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The Presidency College Magazine

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

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

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The Early Years of the Presidency College.

THE Presidency College has now been in existence for ninety-one years and the most valuable asset of the college is the tradition of scholarship and sportsmanship which those years have fostered. No excuse is needed for a further attempt to link the present with the past by a brief survey of the history of the College. In the College Calendar for the year 1891 a short history of the College was printed and a portion of this was reproduced in the College Magazine for August 1924. An article in the 1931 July number of the *Journal of the Madras University* also described the manner in which the College came to be founded. But there is much of detail regarding the early days of the College which does not yet appear to have been put on record. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the start of the College is the fact that the Madras University developed out of the Presidency College. Lord Elphinstone's Minute of the 12th December 1839 suggested

that it was expedient that a central collegiate institution or University should be established at Madras. Lord Elphinstone's proposals received the sanction of Government in January 1840 and the First President and Governors of the Madras University—the University Board—were appointed in the same month.

The Board which consisted of George Norton, Esq., as President, and seven Indians and seven Europeans as Governors first met in February 1840. The City Police office building, on the site of the present Presidency Magistrates' Court in Pantheon Road, was rented for use as a High School in May 1840 and Edinburgh House, Egmore, was also rented for the accommodation of a Preparatory School. The Preparatory School was actually opened in October 1840, was removed to Popham's Broadway in the next year and was closed by amalgamation with the Pachaiyappa's School in 1842. The High School of the Madras University was formally opened on the 14th of April 1841 by His Lordship the Governor of Madras. Mr. Eyre Burton Powell, B.A., Cambridge, who had the distinction of being designated Headmaster of the Madras University, arrived in Madras on November the 24th, 1840 and became the first Head of the Presidency College. It is interesting to note that even in its first year the High School had "an Admission Committee" consisting of an English Governor and two Indian Governors. For the first few years the staff of the School consisted of an Headmaster, a Second master and a Superintendent of Vernacular Studies in charge of Pandits and Interpreters. No classical languages were taught and the vernaculars were confined to Tamil, Telugu and Marathi.

The annual promotion examinations of those early days must have been much more terrifying to the students than the terminal examinations just finished. They included a *viva voce* examination for all classes, the *viva voce* being conducted in the presence of the Governor of Madras, the

Members of Council, the Judges of the Supreme Court and the President and Members of the University Board! The oral examination was reported to be "of the most minute and searching nature." In the matter of vacations also the present student has reason to be sorry for his predecessors. The High School boys enjoyed only two weeks at Christmas and one week at midsummer.

In 1843 Government scholarships were first introduced and took the form of a complete remission of fees together with a monthly grant of rupees ten, seven or five according to the pupil's class in the School. From the start a uniform rate of rupees four was charged throughout the School, but in 1852 the rate was reduced to rupees two. In 1853 the whole institution was reorganised and college classes were opened for the first time. A Normal Class was attached to the College Department and a Primary School was added to the School Department.

In 1855 the High School of the Madras University passed into the control of the new Department of Public Instruction and was thereafter known as the Presidency College. The College was divided into two branches—general and legal—and Mr. John Bruce Norton was appointed the first Professor of Law. The strength of the College at this time was as follows:—College 28, Normal Class 2, High School 235, Primary School 315.

At the end of 1855 the Normal Class was separated from the College and early in 1856 the Primary School was also transferred from the control of the College. At the same time Marathi was taken out of the curriculum, and the post of Superintendent of Vernacular Studies was abolished and a Professorship of Sanskrit and Vernacular Literature was instituted.

The Madras University was established in 1857 by an Act of the Legislative Council of India and the courses of study in the Presidency College were altered in accordance with the requirements of the new University authorities.

At the time when the Madras University first started, the Professors on the staff of the College were:—Mr. Powell, Principal and Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Mr. Gordon, Professor of History, Mr. Bower, Professor of English Literature, Mr. J. Dawson Mayne, Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy and Professor of Law, and the Rev. P. Percival, Professor of Sanskrit and Vernacular Literature.

The first account of the actual students of the College which is on record dates back to 1854. This account shows that then, as now, Presidency College students were quick to seize openings in the public and other services. In 1854 Mr. Powell reported that the third or senior class of the College was "broken up on the successful competition of some of its most promising members for apprenticeships under the Madras Railway Company." As was to be expected, Presidency College students figured prominently in the first Entrance Examination of the Madras University. In September 1857 the Presidency College secured 29 passes out of 36, and in February 1858 nine passes out of 18. The Presidency College does not, however, have the honour of producing the first graduate of the Madras University. The B. A. Degree Examination was held for the first time in February 1858 and only two candidates qualified for the degree, both being students of the American Mission, Jaffna. In the following year, however, all the seven students of the Presidency College senior class passed their B. A. Degree in the second class, the only other candidate being Mr. T. Gopala Row who passed in the first class as a private candidate. In 1860 the College secured its first First Class in the University, the successful candidate being T. C. E. Pöczold to whose "distinguished attainments" the Examiners in England drew special attention. V. Sanjiva Row, who passed the B. A. Degree Examination in the same year, was awarded the Elphinstone Prize for an Essay on "The Probable Effect of the

Introduction of Railways on the Habits and Manners of the Hindus." •

The erection of a permanent building for the College was under consideration as far back as 1843, but it took 27 years before the building was actually opened.

At the time of the establishment of the Madras University it was intended to accommodate the University, the Presidency College, the School of Arts, the Government Museum and a Public Library all in one block of buildings, but the proposal was fortunately abandoned.

In 1864 designs for a building to accommodate the Presidency College and the University Senate House were advertised for and a sum of Rs. 3,000 was awarded to Mr. Chisholm for the best design. In 1866, however, Government decided to keep the two buildings separate and the foundation-stone of the College was laid by His Excellency Lord Napier in October 1867. On the 25th of March 1870 the new building of the Presidency College was opened by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and the students first attended the College on its present site in July of the same year.

A drawing class was opened in the College in 1865 and Surgeon-Major Hunter was appointed the first Drawing Master. Though Mr. Percival had been appointed Professor of Sanskrit and Vernacular Literature in 1856, Sanskrit was not actually taught in the College until 1868, when Mr. Pickford was made Professor of Sanskrit. In 1872 Dr. Oppert succeeded Mr. Pickford and by 1875 the strength of the Sanskrit classes was so large that an Assistant was appointed to help the Professor.

Malayalam was first taught in 1866, Kanarese in 1869 and Arabic, Persian and Urdu were introduced in 1872. The Sciences, which now form such an important part of College studies, were introduced only after the College had been working for nearly forty years. A Chair of Physical Science (Chemistry) was founded in 1874, a chair of Biology

was created in 1885 and it was not until 1890 that Mr. Jones was appointed the first Professor of Physics.

The story of the efforts made to build or rent a Presidency College Hostel makes sad reading. In 1863 Government decided that boarding arrangements should be made for the mofussil students of the College and in 1865 plans were designed for the building of a hostel. In 1867 however Government decided that the scheme was "impracticable" and the matter was dropped for a number of years. In 1882 a public meeting of the friends and old students of the College was held in order to raise funds for the building of a hostel, and subscriptions amounting to Rs. 38,400 were promised. Six years later Government agreed to the erection of a building in Chempauk, but by that time the subscribers had apparently lost interest and the promised money was not forthcoming with the result that the hostel scheme was abandoned.

R. M. STATHAM.

Science and Progress.

THE range of human activity has been very much extended in modern life. Whatever be the sphere of activity—intellectual, social or economic—isolation or aloofness is made impossible. Geographical limitations exist no more between the nations of the world in their activities. The advent of modern science has brought in its train new knowledge and widened the boundaries of culture. Consequently local interests are being replaced by world-wide interests and the world is now being conceived as one whole, so that the well-being of any part of it depends on the well-being of the other parts.

The newspaper, the illustrated magazine, the cinema and the broadcasting process are educating the world on a very large scale; the points of contact among the people of the world have been very much increased. On account of these modern conditions, which science has created round us, life is rendered more full, intense, active and complex than before.

Science has improved our ideas about the necessities of life—air, water and food. It has shown us how, in the new conditions of modern life, good and healthy supply of these essentials can be secured. Science has analysed the causes of the various diseases of the human body, and taught us how they can be controlled. It has conquered distance and created new forces which we have learnt to control and utilise for human comfort and happiness. Science has also improved the methods of production and labour and increased the prosperity and wealth of the world in numerous ways. An attempt is made below to show briefly how all this has been accomplished and how science has contributed to progress in various directions.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

The evil effects of ill-ventilated rooms are due neither to want of oxygen nor to an excess of carbon dioxide, but are solely due to the excessive heat and humidity which interfere with the proper action of the skin in regulating the temperature of the body. The problem of ventilation has thus been proved by science to be purely physical. Therefore ventilation consists in the continuous supply of good cool air which is moderately humid. The problem of ventilation of lecture rooms, theatres and auditoriums has been successfully worked out in recent years, and ventilation engineering has now become a subject by itself.

The cold Northern climates of America and Europe are made habitable and even comfortable by the development of efficient house-heating systems, and perhaps the time is not far off when the tropics will be made equally habitable by suitable means of ventilating and cooling houses. Ventilation in mines is a very important and difficult problem, and those that have gone down the Kolar Gold Fields have probably observed how science has solved the problem.

Air is polluted by smoke and dust, and this has become a serious menace to human welfare, particularly in crowded cities and industrial centres. The evil effects of smoke and dust are many. The most needed ultra-violet rays in sunshine are cut off; the daily range of temperature is reduced; the duration and intensity of fog are increased, and the polluted air affects the eye, the nose, the throat, and the lungs. Again injury is done to vegetation and also to exposed corrodable metals which have therefore to be painted oftener and renewed oftener. Much scientific research is now going on in measuring the smoke and haze in air. Contamination of tunnel air is also measured and early precautions are taken to clear the air by turning on ventilating fans.

Research has been made in regard to the other essentials

of life also. For example, great progress has been made in the matter of municipal milk supply. Every city in advanced countries has now got health departments provided with laboratories for the testing of foods as a protection against adulteration. Cold storage and food preservation has been developed scientifically and is now a vast industry. The day, I believe, is not far off when the fruit, fish and meats of even the remotest lands would be made available in a very good condition in the markets of our cities.

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE.

As long as medicine remained an empirical science, so long progress or achievement was little. The introduction of the scientific method into the study of medicine and the growth of scientific medical research have resulted in immense good to humanity. We now find that bacteriology, bio-chemistry and pharmacology are the foundations of modern medicine. Modern medicine aims at defining exactly the cause of a disease in chemical terms by studying the disturbances in the physiological processes. I will illustrate the point by a few examples. Long research has proved that diabetes is caused by the insufficiency of an internal secretion termed insulin, whose source is the pancreas. So the disease is controlled by a careful and regulated supply of insulin by means of injection into the body. This insulin is prepared by extraction from the pancreas of the lower animals. Beri-beri is a nervous disease of the tropics. It is found to be due to improper diet. The supply of proper diet, particularly vitamin B, prevents the disease effectively.

Medical research has succeeded in attributing many diseases to the presence of certain organisms in the body, and it has patiently developed that branch of medicine called chemotherapy which aims at destroying the organisms through the administration of chemicals which are sufficiently injurious to kill the germs but relatively

harmless to the organs of the human body. The discovery of 'salversan' was epoch-making. The discoverer believed that it would be the salvation of mankind and named it thus. The comfort and cure it gives to humanity is indeed wonderful. Mention may also be made of the control of insect-borne diseases like yellow fever, malaria and kalazar. The organism of the last named disease, as is very well known, was discovered in Madras by Dr. Donovan, and the administration of antimony was found to be the sure cure. Many such illustrations may be given. The result of the control of disease is the reduction of mortality. Many lives have been saved. Maternal and infant mortality has particularly come down. No doubt, therefore, that scientific research in medicine has contributed in no small degree to the health and welfare of humanity.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Let us now see how science has enhanced the wealth and prosperity of the human race through the advancement of industry and commerce.

The industrial development during recent years is a very wide subject and it is impossible here to deal with all its aspects adequately. It is therefore advisable to confine ourselves to a few industrial developments that have contributed to a large extent to the wealth and prosperity of humanity.

1. *Petroleum*. It is now nearly seventy years since petroleum was first known to the chemist as a very valuable product. Scientific research of recent years has recognised it as a source of high economic value to society. It is essential to progress in agriculture and manufacture. It is the source of gasoline which has made possible the development of the internal combustion engine which has entirely revolutionised the aspect of modern civilisation. We derive from it cheap illuminating oils that light the homes of millions of people. The lubricating oils that make the smooth working of complex machinery

possible are also derived from petroleum. Moreover crude petroleum is the basis for a new chemical industry of immense possibilities. Large quantities of pure hydro-carbon like methane, ethane, the butanes and the pentanes are now manufactured in large quantities from crude petroleum, and this new industry bids fair to be as important as the famous coal-tar industry. But above all, petroleum supplies the fuel for the running of the automobile which has revolutionised the possibilities of locomotion and conquered distance. The automobile has set up new social standards, it has immensely increased the range of activity of society and the individual by affording a great opportunity for the broadening influence of travel. Petroleum contributes therefore to one of the most flourishing and profitable manufacturing activities of modern life.

2. *Electricity*. Every one will admit that the present age is the age of electricity. The power of science which has controlled the forces of electricity is chiefly responsible for making modern civilisation what it is. Think of the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, the various kinds of electrical machinery which give us the power to drive electric-trains, ocean liners etc., and the various electrical processes on which manufacture depends. The incandescent lamp, the electric torch, the electric fan and a host of such appliances give us comfort and make us feel that life is worth living. These electrical appliances are now in such common use that they are looked upon generally as adjuncts of modern civilisation.

It is not possible to deal in detail with the bearing of the various electrical appliances on modern life. But I feel that I should make special mention of the great discovery of X-rays. It is the most outstanding gift which Physics has made to medical science. It has marvellously improved the method of diagnosis of disease, and thus it has conferred immense benefits on the suffering humanity.

X-rays are of great value not only to medicine but also to sciences like Physics, and they serve as the most powerful means ever discovered for unravelling the mysteries of the structure of matter and radiation. The whole edifice of modern Physics is built on the foundations of X-rays and their applications. Moreover X-rays have been put to various other technical uses—the searching of flaws and defects in engineering materials, in castings, in welds, in the manufacture of artificial furs, silks, etc.

Another great triumph of the science of Physics is the development of radio-telegraphy and radio-telephony. The Radio has brought new delights into the home. The programme of broadcasting, particularly in England—the B.B.C.—is under Government control and very well organised to suit the requirements of the different kinds of listeners. High class speakers, musicians and entertainers of all kinds are employed, and educational advantages of the best possible kind are thus offered to the public at a very low cost of less than half an anna per family per night. The outlook of the country dweller and the lonely farmer is thus broadened, and life in general is thus enriched and rendered modern and up-to-date.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT.

During the last decade business men have been realising more and more of their obligations to science, and this is really a very hopeful characteristic of our modern economic life. Many companies have been running large and well-equipped research laboratories manned by very efficient and highly paid research staff. New products are evolved through research and old ones are improved. The scope and activity of a business concern is thus increased and the potentialities of increasing profits are enhanced.

Again scientific management holds a very important place now in all business concerns. Much thought has been spent in this direction, and old methods have been scruti-

nised and carefully reorganised. The result is reduction in operating costs. Many long-established companies with high reputation have been superseded in their respective fields by new and progressive firms, for the officers of the conservative firms failed to recognise that manufacturing processes, marketing methods and buying habits could be altered by scientific means. The modern management of industries is striving to lessen seasonal fluctuations in production and employment and is profitably employing methods of regularisation. Traditional 'trial and error' policy is now abandoned.

The security of capital invested in industry entirely depends on industrial progress. Bankers have therefore now become science-minded. They well recognise the fact that no industry of to-day is secure unless it commands the services of chemists and the resources of laboratories. For these reasons some of the greatest American banks and investment houses have on their staffs chemical advisers to assist them in the matter of investments. If an industrial concern needs money, it means either it is planning to progress or it is becoming senile in its operations. Obsolete methods of manufacture and worn-out plants are indices of bad management. A banker therefore needs reliable advice when he wants to lend moneys to companies. Good management attracts finance to industry, creates confidence and secures continued support.

All advanced countries of the world are conducting industrial research in different directions. Any permanent and real progress in any one industry on a large scale, it is needless to say, can only depend on the exchange of information and hearty co-operation in the true scientific spirit. Science knows no boundaries. All scientific discoveries are the common property of the world. They are for the common good of all the nations of the world. Science thus brings the nations of the world closer together. All countries are depending more and more on their export trade which

is vital to their national prosperity. So it is essential for the well-being of all nations to unite their interests and co-operate in international trade and commerce. This co-operation is now seen in the formation of international cartels to standardise prices and kill competition. This is certainly the correct method and this alone ensures business peace.

The word 'rationalisation' has now acquired a new and popular meaning. It is easily understood by the modern business man. It is rather difficult to define it. Rationalisation chiefly consists in the planned remodelling of business organisation. As indicated already, co-operative industrial research, exchange of information, the formation of international cartels and finance corporations are the essentials of rationalisation. "The spirit of rationalisation does not subscribe to the idea that individual profits are the test and the end of business success." It works up to the idea that the whole world is one organised business concern. This is really "a profound change of front in the world's business line."

The spirit of rationalisation is a direct contribution of science to modern life. The method underlying this is strictly the objective method of science. This objective method of approach towards solving international difficulties in politics is illustrated in the establishment of the League of Nations at Geneva. Past experience has sufficiently demonstrated that war is no longer the best way to enable the fittest to survive and "that extermination is not the only answer to race rivalry." The recent great war has profited no one. On the other hand, it has positively injured the main participants and is the main cause of the present world-wide depression. The world has now sufficiently recognised that old methods and rules can no longer apply

to the modern conditions which science has created, and mutual co-operation and good-will, not selfishness and aggressiveness, can secure world peace. The conferences for disarmament and the adjustments of the Lausanne Conference are further evidence of this co-operative spirit and a triumph of the objective method of science. The League of Nations is yet in its infancy and on its trial. Ere long, let us hope, it will gather strength and authority enough to achieve its object and to bring home the conviction that it is "the Hope of the World."

V. APPA RAO.

R. Ll. Jones.

[T] was with great sorrow that we heard in March 1932 of the sad demise of Prof. R. Ll. Jones, M.A., F.R.A.S., who was Professor of Physics in the Presidency College for thirty years. Born in June 1865, he had his early training in Physics under the famous Lord Kelvin at Glasgow. He seems to have had some experience in Cambridge also at the Cavendish Laboratory before he joined service in Madras in 1889. He came here to organise the new Physics branch which had no separate existence till then. The sum total of scientific knowledge at this period was so small that a single Professor like Wilson was thought fit to manage both Physics and Chemistry. In May 1895 Prof. Jones was appointed to hold the additional post of Government Astronomer in charge of the local Observatory, and in January 1897 we find him drafted into the Indian Educational Service that was organised that year. In this cadre he continued to serve as Professor of Physics in the Presidency College till he retired in 1919. Throughout his service he continued to be in charge of the Observatory at Madras, his official designation in this capacity changing to that of Government Meteorologist in 1899.

Prof. Jones was a bachelor, and in his retirement in London he tried to revive his interest in researches of a mathematical character by a few papers published in the Proceedings of the Physical Society of London. And he contributed an article on the methods of the design of magnets to the Dictionary of Applied Physics. In all this work, however, he was hampered by a chronic illness which seems to have worried him throughout his life in India. Matters came to a head in 1922 when he had to undergo a serious operation. His recovery from this was never complete and he was an



Prof. R. Ll. Jones.

invalid ever thereafter living a quiet and peaceful life in his flat in London until he died in March 1932.

Any sketch of Prof. Jones's life and work in Madras, however brief it may be, cannot be complete unless one looks back and takes stock of the difficult circumstances in which Prof. Jones did his pioneer work in South India with a single-hearted devotion and energy so rarely found among service men. When he came to Madras, he was but 24, and the Physics Laboratory he took charge of consisted of a single room, the present Intermediate Zoology Laboratory in the main central block of the College. When the Laboratory itself was of such dimensions, little need be said of its equipment. For equipment he had to content himself with whatever the "mighty" Wilson was willing to forego as useless or superfluous in his Chemical Laboratory. Hence the initial difficulties of Prof. Jones in organising a new Physics Department for the College must have been very very great indeed. Rao Bahadur P. Rajagopala Iyer, retired Principal of the Kumbakonam College, who was one of his first students and later his assistant, even now speaks of the difficulties they had to overcome in conducting the simplest of experiments in such an one-room laboratory. In the circumstances it is no wonder that Mr. Jones's work took more a mathematical than an experimental turn. Some of these early experimental investigations relate to the ~~thermal~~ conductivity of the earth and the travel of the zones of heat into the earth with the daily and annual variations of temperature at the surface. However the Professor keenly felt the necessity for better laboratory facilities for work of an advanced experimental nature, and his hopes were realised in 1897, when the southern half of the present Physics wing was built as the new Physics laboratory. And we now see the results of his labours. Sir C. V. Raman, F.R.S., N. L., Professor Jones's most famous student, had his training in this new extension. Not satisfied with this extension Prof. Jones got

the laboratory extended still further in 1910 by adding the northern half to the Physics wing. When this was done, the Honours courses in Physics were opened and the first batch of students took their degrees in 1914.

Prof. Jones, who was thus the father of the present Physics Laboratory, had indeed a pioneer's work to do in this Presidency. Not only had he to make the laboratory, plan the fittings and organise the courses of studies in a model way but also he had to find the staff for his own laboratory and the many others that grew on the model of the laboratory at Madras. When he has given so much of his life and thought to the development of the teaching of higher Physics in South India, we can easily understand the great affection Prof. Jones had for his laboratory and his unwillingness to quit it for more attractive jobs. The Principalship of the College or the Directorship of Public Instruction, Madras, had no charms for him.

Critics of Prof. Jones's activities must remember this pioneer nature of his work in this country. No one was more alive to his own defects than Prof. Jones himself, and when he retired in 1919 it is said that he placed on record the need for his successor being an able experimentalist quite conversant with such modern developments in Physics as X-Rays, Radio activity and wireless telegraphy with which he himself had not the time and leisure to acquaint himself fully. One can very well believe it. For these were developments in Physics that took place in the West while Prof. Jones was out in the East organising laboratories and courses of studies. And it must be admitted that, when one is engaged in such work, one gets but little time to improve oneself.

I was Prof. Jones's first and last research student in 1918, the last year of his service in India. I have had many occasions to know him ever since I joined the College in 1913. He gave me every encouragement for all the extra-laboratory activities I used to indulge in. I followed the Professor to England in 1919 and had the good fortune to

be of assistance to him in his old age and illness. And it has also fallen to my lot to occupy the very chair he occupied in this College. In carrying on the work which was so dear to him I have the consolation that I have had the benefit of a long association with him. In his retirement in England his one thought was always the old laboratory, and it formed for ever the one topic of our conversation whenever we met. In 1924 when I left England to take service in this laboratory, he gave me his parting advice and instructions. When one looks at the present lines of special activities in the laboratory, coupling Astronomy with Physics and Physics with industry, one cannot but feel that the spirit of Prof. Jones still continues to animate and guide it.

H. PARAMESWARAN.

How it strikes a Hindu.

I HAVE just finished reading *The Fountain* by Charles Morgan and want to set down my impressions of it for what they are worth. This novel is one of the best-sellers of this year. There are, of course, best-sellers and best-sellers. Apart from the purely sensational novels and detective stories and third-rate books by authors of established reputation, there are many best-sellers in the field of prose fiction which may fairly be called soulless. The soul of any work of art is the artist's interpretation of life implicit in it. Without this, however skilful may be its imitation of life, the work remains a body without a soul. A photograph is a photograph, however skilfully it may be executed. It cannot be called a picture. In a novel an underlying idea is more important than any number of skilfully devised scenes or characters. The novel with a purpose fails, not because it has a purpose, but because its purpose is either too explicit and intrusive or too local and temporary.

The Fountain has a central idea which is more akin to the best teaching of the East than that of the West. The East has ever sought the centre of stillness in this ever-revolving scheme of things which we call the universe. To be in the world but not of it, to possess our souls even when we retain our earthly possessions and to make them absolutely invulnerable amidst a thousand disturbing conflicts of life—this, as everyone in India knows, is the central teaching of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Every kind of human experience is to be made contributory to this supreme conquest—the conquest of oneself. Our freedom consists ultimately in breaking our fetters of individuality. Supreme peace lies in supreme renunciation. But renunciation is not for him who has nothing to renounce. Nor is the peace of renunciation the peace of death. We have to gather treasures while we may. We have to wax strong

in love and knowledge, in beauty and truth. But beyond a certain point even these—even our virtues—become our fetters. In the final act of surrender to which one day God will call us we can make no exceptions—not, not even love. And that is our point here.

The West has made of human love an extravagant idol of gold and diamonds and prostrated itself at its feet of clay. To treat human love as a mere sex feeling and sensuality is, no doubt, a great error. But to make it the supreme end of life, a law unto itself, a key which will unlock all the mysteries of the spirit is an equally great error. When Western writers put forward extravagant claims on behalf of love, when they make it override all other claims—those of the marriage law, for instance, or those of children or of family traditions—they seem to lose all sense of proportion. Some even go to the length of making the satisfaction of love a substitute for religion. The great merit of Morgan's *Fountain* is that it recognises this error and admits that the bliss of human love—two hearts attuned to each other, the deep calling to the deep—is after all one of the symptoms of spiritual childhood and not of spiritual adolescence. Its central thought is put into the mouth of the god-like, though slightly theatrical, Rupert:—

“You see, just as we teach children to have good manners and to give place to others—in a word, to be courteous and self-denying—so we, while we are in our philosophic childhood, must be self-denying and must love. But self-denial, though a great and necessary virtue, is a virtue to be transcended and left behind, and love also, for love is a distraction from personal unity—it prevents the coming together of the soul. Yet—and this is a deeper paradox—it is on earth necessary to the growth of the soul. To reject it, while we are in a condition to require it, is to stunt ourselves with asceticism and to grasp at spiritual independence before our time. Love, a

form of suffering, is, like pain and ambition and loyalty and all profound emotional experience, a form of discipline, being a part of life, itself a discipline; and like all earthly gains it is a designed prelude to loss. When we know intellectually that loss is freedom, then we are philosophers; when loss has become freedom, then we are baptized in wonder and are fit to die. Has the death of Jesus any other significance that is unchanging, whether He was human or divine?"

The story built round this truth may be told in a few words. During the great war a number of English officers were interned in Holland. One of them, Lewis Alison, who wanted to utilise his enforced leisure in the neutral country by writing a book on contemplative life fell in love with an Englishwoman there, the step-daughter of a Dutch nobleman and the wife of a German prince who was actively engaged on one of the fronts in the war. Julie, for that was her name, whose marriage had been arranged by her scheming upstart mother had no love for Rupert, her husband. She was sent to her mother's home in Holland because Rupert, who almost worshipped her, did not like that his English wife should be in Germany when his Fatherland was engaged in a deadly conflict with England. She was a high-spirited, beautiful, young lady who was hated by all her Dutch cousins, but who was naturally adored by all the English officers who were released on parole in Holland. Alison was an old acquaintance of hers in England. He had been her companion in childhood and had taught her to read. Now in Holland, where accidentally they were thrown together, their old acquaintance ripened into love. Julie struggled against the feeling and asked her friend to go away from the place. He obeyed. But after some time she could not go on without him and contrived to get him back. She finally surrended herself to him. The lovers had their secret meetings and pleasures in the

Dutch nobleman's own house where Alison pretended to work in the Library.

Meanwhile Rupert was badly wounded in the war. His spinal column was broken and one of his arms amputated. He came to his beloved wife to die in her arms. But his love and longing for Julie was so great that the feeling acted as a restorative and he began to show signs of recovery. Here was a very embarrassing situation. Rupert was no ordinary German. He was a man of great courage, intense patriotism, wide humanity and extraordinary spiritual insight. And, above all, his love for his wife was a romantic passion that made him cling to life, though his body was shattered. In his company, therefore, the guilty lovers looked doubly guilty. Alison, who was groping after the ideal of contemplative life before he met Julie, found in Rupert his master. And Julie who was awed by the flaming purity of her husband's love could give him back only her admiration, pity and service, but not her love. It is here that we see the novelist's art at its best. The tragic sufferings of the chief characters are slowly worked up to a crisis.

Gradually the truth dawns upon the mind of Rupert that his wife whom he loved and adored had been false to him, that Julie and Alison were not merely friends, as he first imagined, but secret lovers. Finally they confess their guilt and ask for his forgiveness. He replies: "Forgive you and set you free? My Julie, forgive is a word for the gods and freedom an attribute of the gods. Here nothing is certain, but fulfilment and consequence. We sow and reap; and if we fail to reap our own harvest when it is ripe, then afterwards we reap it when it is poisoned. While we live we must live our dreams. There is no other way of passing beyond them into reality." A Hindu might have said these words.

Soon after, Rupert calmly passes away into Reality

with a heart free from jealousy and anger and full of peace and good-will towards his wife and her lover.

Now, what is jarring to a Hindu in this story is that neither Alison nor Julie, for whose character the author tries to enlist our sympathy, seems to be alive to the enormity of a married woman deliberately playing false to her noble husband who has gone to the war to fight for his country. It may be that she was married young, at a time when her love was not awakened and when she could not understand the flawless character of her husband. But is that any excuse for her taking her fill of pleasure with the first man of her own nationality who was able to touch her heart with love? At this rate almost every Hindu woman (*Santam Papam*) would have ample justification for being unchaste. Is there no such thing as the sacredness of the marriage tie in modern Europe? Is love to override all laws of loyalty, duty and hospitality? Should popular authors pander to the current taste and undermine all family life by playing with the ever-recurring theme of husband, wife and lover and always insisting on the rights of the guilty? The lesson which the author of the *Fountain* seeks to enforce, namely, the spiritual necessity of transcending love is very much weakened by the somewhat sordid love story of Alison and Julie. The English officer on parole pretending to work in the unsuspecting Dutch Baron's library and going up regularly every night to Julie's room by a secret staircase in the wall—is rather a sordid ending to the love story of a man who had set out to probe the secrets of contemplative life. That a love of *this* kind ought to be transcended in the interests of the spirit, of course, goes without saying. The novel would have been much more beautiful if the love of Alison and Julie had stopped short of sensual gratification and the lovers learnt the higher way of the spirit from Rupert. It would have been something even if Julie and Alison had drifted apart after the death of Rupert—the one to lead a

life of penance for having been faithless to such a husband and the other to pursue uninterrupted his ideal of contemplative life. As it is, the conclusion is very tame and unsatisfactory. The sacrifice of rank and class which Julie proposes to make by becoming the wife of a middle class manager of a publishing firm does not evoke our admiration. It evokes only our contempt. And, I believe, that is quite contrary to the author's intention.

Some, of course, may say that such things do happen in life. Men set out with high ideals which come down with a crash after a time. Their enthusiasms do not generally survive a shock. True, but art should have more logic than life. We seek, for instance, for such a thing as consistency in the development of depicted characters, while there is no such thing in the infinite complexities of actual characters in real life. The question is not whether there are not men like Alison in real life—men who start with the noble aim of finding the centre of invulnerability in the human spirit—but who succumb to the love of a woman for whom the centre of invulnerability is only the British Navy. The question is whether, given such a character as Alison with his seriousness, his insight and his spiritual intuition, the logic of art would not require a different end from what is given to that character in the novel. The very purpose of art is to remove all that is irrational, accidental and trivial in the play of life and present it as a consistent, harmonious and ordered whole.

D. S. SARMA.

Accidents, Pleasant and Unpleasant.

I PROPOSE writing on a subject which, I hope, will be conceded as having the most profound significance. We are all accustomed to regard human life itself as an accident. However exactly pre-ordained the career of each human being may be, the birth and growth of each of us seems an accident from the human point of view. Though human life as a whole is an accident, it is not the less composed of accidents within itself. Indeed life will be unbearable if it is not enlivened by accidents. The romance of life lies in its accidents. And these are of all kinds, pleasant, unpleasant, and indifferent, in their consequences. A healthy boy is attracted by an accident which brings him to festive celebration where he can get delicious things to eat. Men look to the accident of winning prizes in life, like marrying an heiress or securing a good berth in life.

Now about the unpleasant accidents in life. An accident is more usually a mishap, it is understood as a disaster bringing evil. Yet good and evil are but relative and nothing is wholly good or wholly evil. Is there not something fascinating in a disastrous accident? Accidents on the railway, on steamships, and on the road—how exciting they are! Human curiosity is boundless in its scope. It probes not into pleasant things only. It is equally active about things unpleasant. Death has perhaps aroused more curiosity than any other experience of life. We would all be the travellers returning from "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

Recently four Germans were reported to have been keen to know what it feels like to be hanged. They allowed themselves to be hanged just short of the stage from which they could not recover. Our curiosity about the human sensations at the point of death or in great pain is disappointed by the fact of the complete cessation of all

sensations. Writing of his experiences in Africa, Livingstone has remarked on the providential blessing, enjoyed by man in extreme peril, of being bereft of all sensation. A lion pounced on him on one occasion, but he survived, and he was blissfully oblivious of the time between the sight of the lion and his recovery.

In modern city-life the lions with whom we must fear the perilous encounter stalk about us in the form of motor cars. What will it feel like to be victimised in a motor car accident, when a heavy and fast running vehicle dashes on you, leaving terrible wounds which confine you to bed for several weeks? I have had this experience myself and I shall try to impart to you my own sensations in the matter. When an accident has happened to you on the road, everybody flings the question at you: "How exactly did it happen?" If I could tell perfectly how exactly the accident happened, it would not have happened at all. The blame of the accident I am disposed to lay on the goggles I wore on that day. You think me perhaps foolish in this. You would argue that either I, riding on my motor-bicycle, must have blundered, or the driver of the heavy English car, each part of which is hand-made, must have been guilty of an awfully rash act. And therefore how can it be that the goggles account for the accident? My answer is that the driver of the car was certainly in the wrong, but what prevented me from escaping from the worst enemy on the road was my goggles. The fierce hot day was converted into soft moonlight by the goggles, and I was perhaps unaffected by the realities of this world. So I felt no alarm at all. All the same I must have felt infinite pain of which however I have no memory. Two loud outbursts of 'Ayyo' were Nature's means of giving me relief in the terrible moment of distress. The next moment, or was it at the very same moment, I lost consciousness and I had only a few lucid intervals when I had a sense of what had happened. But I had no sense of pain at all.

I awakened to life after I had been put to bed in the hospital. In the returning consciousness I remembered my knowledge of the hospital and asked for a comfortable room, and there I was laid to rest on a bed, and I was grateful for a cup of delicious ovaltine which was brought to me soon after. Then from day to day I had a peaceful and almost happy time of it at the hospital under the tender care of the nurses and the doctors. A fever was on me for four days, and on the fifth it went down sufficiently for me to feel the hunger to eat. It was a double pleasure to me to eat that day, first because it was my first eating after four days of illness, and secondly because I changed from the insipid English diet to the spiced and savoury Indian food of rice and vegetables from home. The joy of eating during convalescence is surely a fit poetical theme. Essayists have written on the enviable condition of being a convalescent, when the choicest food is brought to you by the hands of deepest affection. Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, has described this joy of convalescence in his novel "Queen Calafia" in which the hero fights a duel and is nursed for the sword injuries received by him. You cannot have convalescence after you have recovered your normal health. Nor can a perpetual valetudinarian know the joy of convalescence.

If you have suffered a serious accident and if there is room for anxiety about your life, you naturally receive a large number of tender enquiries from friends. This gives you a certain degree of 'publicity' no doubt, and some of the class of Peeping Toms may even suggest that you have brought the accident on yourself, just for the sake of the consequent publicity!

All the romantic stories of the world are built on the principle of the hero falling into unfortunate circumstances and winning the sympathy of those around him. Ivanhoe falls ill to need the nursing by Rebecca. Jane Austen contents herself with giving a cold or a sprain to her heroines.

The general rule is that the misfortune, while very grave for the time being, should not be irretrievable. An accident in which a man loses the power of a limb or suffers other permanent injury is altogether unpleasant to contemplate upon. But an accident in which one is subjected to apparently the most serious injury and from which one recovers completely is not without its attractive features. The accident I have had must form a landmark in my life. "That was before the accident," "I never did that after the accident," will be the marked expressions of my speech through the rest of my life. The event remains in my life like the Flood in the life of the world.

PRAKASH.

Lady Cicely.

TONY MAINWARING was playing his own peculiar favourite game. This I can describe no better than by using his own words: "I go out of my body and then look with my mind." Being thus temporarily released he saw on the broad window-seat the dreaming figure, slim and immovable, of a boy of eleven or twelve, with thick tumbled black curls and a face singularly like a cat's, by reason of its almost fantastic triangularity, lit up by tawny gold-flecked eyes.

At this moment his fourteen year old twin brother and sister ran downstairs—they were shouting and laughing. And passing by the window they invited him to come out—but getting no answer they went out into the frosty morning.

Tony saw his mother as she had been on that morning a month ago when she had gone away. Since her going he had lived in a world of memory—not the best of worlds for a young lad. He saw himself lying face downwards on the rug and heard as clearly as if with mortal ears the rippling music that seemed to him to flow not only from her fingers, but from the deep ocean of her love. The sound resolved itself into colours before his eyes—low, thrilling notes into the deep red of the sunset's heart or the clear and cool and pure sunlight on young green leaves—which is not so much a colour as light itself. With an effort he came back to himself—slowly uncurled his legs and slipped to the ground. He walked across the room and, raising his eyes, gave himself up to delight. On the wall in front of him—there she was. It was a fine picture that he saw. A young girl in all the pride of her beauty stood beneath the white-canopied blossoms of a cherry tree. A white robe fell in loose folds to her feet, and over her shoulders her

honey-coloured hair fell like a sunrise cloud of light. On the short grass near her bare white feet red squirrels played, unafraid—and on her outstretched hands, where a great green stone blazed with hidden fires, as if the life of Nature were concentrated in that microcosm—birds of every colour were singing—and, over all this, her eyes, tawny and gold-flecked, looked out in wondering love. It was an imaginary picture of a real figure—of Cicely Mainwaring who had lived in the days of Henry VI and round whose gentle name legends had grown—but all that was recorded of her was "that she was loved by all small and sorrowful things."

Now, Cicely Mainwaring who was Tony's mother had inherited all the beauty of her ancestress—and so Tony loved this 'Lady Cicely' who had lived so long ago. He turned with a sigh and found his father standing behind him. Denis Mainwaring could have forgiven his wife for leaving him—but not for leaving this strange son of theirs, who had centred his whole life around her.

"Ride over to Maitland's with me, Tony" he said—"it will do you good."

II

Two hours later they brought Tony home—Prince had shied and thrown the lad who had fallen on a heap of stones. His back was broken, he could not live more than a few hours. He lay with his eyes closed—thinking. He knew he was dying and he was afraid. Dying was like going to sleep, only you didn't wake up, and sleep was full of strange things—great birds whose wide brown wings beat against one's face, fat white slugs that crawled on one's neck and, worst of all, vast shapeless greynesses that advanced slowly and steadily, crushing one's soul with terror.

He was trembling and his body ran with icy-cold sweat. If only his mother were here she could banish nightmares, as sunshine banishes night.

He opened his eyes. Moyra and Denis were kneeling beside the couch crying. His father was standing near the window where he himself had sat so short a time ago. Then his eyes wandered and suddenly opened wide. He raised his arms and said clearly, "Mummy, I knew you'd come." They turned quickly, but the room was empty—and then he exclaimed—"But why aren't you properly dressed? Your hair has come down—and your feet are bare."

K. G.

Dreams.

Dim cloisters close me round
In still unbroken peace,
From the world no sound
To break my joy's increase.

The seasons in soft changes rolled—
Spring when sweet dreaming buds unfold,
And June with glowing promise bold,
Rich dusky autumn's full-grown days,
White winter filled with Jesu's praise
Pass sweet and swift as the lilting lays
Of quiring boys in the frost-clear night.
My days are passed in calm delight
Vested with joy, as with a light,
'Mid dear familiar things—the grass
Whispering beneath the dreaming trees,
The high dark altar alight with brass,
The purpled glow of the kingly glass,
The warm sweet breath of the thyme-kissed breeze,
Deep paths where brown birds go winging,
Broad flags cool in the afternoon,
The measured chant of choral singing,
The leaping joys of the bells' clear ringing
Through the urgent noise of the pulsing noon,
My brethren's grave-eyed courtesy,
Their regal silence aureoled
With joyful peace. It seems to me
That Heaven itself can never be
So dear as this—undreamed, untold.

But, when sleep's gates are opened wide,
I pass their arch with lagging feet.
For lo! another world inside—

A world by me yet undescried—
 Where sorrow walks in every street,
 Where birds are sold, and roses crushed
 By the tempests' wings and all the air
 Is loud with weeping—faces flushed
 With hate and strife—and love is hushed.
 Corruption lies beneath what's fair;
 Grey vastnesses oppress the soul—
 Stilled is every thought of mirth,
 There doth sorrow still unroll
 Her close wrought, ever-lengthening scroll
 Writ in the tears of all the earth.

Which is the world? This that I know,
 And touch and feel—my body's home?
 Or that whereto my soul must go,
 When loosened from the lightened glow
 Of earth's soft fingers? When I come
 To greet my Lord at break of day—
 When stirring earth a pæon seems
 Of glorious *Benedicite*—
 My soul recalls the darksome way
 It trod slow-footed, and I pray
 'Thy gracious Hand in pity lay
 On the sorrows of my dreams.'

K. G.

The Idol of Devanadh.

THE crowd was unprecedented; but it did not mean that Ekambara's popularity went down before Devanadha's. The fact was that Kadirvelu Chetti, the patron of the Saivite deity, became a bankrupt by losing money in the "Nattukkottai Minor Case." He became bankrupt of hope, and bankrupt of faith. He ceased to patronise Ekambara. The walls of the Saivite temple collapsed; the floor was carpeted by moss, green as emerald and soft as velvet; and where the jasmine and champak once enriched the air, rank growths and mushrooms were eloquent with their stifling odours. And all this was the poetic justice in the tale of a patron and a deity—I mean it was a proper punishment to the god who did not care to help his patron in his litigation.

Now, if we turn to the Vaishnavite deity we are presented with quite a different picture. Devanadha was no cynic, no ascetic like Ekambara. Devanadha was pre-eminently a human god; he loved to look youthful; he had apparently something of human foibles. He had two consorts. His golden body was daily burnished with tamarind. He was not tired of being decked every morning and evening and carried through the streets of Alwarpet in a grand procession. He had no relish for antiquated modes of conducting his festivals. In fact, he was a beau. He was keen on western music and preferred Nadhamuni's band to the 'nayanam.' On important occasions he used to appear in velvet trousers with such an enchanting smartness as to "wrest three souls" out of a spectator. An epicure of the first order, he did not, it seems, set much store by justice or honesty. Rama Naicken of Udayar-palayam, a rich mirasdar, was his patron. Once Rama Naicken engaged a mummy lawyer in a case; the mirasdar was despairing of success; but, strange as it may seem,

Mr. Ramaseshan turned into a Demosthenes before the Judge. And that was, of course, due to the good-will of Devanadha. In gratitude whereof, Rama Naicken presented to the god all the innumerable jewels of his wife who had died suddenly of cholera. Thus it came about that Devanadha gained the upper hand in Alwarpet; his Saivite antagonist was driven into obscurity; in triumph whereof, Devanadha paraded the streets in season and out of season, decked in gold and diamonds.

The crowd was, as I said, unprecedented. There were devotees, orthodox Brahmins, marching like the Vedic sages, widows garbed in spotless white, pick-pockets and police-men. A sergeant was standing in a corner with a high sense of his own importance. Rama Naicken, dressed in his ancestral garb (a grotesque caricature of a uniform), green with fresh dye and grey with age at the edges was seated in a palanquin (the undisturbed haunt of bugs and cockroaches, "flit-proof" in fact) and was followed by a "ragged regiment," the insignia of his office. He hadn't forty winks before he was disturbed by the voices of his palanquin-bearers.

The "archaka" came and whispered something in the ears of the mirasdar; Rama Naicken looked startled, hastily got down from the palanquin, and together with the archaka took his seat in the car of the deity. "Let it be a secret," the archaka said, "there should be no commotion." But in spite of the archaka's precautions, the news spread like fire that some unknown benefactor had presented Devanadha with a diamond necklace which well nigh defied estimation. A diamond necklace, my Devanadha! Alwarpet had never known such a thing. How, on earth, did this obscure god come to be presented with a diamond necklace? If any man presented it, who was that Kubera? These were the questions which every man in Alwarpet put to himself.

Conjecture was soon busy as to who might be the secret patron of Devanadha. Could it have been Krishna Kounden, the Zamindar of Eswarpet? Could it have been Sankara Naicken, the ex-President of the Devasthanam Committee? Or V. R. Singaram Aiyangar, Secretary of the "Kalidas Sangha"? Some people believed that Rama Naicken himself was the secret patron. But that day Rama Naicken was himself sick with speculations as to who might be this disconcerting mystery man. The old mirasdar took a vow to break a thousand cocoanuts to Patalesha if he discovered the secret patron. He had no sleep, he was burning with envy at the thought of his supposed rival's wealth. Moreover, Rama Naicken was haunted by a strange fear. Suppose Devanadha, on the receipt of the diamond necklace, transfers his affections from Rama Naicken to the unknown patron, what would become of Rama Naicken's litigations and paralysis and a thousand other ills for which he required the god's help? Whenever he saw the necklace on the idol, he grew furious to the verge of madness, and sad to the verge of tears. But he was too cautious to express his feelings. Suffering inwardly, he gave out after a time that he, and none other, was the secret patron and that certain peculiar circumstances had stood in the way of making his declaration on the eve of the Vasanta Festival itself.

When the archaka called on him one day the mirasdar, greeting him with a significant smile, said with the air of one imparting a state secret to another:

"Look here, Iyengar, what is all this rubbish about the unknown patron? Keep it a secret: It is I that presented the necklace."

"What!" said the archaka, with a wily smile on his lips.

"Do you doubt what I say, Iyengar?" asked Rama Naicken, a little perturbed.

"What else can I do? You were not here at all the day before the Vasanta Festival. And the necklace was found on the idol even two days before that."

Rama Naicken tried to pretend that he was offended, but he gave up the attempt as he thought :—

“ This archaka fellow has the whole affair in his quiver, I should worm out the secret.”

From that day onwards Rama Naicken used to have confidential talks with the archaka. But try as he might, the mirasdar could not wrest the truth from the cunning Brahmin.

“ How could he have gained entrance without your notice, my dear chap? If you were in the *Moolasthanam* you should have certainly caught sight of the fellow,” pointed out Rama Naicken.

The archaka said “ Rest assured, sir, no mortal has brought this necklace. It was a divine miracle—its appearance. It is a sin to disbelieve in the miracles of Devanadha.”

Rama Naicken was no believer in divinity and miracles, these days. He was restless, inquiring everywhere how many rich men there were about Alwarpet. He called upon almost every rich man in the Arcot Division, and, hinting at the story of the necklace, watched his colloquist's countenance like a telepathist. It almost developed into a mania—this hunting after the secret patron. Rama Naicken ignored God, and man. He did not care even for himself. He cared only for the secret patron. That phantom preyed upon his mind and body ; he grew weaker and weaker in spirit. He was bed-ridden. He talked of life's little follies and secret patrons. To him life was a cross-word puzzle, each day a clue, and nothing else. With one foot in the grave, he thought : “ In the whole of India, there is no one who could make that present. Shall I believe in divine miracle and cease to worry myself?” But two eyes looked at him as he lay in a reverie. “ That fellow, the archaka, certainly

has the fact in his grip. His wink, that strange wink, means something.”

The news of Rama Naicken's illness spread far and wide. The archaka was sent for by the dying mirasdar. “ Iyengar,” he said, “ you need not fear any more that I will kill my rival out of envy ; I am already half murdered by him. Before I die let me have peace of mind. You will not deny me that, will you ? Now, who is the *man* ? ”

“ I told you, sir, it was a divine miracle,” said the archaka.

“ Tut, tut, man—I am no baby to believe in all that grandma-sort-of-thing. I am dying. Look here, if you reveal the truth I shall leave you half my property.”

“ Half your property ! ” exclaimed the archaka. He had expected to sell the secret only for a hundred rupees.

“ My Lord, the secret patron whom you were hunting for...”

“ Come to the point at once,” urged Rama Naicken.

“ ...is a notorious robber

“ What ! do I year you 'aright ? ” cried Rama Naicken. A hue of health spread over his features.

“ Then it was not Krishna Kounden ? Thank God ! I have peace of mind. This is the greatest favour my Lord Devanadha has conferred upon me.”

“ What favour ? ” asked the archaka, perplexed.

“ None of your business. You only overheard me while I talked to myself...Now, tell me how your robber came to present the necklace.”

“ Well,” drawled the archaka, “ it is rather an odd story.”

“ I don't very much care if it is.” said Rama Naicken.

“ I shall be brief then,” said the archaka, “ I had to remain in the temple on the night preceding the Vasanta Festival. As I was leaving the *Moolasthanam* at about midnight to enjoy a little fresh air in the *prakaram*, I

heard footsteps towards the *Moolasthanam*. I ran there but I could not see any soul. A few minutes later, I found the lights being put out. There was no use of crying for help at that unearthly hour. Guessing that a robber was coming towards the *Moolasthanam* I ran in and hastily removed the jewels from the idol. The footsteps grew louder. I hid myself behind the big statue of Devanadha. A solitary camphor piece that was burning enabled me to recognise the fellow. I was resolved to rise to the occasion. The robber was very insolent. He said in a low tone to the god: 'Let me try your mettle. I am going to rob you, let me see what you can do.'

"Now I plucked up courage. I was armed with a big bronze vessel. As the robber came near the idol again I hurled it at him. It went straight and struck against his skull, and he fell down unconscious. I was too afraid to approach him or raise an alarm."

"He recovered from the shock in a half an hour or so. Yet he was not quite all right. Bringing his hands together, he said, 'I believe in Thee, O God, do not strike me down again, I knew not Thy power. As an expiation for my sin I will surrender unto Thee this necklace which I stole in Periur twelve years ago and which I always carry round my waist, having been unable to dispose of it.'"

"The robber placed the necklace at the feet of the idol and coolly retreated."

"But," interrupted the mirasdar "why did you not give out your story all these days?"

"Oh, I was afraid. Suppose the Periur temple authorities come to know it and claim back their property!"

"Of course, of course, you are wise, Mr. Iyengar," remarked Rama Naicken.

S. RAJAGOPALAN.

Her Choice.

I

(As it happened in the dear old Nineteenth Century.)

Her radiant eyes, serene they seemed,
Like stars on moonless night!
Of other, stranger worlds they dreamed,
With witching rare delight.
Innocence, on her virgin brow,
Like mystic aureole gleamed;
An elfin faery, made for love,
Angelic, as we deemed.
Lord Harry wooed her, long and late,—
An Earl in his own right:
With aery grace, she judged his fate—
He vanished from her sight.
Sir Donald loved her, raved and swore
None but himself should win her;
She showed the belted Scot the door—
And hardly missed her dinner.
MacCoy, the Yankee millionaire,
Was pressing in his suit;
She gave no word—but just one stare—
He took th' Atlantic route!
Lord Ernest now besieged her heart,
A ducal crown he wore:
The family, they took his part—
She sighed and sighed the more.
They tackled her, both noon and night,—
They wrung a weary "Yes!";
Lord Ernest, drunk with mad delight,
Walked upon air, I guess.
The wedding bells rang long and loud,
Merry as merry could be.

Till with a thunder-clap, the cloud
 Burst on their festive glee.
 For in the night, the bonny bride
 Had fled from hearth and home ;
 To live her life, her love beside,—
 A coachman's son—from Rome !
 Her radiant eyes, serene they seemed,
 Like stars on moonless night.
 Of other, stranger worlds they dreamed,
 With witching rare delight.

II

(As it might happen in the Twentieth Century).

Her radiant eyes, serene they seemed,
 Like angel's eyes at Mass :
 Of other, stranger worlds she dreamed—
 This ultra-modern lass.
 Her pencilled eyebrows seemed to curve
 With wonderful disdain ;
 The *rouge* and lipstick did but serve
 To drive all men insane.
 A permanent wave her hair displayed,
 Her false teeth gleamed like pearls ;
 You would not say this glorious maid
 Was like the other girls !
 Her dress so slight and tight and airy,
 Her self—so full of fire :
 No man could see this dainty fairy,
 Without a fierce desire.
 Lord Harry wooed her, long and late,
 An Earl of mickle might ;
 She bade him wait, and fixed a date,
 To scan his claim aright.
 Sir Donald loved her, raved and swore,
 None but himself should win her ;
 The belted Scot, he got no more—

But just a date—the sinner !
 MacCoy, the Yankee millionaire,
 Was pressing in his suit ;
 She fixed a date, she spoke him fair,
 And left him, breathless, mute.
 Lord Ernest, who besieged her heart,
 (A ducal crown he wore)
 Was made to wait, with wondrous art,
 Till the due date—no more !
 And on that day, they all produced—
Their income-tax receipts :
 While, in their hearts, suspense induced
 Most symptomatic beats.
 The footman threw Sir Donald out—
 A fractured nose he got :
 As poor as any mouse, no doubt,
 But proud as any Scot.
 She sent the rest to Doctor Black
 For psychometric tests :
 Lord Harry got the blooming sack,
 Despite heraldic crests.
 “ You're half an idiot ! ” lisped the girl,
 “ My doctor tells no lie.”
 “ A fool to woo you, ” cried the Earl,
 “ I don't think I shall die ! ”
 She set her dog at him for that—
 A wolf-hound, large and fierce :
 He broke all records, sure—that's flat !
 And she—dissolved in tears.
 Lord Ernest and MacCoy now stayed—
 A solitary pair ;
 “ Will you obey me ? ” asked the maid,
 “ The brave obey the fair ! ”
 At that, Lord Ernest fumbled, faltered,—
 Leaped thro' the window wide :
 The window-sash, his flight it altered,

He broke his neck and—died !
 MacCoy, in glorious triumph wended,
 To lead her to the altar :
 But ere the honeymoon had ended,
 She had eloped with Walter !
 A puny man, but spick and span,
 Their bumptious chauffeur he.
 MacCoy survived it like a man,
 And happier seemed to be.
 Her radiant eyes, serene they seemed,
 Like angel's eyes at Mass :
 With strange and distant light they beamed,
 Because—one eye was *glass* !

ULLAL MANGESH RAO.

Cross-Fire Gags.

1. What is an icicle ?
A stiff piece of water.
2. Why does a woman take the name of the man she marries ?
Well, she takes everything else, so she might as well take that too.
3. " I have lost 180 pounds since I saw you last."
" How's that ? "
" My wife has left me."
4. What has three feet and yet never walks ?
A yard.
5. " I once lived on water for three months."
" How did you manage it ? "
" I was a sailor."
6. What is marriage ?
It is a solemn contract to quarrel with one for life.
7. " What was the trouble in the baker shop ? "
" A stale loaf of bread got fresh."
8. " You ought to learn to play on the violin."
" Why ? "
" It will give your chin a rest."

G. R.

A Comic Verse

A stubborn hen once sat upon a china egg,
 The other hens to get her off did scold and beg,
 But the foolish hen, in spite of all, would not give up,
 She said, " I never will get off till I hatch a tea cup."

G R.

The Comedy of Errors.

THE telephone bell rang as I was preparing to leave the office. I swore at the man who was calling at so inopportune a moment. Outside, the noise made by the coolies made it impossible to hear the man at the other end. I could, however, catch the name of Natarajan repeated twice. I guessed that it was my immediate superior Mr. Natarajan speaking. Sending over a 'yes' to assure him that I was ready to take down his message, I put my ear to the receiver and strained it to hear what the gentleman at the other end was trying to make clear. Then came the message over the wires 'Please meet me at 20, Big Street, Triplicane at five o'clock this evening.' The phone was disconnected and I was just wondering why Mr. Natarajan should ask me to meet him at a place where he was not lodging. Then I recollected his having told me about his contemplated removal to that quarter of the city and fully convinced of the fact that the crow could at last be caught, I went home and conveyed to my mother the glad tidings of the chief's summons to me to visit his private residence.

At 5 o'clock to the minute I was at the appointed place. In response to my knock a tall gentleman plump and fat, a young giant with an intelligent looking face appeared at the door. I enquired with all the politeness due to a probable relation of an "immediate superior" whether Mr. Natarajan was at home, to which the gentleman replied "Mr. Natarajan? Oh, no, I am expecting him every minute. He said he would be here at 5 o'clock. Would you mind coming in and waiting."

Of course I had no objection and the gentleman showing the way we entered a tiny little room which looked too small for a man of my host's size. The gentleman's name,

I afterwards learnt from Mr. Natarajan was a Srinivasa Aiyar and he had every reason to be of such a bulky nature in as much as he drew a fat pay as a high official in the South Indian Railway.

We found it rather unpleasant to sit quiet and stare at each other. Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar being my senior both in age and bodily size opened the conversation—"So, Natarajan asked you to come here. He has an appointment with me at five o'clock this evening. So he is bound to be here presently."

"Does not Mr. Natarajan stay here?"

"No, He stays in—St. He is meeting me here at the time I mentioned and probably intends killing two birds at a shot by seeing you also here."

It was 5-15. I thought Mr. Natarajan would be late by fifteen minutes. We entertained ourselves by talking about different things. It was a quarter to six. Even a superior must have the decency to—I rose to go. I told the fat railway official that I would call again on my return from the marina.

That day the marina looked specially attractive. The beautiful breeze and an old friend detained me longer than I had bargained for. But when I went to Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar's house I found that Mr. Natarajan had not turned up, had not the courtesy to keep the appointment. I thought his action highly unjustifiable even in a superior. Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar suggested that I could look up Mr. Natarajan at his residence and I proceeded to act upon his advice.

At his house I saw the guilty man playing innocently with his last born. I was furious. "Sir, you desired me to see you at 20 Big Street, Triplicane. Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar is also waiting there for you." Have you ever seen a superior blink at the words of a subordinate? Well, it fell to me to behold the most respected superior in my office stare at me expressionless. I felt a sudden disgust

and contempt for the owner of the weak brain which had forgotten an appointment so easily. He had treated my excuses for being late at the office with cold indifference and I felt merciless. Yes, I would make him smart for breaking an engagement not with one man but with two men. I would make him feel that breaking an engagement is a greater crime than being late at the office every alternate day.

The most staggering part of the business was yet to come. Mr. Natarajan denied all knowledge of any such engagement. I suppressed the laugh of scorn that rose within my breast. I never believed that Mr. Natarajan would cover his failure to keep the appointment with a lie. Of course, I was determined not to accept such a lame excuse. Suppose the office clock showed ten minutes past ten and I maintained that I was not late, would Mr. Natarajan take my arguments into consideration? I answered myself with an emphatic 'No.' This man ought to be made to suffer for his faults as much as I did, and I convinced myself that I ought to teach him that appointments made over the phone are as valid as those made personally or in writing. I commenced my attack.

"You called me on the phone and fixed this appointment, Sir."

"I never did."

"You arranged to meet Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar at his residence at the same time, namely, five o'clock" said I with perfect indifference to his denial.

"Well, young man, you are quite mistaken. I never phoned to you and I can say with confidence that it is two days since I met Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar."

I never thought that he was such a mean liar. If he thought that he was going to escape by adopting that line of defence he was mistaken. Suddenly I saw his eyes twinkling mischievously. I leaned over to hear his confession;

instead came his question: "Are you sure that it was I who 'phoned to you?"

"I should say so," said I.

"I think what happened is this: Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar 'phoned to the office and fixed an appointment with you thinking that you were me. You mistook him for me and kept the appointment. I think I have made myself sufficiently clear."

"I remember having heard your name pronounced on the 'phone. I thought that the man at the other end was saying, 'Natarajan speaking.'"

"That is exactly where you are mistaken. The man at the other end evidently wanted to say that he wanted to speak to Natarajan. Thank you for your keeping my appointment with Mr. Srinivasa Aiyar. I will see him and explain to him this comedy of errors."

So Mr. Natarajan got the better of me again and I went home skulking.

The Irwin Channel

TWENTY-FIVE miles from Mysore and five miles from Byadarahalli station lies a beautiful little hamlet, served by a picturesque motor road. The village stands amidst a small group of hillocks known as the Karigatta Range. Only a year and a half ago a visitor approaching the village would have heard the thundering sounds of bursting rock, but now he only hears the gentle sound of the ripples of water. A great engineering work has just been finished. To a non-scientific eye it is a long telescope open at both ends, but a skilled engineer sees in it the second best irrigation tunnel in the world.

In India, as we all know, agriculture is the main occupation and means of livelihood to a large majority of the population. Mysore is no exception. Rain and water are essential to agriculture. A fairly large extent of land in Mysore has very little rainfall and consequently there is scarcity of water. The Irwin Channel has been constructed to overcome this difficulty and the water is supplied from the River Kauveri.

Now there were so many difficulties to be overcome. Sometimes all of a sudden one met with a hill or a range of hills in which case the channel had usually to be taken round the hill. In this case the detour round the Karigatta range was not taken up, as the canal would have to traverse unnecessarily forty to fifty miles of hilly country with no substantial addition to irrigation. Many saddles were examined and given up as they involved greater increase in the length of the tunnel. After a careful consideration of all possible alternatives and aspects, the present alignment was selected as the best as it secured substantial economies in head-maintenance and initial outlay. The channel, between miles 25 and 29, includes the tunnel and the two adjoining deep open cuts. Just



The Irwin Channel.

before the channel enters the deep open cutting, it goes over an aqueduct, which is a great sight to see as it is built over a small river.

Several engineers and some 2500 workmen, consisting of Pathans, Muckranies, Moplas, Woddars, Tamilians and the local people worked at it day and night for two and a half years. There were two portals and two shafts giving six working faces. These enabled them to finish the work sooner than expected. Of all the eight tribes of workmen who toiled there the Pathans had been found to be the hardest and the Tamilians the most skilled in work.

The tunnel itself is 9200 feet in length and is aligned in one straight line from portal to portal and lies practically due east and west. It lies from 67 to 150 feet below the ground level. The whole length of the tunnel has not been bored through hard rock—5800 feet consist of hard gneiss mixed with felspar and the rest 3400 feet of soft schist interbanded with quartz veins. The latter soft interval has been temporarily timbered. The sides slope to the centre and the top is surmounted by a semi-elliptic arch giving it the shape of a horse-shoe measuring 15 feet by 14 feet. In the hard rock portion a smooth surface is secured by filling the interstices in coursed chip masonry, while in the soft schist portion there are thick side walls in batter with a two feet thick arch at top. The tunnel has a gradient of twelve feet per mile and a part of it lies below the Hulikere tank. The total cost was 45 lakhs of rupees.

R. NARAYAN.



What a Snob!

If my story had not been true it would not have been half so strange. It happened on a fine Monday morning two years ago that I was going on an errand for my brother who—that's between ourselves—is a victim to the disease which elder brothers are very prone to catch, I mean that of having too many errands. But all the same, it was very considerate of him to allow me the use of an eccentric old bicycle of which he was the much envied owner.

The road through which I was rattling along was not the best of roads. It was something like a railway-cutting with high mud-walls on both sides. Two large sized men could not pass each other in it without one of them finding himself in court about it. Neither, for that matter, could two small men.

Narrow? You have said it.

On the morning of the above mentioned day at 7 o'clock I was taking the thirteenth turning in the above mentioned road when I received the fright of my life. I was suddenly faced by an animal.

A dog? Wrong. A cat? Wrong again. A rabbit? Don't be silly.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have nothing up my sleeve. I won't deceive you. It was an elephant. A huge elephant about ninety feet tall. No, strict veracity!—No doubt the elephant was not more than nine feet. But you must remember that one is liable to exaggerate the height of an elephant when one meets it in the circumstances in which I met it. The mahout was sitting on the neck of the elephant and he was a nice enough fellow as mahouts go.

I came to a sudden stand-still and dismounted, the bumpy front-wheel nearly touching the creature's trunk. The elephant too had applied the vacuum-brakes and was looking at me with a stare well calculated to make the flesh creep. Wild ideas chased one another through my brain. I thought of what I had read of the power of the human eye over animals, but was experiencing the power of an animal eye. I thought of the advisability of writing to some paper about equipping animals, particularly elephants and especially huge ones that looked at a human being in that manner, with some sort of bell or horn to warn peace-loving folk, especially cyclists, of their approach. The situation was intrinsically delicate. The creature was just squeezing himself along, its belly grazing the mud-walls on either side.

"Well, what is to be done?" It was the mahout who spoke. My breath was only coming back. I kept silent. The mahout looked hurt. "The road is too narrow" he said with the air of a man who was at the root of a problem. I opened my mouth only to close it again. The mahout was positively pained. "Here is a dilemma indeed" he said after a while. "Indeed" echoed I. The mahout winced. He looked as if he would be very ill soon. Recovering himself with an effort he took command of the situation. "There is only one way" said he "you go back until the road widens and wait for the elephant to pass. But the road never broadened. So I turned one corner, turned two corners, turned three, in fact, turned every one of the thirteen corners and waited. The elephant passed, passed as I devoutly wished out of my life for ever.

But no. We come to the sequel. About six months ago while walking along the road I saw an elephant approach. I started, for who could forget that murderous

look of its eyes? My elephant! No doubt about it. I braced myself for the inevitable recognition. An elephant never forgets. But here was a surprise. The elephant passed close to me, but showed no sign of recognition. Was it my fancy or did it actually happen? I don't know. But I thought I saw the creature's lower jaw drooping in a sort of contemptuous gesture. It was not that the elephant didn't know me. Else why that motion of the jaw? It had just refused to recognize a fellow who, a few months back, was made to eat his words (or retrace his footsteps, which comes to the same thing). Abba! what a snob!

K. RAMAKRISHNAN NAYAR.

Off for the Christmas Holidays.

IT is neither an exaggeration nor a perversion of truth to say that on the 19th of December there were more platform ticket-holders on the One and Two platforms of the Central Station than the actual number of passengers. The train puffed, fumed, whistled and steamed in, quite conscious of its responsibility and proud of the happy occasion. All were whispering "what a crowd." Every one seemed to be getting in and then stepping out—a perpetual array of exits and entrances. It was like Jacob's dream—only it was not angels that were getting in, nor a heaven that they were getting into. Nay, if thoughts could make a train a heaven—why should it n't be so? And these are't times when we call "a spade, a spade"—so no harm if men be styled angels. At any rate women could be so styled even by those who are not in love.

Well, to go on—The happy crowd and the still happier blue-jackets, I mean the porters, were busy thrusting into the train packets, tiffin-baskets, trunks and all the paraphernalia of an oriental journey. The so called "getting in and reserving" over, the scuffle with the porters began and ended invariably in curses and sometimes in duels. But, thanks to the Railway authorities, unhappy incidents were few and far between.

All this bustle takes place only for a couple of minutes and everybody lapses into happy smiles. Only a few are seen within the train—some leaning on the window in strange agony of thought; some radiant with winning smiles and yet a few others neither in the wonderland of dreams nor in the reality of this earth, but in a state of stupor and lukewarmness pausing in an incomprehensible taciturnity. We said 'crowd'—well, the crowd is not *in* the train but *for* the train.

But for the distant whistles of locomotives rushing as if in mad folly and the shouts of the late Láttheefs bustling in knowing neither their destination nor that of the train, the supreme dignity of the preponderous masonry is disturbed only by the murmur of the crowd. Shall we listen to the murmur?—Yes, at least to one.

A young man, dressed point-device, his hair carefully combed, his nervous fingers performing circuits round the brim of his hat and a bit of cigarette smoking impatiently between his lips, rushed with hasty steps into the station, bought a platform ticket and hurried on to the platform. All eyes were on him for a moment and then he became conscious of his conspicuousness. At once he slackened his steps into long studied strides, threw the cigarette-bit down and trampled it and his right hand ran nervously through his hair. Casting anxious looks of yearning, he passed on to the very end of the train. The crowd which had disturbed the young man's thoughts, was again plunging into murmur. Our hero traced his steps back, a tinge of disappointment softening his strides. With a deep forehead wrinkled even in the youth with thought, a masculine nose with the Grecian curve, a volume of thought and expression pouring out of his eyes, this young man, though dark in complexion, looked the very portrait of a Statesman. The rather melancholic air heightened by the apparent disappointment, was like a silver-lining to a fleecy cloud.

Suddenly the young man darted to one of the windows of the train, smiled a superhuman smile and breathed a "Good evening." The reply was a bold and ready "Good evening" in a feminine accent. Again the nervous fingers ran through his hair and isolated a curl from its companions and it danced in the wind in full glee as if conscious of its master's happiness. Our friend and hero with his left hand resting on the window-sill, leaned to a side, placed his hat in the train and struck the first note of

the music of conversation. Miraculous smiles and giggles broke the monotony of the long-drawn conversation. Then he took out his platform ticket and began an eloquent lecture on Railways. Suddenly a bell was rung and it brought back to his mind the realities. The train with its precious burden was bound to go away in a few minutes. He forgot all about the ticket and it was being mercilessly crushed in his hand. He was talking something in a low whisper. The ticket crumbled and fell down. It lost its colour and dignity. He was looking again and again at his watch and saying "It is time, it is time."

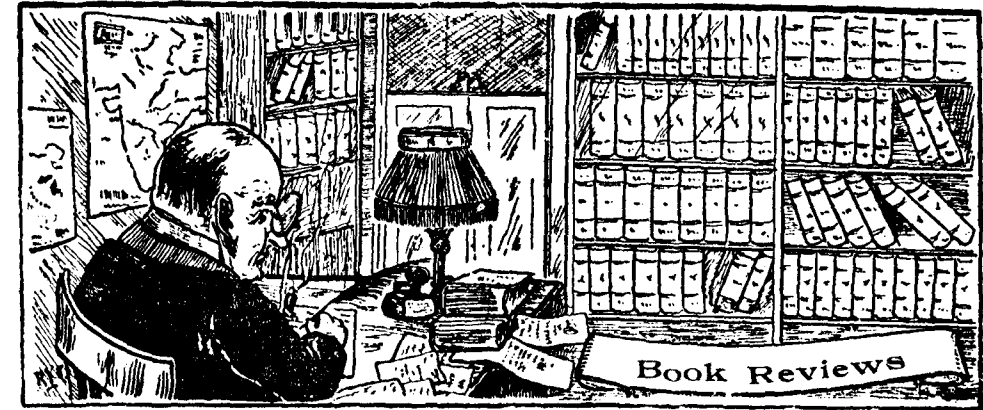
Then a low whistle. The train steamed up and echoed the guard's whistle announcing the start of its race. For a moment there was silence, the pressure of parting hands and again the bustle—long shouts of good-luck and the rustle of "hankies" flying. The train puffed and rolled slowly and hastened into stupefying speed. The young man forgot all about himself—he stood looking unconsciously at the running train. A tear stood in his eye—the water that cools the parting of ways. It rolled down tracing a path on his cheek. The cool air, rushing in to occupy the space made vacant by the departure of the train, awakened the dreamy young man. He was alone on the platform—the crowd had hustled out.

His mind was in a whirl, but his legs acted consciously and bore the stately figure onwards. "Tickets! tickets please," shouted the Ticket Examiner quite business-like. Our hero searched his right pocket in vain—why, he searched every pocket and found it void of the ticket. A flood of recollections rushed back to his mind and he remembered the fate of the ticket. He argued in vain to be let off. The formal words deepened into hot hits and angry words flew like sparks from both anvils. The hot words brought the Superintendent of the Railway Station to the scene. He was a silent spectator of the whole drama.

He came forward, patted our hero on the back and in gentle, significant and sarcastic tones queried "You have forgotten your hat too, young man, eh!" "Yes" faltered the young man and again the nervous fingers ran through his hair. "Then don't buy hats till you grow more careful" the officer hinted.

Our hero returned to his hostel and was met by a friend on the steps who asked "I say, where is your hat?". "Off for the Christmas holidays," replied the young man and smiled and strutted off smoking his cigarette.

X.



THE KATHOPANISHAD AND THE GITA—By D.S. Sarma, M. A., Professor, Presidency College, Madras (1932). Re. 1.

THE effects of nearly a century of 'godless education' are clear to all sane observers of Indian Universities and their *alumni*. Not long ago, the 'educated' Hindu was, speaking generally, not educated enough to respect himself; as his education did not teach him to know or love his past, he allowed himself too often to be persuaded by the cheap sneers of interested or ignorant critics into believing that Hinduism, if not all religion, was a superstition, good enough possibly for the 'ignorant' masses, but unbecoming the superior wisdom of a University graduate, and that Hindu society was a dark labyrinth of deliberate frauds and oppressive wrongs. The emotional background of the educated Hindu is today fortunately outgrowing this phase of disbelief and despair. He is learning to think that, after all, things were not so bad in India in the past, and that she was the home of a civilisation and culture which other nations of the world were eager to draw upon for their own advancement. With all its shortcomings, and there is no need to minimise them, Hinduism is seen to be in its essence one of the finest products of the human spirit, which comprises a great religious discipline and a high ideal of social conduct. It is to be hoped that this new

valuation of the history of Hinduism, coupled with a realisation of its present shortcomings, will lead to an earnest effort to disentangle the essential from the auxiliary by a critical and sympathetic study of the ancient texts,—an effort at reform from within, by which Hinduism will gain in purity and strength, and not one that will increase division by adding one more caste or church to the present number. And this is work, not only for sage, seer or prophet, but for every man of culture, who calls himself a Hindu and finds in himself the energy to rise above the narrow concerns of this work-a-day world.

We cannot be too grateful to Professor D. S. Sarma for the earnestness and sobriety with which he has been pursuing this task of re-interpreting Hinduism from its sources to the present generation of University students. He combines in himself many qualifications so necessary for this work, and so seldom found together. A professor in a college, placed for several years in charge of a students' hostel, Mr. Sarma understands thoroughly the University student of today, and presents to him the results of his own study in the clearest and most persuasive manner. He has a sound and accurate knowledge of Sanskrit, and commands a limpid style in English; in fact, a rigorous Sanskritist may even feel that, in his translations, Professor Sarma sacrifices, on occasions, the letter of the text to the elegance of his translation. But we are not inclined to grumble at this, especially as we have a fairly wide range of other translations, more literal perhaps, but often obscure, and sometimes positively barbarous. Above all, in his criticism of the texts which he chooses for translation and presentation to the students, Mr. Sarma strikes a fine balance between reverence for a scriptural text and its tradition on the one side, and the free play of the modern 'scientific' outlook on the other.

If the reader feels that all this is too good to be true, he has only to take up the booklet which is the subject of

this notice and read it in order to see that our estimate of Professor Sarma's service to University students who seek to understand Hinduism is in no sense overdrawn. Though Mr. Sarma thinks that the Kathopanishad is "the main feeder of that great reservoir of living waters—the Bhagavad Gita" (p. 6), he does not forget that the Gita is a reservoir filled with the waters of many another fountain. "The later scripture," he says, "lays under contribution not one Upanishad, but several, and not the Upanishads alone but several other scriptures." The notes at the end are very valuable and incorporate the results of much patient study and thought; they are brief and pointed, and calculated to save much trouble to the beginner.

K. A. NILAKANTA SASTRI.

LAND AND RURAL ECONOMICS.—By Albert James Saunders.

PROFESSOR SAUNDERS has been engaged for some years in investigations concerned with land and rural economics. These studies have been largely statistical studies of data illustrative of our rural backwardness and poverty. The present volume gives the results of such investigations in this field. The one central theme running through the whole book is that Indian backwardness and poverty are due to the methods employed and to the laws of land inheritance resulting in uneconomic holdings and fragmentation. The author has not proved this, but in the compass of such a small book one can only set out the problem. There is a great need in South India for a thorough sifting of the problems of agriculture and for a first class work of reference on established rural credit systems throughout the world. Professor Saunders, by combining theory with description of established systems, may appear to have combined both tasks in one book, but as the book is primarily designed for the instruction of

students, no claim is made either of exhaustive discussion or of comprehensive reference to established systems.

The place of capital and credit in agriculture, and the principles of modern agricultural credit scheme are briefly referred to. But the problem of capital and credit in agriculture is much wider than the establishing of an orthodox agricultural credit scheme by legislation. By his emphasis on the primitive methods of cultivation, Prof. Saunders gives the appearance of dismissing too summarily a number of problems which are fundamental.

Having reviewed Prof. Saunders's book for the limitations of its scope one cannot commend it too highly for the things which it sets out to achieve and in which it succeeds in no small measure. There have been few attempts in South India to present a review of the problem in book form for the guidance of those who wish to comprehend the main problems of rural economics. For the large body of students of agriculture and economics to whom an introduction to rural economics is essential, Prof. Saunders has provided an excellent work. The straightforward style and the firm structure of the book are essentially suited to the purpose.

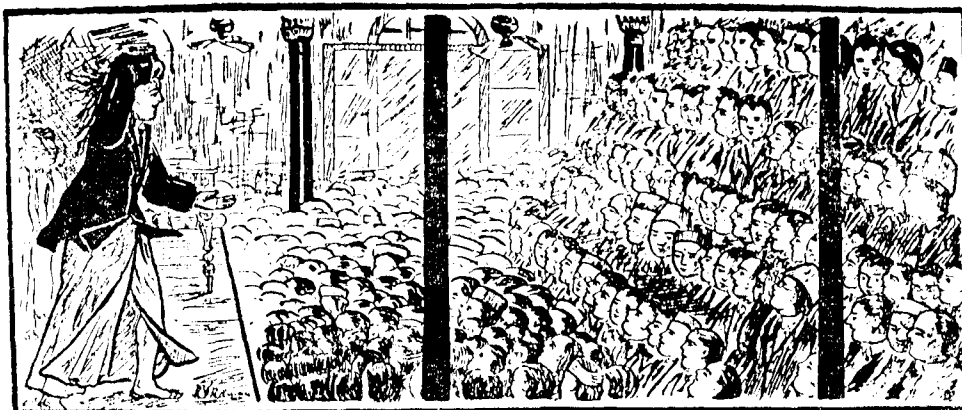
The plan of the book makes necessary a certain amount of reiteration of the essential problem, which is no disadvantage where the primary purpose is the introduction of students to the subject. The most useful feature of the book is the list of questions included at the end of each chapter which facilitates discussion in class work. A bibliography is added at the end for the use of those who want to make further studies in the subject.

P. K.

NOBLE INDIAN WOMEN.—By T. B. Krishnaswami, M.A., B.L. The Teachers' Publishing House. pp. 116. Price 10 as.

THIS beautiful little book chooses twelve types from Hindu life and literature to illustrate the Hindu ideal of womanhood. Each of the types is associated with a distinctive story which will need special interpretation to foreign readers. Mr. Krishnaswami writes with sympathy and with enthusiasm and wields an attractive style. He is full of an ardent love and veneration for the ancient traditions of the country. He enlivens his narrative, which is, however, too brief, with parallel references to English and other foreign literatures. Ahalya, Anasuya, Arundhathi, Damayanti, Draupadi, Sakuntla, Savitri, Sita and Usha are famous figures from Sanskrit literature. Mr. Krishnaswami has added to these Auvvai, Kannaki and Vasuki from the Tamil land. Sir S. Radhakrishnan writes an appreciative foreword to the book. While we commend Mr. Krishnaswami for bringing out these lively sketches of Indian heroines, we wish he had sustained the narratives to a greater length than he has done.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The following are the changes in the staff of the college this year :—

(1) Mr. P. F. Fyson, the Principal, having proceeded to England on leave preparatory to retirement, Mr. R. M. Statham took charge of the Principalship in February 1932.

The Presidency College may congratulate itself on its Principal, Mr. Statham, who has come to that office younger than any of his predecessors. Mr. Statham entered service as Additional Professor of History in the Presidency College in 1913 and attained great popularity among the students by his intense sympathy for them. Becoming later the Principal of the Kumbakonam College, he infused a new life into that institution. He subsequently acted as Principal of the Arts College, Rajahmundry.

Mr. Statham rendered distinguished service as Secretary of the Hartog Commission which travelled all over India for an educational survey. This work earned for him the title of 'C.I.E.' which is not usually conferred on educationists excepting the head of the department.

Mr. Statham filled the office of the Principal, Presidency College, for many months in 1930, and we hope that this time he will continue to be the head of the College for an uninterruptedly long time. Endowed with a genial temperament, a marvellous energy for work, and a real capacity for associating himself with all the activities of students, Mr. Statham is eminently fitted to be the head of the Premier College in the Presidency.

(2) Mr. T. Ekambaram who has been acting as Professor of Botany has been reverted to his permanent appointment as Lecturer, Teachers' College, Saidapet, on the return of Mr. M. O. Parthasarathi Ayyangar who had gone on leave to England for higher studies.

College Notes

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(3) In the English Department Messrs. N. Ramani and U. Mangesh Rao have come in place of Messrs. C. R. Venkatachalam and M. Sreemanbothar transferred.

(4) In the Department of Oriental Languages Mr. Alasingaracharya, the Kanarese Pandit, retired from service with effect from 18-4-'32; and in his place Mr. S. Srinivasacharya from the Ceded Districts College, Anantapur, has been appointed.

THE COLLEGE HOSTEL.

The Hostel started work as usual on 28th June 1932 and the number of members on 31st August was 32. There is still accommodation for 20 more. Seeing that the rates for August worked so low as Rs. 11-4-0 for boarding and Rs. 6-4-0 for establishment, we hope that more students who are now messing in Hotels will join the Hostel in October.

Mr. D. S. Sarma resigned his Deputy Wardenship at the beginning of this term after a period of nearly twelve years of service and he has been succeeded by Mr. P. A. Narayana Aiyar.

The office-bearers for the Students' Advisory Committee were elected in July and they are discharging their duties most zealously. We have a member each to look after Purchases, Reading Room, Library, Dining Room and Sanitation respectively.

The inmates of the Hostel were 'At Home' to Mr. D. S. Sarma and Mr. Statham in August and to Mr. Ratnaswami of the Public Service Commission in September when they had the benefit of a free and informal talk with the guests.

THE COLLEGE UNION.

The following is the text of the address presented last term by the Union Society to Mr. P. F. Fyson, M.A., F.L.S., Principal, Presidency College, on the eve of his retirement.

WE, the members of the Union Society of the Presidency College, Madras, have assembled here to bid you farewell on the eve of your retirement from service as Principal of the Presidency College, and take this opportunity of giving expression to our feelings of gratitude towards you for all that you have done for the students of this College. During the period of about 18 years' service in this College, first as Professor of Botany and later as Principal, you have won the esteem and affection of all the students by your uniform courtesy and kindness to them, and your untiring zeal to do all in your power to promote their welfare. It would be difficult, Sir, to exaggerate the manifold services you have rendered to the College and its students, and we cannot refrain

on an occasion like this, even at the risk of offending your modesty, from trying to give a brief account of what we consider to have been the outstanding features of your administration, from our point of view.

First and foremost, we must thank you for having conferred upon the Union Society what we would venture to call the "MAGNA CARTA" of liberty. For the first time in the annals of the College Union, you gave us the right to have our own elected Presidents and thereby imported the best traditions of the Western Universities. You have in a way even gone further than the Western models in making the elections of the office of Secretary terminal so as to afford an opportunity to a larger number of students to function as Presidents and Secretaries of the Union every year. It is probably too early yet to assess the full value of the training given to us in self-government in this manner, but we have no doubt that the experience gained in the Union elections will be of great advantage to us in a larger sphere of life when we become full-grown citizens.

Our thoughts now naturally turn to the "Fyson Park" where the elections are held. We have considered it to be one of the assets of the College, and very rightly it has come to be, though very informally and unostentatiously, associated with your name. The park with its cement seats, and the artistic benches placed at the Entrance Hall of the College speak eloquently of your sympathetic imagination and testify to your readiness to provide students with conveniences in every possible manner.

The same keen interest is again evinced in the promotion of the athletic activities of the College. We particularly appreciate your institution of "Inter-Group Competitions" an idea, by the way, your own and it has really helped to promote a spirit of comradeship and healthy rivalry amongst us, and enabled us to appreciate the value of team-work in every enterprise. We are grieved to find that your noble endeavours to enclose a portion of the foreshore as a College play-ground did not materialise on account of financial stringency. We are however deeply grateful for the various improvements you have made in the existing play-grounds, in particular for the railing in of the southern play-ground and the provision of a turfed mound capable of seating all the students in comfort on all great occasions.

The winners of the athletic events ought to be specially beholden to you for commemorating their exploits on the boards which you have placed at the entrance of the College. In this connection we must not omit to mention your great enterprise in providing "Honours Boards" in the Main Hall and the lower corridor of the College exclusively out of private contribution recording the academic achievements of the distinguished *alumni* of the College. We are sure that they will serve as a great incentive to the present students of the College and establish that historical link between the past and the present which

is desirable in every institution with traditions like those of the Presidency College.

Last but not least, we must congratulate you on your attempts to introduce an artistic atmosphere in the College. The art-pictures representative of all that is best in the East and the West that have been placed in the upper corridor and in some of the class rooms will be an abiding monument of your connection with this institution. Permit us, Sir, to associate the name of Mrs. Fyson with you in this regard, for we know that she has freely and ungrudgingly given of her best in the fulfilment of this object.

Limits of time and space prevent us from expatiating on innumerable other aspects of your work. We are grateful to you, Sir, for all these and with sad hearts we now bid you Good-bye, and wish you and Mrs. Fyson a long life of usefulness and prosperity during the period of your well-earned retirement. On our part we can assure you that we shall treasure your memory long with us especially as the Fyson Clock registers time for the College and the Marina of Madras.

MADRAS,	}	We beg to remain,
28—1—1932.		Sir,
		THE MEMBERS OF THE UNION SOCIETY

The members of the Union Committee for this term are :—

<i>President</i>	...	Mr. K. S. Hegde
<i>Secretary</i>	...	Mr. A. C. Subbarayulu.

Representatives of the Associations :—

<i>Mathematics Association</i>	...	Mr. K. Venkataraya Naik.
<i>Physics</i>	"	" S. Jagannathan.
<i>Chemistry</i>	"	" S. V. Govindarajan.
<i>Philosophy</i>	"	" N. Venkatesan.
<i>Sanskrit</i>	"	" R. Subramaniam.
<i>Geology</i>	"	" D. B. Raghunatha Rao.
<i>History</i>	"	" K. Narayanan.
<i>Lady Students</i>	"	... Miss John.

The election of the Secretary of the College Union was the most exciting event of this term. After a week's vigorous canvassing, the election came off on 15th July '32. There were two contestants, Messrs. P. K. Kandasawmi and A. C. Subbarayalu, and the College presented an animated scene. Enthusiastic canvassers on either side were actively canvassing for their candidate. There was a rush of voters in the forenoon in Fyson's Park, where the election booth was erected. At five in the evening, the counting took place in

the Common Room, in the presence of the Principal. Mr. A. C. Subbarayulu was declared elected Secretary with a majority of 99 votes. He secured 258 votes as against 159 of his opponent, Mr. Kandasawmi.

The first meeting of the Union Committee was held on 22nd July '32 with Mr. K. S. Hegde, President, in the chair. Among other things, it was decided to give a distinct dress to the President of the Union.

The inaugural address of the Union was delivered by the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Stone on 27th July '32 in the Big English Lecture Hall at 4-5 P.M. before a crowded house. The subject of the discourse was 'College Unions and National Life.' The learned lecturer enumerated the various benefits of the College Unions and pointed out that the capacity to think independently was one of them. Further he said that the free atmosphere of the college was best suited to think out the problems of the day. Finally, he pleaded for deep, sober and balanced thinking on the part of the students of this institution. With a few remarks from the Chair, and a vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

The Madras Youths Association organised an Inter-Association Oratorical Contest on the 25th July '32. Our Union having been invited, we sent Messrs. A. C. Subbarayulu, H. Sambamurti and Nagaraja Rao to represent our College. The second prize was awarded to Mr. Subbarayulu. On 10th August '32 there was a debate, when Mr. Jabbar moved: 'That in the opinion of this House, the world has more retrogressed than progressed.' The mover presented a gloomy picture of the modern world and appealed to the audience to vote for the resolution. Prof. J. Franco, in a short, erudite and telling speech seconded the resolution. He asked the audience to think whether the sum-total of progress that is credited to the modern world had led to an increase of human happiness in general. He contended it had not and hence commended the resolution for the acceptance of the House. Mr. H. Sambamurti, who led the opposition, expressed his surprise that a learned professor and a budding Master of Arts should come forward to move such a resolution. He drew the attention of the audience to the great progress made by mankind in various departments of life and called upon them to vote down the resolution. Mr. R. M. Statham, M.A., C.I.E., the Principal of the College, supported the opposition by a neat, argumentative and persuasive speech. His reference to the mover and the seconder of the resolution as the honourable members from North Arcot and Triplicane gave a parliamentary touch to the discussion. Besides, he pointed out that happiness was an attitude of mind. He pointed out the great progress witnessed in modern times and asked the sponsors of the resolution whether they would like to return to the primitive stage of existence. Mr. Aga Hilaly challenged Mr. Jabbar to return to the primitive stage of exis-



On the occasion of Justice Stone's Inaugural Address to The Union Society.

tence. Messrs. Nagaraja Rao, V. J. Narayanan, Lakshmi Ratan and A. Sreenivasarao strongly pleaded against the resolution, while Messrs. Muthusami, Krishnamurti, Soundarya Rajan and Mathew Polak joined the ranks of the mover of the resolution. After a brief reply by the mover, the vote was taken. The resolution was passed. With a few remarks from the chair and a vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Managing Committee of the Presidency College Dramatic Club have very great pleasure in submitting the following Annual Report on the working of the Club up to the end of June 1932 :—

In view of the formation of various Associations in the College and their keen enthusiasm in the display of histrionic talents, Principal Fyson inaugurated the Dramatic Club in October 1929, for the co-ordination of these Associations. Since its inception, the Club has rendered valuable work.

At a meeting of the general body of the Club held on 12th August 1931, the following office-bearers for the current year were elected :—

President.

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

Vice-Presidents.

Prof. J. Franco, M.A., L.T.

„ V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, M.A. (Oxon.)

„ K. Swaminathan, B.A. (Oxon.)

„ T. Suryanarayana, B.A. (Cantab.)

Secretaries.

Mr. V. Venkatarama Ayyar, M.A., L.T.

„ H. Sambamurthi.

Committee.

Mr. G. K. Seshagiri.

„ C. G. Krishnan.

„ C. M. Jacob.

„ P. Chandrasekharan.

„ A. Kalyanasundaram (Sanskrit Association).

„ A. Nagesh Mallaya (English Association).

The activities of the Club for the year began with an interesting address on "The Stage in India and Abroad" by Mr. S. Satyamurthi, B.A., B.L., on the 10th September 1931. One of the prophetic observations he made was that it should be possible for cultured young ladies to take the place of the anamalous "made-up" women. We are glad to report that appreciable progress has been possible in this direction. Thanks to the fine endeavours of Miss H. Paranjoti and her friends, the Variety Entertainment organised by the Club on Sunday, the 6th December 1931, under the distinguished patronage of the Hon'ble Mr. P. T. Rajan, Minister to the Government of Madras, a variety of striking items was provided by the lady students of the College. The main item on the programme for the evening was the difficult symbolic play of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore—"Sacrifice." The performance was voted to be a conspicuous success and won appreciation from all quarters.

In aid of the Presidency College Malayalam Association, a Malayalam Drama "The Miser's Extravagance" (by Mr. M. K. Govinda Pillai) was staged under the distinguished presidency of the Hon'ble Sir M. Krishnan Nair, Law Member to the Government of Madras.

A fitting close to the year's work was the "Social" on 8th March 1932. The Hon'ble Mr. P. T. Rajan contributed Rs. 50 towards it and added to its success by his presence.

The balance sheet of the Club is appended.

During the period under report, we have been able to add only a few items to our stage equipment as we had to return the donation paid to the Club by the Principal to meet certain unforeseen and heavy items of expenditure in respect of the other activities of the College.

In conclusion, we wish to place on record our very grateful thanks to Principal P. F. Fyson, who imparted an individuality to the Club.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, } MEMBERS OF THE MANAGING COMMITTEE,
19—7—1932. } THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Balance Sheet.

			DEBIT.	CREDIT.
			R. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
Opening Balance	...	...		323 6 3
Donation from the Principal	...	...		300 0 0
Subscriptions and Tickets	...	...		304 0 0
Donation from the Hon'ble Mr. P. T. Rajan...				50 0 0
Miscellaneous Receipts	...	...		5 12 0
Higginbotham's Royalty	...	...	63 14 0	
English Drama	...	...	281 4 3	
"Social"	...	...	38 0 0	
Refund to the Principal by order ...	...	...	300 0 0	
			683 2 3	
Balance on hand	...	...	300 0 0	
			983 2 3	983 2 3

THE MATHEMATICAL ASSOCIATION.

There was a business meeting of the above Association on Wednesday, the 13th July 1932, when the following were elected as office-bearers for the current year:—

President : Prof. K. Ananda Rao, M.A. (Madras), B.A. (Cantab.)

Vice-Presidents : Prof T. Suryanarayana, B.A. (Cantab.)

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

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

Mr. N. Ragunathan, M.A., L.T.

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

Secretaries : Mr. P. N. Krishna Iyer.

Mr. T. V. Subrahmanian.

Union Representative : Mr. K. Venkataraya Naik.

The inaugural lecture arranged to be delivered by Dr. D. D. Kosambi, on the 26th July, had to be cancelled, owing to Sir C. V. Raman's lecture on the same day in the Physics Association.

The members of the Association were 'At Home' to their new graduates, on Friday, the 5th August, whom Prof. K. Ananda Rao presided. The function was a thorough success and lasted for a couple of hours.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION.

The following office-bearers were elected for the year 1932—33 :—

President : Dr. H. Parameswaran, M.A., Ph.D., D. Sc., F.I.P.

Vice-Presidents : Prof. V. Appa Rao, M.A., L.T.

Mr. S. Kalyanarama Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : Mr. J. Srinivasappa Chetty, IV Honours.

Mr. S. Nageswaran, IV B.Sc.

Treasurer : Mr. P. Koteswaram, IV Honours.

Class Representatives : Mr. V. V. Kasturirangan, V Honours.

Mr. A. V. V. Krishna Rao, III Honours.

Mr. P. V. Subba Reddy, III B.Sc.

Mr. Khaleeli, II Class.

Lady Students' Representative : Miss T. N. Lakshmi, V Honours.

Union Society Representative : Mr. S. Jagannathan, V Honours.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on the 19th of July by Sir C. V. Raman on 'The Polarisation of Light,' a summary of which is given below. There was a demonstration by Mr. Ramaswamy, B.A. (Hons.), on Yogic practice on the 5th of August, with Dr. Parameswaran in the chair, and a lecture by Mr. S. Peradi (III B.Sc.) on 'Some Wireless Circuits' on the 22nd August, with Mr. Kalyanarama Iyer in the chair. The Association intends to go on a tour to Bhadravathi Iron Works, Kolar Gold Fields etc., during the Michaelmas holidays.

Sir C. V. Raman's Lecture.

Sir C. V. Raman spoke on the subject of the Polarisation of Light in delivering the inaugural address of the Physics Association on the 19th of July, with Dr. H. Parameswaran in the chair.

Before proceeding to the subject proper Sir C. V. Raman briefly reviewed the phenomenon of polarisation in its varied forms, linear, circular and elliptical and showed how the Wave Theory of Light was able to account for them. He referred to the works of Malus and Fresnel which showed that reflection or refraction of light was followed by polarisation of the incident light. This supported Maxwell's Theory of Electro-Magnetism.

Coming to the polarisation of common light, *i.e.*, sky light, he referred to the work of Lord Rayleigh which was simple and beautiful. Each material particle excited by the incident light became a source of radiation and the process of scattering involved some kind of disturbance excited by the incident light.



On the occasion of Sir C. V. Raman's lecture to The Physics Association.

Taking up next the subject proper he referred to the scattering of light by hydrogen. If, according to the theory, the molecules were all small and perfectly spherical, the scattered light should be completely polarised. But observation showed only partial polarisation, which was long ago predicted by the present Lord Rayleigh. The simple explanation was that the above assumption was only partially correct in that the hydrogen molecules were really small compared to the wave-length of light, but they were not spherical. They were dumb-bell-shaped and possessed unequal scattering powers in different directions. This explanation gave an insight into the nature of unpolarised light, the essence of which was that there was some arbitrariness about the molecular vibrations.

Applying the Quantum Theory, which had already scored several successes in other directions, the lecturer proceeded to examine the phenomenon of the Polarisation of Light. Einstein's equation endowed the Light Quantum with energy. This exerted pressure on the incident surface had been known since the time of Lebedew, and the repulsion of the comet's tail by the sun had been explained as being due to this pressure. But Einstein interpreted this pressure in terms of momentum which the Quantum possessed. That the Quantum possessed both momentum and energy was beautifully demonstrated by the Compton Effect.

What exactly in the Quantum Theory corresponded to the polarisation in Wave Theory is not yet fully known. The Quantum was endowed with a third dynamical property called angular momentum or spin of radiation. This explained only circular polarisation, but what about the elliptical and unpolarised Light ?

The problem was just being attacked by Dr. Bhagavantham in his work on the Raman Effect of hydrogen. The results fitted in with the amount of rotation postulated by Manneback from Wave Mechanics. Dr. Bhagavantham had skilfully overcome many technical and other difficulties and the results are unquestionable. A discrepancy was noticed in the relative intensities as given by Manneback and as was actually obtained by experiment. That showed clearly that Manneback's calculations have to be modified. The error lay in the specification of the angular momentum of a Quantum, which made the angular momentum of plane polarised light zero. Dr. Bhagavantham holds that even plane polarised light possesses 50 per cent. right handed and 50 per cent. left handed angular momentum. This new assumption was able to account for the diminution of intensity in the scattered lines of hydrogen as compared with the intensity of incident light. So the possession of a spin or angular momentum had to be regarded as fundamental to light, and that was polarisation in the Quantum Theory.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

A general body meeting of the Society was held in July when the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1932-33 :—

President : Dr. B. B. Dey, M.Sc. ; D.Sc. ; F.I.C.

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

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

Secretaries : Mr. M. Ganesan.

Mr. Chandran Swamidoss.

Treasurer : Mr. S. Lakshmiratan.

Class Representatives : Mr. K. Raman (Honours).

Mr. Chandrasekaram, B.Sc. (Post Graduates).

Mr. R. Balaraman (IV B.Sc.)

Mr. Subba Reddy (III B.Sc.)

Mr. Ramanayaningar (II Class)

Mr. Jagannatham (I Class)

Lady Students' Representative : Miss V. Seetha.

Representative on the Union Society : Mr. Govindarajan, B.Sc.

The inaugural address of the Society was delivered by Sir P. C. Ray, on Wednesday, the 20th July '32, in the Chemistry Lecture Hall. Dr. B. B. Dey, M.Sc., D.Sc., F.I.C., presided. The meeting was very well attended both by students and members of the staff. The illuminating lecture delivered in a simple and humorous way was very much appreciated. With a few remarks from the president, the meeting came to a close.

The Chemical Society was "At Home" to the new graduates of the Department on Friday, the 5th August, at 4-30 P.M.

After light refreshments, the meeting was held in the Lecture Hall, Dr. B. B. Dey presiding. The Secretary proposed the toast to the new graduates, which was responded to brilliantly by Messrs. A. Sreenivasan and T. Swaminathan on behalf of the Hons. students, by Mr. Y. G. Duraiswamy on behalf of the M. Sc. students, by Mr. G. S. Sidappa on behalf of the M.A. students and by Mr. S. V. Govindarajan on behalf of the B.Sc. (Pass) students.

The President made a happy and inspiring speech. With a vote of thanks the pleasant function came to a close.

An ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, the 9th August, when Mr. R. Balaraman, of IV B.Sc., spoke on "Nickel as a Catalyst in Chemical Reaction," Mr. P. A. Narayana Iyer, M.A., L.T., presiding.

The interesting lecture was supplemented by valuable remarks from Messrs. K. Raman, P. K. Seshan and G. Gangadharan.

An ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, the 17th August, when Mr. E. K. Narayanan, post-graduate student, spoke on "The Chemistry of Power Production." Mr. U. Mudlagiri Nayak, M.A., L.T., presided.

Messrs. S. V. Govindarajan and Man Mohan Rao contributed to the discussion.

THE PHILOSOPHY ASSOCIATION.

At a general body meeting of the Philosophy Association held on Tuesday, the 19th July, under the presidency of Dr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao, PH.D., the following office-bearers for the current year were duly elected :—

President : Prof. P. Narasimham, M.A., L.T.

Vice-Presidents : 1. Miss Janaki (V Hon.)

2. Mr. Ahmed Mohideen (V Hon.)

Secretaries : 1. Miss Verghese (IV Hon.)

2. Mr. V. Narayanaswamy (IV Pass.)

Committee Members : 1. Miss Joel (IV Pass.)

2. Mr. Ranganathan (IV Hon.)

3. Mr. Padmarajan (V Hon.)

Representative on the Union Society : Mr. N. Venkatesan (IV Pass.)

It is of interest to mention here that, for the first time in the history of the Association, students were elected to the Vice-Presidentship.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Prof. Ernest Wood on Monday, the 1st August, in the Philosophy Lecture Room, with Prof. P. Narasimhan, M.A., L.T., in the chair. Prof. Wood spoke on "The Study of Philosophy in Modern Times." In the course of his very illuminating speech, he surveyed the diverse aspects of the realm of philosophy. His speech was very instructive and versatile. Concluding he said that he was in sympathy with us against the abolition of our department. After a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary the meeting terminated.

The Association was 'At Home' to the new graduates of the Association on Saturday, the 6th August. Prof. P. Narasimham, M.A., L.T., presided. After tea, we were entertained to music by the students. Mr. Nagaraja Rao and Dr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao, PH.D., welcomed the graduates. Miss. Mathyaparanum, M.A., and Mr. Venkataswami Naidu, B.A. (Hon.) spoke in reply. With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the gathering dispersed.

SENIOR HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

The following persons have been elected office-bearers of the Association for the year :—

Secretaries : Mr. K. Narayanan.

Mr. M. S. Mogral.

Representatives : Miss Manorama, V H.

Mr. G. Narayanan Nair, IV.

Mr. O. A. Rubb, III H.

Strangely enough, a Professor of Science delivered the inaugural address of our Association this term proving thereby that science and history are not so entirely unconnected as some imagine. Prof. V. Appa Rao's lecture on 'Science and Progress' effectively brought out this fact and was very interesting. It is published elsewhere in this issue. Prof. Joseph Franco presided on the occasion.

Only three days after the inaugural, on 1-8-32, there was an interesting lantern lecture by Dr. K. N. Dikshit, Epigraphist to the Government of India, the subject being 'Recent Archaeological Excavations in Northern India.' The Principal was in the chair. In the course of his lecture Dr. Dikshit spoke about the recent excavations conducted by the Archaeological Department at Paharpur in Bengal.

The members of the Association were 'At Home' to the new graduates of the year on 5-8-32.

On 9-8-32 Prof. Balakrishnan Nair, M.A. (Lond.), of the Annamalai University, an old boy of the College, spoke on 'Archaeology in India.' Prof. Joseph Franco was in the chair. The lecturer emphasized the value of Archaeology for the study of Indian History, deplored the poor progress it had made in India and pointed out what a vast field of work awaited the researcher in Indian Archaeology to-day.

Next, a debate was held on 22-8-32 when Mr. V. T. Narayanan moved that 'in the opinion of this House Democracy is a failure.' Mr. P. N. Sundarajan led the opposition and Mr. A. C. Subbarayulu presided. There was a lively discussion on the resolution in which Messrs. Jabbar, Mohammed Ali, Saranipureswaran, K. Narayanan and V. N. Srinivasa Rao took part. The resolution was in the end put to vote and carried by a large majority.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The following office-bearers for the year 1932-33 were elected at a general body meeting held on the 22nd July 1932 at 4-15 P.M.

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

Vice-President : Mr. L. N. Venkateswaran.

Secretary : Mr. Mathew Polak.

Treasurer : Mr. U. S. Ramachandran.

Class Representatives : V Honours—Miss A. Rondo.

IV Honours—Sister Mary Barbara.

III Honours—Miss Ahilya Bai.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by C. Brooke-Elliott, Esq., Bar-at-Law, on Tuesday, the 2nd August, the subject being "A Fountain Undeiled—When words were worth." Prof. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai was in the chair. Quite like himself, the lecturer was delightfully entertaining. Mr. Elliott gave a succinct, though brief, survey of the development of poetry in English literature down to our own times and exhorted the members to realise the poet in them. With some remarks from the chair and the vote of thanks by the Secretary, the meeting terminated.

An ordinary meeting was held on the 16th August when Mr. S. Rajagopalan (IV Honours) read a paper on "Penny-Dreadfuls as Literature." He pointed out the potentialities of penny-dreadfuls as good literature. Mr. G. N. Seshadri criticised Mr. Rajagopalan's position and the critic was supported by Messrs. K. Venkatraman and U. S. Ramachandran.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

At a general body meeting of the Association, the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1932-33:—

President : Mahamahopadhyaya Vidyavacaspathi Prof. S. Kuppuswamy Sastriar, M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-Presidents : Prof. P. P. S. Sastri, M.A. (Madras), B.A. (Oxon.), M.R.A.S.

Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Aiyer, M.A., L.T.

Dr. A. Sankaran, M.A., PH.D.

Mr. T. S. Balasubramania Aiyer, M.A., L.T.

Mr. S. K. Padmanabha Sastriar.

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Secretaries : Mr. N. Vedantachari (IV Class.)

Mr. A. S. Visvanathan (IV Hons.)

Treasurer : Mr. K. Chakravarthi (IV Class.)

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

Committee Members : Mr. A. N. Kalyanasundaram (B.A. Hons.)

Mr. K. S. Raman (IV Hons.)

Mr. S. V. Ramani (II Class.)

Mr. S. Jayaraman (I Class.)

Miss A. Kamalam (III Hons.)

Representative to the Dramatic Club : Mr. S. Ramachandran (IV Class.)

Representative to the Union Society : Mr. R. Subramanian (IV Class.)

The members of the Association were 'At Home' to the graduates of the year on Monday, the 8th August, at 4-30 P.M., in the Fyson's Park. Almost all the guests invited were present. The graduates were welcomed by Pandit Padmanabha Sastriar in Sanskrit and a suitable reply was made by one of the graduates. The pleasant function terminated after music and tea.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Professor K. A. Nilakanta Sastri, M.A., Professor of Indian History, University of Madras, on Tuesday, the 9th August, with Professor Kuppuswamy Sastriar in the chair. The subject of the address was "The Influence of Sanskrit and Sanskrit Culture on Indian History." The lecturer dealt with many particulars about Sanskrit Inscriptions and their genuine nature. Sanskrit, he said, occupied a unique place in the history of India and he quoted instances to prove the influence of Sanskrit on all the Indian languages. The history of Sanskrit literature, he added, is not complete until the materials furnished by all the inscriptions are completely scrutinised. The president in his concluding remarks observed that the students of Sanskrit should find opportunities for standing on the same platform with the representatives of Indian Philosophy on one side and of Indian History on the other. He then compared the history of Indian Culture to the three-eyed God. One eye represented "Epigraphy," the second eye "Literature" and the third "Pratibha." The president hoped that the members of the Association and others interested in the study of Sanskrit would pursue their studies with the useful suggestions of the learned lecturer.

On Thursday, the 11th August, Mr. C. R. Sankaran, B.A. (Hons.), addressed the Association on Jayadeva's "Gita Govindam." The lecture was very entertaining. Dr. Sankaran presided.

THE TAMIL MANAVAR SANGAM.

A general body meeting of the Sangam was held on 21-7-32 in the Tamil Lecture Room at 4 P.M., when the following office-bearers were elected :—

President : Mr. S. Arumuga Mudaliar, B.A., L.T.

Vice-Presidents : Mr. T. S. Balasubramania Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Mr. V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : Mr. K. Rajasekaran, IV Class.

Mr. K. Subramanian, I Class.

Representatives : Mr. G. V. Gopalan, IV Class.

Mr. Rajakandaswamy.

Mr. K. Kuppuswamy, II Class.

Mr. S. S. Mahadevan, I Class.

The inaugural address of the Sangam was delivered by M. R. Ry. T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar B.A., B.L., Commissioner, Hindu Religious Endowments Board, in the Big English Lecture Hall on 24-8-32 at 5-30 P.M. under the presidency of Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. V. Swaminatha Iyer. Before the commencement of the meeting a group photo was taken after which the social took place. The Tamil graduates of the year were also entertained. The lecturer spoke for more than an hour and a half about the present condition of the Tamil language and the possible ways of mending it. Messrs. T. C. Thitharappan and S. R. Ramamritham of the First Year Class entertained the audience with songs which were highly appreciated. The meeting terminated with the valuable remarks of the president and a vote of thanks proposed to all those present by the President of the Sangam. The students have evinced this year more than the usual enthusiasm and it is noteworthy that many distinguished professors from other colleges were present at the meeting.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHIVARDHANA SAMAJAM.

A general body meeting of the above Samajam was held in the Big English Hall on Friday, the 29th July, at 1 P.M., to elect the office-bearers for the current year. M. R. Ry. A. Umakantam Garu conducted the elections. There were four candidates in the field for the Secretaryship and a keen spirit of rivalry was evinced amongst the Andhra students of the College. A record number of Andhra students took part in the elections. The office-bearers for the current year were elected as follows :—

President : Mr. A. Umakantam, Vidyasekhara.

Vice-Presidents : Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami, M.A., L.T.

Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao Naidu, M.A., L.T., PH.D.

Secretaries : Mr. R. P. V. Ramarayningar, II Class.
 „ Mr. E. Venugopala Reddi, I Class.
Lady Students' Representatives : Miss Sri Devi, B.A. (Philosophy).
 „ „ Vayusuthamma (Science).
 „ „ Saradamba (Economics).
Class Representatives : Mr. Seetha Ramiah, I Class.
 „ Mr. Seshagiri Rao, II Class.
 „ Mr. Krishnaswamy, III Class.
 „ Mr. Chandra Reddy, IV Class.

The inaugural address of the Samajam was delivered on Friday, the 19th of August, at 4-15 P.M. in the Telugu Lecture Hall by M. R. Ry. K. Ramakrishniah Garu, Lecturer, University Oriental Research Institute. Prof. D. S. Sarma, M.A., L.T., presided on the occasion. The subject of the address was 'Social Reconstruction.' The meeting was well attended and the lecturer of the evening made a brilliant and interesting speech. Prof. Sarma in the course of his concluding remarks advised such of the students as take part in Social Reconstruction to be sincere and honest in their work. With the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

Again on Tuesday, the 30th of August, at 4-15 P.M. there was a debate, when Mr. T. Ramakrishnan (IV year), seconded by Mr. Narayanaswamy, B.A., (Post Graduate Course), moved that "Poetry is more important than Prose in the Cultural Advancement of a Country." The opposition was led by Mr. S. Krishnaswamy (II Year) seconded by Mr. D. Ramalinga Reddy, B.A. Some students took part in the debate. M. R. Ry. Rama Brahmam Choudary Garu, Editor, *Samadarsini*, presided on the occasion. The resolution was put to vote and lost. The meeting terminated at about 6 o'clock with the usual vote of thanks.

THE MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION.

The members of the Presidency College Malayalee Association met on the 29th July 1932 in the English Honours Library Hall at 4 P.M., with Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai in the chair, to elect the office-bearers for the current academic year. The following persons were elected:—

President : Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, M.A. (Hons.), B.A. (Oxon.)
Vice-Presidents : Dr. P. P. Kallukaran, B.A. (Hons.), B.Sc. (Econ.), PH. D. (Lond.)
 Mr. K. P. Govinda Pisharoti.
Secretaries : Miss G. Mully, IV (B.Sc.)
 Mr. V. P. Sankunni Menon, IV Hons. (Maths.)

Treasurer and Representative to the College Dramatic Club :
 Mr. P. Govindan Nayar, II Class (Hist.)

Members of the Committee :

Mr. C. Murukan Nayar, IV Hons. (Maths.)
 Mr. K. K. Thirumulpad, IV Hons. (Geol.)
 Mr. V. T. Narayanan, IV Hons. (Econ.)
 Mr. P. K. Kumara Menon, III Hons. (Lit.)
 Mr. K. Madhavan Pandalai, II Class (Hist.)

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Rao Sahib N. Kulu Nayar Avl., Retired Presidency Magistrate, in the Senior History Lecture Hall with the President, Mr. Ayyappan Pillai, in the chair on Thursday, the 18th August. In an interesting and illuminating address lasting for about three quarters of an hour, the learned lecturer dwelt at length on the necessity of pure research by disinterested students of literature and of proper organization among the Malayalee Associations of the various colleges in the City, and on other allied topics. The president, after endorsing the views advanced by the distinguished lecturer, stressed the importance of a bold outlook and a sense of originality to be acquired by the present University students who are shortly to face the acute problems of life at a very critical period of the world's history. With a vote of thanks from the Secretary, the pleasant function came to a close at about 5-30 P.M.

The Managing Committee of the Malayalee Association assembled together on Tuesday, 30th August, with the President in the chair to discuss the desirability of staging a drama under the auspices of the Association. It was unanimously resolved to stage a drama before the Christmas Vacation.

THE MUSLIM ASSOCIATION.

At a general body meeting of the Association held on Wednesday, the 20th July, the following office-bearers were elected for the current year:—

President : Mr. R. M. Statham, M.A., C.I.E.
Vice-President : Mr. Aga Hilali.
Joint Secretaries : Miss S. Shujat Ali.
 Mr. Md. Nurullah.

Executive Committee:—

1. Mr. A. R. Oosman, III Hons.
2. Mr. A. Sheriff, IV Class.
3. Mr. Md. Ali Khan, III Class.
4. Mr. Taki Khaleeli, II Class.
5. Mr. Nasarullah, I Class.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mrs. Hilda Wood on Thursday, the 11th Aug. '32, with Mr. R. M. Statham in the chair.

The distinguished lecturer speaking on "Indian Womanhood" pointed out certain drawbacks in the woman of to-day. She pointed out that the Indian woman has taken to western civilization without assimilating it. She also spoke about the dilapidated condition of certain homes in India and how women were incapable of maintaining them in good condition. She concluded with an appeal to Indian women to do something in the cause of social reform.

The President in his concluding remarks said that he was unable to agree completely with the speaker and instanced the ladies in Cochin, Travancore and Burma as having been well educated and cultured. He also pointed out what interest women were taking in the education of girls and pointed out that there were more Inspectresses of Schools in India than in England. He also said that, long before any English lady had taken the degree in Law, an Indian lady was practising in India and he further added that from his experience he had known many Indians who could keep their houses as well as anybody else.

With a vote of thanks on behalf of the Association the function terminated.

Madras Cricketers' Reception to Mr. J. W. Hitch, All England Test Cricketer.



PRESS PHOTO BUREAU,

MADRAS.

A large and distinguished gathering of Madras Cricketers assembled on the 20th inst. at the Madras Central Station to give a hearty welcome to Mr. J. W. Hitch, All England Test Cricketer, who arrived in Madras by the Bombay Mail. Our photo shows Mr. J. W. Hitch, Mr. R. M. Stadium, C.I.E., I.E.S., Principal of the Presidency College; Mr. C. K. Krishnaswamy Pillai, Captain of the All India Cricket Federation; Mr. C. D. Parthasarathy and others.



Cricket.

Thanks to our Principal, the Cricket Club has made great progress this year. A separate Cricket Club has been formed and one English Cricket Coach has been brought out. The standard of cricket at the College has always been good and with the coaching the students are receiving every day we hope that the college team will soon be reckoned as one of the leading Clubs of the city.

Mr. J. W. Hitch popularly known as "Bill" is the Coach engaged. He played for Surrey and England. He was a very fast bowler, a wonderful field near the wickets, and a hard hitting batsman. Jack Hobbs in his latest book pays a wonderful tribute to Hitch's fielding and it is obvious that Hitch still plays a great game. Mr. Hitch is very popular with the students and he has done wonders with the team. There is promise and it is certain that Mr. Hitch will get the very best out of our students.

The Cricket Club is fortunate in securing the services of Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai as Captain. His presence both on and off the field has created a great impression on the students. With the lead he was giving the team by his alround ability, there was marked progress even before the Coach arrived. It might casually be mentioned that Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai captained the college team last in 1908-09 and won for us the Pennycuick trophy. He is leading the team once again after 23 years. Could enthusiasm go further?

We will be missing this year from our ranks G. Parthasarathy, K. Krishnamurthy, P. S. Ramachandran and R. Raja Ram. It will indeed be hard to fill the gap caused by the exit of G. Parthasarathy who has dominated college cricket for the last five years.

C. D. Parthasarathy and Raghavan have come back to the College again, the former as the deputy to the Captain and everybody knows what a keen

player he is. We are down to play all the leading Clubs of the City during the Season and we hope to have good cricket. May there be an adequate response from the students to the enthusiasm the Principal evinces in sports is the sincere wish of us all.

News is received of the College Cricket Team's tour to Ceylon during the Michaelmas holidays. We made a tour in 1929 and had a fairly successful time. The standard on the Island is always high and we look forward to a good time. The team leaves on the 14th instant and will be back on the 3rd of October. It is understood that six matches have been fixed. We will once again be the guests of the Zahira College.

A freshers' match was arranged on the 16th July, which helped the authorities to pick and choose fresh and young talent.

Our first fixture was against 'The Eccentrics', a side composed of many Presidency players, on the 24th July. We beat them by 11 runs. This was a good start for us. The following are the scores:— College 172; (Raghavan 32; Dorairajan 24; Venkataraman 23; C. D. Parthasarathy 22). Eccentrics 161 (Ramanathan 5 for 56; C. D. Parthasarathy 4 for 43).

We played the Loyola College on our grounds in a friendly game on the 30th July and won comfortably. Scores: College 233 (Ramanathan 47; Madhava Rao 39; Uthappa 37; Venkataraman 36). Loyola 69 (C. D. Parthasarathy 4 for 16; Uthappa 5 for 40).

We played the Eccentrics again on the 7th of August. The Eccentrics fielded the strongest side they could muster and the College achieved a most creditable victory. Pitted against rivals acknowledged on all hands to be a first class team, the College fought to a man to win a second time. The following are the particulars. College 192 (Ramanathan 56; Bhadradi 48, Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai 36). Eccentrics 128 (C. D. Parthasarathy 6 for 47). A feature of the match was the good fielding of the College.

We played the Triplicane Cricket Club the next week. This is one of the best sides in Madras at present. Although we did not win this match, we had the satisfaction of not being beaten and the College successfully played out time.

Scores:—The Triplicane Cricket Club 169 for 8 (C. D. Parthasarathy 5 for 59; Uthappa 2 for 30). College 79 for 8 wickets.

Our Inter-Collegiate Tournament commenced on the 20th of August when we went out to play the Christian College. Taking the first tenancy of the wicket we scored in all 209 runs for 8 wickets, the chief contributors being

Bhadradi 73, Uthappa and Venkoba Rao with 29 not out each. Venturing out in turn they went down before our bowling, Uthappa and "C. D." skittling them out. Our Coach J. W. Hitch arrived on this day and took charge of us.

The next week we played the Engineering College. The Engineers scored 88 runs. A feature of this match was the splendid bowling of N. V. Rajagopalan who secured as many as 8 wickets yielding only 41 runs. His well pitched legbreaks were very puzzling. We passed this total for the loss of two wickets, but however carried on batting till late in the evening. Scores:—Engineers 88 (N. V. Rajagopalan 8 for 41; C. D. Parthasarathy 2 for 12). College 224 for 5 wickets (Ramanathan 65; Venkataraman 47; Dorairajan 38; A. R. Sreenivasan 32).

The last match of the term was played on September 3rd against the Pachaiappas.

The scores were:—College 204 for 6, Pachaiappas 47 all out.

The following are the averages of the first three up to the end of 27th August.

Batting:—

Name.	No. of innings.	Total runs.	Not outs.	Average.
P. V. Ramanathan ...	6	208	—	34·7
M. A. Uthappa ...	6	93	3	31·0
B. S. Bhadradi ...	6	145	—	24·2

Bowling:—

Name.	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
N. V. Rajagopalan	17	3	42	8	5·3
C. D. Parthasarathy	99	28	193	27	7·1
M. A. Uthappa	46	11	114	13	8·8

Hockey.

The hockey season commenced with the nomination of Biddappa as Captain once again and Wahid as the Secretary. The year seems to be full of hope for us since we are having a very good team. But we are very much handicapped by the absence of G. Parthasarathy, who has passed out of the college after his five years of invaluable service on the field. We wish him every success in his future life.

Coming to the present team, we are glad to mention that we have two or three good additions. Our good old C. D. Parthasarathy has once again joined

the college to offer his services on the field. We have a good defence in S. S. Mahadevan.

We had a series of matches during this season. We played seven friendly matches, of which we won five, drew in one and lost the other. We could have proved better with better results, but for the lack of understanding amongst the forward line. We hope to get over this difficulty by the time we come to face the Panagal Tournament.

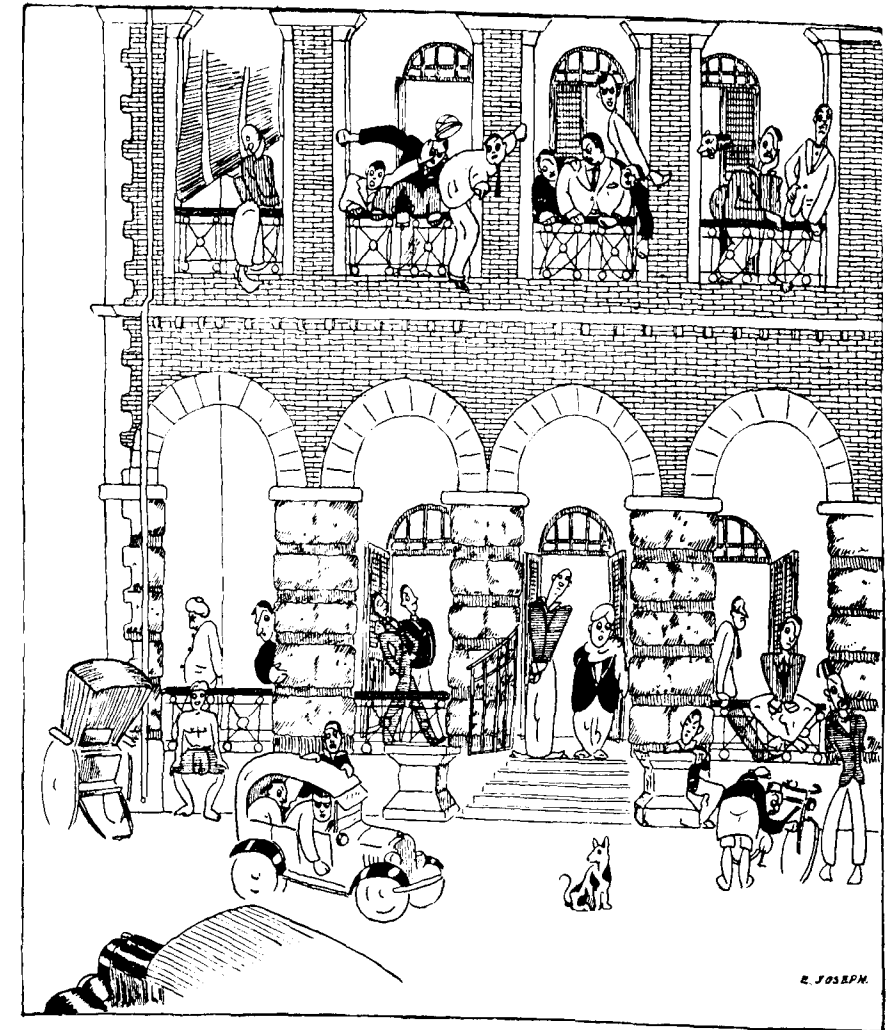
We have so far played four matches in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament. We made our first debut in a match against the Engineers whom we beat by two goals to nil, on their own grounds. Next we took the field against the Christians beating them by three to one. Against the Royapuram Medical School whom we met next, we had a comfortable win with a good margin of 5 to 3. Our next encounter was with the Medical College, which came off on the 29th of August. Though the Medicos had a good team, our students rose to the occasion, and did their best in forcing a draw. Within fifteen minutes from the start, our left inner Krishnamurthy Rao sent in a clean shot, which left us leading. The second goal was netted soon after by the captain himself, who with a good dash finished a short corner hit from C. D. Parthasarathy. The interval left us leading with two goals to nil. The second half proved to be a very tough fight. In spite of the fine defence and the invaluable work of C. D. Parthasarathy the Medicos shot two goals thus equalising the score. The game ended in a draw. The team as a whole did invaluable work. With tolerable luck, we have every hope of winning the Inter-Collegiate trophy this time, which for the last so many years has not adorned our College Hall.

As this bit of news is going to press, we have arranged to tour Ceylon during the Michaelmas holidays. During the previous tour in 1928-29, we played only two matches in which we acquitted ourselves very creditably. But this year we hope to have more matches, and render a better account of ourselves.

In conclusion it is our privilege to thank our Principal and Prof. Gopala Aiyer for the great encouragement and help they are giving us. We hope, with their co-operation, to raise the spirit and standard of Hockey in our College.

Football.

For the current year Mr. G. Narayanan Nair of the Senior B.A. Class was elected Captain and Mr. Mirza Ali Beg of the Senior Intermediate Class was elected Secretary. Most of our last year's men are still in the college and hence we are in no way handicapped. We began the season with a match



The lady students' bus arrives.

against the Muslim Sports Club whom we beat by two goals to nil. Our second match was against the Triplicane Foot-Ball Club which again ended in a victory for us. The third match was a friendly fixture against the Muhammadan College whom we beat by a comfortable margin of three goals. The next friendly match with the Young Mens' Recreation Club ended in our defeat, the only excuse being the absence of four of our regulars.

We began our Inter-Collegiate matches with a fixture against the Medicos. We lost by three goals. We should only say that the better side won. The next fixture was against the Loyola College, in which again we lost. We hope to give a better account of ourselves in the future and we are sure that with some more practice we will be able to beat any of the local colleges.

We are thinking of touring Bangalore early in October, where we hope to give our opponents a good run for their money.

Tennis.

This year we have six courts in all, five in the old Engineering College ground and a special court in the Principal's compound.

Mr. P. K. Kandasamy of IV Honours History was nominated as the Captain and Mr. N. Venkatesan of IV Class Philosophy as the Secretary. Messrs. U. Hanamantharao and Apparao, the Captain and the Secretary of last year, have left the college. While we are sorry to have lost them, we are glad that Messrs. Eswara Iyer and Venkateshwararao have joined us.

This year we had two friendly matches with the Loyola College and though our college lost on both the occasions our team played well and fought to the last point. We hope to do better in the future.



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 1932.
- (2) They should not exceed twelve foolscap pages of ordinary handwriting.
- (3) They should be accompanied by a declaration that the writers have not been helped by anybody.
- (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 undergraduate students of the Presidency College.

D. S. SARMA,
Editor.