tupman who frequently steals glances at the other sex and sighs his life out.

We are on the sands. The sea is laughing itself hoarse on one side and gay humanity is rolling by on the other. We greedily take in the splendid breeze that drives away all gloomy thoughts from our minds. And then we come up to the pavement.

What a variety of sights greets our eyes! There are crowds of happy faces spinning by. There is the

shouting coachman urging his nag to its utmost to come up with the flying automobile. There is the aristocrat in the car throwing patronising glances at all. There is the band of cyclists pedalling along amidst a cackle of laughter. There is the dandy strutting up with anything but a natural air. There are the dressy dolls that never quit their seats, forgetting that the chief charm about one's attire is the lack of dress consciousness. There is Mr. Fatty desperately earnest in trying to walk off his superfluous grease. And there is the hale old gentleman walking briskly along, as he has been doing ever since I came to Madras. The seats that dot the pavement have their own occupants too. There are lazy men poking fun at the powdered beauties. There are earnest men loudly discussing all their family matters. There are.....

But we hurry along to the restaurant ahead of us. Now suddenly Mr. R. rushes up and button-holes me. He is one of those unfortunate people who make themselves unwelcome by talking too much. Politics, literature, history and stale scandal are gone through in a moment. Before you try to join him in one subject he is off on another declaiming a pet theory of his with tireless zeal. We gently lead him to the restaurant and treat him to some refreshments. We recommend to him an iced drink to bate his eloquence and slink away with a plausible excuse.

But unfortunately there is Mr. S. coming along flinging a lively "Good Evening" at us, and in the meanwhile nervously attending to his tie. A thousand tortures he imposes on himself to get his sleek body into an uncomfortable suit to satisfy fashion. A stare from another man means to him that his coat lags behind the mode by a day or two. A ringing laughter from a friend is enough to make him fret with the thought that his socks are ill

matched with his suit. We pay him an excellent compliment on his smart attire, and note the address of his tailor. He is very much pleased and leaves us free.

By this time it is dark and the lights are switched on. The miniature galaxy sets our spirits on fire. We march along merrily, discussing burning questions, arguing out each other's opinions and tearing the characters of men and women into shreds. Our walk comes to a close at last.

P. MADHAVA SARMA.

The Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayyam

OMAR Khayyam, *i.e.*, Omar the tent maker, is the great astronomer poet of Persia who died in the early years of the 12th century after Christ. Although little known in his own country, Omar has secured for himself a niche in the temple of universal fame. Living in an age of great intellectual stir in Persia at a time when Europe was still in the slumber of the early Middle Ages, Omar, born of singularly poor parents at Naishapur, Khorassan, came to be known as a great mathematician, an astronomer, a philosopher with an inclination to free-thinking, and above all, a singer with "the vision and faculty divine." His mathematical work, a system of Algebra, written in Arabic, was published in Paris in 1851. His work as an astronomer, viz., his reform of the calendar, has been praised by Gibbon in "The Decline and Fall." But to us, Omar is primarily the poet of the Rubaiyyat.

Omar was singularly lucky in his introduction to the western world. It was in 1866 that Professor Cowell of the University of Calcutta introduced Omar's poems to his friend Edward Fitzgerald, with whose name the Rubaiyyat is now indissolubly connected. Fitzgerald, the school fellow of the Tennyson brothers and Thackeray and Spedding (the great Baconian) and the life-long friend of Thomas Carlyle was a kindly, generous soul, who lived the life of a recluse at Suffolk knowing only the society of a few devoted friends and his books. Those were the darkest days of Mid-Victorian England. The marvellous revelations of science, the astonishing progress in all branches of scientific study, the revelations of the doctrine of evolution had combined with the excessive

demands of a narrow orthodox clergy to destroy in the minds of cultured and sensitive souls all feeling for orthodoxy, all belief in the truths of the revealed religion. A spirit of agnosticism (a word first used by Huxley implying the inability of man to transcend the phenomenal world and know God), a suspension of judgment on all matters pertaining to the spirit had become widespread. Matthew Arnold gave the sublimest poetic expression to this spirit of agnosticism. But Fitzgerald sought to escape from the general atmosphere by his simple life of a scholar in Suffolk. It was here that Omar's voice, speaking through his Rubaiyyat came to him, as that of a kindred soul, and cast a spell on him moving him to undertake the masterly translation by which he has enriched English literature. Omar found an ideal interpreter of his genius in Fitzgerald. And the intellectual atmosphere of Victorian England provided him and his translator with an ideal audience, and the work became extraordinarily popular. An Omar Khayyam club was founded and people used to call themselves followers of the "cult of Omar." Although with the passing of the special atmosphere of the age the poem has received a slight check in its popularity, it is still one of the most popular poems in English.

What is the secret of this popularity? No doubt, the translator was a man of genius. The translation was far from being slavishly faithful to the original. It was a free translation, and Fitzgerald's mind was attuned to that of Omar. A friend of Fitzgerald wrote "It seems to me beyond question that his version of the Rubaiyyat is an utterance of his soul's deepest thought, and that hereafter it will come to be recognised as the highest expression of agnosticism." Everybody, again, has felt the singular charm of the stanza adopted by Fitzgerald from the

prevailing form of the Rubaiyyat, a stanza of four lines all rhyming together except the third, "somewhat as in the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the wave that falls over in the last."

But, when all is said and done, it is the substance, the thought, the stuff of Omar's poetry which has made him an enduring classic. It is a "breviary of a radical free-thinker." The poet is concerned with the exaltation of the joys of this earth, the praise of wine, of love and the other pleasures of this all-too-brief existence.

You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.

The wordly hope of men flashes just for a moment
like lightning in the "collied night," and turns to ashes.

Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

The image changes, but the thought, the idea remains. The instability of human life, the uncertainty of the past as well as the future is the burden of stanza after stanza.

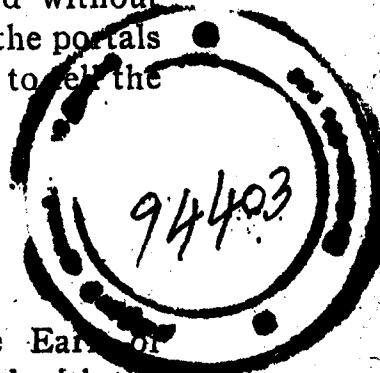
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of life keep falling one by one.

Man is a puny creature, the sport of blind circumstance insolently hurried away from this world without much ceremony. Many a traveller has entered the portals of mysterious death, but none has come back to tell the story.

I came like Water, and like Wind I go,
and hence,

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence.

"Nowhere else in literature," said the Earl of Oxford, "has the littleness of man, contrasted with the



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baffling infinitude of his environment, been more brilliantly painted." The thought is conveyed through a series of most arresting metaphors. This life is but a battered caravanserai with its portals of alternate night and day. Human beings are but clay thumped by the potter into vessels of all kinds put to all uses. God is the great player moving his pawns into impossible positions with a purpose mysterious and inscrutable. He is the tosser of balls, and

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But here or there as strikes the Player goes.

Does God, if there be one, inflict everlasting penalties on poor humanity for tasting unpermitted pleasures? The ways of men are beset with pitfalls. Would He impute their fall then to sin? These are some of the images that pass in quick succession, and these are some of the questions that the poet puts to himself.

The ideas are, of course, not unique. They are not the sole property of Omar. They have been echoed in every literature. The thought that death is the end of all, that life is but a walking shadow is echoed by Horace in several of his odes. Indeed, to many of the ancients this life was a little sunlit space, surrounded by darkness, the *nox perpetua*, i. e., perpetual night, of Catullus, the great Latin poet of the 1st century B.C. To the best classical minds, devoid of any hope of a life to come, this life is something which has to be faced with resolute frankness, with courage and nobility of mind. Not far removed from this is the spirit of Omar. It is unlikely that he was a mere drunken voluptuary, an Epicurean in the popular sense of the term, revelling in wine and love with no care for the things of the mind and the soul.

Omar's poetry like that of Lucretius, is generally

charged with pessimism, but the poet does not seem to have any systematic philosophy to expound. He is not concerned to express in his poetry anything like a philosophic concept of the universe. Lucretius is inspired in his poem *De Rerum Naturae* by a passionate disbelief in the gods. Following Epicurus, the founder of the philosophy known by his name, he makes it his aim to crush finally the fear of the gods, of death and of hell fire which he regards as the cause of all human ills. Like Lucretius, Omar too was moved to write in the manner he did by the blind superstition of the orthodox priesthood of his time, which taught that all kinds of horrifying terrors awaited the sinner after death. However, the Rubaiyyat is no mere pose; it strikes one as the sincere and passionate expression of a great soul.

V. K. AIYAPPAN PILLAI.

Unto This First

I AM going to sketch for you as briefly as I may my impressions of an Oxford Union Society debate. A sense of form, of dignity, of spaciousness, of brilliance (suggested perhaps both by electric candelabra and by flashes of wit) always remains with me when I close my eyes and imagine myself in that long Union debating-hall with its photo-encrusted walls, its magnificent presidential dais with the chairs of Treasurer and Librarian on either side of the presidential chair; its exquisite gallery filled almost entirely with undergraduates and ladies (where, as a Union wag put it, every prospect pleases and man alone is vile) and its swing doors for Ayes and Noes with the two tellers (in full evening-dress) recording the votes as the members pass out. A sense of form! Debates begin punctually at 8 p.m. and the president, the office-bearers and the speakers of the evening all appear in full evening-dress and take their seats; the clapping dies and "all the air a solemn stillness holds", while the President conducts private business. Question-time releases the mirth, and the most brilliant witticisms are made. True, some of these are pre-arranged as between an office-bearer and his interrogator, but it is all in the interests of mirth and laughter, and a good question means votes for the questioner at the terminal elections. Then comes the debate itself, and then the paper-speeches,* usually prepared with elaborate care and infinite art (*ars est celare artem*). But, of course, only the great speakers and the reputed wits can put it across a tense and highly critical audience, when the

* So called because the speaker's name appears on the order paper.

time comes. The heady praise of laughter for a good joke, the salvo of clapping after a long ripple of mirth (what greater compliment than this to the quality of a joke?), the wet blanket of pitiful sympathy and silence for a weak pun or a bad joke—the moods of the undergraduate audience are sensitively responsive to the efforts of the speaker.

But always dignity, the sense of form, of respect for ancient traditions and the great speakers the Union has nurtured! "Hearty" rowing-men and rugger men avoid the Union, but respect it. The "aesthetes"—who are mostly literary dilettantes who worship T. S. Eliot and sit at the feet of the Sitwells—affect to despise it, sneer at its "childish imitation of the House of Commons" and avoid it. But those who do come to it behave themselves. Nobody, be he a rugger "hearty" or a namby-pamby aesthete, admittedly out to amuse himself, would so far forget himself as to imitate the voice of a speaker whose elocution was, for example, feminine in its shrillness. If he did, he would be politely ejected. Bad manners in society is rarely forgiven, in a Union debate it is sacrilege. Interruptions from the audience are usual only in political debates, where a speaker's facts are contested. And, if the point is important, the interpellator will rise in his place and (if the President permits him) substantiate his interjection or contradiction. But there is no attempt at buffoonery, at clumsy "barracking" of an awkward or ungraceful speaker, no rude cries, and no rude noises.

The intelligent Presidite will see the drift of these remarks. A student President for the College Union is an excellent idea, but the fact of his presence in the chair does not fulfil that idea, until his presence there is respected as the embodiment of the collective dignity of

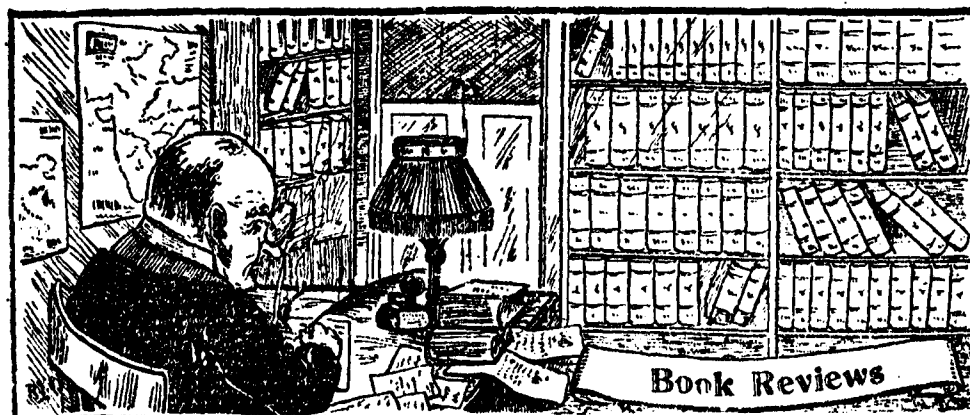
the House. After two years of Oxford, I am more than ever convinced of the observation I made even during my final year in the College that the unfortunate want of dignity, of decorum, of a sense of form in some of our young men gives to our best debates the atmosphere of a popular shandy, where the cries of the buyers and sellers mingle with the lowing of animals and other unseemly rural noises. I do not spare my words, because I feel the contrast between Oxford and Madras bitterly. I can understand that, among so many students of such diverse ages and such varying intellectual maturity, the behaviour of some should be very childish. But the reception of their childishness and bad taste—which is hailed by our undergraduates as an exhibition of very exhilarating humour—implies that the applauders are as childish as the culprits. To laugh when a boor churlishly squeaks to imitate a shrill speaker is as criminal as to mock a blind man for his blindness. It is one thing to rag a familiar college personality good-humouredly on his failings, but it is unpardonable rudeness to comment on his physical defects.

The same license disfigures our college plays. At the most thrilling moment in a tragedy some person with a misguided notion of humour says or does something which raises a laugh. All this implies that our faculties of humour are not trained. A laugh should be spontaneous, but the attitude of mind which makes one receptive to the humorous stimulus is a matter of training, of habit. If we have by long bad habit grown used to laugh at things not really funny or incongruous, but merely rude and silly, let us outgrow the habit. Let us make the student President a reality by respecting the chair. Let us raise the dignity and the level of humour in the House by relating it to the good things said by the speakers and

not by unreasonable herd-compliance with the rude or silly things said by rude or silly people in the audience. In other words let us give the debate a sense of form, of dignity, of spaciousness. Let us replace the Babel of the shandy with the intellectual elegances of a true debate. Then, and not till then, can anyone be really proud of coming back to the College Union to speak in a debate.

One word more. This is not written in any kill-joy spirit of "over-seas" superiority. The atmosphere of joyousness, of hilarity, of youthful sparkle, is a good thing, is a great thing; but it must be restrained and disciplined within the bounds indicated. The absence of extraneous and irrelevant aids to humour in the shape of boos, cat-calls and personal remarks will consciously stimulate the performance of the speakers or actors at the same time that the faculties of humour in the audience are unconsciously diverted to and focussed on a true appreciation of the debate or play.

S. K. CHETTUR.



TEMPLE BELLS: By A. J. Appasamy, (Association Press, Calcutta.) Price Re. 1-12, Pp. 148.

In this beautiful book Dr. Appasamy has gathered together some of the flowers of the religious literature of India. The selections extend from the Rig Veda to Rabindranath Tagore, and are preceded by short "introductory sketches of authors and books." They are not arranged chronologically but according to the subjects like the supremacy of religion, the greatness of God, the burden of sin, the joy of salvation, etc. This arrangement is no doubt satisfactory, but we wish that the chronological order had been followed in arranging the selections under each heading. For instance, in the selections dealing with the moral path it is not a pleasant experience to see Keshub Chunder Sen precede Katha Upanishad, or Tukaram precede Vishnu Purana, or Ramakrishna Paramahansa the Svetasvatara Upanishad. Also we wish that the author had been more discriminate in his choice of translations of passages from the Gita and the Upanishads. For the former are given in Barnett's translation and the latter in Hume's, which are often as grotesque as the originals are beautiful.

The author's intention in preparing this book of selections for Christian readers is well explained in his

Preface. He believes that "the life and teaching of Jesus gain immensely in significance when they are related to the problems and experiences of the people of India," and that "a familiarity with the scriptures of the East may help us to understand the Bible better." We wish him and his co-religionists all success in this laudable attempt. Nothing would please a true Hindu more than that by reading Hindu scriptures Christians should become better Christians, and Mohammedans better Mohammedans. For he looks upon other religions than his own as allies, not rivals—allies in overcoming worldliness, ignorance and sin, and reaching the bliss of the Atman in which we all live and move, but know not that we do.

As we glanced through this book, we marked those passages which appealed to us most. Some of these we give below for the benefit of the readers of this magazine.

Love not the world nor yet forsake
Its gifts in fear and hate.
Thy life to God an offering make,
And to him dedicate.

—TUKARAM.

Under the shade of the *Kadam* of the world the flute of Love is
sounding.

Awaken, my soul, He calleth for you. Hasten to meet Him.
With eager expectation He waiteth for you.

—VIDYAPATI.

He who loves must only believe; he never can be happy; his joy
is in faith.

For even death cannot end his longing for Thee, O Beloved.

—SURDAS.

Round Thy lotus feet, O let my love be wrapt; it matters naught
where my body lie,

In city residence or forest hermitage, in rags of poverty, robes of wealth :

Teach me but to be faithful unto Thee.

—TULSIDAS.

I seek whom I know not !

He draws my soul ;

I go and know not that I go !

Through the shoreless dark,

A still small voice calls me ;

I grope my way unseeing, unthinking.

I know only that God is.

Who shall tell me

By what name to call Him,

Where to find Him ?

.....

Ah, where shall I find Him

To whom I have given my heart ?

—BENGALI HYMN.

I am thirsting for your love, my Beloved !

I shall make this body a lamp, and my tender heart shall be its wick ;

I shall fill it with the scented oil of my young love and burn it night and day at your shrine, O Beloved !

—MIRABAI.

One who reads selections like these will realise the truth of the following observation made by Dr. Appasamy in his Preface :—

“There is in the religious literature of India, a loving, joyous ‘abandon’ to God. In the books of most Christian mystics also it is abundantly present. But in a great deal of ordinary Christian literature it is not present to the same extent.”

D. S. S.

“IMPRISONMENT” By Lieut. Colonel F. A. Barker, Christian Literature Society for India. Price Rs. 1-8-0.

This is a book which should be read by all officials of the Jail Department and all social workers who are interested in the welfare of prisoners both when they are in jail and after their release. It contains a wealth of information about jails not only in India but also in the various countries of Europe. And it is written not by an arm-chair critic or a sentimental reformer, but a high-placed official of the Jail Department who has seen service in various provinces in India and is at present the Inspector-General of Prisons, Punjab. There is one criticism which we venture to offer at the outset from a layman's point of view. The value of the book would have been considerably enhanced, if the author had given us less statistical information and paid more attention to style. As it is, we are afraid the average citizen—that great and capricious entity without whose co-operation no reform can succeed in these democratic times—will not take kindly to a book which, however useful, reads at times more like a compilation of scraps from official returns, blue books and statistical tables.

In punishment by law two principles have to be kept in view—the protection of Society and the reform of the individual. In olden times attention was paid only to the first principle. Savage and deterrent punishments were imposed. Prisoners were cruelly treated. No attempt was made to study their mental condition. They were all herded together in an atmosphere of physical and moral filth. And after they served their term they were again let loose on Society. Thus exclusive attention to one of the two objects of punishment frustrated that very object. For Society has no real protection when the criminal who has been removed from it for a time returns

to it ten times more criminally inclined. It is only within the last one hundred years that attention has been paid to the second principle, viz., the reform of the individual. When once the subject was taken up, it was seen that infinite possibilities of doing good lay in that direction, and prison administration progressed by leaps and bounds. There was work here not only for the prison officials but for a hundred voluntary organisations of non-officials. It was seen that imprisonment was after all only one small part of the general scheme of the prevention of crime and the protection of Society.

The most important measures of prison reform are a satisfactory classification of prisoners, the separate treatment of recidivists or habitual criminals, the teaching of useful trades to all, the introduction of a gratuity system by which prisoners are induced to work and save money, the encouragement of outside voluntary assistance in arranging evening classes and recreations, and the release of prisoners on parole. In all possible ways the mind of the criminal should be brought back to the normal state. But all the good work done in gaols is wasted if there is no efficient system of after-care in the shape of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies and Borstal Associations and Parole offices covering the whole countryside like a network. Similarly, much of the reformatory work done in gaols could be more efficiently done at an earlier stage if juvenile delinquency is tackled in a scientific manner by the establishment of reformatory schools, and the probation system of releasing first offenders on condition of good behaviour is worked in an efficient manner by a separate department of State. It will be seen that in all the three stages, viz., before imprisonment, during imprisonment and after release, non-official volunteers and social service leagues can co-operate with officials in

various ways in preventing crime and in restoring to Society its erring members. There is no nobler work than prevention of crime and prevention of disease. It forms part of the routine of Government. But what is mere routine with some may become the instrument of the highest good with others when it is done voluntarily. As Colonel Barker says, "To whatever religion or faith we belong, we have the assurance of the approval of the Divine Power in helping one who has sinned to leave the path of evil and cleave to the good; and we have equally the assurance that both we and they will reap the reward."

D. S. S.

A BOOK OF NARRATIVE VERSE. (The World's Classics).

Before actually glancing through the book we could not have thought it possible within the size of a small volume of 466 pages to prepare a fairly exhaustive representative collection of narratives in English verse. Compiling a volume of the best songs and lyrics or the best satires in the language is certainly a much easier task than compiling an anthology of narrative verse. The very word narrative generally suggests inordinate length. The editor is therefore to be congratulated on the comparative success of his very difficult attempt. From the early ballad-writers and Chaucer to Chesterton and Noyes is a far cry. But reading the list of the authors included, we have not become conscious of any serious omission, though it may be possible to grumble that a good many favourite pieces are left out. The aim of the editor seems to have been to include as large a number of authors as possible, though at a certain sacrifice of the sense of proportion in the amount of space devoted to each. Where Tennyson, for instance, is represented by two pieces and

Browning by three, it seems rather unfair that a narrative poet like William Morris is represented by only one piece. The introduction written by Mr. Edward Blunden is all that an introduction to such a volume should be: it is an invitation to read the pieces themselves—with a few remarks on the art of narrative in verse. One is specially glad to note that it does not attempt to trace afresh the history of the literary form: we have had too many 'historical' introductions already!

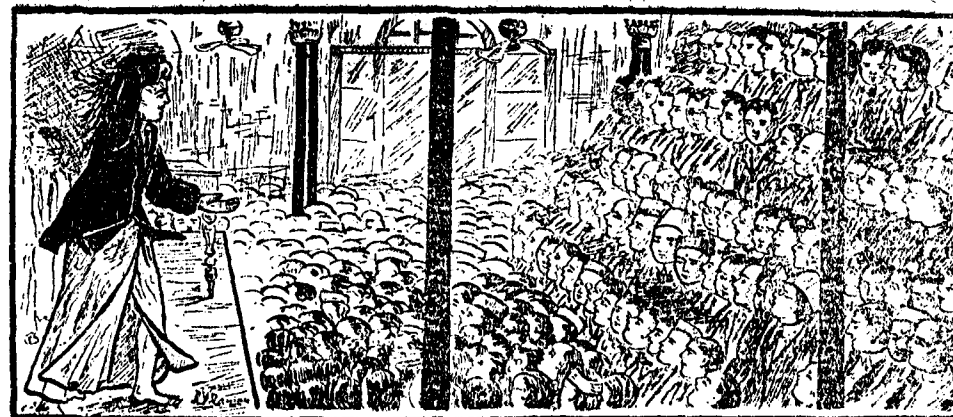
The handy size, the remarkably good printing and neat get-up, which are the common features of the series, further enhance the attractiveness of the book.

C. R. V.

ENGLISH VERSE (in 5 volumes): edited by W. Peacock. Vol. III. Dryden to Wordsworth. (The World's Classics).

Seventy seven poets are included in this anthology of selections from Dryden to Wordsworth. In the 637 closely printed pages of the book, the editor has managed to put in, not perhaps all the best work of the best authors of the time, but characteristic selections from them, without undue neglect of minor authors, who are necessarily represented by their best pieces, even though that best be not quite typical of their literary work as a whole. It has been found possible to include some complete longer poems, such as 'The Rape of the Lock' 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' 'The Traveller,' and 'Michael' The few footnotes in the book all appear under the selections from Scottish poets. A casual perusal of some of the longer poems included in the volume has revealed no typographical error. That the printing, the get-up, etc. are excellent may be inferred from a mere mention of the series to which the book belongs.

C. R. V.



College Notes

AS usual there have been a large number of transfers among the members of the Staff at the beginning of the academic year. Our Principal, Mr. P. F. Fyson, has gone on leave and Mr. R. M. Statham is acting in his place. In the Botany Department Mr. M. O. Parthasarathy Aiyangar has gone on study leave to England and his place is taken by Dr. T. Ekambaram. In the English Department Mr. W. C. Douglas has gone home on long leave and Mr. K. Swaminathan is acting as Additional Professor of English. In the Chemistry department Mr. K. C. Viraraghava Aiyar is acting as Additional Professor of Chemistry in place of Mr. M. Damodara Kini who has been transferred to the Engineering College. Among the Assistant Professors Mr. Ramani of the English Department and Mr. Sankara Singh of the Geology Department have been transferred and their places are taken by Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami and Mr. C. A. Ramabhadran respectively. Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Aiyar of the Sanskrit Department has gone on leave and Mr. T. Chandrasekharan is acting in his place. Mr. B. M. Abu Baker Sahib of the Physics Department has gone to the Teachers' College for training and Mr. S. Krishnaswami is now acting for him. Among the Pandits, Mr. C. R. Namasivaya Mudaliar and Mr. A. Umakantam have gone on leave and their places are taken by Mr. R. Kalyanasundaram Pillay and Mr. V. Prabhakara Sastri respectively. Mr. P. Krishnan Nair, the Malayalam Pandit, resigned his post to join his new appointment as the University Reader of Malayalam and his place here is taken by Mr. Govinda Pisharodi. Two new posts have been created this year—the Assistant Professor of languages other than Sanskrit and the Physical Director. Mr. O. P.

Rangaswami has been appointed to the former and Mr. P. R. Subrahmanyam to the latter.

We heartily congratulate our new Principal on the distinction of C. I. E. which has been conferred on him and are glad to record that the members of the College Staff expressed their feeling of joy at an open air entertainment given in his honour.

The Presidency College Hostel

Our hostel opened this year with fewer members than last year but our main activities have not suffered on that account. The election of office-bearers for the term was conducted early enough and V. H. Mahadevan was elected General Secretary.

We had our first religious class on the Sri Jayanti day, when our Superintendent spoke in general terms of the important part that religion plays in the lives of men and emphasised the fact that it is no true education which has no religious background. And as usual we are having our Gita classes every Sunday.

It is a matter for satisfaction that in the beginning of this year our Badminton doubles court was extended into a full court which facilitates a larger number of members to take part in the game.

On the Convocation day we entertained our new graduates. P. A. Gopalakrishnan, P. S. Lakshminarayanan and T. R. Parthasarathy spoke on the occasion welcoming the guests of the evening, and the latter replied in suitable terms. With a few words of advice from our Superintendent, the function came to a close.

The Union Society

The election of the Secretary of the Union Society took place on Tuesday 22nd July. K. J. Mathew Tharakan was returned unopposed. Since there was no contest, the election did not evoke the usual enthusiasm from the students.

Mr. Nagesh Mallia, last year's Secretary, was declared Hon. President for the term. The following persons were elected for the Union Society Committee:—

- | | | |
|---|---|-----------------------|
| (1) Ladies' Representative | : | Miss E. K. Leela. |
| (2) Philosophy Association Representative | : | Miss K. Janaki. |
| (3) English Honours Association | „ | : S. Ramaswami. |
| (4) Historical Association | „ | : C. R. Raghavachari. |
| (5) Physics | „ | : W. J. John. |



THE UNION SOCIETY.

- | | | |
|--|---|---------------------|
| (6) Mathematics Association Representative | : | V. Balasubrahmanian |
| (7) Sanskrit | " | G. K. Seshagiri. |
| (8) Chemical | " | K. Sundaresan |
| (9) Natural Science | " | P. G. Dowie. |

The Inaugural Address of the Presidency College Union Society was delivered by the Hon. Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, President of the Madras Corporation, on Thursday the 7th August. "Is Democracy on the wane?" formed the subject of the address. Mr. Nagesh Mallya presided. There was a large gathering.

Democracy as described by Aristotle was the Government of the many in matters legislative, executive and judicial. The citizens took a direct part in legislation and the executive officers except the military were elected by the people. The Athenian citizens could devote much attention to politics because of the existence of a large number of slaves in the city. The modern form of representative democracy was therefore vastly different from the "pure democracy" of the Athenian citizens. In Great Britain for example the existence of the bicameral system of legislatures was a direct check upon the prevalence of the will of the majority in the country. Germany and the United States carried out the principle of Athenian democracy to the extent of having their executive officers elected. But new problems like the problem of minorities stood in the way of modern democracy. People were becoming tired of democracy and the faith in democracy was on the wane. This accounted for the rise of Mussolini in Italy. In Russia also democracy had been given the go-by. Party system which prevailed in many countries was a direct check on pure democracy, since it prevented free expression of individual views. But, to quote the words of Prof. Dicey, so long as there was hope the idea of democracy would be there.

The Chairman in winding up the proceedings was definitely of opinion that the idea of democracy was not on the wane. He was sure that after Mussolini, democracy would be restored in Italy.

Mathew Tharakan, the Secretary, proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer for his eloquent and instructive address. The meeting then terminated.

The first ordinary meeting of the Union Society was held on Thursday the 14th instant at 5-20 P.M. with Mr. Nagesh Mallya in the chair. Narayana Pai moved that "In the opinion of the House Religion had done more harm than good." He enumerated at length

the evils resulting from religion and quoted the example of United States as a country which had owed all its prosperity to its materialism and want of religion. Mathew Tharakan in seconding the motion remarked that whatever might be the benefits of religion in theory, in practice it had always stifled freedom of thought and expression and had always been reactionary and antagonistic to progress. Mohammed Ansar led the opposition. He vigorously opposed the motion recapitulating all the good done by religion and the evils resulting from religious slackness and materialism as seen in United States. A few others also spoke, most of them opposing the motion. The motion was put to the vote and declared lost.

The Mathematical Association

At a business meeting of the Association the following were elected office-bearers for the current year.

President:

Prof. K. Ananda Rao M.A. (Hons); B.A. (Cantab.)

Vice-Presidents:

Prof. T. Suryanarayana B.A. (Cantab.); D. Sc. (London)

Mr. G. A. Srinivasan M.A., L.T.

Mr. S. Mahadevan M.A., L.T.

Secretaries:

Kasinath Misra.

N. E. S. Raghavan.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by Prof. W. F. Kibble of the Madras Christian College with Prof. K. Ananda Rao in the chair.

Prof. Kibble spoke on the "Structure of the Universe" in a lecture highly instructive and interesting. Among the many ideas that Prof. Kibble expressed on this most popular astronomical subject the most striking perhaps were those relating to the structure of the 'Milky Way' and of the 'nebulae.' The lecture was supplemented by a few interesting lantern slides the chief among them being those of the 'nebulae,' some of the constellations and the '100' 'reflecting telescope.' With the President's concluding remarks and vote of thanks by one of the Secretaries, the meeting came to a close.

The next meeting of the Association was held on the 15th August with Mr. S. Mahadeva Iyer in the chair, when S. Rajan of the IV Hons. class spoke on the 'Isoco points' a set of points associated

with the triangle and fixed for the same. The credit of the discovery of these points is due to Mr. Rajan himself who has been able to deduce many interesting but difficult properties of the triangle with the help of the same. With the President's concluding remarks and a hearty vote of thanks by the Secretary, the meeting terminated.

It was a very happy and pleasant evening that we spent on Friday the 22nd August, when we were 'At Home' to the new graduates of the year. After light refreshments, the guests were treated to a variety entertainment. S. Rajan and V. Munikrishniah Chetty sang some fine songs after which V. K. K. Sarma entertained the audience by 'enunciating' some humorous "theorems relating to life," which were very much appreciated.

After the President's introductory remarks, N. E. S. Raghavan welcomed the graduates on behalf of the Association. Messrs. N. Ramachandran, C. Sarangapany and R. Kuppabattan replied on behalf of the graduates. Then Mr. Ananda Rao, the president, spoke a few words of advice to his old students. The pleasant function came to a close with a vote of thanks proposed by Kasinath Misra and with three hearty cheers to the new graduates.

The Physics Association

We are glad to note that among the College Societies, ours was the first to begin its activities this year. A business meeting was held on the 17th July when the following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Dr. H. Parameswaran, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., (Ex-officio)

Vice-Presidents: Prof. V. Appa Rao, M.A., L.T., (Ex-officio)

Mr. G. P. Krishnamurthy M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: V. R. Raghavan IV (Hons.)

S. Nata Rajan IV (Pass)

Treasurer: K. Nageswaran IV (Hons.)

The Inaugural Meeting came off on the 25th July, a novel feature of which was that an ex-student of the department addressed the meeting and another ex-student presided. Mr. S. Chandra Sekhar B.A. (Hons.) addressed the meeting on "The Wave theory and the Corpuscular Theory—How they have been reconciled." Mr. C. A. Ramakrishnan B.A., (Hons.) presided. The attendance was fairly good.

The next meeting of the Association was held on 12th August when W. J. John of the fifth year Honours class spoke on "The Time

Concepts in Physics" Prof. T. Suryanarayana presided. We take this opportunity to thank the President for the hearty congratulations he offered us on the splendid lines on which we were conducting our Association.

On the 23rd August we were "At Home" to the new graduates of our department. After refreshments, V. V. Kasturi Rangan of third Honours class gave us a musical entertainment which was followed by a comic speech by K. Setu Rao of the final Honours class. The Secretary, in a speech, welcomed the graduates and Mr. C. V. Dakshinamurthi B.A. (Hons.), the chief spokesman on behalf of the graduates, replied to the welcome address. After a few words of advice from the President and Vice-Presidents and after the vote of thanks by the Secretary the function came to a close.

The Chemical Society

The following are the office-bearers for the year:—

President: Dr. B. B. Dey. M.Sc. (Calcutta) D.Sc. (London)

Vice-Presidents: Mr. Mudlagiri Nayak, M.A., L.T.

Mr. M. V. Sitaraman, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: A. Srinivasan, IV-H class.

T. S. Subrahmanyam, IV class.

Treasurer: C. R. Ganesan, IV class.

The Inaugural Address of the society was delivered on the 1st August 1930 by Mr. T. R. Seshadri M.A., Ph. D. with Dr. B. B. Dey in the chair. The meeting was very largely attended both by members of the staff and the students. The subject was "Some centres of Chemical research in Europe."

The lecturer in the course of his highly instructive and interesting discourse said that the highest ideal of Organic Chemistry should be to study the problems of Nature, to unravel the mysteries of natural compounds and to investigate biological problems. For a place to be called a centre of chemical research it was not enough to have merely beautiful laboratories. It should have high traditions. Germany, he said, had such great centres; and about 90% of the total output of organic research was due to Germany and Great Britain.

He then spoke in detail about the various individual centres, both British and German. Foremost among them were Manchester, Liverpool, Oxford, Birmingham Munich and Berlin. Continuing the

lecturer pointed out that the laboratories in these places were extremely well-fitted for accurate research work, though they were not at all imposing in appearance; and that students worked there both day and night. In conclusion he asserted that Great Britain could not, like Germany, boast of centres of first rate achievement.

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks from the Secretary.

The Historical Association

The activities of the Association for the academic year 1930-31, started as usual with the election of the Secretaries. Miss H. Sarojini Rajan and Mr. C. R. Raghavachari were elected without opposition on the 24th July '30.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on Tuesday the 12th August by Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer on "The Federal Idea and its application to India. Mr. R. M. Statham C.I.E., presided. The subject being a very important one at the present day in the theory of Indian politics, the lecture was listened to with rapt attention by a very interested and crowded audience composed of the students and professors of the College and some distinguished old boys and visitors.

The members of the Association were 'At Home' to the New Graduates on Saturday the 23rd August. A group Photograph was taken. Then after refreshments, there were the usual speeches by the members of the Association and the New Graduates.

The Secretaries thanked every one of the members of the Staff and students who contributed to the success of the function.

The English Honours Association

At a meeting of the above Association the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1930-31.

President: Mr. V. K. Aiyappan Pillai M.A.

Vice-President: „ M. Venkatavaradiah (V Hons.)

Secretary: „ C. G. Krishnan (IV Hons.)

Treasurer: „ G. K. Seshagiri (IV Hons.)

Class Representatives:

Miss M. Nanikutty Ammal (V Hons.)

„ Mugaseth (IV Hons.)

„ Rando (III Hons.)

At a special gathering of the Association, it was decided to throw open the membership of the Association to its old members.

The activities of the Association were inaugurated by the Rev. Fr. Murphy M.A. of the Loyola College with a lecture on "Greek Drama." The lecturer traced the origin of Greek tragedy to the festivals held in honour of Dionysius. He gave a picturesque description of the Attic theatre and audience, and said how the State imposed upon itself the function of managing the performances and awarding prizes to the most successful playwrights. As a typical example of the 'trilogies' which were staged, he mentioned Aeschylus' Iphigenia and its sequels, and also described the Satyric drama which concluded the performance.

Mr. Aiyappan Pillai, who presided over the meeting, thanked the lecturer on behalf of the Association. With a formal vote of thanks by the Secretary, the meeting terminated.

The Sanskrit Association

The following were elected office-bearers for the year at a business meeting of the Association.

- President:** M.R.Ry. S. Kuppaswamy Sastriar Avl., M.A.
- Vice-Presidents:** { M.R.Ry. P. P. Subramanya Sastri Avl.,
M.A., B.A. (Oxon).
" L. R. Ramachandra Iyer Avl., M.A.
Dr. A. Sankaran Avl., M.A.
M.R.Ry. O. P. Rangaswamy Iyengar Avl., M.A.
" M. P. Alasingarachariar Avl.
" S. K. Padmanabha Sastri Avl.
- Secretaries:** { C. R. Sankaran, IV Hons.
R. V. Rajagopalan, III Class.
- Treasurer:** M.R.Ry. Chandrasekharan Avl., M.A.
- Auditor:** M.R.Ry. A. S. Krishna Rao Avl., M.A.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by M.R.Ry. S. Suryanarayana Sastri Avl. M.A., Reader in philosophy, University of Madras, on Friday the 22nd August, with Prof. S. Kuppaswamy Sastriar in the chair. During the course of his address, the lecturer laid emphasis on the philosophical training of students and the advantages of exclusive devotion to one particular system of philosophy.

C. R. Sankaran (IV Hons.) read a paper on "The Study of Malavikagnimitra" on the 29th August when M.R.Ry. O. P. Rangaswamy Iyengar presided.

The Malayalee Association

A business meeting of the Malayalee Association was held on the 1st of August when the following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Mr. I. Narayana Menon M.A., B. Litt (Oxon).

Vice Presidents: „ V. K. Aiyappan Pillai M.A., (Oxon).

Dr. H. Parameswaran M.A., PH.D (Cantab) D.S.C.,
(London)

Secretaries: (1) K. J. Matthew Tharakan.

(2) K. Krishnan Kutty Menon.

Committee Members: (1) C. K. Raghavan Nambiar (Treasurer).

(2) P. K. Bala Raman Unni Nair.

(3) T. Ramunni Menon.

(4) T. J. Kuriyan.

(5) K. V. Padmanabhan.

Kumara Menon's proposal to fix the subscription at Re. 1-0-0 was accepted.

The ladies elected as their representative for the Association Miss Anna Abraham.

On Tuesday the 13th August the Association gave a 'send off' to Mr. Krishnan Nair, last year's Vice-President and Pandit of the Presidency College, on the occasion of his transfer from the College as the University Reader in Malayalam. There was a fairly large gathering among whom were a few ladies. Prominent among those present were Mr. Statham Dr. Parameswaran, Mr. Aiyappan Pillai, and Mr. C. A. Achuta Menon. Mr. Aiyappan Pillai presided on the occasion. The members of the Association, while congratulating Mr. Krishnan Nair on his appointment as University Reader, expressed their regret at his departure from their midst. Mr. Krishnan Nair thanked them all for the great honour they had done him. With a few remarks from the chair the function terminated.

The Muslim Association

At a general body meeting of the Association held on 31st July, 1930 under the presidency of Mr. R. M. Statham the following office-bearers were elected for the current year.

President: Mr. R. M. Statham.

Vice-President: „ V. K. Aiyappan Pillai.

Joint Secretaries: „ Ahmed Mohideen,

„ Shamsuddin.



AS a general introduction to our sports activities this year we have great pleasure in publishing the following report by our new Physical Director, Mr. P.R. Subrahmanian:—

The present generation of students is very fortunate in having compulsory Physical Education added to the general curriculum of studies in their University course. This will, it is hoped, help to establish a traditional habit of taking to games and also preserve and promote the real spirit of sportsmanship in our students. It is high time that such 'play traditions' as are found in the Western Universities were established here—not only in our college but also in all other colleges of this and other Universities of India. But just now it would be an Utopian dream even to think of reaching the heights of Western Universities in this field of academic activity or of establishing such highly specialized and equipped departments of Physical Education as are found in America.

Speaking about our College in particular, we seem to be the most fortunate of the Colleges in Madras as regards the ample facilities for play in the shape of extensive play areas and play equipment. But even with all this the available grounds are not enough for the activities of our increasing playing population of the College. Nearly every square yard of space has been utilised for some game or other, and we have even encroached on the Principal's Compound and the Victoria Hostel Compound in order to provide play space to a greater number of our Collegians.

We have this year six tennis courts—two courts in addition to the four of last year. One of these is intended for the lady-students of the College. This is the first time that such opportunities for recreation are given to the latter. Besides the usual games viz. Hockey, Cricket, Football, Volleyball, Tennis and Tenikoit there have also been intro-

duced formal physical training classes for the benefit of the students of the College—the Junior Intermediate Students in particular. Students are also trained in athletics on two evenings every week. A special feature of this year's activities is that boxing classes are to be opened from the beginning of September. It will be a piece of good news to all our boxing enthusiasts that Mr. Sastri (Oxford Blue) is expected to give us instructions occasionally in our boxing classes.

Turning to the scheme of compulsory physical education for the Intermediate Classes, I have great pleasure in reporting that we are progressing satisfactorily. For the present we have launched a very popular programme of physical activities. The Junior Intermediate students have to take part in games two evenings every week, but they are given the option of attending the formal physical training classes, and the daily attendance of students participating in various games is taken.

The students of the Junior Intermediate Class not only undergo the practical course in physical education on the play fields but also attend lectures in their class rooms dealing with the modern conception of physical education, its principles and aims, athletic injuries, first aid to the injured, personal and community hygiene, precautionary methods to be adopted against preventible diseases etc.

This year the compulsory scheme of physical education applies only to the students of the Junior Intermediate Class. Next year the Second Year Class will also come under the scheme. So many more students will participate in games next year, and we hope to make the best use of every facility that may be afforded for the development of this department.

It may not be inappropriate, in conclusion, to point out once again the insufficiency of the number of play grounds at our disposal and our consequent inability to conduct efficiently all the above mentioned activities, and to hope that the College will be provided with some more play grounds in the near future.

Cricket

The number of pitches has been increased this year to four, thereby affording a knock to everyone who offers. The great enthusiasm on the part of the members is due entirely to our Principal who evinces great interest in our activities.

Mr. C. K. Krishnaswamy Pillai, the former General Secretary fo

Sports, is now the President of the Club, and we are distinctly lucky that he is able to devote all his attention to Cricket this year.

We cannot complain of want of strength in the cricket team this year, though it may not be possible for some time to fill adequately the gaps caused by the exit of Nayak, Jagannadham and Venkata Subban, our last year's stalwarts. Amongst the 'freshers,' B. V. Ramarupam, P. S. Ramachandran and B. Raja Ram are good additions to the side.

The year's proceedings commenced with a match between the Captains XI and the Secretaries XI which served as a trial game.

Our encounter with the 'Law College' in a practice game resulted in an easy victory for us. Entering first we put up a total of 195 runs for the loss of 9 wickets, after an uncertain start. C. D. Parthasarathy contributed a substantial 54, while G. Parthasarathy hit up a useful 37. The others to score were V. S. Raghavan 33 not out, B. Raja Ram 31 and Sethu Rao 19. The 'Lawyers' replied with 107 runs to our total. Our Captain had a good start for the season, for in addition to his good knock he bagged a lion's share of 7 wickets yielding only 43 runs, while M. A. Rajagopalan captured the rest of the wickets for 28 runs.

On August 16th the Inter-Collegiate Season opened for us, the Pachiappa's College being our guests. Taking advantage of the first tenancy of wickets, the visitors hit up a total of 102 runs. True to tradition Jagannadha Rao was the principal Scorer for them, his share, being a very well-played 48 runs. M. A. Rajagopalan and G. Parthasarathy shared the bowling honours, the former taking 5 wickets for 23 runs and the latter 3 for 51.

Venturing out in turn we cleared our opponents total with the loss of only 5 wickets. G. Parthasarathy returned with an unbeaten 34, while Ramanujam, B. Raja Ram and A. Raja Ram Rao scored 18, 15 and 12 respectively.

The Second Eleven this year looks more lively in its activities. Two matches have been so far played. In the first match with the 'Mylapore Recreation Club B' we returned with a creditable draw. To the visitors' total of 136 for 6 wickets we returned with 90 for 3. Daly and Thiruvengkatachari acquitted themselves well, the former hitting up a lucky 38, while the latter carried his bat for a patient 32.

The next engagement with the 'Triplicane National Recreation Club' terminated in a defeat for us. Entering first we put up a total of 83 runs, the chief contributors to this again being Daly and

Thiruvengkatachari. The visitors passed this total for the loss of only 3 wickets.

As we go to press, news is received of the proposed tour of our Cricket team to Secundrabad. If this should materialize it would be certainly due to the initiative taken by our Principal.

Tennis

A new system of nominations has been introduced this academic year in the management of the club, which is felt to mark a great improvement in efficiency. Every one is extremely pleased with our new enthusiastic president Mr. T. Suryanarayana. Taking stock of the material just at present we find the players have not struck their form, but ere long we have no doubt they will reach the high standard set by our predecessors.

It is a matter for congratulation that our Principal has started a separate tennis court for the lady students of our College.

Hockey

Before giving an account of our activities during the term, we feel it our duty to say a few words about those who played for the College last year and whom we miss this year. The most conspicuous among them are Mr. R. Stracey, our last year's popular Captain, Mr. C. R. Venkatasubban, our dashing centre-forward, and Mr. M. D. Rangaswamy, our ever vigilant half-back. Their absence is very keenly felt in the play-ground. We wish them all luck and success in their future careers.

Coming to our activities this term, we are glad to be able to say that a large number of students are taking an active interest in the game. There are two grounds, one for the Juniors and the other for the Seniors, in both of which we have regular daily practice. The Juniors are evincing even greater enthusiasm for the game than the Seniors!

The College XI played a series of matches with local teams. The first encounter was with the Coorgs XI whom we beat to the tune of 4 goals to 1. Satore, a new acquisition to the team, justified his inclusion by opening the score. He was soon followed by our Captain, P. K. Madhavan, who notched the second goal. G. Parthasarathy, our strong-man in the defence, had his share of honours too by converting a corner. The last goal was scored by Bidappa, our Secretary, who

found the net after a great individual run. The Coorgs played to a man, but our forwards swept everything before them.

Meeting the Loyola College next we shared the honours evenly with them. Our forwards were less enterprising and at times bungled in front of the goal mouth. In spite of several excursions into the enemy's territory they failed to score owing to want of finish. The match ended in a draw (1-1).

Our match with the 'Mohammedans' was rather disappointing. We were handicapped by the absence of Bidappa and there was no combination among the forwards worth the name. Cassim scored the solitary goal for us after a fine individual effort. The 'Mohammedans' returned the compliment and there was no further scoring.

Against the Christian College our team as a whole played well. Easwaran our regular goalie was absent, but in spite of that we beat them by the odd goal in 3. G. Parthasarathy was responsible for two by turning to account two corners. Bidappa was not to be denied and soon had a goal to his credit. The 'Christians' tried to equalise, but our defence held together wonderfully, thanks to the efforts of C. D. Parthasarathy, Raghavan, Sugunan and especially Hanumantha Rao.

The 'Medicoes' whom we met next gave us our first defeat. The game was fast and exciting throughout. C.D. Parthasarathy, Easwaran and Hanumantha Rao did yeoman service, but they could not avert the defeat. Our forwards again showed a lamentable lack of combination. It was noticed that they were inclined to get mixed up and hesitated to shoot. We hope in future encounters our forwards will improve vastly. Before the Inter-Collegiate Tournament begins we hope to play more matches with our friendly rivals.

We gratefully thank our president Mr. R. Gopala Iyer and our Principal for the unfailing enthusiasm they have been showing and the encouragement they have been giving us by their presence in the field.

Foot Ball

Our activities during the first term were confined to daily practice, and this, we hope, will enable us to do well in the coming tournaments. We played a friendly match with the Triplicane Recreation Club and we were defeated by a narrow margin of one goal. Our idea is to arrange a series of inter-class matches, so that a good number of students may be enabled to take part in the game.

The Magazine Competition Prizes

The following prizes are offered by the Editor:—

- (1) Rs. 10 for the best short story.
- (2) Rs. 10 for the best essay (in the lighter vein).

Conditions:—

- (1) The articles have to be submitted on or before the 1st November 1930.
- (2) They should not exceed twelve pages of ordinary hand-writing.
- (3) They should be accompanied by a declaration that the writers have not been helped by any body.
- (4) The Editor reserves to himself the right of disposing of the articles in whatever way he likes.
- (5) This competition is open only to the present students of the Presidency College.

D. S. SARMA

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Sri Gargi Memorial Competition Prizes

THE following prizes will be awarded on the results of a written examination in the basic principles of Hinduism which will be held about the middle of November next. The examination will be open to all undergraduate students of the Presidency College.

<i>Senior Prizes</i> (For B.A. Students Pass and Honours)	}	First Prize—Rs. 15. Second Prize— „ 12. Third Prize— „ 10.
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<i>Junior Prize</i> (For Intermediate Students)	}	—————Rs. 10.
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Questions will be confined to Mr. D. S. Sarma's "A Primer of Hinduism"—the whole book for the Senior Examination, and the first three chapters for the Junior Examination. All those who get 40% of the marks will be considered to have passed the examination, and will be granted certificates to that effect. Those who got any prize last year will not be given any prize this year. Intending competitors will have to give their names to the undersigned in the last week of October. Results will be announced after the Christmas Holidays, and the prizes and certificates will be distributed on the Presidency College Hostel Day.

D. S. SARMA,
Superintendent,
Presidency College Hostel.