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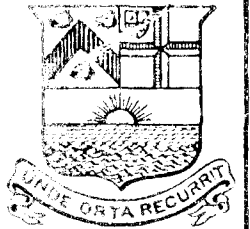
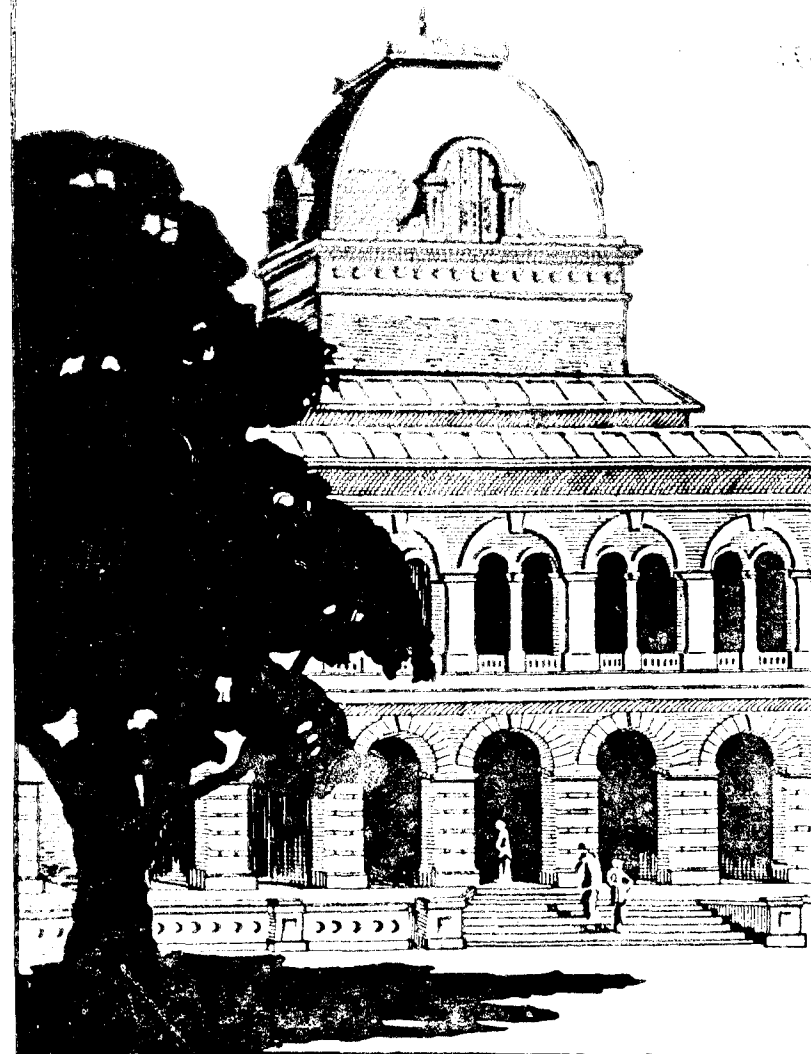
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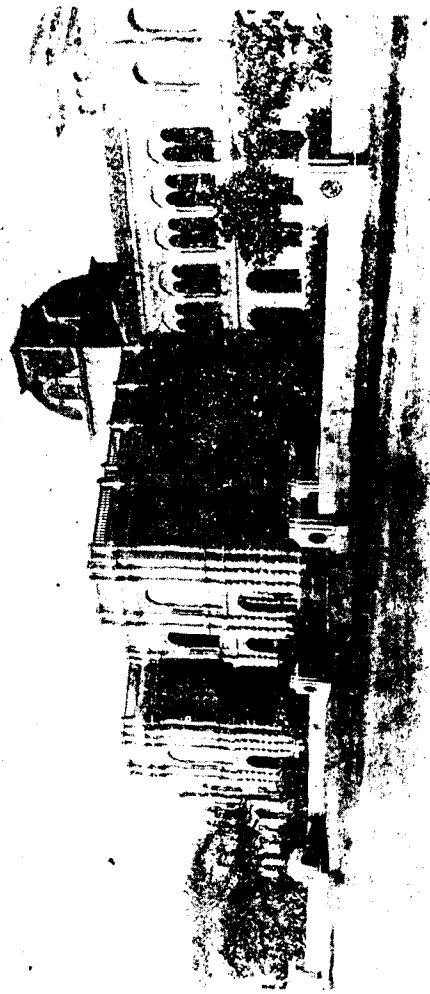
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THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE



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The Presidency College Magazine

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

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



Vol. VI

MARCH, 1931

No. 3

Old Presidency College Days

IT was more than seventy years ago that, as a very small boy at the age of 10, I was admitted into the Presidency College, along with an elder brother. The College at that time was located in the building now occupied by the Chief Presidency Magistrate and his court in Egmore. Mr. Eyre Burton Powell was then the Principal of the College. He was a Wrangler of Cambridge and had the reputation of being a good mathematician. Zealous in his work and strict in the discipline he maintained, he made an excellent Principal. As I remember him, he was stern and rugged in appearance and rather ungracious in his manner, at least so he appeared to my youthful eyes. At that time, the College had a Junior Department consisting of five classes, the 5th or highest of these being the Matriculation class from which students who passed entered the College department where they had to study for three years before taking their degrees. Mr. Powell as a mathematician attached the greatest importance to Mathematics and it was owing to the keen interest he took in this subject that a high standard of proficiency

in it was attained in all the classes from the lowest to the highest—a standard that was considerably lowered not long after his departure. Students appearing for the Matriculation examination in those days had learnt six books of Euclid, and in Algebra had gone as far as the Binomial Theorem. This was a great deal more than what the University required for a pass in the Matriculation examination.

The members of the College Staff, as I remember, where Mr. Powell, Professor of Mathematics, Mr. Henry Bowers, Professor of English, Mr. Adam Gordon, Professor of History, and Mr. J. D. Mayne, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. I am not sure that Mr. Mayne had not vacated the chair when I became a pupil. He subsequently succeeded Mr. J. B. Norton as Law Lecturer. There was another person whom I remember as connected with the College, Mr. Talboys Wheeler, the historian, but in what capacity he was or what chair he filled I never knew. I fancy he must have served temporarily in the College. There were, of course, several acting appointments from time to time. For instance, Mr. Henry Forbes, afterwards and for many years an Inspector of Schools, acted as Principal and Professor of Mathematics during the absence of Mr. Powell, but this was before my time, and I remember, too, that on one occasion, when Mr. Powell was away, Mr. Gopal Rao of Kumbakonam fame acted for him as Professor of Mathematics.

It is difficult at this distance of time to recall the features and general appearance of those who were known to me as a very young school boy, and I can only give vague impressions that still linger in my mind. Mr. Powell, as I have said, appeared to me as being big and bony and of a harsh and rugged countenance. He looked, and I think he was always thought to be, a hard

man. His students may have admired and greatly respected him, but I doubt whether he could ever have inspired them with real, genuine affection. Years afterwards, when he became Director of Public Instruction and was made a Companion of the Star of India, the letters C.S.I. after his name were interpreted by those who served under him and had experienced his want of liberality as signifying 'Clipper of Schoolmasters' Incomes.' A fine marble statue of Mr. Powell in the Presidency College commemorates his very meritorious services in the cause of education to which ample testimony is borne in an inscription on the pedestal.

Mr. Bowers was a rather heavily built man with a clean shaven face. Of a very reserved nature and with a very serious face one doubted whether he ever smiled. He was known to us, boys, as the learned dragoon, for it was said, with what truth I do not know, that for some reason he had left Oxford without taking a degree and had enlisted in a cavalry regiment before coming out to India. He was known to be a good English scholar and was a regular contributor to the Madras papers. He afterwards became an Inspector of Schools.

Mr. Adam Gordon was a Scotchman, big and burly, of a florid complexion with mid-Victorian whiskers. Irascible at times, he was yet exceedingly courteous and treated his students as gentlemen. His proud boast was that he was specially selected by Mount Stuart Elphinstone for the History chair, and he claimed, I think, to belong to the Lennox family. Be that as it may, though not, perhaps, much of a scholar, he was regarded by his students as a thorough gentleman, and as such was very much respected.

Mr. Talboys Wheeler, as I used to see him walk up the stair-case to the College class rooms in the upper

storey of the building, limped a great deal and appeared to be lame, but whether he was really so or not, I cannot say. Mr. J.D. Mayne, the eminent barrister, was, so far as I can remember, a slender, sharp-featured man. As Law Lecturer, he attended College in the evening on certain days, and before the class assembled, would stand outside in the compound and watch the boys at cricket.

I must not forget to mention the Rev. Peter Percival, who was the Superintendent of the Vernacular Department; he was not regarded as one of the Professors of the College or styled as such. He had been a Missionary in Ceylon, I think, before he joined the Presidency College. He was supposed to be a good Tamil scholar and was the author of several Tamil works which were printed in his own Press accommodated in the College buildings. At that time the Vernacular Department consisted of only Tamil and Telugu classes, no provision was made for other "second languages" and certainly not for Sanskrit or Latin. European and Anglo-Indian students had to study either Tamil or Telugu. Mr. Percival was rather a queer character. His oddities of speech and manners and his penurious habits did not, I fear, earn for him that respect which his clerical title or designation ought to have entitled him to. He was also Registrar of the University, and, if I am not mistaken, its first Registrar.

The masters in the Junior Department whom I remember were Mr. Graham, a peppery Scotchman, Mr. Peppin, and the two brothers Digne, Proficients of the College; none of these was a graduate and they were all untrained men, but this did not prevent them from being very efficient teachers.

In 1862, I think, Mr. Powell became Director of Public Instruction, succeeding Mr., afterwards Sir Alexander, Arbuthnot. There was much speculation at the

time as to who would succeed Mr. Powell. It was thought that either Mr. Forbes or Mr. Bowers both of whom had acted as Principal would be appointed, but Mr. Edmund Thompson, who was the Headmaster of the Calicut Provincial School, was selected, owing his appointment, it was said, to the influence of Mr. Justice Holloway. Mr. Thompson who had taken a double second class at Cambridge in Classics and Mathematics, was a fine English scholar and justified his selection by his able administration of the College. As Professor of English he proved quite a success, but I don't think he was ever very popular. He was a great believer in the efficacy of corporal punishment, and plied the cane rather too often and rather too vigorously. Not long after he became Principal, Mr. F. S. Evans, an Oxford graduate, arrived from England to take up his appointment as Professor of Mathematics. Though far from being a brilliant mathematician, his attainments were quite sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the University in his subject, and being steady and assiduous in his work, he proved successful on the whole. He was of a very reserved nature and kept very much to himself in College.

In those early days of the College, there was a pretty good number of European and Anglo-Indian students in the Junior Department. They were on the friendliest terms with their Indian fellow students. During the nine years I studied in the College, I never knew of any quarrels between the students of the two communities. There was then no talk of *Swaraj* and *Dominion Status*, and no racial ill feeling. 'European Schools' and "European Education" as now understood, were unknown in those days. Europeans and Indians all sat on the same benches, taught by the same masters in the same subject. The necessity for making a difference between

schools for Europeans and schools for Indians, and for having different codes and different examinations was not felt.

Hockey and Tennis and Football were unknown games in those days. Cricket was played with a great deal of ardour, but it was confined entirely to the European and Anglo-Indian students. No Indians belonged to the Cricket Club. It was believed that Indians would never take to Cricket from fear of being hurt. Little was it foreseen that the time would come when Indians would excel in Cricket as in other games.

Among Mr. Powell's distinguished pupils who rose to high positions in after life I may mention Sir T. Muthuswamy, Judge of the High Court, Sir T. Madhava Rao, Dewan of Travancore, Ranganatha Sastry, Judge of the Small Court, and Rajarathnam, Inspector-General of Registration. All these belonged to the pre-University period. They were not graduates of the University, but Proficients of the College. Before Examinations were held and degrees conferred by University, students after completing their College course, had to pass a final examination, conducted by gentlemen outside the College, and on the results of this examination, certificates were awarded. These certificates were of three grades, engrossed on vellum; a Proficients' certificate of the first grade had a gold border, a second grade Proficients' certificate had a silver border, and a third grade certificate was unadorned. I don't know whether the custom I refer to has fallen into desuetude, but it continued down to my times. Later than those whose names I have mentioned and among the earliest of the graduates of the University, were T. C. E. Pæzold, Sanjiva Rau and E. K. T. Snell, who stand out conspicuous in my memory. Pæzold's name and academic achievements are now for-

gotten, yet he was one of the most highly gifted of the many distinguished alumni of the College. So marked was his success that soon after he took his degree, he was honoured with an invitation to Guindy by the then Governor of Madras, Sir Charles Trevelyan, I think. Obtaining one of the three scholarships offered to the three Presidency towns by a rich and generous Parsi of Bombay, he went to England to study for the Bar. There in the Middle Temple, he soon established a reputation, but his life was fated to have a tragic ending. Returning to England from a visit to the Paris Exposition of 1867, he stayed at the island of Jersey. One morning he set out to explore the caves on the sea-shore, though warned of the danger he would incur if the tide rose; and he never returned. He was cut off by the rising tide and drowned in one of the caves. A mural tablet in what was known as Tucker's Church in George Town, subscribed for not by his relatives and friends, but by some of the leading European gentlemen of Madras, preserves his memory. Some years after his death, a well-known officer of the Educational Department who had known him well, said to me when talking about him, "There was nothing which Pæzold could not have accomplished." Sanjiva Rau, a class-mate of Pæzold's served for a time as a master in the Junior Department of the College and gave up teaching to practise as a lawyer. I think he rose to be a member of the Legislative Council, but died early. Snell, who was a cousin of Pæzold's, after taking his Degree of B.L., proceeded to England to study for the bar. While in England he wrote a work on Equity which was highly commended and prescribed as a Text book for the University examinations. Snell returned to India as a Barrister, but he had not practised for more than a year or two when death cut short a most promising career.

Before I close I must mention the name of one for whom I had the greatest admiration, P. Ranganatha Mudaliar, one of the most brilliant students that the college can boast of. Of him it was said by a Governor of Madras that he was competent to fill any chair. His triumphant career, however, belongs to a period later than is intended to be covered by this brief sketch, and I must content myself with making only a brief reference to him.

“AN OCTOGENARIAN”

The Nalanda University

THE system of education which prevailed in the halcyon days of the Gupta and Harsha Empires in Hindustan was in the main private. Kings, nobles and chiefs used to favour scholars and savants with liberal largesses of money and land to enable them to impart education to young men who gathered round them; but there was no State system of education, spiritual or secular. The Brahmans and, to a less extent, the Kshatriyas were the foremost to take advantage of this system. Besides individual teachers, however, there were corporate bodies, big Universities which were active throughout the Gupta and post-Gupta ages. The munificence of public benefactors provided such institutions for all parts of the country. From Odantapuri in Bihar to Valabhi in Gujarat, from Baranasi in Aryavarta to Kanchipuram in the South, there were numerous centres of intellectual activity, the students of which carried light and learning to the inaccessible nooks and corners of the country.

Of such institutions the University at Nalanda was the queen. It was a monastic University which obtained pre-eminence of rank among the institutions which aimed at preserving the purity of the Buddhist tradition and plumbing the depths of human wisdom. It contained the largest number of Buddhistic colleges which in those days were invariably connected with monastic residences; and like Taxilla and Dhanyakataka in the previous period, it was a centre of attraction for scholars, not only from all parts of India, but from distant China and Central Asia. It was a teaching University as well as an international University. It served as an agency for popularising the

Buddhistic cult and culture in India, Tibet, Western Asia, Khotan, China and the Far East. It was, moreover, a magnificent experiment in academic freedom and toleration, for it had a large staff of professors, not only of Buddhism, but of Brahmanism, Jainism and other creeds. The silken thread of learning or love of learning held these sectaries together in perfect harmony and mutual respect. The significance of this achievement can be realised from the fact that Buddhism alone, in its Hinayana and Mahayana divisions, was a field of dispute among eighteen sects. Nalanda affords a capital example of the way in which the single and common purpose of truth and knowledge could bind with iron bands of discipline thousands of people, differing in nationality, language, customs and habits of life. It was a wonderful freemasonry of education; and consequently a wonderful lesson in organization as well. It was constituted on an immense scale, and had to provide comforts and knowledge to thousands who belonged to many nationalities. It was an institution in which princes and peasants, monks and materialists, philosophers and fetishists jostled together and interchanged thoughts in perfect equality and fraternity. It was a regular intellectual realm; and the Rectors who ruled over it must have been men of extraordinary wisdom and power of management to shoulder the responsibilities of their high office.

The University was located at the modern village of Baragaon, a few miles to the south of Patna and north of Hajgir. It was not far from Buddha Gaya, the famous place where prince Siddhartha had become the Buddha. It rose around the nucleus of a monastery named after Nalanda, a Naga who was reputed to reside in a celebrated pool in its vicinity. The story ran that in past

ages on its site stood the capital of a prince who was none else than the Buddha in a previous birth and who gave his all for the destitute. In the time of the Buddha it was a grove which belonged to a merchant named Amara. A company of 500 merchants who were captivated by the teachings of the young prophet bought the grove from Amara for ten lakhs of gold pieces and presented it to the Teacher. Here the Master of the Law preached for three months, laying the foundations of those truths which came afterwards to be regarded as gospel by large sections of humanity. A monastery was raised over the site after Buddha's nirvana, and was called, as has been already said, after the Naga who lived in the pool close by. In honour of the tradition of the Buddha's previous life, it was called the monastery of perpetual charities.

Successive kings vied with one another in adding to it viharas of great architectural beauty. Though the Gupta emperors were the followers of the Vedic dharma, individual monarchs like Sakraditya, Buddhagupta, Tathagatagupta, Baladitya and Vajra made princely donations of lands and buildings in their names. The college of Baladitya, for instance, resembled in its magnificence, its dimensions, and its statue of the Buddha, the great Vihara of the Bodhi tree. When completed, it was opened before a vast gathering of a people who came from a distance of 2000 miles. Its entrance gate was crowned by a gigantic tower which rose 300 feet high into the air and was adorned with the richest carvings.

The University buildings must have presented a remarkably imposing appearance with their domes, towers, pavilions, groves, gardens and lotus tanks. There were eight huge quadrangles in which were situated the chief buildings. These included eight temples with about 200

relic-shrines, often decorated with gold and precious stones which glittered in the sunlight; 100 lecture rooms where 10000 students received instructions; and six immense blocks of residential buildings, some of which at least rose to a height of four storeys. In eloquent language Hiuen Tsang describes the whole scene:—

“The richly-adorned towers are arranged in regular order; the pavilions decorated with coral appear like pointed hill tops; the soaring domes reach the clouds; and the pinnacles of the temples seem to be lost in the mist of the morning. From the windows one can see the movements of the winds and clouds, and above their lofty roofs the conjunction of the sun and the moon. All around, pools of translucent water shine with the petals of the blue lotus flowers; here and there the lovely *kanaka* trees hang between them. In the different courts, the houses of the monks are each of four storeys in height. The pavilions and pillars are ornamented with dragons, and beams resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow, rafters richly carved, columns ornamented with jade and richly chiselled, and balustrades of carved open work. The lintels of the doors are decorated with elegance, and the roofs covered with glazed tiles of brilliant colours which multiply themselves by reflection and vary the effect at every moment in a thousand manners.”

The Viharas were surrounded by a high wall which measured 400 feet by 1600. A few traces of this still remain. The entrance gate was in the charge of an expert whose duty was to examine anybody who sought admission into the University. This entrance test was compulsory. Hiuen Tsang observes:

“If men of other quarters desire to enter and take part in the discussions, the keeper of the gate proposed some hard questions. Many are unable to answer and retire. One must have studied deeply both old and new books before getting admission. Those who fail, compared with those who succeed, are as seven or eight to ten.”

The extensive establishment was presided over by a Rector (Sthavira). In the time of Hiuen Tsang the Rector was one Silabhadra who was singularly venerable for his

age, learning and character. The pilgrim tells us a story about this remarkable saint. Silabhadra had been afflicted with colic for a space of twenty years, he was about to commit suicide three years before, but he was dissuaded from doing so by the three Devas, Avalokitesvara, Manjusri and Maitreya. “Are you anxious to get free from this body of yours? The scriptures speak, saying, the body is born to suffering. they do not say we should hate and cast away the body. You in one of your past births were the king of a certain country, and you caused much suffering among living creatures, and now you have this suffering as your recompense, search out therefore and examine your past faults, and repent of them sincerely; take your affliction quietly and patiently; labour diligently in explaining the Sutras and Sastras; you will thus get rid of the pain yourself; but if you loathe your body, there will be no cessation to your sufferings.” Manjusri added that the exhibition of the true law, the Yogasastra and the rest, for the benefit of those who had not heard it, would free him from the disease, and that above all, he should expect a priest from China whom he would have to instruct carefully. Silabhadra did as he was advised, and became free from his disabilities; and he realised his crowning happiness in the fulfilment of the prophecy regarding the visit of the Chinese student of the Law.

The Rector was helped by an army of monks and professors. Special quarters were assigned to these as well as to distinguished travellers. Hiuen Tsang was accommodated in the residence of the Rector's nephew, a venerable monk of over seventy and was provided with ample allowances. He was supplied daily, we are told, with 120 lime fruits, 20 areca nuts, 20 nutmegs, an ounce of camphor and a certain quantity of aromatic rice which

was specially cultivated in Magadha for the higher classes. Every month the pilgrim was presented with three measures of oil. An Upasaka and a Brahman, relieved from religious duties, were ordered to accompany him with a riding elephant. The pilgrim expresses his admiration of the system. For besides him there were a myriad priests who came from every quarter and received similar treatment. Nowhere else in the world, he says, was a scholar the object of such emulous ministrations.

The superior monks of the University seem to have commanded every kind of luxury. They had palatial residences, sumptuous food, and ample conveyances in the form of chariots, palanquins and even elephants. They had servants in lay brothers, Brahmans and scions of illustrious birth, Indian and foreign. I-Tsing refers to the imposing sight of 10000 priests travelling together, seated in sedan chairs, and followed by big retinues of servants and boys who carried the baggage.

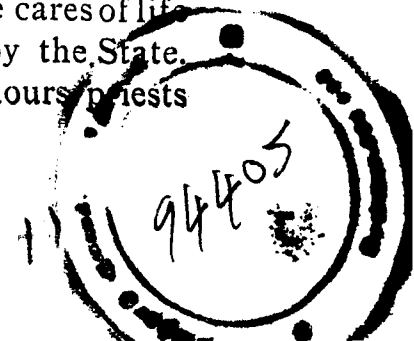
It may be thought that such a life of luxury would not be conducive to application and true spirituality; but the Chinese pilgrims note the strict observance, by the monks, of the rules of their orders, their wide renown for virtue and attainments, their grave, earnest and decorous behaviour. They are said to have found the day too short for their studies and their discussions. Ignorance in such an atmosphere was a misery. Ignorant monks were in fact put to shame by being compelled to live apart. The language of the illustrious traveller deserves quotation.

"The countries of India respect them and follow them (the monks.) The day is not sufficient for asking and answering profound questions. From morning to night they engage in discussions, the old and the young mutually help each other. Those who cannot discuss questions out of the

Tripitaka are little esteemed, and obliged to hide themselves for shame. Learned men from different cities, on this account, who desire to acquire quickly a renown in discussion come here in multitudes to settle their doubts and then the streams of their wisdom spread far and wide. For this reason, some persons usurp the name of Nalanda students, and in going to and fro, receive honour in consequence."

The subjects taught in the University included both spiritual and secular ones. The scriptures of the 18 sects of Buddhism, the Vedas, Brahminical treatises on Sankhya and Yoga, astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics, philosophy, geography, medicine, philology, law, grammar and almost every science then known was taught. The methods of teaching were (1) recitation from sacred texts (2) expository lectures (3) disputations among scholars and (4) excursions to holy places. There was no definite time-limit for the student's career, which depended on the number of subjects learned. Hiuen Tsang notes that 1000 brethren could explain 20 collections of Sutras and Sastras; that 500 could teach 30 collections; that perhaps ten (including himself) could explain 50; and the President Silabhadra was an expert in the entire number. We may add that Hiuen Tsang stayed in the University for two years; but there was no limit to the time during which a foreigner could stay as a guest of the University. The descriptions given by the later traveller I-Tsing of the life of the monks and teachers are of the greatest value in this respect and show that nowhere in the world of that period was learning so universally respected and sought after.

It is worth noting that, according to Hiuen Tsang, the chief cause of the remarkable success of the Nalanda students was their absolute freedom from the cares of life on account of the magnificent endowments by the State. "The king of the country respects and honours priests



(professors) and has remitted the revenues of about 100 villages for the endowment of the convent. Two hundred householders in three villages, day by day, contribute several hundreds of *piculs* (133 lbs each) of rice and several hundred *cutties* (160 lbs.) in weight of butter and milk. Hence the students here, being so abundantly supplied, do not require to ask for the four requisites (clothes, food, bedding and medicine). This is the source of the perfection of their studies, at which they have arrived."

Thus the chief features of the Nalanda University were that it was a half-monastery and half-University; that it was most versatile and ministered to people of all religions and sects; that it was based on the residential system; that the provision for the students and scholars was on a magnificent scale; and that even kings and noblemen were proud to become inmates of the University for the sake of learning. King Bhaskaravarman of Kamarupa, for example, was a student there and a companion of Hiuen Tsang. They were together invited by Harsha for the great religious assemblage at Kanyakubja.

Nothing is known of the time and the circumstances under which this magnificent institution declined and became extinct. Very probably it languished at the close of the eighth century when the Pauranic ascendancy was in full swing, and when Buddhism ceased to be a power in the land. It is quite possible that the very freedom from the sordid cares of the world, to which Hiuen Tsang attributes the success and glory of Nalanda, was in later days the cause of its ruin. To the Brahmanical philosophers and teachers the monastic life at Nalanda must have appeared more or less as a scandal. It must have seemed to them that, instead of showing men how to steel their hearts against the vices and temptations of

the world, the monks themselves failed to control their desires, and killed the very motive which always drives people to saintliness and self-abnegation.

The only traces which we now have of the University are the remnants of the once-imposing walls and about a dozen towers outside them which have been identified by General Cunningham and his successors in the Archaeological Department. The difficulty in restoring the entire plan of the University is due to the fact that much of the original structure was in wood, a material incapable of surviving the ravages of time. And so, as one lingers round the spot and scrutinises the arid region, one's thought is overwhelmed by the memories of the great cathedrals and academies which once stood there and proclaimed those very truths regarding the mutability of the world, of which they are now the most eloquent exemplars. The institutions which once shone in splendour are now nowhere; and in their place we have only a mausoleum of dead thoughts and departed glories.

V. RANGACHARYA.

The Study of Literature*

SOME live to eat, others eat to live. Similarly, some live to read, others read to live. We are now concerned only with the latter, with those who study literature so that they may live nobler, richer and wholesomer lives, and not with the literary epicures who taste books as they taste wines. Nor are we concerned with those who study literature for the purpose of learning a language or for the purpose of passing an examination.

A critical study of literature in close connection with life reveals at once its apparent dualism of substance and form. What is substance? That is, what is the subject-matter of literature? All human experience from the lowest to the highest. The sub-human and the super-human too have to be brought to the level of humanity before they become proper material for art. Nature poetry does not represent Nature as it is, for that is the work of science, but Nature as it appears to a poetic mind. Tears such as angels weep are at bottom human tears, and beasts and birds, when they think and talk at all, think and talk like men.

And then what is form? Form includes all the processes of selection, improvement and presentation to which the artist subjects his matter, as well as all the details of technique involved in the medium employed by him. For the artist or the poet never presents the experience as it is. He has to remove from it all that is accidental, transient and illogical. Life is full of accidents. It is frequently illogical. And it is notoriously fleeting.

* The substance of a lecture delivered at the V. R. College, Nellore, on 28-2-'31.

But accidents have no place in art, in good art I mean. Art is always more logical than life, and its business is to get rid of the local and the temporary elements in life, or, more often perhaps, to set them in the light of the universal. This is best illustrated by a comparison of Shakespeare's historical plays with history. The method of the poet is to take the materials of history and to refashion them for the purposes of his art. As Aristotle long ago pointed out, the poet stands midway between the philosopher and the historian. The philosopher deals with the ideal and the abstract, the historian deals with the actual and concrete, but the poet deals with the ideal in and through the actual. If the poet's method of handling his materials is clearly grasped and applied by us to our own spheres of activity, we shall soon find that we have with us an unfailing guide and that our study of literature is justified by its results.

But, before we do so, let us revert for a moment to the dualism of substance and form. There is always a tug of war, as it were, between these two. It is only at rare intervals that the two are equally well balanced. In fact we can divide the history of any school of art or literature into three periods, according as the substance is stronger than the form or the form is stronger than the substance or both are kept in equilibrium. In technical language every school of art passes through the three stages of primitive, classical and decadent. In the first stage the artist has a vivid experience or original thought, but has not yet found an expression adequate to it or has yet not developed the necessary technique. His ideas are invigorating, but his expression is crude. In the last stage the technique is perfect, the form is faultless, but the subject-matter is stale and lifeless. The artist has a polished style, but in his subject-matter he is either superficial or

insincere. But when matter and style are well matched, when noble thoughts are clothed in grand style, when a flaming experience finds a vivid expression we have the classical stage. The Athenian drama and the Elizabethan drama passed through these three well-known stages, and it is superfluous to give other examples.

Now let us apply these principles of literature to politics. In the region of politics we often come across two opposite types of character—the doctrinaire and the official. They are diametrically opposed to each other. They are two extremes. They form a perfect contrast in several respects. The doctrinaire or the theorist is imaginative and always dwells on high amidst cloudy abstractions. The official is matter-of-fact and is bound to the earth. The former goes by doctrine, the latter by precedent. The former has his eyes turned to the future, the latter has his eyes turned to the past. The one is a primitive, the other is a decadent. Neither of them should be allowed to have his way, if his country is to be saved from chaos or stagnation.

We want both order and liberty. To secure order without liberty is to repeat the mistake of our own caste system, and to crave for liberty without order is to repeat the mistake of the French Revolution. True statesmanship consists in avoiding these extremes. Burke was a statesman who expended all the resources of his genius in opposing officials in the first half of his career, and doctrinaires in the second half. When liberty and progress were threatened, he opposed the British officialdom; and when order and stability were threatened he opposed the French theorists. He acted on the poet's principle that the ideal should be sought through the actual.

In the sphere of social reform also we come across

two extreme types—the radical and the obscurantist. The former wants to revolutionize society in a day according some ideal plan of his own. And when the recalcitrant material defeats his purpose he becomes disillusioned and turns a cynic. The obscurantist on the other hand has a superstitious reverence for the decadent forms from which the spirit has departed. He has no notion that when the body decays the spirit has to flee and seek a new body. A wise reformer, therefore, is he who follows the poet's method and neglects neither the substance nor the form, who has one eye on his ideals and the other eye on the facts through which he has to realise those ideals. He concentrates his attention on the next step which his people are capable of taking and directs all his energy to making them take it.

In religious life too we have the same opposing types and the same golden mean. The recluse who runs away from the world fearing its contacts is one extreme. The worldling who is lost in the routine and humdrum of daily life is another. All the great scriptures of the world teach us that we should utilize the facts of life for the ends of the spirit. The Gita teaches us that we should live in the world without being worldly, as water in a lotus leaf. The ideal Yogin of the Scripture may be described as a master in the art of conduct. His method is the same as the poet's method. He neglects neither the ideal nor the actual. Out of the facts of life he fashions unto himself a grand work of art, a poetic masterpiece—his own soul.

Thus does a critical study of literature put a lamp in our hands with which we can guide our footsteps in every field, political, social or religious. I want to stress especially the application of the poet's method to politics. We are on the eve of very great political changes. Every

true patriot trembles to think of the responsibilities that are going to be placed on our shoulders. God grant that we acquit ourselves well and make India happier as well as freer. If we are to succeed in our stupendous task, we have to bring to bear on all our problems both the official mind and the doctrinaire mind. Great thoughts arise in the heart, said a wise man. But they must go round the head, added a wiser man.

D. S. SARMA.

Coorg—The Scotland of India

COORG is a pictorial contrast to the rest of India. It is a land of paradoxes. Situated on the top of the Western Ghats facing east, midway between Wynad and the Manjarabad Ghats of the Mysore State, it encloses within its bounds a number of mountain fastnesses noted for the limpid grace of their lively scenery. This small province is encased within the narrow longitudinal and latitudinal limits of 75°22' & 76°12' and 11°56' & 12°50' respectively. In extent of territory, it covers the area from the Hemavathi in the North to Mt. Brahmagiri in the south, from South Kanara and Malabar in the west to Mysore in the east,—an area of 1582 sq. miles, a little bigger than the Cochin State. Its population is very scanty—a little more than a lac and a half, of whom about 50,000 are Coorgs proper. From climatic considerations Coorg may be called a temperate country. It knows no extremities of heat and cold, though the scale generally tends to incline towards the latter,—the temperature usually moving between 85 and 45 degrees.

We might here note what some people have said about the country and its inhabitants. A long-winded native poet goes on in this grandiloquent strain: "This beauty spot of India, comparing favourably with the Pleasure-garden of Indra (Nandana Vana) and revealing to the eye with a limpid charm the magnificent array of mountains and valleys, of hills and dales, of rivers and springs, of sanctuaries and holy woodlands, of caves and temples,—grand in themselves, grander seen in the shiny brightness of the tapering rays of the rising and the setting sun, grandest when gleaming through thin streaks

of mist with the livid clouds to enliven the majestic gloom,—this gives the sight-seers a pleasure hardly measurable, a pleasure given, as it were, by the ineffable vision to the 'contemplative eye' or that produced by the music incommensurable on the 'inward ear'."

Another poet sings: "As Mt. Meru among mountains and jasmine among flowers, in Peninsular India this charming land of Coorg surpasses all the others, surrounded as it is by the most magnificent mountain range in the universe noted for the rhythmic majesty of its beautiful scenery, which looks like a pearl necklace of superb grandeur rounding the beauteous curve of a maiden's neck."

Now let us glance at more sober and less fantastic accounts. Writing about the land, Vincent Smith says, "The Coorgs, a fine race of fighting stock, possess their own language, religion, national dress, and land tenure. Fond of manly sports...(they) fully appreciate the value of education for both sexes."

And Mr. Hilton Brown sees an interesting parallel in the physical features, national characteristics and other noticeable features of Coorg. In the majestic grandeur of its mountain scenery, in its invigorating climatic conditions, in its numerous hunting-grounds and fisheries, in the virile, martial habits of the people and the picturesqueness of their national dress, and, above all, in the intensity of clannishness and family allegiances—in all this Brown says he sees a very close resemblance between Coorg and Scotland. And, because of these points of affinity, he calls Coorg "the Scotland of India".

The history of Coorg is shrouded in a thick veil of oblivion. Chronicled events date back to the advent of the Lingayat Kings. The preceding era of independent chiefs—of Palaygars and Nayaks—is more or less

apocryphal. Equally obscure is the question of the origin of the Coorgs. Herbert Risley classed them conveniently with the Maharathas as Scythio-Dravidians. And certain others have, from doubtful premises, argued to the Dravidian stock of the Coorg race, while still others from sartorial and physical characteristics have attributed to them a Northern (possibly Tibetan) origin.

Recent investigations, however, have revealed that the Coorgs were the direct descendants of the lunar Chalukyas of the Manavyasa *gothra*, who crossed the Narbudda in the 5th century. These were of Aryan stock, as is well known. A branch of these passing in their downward course through vicissitudes of fortune and of place ultimately came to be called the western Chalukyas, because of the topography of their settlement. On the usurpation of the throne by Bijjala, discontent became rife among them. Hating his yoke, some of them moved away to find safe abodes for themselves. A few of these reached the then jungle country "Kodu"—the "Kodagu" of today, which has become "Coorg" in English nomenclature.

These settlers came in as invaders, themselves pursued and harassed by foes on all sides. In this time of flux, they had neither leisure nor opportunity to pursue peace-time arts. They lost touch with most of their customs and practices, developing such as the contingencies permitted. Surrounded externally by inimical races, and having about their immediate vicinity none but the conquered aborigines, they evolved a language made up of words huddled together from this, that, and every other surrounding tongue. It is an agglutinative language, without a script, for they had no time to develop one. Similarly, they lost touch with most of their religious practices and in course of time summary methods of dealing with them cropped up. Dispensing with

priests altogether—for in war time ambuscades priests are, at best, a costly novelty—a rough and martial way of performing rites and ceremonies grew up. Such things as burying the dead, the heralding of the birth of a boy or the reaping of crops to the music of the band and salute of guns, the rite, still gone through, of the bridegroom winning the bride after slaying his rivals in a hand to hand fight, and many and other kindred things are reminiscent of a martial origin and of conveniences necessitated by the “clamorous” events of old.

As Vincent Smith says, the Coorgs have their own religion. Conforming to Hinduism in general, to which particular of this multi-tantacled octopus “Coorgism” subscribes itself, it passes the ingenuity of man to say. The Coorgs have dispensed with priests,—a fact noted as early as 1818 by Lt. Connor. We may compare “Coorgism” to the Roman system of “Patria Potestas” in a garb of subdued hue combined with a form of ancestor worship. The patriarchal father is, or at least was, until recently, a veritable despot. As the eldest male in the line he was the oracle of the people, the leader of his clan in everything, and supposed to be at least the repository of wisdom and strength. Today we have the form of it, but with powers very much restricted, except in the social sphere. Perhaps, we have cause to bemoan the loss of team-spirit and the lack of discipline that it fostered, which the modern ideas of “individualism” have brought in their train by curtailing parental authority. For it was the unified control and unquestioning obedience that enabled a handful of Coorgs to overcome and repel the fanatic hordes of Tippu Sultan on four consecutive occasions. Legends are replete with personalities who have distinguished themselves by heroic and self-denying deeds. In the Scotland of India we might

not hear of Rob Roys and others of that type, but we are almost brought face to face with many a Montrose and many a Master of Ravenswood.

With the advent of the British in 1834, Coorg was rid of a turbulent yoke. The land and the people have perceptibly changed. Though educational facilities are very bad, it is surprising to hear that in Coorg there is practically no illiteracy; the elementary three R's are the heritage of everyone almost. The total absence of caste feeling is a very notable feature of Coorg—standing, as it were, like an island in a huge ocean of caste-ridden oligarchy. Another striking feature of Coorg is that poverty is almost unknown there; “almost”—judged by comparative standards. The extremes of opulence and grinding misery are healthily absent. In a casual way one is tempted to say that here we have the sort of state which socialists visualize. Finally, the freedom to carry and use guns and arms is another notable feature of Coorg.

Coorg is mainly an agricultural country—though some, whom I know, have been surprised to hear it. They say they had thought Coorg was a jumble of mountains juxtaposed with hardly any facilities for growing anything. On the contrary, the scope for wide and intensive application of labour and organisation is vast. Even as it is, Coorg coffee and oranges are too famous to need any mention.

A sense of sufficiency created by the absence of total want and reliance on nature for the provision of some of their major wants, inevitable in an agricultural country, have made the people of Coorg very indolent and lazy. Something drastic is needed to wake them from their lethargy. Perhaps, an increased association of Coorg with some active province within its reach might provide the necessary stimulus.

B. G. ACHIA.

Wanted A Music Department for the Government of India

THE humanity that throngs every day round that 'Singing Post of the Marina' has during the last six months excited some of my deepest emotions and set my imagination to work. The Indian music contrasted with the European music that emanates from the pillar has made me feel deeper than ever that I am essentially an Indian and that all Indians essentially constitute one homogeneous nation. I have also come to know the glory of our civilisation, the secret of happiness of the Indian and, above all, the unconscious cravings of the inarticulate masses of India. All this I owe to the Singing Post of the Marina, which had its origin in a lucky decision of the Madras Corporation.

Music is not an art in the sense that poetry is. Art is man-made. Music is not man-made; at the most it is man-born. The music that emanates from the cuckoo and the nightingale, or the music that attracts the cobra and the cow, defies all claims of man to its authorship. Again, music is not the monopoly of the artist, for the street-boy who appeals most tenderly to the hearts of the shopkeepers with his national songs is certainly not an artist. It is this aspect of music—its absolute independence of man and its ability to resist any monopoly by a class—that makes music the great universal force that it is. Coupled with this independence, paradoxical though it may sound, is its capacity to claim the allegiance of man. Independent and serviceable at once, music is the greatest comforter of the human mind and the purifier of the human heart. It binds all suffering humanity

into one loving, contemplating mass; and, so long as it holds the mass within its magic influence, it keeps it nearer to God.

Though both music and beauty are elementary phenomena independent of man, they widely differ as to their immediate or direct effect upon him, however identical in their ultimate effect they may be. The man without heart cannot enjoy music, and the man without imagination cannot be captivated by beauty, but for a thorough enjoyment or appreciation of either, both heart and imagination are absolutely necessary. This difference in detail has incalculable effect upon the imperfect human society. Let me illustrate this. What was the condition of the Marina a year before? Was it not the pleasure-ground only of the so-called respectable society, of ladies and gentlemen who possess motor cars, of depressed Secretariate clerks who come out for a walk in the open air lest they should be smitten with diabetes or tuberculosis, and of the care-free students? In other words, only the educated and well-to-do classes could be attracted by the natural beauty of the Marina. The Marina sands are not taxed and the Marina breeze is free to play on any cheek and the Marina clouds have not been declared unlawful associations. Still, till some months back, the bulk of the people comprising the lower middle class and the proletariat were not found on the scene. Can't we conclude from this that only those people who have by education developed their faculty of imagination—only those people—are able to realise the beauty of the majestic calm of the sea, of the gentle breeze that murmurs words of universal peace and harmony, of the foam-crowned waves that roar upon the sands, of the varied hues of the evening sky and of the full-orbed moon that peeps on the ocean's edge out of the blue waters? But the huge mass of God's

unhappy children who glide down the valley of life, uneducated, hungry and crippled by the sorrows of life, cannot find any happiness in such splendours of Nature. Their imagination, ill-developed by illiteracy and corroded by misery, cannot reflect into their soul any joy from such natural beauties. Their lot is not to enjoy such thing; no wonder they avoided the Marina, even though they had leisure. But look at the change now wrought by the Corporation music.

The Singing Post has summoned to its feet all those people immersed in the miseries of life and is giving them between 5-30 and 7 p.m. a sweet tonic that quells their sorrows and fills their hearts with happiness unutterable. Thank God, these people have not lost their hearts in spite of poverty and illiteracy. The ill-clad labourer and the semi-starved peasant have got, in spite of an unrefined imagination, a heart that softens them into meek resistless beings, a heart that melts them into tears when confronted with injustices, a heart that passionately attaches them to great religious ideas and to God-like men. And what is the food of this heart? It is only love or music. Music, therefore, is the servant of the poor.

When music is found to be such a universal want in a hopelessly poor country like India, should it not demand the attention of the Government? Should not the Government of India create a Department of Music for the efficient distribution of music among the teeming people for whose well-being it is expected to be responsible? This suggestion of mine may sound wild and chimerical to the unemotional and unsympathetic critic. But may I argue with him thus? Men of his type laughed in the 19th century at such socialistic ideas as nationalisation of production, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, widows' pensions and a thousand other humani-

tarian problems which are translated into practice today by all civilized governments. Democratic government gave the citizen satisfaction to his mind by means of liberty and freedom and respect paid to his personality. A socialistic government which succeeded the democratic one gave satisfaction also to his physical wants. Then am I not justified in going a step further and saying that the ideal government ought to give the citizen also mental and spiritual satisfaction? Is not the inner joy of the worker and the peasant a concern of the State? Does it not behove the Government of India to provide all the citizens of the State with Indian music when they free themselves from work and look for recreation? Did not our great Asoka go to the farthest limit of State paternalism when he instituted government officers to inspect and to control the moral conduct of the adults in his State? So are we without precedent?

But my plea for governmentalisation of music is not merely sentimental. I have grim facts to back me up. Just examine the composition of the music audience on the Marina. They are mostly workmen of the city. If there is no music, they are not there. They are elsewhere. Where? let us ask. The craving for some sort of enjoyment after a day of heavy toil may drive many of them to find enjoyment in a bowl of toddy; others will drown their pain in opium, still others will smoke away their worries with numberless beedies. In the pursuit of cheap but irresistible enjoyment these people sink into the abyss of degradation. Drunkenness inevitably followed by the plague of immorality degrades human beings. But are they to blame? Is not some sort of enjoyment necessary to keep a man alive? Knowing this, should not the State make the necessary provision? So I conclude that music is a heavenly substitute for the vices that peo-

ple are forced to resort to in their craving for enjoyment, and as such it deserves the attention of the State.

Developing this idea further, I visualise music as an affective agent in a campaign against drink and immorality. Let a Singing Post be erected in front of a toddy shop or a brothel, and I am sure the vicious people inside would come out, listen to the music and would be weaned from their vice.

Indian music has got the great power of uniting all Indians, irrespective of class or creed, into one single organic nation. For music is a strong passion with us, Hindus. Hindu religion and worship cannot be carried on except with a background of music. Music being such an important item of life, no wonder that all sorts of people—priests, merchants, artisans and labourers—muster round a source of music. The careful observer of the Marina gathering can recollect many instances of entire families coming out and squatting on the sands. Bashful maidens and melancholy widows appear on the scene without any hesitation. Respectable fathers, mothers and children sit together beside the rickshawallah and the coolie with their red turbans. All are happy and all are silent—a sight worthy to be witnessed by the gods. Social unity and fellow-sympathy are the inevitable results.

Not only classes, but also races come into contact with one another. The Mohammedan loves Indian music, and the Hindu is in perfect sympathy with the Hindustani music given by Mohammedan musicians. Here at least there is no clash of cultures. In spite of countless differences among the people, the whole of India is united in paying homage to the sublimity of Thyagaraja's Telegu music. The Punjabi and the Bengali music excite in us the same emotions that our own music excites. In fact, all

these have got one soul in common, and that is the soul of Indian music. When that great patriot, the late Lala Lajpat Rai, visited Ernakulam, he happened to listen to the Bengali national song beginning with the line:—

Jana gana mana-adhinayaka Jaya he

sung by a group of Nair girls. The Punjabi leader was visibly moved by the grandly executed performance. His stern eyes were filled with tears and, in a highly emotional speech that followed, he exclaimed :

“We, Indians, in spite of all racial and linguistic barriers, have got the same heart, the same feelings, the same culture and the same civilisation. We constitute one perfect nation.”

So music brought to light our intrinsic greatness and our inherent unity. And should it not be the endeavour of our Government to see that this great nation-building force is fully developed and utilised for that very purpose—especially when other forces that could be employed for the same purpose are either few or weak? India has got geographical and economic unity, but how can this fact be brought home to the millions of Indians? A sight of Kanyakumari (Cape Comorin) or the snow-clad Himalaya will make any Indian heart throb with feelings of national pride and glory, but how few are really able to see either of them? Music alone can achieve national unity by appealing directly to each and every Indian heart.

So I plead that a department of music should be created. It should be the duty of this department to absorb within its fold all the fine musicians of the country; and, while developing Indian music on one hand through schools and universities, it should distribute it in the thousands of villages on the other. Every village should have a broad-casting receiving station where music is

disseminated every evening. Bands of expert musicians, both men and women, employed by the State should tour the country giving public performances. If the expenses of such a department cannot be met by the ordinary tax-payer, entertainment tax now levied by municipalities should be raised to such an extent as to meet the needs of the Music Department. If there is a will, there is a way.

S. R. K. MENON.

{The singing-post in the Marina may have its virtues described in this article. But it is a nuisance in the neighbourhood of the Presidency College. We can't have any lectures or meetings or rehearsals in the College in the evenings between 5-30 and 7. The 'music' is so great. We shall be much obliged to the Corporation of Madras if they kindly shift the singing-post a few yards to the south in the direction of the Queen Mary's.—*Ed.*}

You Never Can Tell

“AND what have you brought for me?”

The little squeaking voice coming from so near took her by surprise. She had been too absorbed in taking out the saris, the books, and other things she had specially brought from Madras and been distributing among an admiring crowd of sisters, mother, and other relatives to notice the little figure that was taking a very keen interest in what she was doing. Although she had not seen him for the last four years she surmised that it must be her cousin Raju, her aunt's son, who, she was informed by her sister in her last letter, had come there to stay with them for a few days.

Raju had been told time and again of this wonderful cousin of his who, after completing her college course, was returning from Madras, that land of wonders, where aeroplanes flew, where even warships could be seen, where most people dressed in European fashion and where ladies tried to attain equality with gentlemen by cutting off their hair. How he burned with impatience to see her, and ask her many questions about that wonderful city of Madras!

“She has come! Radha has come!” The joyful exclamation resounded through the spacious rooms and carried its echoes to Raju, who in one corner of the garden was experimenting on the possibility of riding on the back of a calf. At the news he jumped off its back. The calf gave a vigorous shake, and Raju executed two somersaults before he could brush himself up and run panting into the house to witness the phenomenon of a Madras—returned cousin. In his childish fancy he had pictured a

wonderful woman dressed in European fashion, with bobbed hair and skirts, in socks and shoes; but he was extremely disappointed, for Radha was dressed in Indian fashion in the plainest clothes. Still there was a feeling of awe in him. As she opened her trunk, he gradually drew near unnoticed. Everytime Radha's face was turned towards the trunk, everytime she looked within and searched for something, Raju peeped in from behind. Everytime she turned her head towards her mother and sisters, he withdrew his head and stood with an innocent demure air. At last he mustered courage enough to ask the question which had been at the tip of his tongue for many minutes. When once the question was out of his mouth, he felt ashamed of his own audacity and went and hid his face.

"Haven't you brought anything for Raju?"

Radha was puzzled.

"What a pity! I forgot all about him," she said. "Never mind, Raju, let me see if I can't give you something—an English story-book full of beautiful pictures. No, you won't be able to read that. A small picture album, yes, it is the very thing for you, I am sure you will like it."

She took it out from the trunk. It was a small one with beautiful pictures of Marina, Senate House and other Madras views, besides snap-shots of aeroplanes, ships and things of that sort. It was wonderful, it was beautiful, they all exclaimed. Finally it was handed over to the delighted Raju who could hardly believe that it was his, in spite of many assurances by Radha.

II

There is no place where children can indulge in greater mischief with impunity than a relative's house,

for a feeling of delicacy prevents the inmates from making use of the proverbial rod. Raju took advantage of the situation. His parents were far away. His aunt here was very fond of him, as her own daughters were now grown up and she had none to fondle. There was no end to his mischief. Whenever he was found out, he indulged in such irrepressible and infectious peals of laughter that the very victims of his mischief forgot their annoyance and joined in the laughter. And when he laughed, the extremities of his lips were drawn both ways, his chubby cheeks rounded into small spheres, his eyes twinkled with rare brilliance, and his whole face beamed with such a radiance, that it seemed as though his inner self, flooded with excessive merriment, was breaking through its physical boundaries. Even Radha was not spared. At times she had a vague feeling that while she was reading, some one peeped in at the door. But when she turned her head, there was no one. Now and then she found her books dislocated. Some of the pictures in her books began to disappear. Even her fountain pen seemed to be tampered with. Two or three times she found its edges dripping ink. One day when Raju had entered her room stealthily and was dipping her fountain pen into the swan-ink bottle, as if it were an ordinary pen, and scribbling on a note-book lying on the table, she caught him red-handed. She had half a mind to administer him a sound boxing on the ear, but then he burst into such fascinating ripples of laughter that it was impossible for her to do anything more than reprimand him and prohibit him from entering her room in her absence. She had no love for children as such. Indeed all children seemed a nuisance to her. It was all very nice to read of their fun and frolic in some fairy tale or Christmas story. But to

be the victim of their frequent freaks in real life was an unpleasant and disagreeable privilege. And as for Raju, he made as much noise as ten children could do. He made it quite impossible for her to sit and read anything in her room.

One evening Radha dressed herself in some of her finest clothes before going to attend a meeting. She knew that she was beautiful; yet, as she glanced at the mirror, she thought a little powder won't do her any harm. After powdering her face she glanced once again at the mirror and smiled complacently. Just then she was taken aback at the appearance of a small head at the bottom portion of the mirror, with twinkling eyes, pearly teeth, and laughing face. She turned back and looked towards the door, but nobody was there. The small head had vanished. She knew it must be Raju, but she was in a hurry to go to the party.

The party was a dull and tedious affair, as most of the mofussil parties are. Every mother had brought all her children. There was no order or arrangement. There was some apology for music in the shape of a professional fiddler and his associates. But nobody listened. The music could scarcely be heard amidst the screams of children, the twitter of grown-up girls and the gossip of matrons. Radha was disgusted. When will our people mend their ways? she sighed and came away.

She returned home much earlier than expected. As she approached her room, she instinctively felt that something was wrong. She cautiously peeped into it. Raju was standing before the mirror dressed in her silk blouse and her beautiful orange-coloured sari. Of course, a large part of her sari was trailing on the floor. Somehow or other the fantastic sight reminded her of Puss-in-boots. Raju, blissfully ignorant of her arrival

was vigorously powdering his face alternately with red powder and white powder, and now and then smiling with excessive delight. "What are you doing here?" Radha shrieked in anger, bursting into the room.

Raju gave a visible start. But he had never been in want of words or of excuses.

"Mother asked me when I left home that I should learn to become like you," he said and laughed triumphantly.

Radha was in no mood to appreciate any laughter. "Whoever asked you to enter my room in my absence, and why did you take my clothes and spoil them like this?" she thundered.

Raju's vivacity gave way before this outburst of anger. He began to cry. "I will never—never enter your room again—not even if you call me," he said in broken accents.

"So much the better" she replied.

Attracted by the noise, her mother rushed in.

"What is all this fuss about?" she said. Seeing Raju in a fantastic dress shedding tears profusely, she asked, "Why is he in this dress and why is he crying, Radha?" Radha remained silent.

"What have you done?" she asked of Raju.

"I will never, never again enter her room. Take me to my home. I want to go home. Mother, mother—I want to go to my mother," he sobbed.

"How often have I advised you not to ill-treat him?" cried Radha's mother turning to her.

"You speak, as though I am to blame for all this. You are always siding him, as if he is an innocent darling. Look at the way he has spoiled my finest sari. I don't care a jot what you say or what others say. I am fed up with this sort of life here," said Radha and walked out of the room in a paroxysm of anger.

III

Two days passed. Radha purposely absented herself at his departure. She knew that she had caused or at least hastened his departure. Somehow she had not the courage to be present to bid him farewell, and so just at the moment of departure she was at a neighbouring house talking to one of her friends. When she returned she was anxious to know whether he had gone home. He was not in the garden, he was not in the corridors nor in the rooms. She thought it unlikely that he would be in her room. Yet she looked for him even there. Then she approached her mother, who was sitting in one of the rooms in a rather melancholy mood.

"Mother, has Raju gone?" she faltered.

"Yes, yes, he has gone. Now aren't you perfectly satisfied? You can go into your room and sit undisturbed buried among your books, reading day and night. He wanted to see you and to return to you your picture album. But he liked it so much that we succeeded in persuading him to keep it. If you want it, he has promised to send it back to you."

She moved away to her room silently. She tried to forget all about Raju, but did not succeed. She thought of the impending publication of the examination results. If only she got a first class or even a rank, how delighted would be her friends! How many letters of congratulation would pour in and how nice it would be to send them replies modestly confessing that "she never expected, nor deserved, such brilliant success." But the days dragged on wearily. The house seemed dreary and deserted without Raju. There was no noise, nobody to peep into her room, nobody to set the servants by their ears. If she opened a book to read, her mind refused to work. If she

went to her mother, she found she was in no good temper. If she went to her sisters, they were very reserved and tried to avoid her. All seemed to be displeased with her on Raju's account. Thus passed many weeks.

Meanwhile they were regularly receiving letters from Raju's father. After reaching home Raju apparently became more mischievous than ever. The complaints of the neighbours increased. Raju wandered over the hills and through the small jungle in the neighbourhood. He climbed trees and fences. Scoldings and even stripes seemed to have fallen flat on him.

One day they received a letter which contained rather serious news. Raju had climbed a mango tree at the eastern end of the village, and, to the astonishment of his companions below, had seated himself on the topmost branch. To frighten his fellows he began to swing himself violently on the slender bough. In the attempt he lost his hold and fell down and was carried home unconscious. His condition was still grave.

Next day they received another letter. Raju was worse. He was every now and then calling for Radha. He wanted to see her.

The news agitated Radha more than anybody else. Arrangements were immediately made for her departure that very evening. A few hours later Radha received a telegram. She opened it with trembling hands. Was it too late? she asked herself. Thank God! It was a telegram from Madras from one of her friends congratulating her on her taking a first class. She gave a sigh of relief and threw the telegram into one of the shelves in perfect indifference. In the evening she got into the boat along with her mother.

A boat journey through one of the the rivers of northern Travancore affords some of the most beautiful

sights. The river winds its way in slow ripples amidst a number of green-clad hills. On either side of the river banks, the green paddy fields undulate in the breeze. From the crest of the low hills beautiful European bungalows peep down upon the plains and the rivers below. None of these familiar sights cheered Radha. The sun faded in the distant horizon. The pale-faced moon spread its silver light on the earth. The slow music of the ripples sounded like some distant funeral dirge of entrancing pathos. Radha sat silent, thoughtful and melancholy.

At last the boat reached its destination. It was moored to the banks. They got down. In the distance a small light was visible between the thick clusters of cocoa-nut palms. Slowly they wended their way along a foot-path accompanied by the boatman, till they reached an old-fashioned little house. They were taken into the small room, where Raju was lying on a cot. A small kerosine oil lamp made of tin burned dimly and cast shadows on the wall. Raju's mother came to receive them and whispered in subdued accents. And then Radha approached the bed side, took Raju's hand and called.

"Raju! Raju!"

"Who are you, who are you?" he asked languidly raising his weary eyelids after a long time.

"Don't you recognise me? I am Radha, I have come to see you."

He tried to sit up, but the effort was too much for him and he fell back.

"I don't know if you are Radha. Tell me, are you Radha? Are you really Radha?" he moaned.

"I am Radha!" she replied.

"Radha, I will never, never come to your room! So

will you allow me to take the picture album when I go?" he asked in plaintive tones.

"Come to my room as often as you like, and have the picture album by all means, my dear boy."

He again closed his eyelids. Death was hovering about him. From one corner of the room Radha could hear the subdued sobs of Raju's mother, her aunt. In the adjacent room her own mother was giving directions to the servant to bring bed-pan and water into the sick-chamber. Raju's father had gone to town to summon a celebrated doctor, though he could hardly afford to pay him. In the silent hours of midnight Radha was by the bed side nursing and watching him. At about one Raju became restless and rolled in his bed. The pillow was thrust away to one side. Then Radha caught a glimpse of something projecting from beneath. She slowly drew it out. It was the picture-album! Raju had carefully preserved it beneath the pillow in memory of her. She had been till now stemming the tide of her grief. But now she burst into tears. Tears rolled down in torrents down her cheeks. She did not notice that they were falling on his face. Suddenly he awoke.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Radha," she replied.

"Radha! Radha, I will never, never come to your room. I am going home. Don't you see I am going home? But I like you. I like you, Radha, although you never liked me. When you come, bring me another picture album, will you? I will be waiting for you." He again lapsed into sleep. She knelt down by the bedside. Tears trickled down her face. The moon shone pale in the courtyard. There was a lull in the breeze. Dreary stillness reigned supreme.

In the early hours of the morning a tap was heard at the front door. The drowsy servant opened the door and let in a tired doctor and the pale, care-worn master of the house. The latter glanced at the servant significantly.

"He is sleeping quietly," the servant replied.

They entered the sick room. They found both of them asleep. Radha was still sitting beside the cot, but her head was reposing beside Raju's. Evidently she had been kissing him on the forehead before she dozed and slept. The boy slept too. But his was a sleep that knows no waking. In the silent hours of the night when everything was still, his spirit had taken flight noiselessly.

MATHEW THARAKAN.

Two Benches

WHETHER it is good or bad to dream, the fact remains that I often dream. Happy dreams, bitter dreams, light dreams, thrilling dreams, forecasting dreams, foreboding dreams, natural dreams and unnatural dreams—all these haunt my mind at night. Whether they are the offspring of the cerebrum or the cerebellum, I am not a physiologist to say. Whether they are due to a heavy meal or a light heart, I am not a psychologist to determine. Whether they are worked up by the grace of God or the mischief of His enemy, I am not a philosopher to decide. Whether they foretell good luck or forebode ill luck, I am not an astrologer to foresee. But the many and varied dreams that I have experienced have made me infer one thing about dreams. Whatever category a dream may fall into, it has some connection with some event or thought which has excited or at least engaged the dreamer's mind during day.

Having for the first time taken part in a debate of our College Union Society, I went home late in the evening one day. On my way the occasion filled my mind, and even at home the same was the subject of my thought for the rest of the day. Do you think that my heart was brimming with joy? No. It was rather heavy with vexation. For who is more teased and vexed by the demonstrations of a Madras audience than the speaker, especially if he has the ill luck to be a novice in the art?

When I pictured to myself the debate of our College Union Society, I realised what a reverse picture it was of the Oxford Union Society debate! A picture of the "sense of form, of dignity, of spaciousness, of brilliance"

had been vividly imprinted in my memory ever since I eagerly devoured the contents of Mr. S. K. Chettur's "Unto This First" in our College Magazine. The contrast only added to my vexation. As night advanced, sleep rested on my eyes, but my mind was still steeped in the debate. I dreamt that I was in our College lecture-hall—solemn, spacious, grand and glorious—with its pictured walls and ornamented dome. It brought home to my mind the dignity and glory of our institution. Suddenly I realised that I was lonely, and that it was the dead of night. Thoughts of ghosts and tales of spirits rushed into my mind, and a cold fear crept over my body.

The silence was broken by a "Hullo!" The voice was strange. I anxiously looked for a companion at the door, but was disappointed. Soon I heard "Hullo! What's the matter?" This seemed to be in response to the address. It came from an old bench that now attracted me. My shivering heart expected a ghost under it, and my staring eyes searched for it there. But, rub my eyes as I might, I could find on the spot nothing but a plain, worn-out bench attached to a desk broken at a corner where three nails protruded. My doubt was cleared when another voice came from an adjacent empty bench which was quite new.

"How long," the voice began "have you been enjoying a place in this sacred hall?"

The benches are talking to one another at leisure, I thought. I hid myself behind a massive pillar to let them have their discourse. I do not remember whether my fear was allayed or aggravated when I heard their conversation. I was so entirely absorbed in it.

"'Enjoying!'" returned the old bench in a complaining, sarcastic tone "'a place in this sacred hall!'"

"Why such discontent?" asked its neighbour in bewilderment.

"Wait, and you will know why."

"Is our lot so miserable?"

"You can judge it in a few days."

"This is the lecture hall, I suppose?"

"The fact only corroborates me."

"May I know why it is so miserable to be a bench in a hall intended for such a noble purpose?"

"Do you want me to anticipate our woes and sorrows?"

"Have I not come to share them with you?"

"Listen then," the experienced bench began "my young friend, almost all of us once sailed in your visionary boat. When we first came to this hall, we were proud that we were designed to accommodate young men, rich in attire, noble in ideas, kind in feeling and gentle in behaviour. We thought we could spend our time in feasting our eyes with grand and glorious sights and our ears with brilliant and eloquent lectures from the platform and the presidential chair. But when the occasion came....."

"Were you thoroughly disappointed?"

"Don't be impatient, my friend. I will fully relieve my heart of its burden. We did and do accommodate young men. No doubt they are all in costly serges and fine tweeds. The nobility of their ideas I dare not deny. But about their want of feeling and their behaviour, the less said the better. Kind they may be to their kith and kin, but not to their fellows in the College and not at all to us who bear them on our backs. And as for their behaviour in the hall, I shudder to call it to mind."

"Poor benches!" thought I, still behind the pillar.

"Are they all," asked the listener "hard-hearted and rude?"

"Is the world entirely good or entirely bad?"

returned the old bench philosophically. "Most of them," it continued "are probably embodiments of kindness and courtesousness. But there are at least a few whom I shudder to think of."

"Only a few," the inexperienced listener sighed in relief.

"But those few you may be fated to bear."

"Do they have fixed seats?"

"The arrangement is something like that. The few that I speak of occupy the remotest parts."

"Can they hear better from there?"

"No. They are more like the canker than the bee. They are interested not in tasting the honey, but in destroying the flower."

"That is entirely their business. How do they harm us?"

"Shall I say?" I murmured. But the thought that the benches should not be disturbed in the most interesting portion of their talk sealed my lips.

"They make us the instruments of their mischief. When they want to make some confusing noise, they stamp on us. The fracture here (alluding to its broken corner) is the result of their mischief."

"Ha! how ignoble! Well, is it their intention to injure us?"

"Generally they injure us unconsciously in their wild attempts to create noise; but sometimes they break our backs or limbs for mere fun."

Pointing to its fellow-sufferer in front, the bench added "See my brother's back up there."

"The platform and the chairs are more fortunate, I see. They enjoy a dignified position," said the other.

"Oh! the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. Ask them, and they will deafen your ears with complaints.

Their dignified position is only in your imagination. The "few" do not care even if the speaker is the revered Chairman himself. If by a slip of the tongue he says 'kills' for 'skill' or 'eat' for 'hate,' wild shouting and rude stamping follow at the heels of the slip. If a speaker has a shrill voice, the capable 'few' drown his speech (no matter how noble his ideas, how graceful his style and how attractive his delivery) in the ocean of their hooting and inarticulate cries."

"How correctly and vividly the bench describes!" I thought.

"In short," continued the enthusiastic narrator, "imitations of voices, echoes of mistakes, cries of 'enough,' 'go out,' 'hold on' 'current-off'—these frequently convert the dignified hall into a market place."

"None of our brethren then are well off," the new bench began after realising its real condition. "When I was in the lady-students' room, I envied your dignity. But alas! how I wish now to be once again in my old place!"

"You are quite right, my friend, the lady-students here also are quiet and behave themselves properly."

"Which is their place?"

"There," replied the old bench with a sign of envy, "those uninjured benches of the first row accommodate their fair and slender forms and enjoy their gentle smiles without any fear of being mutilated. But here—"

Before it finished, the clock struck and I counted "One!" The benches stopped, suspecting some eavesdropper. With silence my fear returned and my short, timid steps took me to the door.

I was in a dilemma whether to walk out or stay in, but the alarum that followed the striking of the clock on my table saved me from its horns, for I awoke to find myself safe on my bed.

Can benches ever talk? That is the question I put to myself. But how I wish that every student of the Presidency College had such a dream! And how I envy the Oxfordians who have no such need!

“X”

The Malabar Tenancy System

IT is more than fifty years since the tug-of-war between the landlords, who are known as janmis, and the tenants began in Malabar. Though various attempts have been made to investigate the matter with a view to ameliorate the conditions of both parties, no definite settlement has yet been arrived at. It is unnecessary to add that this problem has been disturbing the equanimity of public feeling of Malabar for a long time.

If it is a system in which a janmi leased out his lands to half-a-dozen tenants and received in return rents in the stipulated period, then an Act which attempted to systematise the working of such a relationship would be simple. But we cannot expect such a definite and simple tenancy system to prevail in Malabar, for the special conditions which obtain in that district have resulted in a most complicated form of land tenure.

There are janmis or landlords at the top of the ladder. In the past, when many of them had large incomes by way of their political and religious rights, the income from the lands formed only an insignificant part of their wealth. So it was common at that time to lease out lands to others at a nominal rent called Kanom. As long as this rent was paid regularly, the tenants who held the lands, called Kanikars (sometimes called Kanakars), had property rights to the plot. They were for all practical purposes landlords exercising all the privileges and rights that accrue to the janmi. South Malabar, where Nambudiri janmis are more numerous, boasts of a large number of these Kanikars. The custom of leasing out the land to Kanikars existed even in the earliest times.

Considering their position and their privileges, the paltry rent they had to pay to the landlord and the historical development of their office, we do not err much even if we take them to be the real janmis having permanent rights to the lands.

As, in course of time, the religious duties of the Brahmins, and the political rights of the Kshatriyas narrowed down, the janmis were forced to depend more and more upon the revenue from their lands. And consequently the Kanikars began to totter. They became mere tenants and had to submit to the exactions of the janmis. The latter began to get as much as possible out of the pockets of these Kanikars, whose condition therefore went from bad to worse.

It was only after the advent of the British Rule in these parts that the old princes and landholders, deprived of their old revenues, began the grab for more proprietary rights and incomes. The Government also, with an eye to get the support of the landed men in the locality, favoured the cause of the janmis. Courts and Registrar's Offices came in due course; and the landlords carried the day. The Courts established their rights to the land, and relegated the Kanikars to the condition of almost serfs. The latter began to murmur. But nobody was there to lend an ear to their complaints, or to strike a blow in their cause. Thus gradually the Kanikars dwindled into nothing.

But as a result of the advancement in the education of the people, which characterised the British Rule, there arose some thinking men, who began to protest against the illegal serfdom to which they had been subjected for such a long time. And the janmis with the powers of land and wealth behind them retorted with all the virulence and contempt they were capable of. Some Govern-

ment Officials well-versed in local affairs reported to the Government the actual state of affairs of the tenants. The Government sent committees after committees to scrutinize the matter. The committees sent their reports duly to the Government, but nothing followed. The authorities postponed taking any decisive step in these affairs, either fearing to rouse the animosity of the janmis or thinking that the examinations was not so thorough as to enable them to form a correct idea. We are still in the dark about these things, but the fact remains that the reports, so laboriously prepared, were treasured up carefully.

When matters had come to such a pass, some janmis who were badly in need of cash began to mortgage properties to those who were able to give them sufficient monetary help. By some misadventure, this mortgage amount was called Kanom; and the persons who held the mortgaged property the Kanom-tenants. This unfortunate error in the names of two classes only made matters worse. The Kanikars and Kanom-tenants were considered to be one and the same. Complications set in. The Kanikars proceeded to sub-let their holdings, and the Kanom-tenants followed suit. A chain of landlord-tenant relationships was formed by a series of sub-letting. Various kinds of tenants evolved out of this, and the confusion which set in gave rise to a maze of problems. The Government would do nothing. They merely looked upon the scene of confusion without making any effort to save the situation.

We see some special features of the system in North Malabar. The janmis usually let their lands to tenants for a period of twelve years, and the latter pay some rent in return. This return due from the tenant was termed the Manusham. But this transaction of the payment

and receipt of the Manusham is not usually recorded. The tenant expends all his resources upon the land. He strives his best to make the plot yield more and more. But he is not destined to enjoy the fruits of his labour. After the expiry of twelve years, somebody else who has an eye upon the fertile spot offers a larger sum to the janmi and makes himself the master. The former tenant is promptly ejected and no consideration is paid to the efforts he put forth to improve the land, or the money that he spent on it. The utmost he will get amounts to a paltry sum as a cost of the trees and plantations he produced during his term. This insecurity in possession was a serious impediment to the advancement of the tenants here, as in other countries. The Government at last interfered at this juncture, and framed a set of rules governing this process of evaluating the trees and gardens that the tenant had produced, with a view to give him his share.

Another form of violent ejections was also in existence. Persons returning from Burma or Singapore after amassing riches offered larger sums to the landlord and bought off the rights of the tenant. This was practised very widely and some men did this with the purpose of impoverishing the tenant to whom they owed some grudge. Sometimes the janmis themselves, in moments of passion, forcibly asked the tenants to hand over the plot. Such ejections from houses or plots sacredly connected with one's life and prosperity are really painful ordeals. In these days when men will stoop to anything to get votes during municipal, taluk-board or district-board elections, these ejections have become more familiar and common.

There are some clever people who exploit both the landlord and the tenant. By paying a poor sum to a landlord who is in sore straits for want of cash, these

persons get themselves enrolled as Kanomdars and enjoy the return from the lands by leasing them out for high rents. They sit silent and lead an indolent life. If the janmi is poor, then woe to him! He may not get even one-hundredth part of the profit that goes to the unscrupulous man at the helm of affairs.

It will be erroneous and unjust, however, if we think that janmis are always cruel. There are instances of some very benevolent men, who looked always to the welfare of the tenants. On the contrary, there are examples of tenants who provoke landlords by their insolence and misbehaviour.

These, in brief, are some of the disabilities and evils that Malabar land-tenure labours under. We already know how Sir M. Krishnan Nair's Bill fared. We can only hope that the present Bill* will be passed soon and that it may go far to mitigate the various anomalies that abound in the Malabar Tenancy system.

K. V. P.

[*The Bill has since been passed.—*Ed.*]

Reminiscences of U. T. C. Life

TO be a soldier was not in my line, a career in the army had no fascination for me. The Indianisation of the army will have to be carried on simply without me! But it was my ambition to become all-round, and I wanted to have a "bite" of military life, as the expression goes. So it was that I joined the University Training Corps, after swearing fealty to the King-emperor without any mental reservation, for I am not an Independence-wallah, but an advocate of Dominion Status for India.

Our early parades were in mufti, and we were all anxiety about the uniform. Who does not envy the neat outfit of the trained man with brightly polished boots, puttees uniformly tied, shorts well starched, jackets brilliantly buttoned, and helmet brushed to a nicety? And the regimental cane to boot—it is simply refining the violet! So when, at long last, the kit-bag came into my hands, you will excuse my vanity if I confess that I put on the uniform the same evening for self-satisfaction. Hardly had I worn the flannel shirt before I felt like joining Commander Byrd in his Antarctic expedition—I was perspiring as I had never done before. But that was a trifle compared to the tying of the puttees which would never come right. And then the boots, monstrously heavy things they were. But the crowning piece of folly seemed to be the helmet which weighed heavily on my head. 'Misfortunes never come single,' I consoled myself and put a brave face on it all, and swanked before my friends, though evidently the drops were gathering profusely on my forehead.

The next morning my temperature was 103°—

not a good omen for a soldier's career! A month elapsed and the fever was gone, but not the weakness. I have never been home-sick all my life, but now I yearned for home and its thousand comforts. The Michaelmas holidays were fast approaching, and, by a rare agreement among the English and Malayalam Calendars, the 'Thiruvonam' festival, beloved of all Malayalees, fell during the vacation. The call to home was irresistible! But duty called me elsewhere, to Bangalore to attend the annual camp.

"Don't worry about your health. You will be all right in camp. The camp doctor will take care of you, as your mother would do at home," assured me one of the officers.

I took him at his word and got into the U. T. C. special for Bangalore Cantonment. I am not certain whether it was due to the working of my mind or to a weakness of the system, but I had a fever when I got down at the terminus. I was confined to the camp hospital, which was just a tent consisting of two stretchers, four blankets, some first-aid medicines, a medical student and his crony. On examination the budding doctor said that there was nothing wrong with my constitution, that the temperature was abnormal only in the sense that it was a little below the normal (a phenomenon which he could not explain!), that my heart was beating stoutly like a drum, that he was not sure I had not feigned illness, and that the weakness, if any, might be ascribed to the exertion of the journey. I tried to persuade him that I was ill, seriously ill, and by his small mercies I was allowed to occupy one of the stretchers for forty-eight hours, after which I was discharged.

Being put on light duty, thanks to the sergeant-major, I sought out my section and found myself an

unwelcome intruder into a tent measuring 12 feet by 10, which had already eight souls huddled in it. My tent-mates were of unanimous opinion that I had no business to leave the hospital, but when I explained my position, like the jolly good fellows they were, they gave me just enough space to stretch myself.

There are section commanders and section commanders. My section commander had a rough exterior which concealed not an altogether unkind heart. He initiated me into the mysteries of camp life, instructed me with regard to my duties as a line orderly, emphasised that obedience was the hall-mark of every true soldier, and tried to impress upon me that, as he was my immediate superior, he expected implicit obedience from me.

It was the hottest part of the day and the section commander wanted some drinking water from the water-cart which was only some twelve yards off. The commander was tired and so were all the rest. He asked the youngest of the lot to fetch him water. The latter regarded this as an open insult, stated that he was not in the practice of fetching water for other persons, waxed eloquent and said that, although he was only a raw recruit, he saw nothing in the Battalion Standing Orders regarding privates being the 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the N.C.O's., and told him to his face that the section commander was much mistaken if he thought that the speaker was only as old as he looked!

This was a bolt from the blue which thoroughly flabbergasted the N.C.O., who turned to the oldest fellow stretched at full length by his side and with many doubts and misgivings asked him to get him some water. The old chap was in no good humour when awakened from his nap—some people are positively dangerous when they are disturbed in their sleep. He simply refused to obey

saying that the section commander ought to be ashamed to ask a gentleman of *his* age and size to fetch him water, and argued that he had put in as much service as the N.C.O., the only difference between them being that the latter had a damned stripe which he got by 'crowing'! The section commander was stupified. He changed his tone and patting the old chap on the shoulder asked him not to get excited. This only evoked a further retort from our old friend, who implored the N.C.O. not to 'crow' him and, what was more important, not to disturb him in his sleep.

The section commander then turned to me. Of course, I could not afford to displease him. For he could put me on heavy duty the very next morning if it pleased him to do so. At the same time I had to maintain my dignity in the presence of my tent-mates. So I had recourse to what I considered to be a master-stroke of policy and a simplification of matters. I suggested, "Why not ask the boot-boy to get you water?" The effect of this suggestion was disastrous, for it evoked a volley of laughter from my friends, and the worst of it was that the boot-boy also joined the chorus. The private, who despised stripes, changed his horizontal posture into a vertical one, laughed till he was about to cry, and sank into sleep again. The section commander grew very red in the face, muttered a dozen oaths in quick succession, said something about obedience and promotion and threatened to book us one and all before the camp dispersed. "C. company gone fut," said he and set out to get some cold water which he needed now all the more!

Such things, I learnt, were daily occurrences in the camp, the N.C.O's. trying to boss and the privates refusing to be bossed over. Later on I was gratified to note that the section commander did not take it seriously at all. By

and by, I began attending parades like a regular, but the physical training itself was too much for me. In my weak state of health I felt I had had enough of it for a week. The physical training was followed by the regular parade, which I found to my cost was no joke, but two hours' ceaseless drib in the blazing sun.

We took our breakfast at 9-30 A.M. and without much delay fell in for musketry. "Company--tion!" came the order. But now dropped a rifle with a clatter, a fatal mistake on the parade-ground. The sergeant's lips curled mischievously. He warned the recruit, that being his first offence. The warning was not without effect, for his neighbour, fearing lest by any accident the rifle should slip from his hand, clasped it to his bosom. This attracted the attention of the sergeant, who reminded him sternly that the rifle was not a baby! The private, who on this occasion had the temerity to stare at the sergeant, got his due, for the sergeant assured him that he was not a Gladys Cooper, neither had he been to a beauty show!

The staff-sergeant began to put questions. "What are the parts of a rifle?" asked he. Private Pimple answered, "lock, stock and barrel, sir." The sergeant's eye-brows went up, and he muttered "Humph!" He questioned another, "What is the weight of the first pressure?" "It all depends, sir," came the hesitating reply. Another "Humph!" He turned to a third and asked, "Supposing you are in uniform jolly well, what do you do when you see a commissioned officer?" "Present arms!" was the ready reply. The sergeant was rooted to the spot, and as soon as he recovered from the first shock of the answer he advised the sergeant major to dismiss the whole batch.

So the days passed off. We learnt that liberty was not licence, that it was always safe to obey orders first and complain later, lest we should be subject to extra-

drill, that we should never speak except when spoken to and that it was the inherent right of a man to smoke a cigarette, but not within the tents.

The camp life had its bright features. The hard labours of the day being over, the afternoons were doubly sweet. We wrote letters, or played at cards or went to the pictures. We enjoyed hugely the route march to Lal Bagh in the bracing atmosphere of a Bangalore morning. The ceremonial parade and photo followed in their order, and the sports-day gave the gala touch to the camp. At the close of the camp we returned with mingled feelings to Madras, to its many lights and delights.

V. VASUDEVA MENON.

Superiority-Complex

THERE is a certain infamous tribe now flourishing like a weed everywhere that puts me wonderfully on my mettle. I mean the intellectual prigs. There are prigs and prigs, of course, but the intellectual prig unquestionably caps the whole lot. You never can mistake him. He beams on you with portentous condescension; he is a little dandified in phrase; he excels in infallible, carping criticism on all and sundry, he questions every authority between heaven and earth except his own; and above all, he is obsessed by a very offensive kind of superiority-complex. Many of us do possess a superiority-complex, and I have mine, I admit. But then, there is a difference. A difference, mark you, not only in degree but in kind—a difference so radical indeed, that if by chance I stumble upon the prig, I at once feel myself (I say it in all humility) to be a higher and a superior man. I seem to come to my own.

Now, I hold that this latter kind of superiority-complex is a truly elevating excellence. I have no patience with doddering, easy-chair sentimentalists, who mouth all sorts of maxims about pride going before a fall, about the slow and steady winning a race and all the rest of it. If a man indulges in such maxims, you may rest assured that it is a sad case of sour-grapism. Philosophy, as somebody caustically remarked, is the daily bread of disgruntled cynics. But I repeat it is not every sort of superiority that is elevating. I spoke of a difference in kind. There is a false as well as a true superiority-complex; the one swelling into a pompous arrogance, a vulgar vanity, the superiority-

complex of the prig; the other creating an invincible self-esteem, a passionate self-confidence, born not of superciliousness but of "the courage to do and die," the superiority-complex of the really great. The former resolves itself into an egotism that makes us blind to our failings on the one hand and grossly magnifies our small attainments on the other. The latter rises to a lofty idealism, that takes stock of vices as well as virtues, of warts as well as beauties, an idealism, I say, that brings with it not conceit, nor a disastrous self-deception, but humility, faith, courage and, above all, the will to win. The one drags you down to the bottom; the other bears you aloft gallantly.

Superiority-complex of the right sort acts like a talisman in the case of individuals. Belief in oneself is the essential thing; once you have it, you have the power to persevere and succeed. If you think you are a gentleman, which is the false kind of superiority-complex, you will soon cease to be one. But if you know you are a gentleman, which is the right kind of superiority, you will ever continue to be so. True superiority-complex takes account of foibles as well as fortes; it makes us, as Lord Haldane would have said, "greatest according to the limits of our capacity."

Superiority-complex of the right sort has been the great driving force in all history. Mankind has advanced because of its firm belief that man is superior to the rest of the creation. Progress has been possible because of this wholly inspiring and enduring sense of superiority. Hope itself rises eternal in the human breast, because this sense of superiority cajoles us into the belief that we can yet triumph over circumstances. The triumphs of science are nothing but triumphs of this superiority-complex. It is the sense of superiority that eggs us on to the

perfection of our race. In the realm of art as in that of science, it is knowledge of our power that sends us careering into worlds new and regions yet unknown. As invention and discovery are the results of ceaseless trafficking in the mysteries of nature, so also imaginative art is the result of the adventures of the soul amid the eternal forms beauty.

Modern nations are what they are because this sense of superiority has definitely moulded their character and history. Superiority-complex in the case of nations assumes the form of nationalism. Somebody defined nationalism as the sense of self-esteem generated by knowing the figure one's nation makes in history, by considering the achievements of one's nation in war, government, arts, literature or industry. It is the sense that one's nation which has done such great things deserves to exist in freedom and enjoy the luxury of self-respect.

Nationalism flourishes or fades as the nation's superiority-complex is true or false. It flourishes if its sense of superiority is conscious of its limits: it fades and droops, if its sense of superiority degenerates into a wilful conceit. History abounds in instances. In Periclean Greece the true superiority-complex was at its sublimest. Not unwisely have historians said that Periclean Greece must remain one of the most glorious epochs in human history. Similar instances could be quoted from Roman History, from Persian History, from English History and from Indian History. Whenever there is excellence of superiority-complex, there is excellence of nationalism. Wherever there is a depravity of superiority-complex, there is a depravity of nationalism as well. The British today are in the ascendant because they are imbued by a fine ardour and spirit and a will to

win, that carries them along to success. If their sense of superiority deteriorates—and signs are not wanting—their fate is doomed.

Superiority-complex makes or mars a nation; it is now making the history of India. For years our life had been torn by two equally false superstitions—a false inferiority-complex and a false superiority-complex. We had on the one hand the brown Sahib, who said that the Englishman was a god, that the West was incomparably superior to the East in every respect and that Swadeshi meant barbarism. Not very long ago such sort of bunkum was rampant; our ears were deafened by it, we were greatly emasculated by it. It is now gratifying to note that the ranks of its zealots are at last thinning away. On the other hand, we had the incorrigible obscurantist who was never weary of harking back to a by-gone age and who ferociously asserted the superiority of everything Indian. Unfortunately such a spirit has not yet begun to wane. But a new spirit is abroad now and is making the history of India before our very eyes. All eyes are now rivetted on India. After three decades of silent growth, our nationalism has burst into a sudden blaze, while a new Renaissance has effected a silent reformation in Indian thought. Never was there a greater need for a new superiority-complex. When glorious vistas of progress are being conjured up in every field, the greatest need is for a spirit, that neither boasts of the glory that is gone nor rests satisfied with the glory that is not our own, but will make us "greatest according to the limits of our capacity." And I think it is the duty of our Universities to bring to birth and foster this new superiority-complex.

"S"

Examination Bogey

“MY dear Sir, this sort of thing can't go on for ever, you have got to pull up, or by—”

That was how the tirade was wound up. When that ugly Johnsonian “Sir” crops up in your papa's snubbing, you may brace yourself up for the climax as well as you can and expect the thunderbolt of an ultimatum. That was precisely the feeling swaying Kittoo, as he stood before his irate father. Experience had taught Kittoo to put up with such flights. He knew how to gulp down such parts of his father's rating as were too disagreeable. But what gave him the creeps particularly this time was that part of the speech which remained unsaid. Oh! how much he would have given to divine those words of his father's unfinished sentence!

As he stood there quite chap-fallen, Kittoo could scarcely understand why his father should be so excited. He had half a mind to retort, ‘we fall but to rise.’ But it is one thing to feel this and quite another to have the ‘cheek’ to say it. So the young man kept ‘mum’ before his parent and afterwards put on as best a face as he could over his failure.

From that psychological moment dates the puny romance of Kittooism. In a small notebook the snubbed youngster registered a few big vows—vows which would have beaten those of any ancient knight-errant, so far as fervour and rigour went. “Nothing shall be spared by way of industry, if industry could really ameliorate matters,” he mused. And neither the Neo-Komala Vilas nor even the Douglas Fairbanks talkies in full swing could draw him henceforth from his self-imposed assiduity.

So he toiled on. Men may apply and men may fail, but examinations go on for ever. The March results once again declared Kittoo ‘ploughed’ in English and Subjects. In a disgusting way the University results proved that industry won't pull you through.

Kittoo's favourite novelist was Hardy. He would wax very eloquent on the subject of the inscrutability and inevitability of Fate. The sense of a blood-thirsty relentless Fate, dogging him with continuous ill-success, ever haunted his soul. He now decided to consult an astrologer.

The world nowadays has largely become the dupe of astrologers. If you consult them, the invariable answer you get is that your Venus would shortly attain her apogee of good influence. But however much you may think that the present day astrology is something reticulated with lies, having only interstices of truth between, your vanity scarcely allows you to persuade yourself that the *soi-disant* prophet is really giving you only glistening fibs. Happily, Kittoo had a little discrimination in him, and so he thought he should go to the man who called himself Gandhi-astrologer and whose ‘kudos’ had all but filled the world.

After a close scrutiny of the horoscope the venerable prophet pronounced that Kittoo was passing through exceedingly bad times—a fact which required no ghost of an astrologer to tell him. His good star would be in the ascendant only from next March, and until then the policy of *laissez-faire* would be the best.

To expect a thing immediately and to be told you must wait for a twelvemonth are things as apart from each other as the poles. But alas for the obstinacy of over-sanguine fathers! Would these hoary men never feel what it is to be “plucked”? sighed Kittoo. His

father, astrology or no astrology, would not permit him to wait until next March. Kittoo must appear for the September examination. He was passing through exceedingly bad times indeed.

Repeated failures had taught Kittoo to vary his tactics every time. But March and September invariably brought him positive evidence of the utter worthlessness of his tactics. Still undaunted he tried all sorts of experiments. Now he said to himself, "Last time I was guilty of supererogation in my preparations. I had everything at my fingers' ends. This time I will go to the examination hall with my fingers' ends empty."

Paying examination fees, and sitting for the various papers had of late become almost mechanical to Kittoo. In due course September came, and the 18th of October followed suit. On the morning of the 19th with supreme unconcern he bought a copy of the Hindu, and noiselessly went up to his room and pored over the results column. The numbers ran as follows:—

685 to 689, 691, 693, 695.....

So, 692 had again been 'ploughed'! Sadness now gripped the vitals of Kittoo's heart. Sorely did he wish for the printer's error which crops up so incessantly in unnecessary situations. Hamlet-like he began to soliloquise:—

"Harmless 692! Could not the wretched University have allowed you to appear in the list, when so many other numbers are appearing? If not real merit, at least the sheer fact of my courage in appearing so many times must have secured me a pass. There is a story told that a popular doctor in Madras once secured a pass in L. M. & S. in this way. But alas! the glory of this University is gone for ever."

Such thoughts passed through his blazing mind, and

left him none the wiser. Then he saw in a flash, the whole truth. "Fate—did not the astrologer say so?" he murmured. "Why did not father allow me to wait till March, when Venus would make me pass?"

But how to face his father now? This thought racked his head still more. However, to every action there is always a reaction, as Newton postulated. In Kittoo's case, the latter set in soon enough. Screwing up his courage to the last sticking place, he went downstairs. His father was there in the hall, already in a fury. They met. Strangely enough, no shouts or ultimatums! But the ominous silence on the part of the parent doubly enhanced the tension of the situation. It was a moment when Kittoo wished himself off at the gates of Pluto. The three-headed Cerberus could certainly never be so difficult to manage as this single-headed one. His father's eyes glared like a bull's. A sardonic laugh at last broke the silence, and poor Kittoo almost got into a fit of apoplexy. Frantically he ran upstairs, buried himself between his pillows and shed scalding tears. "So the astrologer was right after all," bemoaned Kittoo between his sheets. "My time is bad."

Next morning Kittoo had a telegram from one of his friends at Madras. It ran thus:

Thousand congrats on your passing First Class—Babu.

He stared at it in sheer incredulity until his eyeballs nearly started out of their sockets. Impulsively he ran down and bounced into his father's office-room. Tossing the telegram over the table, he stood before his father—a perfect picture of triumph.

On second thoughts, the telegram appeared an enigma. Only two things were possible—either the

newspaper had omitted to put in 692 by oversight or Babu was making a mistake. Since Babu was in Madras and must have verified the truth at the Senate House, he could not have been wrong. Musing thus, Kittoo waited impatiently for the arrival of the newspaper. Presently the postman came and when the paper was opened Kittoo found to his great delight the following insertion in a corner :—

"We regretfully announce that No. 692 was omitted by oversight in the First Class list of the Intermediate results published in our yesterday's issue"—Ed.

In the evening Kittoo gave a grand entertainment to his friends. In the course of it one of them asked, "I say, old fellow, however did you manage to get through?"

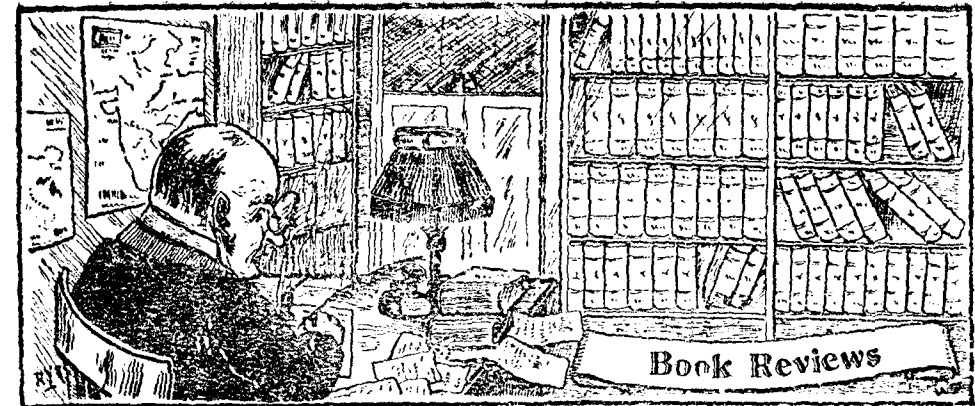
He remained mute for a moment and said, "Well, I don't know!"

It is a fact. He could never really understand how it came about.

"Was it the Examination-complex or the Astrology simplex that stood in your way?"

"Well, I think it is rather the Examination Bogey that had been responsible for all my failures."

S. MAHADEVAN.



RICHARD ROLLE By Verrier Elwin—The Christian Literature Society for India. Price 12 as.

THIS book is the third of the series of the Bhaktas of the World published by the C.L.S. under the general editorship of Dr. A. J. Appasamy. Frankly, it is a *tour de force*, and one not altogether successful. The writer tries to describe the life and teachings of an English hermit of the fourteenth century in the technical language of the Bhakti literature of India. This only seems to make confusion worse confounded. For Rolle's teaching is a mixture of intense Christo-centric devotion and an objective and rather crude conception of heaven and hell. Extravagant virtues attributed to the Holy Name alternate with lists of diseases in Purgatory or the degrees of torture in Hell. And then there is always the scholastic passion for classification of spiritual things with minute divisions and subdivisions and distinctive labels attached in a way most irritating to the modern mind. For instance, Rolle in his *Mending of Life* enumerates nine degrees by which we come to Cleanness of mind viz., Conversion, Poverty, Detachment, The Setting of Man's life, Tribulation, Patience, Reading, Meditation and Prayer. We cannot, of course, say why

the good hermit stopped with nine, any more than we can say why Sridhara in our country stopped with eighty and odd types of secondary bhakti. But this we can say with confidence that nothing is gained by an uncritical and clumsy presentation of one complex, artificial and mediaeval system in terms of another which is more complex and artificial. We take it that this series of booklets is intended specially for students. If so, what the writers should do is to rouse the interest of young minds in the realities of religious life, and not in the meaningless abstractions of remote ages. Also they should frankly show the crudities and limitations of the types of Bhakti that prevailed in the past and not draw a veil over them. Unfortunately, nothing is more frequent in religion than a combination of intense piety with the most childish superstition. And it is the duty of a modern writer to point out both the elements, and commend the one and condemn the other. It is only then that the feet of the young are set on the right path. Therefore our chief complaint about this book is that in its well-intentioned attempt to interpret the experience of a Christian mystic in terms of Hindu bhakti it fails to make its subject clear and that by not properly indicating light and shade it produces more or less a daub, and not a picture.



College Notes

The following were the changes in the College staff during the third term :—

- (1) Mr. I. Narayana Menon, Professor of Philosophy, was appointed Director of Public Instruction, Cochin State. He therefore sent in his resignation, and M.R.Ry. P. Narasimham Pantulu Garu was appointed in his place.
- (2) Mr. C.R. Namasivaya Mudaliar, Tamil Pandit, retired from service from 21 2 '31 and Mr. Kalyanasundaram Pillai took his place.
- (3) Mr. Shamshuddin Sahib, Hindustani Munshi, was transferred to the Rajahmundry College and Moulvi Mohammad Ismail Khan Sahib succeeded him.

The greatest event of this term was the College Day which was celebrated with great *eclat* on Friday, the 23rd January. His Excellency the Governor presided on the occasion and Her Excellency gave away the prizes. There was a very large gathering of distinguished 'old boys,' and ladies and gentlemen as well as the present students of the College. The arrangements made for receiving the visitors, conducting them to their seats and providing them with refreshments were much better than in former years. After the various items of the sports were gone through, their Excellencies were conducted to a central platform in the open air where the prizes, shields and medals had been arranged. Before asking Her Excellency to give away the prizes Principal Fyson made a very interesting speech, a report of which is given below :—

"Let me first extend to all our friends who are here this afternoon and especially to our former students a very hearty welcome. Unlike most

other educational institutions we do not have a prize day on which a report of the year's work is read and the rewards of brains or industry distributed, and to which parents and old boys come. But we look forward every year to see again on this day of our Athletic Sports those who have been here as students and it is a great pleasure to find so many whose affection for their old College is sufficient to bring them here year after year though it may be many years since they were here. Before I ask Her Excellency to distribute the prizes, let me say a few words on what we have been doing this year in the matter of games.

Up to the beginning of this year our students' games have, with the exception of lawn tennis and badminton, been confined almost entirely to Inter-college matches played under the auspices of the Madras Collegiate Athletic Association or in our own knock-out tournaments. These latter, I may explain, cater for a wider circle than the Madras Collegiate Athletic Association, being open to institutions outside the city, and to schools as well as colleges. They seem to be increasing in popularity and this year we had teams from 15 institutions. They came from as far away as the Ceded Districts College, Anantapur, the Government Arts College, Rajahmundry (who have sent on every year lately) and the High School, Ellore in the Kistna District. In this connection I have to thank Regimental Sergeant Major Cox of the Middlesex Regiment and the men he sent as referees for the great help they gave us in the football tournaments.

For some time past I have felt that all these tournaments, good as they are, leave too large a proportion of the students of a big College like this without incentive or even opportunity to play any game, except lawn tennis, which being expensive is confined to the few, or badminton which might be termed a soft option. So two years ago I tried, with the co-operation of some of the younger members of the Staff, to have games between pick up sides, but, except for a limited success among the juniors, this proved a failure. Those who were not in the College team did not feel it worth their while to turn up for only an occasional game.

The appointment of a Physical Training Director made it possible this year to do much more. Though engaged for the physical training of the junior students (the Intermediate classes) only, Mr. Subrahmanyan readily and enthusiastically agreed to my suggestion that he should take in hand the athletic life of the whole college. He soon started matches on the

league principle between the different classes (*i.e.*, the students of different academic years). These competitions are not yet finished. They will be continued.

Partly because there could be no continuity between a class and the one with the same designation the next year and partly to rope in a larger number of players, we have since instituted two sets of competitions, for the Seniors and the Juniors separately, between those taking different subjects. By dividing the big group I of the Intermediate class, and combining the smaller sections of the B.A., and B.A. Honours, we have made 4 groups of Juniors and 5 of Seniors. The games competed in this year were foot-ball, hockey and volley ball in the Seniors competition; and in the Juniors there were badminton and tennicoit also. To these must be added the team events in the sports of this afternoon. Time has not allowed us to include cricket, but we hope to do so next year, for we have rather a cricket tradition here.

The competitions are for shields in the form of the boards which you see here and which Her Excellency will be asked to distribute this evening. On them will be painted each year the winning groups and the names of their captains, and they will be hung up in the entrance hall of the College.

In addition there will be a trophy for the best all-round group of each set. One of these trophies is the beautiful piece of turned rosewood or ivory which you see at the end of the table. It was made about 35 years ago by Dr. (now Sir Alfred) Bourne, when he was a Professor in this College. For many years it was used as the plinth or foot of the cup subscribed for by the Professors of Madras Colleges as a trophy for cricket, but possibly on account of its fragile nature this use of it was discontinued. The last of the little silver shields which denoted its winner bears the date 1913. I have to thank very warmly Mr. Wales and the Committee of the Collegiate Athletic Association for acceding to my request to hand it over to this College.

The other trophy we have not yet got. I have been looking for one, distinctive and emblematic of physical fitness, and I am in hopes that we may have something made, characteristic and truly Indian in feeling.

It does not require much imagination to realise that, through these competitions, we increase enormously the number of students with oppor-

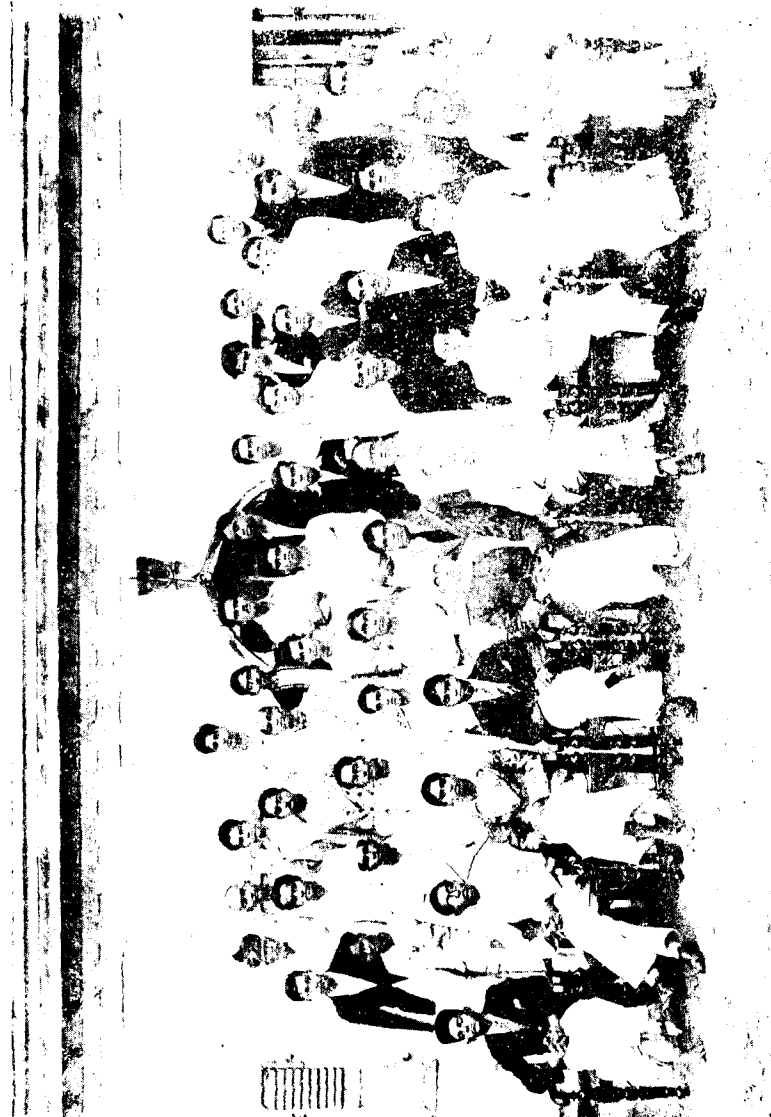
tunity of playing some game. Instead of 33 required to represent the College in the various Inter-Collegiate Tournaments (exclusive of lawn tennis) there may be over 300 playing in these inter-group matches.

I feel that with the appointment for the first time of a man engaged specially to organise physical activities and with the starting of these competitions there has opened a new chapter in our College history, and I look forward to the day when with a further development of the scheme it will be considered as normal and as necessary a part of a student's life here to play regularly in some game as to attend lectures.

This will require more playing fields. Happily a proposal to enclose and grass over a part of the foreshore has, so I understand, been approved by the Finance Department. I desire to thank very heartily all those who helped that scheme over the various obstacles that one of its magnitude must necessarily meet, especially our Minister the Hon'ble Diwan Bahadur Kumaraswamy Reddiar, whom we are proud to own as an old boy of the College and who on taking up office quickly made the scheme his own. We are fortunate indeed in having such a friend.

There is another departure I should like to mention. Before I left for England last March, in discussing plans with Mr. Subrahmanyam, I urged him to try and introduce boxing. His opportunity did not come till the middle of September, when Mr. Nagaraja Sastri, an old student of the college and an Oxford Blue for boxing, came forward and nobly undertook to give our men lessons. That our students can fight gamely, you, Sir, saw in our match with the Engineering College last month, and if Mr. Sastri will, as I hope, continue to coach us, we shall, I am sure, be able to put out a very formidable team.

I began my speech with a welcome to the 'Old Boys' and now I am going to make an appeal to them. These group-competition shields will, as time goes on, present a continuous record of the athletic side of our college life. Of the intellectual side we have no record. I speak only the literal truth when I say that, except for certain lists printed in the College Calendar, which probably no one looks at, and for the portraits of Principals and other Professors, we have in the College no record whatever of the past. There is nothing to make a student feel that he belongs to an old institution, that he is part of a great company of men who have passed through the College. I should



The Presidency College Hostel.

like very much to have in the lower corridor of the main building Honours Boards on which to record each year the names of those winning University Prizes. Some of them go back more than 50 years, and our share of them, never small, has in recent years been increasing. Of the 32 open prizes awarded on the results of the last B.A. & B.A. Hons. Examination, 14 were won by students of this college. Altogether about Rs. 3000 will be needed. After this outlay, the cost of adding the new names every year could easily be met; but for the Rs. 3000 I am going to ask the Old Boys. There are some here whose names would appear on the boards. Think what it would mean to some grandson, great grandson or more remote descendant to see his ancestor's name as prize-winner in a subject he himself was studying! An average board would cost about Rs. 100. There must surely be more than thirty old boys whose means and whose affection will make them willing to enrich their old college in this way.

I have now to thank, and I do so heartily, those who have assisted in making this function a success; and first the judges, who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Members of the staff will not need my thanks, for we are all one; but I would like to mention specially Mr. C. K. Krishnaswamy Pillai and our energetic Physical Training Director, Mr. Subrahmanyam, who have been in charge of the sports, and Mr. Franco who was chief of those looking after the arrangements for the visitors."

The Presidency College Hostel

At the beginning of the term, as usual, the office bearers were elected.

Early in January there was a lecture by our Superintendent on the "Impressions of a tour in Northern India." He emphasised in the course of the lecture (1) the importance of a knowledge of Hindi for a tour in the North (2) the desirability of a common dietary for the North and the South and (3) the need for keeping all places of pilgrimage in India clean and sanitary in charge of men of wide culture and liberal outlook.

On February 6th at 8 p.m. there was a special meeting in connection with the death of our national leader Pandit Motilal Nehru. Prof. Sarma read the verses in the Gita describing the immortality of the soul and made a short speech explaining the significance of Panditji's life. Mr. Bhat, one of our

members who had composed some Sanskrit verses on the occasion, read them out, and after prayer the gathering dispersed.

The only other important function during this term was the Hostel Day, which came off on the 22nd of February. There was a group photo at 7 a.m. After the photo, the members assembled in the Common Hall. The Principal, Mr. Fyson, presided. Cups and medals were awarded to the winners, P. S. Pattabiraman and B. N. Ramamurthy, and to the runners-up, K. S. Vaidyanathan and V. N. Srinivasa Rao, in the Hostel Badminton Doubles Tournament. The Sri Gargi Memorial Prizes and certificates and the certificates for proficiency in Hindi secured by some of our members were also distributed. The General Secretary presented the Annual Report recording the various activities of the Hostel during the year and referred to the distinctions gained by the members of the Hostel, both past and present.

Then Mr. T. R. Purushothaman B.A., proposed a toast on behalf of the Hostel, and it was replied to by the Superintendent. The Principal in his address expressed his appreciation of the Hostel and concluded with an exhortation to the students to lead disciplined lives. After a vote of thanks by the General Secretary the proceedings came to a close.

This function was immediately followed by a religious class. The last section of the third chapter of the Gita was the text for the day. In his discourse on the verses Prof. Sarma explained the nature of evil—how it appears as disease on the physical plane, as error on the intellectual plane, as ugliness on the aesthetic plane, and as sin on the moral plane, and pointed out how the non-moral instincts of animals give rise to immorality through the play of the free will in man.

The Union Society

The Union Society Elections for the third term were not marked by any fights or speeches or manifestos. There was no excitement of an electioneering campaign. Mr. S. Chakravarthi, IV Hons. Economics, was the only one to announce his candidature and he was returned unopposed. Mr. D. Ramalinga Reddi, the Secretary of the last term, was duly declared President for this term. The following are the members of the Committee.

Mr. K. Misra	—Mathematics
Mr. W. J. John	—Physics.

Mr. K. Sundaresan	—Chemistry.
Mr. P. Dowie	—Natural Science.
Mr. Venkataswami	—Philosophy.
Mis. H. Sarojini Rajan	—History.
Mr. G. K. Seshagiri	—Sanskrit.
Mr. C. G. Krishnan	—English Honours.
Miss E. K. Leela	—Lady Students' Representative.

The term opened with an interesting and lively debate between the past and the present students of the College on Thursday the 29th January. Mr. B. K. Sarvothama Rao, B.A. (Hons.) moved in a speech of exceptional brilliance that "in the opinion of the house there is no religion higher than selfishness." The speech was characterized by no grandiose phrases, nor was it a mere collection of facts "dry as dust." To the delight and laughter of the audience the speaker pointed out that the hub of the human mechanism is the hedonistic principle of self-interest, and that if every man was dissected to the very marrow of his bones, a thin little stream of selfishness was sure to be found there.

Mrs. S. Y. Krishnaswami, I.C.S. gave the coup-de-grace to the speech of the mover, and he did so with a subtle persuasiveness.

Mr. T. R. Parthasarathi opposed the motion with his usual vehemence and array of facts, and his speech was so telling that he carried the day and the motion was lost.

The Hon. Sir. C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, one of the delegates of the R.T.C., addressed the members of the Union on "Federations" on Tuesday the 3rd February, when Mr. D. R. Reddi presided. Just before the lecture a condolence resolution on the death of Mr. Mohamed Ali was passed, all standing as a mark of respect to the deceased leader.

The lecturer said that it had come to be generally conceded at the present day that the future form of Government in India must be some kind of federation. The system of Government must be such that the essentials of sovereignty could be taken over by the federation at the earliest possible opportunity. The subject of "defence" was one of the first essentials of sovereignty and no federation was worth having unless it contained facilities for taking over that subject. That was one of the reasons why it was felt that the Indian States should enter the federation. The Indian States represented a noble and kingly tradition which had

played and must play a great part in the future Indian polity and it was well, therefore, for the builder of the future Indian constitution to preserve the sovereignty of the Indian States and modify, temper or even improve it but not eradicate it. In matters of all-India concern such as defence and external affairs, customs and exchange, the interests and policy of British India and Indian States being concurrent, there must be some central authority to co-ordinate the policy and interests of both. The lecturer said in conclusion that a great responsibility lay on the shoulders of the present generation to work out details and see to it that certain practical expedients were adopted which would result in ushering in an era of self-government in the fullest sense of the word.

After finishing his speech, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar presented the Oratory Medal to Mr. E. K. Warriar amidst deafening cheers. With the President's concluding remarks and the vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary the meeting terminated.

There was an extraordinary meeting of the members of the Union on Thursday the 19th February in the Big English Lecture Hall, when the following condolence resolution on the death of Pandit Motilal Nehru was moved from the chair: "This meeting of the Presidency College Union places on record its profound grief at the lamentable demise of Pandit Motilal Nehru, beloved leader of the people and a steadfast patriot, who has carved for himself a well-merited niche in the temple of Indian Nationalism by his unflinching devotion to its cause and by a readiness to serve his motherland even unto death, which will continue to inspire and guide her sons for ever." It was adopted *unanimously*, all standing as a mark of respect for the departed soul.

The Valedictory Address of the Union was delivered by Mr. P. Seshadri, M.A., Principal, Sanatana Dharma College, Cawnpore, on Friday the 27th February, the subject of the lecture being, "What is wrong with our Universities?"

The lecturer began by saying that he totally disagreed with the view that our Universities are "diabolical devices to expose the ignorance of people." He thought that the foundation of the Universities had been well and truly laid and that they had done work of which they could be proud. Yet it was not a perfect system. There were defects in every institution and University education too was capable of improvement.

One thing seriously wrong was the method of University examinations. An ideal University was that in which there were no examinations. Their ancient Universities of Nalanda and Taxila had neither entrance nor final examinations. If examinations were abolished, students should be brought into constant contact with tutors. By the tutorial system the day to day progress could be taken into consideration. The examinations did not give students credit for the daily work in the class-room. They were not good tests of intellectual efficiency.

Referring to the question of research he emphasized the fact that Universities should be places where not only young men were educated but also where professors were educated. There were professors whose knowledge was restricted and who would be satisfied if the students passed their examination. On the other hand there were professors who were students anxious to make contributions of their own to their subjects. It was the latter class of men who ought to be really appointed as professors.

He concluded by saying that an important factor in University education was tradition. Probably some of our Universities had not been in existence for a sufficient number of years to create a tradition as some of the Western Universities. It might take some more years to build up a tradition.

The pleasant function terminated with the usual vote of thanks.

The Mathematical Association

Late last term, on Thursday the 27th November, Mr. R. L. Devate, B.A., B.L., spoke on 'Mathematics in Ancient India', when Mr. S. Rajan presided. The lecturer very clearly traced the progress of mathematics in India from the earliest times and remarked that, though mathematics was only studied as an aid to Astronomy, our ancients had a good many original results to their credit. The president in his concluding remarks said that India would have a glorious future even as she had an illustrious past.

The activities of the term commenced with a lecture by Mr. A. Narasinga Rao M.A. L.T., Reader in Mathematics, Annamalai University, on "A problem in Curvature." The lecturer gave a novel method of solving problems in Curvature, and demonstrated the application of Applied Mathematics to problems in Pure Mathematics.

On Wednesday the 4th of February, Mr. S. Venkataraman B.A., spoke

on "the fourth dimension", when Mr. R. L. Devate B.A., B.L., presided. The lecturer gave arguments for the existence of a fourth dimension and showed that life itself might be considered to be of four dimensions.

It was a pleasant evening that we spent on Monday the 23rd of February when Dr. S. R. U. Savor, Principal, Government College, Kumbakonam, delivered the valedictory address and Prof. K. Ananda Rao presided. After tea, Mr. S. Rajan gave us some South Indian songs and Mr. Kasinath Misra sang some Oriya songs. Then Mr. V. Gurudas Rao gave us a comic and recited a parody of Tennyson's "Two Voices." After this Dr. Savor delivered his lecture on "The Romance of Astronomy" illustrated by lantern-slides. The lecture was highly interesting and instructive and gave us an idea of the vastness of the universe in which our solar system was but a mere speck. The president concluded by saying that every one ought to take up the study of practical Astronomy. With a vote of thanks by the Secretary the meeting came to a close.

The Sanskrit Association

The activities of the term commenced with a lecture on Thursday the 15th January 1931 by M. R. Ry. V. Narayanan Avl. M.A., M.L. on "Dandin's Kavyadarsa" with Prof. P.P. Subramania Sastri in the chair.

Our next meeting was held on Tuesday the 17th February 1931 when M. R. Ry. A. S. Krishna Rao Avl. M.A., Lecturer in Sanskrit, Loyola College, addressed us on "Bana as a literary artist." M.R.Ry. L. R. Ramachandra Iyer Avl. M.A., L.T., presided on the occasion.

We take this opportunity to record our sincere thanks to all the gentlemen that responded to our invitations this year and delivered instructive addresses to us.

The Tamil Manavar Sangam

The business meeting to elect office-bearers was held early in the second term and the following were elected Secretaries.

Mr. D. L. Rama Rao, IV class.

Mr. S. G. Rajagopalan I class.

Four representatives were chosen one from each of the four classes.

Mr. D. L. Rama Rao, IV class.

Mr. C. Krishnamachari, III class

Mr. Ramalingam, II class.

Mr. R. Aiyaswami, I class.

The Inaugural Address was delivered early in November by Rao Bahadur P. Sambandam Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., with M.R. Ry. C.R. Namasivaya Mudaliar in the chair. The subject of the Lecture was "The Tamil Drama of the Sangam Epoch." The learned lecturer dwelt on the various aspects of the Tamil Dramatic Literature and Tamil Stage with special reference to the Sangam Period.

The next lecture was on "The date of the Alvars" by M.R.Ry. V. Narayana Iyer, M.A., M.L. The importance of the subject from the exam. point of view was very great. The different views of the dates of the saints were set forth with arguments with reference to each. It was a very interesting lecture giving us much data for speculative thought and stimulating research.

There was one more lecture, and that was by M.R.Ry. Bashyam Ayyangar B.A., L.T. on "The Purananuru." Our present Tamil Lecturer Mr. R. Kalyanasundaram, B.A., presided.

As we go to press, arrangements are being made for a tea party and an address to our Tamil Pandit M.R.Ry. C. R. Namasivaya Mudaliar, who is retiring from service.

The Malayalee Association

The most important of our activities this term was the staging of a Malayalam farce "Papi Poyadam Padalam" by the members of the Association in the College theatre on the 7th February 1931.

The play, written by the famous Malayalam novelist Mr. C. V. Raman Pillai in his usual colloquial style, depicts in its main theme the calamities that befall a man who tries to practise treachery on others. Incidentally it shows the social customs and manners of a typical Nair family of Trivandrum. The play was voted a success and elicited high praise from the Malayalee public of Madras who formed the majority of the audience. The make-up of the actors and the choice of costumes were attended to with the most scrupulous care. Mention may here be made of Mr. Balakrishna Menon who looked a typical District Court Vakil of Quilon whom he represented. The parts of Sankara Pillai and Karanavar were played

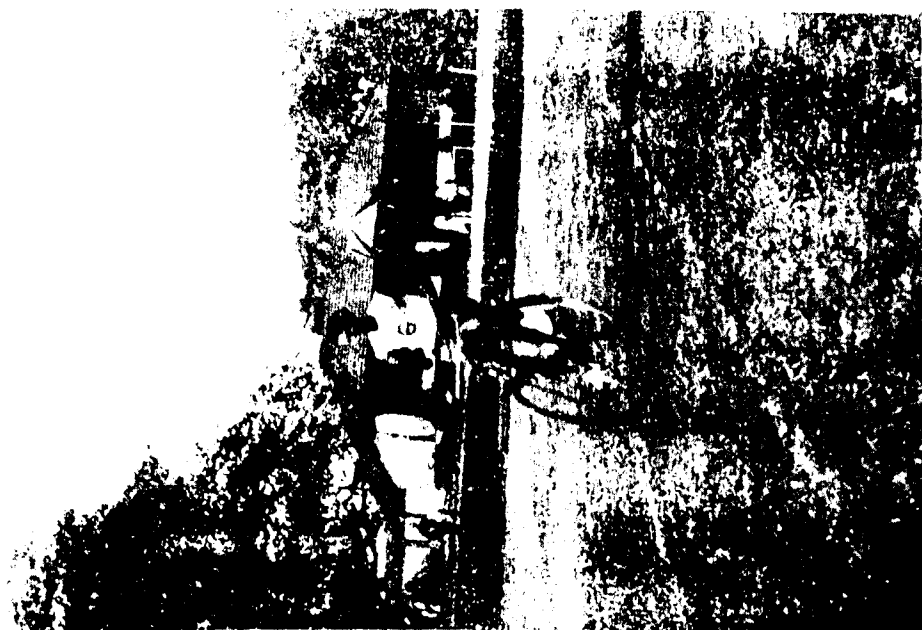
very successfully by Messrs. Rama Ramanan Unni and Kochupapachan respectively. The former in his easy natural manner kept the audience in perpetual laughter, and the latter by his superb style of acting represented the typical Karanavar of Nair family in Malabar. Among the female characters, Mr. A. S. Victor, who acted the part of Kunhikutty, deserves to be congratulated on his excellent performance. The love scenes between Sankaran and Kunhikutty, the quarrel scene between Sankaran and Kunhappan were superb and sent the house repeatedly into peaks of laughter. Mr. Achutha Menon who acted the part of the barrister in his usual dignified manner, and Mr. Gopala Menon, who played the part of a typical old lady of a Nair family, deserve to be congratulated on their performance. On the whole the performance of the amateur actors—most of them new to the stage—showed a very high standard in all respects.

The success of the play is due mainly to the ungrudging efforts of our popular Malayalam Pandit Mr. Pisharodi and Mr. C. Achutha Menon, who as chief directors conducted most of the rehearsals in the midst of their multifarious duties. The thanks of the Association are also due to our Vice-President Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai for the keen interest he took in the staging of this drama.

The following snaps were taken during the College Sports
by S. B. Pattabhirama Rao,
a Student of the Junior Intermediate Class:









H. A. Mirza, the Winner of the College all-round Athletic Championship cup and of the 120 yds. Hurdles in the Madras Presidency Olympic Sports held this year.



The Athletic Association 1930-31

THE year under review has seen many improvements in every form of activity and the results obtained are satisfactory and encouraging. There has been a general rise in the standard of various games and athletics. It is very much to be regretted that we were not able to win many of the trophies from outside the college, except the Duncan cup in cricket. We have however participated in all the tournaments inside and outside our college. A special feature this year is the launching of the inter-group competitions in hockey, football, volley ball, tennicoit, badminton and athletics. In all there were 9 teams, 5 from the seniors and 4 from the juniors. This innovation has indeed facilitated many more students to participate in the games of the college than in any of the previous years. In fact about 350 students have played regularly in some game or other during the year from a total of over 800 students in the college. It is highly desirable that the others also be made to come in.

The Association conducted successfully all the tournaments viz., cricket, hockey, football, and tennis, of course with the help of the Presidents for the various games. The additional activities introduced this year are boxing, formal physical training and playground-ball. It is gratifying to note that all the above activities are popular among the students, especially boxing.

The inter-group competitions and the shields for the winning group are innovations this year, and, as mentioned above, they proved to be very successful as they produced very keen competition and a healthy rivalry among the various groups. Another feature of these

group events was that it improved in the students the team spirit, and also the spirit of sportsmanship, which after all are the objects of all field games.

Cricket

Our standard of cricket is still high and our team is still easily the best among those of colleges. The college lost the Penequick trophy for cricket this year. A little more of regular practice, especially in fielding, would have prevented this.

The cricket team visited Secunderabad and Hyderabad during September and returned with an unbeaten record. The standard of cricket exhibited by us was superior, as was generally admitted by the opponents and the Press. Of the 4 matches played we won 3 and drew 1.

In the tournament conducted by our college 10 teams entered including one from the mofussil, (Annamalai University College, Chidambaram) In the end our college won the final with the Law College. So we still retain this cup which has not as yet gone outside our college from the beginning of the tournament.

Hockey

The Hockey Club has been very active this year and the attendance on both the senior and the junior grounds was satisfactory.

In the college tournament the Government Muhammadan College won the Panagal cup. Among 12 entries Ceded Districts College, Anantapur, was the only mofussil team. Our college collapsed against the ultimate winners viz., the Muhammadan college, who more or less surprised us.

Though we lost the tournament here, our college team did exceptionally well at Secunderabad. Our men exhibited excellent stick work and rare combination and proved to be much faster than many of the local sides. The Bulletin there said that ours was the fastest game they had ever witnessed there. Of the 5 matches played we won 3, drew one and lost one. This, which was our only reverse, was at the hands of the combined colleges.

In the inter group competition Group A (Maths, Eng. Hons and Economics) among the seniors, and Group III (History) among the juniors won.

Foot Ball

It is sad to note how this fine game is not receiving that attention which is its due. There is hardly any enthusiasm and it is hoped that in the coming year there will be real improvement.

The tournament conducted by our college in football was, however, very popular, as it attracted as many as 15 colleges from different parts of the Presidency. The Arts College, Rajahmundry, the Ceded Districts College, Anantapur and the High School, Ellore were the mofussil items that entered. The standard of game throughout the tournament was fairly high and in the final the Madras Medical College wrested the cup from The Arts College, Rajahmundry.

Tennis

Though some of our star players have passed out of the college the average standard of tennis is still very good. To begin with we had the original 4 courts in the old Engineering College ground. Later on we had to add two more, one in the Victoria Hostel compound, and a ladies' court in the Principal's compound. However owing to continued bad weather and some delay in getting the courts ready, we could not get enough ladies to join as members by the end of the second term. Hence in the third term the ladies' court was transferred to the members of the fifth court.

In the tournament of the College open to all colleges and schools the Christian College won the singles and the Loyola College carried away the doubles, while our college stood as the runners up in both.

In the tournament held for the students of the college there were large entries for all the items viz. level singles and doubles and handicap singles and doubles. The standard of tennis in these matches was good.

This year we have put two tube well pumps for watering the courts as we found it very difficult to get the courts watered well all these years. So the courts will improve a great deal and we hope that the standard of tennis will also improve proportionately.

Volley Ball

This game is fast becoming popular among our students. We have two courts this year and both these were crowded every evening throughout

the year. The standard of game is above the average here and we defeated a good side that toured Madras from Hyderabad during December.

In the inter-group tournament the C group (Chemistry) among the seniors, and Group III (History) in the juniors were the winners.

Tennicoit

This game recently introduced has become very popular especially among the Intermediate students. There are 3 courts and the standard of the game is very good. In the open tournament in doubles there were 10 entries and the games played were well contested.

Boxing

As mentioned earlier, this was started only this year and great enthusiasm prevailed among the students of the college. We are greatly indebted to Mr. C. V. N. Sastri for his abiding interest in training our students. A few weeks after opening the class, a challenge competition was arranged between our college and Engineering College. His Excellency presided. Though we lost in the competition very narrowly by 4 to 6 fights even H. E. Governor remarked how well and how very sportingly our students fought. With better practice we hope to do much better next year.

Playground Ball

As the students attending physical training classes showed no inclination to play any game, this was introduced mainly for these. The interest in this game is slowly progressing.

Badminton

There is only one badminton court this year. The junior students of the college and those for whom light exercise is recommended play this game regularly. In the inter-group competition only the juniors participated and group III. (History) won. Though we have no star performers this year in the college it is highly gratifying to note that the average performance of the students is very good. This is mainly due to the introduction of the group athletics or team events in many of the items of track and field sports. Here again the students have much to learn about the value of regular and systematic training before they actually take part in athletic competitions.

Conclusion

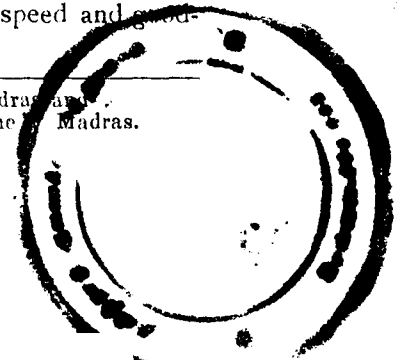
The success of this year in all branches of activity is largely due to the great zeal and unbounded interest evinced by the Principal, Mr. P. F. Fyson. We have also to mention the services done by the Captains and Secretaries for the various games during the year. The success of the College Day, which is described under College Notes, was largely due to the hearty co-operation of the members of the staff and the students of the college.

U. T. C. Notes

We began the year with a series of handicaps. We had no Officer Commanding at the start; nor had we senior N.C.O's. (Non-Commissioned Officers) experienced in the handling of a Company. And our staff serjeant was a new man. To add to this, the strength of our trained men fell below twenty. We had, therefore, to recruit afresh well-nigh the whole contingent. The stoppage of sending rifles to the college this year put our men to the inconvenience of having to go to the Fort for each and every parade. In addition, the burden of training the recruits fell directly, for the first time since the institution of the U.T.C., on our inexperienced, though zealous, N.C.O's. These causes went far to damp the enthusiasm and team-spirit among the freshers, which eventually led to a sort of break down of the morale of the whole Company.

Our new Commandant, Capt. Bacon, is a fine sort of straight, though strict, man. The camp this year was to be held at Pallavaram during Michaelmas; unexpectedly, however, it was suddenly stopped on the eve of our departure thereto. All the same, the camp came off in December, the 'D' company not participating in it due to financial stringency of the Government. Unfortunately, our company put up a very poor show, and came back, as it were, in mourning.

In Lt. Ayappan Pillai we have an enthusiastic, well meaning and plain spoken officer, who has evinced a keen interest in the affairs of the Company ever since he joined us in September. We, who are quitting the corps, leave behind us trained N.C.O's, with whose efficient co-operation we expect Lt. Pillai to rehabilitate the prestige of the former "Willingdon Shield Company." With high hopes we wish the Company godspeed and good-bye.





The fair damsel with a face like the moon, with lips like the *bimba* fruit attracting the parrot, with a braid like a peacock's plume, with a neck shaped like a conch, with arms tender as creepers, with a body slender as a wand, with breasts like pitchers of gold, with thighs like elephant's tusks and with feet like lotuses

INSPIRES LOVE IN

The handsome youth tall as a *sala* tree, with feet like lotuses, with lips like tender sprouts, with a chest like a door, with arms like rods, with hands like lotuses, with shoulders like the humps of bulls and with his hair like the wings of a crow.

