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The Goddess of Wisdom

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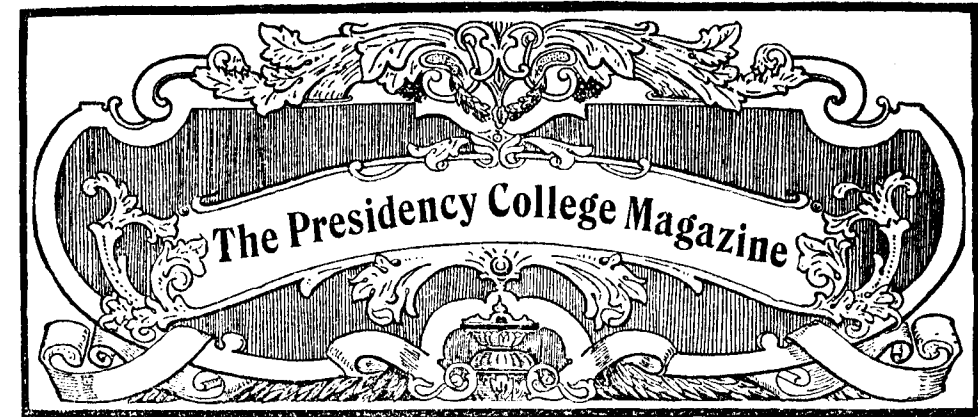
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No. 1

George Meredith*

“THE death of George Meredith was the real end of the nineteenth century, not that empty date that came at the close of 1899. The last bond was broken between us and the pride and peace of the Victorian age. Our fathers were all dead. We were suddenly orphans. We all felt strangely and sadly young. A cold enormous dawn opened in front of us; we had to go on tasks which our fathers, fine as they were, did not know, and our first sensation was that of cold and undefended youth. Swinburne was the penultimate, Meredith the ultimate end”.

In these words Mr. Chesterton with characteristic obliqueness emphasises a great truth about George Meredith. For the sage of Box Hill was indeed the last of the great Victorians. When we think of his fine flashing figure and of that impress of health and robustness which he leaves on our minds, we seem to touch the vanished splendour of a heroic age. No doubt Thomas Hardy was yet alive, old, and venerable and an acknow-

* The following is an extract from the Elphinstone Prize Essay, 1930,



ledged genius. But he belonged as little to the Victorian generation as to the generation of Shaw and Chesterton and Wells. Modern literature, as the more discerning among the moderns know it, reads very much like the clever talk of an exceedingly precocious child. It may be a rollicking barrack-room ballad from Mr. Kipling; it may be brilliant dialogue from Mr. Shaw; it may be the blinding flash of epigram from Mr. Chesterton; or it may be a fantastic romance from Mr. Wells about a fairy visit from a four-dimensional world to the three-dimensional. But it is always the smart little child trying to attract attention, and achieving little else. Tolstoy to whom light-heartedness was another word for vulgarity wrote thus to Mr. Shaw exhorting him to be more serious:

"In your 'Man and Superman' I detect a desire to surprise and to astonish the readers by your great erudition, talent and cleverness. Yet all this is not merely unnecessary for the solution of the questions you deal with, but often distracts the reader's attention from the essence of the matter by attracting it to the smartness of the exposition.....You must not speak jestingly of such a subject as the purpose of human life, the causes of its perversion and the evil that fills the life of humanity today."

It is certain that Thomas Hardy could never be accused of speaking jestingly of such a subject as the purpose of human life. Life was a serious matter to him, often a too serious one. He had nothing in common with these light-hearted precocious children. He was no extravagant lover of the paradox and the epigram. But, if he was never flippant, he had another fault, which is, perhaps, not less grave than flippancy; he was wanting in sense of humour. His was a seriousness unrelieved even by one kindly joke. If ever he joked at all, it was a

grim joke spreading into an unearthly smile: one could be tempted to call it the smile on the face of a skull. 'To what tune danceth this Immense?', was the question he put to himself; and forthwith came the answer that 'the President of the Immortals in Aeschylean phrase had ended his SPORT with Tess.' He did believe in an all-powerful God, but not in an all-merciful one. He certainly saw a purpose in life, but the purpose was an evil purpose. From his earliest work in his 'Desperate Remedies' to that culminating tragedy of the 'Man of Destiny' he never forgot in any minor detail of art that we are to the gods but 'as flies to wanton boys.' It is this fact that denies him a real place among the Victorians who believed in strength and optimism and in a delightful sense of humour; and who, where they refused to see a kind beneficent God, also refused to see an evil replica of Him. If Little Nell died and her lovely little corpse was carried through two long chapters, it was bad enough. But, then, the world did not end with little Nell. There was Dick Swiveller and there was the Marchioness and we knew that these two were alive and making merry. It is so different when Tess dies. It is almost as if the whole universe collapsed and lay in fragments at our feet. Colonel Newcome dies, but it is the picture of strength fighting to the last and fading by slow degrees. When Jude dies, however, we have the impression of an unarmed innocent being struck dead by a dastardly villain. Hardy does not hesitate to point out who the villain is. It is—God!

Now, the Victorian tradition would never tolerate this outlook on life. The Victorians pointed to a better life that could be achieved, not by dying, but by living intelligently. They never worked a halo round the weaknesses and the feebleness of human nature, and

never encouraged the philosophy of fatalism that runs from line to line of Hardy and finds its abiding splendours in the pages of the modern Russian novelist. Nevertheless, the Victorians were not such sophisticated beings as to find no spiritual value in suffering. The literary men of an era that could boast of a Carlyle and a Browning knew better than to jeer at the sorrowing of a soul. But an equally arresting fact about them was that they did not believe in suffering when one need not suffer. To fight the impugnable and to suffer the inevitable—this was life to them. They never could sit in a corner and tell sweet tales about a certain vague thing called fate. They were manly, and they adored strength and intelligence. And if we have dealt at such great length with the difference between Hardy and the Victorian writers, it is to show that Meredith was himself a typical Victorian writer, and was the last of that noble race which held aloft the banner of strength and intelligence without sacrificing the spiritual significance of life. He ranked among the Victorians and differed from the modern writers in being serious about the problems of life. He ranked among the Victorians and differed from Hardy in the sanity of his seriousness.

Not merely in spirit but in point of time also Meredith was among the writers of the nineteenth century. His early poems were published contemporarily with the 'In Memoriam'. His first volume of prose preceded all George Eliot's novels. His early fiction blended with the more mature work of Dickens and Thackeray. 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,' his first novel—and, in the opinion of some, his best—was published in the same year as 'Adam Bede.' Among the distinguished readers of 'The Ordeal' on its first publication were Thomas Carlyle and his wife. "My word, Jenny", exclaimed the splenetic old

Scotchman, rising from the book, "this man's no fule." And he was himself no fool who said it.

Being no stranger to the glorious times of Carlyle and of Browning, of Peacock and Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, Meredith combined in his literary personality many of their peculiar individual features. In his philosophy of life and in his style of writing and in his delineation of character he is often very clearly reminiscent, particularly in his earlier work, of the grotesque humour of Dickens, of the wistful satire of Thackeray, of Carlyle's 'illuminating brilliance of phrase' not unmingled with the crude ungrammatical vitality of Browning, of the engaging epicureanism of Peacock and of George Eliot's vision of the soul in men. To Dickens could be traced the admirable Mrs. Berry (in 'Richard Feverel') whom one writer has called a younger and a much more refined sister of Mrs. Gamp, a cousin of Mrs. Lupin, Pegotty and Polly Richards. Mrs. Berry is particularly 'Gampian' at the wedding of Richard and Lucy and also when she breaks upon the solitude of Lucy in the Isle of Wight and forthwith begins to discuss the unborn heir of the Feverels in not unobjectionable language. To the same fount of inspiration again which gave us a Jingle and a Jo and a Simon Tappertit could be traced the fantastic and impossible Jack Raikes; "and only the Master of caricature character could have rendered him tolerable." Lawyer Perkins reminds one irresistibly of Perker the Lawyer in 'Pickwick', and the Cogglesby brothers are not less grotesque or more convincing than the Cheeryble brothers. Instances could surely be multiplied of the influence which the great Boz gallery exerted on Meredith. But it would be idle to pretend that Dickens, or any one else for that matter, had any abiding influence on him. Meredith had an

individuality all his own and resembled others only in the by-ways of his art.

To take just one other instance, Thackeray, the unsparing critic of this Vanity Fair of a world, may seem at first sight to have a good deal in common with Meredith, 'the Harvey of the Ego.' Each of the novelists was in his own day dubbed a cynic by men whose intellects were a dubious gift from above. But neither of them was a cynic. Cynicism is that attitude of mind which is blind to everything else except the evil side of life, and does not believe in a possible improvement. A cynic says hard things about you and me, just because he finds something wrong with us; his aim is not to better us by showing us how bad we are; on the other hand he actually labours to convince us that we can never be better than we are. Cynicism is in this sense essentially pessimistic, while good-intentioned satire is hopeful of a dawn, however distant. And it is good-intentioned satire that gleams like a relentless sword in the chapters of 'Vanity Fair' and 'The Egoist.' "There was a man once—a satirist. In the natural course of events his friends slew him and he died. And the people came and stood about his corpse. 'He treated the whole world as his football,' they said indignantly, 'and he kicked it.' The dead man opened one eye. 'But always towards the goal,' he added.".....It is this. Both Thackeray and Meredith had a goal in view, and the goal was—a better humanity. The creator of Carinthia and Nataly, of Renee and Richmond Roy was no more a cynic than the creator of Henry Esmond and Colonel Newcome. There are Becky Sharps and Sir Willoughbys all over the world. Perhaps they are actually in each one of us. Understand them. Beware of them. But at the same time know that there are better creatures in God's creation. Huma-

nity is to bridge the gulf between 'Adam and MacAdam'—this was the lesson taught. But while Meredith resembled Thackeray in the broad outline of his task he differed from the wistful large-hearted editor of the 'Cornhill' in his fundamental principles of art. Thackeray exposed the follies and foibles of society; he dealt with the disgraceful exterior of vain and corrupt men. The greatest vices that he battled with were the selfishness and snobbery of genteel society. He was too much preoccupied with the vices of men to show us the vices of man. Individual psychology was not his field of analysis. He knew the social ego, but not the individual ego in every branch of human life. In his treatment of the ideal love of man for woman and of man for humanity, Thackeray was essentially sentimental. 'Old Dobbin of ours' and Henry Esmond are spotless specimens of humanity, but they are specimens that never exist. Thackeray never carefully analysed the feeling of human love; he glorified it to such an extent that it was sacrilege to breathe one suspicious word against it. Love was the foundation of life to him, the very pivot round which the whole universe moved. But he looked no deeper into it, or he would have found the primeval savage fiercely alive in the depths of a feeling which he took for granted to be the purest of human emotions. Meredith saw the savage in man and not merely the savages among men. His wonderful power of introspection showed him that a certain glittering thing which they often called 'love' was mostly the ignoble love of self. It was not enough just to *feel* the power of love. It must be thought out and understood and its genuineness demonstrated in terms of the intellect. Sir Willoughby and Wilfrid Pole and Edward Blancove may have really believed that they loved a woman;

but they merely loved to be loved. The passing madness and frenzy of the heart are no index of the purity of an emotion; the heart is not enough; the brain must supplement its every beat. Thackeray's sentimentality appealed to the heart without first appealing to the brain. Meredith scorned this 'rose-pink of sentiment' because he knew that it invariably ended in false issues and needless tragedies.

"You destroy the poetry of sentiment, Dr. Middleton", said Whitford.

"To invigorate the poetry of nature", was the answer.

Thackeray was a sentimentalist. It is doubtful whether he ever discovered the real 'poetry of nature.' In his deft and cunning exposure of Rebecca and Beatrice and Ethel of the earlier times he betrays the uncomfortable feeling that the best world to live in is, after all, the lackadaisical sentimental world of Roseys and Amelias. Meredith, on the other hand, was ever up in arms against every species of sentimentality. But it was only to reveal to us a deeper understanding of the great and mystic significance of human life.

B. V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Japan: The Empire of the Rising Sun

THE year 1905 is one of the greatest watersheds in history. It connotes not so much the defeat of the mighty empire of all the Russias by a mushroom power that could have been cannonaded into submission by a single Commodore scarcely fifty years ago. Nor is it merely to be remembered for the fact that it heralded the advent, into the councils of the world, of an oriental power,—a power potent for good and for evil—a power which did not create a fuss about making it manifest that it would meet the dominant West on its own terms, whether the latter liked it or no. The year 1905 is significant because it set in bold relief the cultural synthesis—a blend of the oriental and the occidental civilisations into an organic unit. It marks off this age from the preceding ages much more emphatically than did the Renaissance in the Middle Ages. In short, it symbolises the dawn of "a new era of cultural synthesis," to give it a name. And at one stroke the twin theories—that the welfare of the orientals formed the white man's burden, and the fake that the white man held the rich East in fee as the universal vassal of a benign Providence—were consigned to the limbo. The "changeless East" could no more be adduced as a plea for occidental Jingoism. The bunkum of European superiority was gone for ever.

Today, on a retrospect of Japanese affairs, we note a paradoxical combination of the unabated deification of a hereditary monarchy (the oldest and the most "divine" in the world) and the onward march of

democracy on the one hand, and of amazing progress on the path of industrial enterprise and imperial domination on the other. In response to the clarion call of the Mikado (God-King) in 1868 Japan has emerged with the luminous rapidity of a meteor flash from the seclusion of a hermit kingdom, and, donning the garb of modernism, has assumed a role of political aggressiveness and economic enterprise scarcely surpassed by her occidental educators.

Separated from the mainland by the waters of the Pacific, the three-thousand-odd islands (with a population of over 85 millions) ruled over by the Mikado have been a laboratory in which a unique type of insular culture has been fostered. It has been the peculiar good fortune of Japan to have been entirely free from aggressive foreign interference in historic times, barring the futile attempts of Kublai Khan. Never subjugated, therefore, by foreigners in historic record, such influence as foreigners have had on the development of Japan has been, on the whole, the result of peaceful intercourse.

The Japanese of today are the descendants of the Mongolian and Malayan peoples, who invaded the islands about the dawn of history, with a tinge of the native *Ainu* strain. Their language is an agglutinative one, the origin of which is still a matter of conjecture. And their religion is Buddhism imported from China in the 5th century A.D., which has absorbed the native Shintoism ("Way of the Gods"). Though Christianity has struck a root in the land it has made little progress.

Not improbably, from the 2nd century A.D., Chinese ideas began to flow into Japan and influence its development. Early the Japanese government was reorganised on Chinese lines, and we are told that the debt which Japan owes to China is parallel to that which Great

Britain owes to the Graeco-Roman world. Her religion, art, literature and philosophy, her social organisation, and the democratic character of her officialdom (based on a system of University examinations combined with an unparalleled reverence paid to a monarchy because of its traditionally divine origin which made criticism of it tantamount to blasphemy) —all these were the results of early Chinese influence.

From the 8th century, however, the decline of the Sino Buddhist imperialism began. During the 12th century the emperors were formally relegated to the position of figure-heads, whose condition was not much better than that of hereditary Poets-Laureate. From now onwards the administration was carried on by an able line of hereditary Shoguns (Japanese for 'general'), with their capital at Jedo, the Tokyo of today. This double government,—often misunderstood and misinterpreted by foreigners, and comparing well with our own dual system of the Raja of Satara and the Peshwa,—did meritorious service to Japan when it was efficient. While reading the history of the Shogunate, which lasted for seven centuries—down to the middle of the 19th—we are struck with the marvellous restraint and discipline of the people, which is so characteristic of them even today. It passes our understanding why the Shoguns refrained from supplanting the Mikados altogether, as the Peshwas and the Mayors of the Palace (in Early France) did. It can only be explained by saying that they did not want to taint their hands with the blood divine. Anyway, the policy of the efficient Shoguns gave Japan, as Porter says, "a long period of peaceful happiness.....and the people were immeasurably happier and more civilised than the subjects of the Antonines."

Tired of a century of European intrigues and

squabbles, Japan decreed the complete exclusion of foreigners from the islands in 1641. However, two centuries later, in 1853, she reluctantly threw open her doors again, being in no fit condition to resist Commodore Perry, when he spoke through the iron lips of the American cannon. Confronted by these guns, Japan realized with a shock her innate position of lethargic weakness that had paralysed her whole being. From a military point of view, her position now was like that of a naked man faced by ten armed adversaries.

There was no question of ethics here; nor were the parties willing to be influenced by it; and Japan realizing that the better part of valour was discretion conceded the demands at the time. But she came out of the transaction with a mournful consciousness of her deplorable insignificance combined with a grim determination to marshal her forces and come into a line with the great powers. And this, she was convinced, could only be done by toning up her life in accordance with Western ideals. Compared with the problems before Cavour and Bismarck about the same period the task before the Japanese statesmen was much more arduous. There was a dire possibility of Japan sinking into oblivion, and being parcelled out among the ravenous powers—the replica of Africa, China or India. But that it did not share that fate and that the Japanese statesmen did in fact steer this battered ship of state safely into harbour is rightly reckoned among the most amazing feats of statecraft.

The glories of the Shogunate were now a matter of history. With hereditary succession had come degeneration and a long sequence of ills generally associated with it. The Shogunate had fallen on evil days and was in disrepute, while at the same time the prestige of the

Mikado began to revive. The monarch was idolized as the true representative of God on earth, and the idea that it was an act of gross impiety for another to have usurped his functions was fast gaining currency. Further in the young Mikado—Mutshihito, the greatest of his line, dating in unbroken succession from 660 B.C., when Tenno Jimmu ascended the throne—the people found the type of a philosopher on the throne, whom Plato had idealized and Voltaire had sought for in vain. The reigning Shogun was persuaded to atone for the impiety of his forbears by handing over the reins of state to his “Real Master,” which he did in 1867, an extreme act of self-denial in the interests of his country.

With 1867, therefore, begins a new epoch in Japanese history—the “Meiji” Era. The seat of the Mikado was at once transferred from Kyoto to Jedo (Tokyo). Imperial edicts were promulgated abolishing feudalism and introducing changes in every sphere of life. Consequent on the institution of universal military training the Japanese have developed into a nation-in-arms. A decree establishing compulsory education has banished illiteracy practically from the land—94.93 being the percentage of the educated according to the last census. English has been made the compulsory European language for all. Finally, both the religions, Buddhism and Shintoism, have been disestablished.

Coincident with these changes Japanese economic life was revolutionised, and, to all intents, Japan has become an occidental country. It was not to be expected that a metamorphosis so radical in its nature as this would meet with no opposition. But the opposition was easily crushed, and the progress of Japan advanced in geometrical progression. And the Japanese nation-in-arms, united under Mutshihito—the father of the present

ruler—was a reality and not a sham, and it was obvious that Japan would soon insist on obtaining a place in the Sun.

The long-awaited-for opportunity came with the Sino-Japanese (1894-95) and the Russo-Japanese (1904-05) wars. These wars are to Japan what the Battles of Koniggratz and Sedan were to Prussia. They brought her additional territory—the most coveted of which was Korea; they brought her also extended control in the Pacific; and they brought her that “prestige” which at once raised her to the position of a ‘Great Power’—a fact recognised, not without a demur, in the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905 by the West.

During the Great War Japan rendered yeoman service to the world. It is doubtful whether the Allies could have fought the war in Europe for long without troops and supplies reaching them from Australasia and India through Japanese concurrence. The dangers of defeats on sea and land would have been correspondingly increased, if a large portion of the Allied fleets had to be stationed in the Indian and Pacific waters to guard against combined Japanese and German depredations. If Japan had not joined the Allies, Japanese guns and gunners would not have been in Europe in 1914; and Japan, instead of being an arsenal and workshop for the Allies, would have been a base from which German and Japanese men-of-war would have preyed upon their shipping and possessions.

We are not to suppose that Japan in her race for progress has merely played a second fiddle to the West. No; she has only taken what is best in the Western methods and ideals and fused them with what is best in her own. The Japanese of to-day are ambitious to be the industrial and commercial as well as the commanding

maritime power of the East. To that end they are preparing themselves with unremitting zeal. But they are faced with two serious problems, the solution of which may necessitate a clash with other powers. These are—an outlet for their surplus population, and a market for their wares. On the peaceful solution of these problems will depend their future claim to greatness.

B. G. ACHIA.

THE LOGIC OF IT

The logic of the human heart
Surpasseth human understanding :
Now, Leela was divinely smart,
And I was hers—for her commanding.

She made me pine in metred rhyme,
She made me write fantastic letters ;
I vowed to be her slave all time,
And gloried in my silken fetters.

But Suchi was acutely shy
And prim and awkward and retiring ;
And often when I found her by
I thought her tame and uninspiring.

But Life itself, as some one states,
Is like an ever-changing fashion ;
And men outlive their likes and hates,
And... Suchi is my present passion.

The logic of this heart of mine
Surpasseth my own understanding ;
For Suchi now seems most divine,
And I am hers—for her commanding.

B. V. S.

This Nuisance!

NOW, that is rather putting it emphatically—but I don't mean it. In fact the comment isn't mine at all. Of course, you must not think that I deny that at one time I made it and meant it. Well, I confess that I held that opinion once, but it was very irksome to hold it, having myself had opportunity to make some very fastidious reader scowl and utter the same impatient exclamation at me. So I gave it up. We, of course, live and learn—'grow wiser every day' as somebody says. (But I must put it to you that I couldn't prove this latter thing in my own person. Moreover, if we are growing wiser everyday and only as each day passes, I am afraid it would take rather too long to become really wise—but this sort of divagation is again a 'nuisance'.)

Well, somebody, I think it is De Quincey, somewhere, I don't remember where, divides the whole of mankind into two races—those who borrow and those who lend. (An awful thing it is for you to get caught in either of these groups, for, I presume, once you get in, you must needs cling to it willy-nilly all your life). I venture now to offer another division of mankind into two races on another slightly less important ground—those who do write comments and those who don't in the margins of books. The merits of this classification are two. Merit No. 1 is that it is not half so obvious as De Quincey's and Merit No. 2 is that it provides for easy transitions from one group to the other and vice versa. Other merits it may have or indeed ought to have—but I leave it to you to discover them.

It is really time we made a move from De Quincey's

ideas (or Lamb's, Oh Marginal genius!). Borrowing and lending are not, of course, obsolete, but these are days of inveterate borrowing and of not less inveterate lending (and losing?) not only on the part of individuals but also on the part of great nations—stale and uninspiring business altogether. None of that old romantic tension between borrower and lender which casts such a halo around the heart of a transaction between the mediaeval Christian King and the sons of Israel! It has long ceased to be. Time has staled its once pathetic or stimulating variety, and vicissitude and custom have handed it over to the clutches of the law. But with marginal note-writing—it is all romance and ecstasy. Romance brings the marginal comment as certainly as it doth the 'nine-fifteen.' And do you really believe it will do to have a classification so obvious to the meanest intelligence as De Quincey's (or Lamb's), especially in these days when everyone likes to borrow and no one likes to lend? That is utterly mediaeval, the ecstasy of mediaeval ignorance—not of romance. Romance is not static, and ignorance, believe me, is far from romantic in any sense. We must move, and everything depends on it. How easily in my classification can one glide from the unsung "inglorious muteness" to the full-blown Miltonic inspiration, to the plenary indulgence of the Muses! To be a free citizen of the Parnassian world (on the heights of Helicon) for just one crowded hour! (if longer, it may bore)—that were bliss indeed. But see what the other classification gives you. Once a borrower, always a borrower; and when a borrower pays back, it is by borrowing elsewhere. (I refer to the customary method; freaks and departures are beyond my purview). And once a lender, always a lender (or at least you just have a chance of continuing

to be) and, as borrowers will tell you, something more—a beast! Ossification, petrification, utter stagnation! No progress. That classification would have left you far behind these times and their wonders, and (if persisted in) would have considerably accelerated the slowly developing anti-Darwinian reaction of to-day. Horrid thought!

But suppose, you take up a book from a library. You may not be of the tribe of authors. But are you spared those eerie things—those spiritual promptings, underground stirrings of the soul?) And suppose, happy man, the spiritual prompting, the gracious Muse, dictates those easy unpremeditated things, your marginal comments. By the gentlest of transitions you have slid into the group of the liveliest minds that ever I knew. However strict an ‘abstainer’ you may be, there is always the possibility of conversion. For instance, few, I think, can read Miss Mayo’s notoriously stimulating book without making a comment in the margin. These two races of men may furnish an interesting problem for the psychologist. He may live laborious days and scorn delights and then at every marginal comment exclaim, “Behold the Man!”—and then work up his lucubrations into a thesis—and get a Ph.D. My interest in them is for other reasons. I take in them the interest of an impartial and fraternally-disposed ‘insider’ of one of the two races. I am now of the race, who comment—not at all. I don’t want to rejoin the “barbarians” who are outside the charmed circle of the elect.

But let me give you, now, an idea of the sort of people those are. If you take a book home from some library, ten to one you will find three importunate inanities crying out for the limelight in the very first page—a forecast of coming “events”. On an average three out of every four books have such interruptions of

delightfully varying degrees of impudence and irrelevance. Some are rather modest and self-effacing—they content themselves with a dot or dash against the line which has struck them home. Others in Olympian derision of the whole race of mankind outside themselves invite you, if an utter stranger to the book, to co-operate in scornful laughter at something funnily absurd your author has said by putting against the passage or line in question a shorthand impeachment—an exclamation mark. The cryptics are satisfied with a ‘No’ or a question mark. These are by far the least numerous, but certainly not the most tiresome or menacing of the whole lot. A fourth set, very elaborately wise and periphrastically judicial, would give us gems like the following: “I must affirm it as my considered judgment that this author is guilty of a serious mistake.” Yet others, not given to affecting judicial propriety nor periphrastically inclined, but faced with the misfortune of having nothing to say at all, while strongly under the stress (purely physical) of having to blurt out something, vouchsafe to us some amusingly simple remarks indicative of the bliss born out of complete ignorance of the author’s drift. Then you have those who favour us with “I think I have read something like this elsewhere.” Among them you have the innocents who are their own victims. One of them wrote against the line “Was this the face that launched a thousand ships” in Marlowe’s ‘Dr. Faustus’: “This line is from Marlowe”! Another set are modestly explanatory of their perceptions: “Analysis: (1) treatment of Nature (2) treatment of Man (3) treatment of.....” You have the analytical mind at its subtlest in this: “Raleigh makes two points, one about Wordsworth, one about Nature. The difficulty is to understand what Raleigh means by Nature and why

Wordsworth should be treated only as he was. I should like to see Raleigh write about Wordsworth as he might have been." I flatter myself that I do have a fair idea of what the particular copy of Raleigh's Wordsworth would have been like, if my friend had had a larger number of likes and dislikes to express. Lastly, you have the bores, the spoilers and the knaves—fit themes for an epic. The knaves belong to the race of the great destroyers. They not only illuminate us by marginal comments, but stimulate our imagination to fashion for ourselves the most important pages of the book we are reading—because these pages are never found. The spoilers are those who get to work on illustrated books. They are great artists. A stroke of their pencil or fountain-pen is worth a thousand marginal comments. They give a caste-mark to Shakespeare, a beard to Milton, a pair of spectacles to Shelley and an additional nose to Thackeray. And the bores are those who inflict their presence on almost every page with their initials, class and College. I imagine they take out a book, not to read but to try their pens on, to see whether the nib writes well, whether there is ink in it and so on.

Of the race of men who do not write, it is hardly necessary to speak. Their annals are short and simple—probably they have none at all—though some of them are, I know, mourning their enforced anonymity in songs that, I think, are better unsung—at any rate, better unheard. And talking of anonymity, did you notice that none of these "commentators" ever reveal their names? Well, they have good reason to be.

"R"

A Trip to Sringeri

THE month of May was approaching. Madras was hot and humid and to stay here was no longer possible. So what to do was the question. Vivius, a near and close relative of ours, and a lawyer too, came to our rescue, as the High Court was also closing for summer. Vivius has always happy ideas and he very soon solved our problem. He is always fond of touring and his car has always the greatest influence on him. He had eagerly desired for long to visit that holiest of holy places, Sringeri. Having a religious bent of mind he was also expecting eagerly an opportunity to pay his humble respects to the Jagadguru, Sri Sankarcharya, at Sringeri. Many a friend of his had sung to him the glory and greatness of Sringeri. So we all decided that we should go to Sringeri by car.

At about twelve on a hot day, when the sun was mercilessly over us we left Madras. We took for emergencies on the way some food and water. We passed Conjeevaram. We passed Chittoor. The Madras sun was still torturing us. There was the hot sun without and there was the red-hot engine of the car within. We endured it all as we could not help it, and at last to our great delight and joy reached the ghat-tracks of Palamaner. Now we began to enjoy the cool healthy breeze. In a rest-house near by we emptied our tiffin box and continued our journey. From Palamaner we went straight to Bangalore very late in the night.

We made up our minds to enjoy to the fullest extent the bracing climate of Bangalore. But as we were not in any way strangers to the place, the Lal Bagh, the Cubbon

Park, and the Public Library had no attractions for us. After a stay of two or three days, once more in the mid hours of the day we bid farewell to Bangalore. Our idea was to be at Sringeri that very night. We passed through numberless villages and reached Chennarajapatna very soon. We halted there at a Travellers' Bungalow to have our tiffin. (The Mysore State has done and is doing much for the travellers who are strangers to the place. They have built Travellers' Bungalows on the way at many places.) After taking our tiffin we continued our journey. We saw Hassan on our way. The day was fast coming to a close and we found that we could not reach Sringeri that night. Next to Hassan there is Belur, a place famed in our country's annals. And it is also a very important place for sight-seers. Therefore our last halt for the day was at Belur.

We reached Belur at the twilight hour. What is worth seeing there is the great temple of Sri Kesava, which is the glory of Hoyasala Architecture. There are carved on it many realistic and life-like images, all out of a single stone. And they are chiselled as exquisitely as on wood. The temple bears witness to the excellent workmanship that prevailed in ancient India. It was built by the Hoyasala King Vishnuvardhana. There is an inscription on the east wall to the left of the north entrance of the central hall. From this we learn that the King Vishnuvardhana caused the temple to be erected, and set up the god Vijaya-Narayana in it in A. D. 1117. There is also a copper plate inscription in the temple, which is similar in contents to the stone inscription and gives the same date. (In his excellent monograph treating about Belur, Mr. Narasimhachar writes thus:—

“In old inscriptions it is named Beluhur and occasionally Velapura, the latter name occurring mostly in later inscriptions and literature. It

was once the capital of the Hoyasala kings. Ballala the first (1100-1106) ruled the kingdom from the capital Beluhur, and Vishnuvardhana, his younger brother, ruled the kingdom from the great city Velapura in 1117 and from the capital Beluhur in 1123.....Some time after the destruction (by the Muhammadans) of Dorasamudra of Halebeid, the celebrated Hoyasala capital, situated about ten miles to the east of Belur, the latter continued as the capital of the Belur Kingdom which was conferred by the Vijayanagar king Krishna Deva Raya (1509-1529) on Krishnappa Nayaka, the bearer of his betel-bag, whose successors ruled over the principality for nearly 2 centuries. In 1645 the Belur kingdom was overrun by the Ikkeri chief Sivappa Nayaka and bestowed by him on Sri Ranga Raya, the fugitive king of Vijayanagar who had fled to him for refuge. But in accordance with a treaty concluded between Mysore and Ikkeri in 1694 a portion of the principality was ceded to the Belur chiefs and the rest annexed to Mysore.”)

The night was rainy, and there was frequent lightning. Near by in a choultry we slept very uncomfortably, as the elements of Nature were very turbulent outside. Somehow the night wore out and the morning dawned. We rose, and Sringeri possessed our minds. And so we set out from Belur for Sringeri.

Within two hours we reached Chikmagalur, a city important in the Mysore State. We met a few people there, who persuaded us to go and see the Bababooden Hills. (Having come so far, they said, we should not miss the fascinating sight.) It is difficult to climb the hills by a motor-car. To reach the hill-top we had to traverse twenty miles. The road through the hills is so narrow and has so much of ascent that you are never sure of a straight road of twenty yards. It was moreover very winding and curving. We reached the top after an hour and a half. As soon as we were there, we were led by a few maulvis there into a cave close by, where it is believed the great sage Dattatreya did penance. And they say

after him his disciple Bababooden lived there working miracles and achieving wonders. His fame spread far and wide; and the place soon came to be named after him. It is also said that the same Bababooden introduced into India coffee from Arabia, about three centuries ago.

We hurried back and had our breakfast at Chikmagalur. At about three in the evening, we started for Sringeri, which was sixty miles ahead of us. We had our road-charts and the hand-posts on the road to guide us. But yet near Aldur there was a shattered hand-post resting on the wall of a house which falsely directed us to the left. We lost our track, and had to do thirty miles more through hill and dale, and along a bad narrow route with many sharp turnings. The jungle surroundings being quite strange and new to us terrified and bewildered us all. Fortunately without any accidents we reached Sringeri at nine o'clock at night instead of at six in the evening. Arrangements had already been made for our stay there, and we were given safe and comfortable accommodation at the Guest House.

We rose with the rising sun. After taking our coffee, we started out to bathe in the River Tunga. There is a small wooden bridge built temporarily across the river. Through this bridge we reached the right side of the river. How pleasant it was to bathe in the pure and clear waters of the Tunga! After performing our ablutions, we crossed over to the left side of the river, where the noble and magnificent temple of Goddess Sarada is situated. We entered the temple and worshipped the Goddess, who is seated on a lotus-flower. Lifelike and true, she seemed as though she was conferring on us all Her benign and benevolent gifts. After the 'darshan' of the Goddess, we felt our lives' ambition fulfilled.

Close by there is another temple, that of Sri Vidyatirtha. In the front-yard of it there are twelve pillars representing the twelve houses of the Zodiac; i.e., there is one pillar for the month of Mesha, another for Thula, and so on. They say, in those respective months the sun's first rays fall exactly on the pillars corresponding to them. There are also other small shrines, said to be the 'samadhis' or the last resting-places of the many holy men who occupied the seat of the first great exponent of the Advaita doctrine. After visiting all these we made our way back for our breakfast.

Again in the evening we got out and crossed the river over to the right bank to examine the places there. Only a few yards off there is a smiling garden called Narasimhavanam. In the middle of this garden there is a fairly big mansion, the abode of His Holiness the present Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal. We went upstairs and were soon conducted to the Presence.

His Holiness is of course a Brahmacharin for life. His vows are austere and rigid. His learning is vast and wide, and his knowledge deep and full. He is the proud possessor of the Saradapeedam, and the successor of the Prince of Seers. Our conversation with His Holiness inspired us with a feeling of reverence and admiration for the Jagadguru.

Just a few days before our reaching Sringeri, a grand Installation Ceremony had been held by the Jagadguru. He had determined to nominate and appoint his successor. His choice fell upon a lad of twelve. The boy is now His Holiness Sri Abhinava Vidyatirtha. He is to be a Brahmachari for life. He is now being introduced to the mysteries of our religion and philosophy.

After our visit to His Holiness, we proceeded towards the east and ascended a small hill at the top of which is

the temple of Kalabhairava. From the summit of the hill we had a fine view of the scenery of the surrounding places. We then crossed over to the left bank of the river, and directed our way towards the south-west to reach another small hill. They say, when the great sage Rishyasringa was engaged in a deep meditation on the top of this hill, the women from Narve, a village near by, seduced him and carried him off to their place. There is a temple built there for the sage. Surveying from the hill-top, we noticed that Sringeri was situated like a cup in the middle of one long stretch of hills.

Tradition says that Sringeri was originally called Rishyasringagiri, because of the sage Rishyasringa staying there. By contraction in course of time Rishyasringagiri became Sringeri. Sringeri is indeed a very delightful place. It is calm, quiet, and unassuming. It is also soul-satisfying. It has the Tunga, the Saradapeedam, and the Jagadguru,—what more need one have?

“ CAYES ”.

Obstacles to World Peace

ONE might concede that, with all their limitations, the League Covenant, the Pact of Paris of 1928, and the London Naval Treaty signify that existing conditions are likely to lead to an era of peace. But when one is confronted with tariff problems, exchange difficulties and passport regulations, one wonders whether these barriers to peace can ever disappear. The difficulties are particularly seen when the conditions in America are compared with those in Europe. Take for instance the case of a man who wants to go from New York to, say, San Francisco. He has only to look up for the next train, pack his things and start. But if a man in England wants to go from London to Warsaw, a much smaller distance, can he do what his American brother does? No; he has to make so many other arrangements, causing not a little annoyance and delay before he can start. He has first to get his passport which requires a visit to a photographer and other attendant inconveniences. He has then to get his visa from the French Legation, the Belgian Legation, the German Legation and finally the Polish Legation. All this takes time and may extend even to several weeks. When at last he has got his passports and visas ready, he starts and reaches the French frontier. There he has to brook the indignities and inconveniences of a customs examination besides having to change his coins to francs. The process is repeated at each frontier, and when at last he arrives in Warsaw, he cannot have the consolation that his worries are over. He has to get a permit to stay, and no end of permits to leave.

The tariff wall again is a standing menace to world

peace and it fosters the spirit of nationalism as opposed to internationalism. The tariff is one of those questions on which nations can never bring themselves to agree.

Besides the tariff wall, there are many other things to support the view that the prospects of world peace are distant indeed. Ten years after the war, Europe is still thinking of a compromise between the old idea of security by alliance and security by means of a League. The Great War was expected to show that democracy would succeed where absolute monarchies failed, viz., in the maintenance of peace. The post-war period, however, does not appear to be an age for democracies. It can better be styled "The Age of Dictatorship". There is a dictator in Italy, a dictator in Spain, another in Greece and still another in Poland. Russia after ending monarchy has given place to an oligarchy of communists or rather to the dictatorship of Stalin. In every one of these countries it is virtually a military regime. The most optimistic of persons cannot say that such governments can foster a desire for peace.

Further, Communism practically undermines or attacks the very foundations of peace. One of the twenty one points of the Communist Internationale is a direct attack on international organisation. The communists consider that no International Court of Justice or arbitration, no limitation of armaments and no democratizing of the League of Nations can prevent new Imperialistic wars and that only the revolutionary overthrow of Capitalism can achieve universal peace. This view is reflected in the Soviet attack on the Kellogg Pact which they describe as "an instrument of Imperialistic policy." Overthrow of the present state of affairs and the substitution of an oligarchy of Communists cannot solve the problem of peace. It may even function as

a retarding force in any attempt at an international agreement.

Fascism, an extreme type of which exists in Italy, is another obstacle to World Peace. The consolidation of the nation and the assertion of the national strength is the main object of the Fascists. Holders of this view exist in most countries and the movement is gaining strength day by day in some of the countries, notably in Germany. It is a factor which has to be reckoned with in world politics. It is responsible in part for Italy's claim for parity with France in naval armaments. Signor Mussolini's policy is to strengthen the power of the Italian nation, and hence Italy insisted on parity with the strongest continental power. The fostering of this spirit of nationalism will work against any development of the idea of internationalism, and as such Fascism is a menace to the World Peace.

But more than all this, we have to reckon with a factor which is the very antithesis of internationalism. It is the cult of Imperialism. Imperialism has been defined as the domination or exploitation of a weaker people by a stronger one for its own benefit. It is responsible for all the reservations in the various treaties. The Great War is only the result of the Imperialistic tendencies of the European nations. The clash of interests between one Imperialistic nation and another cannot result in peace, and no one can say that Imperialism does not have the hold which it had on the nations prior to the Great War. The tendency towards Imperialism may have been curbed in Germany for the time being. But it exists in other countries. We can even say that the exorbitant sum demanded from Germany as War Reparations is itself a sign of the lurking Imperialism in the Allied Powers. It is nothing short of exploitation of

Germany and the Central Powers by the stronger Allied Powers, just because Germany and her allies were the weaker party at the time.

The question of Imperialism naturally leads on to the problem of minorities. The term 'minorities' implies that the peace makers of 1919 with their eyes wide open deliberately placed in subjection to a foreign power a racial group which resented such transference. No doubt they made exceptional provisions so that the interests of the minorities might not suffer. Yet the fact remains that their very existence is an anomaly. "It is unfair to the minority and unfair to the nation to include a minority in a Nation." The encouragement of such a differentiation only enhances the chances of a war between nations and diminishes the prospects of World Peace. An analysis of the events of the past reveals the fact that wars have sprung for the patronage and protection of minorities by nations which have discovered in the existence of such minorities an excuse and occasion for intervention. The politicians responsible for the Treaty of Versailles might claim that they have now introduced a machinery to represent the claim of minorities and that the mission of the League of Nations is to protect the minorities who were formerly helpless. But the creation of such an institution is not without its attendant dangers. The League of Nations may shirk its responsibility or the minorities question may become a diplomatic weapon. The possibilities of such a condition are not very distant when we consider the fact that the League Council and the League Assembly can have only a moral influence and cannot compel any of the big Powers to act in accordance with its recommendations. Both the Council and the Assembly are dominated by the Major Powers, the Big Five, so that where these are concerned

the League will be virtually compelled to shirk its responsibility.

On the question of minorities there is a clash between the doctrine of stabilisation and the doctrine of development. Thus France is for the maintenance of the *status quo*, while Germany is in favour of a change towards further development. The conflict of views has led to an intensified production of pacts some of which were simply conventions to stereotype the decisions of 1919, while others aimed at their overthrow. The pacts in which Italy is involved are of the latter type, while alliances of the class of the *Little Entente* between Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugo-Slavia are of the former type. The tangle created by the Treaty of Versailles has often produced considerable friction between the various sections of the population, especially of the Mid-European States. Poland is an extreme example of the minorities question and there have been causes of friction between Germany and Poland on this on more than one occasion. The question comes up for discussion frequently in League Sessions and there was even a proposal for the establishment of a Permanent Minorities Commission on lines similar to the Permanent Mandates Commission in order to gradually establish the principles regarding the rights of minorities. The discussions on this topic revealed such differences of views that it was clear that the proposal should be dropped. The progress of the discussions also reveal that where no agreement was possible on such matters, it is foolish to think that the various nations can agree on more vital affairs and hence the prospect of World Peace can be nothing but a mirage.

The Mandates Question is an equally thorny problem. The report of the Mandates Commission clearly reveals

the Imperialistic policy of the mandatory powers. Thus the Government of the Union of South Africa has been accused of "abrogating without compensation and without the dispossessed holders being entitled to any appeal" certain titles to property in South West Africa, the acts which the Government have promulgated being quite incompatible with principles of equity. This is, of course, only in keeping with the general policy of the Union of South Africa which is in essence a tyranny exercised by the Whites over coloured races and is certainly not one which can lead to World Peace.

X.

Judges of Poetry

"WHERE ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." Recognition of kinship among geniuses is a rare and even an impossible virtue. The author of 'Every Man in His Humour' does not seem to have very much appreciated the "Sweet Swan of Avon's" comedies. "The mighty mouth'd inventor of harmonies," with all his sublimity and sense of the grand style, could not understand the method and devices of Shakespeare, any more than could Sir Joshua Reynolds those of Gainsborough. Johnson's usual robust common sense failed him miserably, when he attempted to criticise Lycidas in the notorious words, "No man could have fancied that he read Lycidas with pleasure, had he not known the author." Wordsworth saw in "Endymion" nothing more than a pretty piece of paganism and Shelley, the dreamer, with his extreme dislike of actuality, was deaf to Wordsworth's message. The ever complaining Byron, "that great passionate incomplete human creature" could appreciate neither the poet of the Lake nor the poet of the Cloud, and the wonder of Keats was completely hidden from him. The realism of Euripides was hateful to Sophocles. "Those droppings of warm tears" had no music for him.

The above illustrations serve to show that poets are not, as a rule, the best judges of poetry, though the claim may be made for them in virtue of their speciality. Speciality, however, is the last qualification required in a judge of a work of art. A diamond dealer can, at a glance, pick up the best diamond out of a heap, though in our eyes all look exactly alike, because of his habitual

acquaintance with the material he deals in. A silk mercer knows easily to distinguish imitation silk from genuine China silk. Nobody need tell a horse-keeper to choose the best horse from a stable for his ride. All these can judge things according to their quality and worth. But not so the artist. There may be in the poet "the politician, the thinker, the legislator and the philosopher." But I think it may be safely laid down that there is not in him the unerring judge with the right appreciative talent. And Carlyle did not specifically mention it either, though in his divine frenzy he might be thought to include it in the phrase "all sorts of men." Great poets come and go, leaving behind them their opinions on the works of others. But scarcely a decade passes after them, before these opinions are found to lose much of the flavour with the reading public. It is the public unprofessional opinion, instead of the professional, that remains constant for several generations. The reason is not far to seek. Though art is individual, her claim is that she is universal. She does not address herself to the specialist. In all her manifestations she is one. Besides, creative talent and critical faculty often clash together. That very concentration of vision, that makes a man an artist, whatever be his work of art—a book, a picture or a piece of sculpture—limits, by its sheer intensity, the faculty of keen appreciation. Creative talent has its proper sphere and limits and is careful not to tread upon those belonging to others. Within this sphere it collects and employs all its critical faculty. The vitalising energy of creation hurries an artist blindly and breathlessly to his goal uninterrupted by other considerations. It is exactly because men cannot do a thing that they are the proper judges of it. Professional knowledge is at times a great handicap to judging things aright. Professional

men know the technical difficulties and value a work in proportion to those difficulties. They are apt either to exaggerate or belittle a thing. The public, on the other hand, know no such difficulties, and hence form judgments on the value of the product which is, of course, the true criterion and not on the difficulties or risks faced in the way.

There is an erroneous notion that poets are the best judges of poetry because they are better fitted to distinguish between truth of art and truth of fact. But in fact this feature is not more peculiar to poets than to the ordinary reader. A great artist though Milton undoubtedly was, he seems to have confused truth of art with truth of fact. At first the subject of the great poem, "which the world would not willingly let die," was to have been the Arthurian legend. But finally he abandoned it, evidently because it was not historically true, quite forgetting that art can be absolutely indifferent to fact, that it can imagine, invent, dream and yield to decorative or ideal treatment, as the case may be. Truth of religion and philosophy is at best controversial; or even otherwise, repeated contact with it is apt to tire us; but not so the truth of art. "Paradise Lost" was once read and admired because of the theology it expounded; today it is read, reread and appreciated in spite of it.

So let not poets claim any sort of superiority over us, or "boss over" us as judges of poetry. Our very ignorance of the technique of poetic composition, is a bliss to us when we are judging poetry.

K. BALAKRISHNAN NAIR.

The Bitters and Sweets of Examinations

THE Boy is worried. He gets those prickings of conscience more and more frequently, as the time of the examination draws near. "If he had only studied as hard from the beginning of the year, instead of trying to cram all these things now! Oh Lord, he had no idea there were so many pages to be got through."

Then he feels so tired and dispirited that he wants to justify himself to somebody. He writes a long letter to his mother, and goes to sleep. Next day, after sleep and a good breakfast, the letter somehow seems all wrong. So he tears it up, and writes instead, (being a nice Boy) in his reserved way, how he wishes that he had made better use of his opportunities.

There is a spirit of severity in the air. Room-mates have to be careful how they behave towards one another. "Don't disturb me" writes one on a large cardboard and hangs it on the wall prominently. Even close friends find that they cannot stand one another now. Every other member of the class seems to have read better than oneself.

Games are dropped. The 'bunk' near by is neglected, that is, not so frequently visited, as it is absurd to expect one to exist without visiting it now and then. Even those ribald spirits, who pass their time in playing jokes on the Hostel manager, and advertising in the papers—"Rich, fair, young widows in want of husbands"—drop these things and try to get a notion of what they are supposed to study.

The serious ones envy each other's capacity for studying hours on end.

"I saw your light burning till twelve!"

"You got up at four, didn't you?"

They are modest about themselves in a naive way.

So the days drag on. The fatal day arrives. All is in a haze. Everything studied till now vanishes absolutely from the mind. One walks in a dream to the examination hall, mechanically gets his paper and answers in a desperate sort of way. The subsequent days also pass in the same manner.

The Boy's health is broken and he is seized with panic, lest he should be taken ill before finishing his examination. On the last day, after the last paper has been handed in, he goes back straight to his room and lies down.

He knows that they will expect him home soon, but he has not energy left even to write a post-card.

In the country, his mother spends nearly as many hours, lying awake thinking of her darling Boy, as he spends in studying. On the first day of the examination she surreptitiously sends the servant with a hundred cocoanuts, sacrificial offering to the elephant-faced god. She is afraid her husband will laugh at her superstition. Other mothers may make vows and fulfil them when the results are known, but not this mother. She wants to convince the gods that she is in dead earnest. Her son's brave letter, of which she alone can read between the lines, brings tears to her eyes.

The father, of course, is too proud to behave like this, or show in his manner anything of what he really feels. He writes the Boy a letter of timely encouragement, full of wise advice and drops the matter. Still he cannot help making sly jokes at the mother's pious offerings to

the gods, which, he is sure, will incline them in her darling son's favour.

The Boy comes home,—a mere skeleton of a boy. They all meet him eagerly, but, sensing a little the hardships he had undergone, they tactfully avoid any mention of the examination. Mother tries to feed him to the full. "Don't try to do it all in one day" he laughingly remonstrates, though he does full justice to her cooking. He does nothing but sleep all day, and his sisters nag him about it.

"By the by, what is your number?" asks his father, when he thinks the Boy has had enough time to recover from the strain.

The Boy mumbles it.

"I suppose you expect decent marks?" the father guardedly voices his aspirations.

"I hope so" mumbles the Boy again. "But I have answered rottenly." Which is a *cliche* most boys use.

The father lets it pass. After all, he had done his best, given the hard earned money freely, and helped the Boy to the best of his ability and the Boy had grown into a decent one and had done creditably, most creditably up till now. He here shrugs his shoulders.

On the day his results are to appear the Boy goes to the Railway station to get his paper early. He opens the sheet, outwardly calm, though trembling inwardly. He searches for his number. No need to search for long. His number is in among the first-classes. His head swims and he cannot feel or think anything. He hands over the paper to a passer-by and goes home. He somehow feels too modest to go and flaunt the paper in his parents' face. He thinks it would be as bad as boasting.

He wants to escape upstairs quietly, but his father, waiting for him, calls out. Seeing him without the

paper, the father apprehends the worst and asks anxiously, "Where is the paper?" He cannot guess anything from the Boy's face. For in trying to conceal his extreme joy and gladness which has suddenly pervaded his whole being and which seemed as if it would make his heart burst, the Boy just manages to look sheepish. It may mean anything, the father thinks.

"Oh, I dropped it at the station"

And then he blurts out that his number is among the first classes.

Father calls in the mother now and tells her. In his relief at the news he forgets to be tactful.

The anxious mother hears the news, digests it slowly and then laughs; but unable to control herself, retires to get over her hysterics in private.

"Now, about the future," begins his father, pride beaming in his face, though his tone is quiet and matter of fact.

"Yes" says the Boy, but he cannot take in anything now, and so presently escapes for a long country walk.

"ANON."

Bazaar Annotations

BY Bazaar Annotations I mean that wonderful variety of Printed Notes, Summaries, Made-Easies and Text-Examiners, which flood the market in the month of June, —which attract your eye by their rich blue, red or green wrappers, which tempt your purse by their modest overtures from five to ten annas. Their charm is so overpowering, their temptation so irresistible—and alas!—there is my friend, gone the way of Goodman Adam; he has listened to the serpent, he has purchased the book, he is doomed, his fate is sealed, he is to be the Bazaar Annotator's slave for ever!

Let there be no mistake. I do not mean any offence to the Bazaar Annotator. On the contrary, I intend to make him the hero of this panegyric. Like every great man of genius, he comes into the world with a definite mission—and with all deference to your patriots and M. L. C's—he fulfills his mission more thoroughly than anyone I know of. You know it is a trite convention among sentimental biographers to judge their heroes by what they have not done—by what they would have done if.....but..... But here is no case for if's and but's. Every May, every October, our hero complacently surveys the University results, as if to say, "Here is the result of all my good work". He has rescued so many victims from these Massacres of Innocents. And he has done it all in true heroic spirit. He expects no great reward. He even conceals his identity under a pseudonym. A twentieth century Carlyle may well address a seventh lecture on 'The Hero as a Bazaar Annotator.'

As an author our hero's place is undisputed. If Spenser is the poet's poet, Hazlitt the critic's critic, our Bazaar Annotator is the author's author. For sheer volume of production, I do not think he will yield the palm to the most prolific of our best English writers. His Muse never fails him. It comes to him in the month of May, takes leave of him in the month of June. And in these two short months his pen, his brains, and his printing press run a terrible race, with the result,—well, the result is a Bazaar Annotation.

I must take this occasion to extenuate certain defects inherent in this sort of heroic work! Small critics, I have the misfortune to count some thoughtless friends among them, make much of these, merely, I presume, to pamper the human weakness of slandering the great. One sneers at the dictionary meanings of obvious words. Another complains of 'clumsy presentation' and a third of the exuberance of Printer's Devils—which amiable beings evidently find a good pandemonium here. A few others laugh at the mix-ups—at the Irish and the Indian Bulls making delightful frolic. Many more frown at our author's occasional assaults on His Majesty's English. Well, to meet these and similar charges I have three arguments. Firstly, I take a Christian view of it and say that 'to err is human and to forgive divine.' Secondly, the velocity of the Annotator's writing and the promptness with which he supplies our needs entitle him to some indulgence. Last but not least, the Bazaar Annotator, frankly, does not claim his work to be the last word in critical judgement. His work merely sets out as a charm, as an amulet to secure us safety in the examination hall. Put a Bazaar Annotation into my hands and, whether I read it or not, I can hope to 'get through'. Why should I bother then? Why should I analyse and dissect it?

I wish I knew personally some of these disinterested friends of humanity, who annually pour such choice blessings on the younger generation. I would render thanks to them and encourage them in their good work. But the privilege is not given me. For they appear before us as 'Bachelors of Arts', 'Masters of Arts' 'School Teachers', 'Scots and Lots' and we can never know who they really are. I have done some research work for the purpose of identifying some of these authors—in the manner of those industrious English scholars who are busy, in vain, tracing the authorship of Beowulf—but I have not yet succeeded.

And, now, a word of warning. I can fancy my ambitious young reader cherishing the hope of turning in these days of unemployment a Bazaar Annotator. Not so fast, my dear friend. The chances are you will be a failure. For Bazaar annotating comes as a gift—it is one of those things which are said to drop 'from heaven upon the place beneath'. It is a hall mark of genius. I have a friend who attempted a Bazaar Annotation of Leigh Hunt's 'Jenny kissed me.' And he did it with such ill grace and such complete lack of skill, that he had afterwards to go about declaiming to many of his good friends that he was not the person kissed by Jenny!

I have no knowledge when the Bazaar Annotator came into his own in the world of Letters or, for the matter of that, even in the world of Realities. But, whatever that may be, he is like Keats's Nightingale 'immortal'—'not born for death'—and while you and I are what we are, he will continue to sing his days 'in full-throated ease.'

C. SARANGAPANI.

Whither, O Woman?

THIS essay is not a disparagement or a condemnation of the modern feminist movement; nor is it an adverse criticism of the tyranny of man in society. It might be called a clinical study of the movement as it is, and an attempt to forecast its trend. Now that the hey-day of man is over, and he is completely commanded and controlled by woman, such an attempt seems to be none too early to make.

Woman was telling you not to be a d—d fool in domestic affairs. Now that the demarcation line between the provinces of womanly and manly activities is completely effaced, she tells you not to be a d—d fool in education, sports, politics and in almost every branch of human knowledge and activity. She is in a hurry to outwit, outwork and outstay you. In fact she is already a cent per cent success. You stand there embarrassed and dazzled. She turns back and smiles mockingly. There was your day when you could range in your talk from a caressing "Dearie, do this," and a commanding "Do this, dearie" to the menacing "Do this, you d—d—" But now?

A modern woman possesses a peculiarly constituted head, and there is a good amount of superiority-complex in its make-up. She assumes airs, speaks patronizingly in an authoritative tone, and often turns out a snob. She knocks out the teeth of policemen as a protest against injustice, and kicks people to get her grievances advertised or remedied as in "Fanny's 'First Play'." She tramples under her feet military officers as in 'Press Cuttings.' She demands the right to rule over you, the male members of your family, and almost exercises

an arbitrary power in domestic affairs. Her control over every detail of your daily life is so thorough and so well organized that you hardly feel the yoke on your neck. Chesterton is speaking nothing but truth when he says "The average woman is a despot; the average man is a serf"; and again, "Men represent the deliberative and democratic element in life. Woman represents the despotic." This is merely euphemism. To be accurate in the description of existing things one should say, "Modern woman is more despotic than the old Tsar of Russia, or a modern Mussolini."

But one thing even the vigilant and ever-watchful eye of modern woman has left unexplored. In spite of her almost apparent omnipresence, there are still certain departments of action at whose gates there are always boards hanging with the inscription, "No admission for women." She may fret; she may fume; she may call you names; she may rail at you, saying you are selfish, tyrannical, overbearing and all that; yet there the board is challenging her to force an entrance. It is only feeble voices that you hear now and then demanding "Woman's right to military service." How is this? She has the strength, courage and determination. More than any of these, she has the charm and grace to subdue any enemy. She fights with peculiar weapons all marked patent for herself, and they chase you to the very end of the world. With all that, my imagination fails to see why she is not there. It may be, as is put in the mouth of a lady in one of Shaw's popular plays, "If three quarters of you (men) were killed, we could replace you by the help of the other quarter. If three quarters of us were killed how many people would there be in England in another generation? If it wasn't for that, man'd put the fighting on us, just as they put all

other drudgery." Or it may be due to the fact that "physical struggles between persons of opposite sexes are unseemly, demoralizing, and insincere. They are merely embraces in disguise." These objections can be brushed aside, and in due course a battalion of Amazons can be raised and sent to guard our North-West-Frontier. The Britisher will then no more speak of the threatening Afghan invasion.

"A candidate must be a male" (Rules for the I.C.S. open competitive examination). What a stigma on the fair name of Indian womanhood! Its capacity for executive and outdoor work, and its sense of justice are repudiated. Still the modern woman asserts that any final year Economics Honours' lady student is a better economist than all your male economists from Adam Smith down to Mr. V. G. Kale. She declares that all mathematicians from Newton down to the late Ramanujam pale into insignificance when compared with Miss-So-and-So, who passed the Intermediate Examination in September. Such assertive, dogmatic, dogged and stick-to-it-ive women are barred from the most lucrative and influential services of the country. If only I had an Antonian tongue, I would incite her to force an entrance into our council chamber, and stand before the legislators with raised fists and wag her waspish tongue, and exhaust all the abusive terms in the dictionary. Then will the need be realized for enlisting women in the coveted roll of I.C.S.

Modern woman is cold and indifferent towards matrimony. She desires to be addressed "my dear fellow." No philandering with her! She is unsexed to such an extent that she had made life prosaic, banishing from it all romance worth the name. G.B.S. in his preface to 'St. Joan' writes "The evident truth is like most women of

of her (St. Joan's) managing type, she seemed neutral in the conflict of sex, because men were too much afraid of her to fall in love with her.....But marriage with its preliminary of the attraction, pursuit, and capture of a husband, was not her business: she had something else to do. Byron's formula, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart: 'tis woman's whole existence" did not apply to her any more than George Washington or any other masculine worker on the heroic scale." The majority of present-day women are St. Joans.

To some all this is evil made irresistible. To the Chesterton type, "Women have been set free to be Bacchantes; they have been set free to be Virgin Martyrs; they have been set free to be Witches." To G.B.S. their complete metamorphosis in external things, in dress and manners is deplorable. Why should they cut off their hair to appear like men? "It is not necessary to wear trousers and smoke big cigars to live a man's life any more than it is necessary to wear petticoats to live a woman's." But to me, the day when woman goes about applying coercion to collect taxes, administers justice, executes commercial transactions, runs mills, wages war and concludes peace, while man will have nothing to do but to be lounging on a sofa and be transferring to paper all the idle thoughts that strike his idle brain, as I am at present doing, or be listening to her love-making will be the happiest. I pray—and I hope all the chivalrous students and Professors of the Presidency College will join with me in the chorus—for the speedy advent of that day.

"SASTRY."

The Bird of Evil Omen

THERE is a dilapidated house in the obscure village of Ambur about which hangs a ghostly tradition. The inhabitants of the place assemble before the dilapidated house every evening and reverentially look towards the west. At first you are not able to comprehend the meaning of this queer worship, and you even begin to suspect a tinge of Islam in an otherwise orthodox type of Hindu worship. But all your doubts are soon removed. The object of so much eager expectation and reverence is only an owl of rather uncommon size. Owl-worship is novel indeed. Hinduism has sanctioned the worship of the mouse and the elephant, the snake and the cow, the bull and the monkey, and among birds, only the Brahmini-kite; but it has not permitted the worship of the owl. The owl is the king of the night; it is as much to be feared as the snake, which, I suppose, has gained human veneration solely through the possession of a fang. The owl is credited with the gift of predicting coming disasters; it can curse with as much effect as an old witch. It is a matter of wonder indeed that a bird of such importance should be consigned to the *index expurgatorius* of Hindu worship. But Ambur was reasonable and included the owl among the fit objects of worship.

Ambur, however, was not original. In fact, nothing under the sun is original. If the apple had not fallen from the tree, Newton could not have discovered the law of gravity; if the mother of James Watt had not left him in charge of the kettle, the world would have lost the benefits of steam-power. The owl-worship was not an

invention ; it grew out of an accident. Ambur was not a place of perpetual disasters. There took place only one disaster worth the name, and that disaster was the immediate cause of the establishment of this novel cult.

Three score and seven years ago, so my friend assures me, there lived a poor Brahmin in that very house which has now become dilapidated and in front of which the cult is practised. Ramabadhrar, that was his name, was a gloomy man and an unshakable believer in the law of Karma. But he did not understand Karma as philosophically defined. He persisted in construing things in his own way, so much so, that he considered himself a mere part in the machinery of the universe ; he did not stop there, he translated into practice what he sincerely believed. And this was his sublime folly. He remained inactive, letting Karma take him where it would. And it did take him where it wanted to.

Ramabadhrar was ousted from a temple, which no more required his services. Thus he lost his means of subsistence. But his Karma was not satisfied with depriving his stomach of its food ; it also aimed at depriving his heart of its contentment. Two sons of Ramabadhrar died in the cradle. But Ramabadhrar, the Karmic philosopher, looked upon the calamity with cynical non-chalance. Therefore, Karma seems to have commenced a series of tests, just as Truth is said to have made a series of tests with regard to Harischandra. Three daughters of Ramabadhrar lost their husbands. His youngest and the only surviving son contracted dropsy. Ramabadhrar's wife was not spared ; she became a victim to elephantiasis. And Ramabadhrar himself got entangled in a forgery case.

At last Ramabadhrar made up his mind to try conclusions with Karma. He started on a pilgrimage to

Rameshwar, took vows at Madura, and dedicated a lock of hair to Nataraja of Chidambaram. He consulted Sesha Iyer, the famous astrologer, and Manikkam, the well-known conjurer. But all this was ineffectual. Fate continued to frisk and frolic with Ramabadhrar. His house began to crumble ; his cattle died ; and last but not least, his digestive troubles began to give him acute pain. Ramabadhrar now concluded a truce with Karma. "Its ways are mysterious," he exclaimed. The problem of existence was insoluble in his eyes.

While thoughts, personal and philosophical, were thus revolving in Ramabadhrar's mind one night, the midnight cock crew. By the way, a village goes to rest with the decline of day. And no one knows what happens or does not happen, after the Great Bear has half roamed in the sky. It is an adventure for Ambur to encounter darkness after 7 o'clock in the night. Ramabadhrar was so much upset by his misfortunes that he could not get a wink of sleep. He recollected calamity after calamity, and shed a silent tear. Suddenly, he was startled by a sound. Was it the voice of Karma ? But Karma was not known to screech—from the roof. Ramabadhrar shuddered. It was an owl—the ominous bird, the sole agent trading in evils, the harbinger of disasters. From time immemorial, this bird has been held in universal contempt. It is dreaded by men as much as men are dreaded by the poor bird. If a man broke his nose, the owl was responsible for it. If a cottage caught fire, it was due to the owl visiting it. The logic of the inhabitants of Ambur was queer. According to them it is the presence of the owl that brings a calamity, and not the presence of a calamity that brings the owl.

Ramabadhrar roused up Kitu, his son, and cried,

"Ah, it is the owl, the foul foe that robbed me of my children, and my daughters of their husbands. What a fool I was to have wasted my money!" His son, not comprehending the situation, only suspected a fit of madness. Long and lasting calamities, he thought, may have brought about insanity. Meanwhile the owl commenced a series of screeches. "You see", continued Ramabhadrar "we wasted so much money in weary pilgrimages and in giving alms to beggars....." The owl rudely interrupted him. "Now", continued Ramabhadrar smiling perhaps for the first time since his settling in Ambur, "every thing will be at an end." Then he stepped down from the pial, picked up a big stone, and with a hearty curse on his lips, aimed straight at the bird, concentrating in that single throw all the energy produced by a recollection of all the calamities 'caused by the ominous bird.'

The ways of Karma are inscrutable! The stone missed the owl and fell on the head of a rich magnate, who was sleeping in the open air of his terrace adjacent to Ramabhadrar's house. The man burst into loud screams. The whole village was roused. Ramabhadrar admitted that he threw the stone only to drive away the owl. The rich man sustained a deep wound. He remained unconscious for three days, in spite of the best medical aid that could be procured in the village.

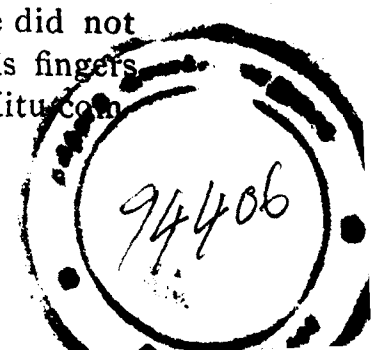
Next morning, Ramabhadrar was marching between two sturdy constables. It was a pathetic scene. Kitu was following his father weeping. He had at last to part from him when the sub-jail of Tanjore was reached. Ramabhadrar said, "I am innocent. Don't weep, Kitu. I shall be released soon. It is common that a series of calamities ends only after the hardest blow is dealt. There will be no more misfortunes." Then he added very

much in the vein of Hasdrubal: "O Kitu! kill that born foe of ours—the owl."

Kitu had no sleep that night. When midnight approached, the owl as usual made its descent on the roof and sang its dirges. The young Hannibal remembered his father's mandate. He was in a dilemma. He had no idea of stoning the owl, especially after the disastrous precedent set by his father. He clapped his hands till they bled, and yelled and cursed the owl till he lost his voice, but the bird neither stirred a bit nor stopped its torrential eloquence. Kitu poured out his imprecations in vain.

Night after night there was the same screeching, the same clapping, and the same shouting. What should Kitu do? No man of mere resolution like Hamlet, he was seeking means to get rid of the ominous bird once for all. It flashed across his mind that the bird could be shot dead. In fact it was the most appropriate course to be adopted, since any lighter punishment could easily be evaded by the intelligent biped. However, where was a musket available? And even if it were available, how could Kitu use it?

Two miles from Ambur, there was a Branch Police Station. A police station is the most unguarded of places, having the least need of safety. Kitu crept into the room; the Sub-Inspector was snoring. Kitu stole a loaded musket and hastened home. He was ignorant of wielding that dangerous agency of destruction. He had long ago watched some hunters shooting game birds. But as yet he had not even handled a toy gun. Midnight approached; the owl descended on the roof. Kitu raised the weapon and aimed at the bird. But then he did not know what he should do further. He passed his fingers here and there in search of the trigger. Alas! Kitu com



mitted the very mistake which his father did. What is the meaning of this smoke, the dismal sound, the horrible cries, the lingering moans, and the triumphant screeches of the owl? Kitu's mother lies shot dead. He had ignored the presence of his sleeping mother in the verandah. As soon as the hand came in contact with the trigger, out flew the shot killing the sleeping matron.

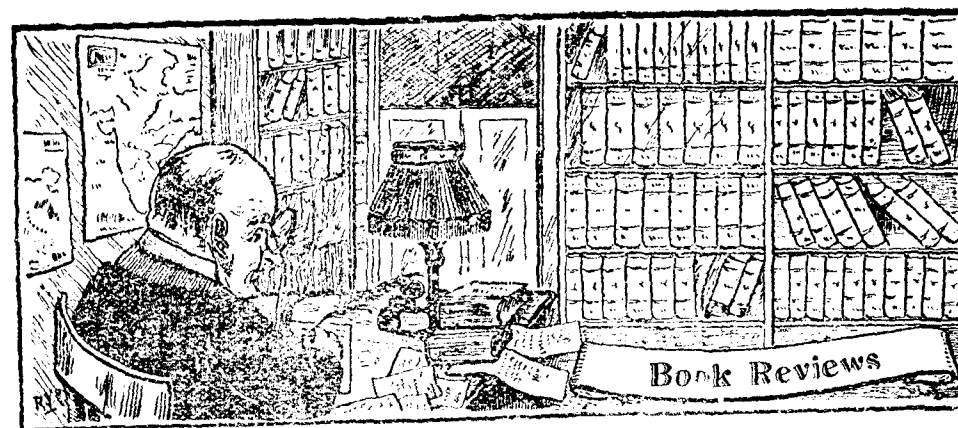
Kitu realized with horror that he had committed matricide—the most heinous crime according to Manu Dharma Sastra. He shuddered to think of the consequences. The whole village would be set ablaze by the incident; they would denounce him as a murderer, and the government would proceed against him for theft. Ostracized by his neighbours and condemned by the government and tortured by his own conscience he would have to live a miserable life. Concluding that he was not fit to live any longer the impetuous youth turned the muzzle of the musket to his neck; the shot flew scraping his neck. He tried again; this time he did not miss his aim. Ramabadrar was acquitted the next morning. He rushed home in headlong joy. But, alas! what awaited his sight? A crowd feeding its eyes on the disastrous scene.

A few days after, nothing could be known about Ramabadrar or his family. They had left Ambur.

The owl was unconquerable. It alighted on the roof of the dilapidated and deserted house of Ramabadrar as soon as the sun set. The whole house was now its own.

Ambur did not ignore this significant bird which had ruined one whole family; surely, it must be supernatural and hence deserved to be held in reverence. Thus owl-worship was founded in Ambur three score and seven years ago.

S. RAJAGOPALAN.



THE FIVE LAWS OF LIBRARY SCIENCE—By S. R. Ranganathan, M.A., L.T., F.L.A., University Librarian, Madras. Published by the Madras Library Association. (Pp. Octavo, xxxii + 458 + vi) Price Rs. 5.

FOR a work with a title sounding so loudly of Laws and Science, this is a very interesting and readable book, its one fault (if it is a fault) being in fact its somewhat desultory garrulity. Mr. Ranganathan (whose miraculous transformation of our University Library is so well-known) is that very rare phenomenon, a practical syncretist of apparent irreconcilables, an expert who is also human, a fiery enthusiast who has worked steadily and from day to day at his task, a theorist who has an intimate practical knowledge of the details of his subject. The result is that in this book, which “seeks to reduce and relate all the principles and practice of library work to a few fundamental laws”, we are glad to recognize a magnificent achievement which will rank as a landmark in the development of librarianship in this country. The thoroughness of analysis (indicated by a contents-table of 4 pages and over 100 items), the clearness of presentation of the matter, and the exhaustiveness of the Index (which occupies some 40 pages and includes 1400 entries)—

set an altogether new standard in modern Indian non-legal book-production.

The Five Laws invented and formulated and fully explained by Mr. Ranganathan are as follows:—

I. *Books are for use.* (From which it follows that they are *not* for preservation; that libraries should be centrally situated and easily accessible and kept open day and night; and that the Library staff should be carefully chosen and trained, and adequately paid, and treated as members of a learned and honourable profession).

II. *Every Person His or Her Book.* (Which means that the masses as well as the classes, women as well as men, the country folk as well as the city folk, the abnormal as well as the normal, the child as well as the adult,—all kinds and conditions of people—should have books supplied to them).

III. *A Reader for Every Book.* (Which means that every book should be brought to the notice of its appropriate reader by the 'open access' system, by logical shelf-arrangement, by organized reference-work, by publicity, and by wise and careful book-selection.)

IV. *Save the Time of the Reader.* (Which means that by 'open access', by intelligent shelf-arrangement, by the provision of catalogues, bibliographies and cross-references and by the adoption of the quickest methods of 'charging' and 'discharging', the time of the Reader should be saved).

V. *The Library is a growing organism.* (Hence, the registers, catalogues, shelves, etc. should be elastic and capable of indefinite expansion and renewal.)

Mr. Ranganathan's exposition of the rights and duties of readers as well as Librarians is both clear and courageous and deserves to be carefully studied by our teachers and students alike.

DARSANIKA MAHA PRAVACHANA — By Swami Jnanananda—The Current Thought Press, Triplicane, Madras. Price Rs. 2-8-0.

In the world of thought, appreciation is not necessarily the accompaniment of agreement. The zeal and earnestness of Swami Jnanananda are transparent enough to make his reader realise that his utterances are inspired by his experience. To genuine seekers of truth as distinct from the mere speakers thereon, the expression of a lived experience is more instructive and reliable than other forms of communicating knowledge.

That differences, strong and fundamental have separated the several system-builders in all climes and times is a truism written boldly across the pages of the history of philosophy. But to the deeper minded, (call them Rishis or Seers) truth reveals itself only as a synthetic harmony. Such is the message of the Advaita that is so beautifully presented, elaborated and illustrated in these four lectures delivered by the author in Germany.

The lecture on Science and Religion which might have been more appropriately and logically the first is a masterly presentation of the values and limitations of Science and of the awakening of Religious realisation. The first chapter is valuable in particular to those students both in the East and the West who are puzzled and perplexed with a characteristic feature of the prominent systems of Indian philosophy viz., the recognition of the Vedas as the highest *pramana* or instrument of knowledge—a feature which has disturbed the equanimity of certain critics to the extent of dismissing the Philosophy of India at its best as something dogmatic, irrational, subjective and lacking in independent creative originality. Swami Jnanananda has really

illuminated this apparently dark chamber of Indian thought by his argumentative exposition of the objectivity, rational verifiability, universality and eternality not only of the mysticism of the Vedas but of all Revelation. It is to express the freedom from the limitations of time, space and personality that the Vedas are described as *apaurusheya*. In the second lecture the several *pramanas* are arranged in a growing hierarchy to justify and clarify the different orders of experience, with the repeated warning that no one of them can be either completely ignored or exclusively elevated. True to the Advaitic traditions, which the Swami gratefully acknowledges to have imbibed at the feet of his master, he expounds as the crowning phase of his thought "the course of the realisation of the supreme Ego, when the will-to-be of the conscious and the sub-conscious planes cease to be". This thought culminates (in the last lecture on Transcendence) in the oft-repeated but differently interpreted Upanishadic utterance on the one and only one true Existence which is without a second. Whether this mystic experience is more adequately described as the Transcendental Absolute or the Absolute Divine is a matter which involves not only the story of the psychology of the individual's temperament, but also the history of the line of masters accepted and revered.

To conclude, the reviewer feels that he cannot better induce in others a desire to read this neat little book, rightly named *Maha Pravachana*, than by presenting what he considers to be the best thought of the author in his own inspiring words:—

"The true realisation of Godly Oneness in all, through the clear stream of knowledge, through all our selfless actions, through pure and noble love, through the education and discipline of the psychic phenomena is Religion.

To build up and create a harmonious world through understanding and realisation of the Godly oneness, is Religion. Let us wake up to that Religion."

N. SRINIVASACHARY.

MUKUNDA-MALA—Translated into English by Mr. R. N. Aingar and Mrs. J. D. West-brook.

Mr. R. N. Aingar is an old student of the Presidency College and an eminent lawyer of the Madras Bar. Some years ago, when he was in England, he translated *Mukunda-Mala* into English with the assistance of an English lady, Mrs. J. D. West-brook. He has recently published it in the form of a neat booklet. He says in a footnote:—

"This is a free rendering into English verse of one of the best known Vaishnavite hymns of India, recited in Samskrit in almost every household every day, either by individuals or in domestic worship. It was composed by King Kulasekhara of Srirangam.....Kulasekhara, like many of the ancient kings of India, was not only a ruler but a saint and a sage—devout and learned."

Mr. Aingar's rendering of this well-known hymn is very graceful and does justice to the spirit of the original. We select the following verses as the best in the Poem:—

It matters not how long I have to dwell
On earth, or lifted in the bliss of heaven,
Or wear my bitter days in lonely hell,
So to Thy Lotus Feet my thoughts are given.

Oh, Lord! this body is but frail and weak,
And soon will death come choking, strangling me;
So now, while yet I have the voice to speak,
Let me yield all my soul in ecstasy to Thee.

Though black the bitter brooding sky above,
 Though the waves threaten with the voice of death,
The Lord above us bends with pitying love,
 And to His lovers ever hearkeneth.

Let not my life, O Lord, be lived in vain ;
 With head bent low in all humility,
With joy so great it holds my heart like pain,
 O, let me offer all my soul to Thee !

Vain are the *Vedas* chanted every day,
 Vain are your offerings, vain your generous dole,
Futile your penance, uselessly you pray,
 Unless God dwells, Himself, within your soul.

For both the Hindu and the Buddhist artists had a more or less common hieratic and artistic tradition, and there was very little difference in their minds between a Saraswati and a Prajnaparamita—both of these being merely personifications of the highest wisdom.

This figure is therefore most appropriately given the central place in the Prayer Hall of the Hostel. It is flanked on one side by panels of the figures of Siva in various poses as Nataraja, Viratesvara etc., and on the other by panels of the figures of Buddha. And they are followed on either side by panels containing their Bhaktas. The figures of Buddha, by the way, are so arranged that one can easily trace in them the history of Indian sculpture—the so-called primitive stage being represented by the Dhyani Buddha of Ceylon, the classical stage by the well-known Buddha of Saranath and the decadent stage by the foppish Buddha of Gandhara. Thus on both sides of the hall the spirit of prayer seems to rise like two clouds of fragrant incense and find its culmination in the deep meditation of the Devi above.

Two other pictures in the hall deserve mention. They were purchased for the Hostel at the last Exhibition of the Madras Fine Arts Society. One is a picture of Penance by a Tamil artist and the other is a picture of Sita in exile under the Asoka tree by an Andhra artist. The former is the better of the two and was awarded a prize in the Exhibition. The figure standing on one leg and surrounded by flames is supposed to be that of Arjuna; but it is too tender and too Brahmanical and too Dravidian to be a fit representation of the Kshatriya hero of the Great Epic. But the merit of the picture lies neither in the appropriateness of the representation nor in its colouring. For it is of one uniform dark hue and the figure is scarcely visible from a distance. Its merit lies in its being a wonderful personification of Penance. The emaciated body, the thin limbs, the firm stand and above all the closed up-turned eyes, indicative of a soul far away in the heavens at the feet of God, give even a casual beholder an idea of *tapas* which is so often mentioned in our sacred books.

The inauguration ceremony of the Prayer Hall containing these masterpieces of art took the form of a lecture by the Superintendent on 'Students and Spiritual Life', with Swami Avinasananda of the Ramakrishna Mission in the chair. (We understand that this lecture in an expanded form is going to be published in the October issue of the *Vedanta Kesari*).

On the inauguration day there was a free distribution of copies of



The Union Society

Prof. D. S. Sarma's Edition of the Gita and his Primer of Hinduism among the third class and first class students respectively of the Presidency College. They were the gift of an old boy of the College.

A General Body meeting of the Hostel was held on the 13th July when the following office-bearers were elected for the first term :—

- Mr. G. Gangadharan (General Secretary).
- „ V. K. K. Sarma (Library Secretary).
- „ K. S. Vaidyanathan (Sports Secretary).
- „ P. K. Seshan.
- „ B. N. Ramamurti.
- „ K. Neelakantam.

The Union Society

The election of the Secretary is perhaps the most outstanding event of the first term. There was, however, no occasion this time for the display of the usual enthusiastic scenes of electioneering campaign, as Mr. H. Sambamurti was declared elected in the absence of a rival candidate.

The first meeting of the Union Committee was held on 30th July at 4-5 p.m. in the English Honours Library Room, with Mr. S. Chakravarthi, the President, in the chair. Principal Fyson in opening the proceedings reminded the members of the lofty traditions behind the Society and wished it success in all its endeavours. At the same meeting it was unanimously resolved to 'meet' Mr. Said-ud-din, B.A., ex-secretary of the Union Society on the eve of his departure to England.

Accordingly on Friday, 31st August, Fyson's Park was the scene of a pleasant function, when the ex-secretary was welcomed by the Committee who wished him good luck and god-speed. Mr. Said-ud-din promised to communicate to the Union Society the work and the practical procedure of the Unions of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Union Committee met again on the 12th August, when the Secretary put before the members the petitions he received from the various vernacular Associations pleading for representation on the Committee. After an engaging and lively discussion, the Committee adopted two important resolutions, that the Vernacular department, as a whole, be given a seat in the Union Committee and that the Muslim and Malayalee Associations be requested to amend their existing nomenclatures to Urdu and Malayalam Associations respectively. Replies have not yet been received from the secretaries of the Muslim

and Malayalee Associations, but rumour is rife that they would adopt the constructive suggestions put forward by the Union Committee. Principal Fyson has also very kindly consented to change the word "Sanskrit" in the rules prescribed for the Union Society to "Vernacular department."

On the 13th August, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, Vice-President, Theosophical Society, delivered the inaugural address of the Union on 'English and American Humour'. It was a full house that listened to his eminently interesting and instructive speech. The speech was from first to last punctuated with deafening cheers.

Mr. Jinaraja Dasa said that though for four years he had been a member of the Union Society at Cambridge, this was the first time he addressed an Union Society in Madras. And also, that was his first attempt at being humorous in public. But he would try his best.

What is humour? They had to distinguish between the humorous and the ludicrous. Charlie Chaplin's actions displayed not the humorous but the ludicrous. His gestures were ludicrous exaggerations. The American Magazine 'Life' had given the following definition of humour: "A sense of humour is that which makes you laugh at something that happens to *somebody else*, but which would make you angry if it happened to *you*." That lecturer then referred to the stock-jokes of both the countries, England and America, namely, those about mother-in-law, about matrimony and about lawyers and surgeons and quoted a few jokes from 'The Punch' and other humorous magazines.

The English often remarked that no Scotchman could understand a joke. But this criticism was made about the English, too, by the Americans. The common joke about a Scotchman was with regard to his thrift. An young Scotchman showed his father proudly the new boots that he had bought. The father advised him, "Take long steps, my boy" (the idea being, that the boots, in that case, would wear long).

Concluding, Mr. Jinaraja Dasa told his audience his own joke about Englishmen:—

Q:—Why are the English the *wickedest* people on earth?

A:—Because, they err so much (Englishmen, while speaking, often say 'er' between the words).

With a vote of thanks, the meeting came to a close.

On Thursday, 3rd September, a lively debate was held between the past and the present students, when Mr. T.R. Parthasarathy B.A., (Hons.)

moved that "Progress is conservative innovation." The speaker in his characteristic way presented his case and supported it with numerous historical illustrations. He was ably supported by Mr. R. Lakshmanan, who brought Burke's philosophy to bear upon the subject. Mr. Negash Mallya, as he confessed, treaded on dangerous ground continually. It was obvious from the beginning that he had not much to say against the proposition. He dexterously found fault with the wording of the resolution and gave his own interpretation of it with the aid of the Oxford dictionary. Among those who participated in the debate were Messrs. Purushothaman, Achyya and Mathew Tharakan.

The president then put the resolution to vote and declared amidst cheers that it was carried by an overwhelming majority. With a vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

The following are the names of the members of the Union Committee:—

<i>President.</i>	Mr. S. Chakravarthi.
<i>Secretary.</i>	„ H. Sambamurthi.
<i>Representatives of Associations.</i>	
<i>Lady Students</i>	Mrs. Abraham.
<i>Philosophy</i>	Mr. K. V. Krishna Rao.
<i>Sanskrit</i>	„ P. V. Kuppuswami.
<i>History</i>	„ A. Srinivasa Rao.
<i>English</i>	„ C. G. Krishnan.
<i>Physics</i>	„ T. Swaminathan.
<i>Natural Science</i>	„ Md. Shamsuddin.
<i>Mathematics</i>	„ Gurudas Rao.

The Dramatic Club

At a meeting of the General Body of the Presidency College Dramatic Club, held on Wednesday the 12th instant, the following office-bearers for 1931-32 were elected unanimously.

President and Treasurer.

Prof. P. P. S. Sastri.

Vice-Presidents.

Prof. J. Franco.

„ T. Suryanarayana,

„ V. K. Ayyappan Pillai.

„ K. Swaminathan.

Secretaries.

Mr. V. Venkatarama Iyer.
 „ H. Sambamurthi.

Members of the Managing Committee.

Mr. G. K. Seshagiri.
 „ C. G. Krishnan.
 „ C. M. Jacob.
 „ P. Chandrasekaran.

The Mathematical Association

A general meeting of the members of the Presidency College Mathematical Association was held on 16-7-1931 when the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1931-32:—

President.

Prof. K. Andanda Rao

Vice-Presidents.

Prof. T. Suryanarayana
 Mr. G. A. Srinivasan
 „ S. Mahadevan

Secretaries.

Mr. V. K. K. Sarma
 „ P. N. Krishna Iyer

Representative on the Union Society Committee.

Mr. V. Gurudas Rao

The inaugural address was delivered by Prof. Ross of the Christian College, on 'Probability' on 5th August 1931. Prof. K. Ananda Rao presided. The lecturer spoke about the meaning and application of 'Probability' and referred to its use to the actuary and illustrated its every day use by many examples. With a vote of thanks by the Secretary the meeting terminated.

It was a pleasant evening when the Association was 'At Home' to the new graduates of the department on 7-8-31. After refreshments the guests were entertained to a brilliant display of South Indian Music by Mr. Vedamurthy of the III Hons. (Math). Mr. V. K. K. Sarma welcomed the guests and Messrs. S. D. Srinivasan, Lakshmana Rao, and Nagabushanam replied on behalf of the graduates. Mr. P. N. Krishna Iyer thanked the graduates and those present on behalf of the Association, and the function came to a close.

On 24-8-31 Dr. R. Vaidyanathaswamy, Reader in Mathematics of the Madras University, delivered a lecture on 'Metamathematics'. Prof. K. Ananda Rao presided. The lecture was very interesting and humorous. The lecturer dwelt upon what he termed the doubtful regions on the borders of Mathematics. The President in his concluding remarks appreciated the blending of philosophy with simplicity and humour in Dr. Vaidyanathaswamy's lecture. With a vote of thanks to the Lecturer and the President, the meeting dispersed.

Prof. Sriramulu, M.A. of the Pachaiappas College gave a very interesting and popular lecture on the 'Postulate of Relativity' on the 2nd September, 1931, with Prof. Suryanarayana in the chair. The lecturer spoke about the inadmissibility of the classical mechanics based on the existence of ether, and its final overthrow effected by the experiment of Michaelson and Morby, which proved the non-existence of ether. He explained the new theory of Prof. Einstein, which does not admit of absolute space and time, but describes the real properties of things as the invariant of observations made from different points of view. The President congratulated Prof. Sriramulu on his successful popular exposition of a very highly mathematical theory and added a few words on the negation of 'force' by the theory of Relativity. The Secretary proposed a vote of thanks to the Lecturer and President, and the meeting came to a close.

The Physics Association

The following members of the Association have been duly elected as office-bearers for the current year 1931-32:—

President

Dr. H. Parāmeswaran

Vice-Presidents

Prof. V. Appa Rao.
 Mr. G. P. Krishnamurthi.

Editor of the Association Magazine

Mr. S. Kalyana Rama Iyer.

Secretaries

Mr. V. S. Thiruvenkatachari, IV (Hons.)
 „ K. Krishna Kutty Menon, IV B. Sc. (Pass)

Treasurer

Mr. S. Jagannathan.

Representative on the Union Society Committee

Mr. N. Subrahmanyam, V (Hons.)

Class Representatives

Mr. Y. V. Narayan, III Class.

„ Venkataraman II Class.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Prof. H. R. Mills of the Madras Christian College on 5th August 1931. The subject of the lecture was "Photo-Electricity and its applications." Dr. H. Parameswaran occupied the chair.

An Ordinary Meeting of the Association was held on Friday the 28th August, when V. R. Ragavan of V Hons. delivered a lecture on 'X' Ray Spectroscopy.

The Chemical Society

A general body meeting of "The Chemical Society" was held on 24th July for electing office-bearers for the year. The following were duly elected:—

President.

Prof. P. A. Narayana Iyer, M.A., L.T.,

Vice-Presidents

Mr. V. Mudlagiri Nayak, M.A., L.T.,

„ S. Lakshminarayanan B.A., (Hons.)

Secretaries

Mr. G. Gangadharan, IV Hons

„ S. V. Govinda Rajan, IV B.Sc.

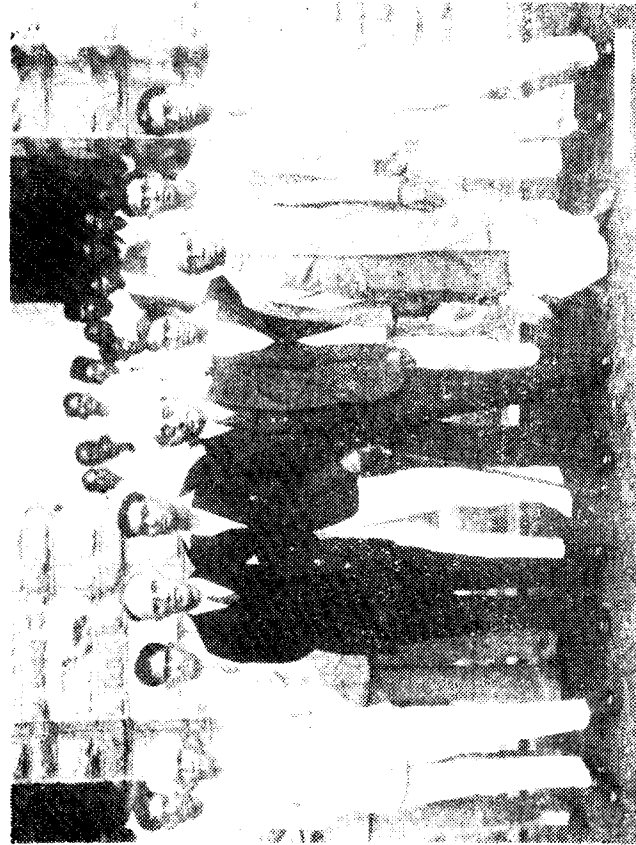
Treasurer.

Mr. R. H. Dalal,

The Society was "at home" to the new graduates of the department on 7th August at 4-30 p.m. Mr. G. Gangadharan welcomed the graduates and Mr. P. S. Lakshminarayanan replied.

The inaugural address of "The Chemical Society" was delivered on the 13th August at 4-30 P.M. when Dr. S. N. Chakravorthy, Professor of Chemistry, Annamali University, gave an interesting lecture on "The Chemistry of Air." Dr. B. B. Dey presided.

A meeting of the Society was held on the 25th August at 4-15 P.M. when Mr. G. Gangadharan of IV Honours chemistry, spoke on "The Raman Effect and Chemistry." Prof. V. Appa Rao, M.A., L.T., presided.



The Philosophical Association

The Natural History Association

A meeting of the Association was held on the 5th of August with Mr. T.V. Narasinga Rao in the chair and the following were elected office-bearers for the year :—

President

Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A., F.L.S.

Vice-Presidents

Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao. M.A., L.T.,

Mr. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, M.A., L.T., M.Sc., D.L.C

Secretaries

Miss. M. Chandy, B.A.,

Mr. D. Viswanatha Reddy.

Committee Members.

Mr. T. R. Purushothaman, B.A.,

Miss. L. N. Rao

Miss. L. Joels

Mr. U. Ramachandra Bhat

„ T. C. Joseph

„ G. Krishnamurthy

„ Shamsudin

„ Raghunadha Rao

„ Kochu Kutti Menon

„ Seetharaman

„ S. Chantamani

„ Elluswamy

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar on "Biology and its applications to Medicine." Mr. Fyson presided. The learned lecturer dwelt at length on how Zoological research would help the progress of the Science of Medicine. By giving many illustrations the lecturer convinced the audience that Biology had to make many contributions to Medicine.

Mr. Fyson who presided endorsed the remarks of the lecturer and concluded with an appeal to the students to do research work in Biology.

The Philosophy Association

The first meeting of the Association was held on Friday the 17th July when the following were elected office-bearers for the current year;—

President

Prof. Narasimham M.A., L.T.,

Vice-president

Mr. Syed Abdul Qadir M.A., L.T.,

Secretary

K. Venkatakrishna Rao.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mr. T. A. Purushotham, M.A., Additional Professor of Philosophy, Pachaiappa's College, on Tuesday the 4th August, with Prof. Narasimham in the chair. The subject of the address was "Prof. Spearman and his Psychology".

The members of the Association were "At Home" to the new Philosophy graduates of the College on Saturday the 8th August. Prof. Narasimham presided.

Monday, the 10th August, was an eventful day in the history of the Association. A portrait of Sir. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-chancellor, Andhra University, presented to the Association by Dewan Bahadur Alladi Krishnaswamy Ayyar, Advocate General, was unveiled by the Honourable Sir. C. P. Ramaswamy Ayyar, member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, in the College Hall.

There was a debate on "Pragmatism" on Tuesday the 18th August. Mr. Venkataswami, Mr. Suryanarayana Murthy B.A., B.L., Miss. K. Mathiapparanam and Mr. Nagaraja Rao took part and Mr. Abdul Quadir Sahib presided.

The Historical Association (Senior)

The life of the Senior Historical Association for the current academic year was marked by a healthy competition for office. Vigorous canvassing made the election of the Secretaries a sensational affair. Four students, two from Honours and two from Pass, contested and the Honours candidates—Messrs. D. Sandilya and A. Srinivasa Rao—were eventually declared successful. The election of the Class Representatives followed soon after with the following results:

V	Honours.	Mr. P. NARSIMHAM.
IV	"	Miss. I. D. MACLEOD.
III	"	Mr. MIRZA.
IV	Pass	" A. N. DEVARAJULU
III	"	" P. K. BALRAMAN.

The inaugural address was delivered on 5th August, by Mr. S. R. Ranganathan, Librarian, Madras University, with Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastriar in the chair. The subject was "Libraries and Democracy." Taking his stand on the definition of democracy given in the Big Murray, that it is a form of popular government where all have equal political rights, the Lecturer traced the growth of public libraries all the world over and said that libraries, by diffusing intelligence cheaply but efficiently, make for that mass education, which is so essential to a democratic country. The Chairman, however, warned the audience that mere bookishness was not enough and that the greatest educative factor was experience gleaned from direct observation of life. With the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

The "At Home" to the graduates which came off on Saturday, the 8th August, was a gala function. Everything went off well. Only it is to be regretted that many of the lady students, including some of the lady graduates, were unable to attend the function. After group photo and tea, the members and the guests adjourned to the Big Lecture Hall. After a few items of music, Mr. D. Sandilya, one of the Secretaries, welcomed the new graduates and congratulated them on their success. Messrs. Rama Rao, Warrior, Atchayya, Parthasarathy and Sundara-raghavan among the graduates spoke. They said that they felt very sorry to leave the college. Miss Kansukutti spoke on behalf of the ladies. Mr. Venkatarama Iyer and Professor J. Franco then addressed the graduates congratulating them on their success and asking them to cherish their old associations. After a vote of thanks by Mr. Srinivasa Rao the function came to a close.

A meeting of the Association was held on 28th August, under the Presidency of Miss S. Gowri, when Mr. Jubbar moved the resolution that "in the opinion of the House the East has taught the West more than it has learnt from it." The opposition was led by Mr. T. N. Krishnamurthy. Many eloquent and passionate speeches were made on either side, the speakers appealing to the sentiment, reason, love and patriotism of the House. The balance was struck by Prof. Franco, who was cheered with great enthusiasm. The resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority. The President then said that she had nothing to say after the brilliant speech made by the Professor and she felt sure that similar successes would attend future debates also.

The English Honours Association

At a business meeting of the above Association the Managing Committee for the year 1931-1932 was reconstituted as follows:—

President.

Prof. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, M.A. (Oxon)

Vice-President.

Mr. M. Nagesh Malya.

Secretary.

„ T. Balakrishna Menon.

Treasurer.

Miss S. Mugaseth.

Class representatives.

Mr. R. Subrahmanyam V (Hons.)

Miss. A. Rando IV (Hons.)

Sister Mary Barbara III (Hons.)

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Miss Mc. Dougall M.A., D. Litt. Principal, Women's Christian College, on the 31st July, Prof. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai presiding. The subject was 'Originality in Poetry.' In a speech characterised by depth of learning and originality of treatment, the distinguished Lecturer explained what was meant by originality and how it was to be cultivated and fostered. She concluded with a passionate exhortation to the members to attempt to write original poetry, and thereby enrich their respective mother-tongues.

After the President's concluding remarks, the Secretary thanked the distinguished Lecturer and the meeting terminated.

The most interesting function of the the term come off when the Association met the new Graduates on Saturday the 8th August at a Garden Party held at 5-30 P.M. in the Fyson Park. After Tea, the secretary warmly welcomed the guests and expressed his appreciation of their former services to the Association. Mr. M. Venkata Varadiah B.A. (Hons) replied on behalf of the graduates. After a variety of interesting items, the function came to a close.

The Sanskrit Association

At a General Body Meeting of the Association, the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1931-32.

President.

Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, M.A. I.E.S.

Vice-Presidents.

Prof. P. P. S. Sastri, B.A. (Oxon).

Mr. L. R. Ramachandraiya, M.A.L.T.

Dr. A. Sankaran M.A.

Mr. I. S. Balasubrahmaniam M.A.L.T.

„ S. K. Padmanabha Sastrigal.

„ M. D. Alasingarachariar.

Secretaries

Mr. A. S. Viswanathan (III Hons.)

„ P. V. Kuppuswami (IV Class.)

Treasurer.

Mr. A. N. Kalyanasundaram (V Hons.)

Auditor.

Mr. A. S. Krishna Rao, M.A.

Committee Members.

Mr. Chakravarthi (III Class.)

„ V. Vythinathan (II Class.)

„ K. Narayana Pishoroti (I Class.)

„ C. R. Sankaran (V Hons.)

Miss. Joshua (IV Hons.)

Mr. V. Raghavan B.A. (Hons.)

Representative on the Union Society Committee.

Mr. P. V. Kuppuswami.

Representative in the Dramatic Club.

Mr. A. N. Kalyanasundaram.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by M.R.Ry. S. Satyamurthi A.V.L., B.A., B.L. on Thursday the 27th August 1931 with Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar in the chair. The address was preceded by a lunch and there was a large and distinguished gathering. In the course of his address, the lecturer raised many interesting problems that one meets with in an intelligent and critical study of the Ramayana. All of them centred round the main thesis whether Rama was an Avatar or not. In his closing remarks Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar pointed out that the solution for many of the apparent inconsistencies in the construction of the great epic lay in the fact that, in the delineation of the character of Rama, the Poet had aimed at a synthesis of the ideal man and the Supreme Being.

The Malayalee Association

The general body meeting of the Association was held on 27-7-31 for the election of office-bearers for the current year. The following were duly elected:

President

Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, M.A. (Oxon.)

Vice-Presidents

Mr. P. P. Kallukaran, B.Sc. (Lond.) Ph. D.

„ Govinda Pisharoti.

Secretaries

Mr. P. Balakrishna Menon.

„ K. M. Devarajan.

It is interesting to note that the committee is representative of all the departments in the college. The following are the committee members :

1. Miss Seethamma.
2. Mr. P. Achyutha Menon.
3. „ P. V. Achan.
4. „ A. S. Victor.
5. „ P. J. Gregory.
6. „ K. P. Mathew Tharakan.
7. „ J. P. Krishna Menon.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mr. C. Achyutha Menon, Reader in Malayalam, University of Madras with Mr. A. Sivarama Menon, Avl. B.A., B.L. in the chair. The lecturer spoke on the present condition of Malayalam literature. He deplored the absence of original works in Malayalam during the last fifteen years and pointed out that translations were coming out too often rather to the detriment of the development of original thought. He ended with a fervent appeal for united action by the peoples of the three Malayalam-speaking provinces—Travancore, Cochin and Malabar—for the development of art and literature. The President wound up the proceedings with a very interesting and instructive speech. With a vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

The Muslim Association

A general body meeting of the Association was held in the last week of July 1931, for the election of office-bearers for the current year,

with Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A. in the chair. The following were declared duly elected by the President :—

President

Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A.

Vice-President.

Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, M.A.

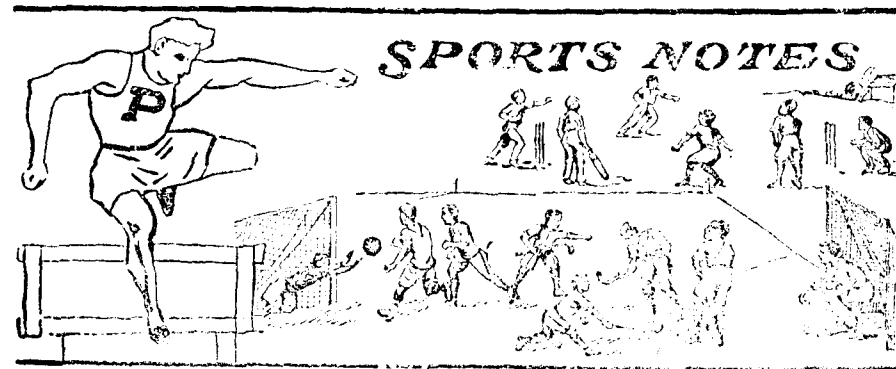
Joint Secretaries.

1. Syed Al

2. Liyaiqat Ali

Five representatives were chosen, one from each of the five classes:-

1. Mr. H. A. Mirza—III Hons. class.
2. „ Adil Bey—IV class.
3. „ Azizullah Shariff—III class.
4. „ Abdul Wahab—II class.
5. „ S. Mohammad—I class.



Cricket

We desire to express our profound feelings of sorrow at the untimely demise of V. Jagannathan, last May, owing to an unfortunate accident. He was a student of the College for six years (1924-30) and was captain of the College Cricket Team, during 1928-29. His brilliant performances with the bat and ball are too well-known to need recounting. His modesty, sense of fairplay and fighting spirit are qualities which deserve emulation. In him we have lost not only an exceptional cricketer, but also one of the greatest idealists the cricket field has ever seen. For him cricket was something more than runs or wickets. It was the training ground for nobler ends. Nothing can ever soften the poignancy of our feeling of separation from his endearing personality. He will ever remain in our hearts as the embodiment of all that is best in a cricketer. Our hearts go out in sympathy to his parents in their bereavement. It has been decided to institute a shield in his name for the Junior Inter group Cricket Tournaments.

Our cricket eleven has been considerably strengthened this year and we are able to field a much stronger side than last year, in spite of the loss due to the exit of C. D. Parthasarathi, V. S. Raghavan and M. A. Rajagopalan. Cricket practice is being carried on as enthusiastically as ever.

We started our season against the Medical College. The college hit up a huge total of 250 for 7 wickets. Gilby, "G. P.", Bhadradi and K. Krishnamurthi contributing 67 not out, 41, 41 and 33 respectively. The match ended in a draw, the Medicals making 140 for 5 wickets. Uthappa, our left hand bowler, claimed three victims. The next match against the powerful Eccentrics ended in a narrow defeat for the college. The college made 133, Dorairajan, Ragavan and Ramanathan

making 25, 21 and 28 respectively. The Eccentrics were able to snatch the victory amid considerable excitement by 'grums.' "G.P." and Uthappa shared the bowling honours with 4 wickets each. The match with the Lawyers resulted in an easy win. The Lawyers made 30, Uthappa and Ramanathan claiming 5 and 3 wickets. We knocked off the score for the loss of 2 wickets only.

In our next Inter-collegiate fixture we beat the Christians after a close game. We made 216 for the loss of seven wickets. "G.P." hit up his first century of the season, which included 13 fours and 1 six. Bhadradi claimed a well-played 68. The Christians gave a stubborn fight, but we were able to get their last wicket just before closing time. "G.P." bagged 6 wickets.

The match with the R. M. S. resulted in another easy victory. The R. M. S. made 43, G. P. and Uthappa capturing 5 and 3 wickets respectively. We were able to pass their total for the loss of 3 wickets, Gilby making 20 not out.

Foot Ball

For the current year Ramakota Reddy of the Senior B.A. class was elected Captain and G. Narayanan Nair of the Junior B.A. class Secretary. The addition of John K. John Kurian, Mirza, Wahid and Korather has strengthened our team very much when compared with last year's.

The matches connected with the Inter-Collegiate League began in July, and our first encounter was with the Law College. It was a tame affair, and we beat the Lawyers by four goals to two. Our second match was with Rayapuram Medical School, which we played on their grounds. They were a strong lot, and our players deserve to be congratulated for beating them by three goals to one. The third match, with the Medicals, we lost by 3 goals, which was our first defeat of the season. The next match was against the Pachiappa's College, played on their grounds. We had to abandon this match on account of rain. This match stands postponed. The fifth match, against the Engineering College, resulted in a win for them by 3 goals to one. We should only say that the better side won. The sixth match was against the Veterinary College and this ended in a draw. So, on the whole, out of the six matches played, we won 2, lost 2, drew one, and one had to be abandoned.

The group tournaments commenced in August, and till now, five

junior matches have been decided. The senior matches had to be postponed to the next term owing to want of time. The knock out tournament conducted by the Presidency College comes off in December and we hope to give our opponents a good fight.

Hockey

We are glad to say we are still retaining Mr. Gopala Iyer as our President. Biddappa, who has re-joined the College, was nominated as our Captain, and Ramachandrayya as our Secretary. Though we have lost some of our best players in our good old Sugunan, C. D. and Raghavan, we have Setharamaswamy, Uttappa and Wahid, who have proved themselves worthy of the choice.

We commenced our Hockey this year with a match against the past students over whom we had an easy victory. In the 'revenge', the past students gathered up a better team (mainly constituted from the "Mylapore County") and played a second match, wherein, in spite of our stout resistance, they ran out victors.

Just at this time our Inter-Collegiate Tournament came in. Our first fixture was against the Christians with whom we drew, with two goals on each side. Satur played a good game that day and was mainly responsible for the draw. Then again on the 3rd Aug. we were pitted against the R.M.S. over whom, after a tough game, we won by one goal.

On the 12th August again, the Loyolites came in for their share of the Tournament with us. The match was played in our grounds. By 2 goals to one the Loyola College won over us.

Then again on the 14th we were pitted against the Engineering College from whom we snatched a victory (3 goals to 2) after a bit of ding-dong game. Madhavan, who played a really good game throughout scored one goal, and Satur, who never goes out of the field without some sort of contribution, scored another, and Wahid scored the third.

We are sorry to say that, in all these matches, we were not able to get the assistance of Biddappa, our Captain, who is down with fever. We earnestly hope he will recover soon and join us in our matches in the coming season. We are already 3 down in points in this Tournament; still, we cherish hopes of winning the cup, if all the players make up their minds not to disappoint us when their services are most required.

The Fyson Memorial Fund

Under the auspices of the Presidency College Natural Science Association it has been resolved to put up a suitable memorial in honour of Mr. Fyson, who is to retire shortly. He has been connected with our College and the Department of Education in this Presidency for the past quarter of a century. As a Professor of Biology and Botany in the Presidency College he has endeared himself to all students with whom he came in contact. In loving memory of his services as a Professor and Principal, we the members of the Natural Science Association have decided to perpetuate his connection with the College, and we earnestly appeal to all the past and the present students of Mr. Fyson to co-operate with us by contributing liberally towards the Memorial Fund.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. T. V. Narasinga Row, M. A., L. T. Asst. Professor of Botany, Presidency College, Madras.

T. R. PURUSHOTHAMAN.

Miss. JOHN.

Secretaries, Fyson Memorial Committee.



The Magazine Competition Prizes

The following prizes are offered by the Editor :—

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

Conditions :—

- (1) The articles have to be submitted on or before the 1st November 1931.
- (2) They should not exceed twelve pages of ordinary hand-writing.
- (3) They should be accompanied by a declaration that the writers have not been helped by any body.
- (4) The Editor reserves to himself the right of disposing of the articles in whatever way he likes.
- (5) This competition is open only to the present students of the Presidency College.

D. S. SARMA,
Editor.

Sri Gargi Memorial Competition Prizes

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

<i>Senior Prizes</i> (For B.A. & B.Sc. Students, Pass and Honours)	First Prize—Rs. 12.
	Second Prize— „ 10.
	Third Prize— „ 8.
	Fourth Prize— „ 6.
<i>Junior Prizes</i> (For Intermediate Students)	First Prize—Rs. 8.
	Second Prize— „ 6.

Questions will be confined to Mr. D. S. Sarma's "A Primer of Hinduism"—the whole book for the Senior Examination, and the first three chapters for the Junior Examination. All those who get 40% of the marks will be considered to have passed the examination, and will be granted certificates to that effect. Those who got prizes in the past years will not be given any prize this year. Intending competitors will have to give their names to the undersigned in the last week of October. Results will be announced after the Christmas Holidays, and the prizes and certificates will be distributed on the Presidency College Hostel Day.

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