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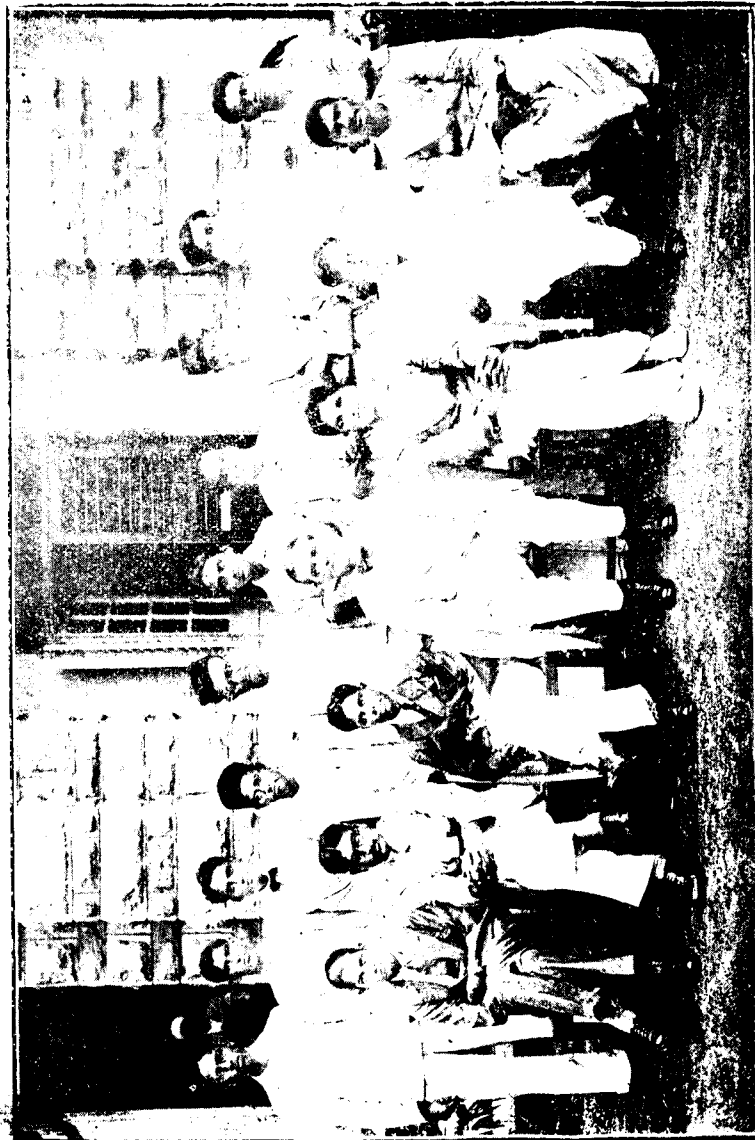


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THE UNION SOCIETY

Miss Dobson was the toast of two hemispheres. She had become an orphan in her 'teens, and her grandfather had refused to have anything to do with her, because she was the issue of a marriage which he had forbidden. So she turned a Governess, wandered from house to house, till she got into a family in which the eldest son, who was an amateur conjurer, made love to her and explained all the tricks. That night she stole his box, ran away from the house, and after practising for a week became a professional conjurer. She never progressed in the art, but her popularity became tremendous on account of her serpent-like beauty. In the music halls where she performed the young men in the audience became scornful of their sweethearts by their side. And when she said, "Will any gentleman in the audience be so good as to lend me his hat?" the stalls rose to a man and rushed to the platform. She became the fashion of the West End during a season, and she commanded whatever terms she asked for. At the close of the season she was invited to Paris, and Paris fell prostrate at her feet. Never had a woman triumphed in Paris as Zuleika did. All jewellers' shops were emptied for presents to be given to her. All other entertainments were stopped. The best painter of the day painted her portrait, and the best poet composed a song about her beauty. For a whole month the fashionable youth of Paris went mad over Zuleika. And when her departure came, the city was in mourning. No wonder that after this triumph agents came from all the capital cities of Europe and she moved in procession from city to city.

"In Berlin, every night, the students escorted her home with torches. Prince Vierfunfsechs-Siebenachtneun offered her his hand, and was condemned by the Kaiser to six months' confinement in his little castle. In Yildiz

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Kiosk, the tyrant who still throve there conferred on her the Order of Chastity, and offered her the central couch in his seraglio. She gave her performance in the Quirinal, and, from the Vatican, the Pope launched against her a Bull which utterly fell flat. In Petersburg, the Grand Duke Salamander Salamandrovitch fell enamoured of her. Of every article in the apparatus of her conjuring-tricks he caused a replica to be made in finest gold. These treasures he presented to her in that great malachite casket which now stood in the little table in her room; and thenceforth it was with these that she performed her wonders. They did not mark the limit of the Grand Dukes' generosity. He was for bestowing on Zuleika the half of his immeasurable estates. The Grand Duchess appealed to the Tzar. Zuleika was conducted across the frontier by an escort of love-sick Cossacks. On the Sunday before she left Madrid, a great bull-fight was held in her honour. Fifteen bulls received the *coup-de-grace*, and Alvarez, the matador of matadors, died in the arena with her name on his lips. He had tried to kill the last bull without taking his eyes off *la divina senorita*."

Her fame crossed the Atlantic and the great cities of America vied in honouring her.

"All the stops of that "mighty organ, many-piped," the New York Press, were pulled out simultaneously as far as they could be pulled in Zuleika's honour. She delighted in the din. She read every line that was printed about her, tasting her triumph as she had never tasted it before. And how she revelled in the Brobdingnagian drawings of her, which, printed in nineteen colours, towered between the columns or sprawled across them! There she was, measuring herself back to back, with the statue of Liberty; scudding through the firmament on a comet, whilst a crowd of tiny men in evening-dress star-

ed up at her from the terrestrial globe; peering through a microscope held by Cupid over a diminutive Uncle Sam; teaching the American Eagle to stand on its head; and doing a hundred-and-one other things—whatever suggested itself to the fancy of the native art.....

"On her departure from New York, the papers spoke no more than the truth when they said she had 'a lovely time.' The further she went west—millionaire Edelweiss had loaned her his private car—the lovelier her time was. Chicago drowned the echoes of New York; final Frisco dwarfed the head lines of Chicago. Like one of its own prairie-fires, she swept the country from end to end. Then she swept back and sailed for England."

Now her grandfather relented. Prompted by remorse or perhaps curiosity, he invited the enchantress to spend a week with him at Oxford before she revisited Paris. He would have thought twice, nay a hundred times, before inviting her, if he had the slightest foreknowledge of the consequences of his invitation. But what had been veiled from his vision had been revealed to the busts of the Roman emperors which intersperse the railings of the Sheldonian, and they perspired visibly when the landau bearing Zuleika rolled past them to the Judas College.

Zuleika had never been in Oxford before. She particularly liked the place because it was a city of youths, and of all the homage she received she loved youths' homage best. Everywhere all youths fell prone before her and asked her to walk over them. She was the empress and they were her bond slaves. But this bondage was both her sorrow and her joy. For Zuleika had a passionate heart and wanted to love. To be able to love once—is that not better than all the homage of the world?

But how could an empress love one of her own slaves? Is there a single youth in all Europe who would keep his head over his shoulders and stand erect in her presence? Yes. She had hopes of that young Duke of Dorset who met her and her grandfather on horseback this afternoon and never turned round to look at her. She would meet him again tonight at dinner and see at close quarters the stuff of which he was made.

The Duke came punctually at 8 o'clock and the Warden received him with the deference due to a patrician boy. The other guests were an Oriel don and his wife. The Warden said that his orphaned grand-daughter would join them in a minute. And when he described her to the Duke as one who devoted her life entirely to good works, her appointed task being to induce delightful wonder in men by performing conjuring tricks, the Duke cried, "Not Miss Zuleika Dobson?." Meanwhile the enchantress descended on them.

"Tall and lissom, she was sheathed from the bosom downwards in flamingo silk, and she was liberally festooned with emeralds. Her dark hair was not even strained back from her forehead and behind her ears, as an orphan's should be. Parted somewhere at the side, it fell in an avalanche of curls upon one eyebrow. From her right ear drooped heavily a black pearl, from her left a pink; and their difference gave an odd, bewildering witchery to the little face between."

The young Duke had a horror of unmarried girls. All his vacations outside Oxford were spent in eluding them and their ambitious mothers or chaperons. But now in Oxford itself, in the very centre of the sanctuary, he was bewitched instantly and utterly. And that was the beginning of his end—and also of all the undergraduates of the University.

Throughout dinner, pride and passion raged fiercely in the breast of the Duke. He knew he was in love. He had always fancied he was secure against that vulgar peril. He was the Prince of dandies, never tired of admiring his own perfections. He was nicknamed "Peacock" at Eton and Oxford. But he was brilliant all round. He carried away the highest prizes and medals. He was a classical scholar. He was fluent in all modern languages. He was a good painter. He was recognised as the best amateur pianist in England. He played polo, cricket, racquets, chess, and billiards in the best possible way. No wonder he was the idol of all the undergraduates of his day, though he did not honour many of them with his friendship. He was with them in all their pranks, and once he went so far that the authorities had to hold a special meeting and 'send him down' for the rest of the term. He was on this occasion followed to the station by a long procession of undergraduates. He went straight to London, and, as he had nothing else to do, he strayed into the House of Lords, where but a few weeks since he had taken his seat. The Liberal Leader of the House was making a speech in favour of a Socialistic Bill. When the minister sat down, the Duke rose and made such a brilliant speech against the Government that next day all England rang with his name, and the Premier became so nervous that he procured for him the sovereign's offer of a Garter. Thus he had all the gifts of Fortune—rank, wealth, fame, beauty and character—which make a young man courted by all young women. But he had resisted all temptations till he met Zuleika. Now, though he assumed an air of indifference, and all his conversation was addressed to the don's wife, who sat on his other side, he was trembling from head to foot beneath the gaze of the enchantress.

She on her side was in a similar situation. Like the Duke she was also in love for the first time. At last, after traversing two continents and enjoying the homage of innumerable men, she has met the youth who would not bow down to her and who would even snub her, as he actually did, when she made any advances. But unlike the Duke she was not struggling against the new experience. She welcomed it and was in a trance of sheer happiness. She noted every lineament of the Duke's pale and perfect face and admired every mark of strength and determination in his eyes. The Oriel don tried to engage her in conversation. But she was inattentive and absent-minded. The dinner was at last over and the ladies left the room. The Duke staggered up from his chair felt a faintness come over him and was solicitously attended to by the Warden. Then he marched into the hall, snatched his hat and murmuring thanks ran away from the enchanted place.

Neither Zuleika nor the Duke slept that night. Next morning after breakfast, while the Duke like a true lover was pouring the tale of his love in the ears of a fellow undergraduate, Miss Dobson was announced. The poor undergraduate was bundled out of the room and the lovers met. The Duke threw all his dignity and pride to the winds and passionately and abjectly confessed his love. Like thousands of young men she had met before he fell prostrate at her feet. Nay, more. He made the fatal confession "I began to be in love with you from the moment I saw you." So all the time she admired him for his strength he was only a weakling. Zuleika was disillusioned. If he was really in love with her, as he confessed, his behaviour at dinner the previous night was infamous. Her heart now turned into stone and she scorned the man who was grovelling in the dust about her feet. The

Duke tried to tempt her with his enormous riches. He said:—

"I own about 340,000 acres. My town-residence is in St. James's square. Tankerton, of which you may have seen photographs, is the chief of my country-seats. It is a Tudor house, set on the ridge of a valley. The valley, its park, is halved by a stream so narrow that the deer leap across. The gardens are estraded upon the slope. Round the house runs a wide paven terrace. There are always two or three peacocks trailing their sheathed feathers along the balustrade, and stepping how stiffly! as though they had just been unharnessed from Juno's chariot. Two flights of shallow steps lead down to the flowers and fountains. Oh, the gardens are wonderful. There is a Jacobean garden of white roses. Between the ends of two pleached alleys, under a dome of branches, is a little lake, with a Triton of black marble, and with water-lilies. Hither and thither, under the archipelago of water-lilies, dart gold-fish—tongues of flame in the dark water. There is also a long strait alley of clipped yew....." and so on and so forth.

The poor infatuated young man did not know how fast he was falling in the estimation of Zuleika. He continued his description of his estates, his mansions, his tenantry, his titles and his qualifications for more than a couple of hours, and at last paused for a reply. Zuleika looked up and in a slow, meditative voice replied, "I think that you are, with the possible exception of a Mr. Edelweiss, the most awful snob I have ever met....."

But the Duke was incorrigible. He thought that the dizzy heights to which he called Zuleika were too much for her. So he tried to come down a little. He told her at length the story of his great-great-grandfather who in his old age married a dairy maid on his estate and made

her perfectly happy by building a beautiful dairy for her and giving her facilities for continuing her old occupation. He, the present Duke, proposed to profit by his ancestor's example. He said:—

"For you would be built another outhouse—a neat hall wherein you would perform your conjuring-tricks, every evening except Sunday, before me and my tenants and my servants, and before such of my neighbours as might care to come. None would respect you the less, seeing that I approved."

"I won't listen to another word!" cried Zuleika. "You are the most insolent person I have ever met. I happen to come of a particularly good family. I move in the best society. My manners are absolutely perfect. If I found myself in the shoes of twenty Duchesses simultaneously, I should know quite well how to behave. As for the one pair you can offer me, I kick them away—so. I kick them back at you. I tell you....."

Thus rejected by the nymph the Duke turned fiercely on himself. Within the last twenty-four hours the world was completely changed for him. There was no going back to his former state. He had burnt his boats. The charm of Zuleika was irresistible. The more he saw her the less could he control himself. No doubt he saw all her weaknesses too. He witnessed her fifth-rate performance by which she bewitched one moonlight night all the undergraduates of Oxford. He pitied them and pitied himself. But all the same he bore on his shoulders the big malachite box of tricks behind her like a willing slave. And she showed her contempt for him by emptying from her window a pitcher of cold water over his head while he stood sighing for her below. Now hatred, rage, pride and love contended for mastery in his breast. After a long and fierce struggle love won. The Duke

resolved to drown himself in the river for the love of Zuleika.

When his resolution was known to the undergraduates they at once saw that dying for Zuleika was the only adequate expression for their love of the enchantress. Where the Duke of Dorset himself failed they were not likely to succeed. And without Zuleika what was life worth? Thus it came about that the next day when the boat races were in full progress and elderly fellows were betting whether Judas would bump Magdalen or Magdalen would bump Judas, and the rain was pouring in torrents, the Duke cried "Zuleika" in a loud voice and taking a deep breath and burying his face in his mantle plunged into the river. There was a confusion of shouts and screams. But the magic cry of "Zuleika" went straight to the heart of the youth assembled there, and all of them leapt emulously headlong into the water with the name of their beloved on their lips. The rain pelted, the thunder pealed, and the barges became empty. Here and there was a glimpse of a young head above water—but only for an instant. Presently some faces rose, they were all smiling in sweet death. For what is sweeter than to die for love?

Zuleika was a witness to this scene. As the down-pour was heavy, she quickly glided away. She felt that some recompense was necessary to the brave youths who leaped into the fatal waters for her sake. She too would take a plunge. So as soon as she reached home she plunged into a warm bath scented with Eau de Violettes. That was the bath essence that Zuleika always used.

Next morning she ordered for a special train to take her to Cambridge.

X. Y. Z.

P. S. The moral of this story is (I am afraid it will

be lost on my fellow-undergraduates of the Madras University) that, like Tom Tusher in Thackeray's *Esmond* we should have our hearts in such perfect control that not even Venus could move them—without a dowry.

A negro, on his death-bed, was being persuaded by the priest to forgive his neighbour against whom he bore a grudge. After a good deal of coaxing, the dying man said—"Well, if I die, it is all right and I forgive him. But if I get well, that nigger must be careful!"

* * * *

A farmer was being kept at bay by a dog which was furiously barking at the manor-house gate. The gate-keeper asked him not to be afraid. "Haven't you heard the proverb" he asked, "that barking dogs never bite?" The farmer hesitated a moment and said, "I knows the proverb, and you knows the proverb, but does the dog know it?"

A Peep into Delhi

AS you travel north, either in the Grand Trunk Express, the Punjab Mail, or the Peshawar Express on your way to Delhi, you will be rudely brought to the consciousness of a change in the atmosphere. The familiar half-clad Madrasi worker gives place to his over clothed brother in his long robes and inseparable sandals and with an enormous turban of all the colours of the rainbow. The familiar respectful tone of the Tamilian or Andhra gives place to the brusque non-chalant, martial "Kidhar Jana?". The compartment is crowded; there is not even standing space, and you have a sensation of suspended animation—of asphyxia. In the South even at the pilgrim centres you rarely meet with such a rush of humanity. Every northern station is a perpetual pilgrim centre. You try to escape it all; but you can't; and you sit literally sandwiched between persons, longing to be free. At last the long-awaited-for time comes; you hear the ponderous rumbling of the carriage wheels, and slowly the train comes to a stop.

With difficulty you climb down to the platform of one of the biggest stations you have seen—the converging point of all the important railway lines of India: you have come to the Metropolis of the Indian Empire. Ridding yourself of all the encumbrances of a weary travel you take a tonga to the town.

Next day you go sight-seeing. First of all you drive up to see the historic "Lal Killa" (Red Fort), where lived the Moghul Emperors within the memory of our fathers. Opposite to it is the famous Jumma Masjid—both standing monuments to the archi-

tectural taste of Shah Jahan, apart from the Taj. One of the fort gates, that which faces the door of the Jumma Masjid, is closed. Tradition says that by the fort door the Moghul Emperors used to issue forth in state and enter the Masjid by the door facing it a distance of a couple of furlongs. When the last Emperor was deposed in 1858, both the doors automatically closed, and they will both be opened again only when the next Moghul Emperor of India comes!

Entering the fort, you see on the right the 'Nawab-at-khana', now the War Memorial Museum, where relics and reminders of the Great War are preserved. Facing this is the Palace separated by a green lawn. The Palace gives you an impression of the extraordinary architectural and sculptural skill of the artists of the Moghul Period. The cornice and the wonderfully carved figures on the walls and pillars are all ornamented with precious stones that gratified the love of barbaric splendour of oriental potentates. Here, in the Diwan-i-khas, you see the dais on which stood the Peacock throne of old; here you see the vast halls once filled with the rush and bustle of an Imperial Court now cast into the shade; here you see the biggest zenana of the Moslem world—the "Rung Mahal,"—which once enclosed the countless "boorkha-ed" (veiled) beauties that catered to the Padsha's varying moods, but is now devoid of all signs of life and movement; here, again, you see the spacious baths, no more filled with water, no more resorted to by the members of Imperial Harem! It is all a picturusque ruin!

But one thing brings you suddenly to the consciousness of life and gaiety—the sight of two mute but living monuments. These are the two royal apartments preserved in all the gay and luxurious pomp of the ancient

Moslem rulers. Enclosed on all sides by huge glass walls these chambers preserve the final stages of the domestic life of the last Imperial Monarch. They tell by their mute rigidity tales that would fill volumes. There you see the beautiful Persian carpets and pillows embroidered in gold, all in regal red, on which reclined the Emperor and the Empress a little before their final farewell. Beside these you see the chess-board with a half-played game,—chessmen scattered around,—the half-smoked "hookha," the spittoon, and many a similar tell-tale relic. All these have been preserved, it is said, in exactly the same position as they were in at the moment when their Imperial master and his consort left them to shift for themselves.

Passing on, you see the vast expanse where the subjects used to assemble to see the Emperor in his balcony above, surrounded by his courtiers, hearing complaints and passing judgments. A little yonder you see the Jumna bridge,—a mighty one,—within the compass of the fort. You pass on, and you see another museum, where are preserved the relics of the ancient grandeur of the Imperious Moghuls—a gorgeous robe or a richly embroidered pyjama or an autograph letter of queen. A little apart from the Palace is the "Moti Masjid" (Pearl Mosque), and the famous bath tub of pure white marble, of about 20' × 20' × 15,' carved out of a single block of stone.

Suddenly your eyes are arrested by a contrast! You see something that does not look half so magnificent and solid as all that you have been seeing,—something that looks like a mushroom growth of yesterday. It is the residence of the present masters of the Indian world—the military barracks. At once your thoughts take a turn. From the dull stupor of admiration and wonder

into which you had fallen while gazing at the memorials of a magnificent past you are awakened to the grim realities of a less majestic present. You think of the evanescence of human life, power, and glory, and contrast it with the permanence of art and sculpture. The Great Moghuls are dead, but they live in their art. Today the heavy thud of the iron-hoofed legions that thundered across the Deccan is never heard; the great Puritan who led them is no more; the glamour of Akbar's Court that attracted the attention of the distant Western capitals is no more! But the art they have left behind is immortal.

With rather gloomy thoughts you bid adieu to the once Imperial residence. You pass by the Jumma Masjid, the emodiment of the sentiment of Islamic unity in India, and enter the city itself. It is a dusty, congested, tiny bit of habited land. The road leading to it is about 12 to 15 feet in width, with a pair of rails running along either side, on which moves an aluminium toy-like vehicle—the mockery of a train. The streets are littered with all sorts of rubbish, and cars and tongas try to find their way through. All is rush, all is stink. In the centre of it all is the notorious "Chandini Chowk" (Silver Square), the scene of the massacre of Nadir Shah. All around you see shops of varying magnitude managed by austere-looking men with flowing beards, sitting with calm and serene majesty on magnificent carpets. The scene you see is typical of the Eastern Bazaar so admirably portrayed in the Arabian Nights.

Just outside the city is the famous group of parks called the "Queen's Gardens", in the centre of which is a statue of Queen Victoria. Facing it on the other side of the road—the Queen's Road—is the Delhi Railway Station. There are numerous other parks and pleasure

resorts—like the one near the Fort named after King Edward—so much so you never feel the absence of the Marina and the sea-breeze.

Leaving the city by the Kashmiri Gate—the gate of a former Delhi—and passing by the statue of Sir A. Taylor, dominating a fenced lawn, you come by the never-ending Alipur Road to the old Secretariat, which is now the Delhi University Buildings. A portion of it, however, is the Army Head Quarters of India. To the right is the Metcalfe House, the former Council Hall, situated on the Jumna.

All this is Old Delhi, or the Delhi of popular parlance. This is the place we usually associate in our thoughts with Delhi: the mythical Indraprastha of Mahabharatha, the centre of Rajput chivalry at its best, associated with Prithvi Raj, the capital of the Non-Hindu Sultanate, and lastly, dating down into the last century, the Imperial mistress of Moghul India. The year 1858 saw the end of Delhi as the capital of India. But in 1912 it was rehabilitated as the Imperial capital of an Occidental Power claiming paramountcy over the whole of India.

From Old Delhi you take a taxi to the famous Kutub Minar, 238 feet in height. All the way long you see ruined memorials of a glorious past—the unacknowledged chroniclers of the past age which has long passed into history. Solitary amidst these ruins stands the tomb of Humayun, defying the fates, as it were. The Minaret dominates the whole group of buildings clustering round it—the "noble screen of arches," the gateway of Allauddin, etc., all bearing evidence to the grandeur and solidity of Indo-Muselman style of architecture. The Minaret is as sound as it was when it received its last touches from the architect's hands, except for the

mischievous which time, weather, and man have conjointly wrought upon it. Only the topmost superstructure has fallen in ruins; but the rest is intact. You go up a giddy height, and see around you stretched out below an epitome of the world. In that vast expanse below, you dimly discern the relics of the seven or more Delhis of the past side by side, along with the boastful attempts of the present infantile Delhi.

New Delhi—about six miles off the old one—is built with an eye to symmetry and stateliness. The Assembly Hall, with its biggest dome in the world, with its circular vastness, its galleries, the speaker's throne, etc., is a thing of beauty. At almost the centre of the dome you see the replastering of that brick, which, by a happy stroke of fate, missed its mark and fell on the floor, in the course of a busy session. Passing on you see the Council chamber, the Viceroy's House, the official quarters, the two huge blocks of Secretariat buildings, and numerous others in immaculate white forcibly reminding you of the as yet unsullied virginity of the new capital.

The Viceroy's House has a royal approach. You pass the War Memorial Arch at the entrance to the Kingsway, and drive up along a straight road between a double avenue of trees. The twin Secretariat blocks loom large on either hand like fortresses. The Jaipur Pillar rises straight before you, and in the distance amidst all stands supreme the Viceroy's House.

A flight of steps leads you to the porch and to the main entrance of the Durbar Hall—a circular vastness of 75 feet in diameter. From its dark and polished floor groups of yellow pillars rise up to the dome, giving the hall an impression of height as well as breadth, that adds immensely to its dignity. The Viceroy's throne will be

placed, I was told, directly opposite the main doorway, from where he can look far beyond the Jaipur Pillar, and down the straight broad sweep of Kingsway, with the Memorial Arch rising white above the thin haze of heat that sets the road quivering in the sun. Above the hall the interior of the dome makes a white vault with an open top through which the blue evening sky appears more blue by contrast.

At the head of the two stair ways that flank the hall is the library; from there you pass on to the drawing-room and then enter the ball-room. If dignity is the appropriate attribute of the Durbar Hall, grace is the appropriate attribute of the ballroom. Lit by crystal chandeliers that hang in pairs down the middle of the room and the smaller lights mounted on silver sconces which by a concealed system throw a delicate light towards the ceiling, the interior is magically beautiful. Outside the ballroom is the courtyard of pinkstone, which to many will remain a most beautiful memory. In the evening it seems to be lit up by a more subtle and softer light than all.

When you go away from these, the character of the rooms changes. The Viceroy's apartments, the quarters of his staff, the guest chambers are simplicity itself. There are about 54 rooms, all small, the Viceroy's sitting room itself being about the size of a snug study.

Before leaving the palace you go up the dome. The view that you get from there is such as falls to the lot of few to behold. It far surpasses that from the Kutub Minar. Not only do you look down upon the splendour of Imperial Delhi spread out below; you look beyond it and see the mosques and fortresses of other empires and other centuries, now mute. Far to the north-east lies the Old Delhi of today: the domes of

Junma Masjid, where Shah Jehan used to bend in prayer nearly 300 years ago, tower white above the houses and walls. The fort and citadel make a solid mass of red stone work. Due east stands Sher Shah's rugged fortress. Further south is discernible Humayun's tomb. To the south-west is the great tower which Kutbuddin Aibak began to build four and twenty years before King John met his barons at Runnymede, — a charter not of the liberties of the subjects, but of Imperialistic glamour and license. Straight below is the European Delhi of today — the twin Secretariats, the hostels, the clubs, the houses, etc. All these and many more make the horizon a procession of historic milestones.

In your admiration you feel inclined to liken this new capital, entombed in the heart of India, to a pearl necklet of superb grandeur. The picturesque ruins that meet your gaze all around, the elevating memorials and sanctifying surroundings of Emperors and Princes, of Islam and of Hinduism, make of New Delhi a "dream of music to the inward ear, a vision of delight for the contemplative eye." You are unable to give expression to your feelings; you bow down in deep reverence and murmur to yourself:

"Ave Delhi immortalis morturii Salutaut."

B. G. ACHIA.

The Insanity of True Genius

"There are men, some of whom at least, if they had their own way, would end by shutting up in asylums all the poets, artists, and philosophers, all the men and women who do not care for money, who are bored by science, and who think that the real fools are those who care for the things of this world." —S. A. BROOKE.

THE title of the essay will tell you, reader, that I am one of those provoking (not to say, insane) personages described by Mr. Brooke, and I shall herein justify myself and my cause.

Firstly, all those 'genii' described by Mr. Brooke, if they think the rest of the world fools, must expect in turn to be called fools by the rest of the world. That is a law of Nature, as they should all know — and a very sane law too. If Mr. Bernard Shaw thinks that the whole of the present system of things is rotten, and that it ought to be shattered to its foundations and rebuilt on entirely new lines, why, the world thinks there is something wrong with Mr. Bernard Shaw, and that he ought to be torn to pieces and remade on entirely new lines. And I would say the world is right. Only I would ask it, in charity, to leave his beard alone.

Again, if the man of letters, or the artist, or the philosopher is bored by business and science, the man of business or of science is equally bored by literature, or art, or philosophy. When a man declaims at all the joys and pleasures of this world, when he stands on some elevated post, at a safe distance away from the turmoil of humanity, and cries out 'Vanity, Vanity, all is Vanity,' you may be quite sure he has received some hard knocks

at the hands of life. His head becomes so dizzy that he raves as if he had a bee in his bonnet.

The philosophy of despair, like every other philosophy, is the effusion of domestic discord. Socrates would not have been so great a philosopher but for Xantippe. Marcus Aurelius would not have been a sage but for Faustina. And the philosophy of illusion, reader, is only the philosophy of the fox who thought the grapes sour because he could not taste them. The fox, that is to say, the philosopher, gets his own back or thinks he does, by calling all sorts of names the life which had treated him so badly.

This same philosophy of 'spleen' is perceivable, as a modern essayist points out, in the great poetic 'genii' who have painted autumn as old and dying—while in reality it is a romping tomboy revelling in boisterous gaiety. Autumn tempts the sage out with its deceptive sunshine and suddenly drenches him to the skin with a pelting shower; and the sage thereupon gets back to his warm fireside and writes of the dying year and the pensive beauty of autumn with a vengeance.

It is a curious fact, if not a downright irony of fate, that of all the 'genii' in the world, it should fall to the lot of Charles Lamb to defend the sanity of true genius. True genius, according to Lamb, is never insane. His arguments are very fine; but he, and all those who take his side, have overlooked one vital fact—the fact that, while nobody will deny that Lamb himself is a true genius, nobody can deny that there were traces in him of the vein of insanity in his family. His eccentric behaviour and his frequent fits of morbid gloominess which have found an outlet in some of his essays, and the perversity of some of his criticisms—all point to the fact that at times he was insane.

Reader, you are probably exasperated with me, and echo Mr. Brooke's sarcastic retort: 'Then all men of genius are mad, genius itself is a kind of madness.' My answer is, that though Mr. Brooke meant it sarcastically,—and my firm belief is that he was mad (with rage) when he said so—he expressed the profoundest sentiment that he ever did. Thereby he incidentally proves another of my propositions, that, when insane, we unconsciously utter the sublimest thoughts and sentiments which we would be incapable of in our sane moments. And, conversely (to speak mathematically), just when we are serious and think we utter a profound truth, we utter the most glaring and outrageous falsehood. Matthew Arnold must have thought that he was stating a serious and profound axiom when he said that there was no relation at all between the poet and the business man—and this too in face of the glaring fact that Shakespeare's father (his nearest relation) was a butcher. Was ever anybody so provoking?

"If genius is madness," continues Mr. Brooke in the same frenzy, "Hamlet was mad and the maddest man that ever lived in England was Shakespeare, who made Hamlet." Now, gentle reader (and I want you to live up to your reputation), Shakespeare may or may not be the greatest genius of them all, but my firm belief is that he is certainly the maddest of the lot.

Gentle reader, if you be gentle still, bear with me patiently while I set forth my proofs of Shakespeare's madness. If you read the life of Shakespeare, you will be surprised, nay, shocked to learn that he was infected with a curious kind of madness. Leaving that alone, a man could not have had so great a fascination for insanity, and hence created so many mad men (and in my opinion everyone of his characters is mad) without

himself having a touch of Tom O'Bedlam. And to crown all he has created one mad man who is so supremely mad that he has maddened all those who have tried to deal with his madness. What with one set of critics calling the other set mad, and what with a few trying to prove Hamlet was really mad, though he was only pretending to be mad, it drives any fellow mad, whether he be originally sane or insane, genius or ingenious. And so I say again, as orators do, that Hamlet is one lunatic and Shakespeare is another. 'And you are a third,' you would say. May be I am, but, dear reader, if you are under any delusion that you are perfectly sane, it is time you woke up and made a fourth.

After all, reader, who is not mad in this world of ours? In the present day world at least, there is no lack of madness or of mad men. There is the man who dragged a car tied to his teeth through the length and breadth of Europe, and received universal applause. That man is the best example of individual insanity. And the applause he received is the best proof of universal insanity. There was the woman who would 'venture neck or nothing' and flew from England to Australia. And then there are the minor fry—men and women whose goal in life is to swim the English Channel and beat all records. In this age, which has been rightly called the 'Jazz Age', people are animated by an insane rage, a craze, to make one big leap into fame, and more often than not, it proves their last mad leap. I too, reader, am animated by that insane rage to leap into fame, but I am sane enough not to hazard a mad leap, which will probably land me on the Moon. I have pitched upon a very easy, yet very original, device to have my name go down to posterity. I mean to walk backwards round the world.

Another sign of the insanity of the present day world, which is closely allied to the former, is the indiscriminate magnanimity it shows in its appreciation of merit. Somebody affirms that Miss Amy Johnson has by her daring achievement secured for herself a permanent niche in the Temple of Fame. Then what about the first lady to swim across the channel? What about the man who swam the Niagara in a beer-barrel? At this rate, reader, the Temple of Fame will very soon be overstocked with niches, and likelier than not, the whole edifice will topple down.

But the most conclusive proof of the insanity of the present day world is the fact that, if a fellow says anything perfectly sane and sensible, he is at once set down as insane, as sure as you, reader, will set me down as the maddest madcap that ever lived for all the truths that I have enumerated in this essay. Truth is ever bitter, unpalatable and provoking to those whom it does not convert. Therefore considering all things, reader, am I the madcap, or, are you?

F. C. ALFRED.

On Sportsmanship

WHEN a person comes and slaps you on the back and says—"Come, be a sport"—what he means is, "whatever principles you have, sacrifice them; and whatever prejudices you have, forget them, and do this to please me, for the great end of life is pleasing others, at whatever cost."

I have always been surprised to see sportsmanship held up as a virtue to be cultivated by everybody, while a little thinking could make one realize the deep cynicism that lies beneath it. A sportsman is not supposed to have any principles whatever, but is expected to chime in with the majority, which means that life being very uncertain, it is not worthwhile cherishing any principles. And I do not know of any attitude to life which is more cynical.

You are a teetotaller, on principles of hygiene and morality, and you happen to stumble upon a convivial gathering of your friends. If they looked upon you as a Puritan who will not suffer cakes and ale to exist because you are virtuous, would you not regard it as unjust treatment? They will say you are not a sport, which to them, is as much as to say you are a brute, because you have got principles which you will not throw to the winds to please a few drunkards.

You have worked hard for your examination, in which you would like to show your mettle, when suddenly a troop of your class-mates come and give you the alternatives of going wilfully wrong in at least half the annotations, or allowing them to copy from you, since they themselves have not studied their texts. And they look

upon you as an ill-bred creature, if you do not comply with their request, in other words, if you act according to your sense of duty and do not care to conciliate a few idlers.

You are a non-smoker, your sense of humour not allowing you to torture yourself with tobacco-smell and straightway your friends accuse you of taking an unfair advantage over them with the other sex by keeping the natural hue of your lips unstained, instead of sportingly taking your chance with them. Or you are a vegetarian, on the principle of kindness to animals or a sense of cleanliness, and you are looked upon as piously paving your solitary way to Heaven, unmindful of your brethren who are tending the other way, and all because you do not join a few heartless men in their unholy feasts of "cannibalism with the heroic dish omitted."

It is quite unnecessary to give more instances of how sportsmanship and your sense of propriety often clash together. You refuse to be a sportsman, when your colleague asks you to be a sport and wink at his swindling the money for which you are responsible. One, of course, can understand being a sport on the playground, but why it should be translated into other fields of activity, and why people who have never handled a tennis racket or a hockey stick should be required to behave in this hypocritical fashion are inconceivable to me. On the play ground, no doubt, the contending parties should shake hands over a match, and a Referee has to be obeyed even when he is grossly partial and unjust. For it would be a very sad calamity, indeed, if every match meant half-a-dozen broken noses and fractured skulls. But even here, success sides the party which is sensible and does not care much for sport, for an umpire would think twice before he gives a man 'out' who has got a sharp tongue and a strong fist.

And this is true in life too. A sportsman never succeeds in life. He may be loved and patronized, but is never revered or looked up to. Shakespeare, who was a perfect sportsman in his attitude to life, was always treated only as an equal by his contemporaries. But Milton, a man who cared more for principles than for sport, and who could be unsportsmanly enough to complain of having fallen on evil tongues while he himself was prolific in the use of scurrilous and vituperative language, was respected even by his enemies and worshipped by his friends. History reveals to us how kings lost their all by their sportsmanlike behaviour, and how others won by being more practical. Antony was spending his time in sport, which gave Octavius the upper hand. Julius Cæsar was a sportsman, and Brutus who had his principles easily struck him down. Henry V, if he had treated Falstaff sportingly, would not be the glory of England that he now is. Only one instance can be cited against my proposition. It may be argued that if King Arthur had taken the sin of Guinivere in a more sporting fashion, the tragedy of Lyonesse and the dissolution of the Table Round could have been averted. But Arthur, who had his principles, did not set much store by your sportsmanship.

While a sportsman is something abnormal, a sportswoman is nothing but a monstrosity. You cannot conceive of marrying a colourless girl, who is ever forgiving every thing done against her and smiling complacently. You want someone with likes and dislikes, feelings and emotions, and not a thing of ice. You want her to hate your enemies, and like your friends. And what a dull affair would courtship be, if your lady-love were a sportswoman! No jealousies, no quarrels, no reconciliations! One would rather pay court to the most ill-tempered girl

in the world, than to a sportswoman, for one can be sure of the feelings of the former but never of those latter whose heart is unfathomable. But it is highly gratifying to find that human nature is against a sporting attitude to life. We notice, for instance, that a normal, healthy boy does *not* sincerely congratulate his neighbour who has beaten him in an examination in which he himself hoped to top the list. A normal man, again, is *not* tempted to grasp by the hand his rival who has defeated him in an election, but would rather desire to go and shoot him down. And I, personally, would certainly love any one who loves me, and hate any one who hates me. I know that Christ has asked you to forgive the person who boxed your left ear and show him the right, but not even the most devout Christian ever practises this. We regard the Christ who preached this and in a way practised it by forgiving the wretches who cast lots for his garments while he was suffering on the cross, as a superhuman being. But the Christ whom I love and follow is the Christ who cursed the fig-tree which did not yield him any fruit.

V. GOPINATHAN.

My Neighbour's Orchestra

I AM alway fond of music. But it is music that I am fond of—not every straggling sound that creeps into the air claiming to be music and merely jarring upon the tympanum. I can confidently assert that I have a ear for music, though my friend who assures me that I have two ears, and rather long ones at that, considerably overestimates my abilities. In all my life I never missed a single musical entertainment, if I could secure free admission. Very few people know that I actually own a gramophone, but I do own it. The few people who have reason to know are those of whom I regularly borrow plates and pins. It is a sorry fact, but I never keep plates and pins of my own. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I take advantage of that peculiar relationship in which some people are placed midway between our friends and our acquaintances, and in consequence of which they cannot very well refuse to lend us small articles and cannot at the same time very heartily trust us with them. But I cannot help it. I love music too well to entertain such nice scruples in these trivial matters. A few of my more intimate friends have of late been trying to deprive me of my gramophone and threatening to send it to the Antiquarian Section of the British museum. The idea has somehow got into their heads that my instrument is far more aged than Edison himself. They refuse to be convinced that they are committing a serious chronological blunder. Moreover, I will never give up my gramophone. It is almost the only comfort left to me in life. I cannot live without music. But—I always find some difficulty in trying to put up with my neighbour's orchestra.

I am sorry I have not been able to love my neighbour as much as I should. He has no doubt certain excellent qualities. He has been always very generous to me, as when he refused to take the money which I pretended to offer for an umbrella of his that I had borrowed from him and lost. But he is an exceptionally weak-minded man, and I hate all weak-minded men. Of course, he agrees with me in no ambiguous terms that the musical propensities of his household are a tremendous nuisance to the neighbourhood. Still he says he can do nothing to rid the neighbourhood of them. He feels he is powerless. He thinks he has no hand in the affair. I always tell him that he has a hand, and that if the hand does not suffice he should be careful to supplement it with a big stout cane. But he is a cowardly creature. He can never be induced to take a determined step. He lives in constant dread of his wife and her seven sisters.

His wife and her seven sisters compose the orchestra. It is surprising that all the seven sisters should live with my neighbour's wife and that my neighbour should tolerate their 'sisterliness'. But they do live here and he does tolerate them. It sometimes looks almost as if it is they who tolerate him, and not he who tolerates them. These eight admirable women have a singularly erratic notion that they were born to sing together. I never heard any of them singing alone. Through the greater part of the day, and late into the night, they sing with a discordant unity, the eight of them 'in full-throated ease'. Day after day I hear the same monotonous songs, and so does the whole neighbourhood. Day after day the volume of their music increases without any appreciable change for the better in the quality. I can always understand the vanity of a woman, who has a melodious voice, in occasionally thrilling the atmosphere with the rich strains

of her music. Men would admire her gift, and she would feel proud in the secret knowledge of their admiration. But in the present case I am sure the eight sisters know that theirs are not exceptionally musical voices—even in combination. If they sought the admiration of the male population residing here, they should know that they could achieve their object best by being silent. But I do not accuse them of any such vanity. I do not think they are particularly conscious of the male population in the neighbourhood. I do not attribute their flights of song to any Freudian instinct in them to attract men. On the other hand, I really believe that the great defect with them is their thinking too little of the existence of others. They have a poor conception, if any, of the duty which each individual owes to the society in which he lives. It gives them some peculiar satisfaction, I believe, to live this orchestral life, and they live it. They do not pause to think of its effect on others. They have not learnt to appreciate the fact that a certain higher freedom for all lies in curtailing isolated individual freedom. They unconsciously carry the 'Natural Rights' of Rousseau and the philosophers of the French Revolution to their most logical, or most illogical, limit. In fact, my deep-rooted objection to the orchestra in the next house may really be not merely that it is too oppressive to the ear, but that it ignores my existence altogether, not merely that it gets on my nerves, but that it denies me my right to live in peace and silence. And I have ever been a stickler for what is due to me.

Some years ago this excessive desire on my part to to be left in peace very nearly got me into a scrape. My neighbour in those days was an old grim-looking Indian Christian widow with an acid temper. She had an unmarried daughter aged about eighteen. The girl was

reading in the Intermediate class. Her name was Lalita—a name which I had always counted among the loveliest of names. But in this case the loveliness ended only with the name. For Lalita had neither a lovely face nor a lovely voice, and I honestly took no notice of her as far as I could help it. She was, however, always meddling with a harmonium and always making 'music'. Her vocal 'music' was scarcely more pleasant to hear than her instrumental 'music', and it was rather an excruciating experience for me to observe her struggles, while she tried to make the instrument and her voice keep pace in a 'song'. The effect was often so dreadful that her 'music' kept reverberating in my mind 'long after it was heard no more'. On such occasions—and they were many—I nourished the as yet unfulfilled ambition of writing a parody of Keats's poem in order to maintain that unheard melodies are more dreadful than the heard ones. One day I was so furious, while Lalita was struggling with her instrument, that I scribbled something for her benefit on a piece of paper and flung it at her through the window. This did not attract her attention, but, as fates would have it, her mother saw me flinging the missive, seized it greedily, and forthwith began abusing me for making overtures to her innocent darling. Women, like facts, can always speak for themselves—but I remained silent. She knew no English herself, and she would not show the paper to her daughter for obvious reasons. She, however, ran with it to my house to show it to my uncle, and to make him see what a dangerous villain his nephew was. My uncle heard her patiently, casting fiery glances at me every now and then, called me 'scoundrel' and 'viper' and finally asked for the letter 'which the rascal wrote.' And all he found there was the following acrostic:—

'Lalita, Lalita, stop that noise,
And make me keep my mental poise :
E'en Christ himself would change His mind
If He had neighbours of your kind ;
Think, then, of slighter men than He.
And stop infuriating me.'

I do not now remember how peace was finally restored that day—but I suspect that to this hour Lalita still believes I was once mad about her!

B. V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

When the bus began to move, the conductor said to the young lady—'Your fare, Miss.' The lady began to blush. Once more he asked—'Your fare, Miss.' The lady shyly replied—'Well, they do say at home that I am rather pretty, but I see no reason why you should say it in public!'

Orange Blossoms

(A Short Story)

"SO, you're engaged to be married. Are you?"

The remark in itself was cynical and there was a taint of cynicism in the way it was said, but it was accompanied by a good humoured twinkle of the eyes and an open smile of pleasure. The speaker was a lady of twenty-four, or thereabouts, seated on a plain wooden chair with a cherub-like baby girl on her lap. She looked more a girl than a woman, was pleasant looking, and had a piquant nose and a determined chin, the one indicating her sense of humour and the other the strength and seriousness of her character. The butt of this good-humoured chaff was a girl, twenty years old, who was seated on the edge of the chair opposite, nervously toying with her engagement ring and blushing to the roots of her hair. She was rather short and plump, and had a flat nose, but was pretty, in spite of that. The room in which they were seated was small but well ventilated, and had only one door opening into the hall where a little boy, four years old, was playing with a wooden horse and making a lot of noise, dragging it along on its back and knocking its poor head against the floor for any little misconduct.

"Well," she lisped after a pause, "I'm not the one to say anything against matrimony. I've been married these six years, you know. But mind I'm not advocating it for you or anybody else."

"Really, Lalu, I cannot in the least understand you," replied the younger girl smiling. "You used to be so

romantic and so idealistic too. And now you've grown very sceptical, you have!"

"Certainly not, dear. But, you must know, I've seen life, and seen it with my own eyes, and I find that it is not all roses. If you were in my place, you won't say that life is all ideals realised, and dreams come true."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. You see, I always thought that yours was a happy lot. Why, wasn't yours a love match?"

"You thought that, did you? That was just like you—to forget facts and live among ideals. Ideals are good, Chemba, ideals are very good. But if you always go on looking up at ideals, you will trip against realities and fall flat on your nose."

"Why, I never even saw him once before our marriage; and I certainly did not know what sort of man he was. It was all arranged by mother when I was at college in the Senior Intermediate Class. And when I went home after the examination, she told me in the most matter of fact way that I was to be married the next month. It came like a bolt from the blue. I cannot well express the shock I received. I had never thought of getting married. And their idea of arranging it all without my knowledge! Why wasn't I told? Why wasn't I consulted? I was the party most concerned in the affair. I told mother all these to her face, and stoutly refused to get married. 'I don't want to get married,' I cried 'and I won't.'

"It was no use. I cried, I pleaded, I begged, and I rebelled. She came down on me with all her old-fangled arguments. She'd always begin with 'Your father says,' as if I didn't know that it was always father that said whatever she had to say.

"She'd say 'Don't break your father's heart, Lalu,

The sin of it will haunt you all your life and be your curse.'

"Not that you won't break your mother's heart too. But mother is a mere nothing—a tool.' As if I had lived eighteen years with them, without knowing who played the fiddle and who the accompaniment."

"Then she'd come down on me with 'We brought you up, fed you, clothed you, educated you, gave you all the luxuries you enjoy, we lavished on you more than we could afford. And now in this one matter you want to go against your father's wishes. Your father knows best what is good for you, don't he? You don't think he will do anything to bring you misery? Do you?'"

At this moment the child began to fidget. The trinket with which she had been busy till now fell down. The mother restored it to her hands, but the toy no longer interested her, and she struggled to be let down. So she was let down; and the two women watched her toddle up to where her brother was playing, and, with easy mastery, take a prominent part in the game. "The masterful little kid,!" the mother remarked, affectionately regarding her.

Then, after a pause, she resumed her tale.

"But I don't like it at all. I don't want to marry.' I would cry impatiently.

"You are only a child, you don't know what you are talking about.'

"I know, and I ought to know what I'm talking about.'

"But it was no use arguing with her. Her will was law, not because her will was right, but because it was her will. Once, when she was away, I spoke to father about it and sobbed till my heart ached.

"Father, you know I don't like this marriage. Why do you force in me into it?"

"No, my child; this marriage is entirely against my wishes too. But you know how matters stand, don't you?"

"But, father, you won't let your only daughter, your own dear, darling Lalu to be forced into a distasteful marriage. Father, I don't want to go away from you. I don't want to marry. I will always live with you. Father, say you won't let me be forced into this marriage."

"It can't be helped, Lalu. I can't do anything. Don't cry about it, my own poor darling child. Take things as they come, and always hope for the best. It will all turn out well in the end."

"I don't want to marry, father. I don't. I'd rather kill myself, than marry."

"Lalu, you shouldn't do anything rash. You won't. Promise me you won't. You know how painful this marriage business is to your father. But, if you do anything rash, Lalu, that will be the last stroke for me. It will break my heart. It will kill me."

"And when mother came back, he tried to argue with her for my sake. But she was adamant. And I broke into open rebellion. 'I won't be dictated to by you or anybody else. I won't marry!'"

"Then she showed her fangs. My own mother did. She drove me to distraction with her vindictive curses and cruel malicious forebodings of my future. The thing went on for weeks, for months. She worried me to death—now threatening, now cajoling, now arguing and now advising. I could not stand it any further. And so out of sheer distraction, I at last consented."

"The wedding went off very well, and I was sent to my husband's house with everybody's good wishes and blessings—including mother's."

"And it wasn't long before I found out what sort of man my husband was. We weren't two months

married, when one afternoon—a very hot afternoon—he lay down to sleep and asked me to syringe water from time to time on the musk-root screens hanging near his bed, so as to keep the air cool. It wasn't much of a job, and as he did not ask it in a commanding or arrogant way, I accepted it without murmur, and kept on syringing water from time to time. But I got sleepy, I suppose; anyway, I don't know how it happened, but I emptied the whole of the syringe on his blissful sleeping self. He woke up in a rage, snatched the pail of water I had been using, and aimed it furiously at my retreating figure. Of course, it went wide off the mark, and emptied itself full on his clothes stand and completely drenched his office clothes. I couldn't help laughing outright. 'What a fine marksman you are.' I cried. 'I did it better than you.' He became completely incensed and looked so like a bull about to charge that I got scared and ran and hid myself in an outhouse. And I heard him raving and moving about in the house searching for me. At last he found me out, and emptied on my head the bucket of water he had brought and went away. And I stood there shivering in my drenched clothes, and heard all my things flying one by one out of the house followed by invectives enough to send me and my things straight to—. Well, I crouched there for a long time, and at last he called out gruffly to me to get in and change my clothes. This was our first quarrel, and it opened my eyes to the sort of person I was bound up with for good or ill. At least one thing was certain. He had no sense of humour.

"From that time he began to murmur and to grumble at everything, walking up and down in a most irritating way, and turning things upside down. He'd say that I was getting more and more lazy. That he'd never have

married me if he had known that I was such a disobedient creature, and so on and so forth.

"I dare say he's not a bad sort as a man among men. And I believe he was a perfect beau while at college. It is all very pleasant to be chivalrous to the lady students at college. Boys and girls meet there, spend a pleasant time and pass out of each other's life very soon, and no harm is done to either. But for a plain wife to face realities—Ah! that is different story.

"Often he'd say that I was not what he expected me to be. That he had thought so much of me and expected so much from me. That he was greatly disappointed. Bitterly disappointed. He was an idealist, I suppose. Well—so was I, and so is everybody. Men *do* have ideals of what their wives should be, don't they? It's the same with we women too. But it's one thing striving to come up to your own ideals, and another thing expecting others to come up to your ideals.

"Sometimes the torrent of his abuse would flow for hours together. First I used to sit on the doorstep, and cry unrestrainedly to ease my aching heart. But, after a time, I got used to it; and I'd go through the ordeal with as much indifference as if it were only a dull monotonous song I had no taste for.

"And sometimes he was so intolerable that I seriously contemplated running away to my father's house. But I was sure the ignominy and shame of it would break my father's heart. And I'd have to put up with continual invectives from mother. It would be from the frying pan into the fire. And, who knows, mother might drive me back to my 'proper' place.

"Once, when we visited my parents' house, he was so mild and gentle and loving that everybody thought that I was a very lucky girl to get such a treasure for a

husband. Mother actually told me so in private, and congratulated me and prided herself on her judgment. Well, I did not like to shatter their illusion. But the crowning stroke was yet to come."

Now the little girl began to cry. Her brother had beaten her. The mother ran up and fondled the child; and the boy ran laughingly away. She pressed the child to her bosom and kissed her and spoke to her in baby language till she was restored to her former spirits. Then she let the child down to play alone, and came back to her seat and continued.

"One day he came home sulky from the office, kicked a chair which did not exactly stand in his way, said I ought to keep things in their proper places, kept throwing things this way and that, making a chaos of the whole house, all the while grumbling and calling me names.

"It was intolerable! I could stand it no more. 'What do you take me for?' I cried 'A slave? A clothes-horse?'

"That's what you are! Dare you speak against me? I'll teach you to do that again! I will"—and he—struck me." As she said so, she tried to and did smile; but without her knowledge two silent drops ran slowly down her cheeks and her voice faltered.

Chemba looked considerably away from her; and Lalu's face transformed to an unearthly pallor, and she seemed to live the whole episode again.

"I didn't shriek, didn't cry. I simply stood my ground, impassively. He struck me twice, and stopped as if stunned by his own brutality, or my impassivity. Then he walked furiously to his room and shut the door with a bang.

"I stood there, like one turned to stone, for a while,

then quietly, as if in a dream, I fed the children, put them to bed, and went up to my room, walked slowly up to my bed and sobbed dry, tearless sobs, as I had never done before in my life.

“To whom could I go? To whom could I tell my sorrows? To mother? No. To father? Surely he would be sympathetic. But what’s the use? Why give him unnecessary pain in his old age? It was maddening, heart-rending. This is only the beginning, I thought, and what is to come God only knew. O God, why was I ever born in this cruel world to be tossed about like a toy from one to another? No, I will not. Never will I endure all this misery. I’ll rather kill myself.’ KILL!—I clenched my hands.

“There was a handy knife on the table. I jumped up and grabbed it. Yes I’ll kill myself. I will. But the children! The thought made me distract with grief. ‘O God, please don’t let me kill myself. Please God, for my children’s sake. O God, make me kill myself. I want to escape from this cruel world. I will kill myself. I will. My father! he can’t bear it, he will die. Shall I be guilty of my father’s death? It will break his heart—he will die. He does love me so.

“‘O God don’t let me kill myself. Make me think of the stain that the deed will leave on my children, the black mark, the memory of my suicide that will haunt them like a ghost all their life. Please do not let me make them curse my memory. O God, what shall I do? I will kill myself. I will. There is no better way. No, I won’t.

“‘But what can I do? I must kill myself. I must. But the children! My dear little boy and my darling little baby! What will the little thing do? Who will mother it. The dear little children, what will they do after their

mother is dead? No, I will not kill myself. I WILL NOT. For the dear little children’s sake, I will endure all his cruelty, and will live only for the darling little things, loving them, and in their love will be my only joy in this sordid world.’ And I sank down exhausted on the bed.”

‘Ma-a-a, something in my eye—my eye.’ The little boy now came running to his mother, crying and closing the right eye with his hand. The mother drew him close to her, opened his eye and blew such a blast as would have sent his eye flying through the back of his head. ‘There, it’s gone!’ she said in the accomplished way of a conjurer, and the boy went away perfectly satisfied.

The mother then resumed her tale.

“I woke late next morning; and just when I was between sleeping and waking I thought I felt a hand passing over my forehead. I opened my eyes, and saw him come up to my bedside with a cup in his hand with something steaming hot in it, and even at a distance I felt an unmistakable burnt smell. He begged me to drink, saying that I looked very ill. He did not apologise. He’s not that sort, you know. But only smiled feebly, and said ‘I didn’t mean it, you know. Really, I didn’t.’ With that he stopped and again pressed me to drink. And to please him I took the cup to my lips. But my goodness, it smelt so disgustingly like burnt cork. I felt like dashing the cup down. But he meant well, you know, so I drank half the cup between clenched teeth. He pressed me to drink all. ‘No, no,’ I said, ‘I can’t drink any more’ and he didn’t compel me any more.

“He told me afterwards that he had come up to my room hearing the strange sounds, and fearing I had done something rash to myself. He stopped transfixed at the

door on seeing me throw away the knife on the floor, and he watched me, as one turned to stone, until I stretched myself exhausted on the bed. He said that he saw himself as the selfish, brutish creature that he really was. Then he turned away his face from me and said 'How you must hate me! But that doesn't matter. I deserve it all' and he got up abruptly and walked away—without looking at me.

"This was no miraculous awakening of his, you know. He wasn't really bad at heart. He was an idealist, and consequently an egoist. He could not possibly understand that others, beside himself, had feelings.

"Now, he's still got the sceptre, but I've got the power. Not like mother, you must not misunderstand me. She has both the sceptre and the power. Father has no illusion about it at all.

"Now, he generally makes himself a very useful hand. He does almost half the household work before going to office, and looks after the children when I'm busy, and so on. Of course, we have occasional misunderstandings. But we get on the better for these."

Then after a pause the younger girl asked, "Now, about me? Say what have you been driving at. Should I marry, or should I not?"

"Marry by all means. But marry with open eyes. Don't have any ideals or illusions about matrimony. You will be the better for it in the long run."

C. F. ALFRED.

In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes

"CHECK your emotion and go on with your story", said Jai Sing to Raju.

"It was only a few days ago," said the young Raju, "that I came to Madras to join the Law College. One evening I met Mr. Vedachalam at the Aquarium. We chanced to be drinking tea at the same table. He entered into conversation with me, asked me who I was, where I came from, who my parents were, etc. He took a great fancy for me, and, finally, before parting, invited me to look him up in his house the next day. I entirely forgot the invitation; but the very next morning I received a letter from him reminding me of my promise."

A change had come over Jai Sing's features. His lips tightened, his nostrils quivered, and his heavy tufted eyebrows were drawn together in concentration. I feared he would take up the case. We were on the eve of going to Delhi, Lahore and Calcutta, where, at the express desire of the panic-stricken Government, Jai Sing was going to conduct investigations into the bombing of the Viceroy's train, and several other mysterious political crimes. Any prolongation of our stay at Madras would have certainly irritated the Government. But still it was impossible not to feel sympathy for the young man who had so dramatically entered with a pale, haggard face and confessed his fear of being arrested for murder!

"I was a little surprised," continued Raju, "at the sudden intimacy; I went to his house though, and had a very nice time of it. Incidentally he asked me about my people and when I told him about an uncle of mine who

had gone up to Northern India while in his teens and was not heard of for the past twelve years, he was very much surprised. 'Oh, I knew him very intimately,' he declared, 'while I was in Lahore some years ago.' While we were thus talking, we were interrupted by the receipt of a letter at which he turned very pale."

"One moment, Mr. Raju," said Jai Sing, "did he turn pale before opening the envelope or after it?"

"He never opened it before me, sir. He turned pale as soon as he glanced at the address written on the envelope."

"Ah! that is important, pray, proceed."

"To my inquiry he replied that there was absolutely nothing except that he was not quite well. It seemed to me that he desired to be alone, and so I took leave of him pleading an engagement. Next day I received a letter from him requesting me to meet him at his house at 10-30 p.m., when he promised to tell me all about my uncle. He desired to be excused for fixing such a late hour; but he could not help it as he had urgent business to occupy him all the rest of the day. I was very reluctant to visit him at such a late hour, but my curiosity got the better of my reluctance and I went. I entered, went up the stair, and pushed open the door, when a terrible sight met my eyes. My friend was lying in a pool of blood. His face was twisted with great terror. A long pointed blood-stained knife lay by the body. A terrible wound in the neck showed where the mortal blow was struck.

"For a moment I stood petrified. My first impulse was to raise an alarm, when the danger of my own situation was brought back to my mind. I was a stranger in the house. It was a late hour for an ordinary visit. I found under such circumstances I would be suspected. I was conscious of foot steps coming towards me. I hastily

descended the stair, dashed into the street, and ran back to my lodgings. This is the whole truth, Mr. Jai Sing. In the morning my worst fears were realized when I read the newspaper account. I knew the danger I was in, and hastened here, before it was too late, to consult the only man who could save me."

"You have acted wisely," said my friend, "and now tell me what the newspaper account is."

Raju stretched forward a quivering hand and picked up the morning edition of the "Hindu" which lay upon the table. He read the following short account under the heading "Murder in Kilpauk."

"Mr. Vedachalam, aged about thirty-five, who led a very reserved life was murdered last night in his Bungalow. At about 10-30 p.m., hearing somebody on the stairs, a servant went to see who it was, and saw a young man dashing past him into the street. Suspicion was aroused, and the servant going up discovered the master of the house lying murdered. Alarm was raised and the police were informed. The young man has been identified to be a Law College student named Raju. A warrant has been issued for his arrest."

"Can you recollect anything," asked Jai Sing, when he had listened intently to the newspaper account, "that struck you as somewhat strange either about Vedachalam, or about his room?"

Raju thought for a moment.

"Well, it might after all be a fancy of mine; but when I glanced back on leaving his room after my first visit, I think I saw him hastily lighting a candle though there was sufficient light then, since it was only 5-30 p.m. Even if there was not, there were the electric lights which he could easily have switched on. So it appeared to me as rather strange."

Jai Sing knitted his eye-brows and sat in deep thought. Now there was a heavy clang on the stairs, the door which had been closed burst open, and Inspector Dutt stepped in with the giant forms of two constables looming large behind the doorway.

"Raju!" he said.

Our unfortunate client rose with a ghastly smile. "I arrest you for the murder of Vedachelam of Kilpauk!"

Raju turned with a gesture of despair, and, after a last beseeching glance at us, walked out of the room followed by the two constables.

"The case is singularly interesting," said Jai Sing,

"Inspector Dutt, you will do me a great service if you will accompany me and my friend here to Kilpauk."

"Mr. Jai Sing," replied Dutt, "I don't think it is worth while to waste your valuable time on this case which is so simple. We are competent enough to handle it."

"Never mind, Dutt, my time is not after all so valuable as to influence me to give up interesting cases. As for simplicity, you must know, simplicity often conceals much complexity. So please oblige me."

We got into a taxi, which Jai Sing had hired for a few days, and in a few minutes reached the scene of murder. It was a fine bungalow situated in a spacious compound with a garden in front. The police had already taken charge of the house. The owner lay murdered upstairs in the sitting room close to his bedroom, exactly as young Raju had described.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jai Sing, as he scanned the features of the murdered man "I suspected as much."

I ventured to ask him what he suspected. But he brushed past me with an impatient gesture to examine the body more carefully. From the pocket of the dead man he drew out a letter.

"Here is the letter that made him turn pale!" said Jai Sing as he drew it out of the envelope.

*Very sorry I didn't get time enough to procure
The things you needed. Within a few days I will
Be going again to Pondichery when I shall
Certainly procure them for you.*

Dh.

Jai Sing's eager face wore an expression of intense and high-strung energy which showed me that the message had opened up a stimulating line of thought. Finally he handed it over to Inspector Dutt. "What can you make out of that?" he asked.

"There is nothing to make out; it is so simple. But I don't see any connection between the message and the murder."

"Inspector Dutt, you will observe one or two curious things about the letter. First a margin is left on either side which is rather uncommon. Then the first words in the four lines are not all in a line. The first two, viz, "very" and "the" are a little to the right of the last two words "be", and "certainly." Are these not suggestive?"

"It means the writer is a little whimsical and rather careless. But these are all trifles, Mr. Jai Sing."

"It is exactly the trifles that matter, and now if you will get me a candle I will show you what connection there is between the trifles and the murder."

Dutt glanced at me as if questioning the sanity of my friend. Nevertheless he procured a candle. Jai Sing drew out a match-box from his pocket, lighted the candle and fixed it upon the table.

"One, two, three," said he as he took the slip of paper and waved it over the flame like a juggler performing some wonderful trick, "and now look at it, quick!"

To our surprise there were some new words written in some greenish pink colour.

"Omit the original words and read only the new ones" said Jai Sing with a triumphant smile.

Be very sorry I didn't get time enough to procure *ready* to the things you needed. Within a few days I will *meet* be going again to Pondichery when I shall *your* certainly procure them for you. *end.*
Dh.

"Be ready to meet your end" we read.

In a few seconds the new words faded and the original was left. "Cobalt Chloride", said Jai Sing with a smile answering our look of amazement. Before we gave vent to our feelings of surprise, Jai Sing had turned away to examine the windows, the doors and the floor. Finally he returned to the table.

"Ah! here is a nice time-piece" exclaimed Jai Sing taking one which was in the table and examining it. "I commend this remarkable thing to your notice," he added turning to Inspector Dutt.

"I don't find anything remarkable about it," he replied.

"The remarkable thing about the time-piece is that it was not wound yesterday" said Jai Sing winding it up to confirm his words.

At this juncture Rangaswami, the peon, entered. Questioned by Jai Sing he said he had been in the house only for two weeks. He had been wandering without a job, subsisting on the generosity of people whom he amused by his powers of mimicry when he chanced to come to Vedachelam's house. Vedachelam took pity on him, and engaged him as a domestic servant to attend on him and to manage his house. His master was very kind to

him. Rangaswami was very sorry for his death, especially as he would again be forced to lead a hand to mouth existence.

"Do you know when your master used to wind the time-piece?" asked Jai Sing in an indifferent tone.

"At 9-30 every night, sir" he replied.

"Oh! Is that so?" said Jai Sing and turned to examine the bed-room. There was nothing strange there except the presence of a loaded revolver. Jai Sing then asked Rangaswami to conduct us downstairs to the servants' quarters. As we descended and passed through the room the same scrupulous care with which things were arranged in the bed-room and the sitting room was again visible. While passing through an apartment in the servants' quarters Jai Sing's attention was arrested by the sight of a coat hanging from a bracket.

"That," said the peon answering his look, "was a gift from my kind master, sir."

"Did he give you this Parker's gold-case fountain pen also?" asked Jai Sing drawing out one from one of the pockets of the coat.

"No, Sir, he asked me to clean it yesterday. He went out after giving it and did not return till about 8 P.M. Oh! I forgot all about it."

Jai Sing questioned the servants. No additional information was forthcoming, except that they had all heard their master calling Rangaswami repeatedly twice or thrice at about 10 o'clock. A few minutes after that they saw Rangaswami returning from the master's room. Rangaswami himself confirmed their story explaining that his master called him at 10 P.M. to give him as usual certain directions to be carried out next morning. It was after 10-30 P.M. that they discovered the murder of their beloved master.

"Our investigation here is at an end," said Jai Sing, "we will now go." We returned to our rooms in Hotel Bosotto. It was about 10 A. M. when he reached there.

Jai Sing was very busy that day despatching telegrams, frequently going out and making inquiries. Toward the evening he received some telegrams, letters, and packages. Half an hour later a tall man dressed in Gandhi cap and pure white khaddar emerged from Jai Sing's room. He was of a dark complexion. In one hand he carried a suit-case, in the other a few books. I stared at the stranger not knowing how he had got into my friend's room.

"Don't stare at me like that," it was the voice of my friend. "I am a member of the Swadeshi League; my name is Varadiah. This suit-case contains different specimens of Khaddar coating, shirting, and other Swadeshi articles. There is the Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi, An Englishman's reply to Mother India, Father India, etc. Today, I am going to carry on an intense Swadeshi propaganda. Mahatma Gandhi-ki-jai!" he cried bursting into a spasm of merriment. He saw how puzzled I was, but without offering a word of explanation he passed out of the room glancing back at me with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

At about 9 o'clock in the evening, he returned, brushed past me into his room, and after a few minutes emerged in his usual dress. In spite of the high expectations with which he had started off, I could see he was dispirited. He took a hasty meal and sank back into his chair.

"My dear old man" I ventured to ask, "have you met with any failure?"

"Failure would have been better, but it is the success of my investigations that baffles me!"

"I fail to catch the point," said I.

"Of course, you know that the murdered man is the long-lost uncle of the young Raju."

"Uncle!—"

"I suspected it from the very first. Consider his sudden fancy for the young stranger—a little too uncommon for a man who leads a very reserved life. His surprise when Raju mentioned his uncle's name, his admission that he knew the whereabouts of the man while he was in Lahore some years ago—all these lent weight to the suspicion. Add to this the resemblance between him and Raju. Of course, you overlooked it, because you had no such idea of relationship, whereas I could detect it because I looked for it. Why did he leave Lahore, come to Madras, change his name and lead a secluded life without even communicating with his relatives? The secret message gave me a clue. Warning before murder is characteristic of secret revolutionary societies. It was clear that he had once belonged to such a society and that he had in some way violated the laws of the society. That explained why he lived in such a great seclusion. On the one hand he had to fear recognition by some member of the society, and on the other, if it were known that once he was a member of such a society, the government would watch his movements with a suspicious eye. What then had he done twelve years ago to merit the vengeance of the society? I searched the past records to note the important events that occurred in Lahore twelve years ago. There were a few political crimes, but that which attracted my attention was the sensational murder of Commissioner Henderson in the open streets at 11 A.M. Seven arrests were made, four persons were found not guilty and acquitted, one of the rest turned approver and gained his freedom, while the other two were awarded twelve years' rigorous imprison-

ment. One of them died in prison while the other was acquitted three weeks ago. A brief description of the approver made me doubt that he was none other than Vedachelam. Supposing for a moment that Vedachelam was the approver, and that the real murderer was the person acquitted three weeks ago I could fit every other fact into the theory. The motive of the crime was evident. The man turned pale at the receipt of the letter because he recognised the hand-writing. The revolver in the bedroom showed that he was expecting such an attack. To verify my theory I telegraphed to the head-quarters of the Lahore Police giving a full description of Vedachelam. They identified him as the approver in the sensational Lahore case. They also telegraphed to me a brief description of the man acquitted three weeks ago and directed me to one of the Dailies published three weeks ago for his photograph. After some trouble I procured it. The next difficulty was to find out the man. The envelope in which he had sent the message bore the seal of the High Court Post Office. It was therefore probable that he lived somewhere in the neighbourhood. There are two or three places in the vicinity where strangers are likely to reside, the most likely place being the Y.M.C.A. There was no use of asking for Dhulip—that is his name—since he would have changed his name. How to search for him through all the rooms of the Y.M.C.A. without a warrant and without exciting suspicion? Adoption of the Swadeshi dress and the pretension of national propaganda was the surest and safest way. This is a time of national ferment, when swadeshi propaganda is carried on vigorously. Such a disguise would therefore never excite suspicion. I darkened my complexion and put on khaddar as you saw. I passed from room to room

selling books, showing specimens of swadeshi articles and taking orders. In one of the rooms on the second floor I met my man. He asked me many questions about the activities of the Swadeshi League and finally gave me an order for a few swadeshi articles. Thus I managed to get a specimen of his handwriting. Here it is, my friend, you will note that the handwriting is identical with that of the secret message. I went to a few other rooms to keep up appearances, descended and made a few inquiries about him, when a trifling discovery upset all my conclusions."

"What is it?" I asked with great surprise.

"It is the indisputable fact that he was playing cards with a few others last night between 9-30 and 11 o'clock, that is, when the murder was committed! I was entirely puzzled. On the one hand every instinct seemed to point out Dhulip as the real culprit. On the other hand it was quite evident he could prove an *alibi*. Suddenly an idea struck me."

"Jai Sing!" I exclaimed, "why should you think the murder was committed after 9-30 P.M.? It may have been committed before 9-30 P.M."

"My dear friend, that idea struck me in the very beginning of our investigations. You recollect my observation about the time-piece. It seemed to point out to me that Vedachelam could not wind the time piece at 9-30 as usual, because he was murdered before 9-30 P.M. But theories, however probable, must give place to facts and the fact is that he was alive at 10 P.M., since he was heard by the servants calling Rangaswami."

"The peon and the servants may have deliberately lied." I suggested.

"My dear man, you do little credit to the murderer. Exercise your imagination a little, put yourself in the

position of the murderer and think whether you would in his place put your life in the hands of all the babbling servants, especially when all of them are strangers to you. No, no, your solution is untenable. I am sure the servants have spoken nothing but the truth."

I still strongly suspected Dhulip, but it was quite evident he could prove an *alibi*! I could offer no other suggestion to solve the mystery. Finally I retired to sleep leaving Jai Sing smoking hard with his heavy dark brows knitted up and his long nervous fingers drumming the arms of his chair as he turned over in his mind every possible solution of the mystery. Several times in the course of the night, I heard him walking up and down his room. In the twilight of dawn he rushed into my room. When I rose with a start, I could see by his pale hollow face that he had not slept at all.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "what a fool have I been! Come, quick, quick! We have already given the birds time to fly away." I hastily put on some clothes while Jai Sing phoned to the police. We got into the taxi, and, before the first streaks of morning had tinged the east, we were at Kilpauk. The watchman was roused. Jai Sing almost ran through the corridors into the servants' quarters. He pushed open the peon's room. With the energy of a bull-dog he began to examine every nook and corner of the room. He could get nothing except a few scraps of paper, but as he scrutinised them a triumphant smile lit up his face. But it was only for an instant. He turned to the sleeping Rangaswami with a fierce expression on his face and waked him up. Rangaswami rubbed his eyes, and stared in amazement and apprehension, as he saw Jai Sing looking sternly at him.

All of a sudden Inspector Dutt with two constables

rushed into the room. Rangaswami's face turned deadly pale.

"Arrest him," said Jai Sing imperiously, "for the wilful murder of his master with the aid of another! His accomplice, a middle-aged man with a handsome face and a deep scar on his forehead was arrested yesterday and has confessed everything!"

With the energy of despair Rangaswami rose from the bed and cried, "It is a lie! It is a lie! It is he who murdered him! I only—only—"

"Helped him!", added Jai Sing. "Inspector Dutt, he has all but confessed that he is an accomplice in the crime. You can remove the wretch to the gaol and extort the full details of the crime. Meanwhile excuse me since I have to seek the chief criminal."

We hurried out, got into the taxi, and in a few minutes reached the Y.M.C.A. It turned out as Jai Sing had feared. The room was empty. A letter addressed to Jai Sing lay upon the table. My friend tore open the envelope and read:—

Sir,

Your name is as well known throughout India as that of Sherlock Holmes in England. I have always had a profound respect for you and it has not been diminished by what has happened. All our countrymen and myself in particular are very much indebted to you for the earnestness and vigour with which you are carrying on Swadeshi propaganda. Nevertheless I must warn you that your interference in the affairs of our Society will force us, in spite of our admiration for you, to remove you from our path.

Dh.

"That means," said Jai Sing with a smile, "that he will provide us with some more interesting work in future."

We soon returned to our hotel.

"The whole of last night I was haunted by the thought," said Jai Sing that evening, "that some curious details had come under my notice and had been too easily dismissed. Suddenly in the grey of dawn one of them forced itself on my mind. It was the second letter which Raju received and the Parker's fountain pen found in Rangaswami's coat. Was it not rather strange that Vedachelam should invite Raju again so urgently, and that too at such a late hour as 10-30 P.M.? He could have invited him next morning or at any other convenient time. Did Vedachelam himself write the letter or was it written by somebody else to prepare a trap for the young man and to ward off suspicion from the real culprit? If it was written by somebody else, the incident of the Parker's fountain pen was significant. The most remarkable thing about a fountain pen is that it is much more easy to imitate the handwriting of the owner with it than with any other pen. It was unlikely that a man so scrupulously careful about all things as Vedachelam was should have given his excellent pen to the peon, who might spoil it, instead of himself cleaning it. Rangaswami had therefore taken it to imitate the handwriting of his master in writing a letter to the young man to attract him to the scene of murder so that he might be accused of the crime. It was evident from the letter that Rangaswami had overheard the conversation between Raju and his uncle. If the peon had thus tried to ward off suspicion from the real culprit by directing it against another it was clear that he knew all about the murder. Was he the real culprit or was he only a tool of Dhulip? But how could Dhulip be the murderer when he could easily prove an *alibi*? I racked my brains with such questions when suddenly I recollect-

ed another neglected detail, and in a flash I arrived at the truth. It was the fact that Rangaswami possessed powers of mimicry. It was possible that Vedachelam died before 10 P.M. Rangaswami may have gone to his master's room at 10 P.M. and imitated the voice of his master in calling out his own name twice or thrice in order to create the false impression that Vedachelam was alive at 10 P.M. That explained why the servants did not mention having heard him answer the summons. If he had after imitating the voice of his master answered it in his own voice, the voice coming from the same room would have excited suspicion. It also explained why the servants did not mention having seen him go up immediately after the call was heard. If these deductions were true, it is possible that the man in the Y.M.C.A. came and murdered Vedachelam before 9-30, and then returned and played cards after that. Indeed I suspected the brain of Dhulip behind all these schemes. It was, however, necessary to verify the theory as far as possible. The peon before actually writing the letter would have probably made some attempts at imitating Vedachelam's handwriting with a specimen of it before him. I discovered by examining those scraps of paper which I got from his room that he had made such attempts before writing the letter. You know what followed."

It may be added that the confession of Rangaswami in the gaol confirmed every word of my friend. He admitted that he was an agent of Dhulip and that he had entered Vedachelam's household on purpose. The police have so far failed to trace Dhulip. Jai Sing, however, believes that he will again come to grips with him in his northern tour which he is about to undertake at the instance of the Government.

MATHEW THARAKAN.

On a Cigarette

A simple stuff
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every puff,
What should it know of earth:

OF all the good and great things on our planet a cigarette deserves the highest commendation in my humble opinion. But some of us abhor that harmless thing and treat it as an untouchable. Others are ready to maintain that a cigarette, with other evils, emerged from Pandora's Box. There is a good deal of truth in this statement, though it seems absurd. May be that the famous tobacconist, B. D. Karim, flew to Olympus on Mr. H. G. Well's Time Machine and petitioned to Hermes to include cigarettes in the list of evils (by way of advertisement, I imagine). But this is certain, we have very wrong notions about that angel who soothes the pains of mortals. I am sure that the angel who emerged last out of Pandora's box was only an avatar of the venerable subject of this essay. For Hope is a misnomer for a cigarette, and a cigarette is a misnomer for Hope.

Are you melancholy? The hope-reviving cigarette alone will cure you. Have you failed to get a degree? If so, let us walk to that crowded shop. Neither penny-shockers, nor illustrated weeklies, nor even Douglas Fairbanks can oust sullen gloom and ennui. The mind-mist vanishes only at the appearance of the tobacco-mist. Sorrow never approaches a smoker. I fancy it is afraid of being choked.

The delightful fumes possess a marvellous influence. The moody and the morose are changed in an instant

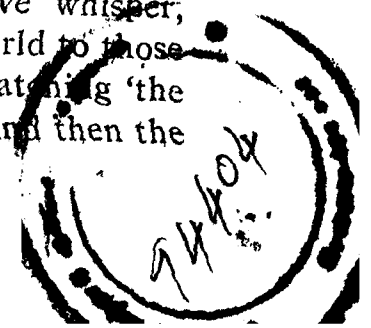
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into rollicking optimists. Smoking has made many a youth wise and sagacious. The late lamented Lord Birkenhead would never have been that smiling yet stern, steady-minded yet energetic, politician we knew him to be but for the long cigar he was so fond of. He used to carry it between his fingers like a magician's wand. If Jerome K. Jerome had not been a diligent votary of smoking, the world might have sadly missed 'The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow'. But for tobacco, Carlyle could not have written his 'French Revolution' and Tennyson could not have written his 'Idylls of the King.'

I am pained to find that some people resort to the assistance of a hand-kerchief, when I get into a bus with my favourite Gold Flake artistically held between my fingers. I am more pained when I get into a public building and am confronted with the large letters of stern mandate: "SMOKING STRICTLY PROHIBITED". I cannot really make out this groundless contempt towards the most unselfish of things. A cigarette gives you pleasure while you callously burn it to ashes. Therefore I feel it is my bounden duty to light it whenever I can and to bring to light its merits.

Do you want to enter Elysium? It is a matter of four pies. For a cigarette undoubtedly gives you the most ethereal of pleasures. I cannot conceive a merrier occupation than puffing out 'innocuous blasts of curling smoke' and watching them with 'baby-wonderment'. When I smoke I begin to forget 'the weariness, the fever and the fret of mortal existence'. Around me I create a miniature nephosphere and mutter in a contemplative whisper, "What nonsense is all this bustle of the world to those above it?" I resemble a 'pinioned angel' watching 'the pompous mobilisation of cloud armadas'. And then the



fragrance of it! I inhale 'the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides'. And thus gradually the 'dewy-feathered Sleep' overcomes me. I am quite certain that Epicurus would be panting in Tartarus to return to *our* world - the world of luxurious smokers.

A Gold Flake gives the finishing touch to a modern gentleman. Smoking is the *sine qua non* of fashionable-ness. A factory smokes; an engine smokes; a pumping-station smokes. They are all modern emblems of civilisation! If a man zealously abstains from this habit, he must be hunted out of society. I was myself sent to Coventry in those days when I protested against the 'unholy' act of smoking! And I now feel it was a just treatment.

I may be allowed to state here a significant discovery I have made after a long devotion to tobacco. Mine is by no means a Pickwickian discovery, mind you. It is this. There are more things in tobacco and opium than are dreamt of in all our philosophies. For tobacco, like its cousin opium, makes us realise that the world *is* an illusion, while philosophy only teaches us the same thing in a roundabout manner

S. RAJAGOPALAN.

The Tragedy of a Dog

(A Simple Story)

ONCE upon a time the world was very young. It was so young that it is difficult for us at this distance to imagine how young it was. It had all the innocence and gaiety of infancy. And in those happy times all birds and animals and trees could talk, act and feel like any one of us. It may appear strange to us now, but that only shows our limited vision. We have a reliable authority on this subject in our dear old Æsop and people of his kind. Æsop tells us that animals at one time attained a degree of civilisation higher than ours, so much so, that wiseacres pointed out that we ought to copy their ways, though, of course, man in his pride refused to be thus tutored. Occasionally, of course, a few never thought it degrading to profit by the experiences of birds and beasts, and took constant lessons in subjects like fidelity, industry, and constancy. All this it may be difficult for us to believe, but it is truth pure and simple. How the present state of things came about it is difficult to say. But it seems probable that on one fine morning animals and birds and trees rose from their sleep and were astounded at the stupidity of man, and were consequently struck dumb, and so they remain. In course of time, however, man progressed and came to be what he is today. Æsop and his tribe, of course, would deny it, if they came to life now. But that does not matter, for Æsop is as harmless as one of his old lions.

During those happy days when man was still uncivilized he cultivated the friendship of a few animals,

But after animals became dumb, an arrangement of society similar to the feudal system came into existence. Animals became the slaves of man, and man, as is usual with him, tyrannized over them.

It was in those happy good old times that a dog lived in a quiet little hamlet which resembled the garden of Eden (from which by the way he it noted our grand parents had been driven out for civil disobedience.) She lived there with her two pups. She was now fairly old, but in her own day she was a great beauty, and had much reputation for it in the dog world. She had been married some five or six months before. But sad to say her married life had been a failure. For she had been seduced by a notorious society dog or 'love pirate' as we call him. And he like a true philanderer deserted her in a few days. The system of divorce was not much in vogue in those days, since there was no need for it. Neither were there any divorce courts to which she could appeal. So she naturally had to fall back upon some one for support, especially because she had to feed her two young ones. After much hesitation and compunction of conscience she sought refuge with a charitable man of the locality. Her hatred of the dog world was too great to allow her to seek help from her kind. She was quite a misanthrope now. But she loved her young ones dearly. Of course, she had much difficulty in persuading her master to put up with her young ones. In spite of her eloquence and the many bitter tears she shed, the master argued that she had no right for the children. A heart-rending silence was her only reply. But it served the purpose, for the master's heart was softened.

Once this master, who by the way was as great a misanthrope as the dog, for his wife had jilted him, went

to a neighbouring village and was not expected to return for some days. He provided for the dogs, by asking a neighbour of his, a greedy old woman, to feed them and paid her in advance for it. Of course the woman never fed the dogs after the first two days. On the third day, as there was no food, the pups became restless. "Mother," said one of them "how cruel you are! Why don't you give us something to munch? A bone at least." The mother could say nothing. Her pups little knew that they were all dependent on some one else for food. They began to cry and the mother could not contain her tears. The old woman peeped out and laughed. The mother-dog spat on her face and barked aloud, and in the evening when the sun was low in the western sky, finding that no food was likely to be forthcoming she thought of sallying out. But she had too great a love for her young ones to leave them without a word of advice. Like the true misanthrope she was she told her pups how wicked was the world outside and how indifferent to their wants. But the pups would not listen to her, and they cried louder than ever. So in the increasing gloom of the sunset she sallied forth to fetch her young ones something. The pups danced for joy that something would soon be forthcoming.

A furlong from this house was another house in this garden of Eden. It belonged to a rich man who dwelt there. Towards that dwelling now hastily ran the mother-dog. She entered it and found that all was mirth and jollity there. It was evidently a feast. Approaching the kitchen stealthily she smelt some delicious meat. She saw a nice goose smoking on the fire. And there was no one in the room. She felt a temptation to steal it. She had a conscience, no doubt, but she had also pups to feed. So she ran in and seized

the piece of meat and rushed out. She could not hold it in her mouth and so dropped it. Hastily she picked it up again and looking up saw the cook enter the room. Therefore she ran away as fast as she could. But turning round she saw a huge male dog, and a man screaming violently in pursuit of her. She reached her kennel at last, but they were still in pursuit. The poor dog's hour of trial had come.

The mother knew that, if she stayed there, the meat would be discovered and her young ones deprived of their food. Moreover she did not like that her children should see her fight a losing battle. So she dropped the meal in front of her children and ran back to meet her pursuers. The male dog soon rushed on her. They were now engaged in a mortal combat, biting each other fiercely. Soon the big dog got her by the throat. She almost fainted, still the grip was not released. By this time the man too came up and beat the poor dog mercilessly. She fell to the ground and became unconscious. But the pups in the kennel were all happy and dancing for joy.

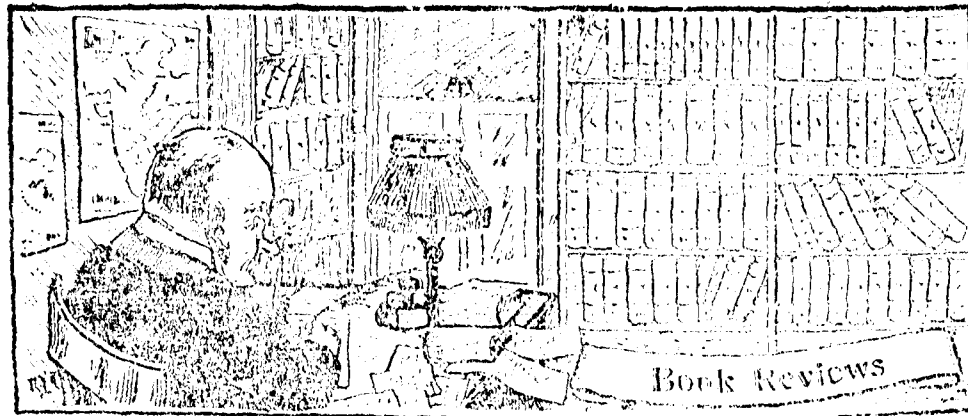
When she recovered her consciousness she was able to see that the dog and the man were going away, the man whistling a gay tune and patting his dog affectionately. With great effort she dragged herself to her home. The children greeted her. "Mother", they cried together, "how kind you are! Here, take your share." The mother has had her share already. She was profusely bleeding in the head. She felt dizzy as she crept in and the children innocently asked her, "What a fine red jewel you have on your head, mother! Where did you get it?" They little knew what it meant. The mother could hardly suppress a groan. She was, however, happy that her children were happy. She felt her head reel. The wound was severe, and she knew she was sinking. She

suckled her young ones now for the last time. She did not want to die before their eyes. So she hastened away from them towards a heap of ashes at some distance. Her last thoughts were about the future of her children. But she could do nothing now. With her broken head she was past recovery. So she crawled along shedding bitter tears and now and then casting a look backwards at her young ones.

In the morning they found her dead on the heap of ashes.

The reader may be inclined to laugh at this simple story, because it is the story of a dog. But it is a true story and we have parallels to it in human life every day. Read for the dog a poor widow and see how grim the tragedy becomes! A poor widow or an outcaste woman unable to feed her children is tempted into a life of crime and dies a dog's death. But the heights of emotional sublimity and self-sacrificing love to which men and women sometimes rise in low life are hardly ever recognised.

M. N. MALLYA.



THE BHAGAVAD GITA (Students' edition: Text and Translation with Introduction and Notes by D. S. Sarma, M.A., Presidency College, Madras. Current Thought Press, Triplicane.

Price Cloth Bound Rs. 2-0-0. Paper Cover Re. 1-8-0.

Prof. Sarma has earned the undying gratitude of all earnest students of Hinduism by his lectures on the Gita, his edition of the Bhakti Sutras of Narada and, above all, by his very helpful 'Primer of Hinduism'. It is in the fitness of things that he should give to the student world his edition of the Gita as well, and we congratulate him on the success of his achievement in this respect.

As the author has remarked in the delightful preface, this book had its origin in a real want felt by people like himself, who have in their charge many young men living in College Hostels. When Indian Wardens take a serious view of their duties and want to look after the spiritual welfare of their wards, they are confronted with the difficulty of finding suitable text books. Prof. Sarma has been attempting in the various books published by him to supply this want.

Over and above the learned and accurate translation written in chaste and flowing language the book has the

extra merit of a lucid Introduction and suggestive and helpful notes. The Introduction sets forth the importance of the Gita not only to students of Hinduism but also to all men who want to lead a godly life. The age of the Gita is discussed, but not from the point of view of a dry-as-dust historian. The relative position of the age in the stream of natural history is fixed and the peculiar features of the age in which the book took its present form are set forth clearly. It is shown how there was a grand revival of Hinduism in that age of expansion when some great minds accomplished a synthesis of culture. We particularly recommend to the earnest student of the Gita the two sections called 'The Message of the Gita' and 'The Synthesis of the Gita' where it is shown how the ultimate ideal of the Gita is "fellowship with God through service, through devotion and through contemplation", and how the author of the Gita takes up the elements of older religions such as "rituals, sacrifices, popular forms of worship, severe penances, ascetic ways of life, and cast-iron rules of traditional ethics" and criticises them in a spirit of sympathy and love and leads them on to a higher level, to "a purer and more inward and living religion." It is also pointed out how the Gita transcends mere ritualism or quietism, and the theism of the Bhakti school and how the author takes up the words and ideas current at the time but breathes a new spirit into them as all great Teachers have done. The causes that led to the popularity of Buddhism and later on to its decline and the superior merits of the Gita when compared with the religion of the Enlightened One as a code of life are well explained. This interpretation of the Gita as a work of grand synthesis obviates the need felt by partisans who look upon it as a book extolling the merits of Karma, Bhakti, or Jnana as the only path.

In the translation the author has succeeded wonderfully in following the *via media* and avoiding the Scylla of literary finish without accuracy and the Charybdis of philosophical accuracy devoid of form. He had, as he acknowledges in the preface, the invaluable advantage of co-operation by two eminent scholars like Professors S. Kuppuswami Sastriar and M. R. Rajagopala Aiyangar.

The notes are very helpful and highly suggestive, though brief. They not only draw our attention to the different interpretations given by the great Acharyas to important verses of the Gita, but also give in many places the parallel passages from the Upanishads. Moreover short and appropriate extracts are given from the notes of the two great modern commentators on the Gita, Tilak and Aurobindo Ghose. Observations on the Gita by Mahatma Gandhi, who is the noblest living embodiment of its teachings, would also be much appreciated.

Two general impressions are left upon us by a careful study of the author's presentation. One is that the author has found the book to be a real guide in his own life and wants it to be so used by all, especially by students for whom it is particularly intended. Secondly, the author seems to have a deep and abiding faith in the efficacy of the Gita as a potent influence in bringing about a much needed reform in the present day Hinduism. Itself a product of such a Renaissance centuries ago, it is bound, if properly used, to bring about another Renaissance in India such as we actually see going on around us. The Gita not only did have a splendid past and was a solace and guide to countless millions for thousands of years, but it is going to have a still more glorious future in India and elsewhere. It is an epitome of Sanatana Dharma, an embodiment of eternal spiritual verities applicable to all places and times and to all conditions of men and

things. It is bound to become a gospel for humanity at large.

Having said so much about the good features of this edition I would not, I hope, be misunderstood if I pointed out some minor defects. Pages at the top do not contain indication of the chapters and verses dealt with, and therefore the task of reference is rendered unnecessarily difficult. A subject index would have enhanced the value considerably, and surely students have a right to expect a good bibliography for further study. But, in the words of our great poet, these are like the moon's spots drowned in the bright effulgence around them. We hope all earnest students of the Gita would find Prof. Sarma's presentation as helpful and attractive as I have certainly found it to be.

S. K. YEGNANARAYANA AIYAR

SIX LECTURES ON THE RECONSTRUCTION OF
RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ISLAM: by Sir
Mohammad Iqbal. Lahore, 1930.

These lectures which were delivered in Madras not long ago to a large and cultured audience are now published in the form of a book. The author hopes thereby to satisfy the need of the modern mind for a scientific form of religious knowledge. He feels certain that the rapid progress of science will soon sound the death-knell of materialism and strangely reveal many unsuspected points of harmony between science and religion. His lectures are scholarly and cannot be easily appreciated by persons who fight shy of serious philosophical speculations.

The relations of Philosophy and Religion, Reason and Faith, Thought and Intuition, both in their historical and

logical setting, are surveyed in the first lecture for the purpose of pointing out that they spring from the same source and necessarily complement each other by taking different routes. The intellect or the logical understanding by itself "only waylays the living heart of man and robs it of the invisible wealth of life which can be grasped in its wholeness only by intuition—a mystic power present in every person in a smaller or larger measure." The rapid survey, undertaken in this chapter, of the genesis and evolution of Islamic Religion and Philosophy reveals at once the influence of Hellenic thought and its contribution to European philosophy and science. Islam came out of its conflicts with Judaism and Christianity with a clear postulation of its ideal that in the domain of knowledge, scientific or religious, a complete separation of thought from concrete experience is neither possible nor desirable.

After a stationary life of five centuries there seems to be now an Islamic Renaissance, and our author, while welcoming the new spirit, is legitimately afraid that its contact with modern European civilisation might arrest the true inwardness of Islam and its culture. In his practical sagacity this enthusiastic reformer feels that the only successful way to counteract anti-Islamic movements is to undertake a philosophic discussion of the basic ideas of this simple yet grand message to humanity, which in its zeal for unity and universality does not tolerate any kind of dualism between spiritual life and the world of matter. He points out that the awakening of the empirical spirit with a concomitant feeling of reverence for the actual and regard for the contribution of the senses to the understanding of the beauty and harmony of the universe is no mean achievement of the Quran. His analysis of mystic

experience and his specification of its four main characteristics of immediacy, unanalysable wholeness, intimate association with a unique other Self and incommunicability form a noteworthy contribution to the literature of mysticism.

In the second lecture, which is a highly technical and critical review of the different historical and scholastic endeavours to reconcile philosophy and religion and to give logical arguments for the existence of God, known as the cosmological, ontological and teleological proofs, the lecturer reveals his intimate acquaintance with the wide range of philosophy, ancient, medieval and modern, including that of the up-to-date thinkers like Bergson, Whitehead, Russel, Einstein and Alexander. He ultimately comes to the conclusion that *Reality is a rationally directed creative life which is theorised by Philosophy but lived by Religion*.

The highly monotheistic and personal conception of God and our inseparable relation to Him, the significance and utility of individual and congregational prayer, and the dynamic nature of the universe as a perennial creation are some of the topics elucidated in the third lecture. It is pointed out that the protest against the belief of Incarnation in any form and opposition to every kind of symbolic worship are the cardinal features of Islam.

In the fourth lecture the important problems of human individuality, freedom and responsibility are discussed with a view to establish that man with all his faults is the chosen representative of God on earth and that he is the trustee of a free personality. The discussion is suggested by a distinction made in the Quran between Khalq (creation) and Amir (direction), the latter concept expressing God's relation to man and the former His relation to the external world. Divine guidance and

direction are rightly distinguished from Fatalism which is alien to the soul of Islam. The state of suspense of some kind known as Barzakh, between death and resurrection, of all beings, even, birds and animals, is largely a detail of dogma, which is contrasted with Nietzsche's well-argued-out doctrine of eternal recurrence. The chapter ends with the highly suggestive speculation that *Hell*, far from being a pit of everlasting torture, is "a corrective experience which may make a hardened ego once more sensitive to the living breeze of divine grace" and that the eternal creative unfolding of life, which is one and continuous, with its ever fresh illuminations from an Infinite reality, becomes richer and richer with the further opportunities afforded by *Heaven*, which is certainly not a holiday.

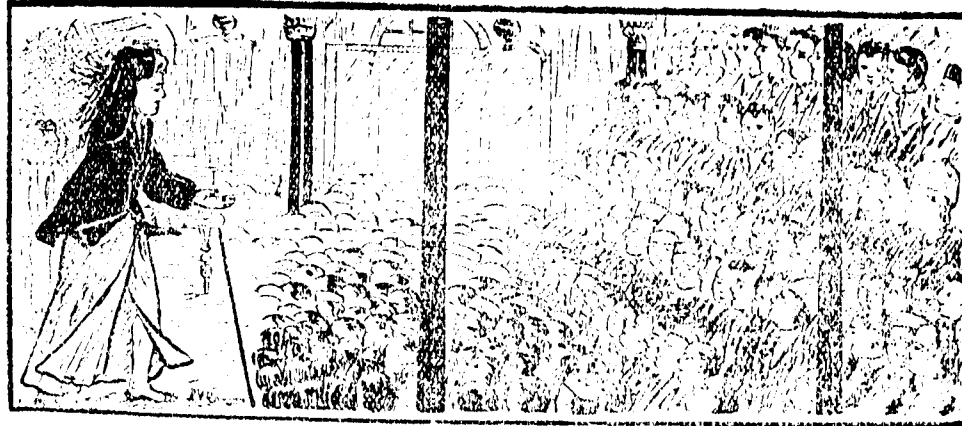
The fifth lecture on the Spirit of Muslim culture deals with a detail which is, however, held by some orthodox Muslims to be not a whit less in significance than the universally recognised ideas of monotheism. And that is the belief in the finality of the institution of prophethood. The history of the Prophet's time, his mission and the work of his successors up to modern times no doubt show the different phases of the triumph of Islam. And the psychological analysis of religious consciousness undertaken to justify the confidence in the great prophet is likely to be acceptable only to people who believe in the possibility and efficacy of revelation. But the argumentative efforts to put a full stop to divine patronage or to establish a special choice in any form of a messiah or a prophet will not satisfy disinterested logical minds.

In the concluding lecture the assimilative spirit and the dynamic outlook of the Quran are emphasised and a new message is delivered enjoining the Muslims to spread

all liberal movements in favour of greater freedom and of the betterment of life as a whole. Islam has in its very structure the principle of life and movement, an *elan vital* known as Ijtihad. The powerful example of modern Turkey in breaking away from many of the shackles of dogma and superstition without prejudice to the essentials is approvingly cited, not, however, without the caution that sometimes reform and liberalism have a disintegrating tendency which must be scrupulously avoided, for to the true Muslim the goal of Islam is a universal spiritual democracy with the whole of the earth for its mosque.

Sir Mohammad Iqbal deserves all praise for this comprehensive study of Islam bringing out, by frequent references to and quotations from the Quran and the sayings of great men and thinkers, its logic, ethics, ontology and theology as well as its pragmatic guidance in the understanding and solution of many practical problems of politics, sociology and education. While serving to awaken his co-religionists from spiritual slumber these lectures will certainly stimulate by comparison and contrast many parallel trains of thought in the minds of the non-Muslim readers also.

N. SRINIVASACHARIAR.



College Notes

There were very few changes in the staff during this term. Our acting Principal, Mr. R. M. Statham, was transferred as the Principal of the Teachers' College, Saidapet, and in his place Mr. W. E. Smith was posted as Principal and Professor of Chemistry. Early in November when Mr. Fyson, the permanent Principal, returned from leave, Mr. Smith's services were placed at the disposal of the Government of India, and he left Madras for Delhi. In place of Mr. T.K. Doraiswamy Aiyar, who is on foreign service as Professor of Economics of the Annamalai University, Dr. Kallukaran has been appointed to act as Professor of Economics of this College.

We have great pleasure in recording here that one of our distinguished 'old boys', Sir C. V. Raman, has been awarded the Nobel Prize for 1930 in recognition of the value of his researches in Physical Science. An excellent sketch of his career and of the researches which have made him famous is written by his friend and class-mate, Mr. V. Appa Rao, who is now the Additional Professor of Physics in this College, and is published elsewhere in this issue of the magazine.

We are also glad to record that as many as five of our 'old boys' have come out successful this year in the I. C. S. examination in London in addition to the three who had passed in Delhi. Their names are given below:—

- (1) Mr. T. M. Subramanian
- (2) „ D. Padmanaban
- (3) „ V. Natarajan
- (4) „ K. Srinivasan
- (5) „ M. Thirumala Aiyangar

We heartily congratulate them all on their success.

The Union Society

A debate between the past and the present students of the College was held on Tuesday the 28th August. There was a very large audience and the debate proved exceptionally interesting. Mr. S. K. Chettur I.C.S., an old student of the College, moved that "In the opinion of this House the modern craze for speed is deplorable". His speech was characterised by great humour and vivacity and it evoked frequent peals of laughter from the audience. It is only in the modern world that men desire speed for the sake of speed. We have been taught to believe that time is money. Deaths by accidents have become very frequent. The craze for speed even in silly things seems ridiculous. Recently an attempt was made to establish a record of the speed with which walnuts could be pushed into the nose. Fat ladies, who had no other business, have been attempting to break the record in swimming the English Channel. Hunting and Horse-racing were other items in which many persons interested themselves. The craze for speed affected the psychology of men and women in a strange way. The speaker read an extract from a newspaper about a lady who lived in a glass-case and dressed a horse in the trousers of her husband. Finally the craze for speed was the result of a psychological fact, viz, internal disharmony or divorce from spiritual peace, which is static rather than dynamic. The ancients believed in meditation and contemplation, whereas the moderns attempt to annihilate the soul by resorting to tremendous speed. From our modern flight from tranquillity a return to peaceful calm is quite essential.

Mr. J. Rama Rao in supporting the motion said that the modern craze for speed had resulted in want of leisure which alone could make us turn our attention to literature and to the manifold beauties of Nature.

Mr. M. Venkata Varadiah in leading the opposition said that life being so short and the world being so vast we could not enjoy the pleasures and the manifold beauties of the different parts of the world without speed. The desire to break records was not actuated by selfish motives, but by the highly altruistic motive of paving the way for future generations.

Among others who spoke special mention may be made of Professor Franco, who vied with Mr. S. K. Chettur in humour and vivacity and whose highly interesting speech evoked continuous peals of laughter

from the audience. Mention may also be made of Mr. E. K. Warier whose 'thought-provoking' speech was very much appreciated.

The resolution was put to vote by Mr. Mallya, the president, and was carried. The Secretary, Mr. Mathew Tharakan, thanked the past students, especially Mr. S. K. Chettur, for co-operating with the students of the College in making the function a success. The meeting then terminated.

A special meeting of the society was held when Mr. Statham, the Principal of the College, delivered an interesting, instructive and humorous speech on "My Experiences of a tour throughout India." There was a very large gathering including many professors. Mr. Mallya presided. The Lecturer narrated his experiences in Punjab, Bengal and other parts of Northern India and also in Southern India. He mentioned the various historic places, monuments, temples etc. which he had visited and gave his impressions regarding them. The customs, manners etc. of the people in different parts of India were humorously described. With a few remarks from the chair and the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

On 8-9-30 a farewell meeting was arranged in honour of Principal Statham on the eve of his transfer to Teacher's College, Suidapet. There was a very large gathering including almost all the professors. Mr. Nagesh Mallya, the president, remarked that Mr. Statham was one of the best principals that the College ever had. On behalf of the members of the Union Society Mr. Mathew Tharakan read an address. He regretted that Mr. Statham, who had taken very keen interest in all the activities of students, should depart after he had won the hearts of all by his kindness and courtesy and his ungrudging willingness to help the students in all matters. The members of the Union Society were greatly indebted to him for the keen interest he had evinced in its activities and for the help he had rendered on all occasions. Mr. Statham in his reply thanked the members of the Union Society for the honour they had done him, and then the function terminated.

At the beginning of the second term enthusiastic electioneering, cheerful canvassing and merry manifestos marked the election of the Secretary which took place on 17-10-1930. Mr. D. Ramalinga Reddy was declared elected. Mr. K. J. Mathew Tharakan, the Secretary for the last term, was declared President for this term. The following are the members of the Committee:—

- (1) Representative of the lady-students : Miss E. K. Leela.

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| (2) | „ | „ | Philosophy Association | : Miss K. Janaki. |
| (3) | „ | „ | English Honours Association | : Mohammad Aslam. |
| (4) | „ | „ | Historical Association | : Miss Sarojini Rajan. |
| (5) | „ | „ | Physics Association | : W. J. John. |
| (6) | „ | „ | Mathematics Association | : Kasinath Misra. |
| (7) | „ | „ | Sanskrit Association | : G. K. Seshagiri. |
| (8) | „ | „ | Chemical Association | : K. Sundaresan. |
| (9) | „ | „ | Natural History Association | : P. G. Dowie. |

An interesting and novel feature of the activities of this term was the oratorical contest that took place on 3-11-1930 at 4-10 P.M. The preliminary contest was held on Friday the 31st of October, when the competitors were asked to speak on the subject, "Social Reform should precede Political Reform." Each competitor was given five minutes to speak on the subject. Mr. Franco and Mr. Swaminathan who acted as judges selected nine speakers from among the competitors for the final and decisive contest, which took place on November 3rd, at 4-15 P.M. It was a very large gathering of students that heard the orations of the nine competitors on the subject—"The primary need of India is mass education rather than University education." The maximum time allowed to each speaker was seven minutes. Mr. W. E. Smith (Principal), Mr. T. Suryanarayana, Mr. D. S. Sarma and Mr. Franco who acted as judges of the contest decided in favour of Mr. E. K. Warier. Mr. Mathew Tharakan, the President, was greeted with cheers when he announced the result to the audience. The pleasant function came to a close with a hearty vote of thanks to the judges proposed by the Secretary, who in the course of his speech expressed the hope that oratorical contest would be one of the permanent features of the activities of the Union Society in the years to come.

That there is a feeling of *esprit de corps* among the students of Madras is borne out by the fact that as many as five colleges (The Presidency College, The Mohamedan College, The Law College, The Christian College, The Pachaiappas College and the Loyola College) sent their representative speakers to participate in the inter-collegiate debate that was held under the auspices of the Union Society on the 6th of November 1930. Mr. Venkata Varadiah of the Presidency College moved with characteristic vehemence the resolution "That, in the opinion of this House, Man contributes more to the progress of humanity than Woman." With his usual eloquence Mr. B. K. Sarvathama Rao of the Law College opposed the resolution. Speaker after

speaker opposed the resolution with the result that when the President Mr. Mathew Tharakan put it to vote, it was defeated by a majority. The debate was on the whole a great success, and, without making any invidious distinction, it may be pointed out that Mr. A. R. Krishnaswami of the Christian College arrested the attention of the audience by his impressive speech. The Secretary expressed his profound thanks to the speakers of the evening and to the Principals of the several Colleges in the city who had readily agreed to send their representative speakers to participate in the debate.

An interesting lecture was delivered by Mrs. Hensman under the auspices of the Union Society on Friday the 21st of November 1930. Mr. Mathew Tharakan presided. The subject of the lecture was "Students and their part in Social Reform." The imperative necessity for the amelioration of the lot of the depressed classes and the great part that students can play in the eradication of the many social evils that sully the fair name of India formed the key-note of her speech. She concluded with the appeal, "I hope and trust that every one of you here will remember that you have a clear duty in the reconstruction of our society and in the restoration of our country to the proud pedestal that she once occupied in the comity of nations." The distinguished speaker was garlanded by Miss. Loola, the representative of the lady-students of the college. The Secretary in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Hensman appealed to his fellow students to endeavour earnestly to translate all that they had heard that evening into useful action.

The Mathematical Association

The activities of the term commenced on Thursday the 31st October, with a lecture by Rao Bahadur P. V. Seshu Iyer on 'Lebesgue's Theory of Integration.' The speaker after explaining clearly the fundamental principles of Lebesgue's Theory of Integration brought home to the audience the contrast between the above Theory of Integration and that of Riemann. Among the many illustrations he gave the most striking one perhaps was his comparison of the Theories of Lebesgue and Riemann with the every-day problems of the collection of income-tax and land-revenue respectively.

Prof. T. Suryanarayana in his presidential remarks said that, though in its application to the ordinary problems Lebesgue's Theory is rather laborious and roundabout, yet it is quite general.

Next there was a lecture on the 5th November, by Dr. R. Vaidyanathaswamy on the "Pure vs Applied" aspects of Mathematics, with Prof. K. Ananda Rao in the chair. In the course of the lecture the speaker very ably traced the inter-relations of Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics and Logic and emphasised the philosophic unity of these three branches of higher study.

On Friday the 24th November, the Tercentenary of Kepler, the great astronomer, was celebrated, with Mr. G. A. Srinivasan in the chair. Mr. M. N. Venkateswaran spoke on "John Kepler and his work." His speech was supplemented by a short lecture by Mr. R. L. Devate on "The contribution of Kepler to modern astronomy." The President made a few remarks about the Physicist in Kepler and brought the proceedings to a close.

The Physics Association

Late in the last term, we had a lecture by Mr. K. Setu Rao on the "Source of Stellar Energy." Mr. R. P. Padhi presided.

During the first week of this term, the first number of the Physics Association Magazine was published. It is very gratifying to note that members have taken much pains to make the Magazine a great success and it is hoped that the same enthusiasm will be shown in the succeeding issues also. In this connection we have to express our heart felt thanks to Mr. C. Ramaswamy M.A. (Hons.), the editor, for the interest he has taken in the work.

Our Annual Exhibition was opened by His Excellency, the Governor of Madras, on the 3rd Nov. 1930. Among the many interesting exhibits was the model of an aeroplane constructed by Mr. S. Nata Rajan, which was very much appreciated by the public. Our Wireless Transmission and Reception was a complete success.

At an ordinary meeting of the Association Mr. P. A. Gopalakrishnan gave us an interesting lecture on "Wireless Waves and the upper Atmosphere" Dr. Parameswaran, who presided on the occasion, was glad to note that students took real interest in the subject of Wireless and its many unsolved problems.

The next meeting of the Association was held on the 13th Nov. 1930 when Mr. G. P. Krishnamurthy M.A., L.T., delivered a lecture on "The Maintenance of Tuning Forks". He had been working on this subject for the last three months and we thanked him heartily for telling us all his experiences.

The Chemical Society

On 3rd September 1930, a paper was read by Mr. P. S. Lakshminarayanan of the final year Honours on the 'Use of Liquid Air in the Blast Furnace,' with Mr. K. C. Viraraghava Aiyar in the chair. The lecture was very interesting and was well attended.

The most important of our activities last term was our excursion to Bangalore and other places of scientific interest. A party of twenty of us left Madras on the 15th September and visited Kolar gold fields first. Our secretaries and the treasurer accompanied us. We descended into the mines by the shafts and saw the mining and recovery of gold from the ore. The physical as well as the chemical processes in the metallurgy of gold were explained to us. Next we visited Bangalore, where we stayed at the St. Joseph's College Hostel. Among the places we saw were the Indian Institute of Science, the Sandal Oil Factory, the Mysore Soap Factory, the Bangalore White Lead Syndicate and Jewell Filters. We left Bangalore by bus for Sivasamudram and saw the majestic and awe-inspiring Cauvery Falls, and the Hydro-electric station. From Bangalore the party went to Mysore. While in Mysore we visited the Chamundi Hills, the Krishnarajasagara (Kannambadi) Head-works and Sirangapatam, where Tipu's palaces and the Rocking Bridge are situated. We were shown round a portion of the Maharajah's Palace including the Durbar Hall, the Picture-Gallery and the Armoury. The party paid a visit to the local Zoological garden, reputed to be the best of its kind in India. The last place we visited was Bhadravathi where the Bhadravathi Iron and Byc-Products Works invited our attention. The huge blast furnace and the magnificent casting at night were really a grand sight. The party left Bhadravathi on the 24th and arrived in Madras on the 26th morning. The tour was a phenomenal success and had a highly educative value. We hope to arrange for more excursions of this kind during the Christmas holidays.

On the 18th November Mr. Lakshminarasimhan, read an interesting paper on "Catalysis in Organic Chemistry." Dr. B. B. Dey presided. The paper was very much appreciated and was supplemented by a few speeches.

We hope that in future more members will come forward with their papers.

The members of the Chemical Society were at home to the new

graduates of our department on Friday the 22nd August 1930, at 4-15 P.M. Dr. B. B. Dey presided on the occasion. Messrs. A. Srinivasan and T. Swaminathan proposed the toast of the new graduates, which was duly responded to by Messrs. D. V. Reddy, G. S. Siddappa and others. With a happy speech from the president the function came to a close.

The Philosophical Association

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on the 19th of August by Miss Mc Dougall, Principal, Women's Christian College. The subject of the address was "Greek Thinkers of the 5th century B. C." Prof. I. N. Menon presided. A reception was given to the new Philosophy Graduates of the College on Friday the same week. On 26th of August a debate was held on "Religion or Morality," with Dr. Seshagiri Rao as the observer. Mr. Krishna Sastry opened the debate. Messrs. Lingam and Venkataswami and Miss Mathiaparanam took part in the discussion. Our Professors, Messrs. Sankaranarayanan and Srinivasachari, also spoke. The debate was interesting and lively; it went on till a late hour in the evening. On the 17th of September Miss Ghose addressed the Association on "The Student's New religion of the Age," under the presidency of Prof. I. N. Menon. The address was characteristic of a sincere social worker. On 22nd of October Dr. Seshagiri Rao addressed the Association on "The Cross, the Crescent and the Flute," when Prof. D. S. Sarma presided. As the president aptly remarked, the speech was a passionate exhortation for a constructive synthesis of all that is best in the three great religions of the world.

The members of the Association were at home to Prof. I. N. Menon on 30th November to bid him farewell on the eve of his departure to Cochin as the Director of Public Instruction. Mr. P. Sankaranarayanan, the Vice-President of the Association presided on the occasion. After a group photo and light refreshments, the gathering was treated to fine music by the lady students. The members of the staff and the students made complimentary speeches referring to the amiable and loving qualities of their Professor, to which Mr. Menon replied in feeling terms. After a few remarks by the chairman the meeting dispersed.

The English Honours Association

One of the most delightful evenings was spent when the members of the Association entertained the graduates of the year at a Garden Party on the 23rd August. 'Fyson Park' was then a scene of splendour, with artistic decorations, flower-pots and brilliant arches and many coloured lights. The function was a great success.

The literary activities of the Association have been quite brisk as usual; meetings were held fortnightly according to the rules, and attendance was always good. Two essays were read and two discussions held during the period under report. The essays had distinct literary merit and the discussions were always lively.

The following were the subjects of the Essays:—

- (1) "*Nature Poetry in Keats.*"

Essayist: Mr. M. N. Mallya.

Critic: „ V. Gopinathan.

- (2) "*The Comedy of Manners.*"

Essayist: Mr. Muhammad Aslam, B.A.

Critic: „ R. Gopalan, B.A.

The following were the subjects discussed:—

- (1) "*Who represents true womanhood—Desdemona or Imogen?*"

Opener: Mr. M. Venkatavaradiah

- (2) "*The lunatic, the lover and the poet*

Are of Imagination all compact."

Opener: Mr. K. Venkatraman.

An extraordinary meeting of the Association was held on Monday the 17th November, when a debate between the past and the present students was held. Mr. V. K. Aiyappan Pillai, the president, was in the chair. The chairman welcomed the past students on behalf of the Association. Mr. P. S. Sundaram moved "that there is everything in a name—a name is of supreme importance." The debate was very lively and interesting. Among the past students Mr. M. G. Nilakantan and Mr. B. K. Sarvothama Rao spoke supporting the motion. The following present students opposed the motion:—Messrs M. N. Mallya, Sarangapani, Venkatraman, Ramunni Menon, S. Ramaswami and S. V. Lawrence. The chairman in his concluding remarks thanked the past students for the interest they took in the Association.

With a vote of thanks proposed by the secretary the meeting came to a close.

The Sanskrit Association

Our activities in this term commenced with a lecture by Mr. Ramakrishna Bhatt on "The Religion of the Gita" under the presidency of Prof. D. S. Sarma on the 30th October 1930. The lecturer pointed out that the Gita contains the quintessence of all Upanishadic teachings and it lays emphasis on ahimsa, truthfulness and non-attachment to the fruits of action. The lecture was supplemented by the speeches of Messrs. B. N. Krishnamurthy, Nagaraja Rao, C. R. Sankaran and D. Ramalinga Reddy. Prof. D. S. Sarma in winding up the meeting sounded a note of warning to the students of Sanskrit literature that they should guard themselves against the danger of approaching the Gita with the spirit of a scholar. He exhorted them to approach the book with humility. The apparent contradictions on the surface which trouble the soul of a scholar will disappear, when he applies its teachings to actual life. The Gita is neither too rigidly orthodox, nor is it in any way heterodox. It is an epitome of all the Upanishads, and at the same time it is so original as to be called a new Scripture. The Gita preaches an inward revolution and not an outward change. With the usual vote of thanks the meeting came to a close.

Our next meeting was held on the 7th of November 1930 when Prof. V. Venkatakrishna Rao of the Madras Christian College, addressed us on "The treatment of Nature in Kalidasa," with Dr. A. Sankaran in the chair. The lecturer brought home to the audience the potency of Nature under the poets' enchanting influence. Kalidasa's graphic description of Nature makes the reader realise that Nature is a force to be reckoned with seriously in poetry. It is this feature alone that invests much of the poetry of Kalidasa with its supersensuous charm. Surrounded as the poet was by the exquisite and enthralling Himalayan grandeur with its beautiful landscapes and rivers, and steeped as he was in Aryan culture which imbued him with a spiritual outlook of life, Kalidasa endeavoured to interpret the spiritual message of Nature in his poems. He made Nature vibrate with human joys and sorrows. His poems suggest that Nature is aglow with life and throbs in sublime sympathy with its kith and kin of the animate world. The chairman wound up the meeting with a few remarks.

The Andhra Bhashabi Vardhani Samaj

A business meeting of the above Samaj was held on the 1st August when the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1930-31.

President :—Mr. T. Suryanarayana

Vice President :—Dr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao Naidu

Secretaries :—W. Venkata Subramanyam

R. V. R. Sitarama Swami

Representatives :—(Hons classes) D. Viswanatha Reddi

(IV class) G. V. Lakshmana Rao,

(III class) A. Satydhiraja Rao

(II class) D. Ramakrishna Rao,

(I class) N. Ramnarayana Reddi

(*Lady students' Representative*) Miss Saradambal.

The Inaugural Address of the Samaj was delivered by Raja Panuganti Parthasarathirayaningar on the 13th August. In the course of his speech he said that thirty years ago he was one of the organisers of the Samaj under the auspices of which he had now the pleasure of speaking. He was glad to find that the Samaj was progressing well and wished it all prosperity. Mr. Seshagiri Rao Naidu, the Vice-President, advised the secretaries to work with vigour and enthusiasm and to rest the Samaj on a more stable basis. The President, Mr. Suryanarayana, asked the members to translate into action what the Rajah Sahib had said. With a vote of thanks proposed by the secretary the meeting terminated.

The growing prosperity of the Samaj is evidenced by the fact that for the first time in the history of the Samaj, we were able to give a reception to the Andhra graduates of the year on the 24th of August. After light refreshments the guests were treated to a variety entertainment. Mr. Ramnarayana Reddi sang a few songs and Mr. M. N. S. Han recited some comic passages from 'Kanya Sulkam.' After the President's introductory remarks the Secretary welcomed the graduates on behalf of the Association. Mr. I. Madhusudana Rao replied on behalf of the graduates. The function came to a close with a vote of thanks proposed by the secretary.

An ordinary meeting of the Samaj was held on the 4th of November when Mr. Sreeramulu spoke on "Bhagavad Gita and Varnashrama Dharma" with Prof D. S. Sarma in the chair. The speaker maintained that the Gita emphasised Varnashrama Dharma based on birth. But the president differed from him and said that the Gita accepted the social system of ancient India and gave it a profoundly spiritual meaning by connecting Dharma with vocation and character as well as birth and by making it only a means to an end, viz., Yoga or Union with God.

On the 14th of November Miss Adipudi Vasundhara Devi M.A.B.Sc. (London) spoke on 'Life in Western countries, with Dr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao Naidu in the chair. She said that English home life though freer than in India is hedged in by salutary restrictions. The middle class families have several social customs like us. She pointed out that the English, both men and women are always active. They have a belief that the span of life is diminished if they remain idle for a moment. And so we find even old people engaged in some activity or other. The president thanked her on behalf of the Association. With a vote of thanks proposed by the secretary the meeting came to a close.

Malayalee Association

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered last term by Rev. Father John Palocaran, Principal of the St. Thomas' College, Trichur. He spoke very eloquently on "Madras University and Malayalam Literature". The University had been of great use in many ways in the development of Malayalam literature. But he pointed out that there was still scope for the University to be of greater use to Malayalam Literature, especially in the matter of research. After a few remarks from the chair, the Secretary thanked the speaker for his highly interesting and eloquent speech.

Under the auspices of the Association on the 13th November Mr. M. Govinda Pillai, Senior Professor, Law College, Trivandrum delivered an interesting and humorous speech on "The Ideals of Kerala Woman-hood" Dr. Parameswaran presided. The speaker deprecated the modern tendency among women, especially educated women, to discard the ideals of ancient Kerala womanhood and to copy blindly the fashions and manners of the West. If the present tendency to imitate the West were to gain ground he was sure that the purity, the joy and, above all, the charm of home life would vanish. Dr. Parameswaran agreed with the speaker in thinking that all Western customs were not worthy of imitation. He however, was of opinion that western education had done immense good. He did not think that Western education was responsible for the desire to imitate the West. He pointed out the desire for aping the West was day by day decreasing. For instance, many years ago the lady students thought it essential to come in western dress to the Presidency College, but today no Malayalee girl comes to the College in European costume. The Secretary

thanked both the speaker and the president and the function terminated.

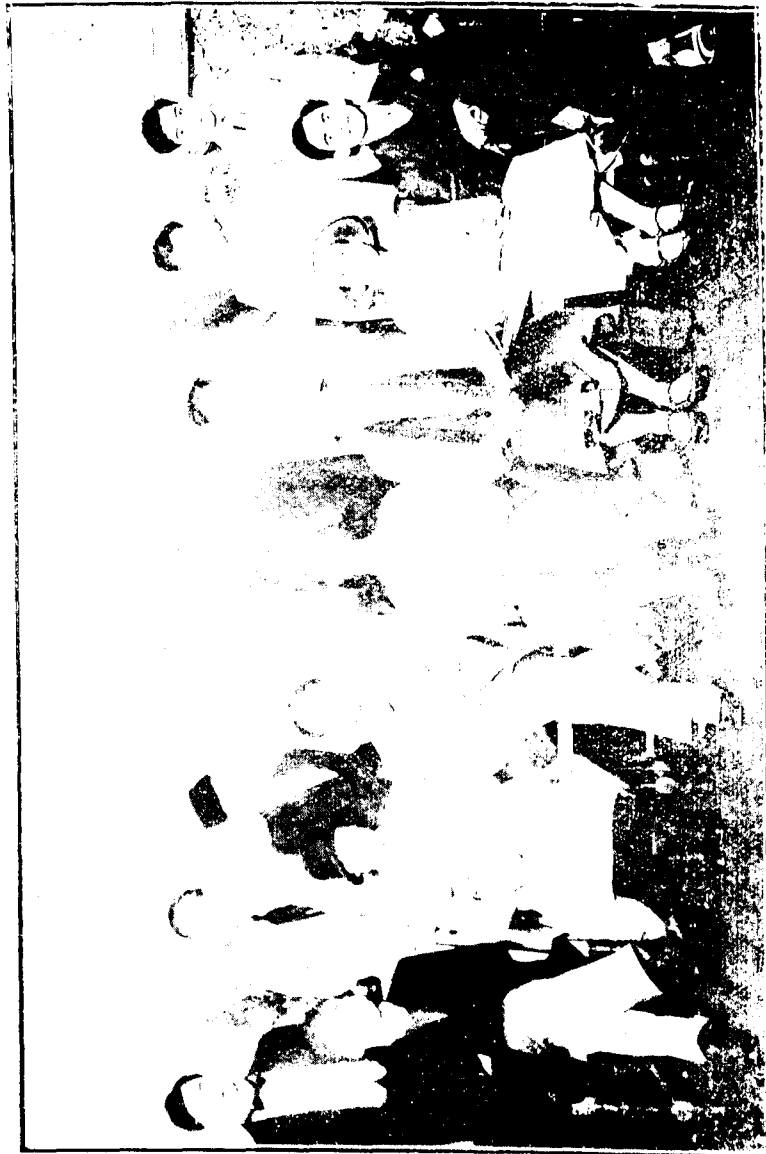
Under the auspices of the Association, a meeting was held on the 27th of November, with Mrs. Swaminadhan in the chair. Mr. V. Gopinatha Menon moved a resolution that "Modern civilization is detrimental to the social conditions in Malabar." Mr. C. K. Raghavan Nambiar opposed the motion, which was put to vote and lost. The president, in her concluding remarks, spoke against the motion. After the usual vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

On Monday (1-12-30) evening the members of the Association were at home to Prof. I. Narayana Menon, President of the Association, on his departure to Cochin as Director of Public Instruction. After a group photo and light refreshments, the members adjourned to the College Hall where a meeting was held with the Hon. Justice Pandalai in the chair. The President in his introductory remarks spoke very highly of Mr. Menon. Prof. Aiyaran Pillai, speaking next, paid a glowing tribute to the amiable character and endearing nature of Mr. Menon and described him as the worthy son of a worthy father—the ex-Rajah of Cochin. Some of the members also expressed their feelings at their separation from Mr. Menon. Mr. I. N. Menon in a moving speech thanked the members of the Association, of which he said he would cherish happy memories. At the close of his speech he announced his intention of instituting a prize for proficiency in Malayalam in the name of his father. The president in his concluding remarks wished all success and prosperity to Mr. Menon. With a vote of thanks from the Secretary the function came to a close.

The Muslim Association

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by Mr. M. Ratnaswami C.I.E. (member, Public Services Commission), with Khan Bahadur Abdur Rahim Sabib in the chair. Speaking on "The Recent progress in the Islamic countries" the learned speaker gave an interesting account of the progress made economically, socially and politically by Afghanistan, Persia, Iraq, Syria, Turkey and Egypt since the great war. He emphasised the great part played by women in the advancement of civilisation and culture in these countries. The meeting terminated with a few remarks from the chair.

On Friday the 12th September the Association gave a "send off" to Mr. R. M. Statham, the President of the Association on the eve of



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

his departure from the College. Mr. V. K. Aiyapan Pillai presided on the occasion. After light refreshments the members of the Association eulogised the qualities of the head and the heart of the guest of the evening and expressed their regret at his departure from their midst. Mr. R. M. Satham thanked them for the honour they had done him. After a few remarks from the chair the meeting terminated.

An ordinary meeting of the Association was held at the beginning of this term under the presidency of Mr. V. K. Aiyapan Pillai, when Mr. S. M. Fossil spoke on "Hindu-Muslim Discord, its Causes and Cures." The meeting took the turn of a discussion. Messrs. Aslam, Sankaran and Naga Raja Rao were among those that spoke. Mr. Aiyapan Pillai thanked Mr. S. M. Fossil for his instructive speech and the meeting terminated.

The Association celebrated the "Prophet's Birthday" on Saturday the 8th November. A meeting was held in the evening at 5 P.M. under the presidency of Mr. K.C. Viraragava Iyer. Messrs. S.M. Fossil, Aslam and Ansar spoke on "The Life and teaching of Prophet Mohammed." The meeting was followed by a dinner at 8 P.M. arranged for the occasion. Special arrangement was made for vegetarian guests.

The Presidency College Dramatic Club

The Club began its activities early in August with the election of the office-bearers and the framing of rules for the Association. The following were elected as office-bearers for 1930-1931.

President: Prof. P. F. S. Sastri.

Vice-Presidents: Prof. T. Franco.

„ V. K. Aiyapan Pillai.

„ K. Swaminathan.

Secretaries: Mr. V. Venkatarama Ayyar.

„ G. K. Seshagiri.

Committee Members: Mr. Y. G. Doraiswami.

„ M. Nagesh Mallya.

„ C. K. Raghavan Nambiar.

„ A. N. Kalyanasundaram.

„ K. Ramaswami (English Association Representative.)

„ O. P. Rangaswami, M.A.L.T., (Sanskrit Association Representative.)

The Club presented Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of being

'Earnest,' a 'trivial comedy for serious people' on the 14th and 15th November in the college theatre, under the kind patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Fyson on the first evening, and of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon on the second night.

The play was written in the nineties and is a satire on the snobbery of the period. It is admittedly a difficult one to produce having regard to the fact that it is full of Wilde's sparkling wit and well-balanced cadences. All the fun in the play depends on what the characters say rather than on what they do. The whole dialogue is 'a kind of beautiful nonsense' and requires to be spoken with grave unction. It must be said to the credit of the actors that they did not 'rattle through' but acquitted themselves remarkably well. The performance was voted a great success and elicited high praise from even unexpected quarters. The make-up of the actors, the choice of costumes, and the setting of the stage were all perfect and showed that even details had been attended to with scrupulous care. The parts of Algy and Worthing, the two idle bachelors, were rendered very successfully by Messrs. Nagesh Mallia and Sambamurthi respectively. Mr. Nagesh Mallia is an 'old bird' on the stage and was, as usual, characteristically easy and natural. The very difficult role of Lady Brackwell was played by Mr. Seshagiri. His acting was superb and exhibited a peculiar grace and dignity. His talk was clear, steady and punctuated with characteristic pauses. The preliminary bantering between Algy and Worthing over the cucumber sandwiches, the Wagnerian arrival of Lady Brackwell with her fair daughter, and her cross-examination of Worthing as the possible son-in-law sent the house repeatedly into peals of laughter. The 'bunburying' adventures of Algy narrated with a seeming realism were peculiarly amusing. N. P. Chandrasekharan as the 'primeval spinster' showed a perfect mastery of technique. Miss Prism's rhapsody over the restored handbag produced a very good impression on the audience.

Mr. C. K. Raghavan Nambiar and Mr. Y. G. Doraiswami as Miss Fairfax and 'dear little Cicely' deserve to be congratulated on their performance. The sudden friendship, the inevitable quarrel and the final reconciliation between the two girls so vividly portrayed by them elicited frequent applause from the audience. On the whole the performance exhibited a very high standard in all respects.

The success of the play is due entirely to the ungrudging efforts of Mr. R. M. Statham who as the chief director conducted all the rehear-

sals in the midst of his multifarious duties. His genial temperament, his suave manners and his wise and persuasive suggestions had a remarkable effect on the actors and contributed not a little to the success of the performance. The thanks of the Club are also due to our kind and generous Principal, Mr. Fyson, who gave the Club an individuality of its own and helped it by financial grants to enable it to function. The formation of a Club like the present one was entirely his idea, and it must gratify him to see that the Club has now on its rolls about 60 members and is in possession of funds and property to the extent of about Rs. 800.



Cricket.

Two features of this term's cricket were the tour we made to Hyderabad and the disturbance caused by the weather in our activities. In view of the fact that we are having two rounds in our Inter-Collegiate fixtures, our programme is heavy and as many matches due for this term have been called off. The third term will be a busy season for us.

On 6-9-30, the Veterinary College visited us and collapsed for a meagre total of 61, G. Parthasarathy, P. S. Ramachandran and C. D. Parthasarathy returning an analysis of 5 for 12, 4 for 27 and 1 for 8. This total we cleared for the loss of a single wicket, thanks to the aggressive cricket of P. S. Ramachandran who was unbeaten with 45 and Krishnamoorthy who hit up a good 18, including a six.

It is a matter for regret that B. V. Ramanujam, who was a tower of strength to us, had to make his exit from our college team. We take this opportunity to wish him 'Good Luck.'

It is no exaggeration to say that it was mainly due to the initiative taken by Mr. R. M. Statham that we were able to make the annual tour. We are very much obliged to him for his kindness in sparing much of his time for us and for joining the team in Secunderabad. He was a source of inspiration and we owe our unbeaten record mostly to his encouragement.

Mr. C. K. Krishnaswamy could not make the tour this year. Mr. P. R. Subramaniam, the manager of the touring side, had so arranged things that everything went off well and the tour proved a success.

Messrs. Jaganathan, C. R. Venkatasubban, M. A. Rajagopal, Kanniah and B. V. Ramanujam, and Balachandran the old stars who assisted us in this tour deserve our heartfelt thanks. We are grateful

to them for enabling us to fly the banner of the Presidency College as high as ever.

The tour was a wonderful success in every way. G. Parthasarathy, our popular Captain, again stood out as our potential batsman. Our first match with the Osmania University College resulted in a win for us. They put up a total of 179 runs to which we replied with 200 runs, towards which Kanniah, C. D. Parthasarathy and G. Parthasarathy scored respectively 54, 36 and 34. Jaganathan's bag included 7 victims for 73 runs and G. Parthasarathy's 3 for 50.

The second game with the Secunderabad Union was another sweeping victory for us. G. Parthasarathy, M. A. Rajagopal, P. S. Ramachandran and Jaganathan who took respectively 4 for 20, 2 for 29, 2 for 34 and 1 for 42, accounted for their dismissal for 157. Venturing out in turn Ramanujam and Jaganathan signalled 130 for the first wicket, the latter claiming a substantial 75 and the former a well played 55. Krishnamoorthy heralded the victory by hitting up a busy 21.

The next game with the Nizam's College was another victory for us, G. Parthasarathy adding one more feather to his cap by contributing a polished and unfinished 48 to the side's total of 143, others to do their bit being Jaganathan who scored 27 and Ramachandran who knocked a 26. They were dismissed for 111 runs. G. Parthasarathy, Jaganathan and Ramachandran respectively claimed 4 for 36, 3 for 48, and 2 for 25.

The game with the Hyderabad club, which is the best local side going, proved indecisive. They ran up to a total of 221. Jaganathan as usual returned an analysis of 7 for 104 and G. Parthasarathy did his little bit by dismissing two men and conceding 61 runs. We were forced to play against the clock and Venkatasubban heroically held the fort by remaining unbeaten for 37. We wound up with 115 for 6 wickets.

The next engagement with the Railway Recreation Club, a much reputed side, was a clean wash out. We registered 102 runs for the loss of 4 wickets, Jaganathan and Venkatasubban again acquitting themselves well for 43 and 26 respectively. Further game was not possible.

Thus we wound up our tour with an unbeaten record.

Coming now to the routine of Inter-Collegiate fixtures, we met the Engineers next and shattered them for a paltry 37. G. Parthasarathy did most of the damage by accounting for seven dismissals. C. D. Parthasarathy bagged the rest of the wickets.

The Duncan Memorial tournament is bound to prove a success this year also, as we have a fairly large number of entries and we look forward to a keen contest.

Tennis.

We could not conduct regular play in our courts, owing to the spell of rainy weather this term, which went even to cyclonic extravagances. But last week we were able to begin our Challenge-Cup tournament—Doubles and Singles. The first teams to play for doubles were the Loyola and the Christian in which Mr. Narayanan and partner of the former college had a hard-won victory over Mr. Pillai and partner who put up a strong fight for Christian. In singles, Mr. Pillai had an easy victory over Mr. Savor (Loyola). The rest of the matches had to be postponed, since the term had nearly come to a close.

Hockey

With regard to the Hockey activities this term, we have had a successful tour in Secunderabad. The combined Hockey and Cricket team left Madras on the 18th morning by the Waltair passenger for Secunderabad. We had a jolly time throughout our journey. On our arrival at Secunderabad the next morning we were given a hearty welcome by Mr. Jaya Rao one of the local sporting enthusiasts, Mr. Raghavan, Sports Secretary of the Nizam's College, and some others.

Our first encounter was with the Secunderabad Sports Union on the very day of our arrival. We were greatly handicapped by the hard gravel grounds to which we were unaccustomed as well as the fatigue of the whole nights' journey. In spite of it we put up a good show. The forward line showed an extraordinary combination and good understanding. The half-backs were quite alert and combined very well to keep the opponents at bay. The full-backs were in their full colours and the goalie in good humour. We were able to defeat our first-met opponents with a good margin of 5 goals. Bidappa managed to shoot 3 of the goals and the rest were scored by Jaganathan.

Our next match was with the Nizam's College. It was an exciting game and the opponents were well reinforced by their well-known Cambridge blue and an old student, Mr. S. M. Hadi. They were the first to score but we were not slow in equalising before the half time. The next half of the match was very keenly contested and very exciting. But our Captain, Madhavan, increased the score by combined effort

with Jaganathan who gave him a clear pass from the wing. The last few minutes of the game showed an increment of two more goals shot by Kasim and Ramachandrayya respectively.

The local teams were very eager to have a game with us. We thought it our duty to give them a chance. Though we had a cricket match we proposed to give a game to the Jolly Eleven, one of the leading teams in Secunderabad. The *Secunderabad Bulletin* said "It was one of the fastest and most exciting games of Hockey, which the local public had ever witnessed." During the first half we were down by 2 goals. Our backs played a sterling game. But their forwards were quicker than they expected. Our custodian effected many a quick clearance. Sugunan and Hanumantha Rao our Hockey Secretary, proved their worth. They made many quick clearances from the ring. Madhavan making a fine recovery shot the first goal. The last few minutes were exciting and the game was faster. At the last moment Bidappa scored a spectacular goal thus equalising the game.

We met the Usmania college in our next encounter. The home-sters were better in fact, but lacked in the essential point of the game—practice. By the interval we were down by one goal. In the next half, being in good spirit and speed we notched the first goal through Ramachandrayya. In the end two more goals were shot, thus ending with a victory.

Our match with the combined college was a well deserved defeat for us. They were really a well selected team and we were hard pressed from the very beginning. C. D. Parthasarathy played a remarkable game keeping his position, and saved many a risky chance. The last whistle left us with the first defeat, 1:2 goals. The last fixture in our touring programme was with the city college which had to be abandoned on account of the heavy rains. We were very sorry not to have given them a game though both the sides were very enthusiastic about having one. Before we conclude our touring activities, it is with pleasure that we make mention of the splendid hospitality shown to us by the people there. Mr. Jaya Rao, whose name has to be particularly mentioned, did all in his power from the very beginning towards our comfortable stay there. Mr. Raghavan helped us towards our co-operation with the students of the various Colleges.

The special feature that made the tour a successful and a pleasant one was the kind co-operation of our then principal Mr. R. M. Statham, who had come down to spend a few days with us. We should think

that some of our victories were due to the encouragement that he was giving us whenever we were down-hearted. We left Secunderabad on the 1st of October bringing along with us many a happy memory of our stay there.

The college having reopened after the vacation we were faced with the inter-collegiate tournament. We were greatly handicapped by the absence of Bidappa. We played the first inter-collegiate match with the Xian college when we beat them by 6 goals to nil. Krishnamurthi Row, our new acquisition, justified his inclusion by opening the score.

In the second round we met the Engineers who beat us by 1:2. The game was very dull and the ground was bad. In a way the game was interesting in the splashes and the falls we had to encounter.

The first half of the match left us drawn 1:1, while the second half sent us 2:1. Our backs played a very loose game while the forwards did not make use of their chance.

We met the Lawyers in the 3rd round and had an easy walk over in spite of the absence of W. Hanumantha Row, our secretary. The ground was bad but in spite of it our forwards combined well and scored five goals, whereas the opponents found our net only twice.

It was with the Medicoes that we had to face a hard and tough game. Having played on their grounds to their advantage, they beat us by 4 goals. The Half-backs played a very shabby game while the forwards lacked a good understanding. G. Parthasarathy our centre Half-back tried his best in spite of his partners' poor display.

We took the field next against Pachaiappas whom we beat by 2 to nil.

Recently we played with the Loyola College. The ground was very bad, the players half coloured. The match ended with a win to Loyolas.

Madras having witnessed a heavy rain for the last one month we were not able to conduct our Panagal tournament according to the fixtures. Only one match was played between the Engineers and Loyolas leaving the victory in the hands of the latter. We hope to finish the tournament before the Christmas vacation if the weather permits.

As these notes are going to the press we are glad to note that Bidappa has come and has joined the college. We hope to have the laurels of the Panagal tournaments in our own hands. At the same time we are very sorry to hear that our 'B' team has been defeated by the Law College by a narrow margin of 2 goals. Though they were defeated the youngsters are to be congratulated on the splendid fight they put up against one of the strong teams. We hope that they would keep up the same standard of the game and improve a little more by next year so that they may try for a chance to get into the College XI.

Results of Competitions

The following are the results of the competitions announced in the last issue of the Magazine:—

- (1) The prize for the best story is not awarded.
- (2) The prize for the best essay (in the lighter vein) is awarded to C. F. Alfred.
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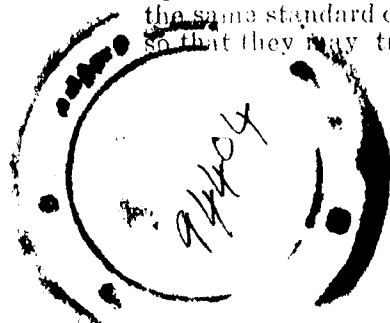
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