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No. 2.

The Removal of Untouchability.

[As the question of the removal of untouchability, of which temple-entry is an important part, is now agitating the minds of all thoughtful Hindus, the Editor thinks it desirable that the young readers of this magazine should know the considered opinions of three of the most distinguished "old boys" of the College. He is very thankful to Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar, Sir C. Sankaran Nair and Sir C. V. Kumaraswamy Sastriar for the readiness with which they have responded to his appeal.—*Editor.*]

I.

Sir P. S. SIVASWAMY AIYAR writes :—

I have been asked by my friend, Professor Sarma, to express my views upon the question of throwing open temples to members of the depressed classes, now called Harijans. It is not possible to contend that all Hindu temples are open to all classes of Hindus without discrimination and that the Harijans, being Hindus, are entitled to claim admission as a matter of legal right. Except the principle of conformity to established usage, it is difficult to discover any other principle regulating the admission or

exclusion of individuals or classes to public temples, and it cannot be said that even those principles which are derivable from usage have been consistently followed in practice. One would imagine that a Hindu temple is intended only for those who are Hindus and not for members of other creeds. Yet it is well known that the trustees of temples have on many occasions allowed, and even invited, members of alien creeds, like Europeans, Muslims and Buddhists, to enter the temples, though not the most sacred portions of them.

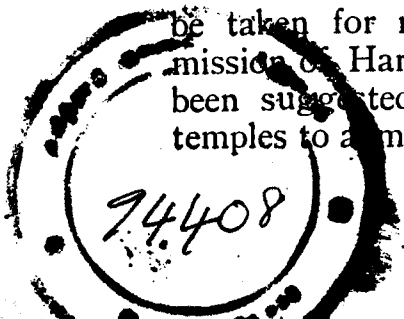
The question who are Hindus is one which does not admit of any clear or logical definition. Hinduism is the most accommodating religion in the world and has included within its fold persons holding the most diverse tenets and beliefs, and even many who have none. Perhaps the safest definition of a Hindu would be that everyone who has not been born in, or has not adopted, a different creed, and calls himself a Hindu is a Hindu. There is no justification for the assertion that Harijans are not Hindus. But this is not sufficient to settle the matter, for the word 'Hindus' will not be found in any of the Sastras or any deeds relating to the construction, endowment or maintenance of the temples. I think it would be a mistake to treat the question as one of law or usage. The courts are bound to follow the usages by which religious institutions have been governed in the past. An appeal to the Agama Sastras is also likely to be futile and disappointing. In my opinion, the issue should be dealt with on the higher plane of justice and policy.

The live issue now before us is what practical steps can be taken for removal of the existing barriers to the admission of Harijans into temples. One remedy which has been suggested is legislation, requiring the trustees of temples to admit Harijans wherever such entry is supported

by the wishes of a majority of the people who are entitled to worship in the temple. This will also raise a question as to who are to be regarded as entitled to worship in the temple and how the views of the majority are to be ascertained. To some extent the question involves consideration of details of procedure. But it is obvious that the Harijans themselves should not be regarded as entitled to vote upon the question whether the existing usage excluding them should be modified or not. It has been suggested that the register of voters for the election of temple trustees or Devasthanam Committees might be utilised as the basis of a plebiscite. Whether these registers are sufficiently accurate and representative and up-to-date is a matter upon which I can express no opinion. Legislation on these lines would, I think, be open to less objection than any other.

I am personally in favour of the admission of Harijans into temples. But the best means of bringing about this much-desired reform is moral persuasion. Any compulsory legislation opposed to the views of a majority of the people is bound to provoke serious communal dissensions and disturbance of the public peace. Unremitting propaganda in favour of the admission of Harijans is, in my opinion, the most promising line of endeavour. The reform for which Mahatma Gandhi has decided to start an intensive agitation is called for in the interests not merely of justice to the down-trodden, but also of the nation at large.

When it comes to a question of comparison of our religion with others, we are apt to claim that our religion lags behind none in its recognition of the claims of universal love and brotherhood. But there is a wide divergence between the principle of universal brotherhood to which we pay lip-allegiance and our practice. We are no better than the Americans of the Southern States of North America or the Europeans in South Africa and East Africa,



who, while professing to be Christians, are determined that the coloured races should know their places in the scheme of society.

II.

Sir C. SANKARAN NAIR writes :—

I do not attach any weight to the objection based on religion. The caste-system, as designed originally, does not exist now. A man is not entitled to call himself a Brahmin, for instance, unless he leads the life prescribed for a Brahmin by our religion. By far the great majority of Brahmins do not live that life. They openly discard it. They are not therefore entitled to call themselves Brahmins and therefore to appeal to religious texts in opposition to *untouchable castes*. Further the Bhagavat Gita, which is now generally put forward as the text-book of Hindu religion, declares that it is the *Gunas* that determine the castes. It has now to be conceded that by far the great majority of those who claim to be Brahmins have not the *Gunas* which alone would entitle a man to be regarded and respected as a Brahmin. The arguments which I have stated above may be applied to all the various castes. Moreover, the history of the tribes and castes shows that, when many tribes accepted the Brahmin religion, there was no caste-system amongst them and the castes were a later introduction. Again, various systems of religion like Buddhism which recognises no castes were prevailing in India, and the classes which had once adopted them again became Hindus afterwards.

For all these reasons, I believe it would not be right to prevent the so-called "Untouchables" from entering the temples on account of their being outside the Hindu castes.

Furthermore, religion must be regarded as an institution for progress. Therefore all nations have discarded

the shackles imposed by religion when it is opposed to moral and social progress. There is no doubt that the caste-system, along with "Untouchability" which is incidental to that system, is opposed to social, moral, intellectual, and political progress of the country. Every well-wisher of the country therefore will discard it.

But it must be conceded that the trustees cannot allow the "Untouchables" to enter the temples, as custom and law are against such entry. The law has to be altered to allow them temple-entry.

As to what should be done by the students of the College now, I would advise them to study all the questions involved in what I have said above, so that when they leave the University they might be well-equipped to act with knowledge, intelligence, capacity and decision.

III.

Sir C. V. KUMARASWAMI SASTRIAR writes :—

I have been asked by Mr. Sarma to give my views on the above subject. The answer which Dr. Johnson gave, when asked about ghosts, comes to my mind. "Sir," he said "Belief is for it, reason is against it."

Nobody who has the welfare of India at heart will wish untouchability to stay. As regards the means to get rid of it, the chief one, so far as I can see, is an intensive and active effort to raise the position of the untouchables mentally, morally and materially. Millions of them are sunk in the lowest depths of poverty, squalor and ignorance, and until they are improved no progress can be made. Resolutions passed at meetings, newspaper correspondence (often acrimonious) or even coercion by the Legislature will be of no use, if at the same time words are not translated into action. The protest against untouchability is no new thing in India. Great men like Kabir, Nanak,

Ramakrishna and Vivekananda have raised their voice against it. Yet the evil continues, because there was no corresponding movement to raise the position of the depressed on the material and physical planes of existence.

I think every town and every village should have workers who will collect funds for giving the untouchables better homes and surroundings, better food and clothing and better education. It is a question of earnest workers and generous financial support both from the public and government.

Unfortunately, in Southern India most things evaporate in talk, and enthusiasm cools down when people are asked to put their hands into their pockets. Young men will do well to put their hands to the practical part of the programme. Until the material condition of the depressed classes is improved, permission to enter all the temples of India and even a theological permission by all our Swamis to enter Paradise will be of little use to them. Nanda's entry has not helped his people very much all these centuries.

IV.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

As the Bhagavad Gita is often mentioned in this connection, it may be of interest to students to know what light that great scripture throws on the subject. It would be unreasonable, of course, to expect from the Gita a direct reply to the question of the removal of untouchability, as it would be unreasonable, for instance, to expect from St. John's Gospel a direct reply to the question of the extension of franchise. In all such cases, we have to go by the general spirit of the teaching.

It is interesting, however, to note that in the first chapter of the Gita, Arjuna refuses to do his duty on pre-

cisely the same ground as those who are refusing to do their duty by 'the untouchables' to-day. He fears that his action might uproot the immemorial laws of castes and clans and bring about social confusion. He says:—

“By the misdeeds of those who destroy a clan and create confusion of castes, the immemorial *dharma*s of the clan and the caste are rooted out.” (I. 43)

It seems to me that the whole Gita is a sort of ironical commentary on the conception of *Dharma* contained in this verse. We know that the Bhagavan persuades Arjuna at last to fight. What becomes then of “the immemorial *dharma*s of castes and clans”? The fact is that the Bhagavan's conception of *dharma* is quite different from Arjuna's conception of *dharma*. The Bhagavan's conception is organic and living, while Arjuna's conception is mechanical and lifeless. The former grows from within like a tree, while the latter is put together from without like a clock. To Arjuna the caste-*dharma* is an end in itself, and so he looks upon it as changeless and eternal. To the Bhagavan, on the other hand, *dharma* is only a means to an end and not an end in itself. The end is Yoga or union with God. The value of *dharma* depends entirely on the extent to which it promotes the end—the awakening of the divinity in man. Any line of conduct which does not lead to that end is *adharma*, whatever may be its other sanctions. Every law, every custom, every usage has always to be tested by the degree of spirituality it promotes. Fellowship with God is the solvent of all external rules and regulations. That, I take it, is the meaning of the famous concluding verse of the Gita:

“Renounce all *dharma*s and come unto me alone for shelter.” (XVIII. 66.)

Thus by connecting dharma with yoga and making the former the means and the latter the end, the Gita gives us a fluid conception of dharma unlike our codes of law which give us only rigid rules. Dharma is not a preserved fruit, but a growing tree. It grows from age to age along with the conscience of humanity. What is dharma in one age may become adharma in another, just as in the case of the individual what is dharma at one stage of his life may become adharma at another stage. As I have said elsewhere, the dharma of Buddha before his enlightenment was to learn the arts of peace and war, but after his enlightenment it was to renounce the world and become a religious teacher. Similarly, when the enlightened conscience of humanity points to a new line of conduct, there is no point in quoting obsolete rules and refusing to move. It would be sinning against the highest lights we have. So let us not bring to bear on this momentous question the mechanical conception of dharma put forward by Arjuna, but the organic and living conception taught by the Bhagavan in the Gita.



THE LATE SIR MARK HUNTER, Kt.
M.A., D. Litt., F.R.S.L.

Sir Mark Hunter,
M.A., D. Litt., F.R.S.L., Kt.

JOHN Mark Somers Hunter was born in 1865, the son of the Rev. J. W. Hunter, Rector of Chiddingfold, Surrey. His brother was the late Sir Bernard Hunter, for many years the Secretary of the Bank of Madras. Educated at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, Mark Hunter took his B.A. Degree in 1888 and, soon after, came out to India as Principal of the Coimbatore College, then under private management.

He entered the service of Government in July 1899, as Principal of the Mangalore College. He acted for a short period as Professor of English in the Presidency College in 1901-2, and was Principal of the Rajahmundry Arts College for eight years thereafter. He returned to the English Department of the Presidency College in 1910 and was put in charge of the responsible work of organising the English studies in the College during the first seven years of the Honours courses in Madras.

In 1918, Professor Hunter left Madras and became the Director of Public Instruction, Burma. He was created Knight in 1923.

After retirement, Sir Mark Hunter settled in London and did valuable work as Secretary of the Spelling Reform Association. He lectured at Southampton University, King's College, London, and elsewhere. He was frequently consulted by Granville-Barker and other writers on Elizabethan Drama. He was one of the most assiduous readers in the MS room of the British Museum.

In his early days in India, he wrote popular handbooks of Greek and of English History, besides editing some of

Carlyle's Essays and Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. His lecture on "The Substance of Shakespearean Comedy" has been reprinted several times. He took part against Dover Wilson in the controversy on Act-and-Scene division in Shakespeare (see "Review of English Studies," Vol. II, 1926). His paper on "Politics in *Julius Cæsar*" has been included in a recent volume of Essays by Divers Hands.

Towards the end of his life, he was an active member of the British Empire Society and published from time to time out-spoken comments on Indian affairs.

He died in September 1932.

Sir Mark Hunter was a great teacher and a great man; those who knew him well have no doubt of that. But this conviction could not be conveyed to others in a simple formula; his work and personality, so rich and fruitful, were complex, with negative as well as positive elements, and powerful to destroy as well as to create. If he wrote no great books or made no astonishing discoveries, neither was he ever inaccurate in the statement of fact or dishonest in the statement of opinion. To be thorough in what one knows and to mean intensely what one says—these are no small merits in a teacher, especially, of literature. Of these essential but far from spectacular qualities Mark Hunter was an embodiment.

What matters most in a man, what he is 'worth to God,' is not his intellectual outworks, but the central core of his personality; not the opinions he holds, but the way in which he holds his opinions, whatever these may be. It is an elementary error to judge a man by the party or school to which he belongs and ignore the force and character of his personality. The honest and the not-so-honest, the intolerant and the accommodating, the active and the passive, the passionate and the half-hearted, the extremist and

the moderate,—these types and degrees of personality persist through all change, and occur in every party in politics and in every school of learning.

In the days of his highest academic power in Madras, Mark Hunter bore the most unmistakable resemblance to his most implacable opponents. In the passionate sincerity and the dynamic courage of his convictions he was exactly like his, and their own mutual, enemies, Mrs. Besant and Dr. T. M. Nair. Like these two leaders of hosts, like all people who do work in the world instead of dreaming of doing it, Mark Hunter was narrow and fanatical, and charged with an exclusive and consuming faith in the utter rightness of his own views. And his lofty designs—so unlike the lofty designs of mere grammarians—did close in like effects.

For five long years, the University of Madras, an institution which keeps a dragon watch upon its chest and therefore its learning, hummed with (and paid handsomely for) series upon endless series of lectures, special as well as ordinary, on Philology, and the Greek Drama, and the History of Culture, and all sorts of odd things in their supposed relation to the advanced study of English. Seven books—and even volumes of poetry—were prescribed for non-detailed study by Intermediate candidates. On every question of English studies, Hunter's word was law. The Syndicate, the Senate, the Board of Studies existed, or so it seemed, merely to register his decisions. And as he had convinced himself and everybody else that English was the heart and soul of the curriculum, the prestige of English never and nowhere in India stood so high as at Madras in Mark Hunter's time; till he, the main cause of this prestige, dominated the University in a measure which today it is impossible to conceive of a mere teacher. When, in 1917, he was appointed Chairman of the University Commission, the honour came to him, not as the result of any

lobbying, but as naturally and inevitably as the leaves to a tree.

It was an excellent thing for the English Honours School in Madras that it was conceived and inaugurated by this great man in his prime. There may be other subjects of University study in which organization, equipment, syllabuses and the like count for much and tend to exhaust the subject, the teacher, and the pupil. But the up-building of a school, at once scientific and humane, the nurture of a sound yet progressive tradition of philology and criticism,—this is a mystery which demands a living and speaking voice and a mind, fresh, yet bowed to cunning, rejoicing in discipline as in freedom. The gifts of Hunter's giving—to his pupils and colleagues—are, however, arcana, 'secrets none can utter.' Only those who know can perceive his silent and beneficent influence still at work in many places,—in Palghat and Kumbakonam, in Rangoon and in Chidambaram; in the more scholarly kinds of journalism, even; but most of all, of course, in our own College.

But more ponderable and, alas, more permanent than the spirit, the brute-matter remains in the shape of syllabuses, lists of text-books, examination schemes. Alike in extent and intensiveness, in the quantity and thoroughness of the work demanded of the student and tested by the examiners, the English Honours course of Madras, with its ten papers and its compulsory Gothic and Germanic Philology, was not only much heavier than any other Honours course in any Indian University, it was apparently heavier than the English Honours course of any English University. The lawyers and politicians shed tears of ignorant sympathy for 'the poor, over-worked Madras student,' and questioned the value of philology, but nothing could deflect Mark Hunter from his pre-determined plans. Even today, after the unlamented break-down of the inter-collegiate system in all other Honours subjects, the needs of the

English school are so heavy and various that, in order to provide for them adequately, the close co-operation between the two oldest colleges in the city continues to be maintained.

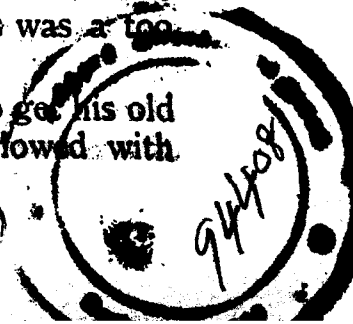
Many Indians and some Europeans thought that the standards of English demanded by Mark Hunter were impossibly high. But in insisting on these standards, Hunter was in reality paying the Indian student a rare (and much misunderstood) compliment. There are many 'friends of India' who have much praise for us and no criticism, because they expect very little of us and are in consequence easily satisfied. To persons and institutions, east as well as west of Suez, Sir Mark Hunter consistently applied the self-same tests. His intellectual integrity would not permit him the possession of two sets of standards, one for home and the other for overseas use. He could not come to terms with inefficiency, nor gracefully shrug his shoulders with the mental remark, 'India will be India, not England. Madras will be Madras, not Oxford.' He had more honesty and courage and vision than tact.

This tortured and eternally discontented idealist was, in his contact with individual Indians, the most friendly of friends. In slippered ease he smoked for hours on end and talked, with joy as often as indignation, of detective stories and contemporary writers and Indian politics. "The Professor in undress," as he called himself in such moods, was unreservedly frank; and fifteen eventful years have abundantly proved the accuracy of his analysis of "C.P." and "T. E. W.," among others. He was earnest in his remonstrances with his old pupils that they should "choose the better way."

As an examiner, he displayed a steady judgment; but his whole scale of marking was generous to a fault. The award of the maximum mark to essay questions was a too frequent phenomenon.

No trouble was too great for him to take to get his old students settled in life. His letters to them glowed with

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such warmth, they were so full of unaffected and eager praise, that no number of British Empire Societies could make them dislike him.

As a public teacher in Madras, he limited his subjects rigorously—Phonetics with the Junior Intermediate class, Shakespeare with Pass and Honours classes, but every subject in Language, Phonetics, Gothic Texts and Grammar, Comparative Philology, Beowulf and Chaucer, O. E. and M. E. Grammar, N. E. Accidence, and Foreign Elements. [Only once was he known to speak officially of any writer on this side of 1616. He had the true conservative's love of Carlyle, and did Carlyle in the name of nineteenth century prose.]

Forbidding as this lecture-list looks, Mark Hunter had 'that secret spirit of humanity' which made the dry bones of language live. While, of course, he had a passion for thoroughness and accuracy which made him the severest of scholars, he had too a radiant vision of all knowledge as a living and growing thing. His bright irresistible personality touched and transfigured every starred and reconstructed vocable. His 'reaction' to every theory was characteristic and individual. He would resent the suggestion that *hiene* (one form of the acc. sing. masc. of the 3rd pers. pron. in O.E.) acquired its broken vowel from the feminine. He would praise only a little grudgingly Jespersen's note on *-ster* or *-ing*, for had not this Dane cited Annie Besant as authority for phonetic usage—Annie Besant who was Irish and in every sense anathema?

His language-teaching was firmly rooted in the text. Grammatical forms and dialectal features were to be picked out and studied from actual passages of O.E. and M.E., prose or verse. His treatment of Chaucer—his way of reading or reciting a couplet, and then commenting upon it, with half-shut eye voyaging round the whole mediaeval world, was very much in the witty and vivacious manner of a *Harikatha*. It was with an apologetic lightness that

in his language-classes he would quote from Shakespeare and more modern authors; he dreaded the suspicion that the matter of language lay in need of spicing.

He had a touching but reasoned faith in Library Classes for silent reading; students, even the youngest, should be trained to master and annotate and criticise books for themselves; on all questions they should come to their own conclusions. Every college library should possess large numbers of 'reading texts,' the original works of poets and prose-writers, with only a few picked books of criticism. He warned one of his Honours pupils *not* to read Bradley's "Shakespearian Tragedy," because few readers have an independence of judgment which could survive contact with that masterpiece of subtlety. According to him, 'spoon-feeding' was the one unforgivable sin in a teacher. Perhaps, there was another: scamping the written work of the student, instead of reading and criticising it with the care due to a piece of literature.

Though not an athlete, Prof. Hunter was an embodiment of energy. There was a bird-like sprightliness in all his movements. He would hop upstairs, two steps at a time, or fly on to the platform and perch on the edge of chair or table.

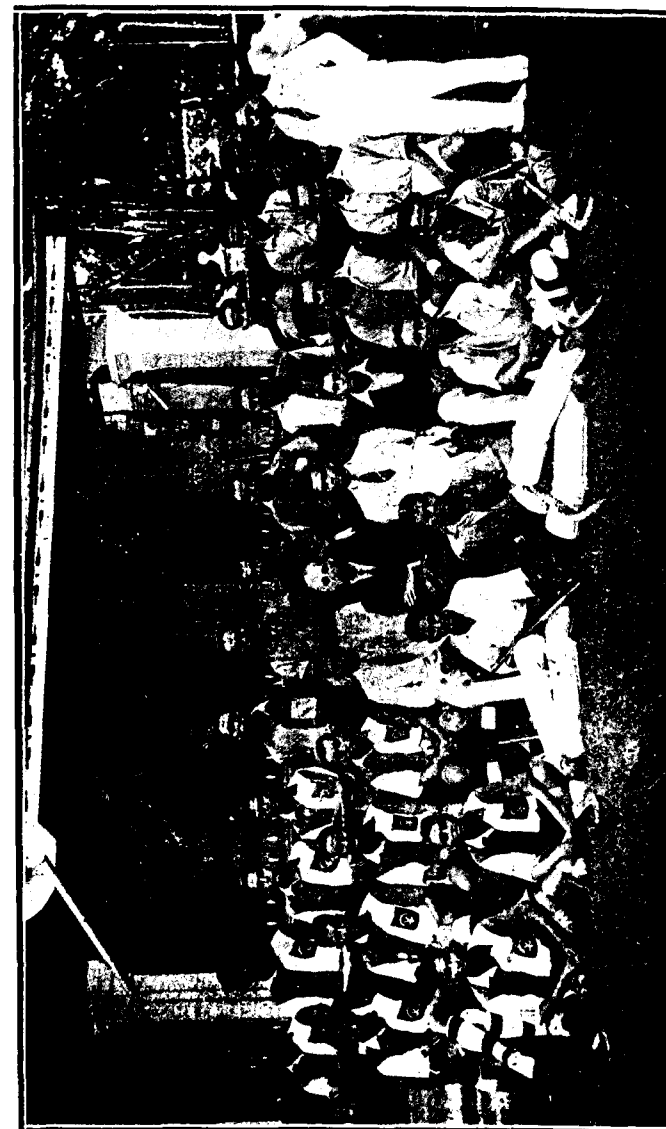
An unwearied worker himself,—not an hour passed without his consulting an N. E. D. or D. N. B. or E. E. T. S. volume—he looked upon College as a place for young men to work hard in, not an asylum for "those infinitely privileged ones whose lives are padded, petrified and pleasant." It is a flattering reflection that among his pupils this apostle of hard work and intellectual self-reliance met with success and appreciation. The failure or unpopularity of such a teacher as Mark Hunter was could only mean that our young men had grown so corrupt in the things of the mind that they loved a velvet slavery "more than liberty, bondage with ease than strenuous liberty."

K. S.

With the College Teams in Ceylon.

WHEN I was engaged as Coach to the Presidency College I did not think that I should have the pleasure of accompanying the cricket team on a tour in Ceylon. It came as a great surprise to me when my Principal told me that he had made all arrangements for a fourteen-days' tour for the cricket and hockey teams and that I should have to travel with them. There was not much time to spare as I had arrived on the 20th of August and our team was arranged to leave Madras on the 14th of September only giving me three weeks to find out what our boys were like and to impart what knowledge I could during that short period. Our boys were very enthusiastic about their trip; and we began to practise early mornings and during the afternoons. I found the boys very keen and eager to learn, and after those three weeks I found an improvement in all departments of the game. I knew that the students in Ceylon had been coached for three years by a professional Coach, also that their masters were very good cricketers who understood the game; so it was up to our boys to do their best with what little coaching they had received during that short time.

We left Madras on the evening of the 14th September being given a hearty send off by students and friends, including Mr. Dixon of the Eccentrics Club, the Rajah of Ramnad who had taken an interest in our departure, all of whom wished for our success on the tour. After a very hot but interesting journey we arrived at Colombo on the morning of the 16th September and were greeted at the station by members of the Zahira College including Mr. Bahar, the Coach; also a very old friend



OUR COLLEGE TEAMS IN CEYLON.

of mine in S. P. Foenander of the *Ceylon Observer* whom I had met on my previous visits to Ceylon, and who kindly invited me to stay with him as his guest during our visit. Our Principal, Mr. Statham, being the guest of Mr. Samson of the Royal College, and Mr. C. K. Pillai staying with the boys at the Zahira Hostel, we were quite a happy party and were eagerly awaiting our matches in Ceylon.

After getting settled down in our new surroundings, and with tiffin and a rest, we commenced to practise at 4 o'clock on the Zahira ground which was watched by the students and several critics. The boys had two hours' good practice getting themselves loose and ready for our first match the next day at Mount Lavinia against St. Thomas' College. The match was timed to start at 9 o'clock. But a heavy shower caused a delay and we started the game at 10 o'clock. C. D. lost the toss and St. Thomas' started their innings against the bowling of C. D. and Rajagopalan. Both bowlers soon found a length and after some very good bowling and fielding St. Thomas' were dismissed for the small total of 89, C. D. taking three wickets for 18, Rajagopalan four for 11, two very good performances in their first match. The fielding of our boys was very good and our bowling, being backed up by good fielding, made quite an impression amongst those who were interested spectators. Requiring 90 for victory, our boys started very well. Uthappa when batting well was badly run out for 22. Badradri, after making 31, in attempting to drive their slow bowler was caught. His innings included a beautiful six. With the score at 62 for two, a collapse set in, and we found ourselves in the position of 70 for seven still requiring 20 runs for victory. However C. D. and Venkoba Rao came together and hit off the necessary runs. Venkoba Rao playing a nice forceful innings for 36 not out and C. D. making 14, the game ended, St. Thomas' 89, Presidency 136, a very fine start

for our boys. During the innings Ramanathan pulled the tendons of his knee, and was carried off the field.

The following day, Sunday, the hockey team which consisted of several of the cricket eleven were engaged in a match with the C. L. I. eleven. Ramanathan being a member of the team was an absentee as his injury the previous day was serious and he was unable to play in any of the hockey matches and could not bowl during the rest of the tour. However, the team playing splendid hockey gained a great victory by four goals to three, winning their first match. Our second match on the 19th September was against Ananda College and C. D. winning the toss elected to bat. Uthappa again coming along with a nicely played 45, C. D. 30, Thiagarajan 26, Ramanathan, 16 all playing good cricket, C. D. declared with the score 180 for eight, leaving Ananda 2½ hours to get the runs. They made a disastrous start by losing their first two wickets for eight runs and five for 33. Our boys were well on top. Then a series of missed catches came along which gave Wickramaratchi three lives and with Perusinghe their Captain playing very sound cricket, they took the total to 100, when Perusinghe was caught for 41. His innings was a splendid effort for his side and made what seemed a certain defeat into a creditable draw, Wickramaratchi making 36 not out. Rajagopalan again bowled well securing three wickets for 19 runs. The fielding of C. D. was again very fine and the catch that dismissed Albert was a great effort. The slackness of the other members was so pronounced in their ground fielding, also their catching against the fine fielding of their opponents and made that great difference of a win instead of a draw, the score being Presidency 180 for eight, Ananda 100 for six.

The following evening our hockey team played Mr. D. S. Senanayake's strong eleven and we suffered our first defeat on the tour by three goals to one. On

September 21st, our next match was with Zahira College and great interest was taken in this match. The boys being the guests of the College a good game was expected. Heavy rain delayed the start. But play commenced at 9-35. C. D. lost the toss and Zahira started batting with Swangsa and Lafir. Lafir was dismissed without scoring. This brought in Hallaldeen, a good forcing batsman, whose name was freely spoken of as being a member of the Ceylon touring side to India. The wicket was very easy as a result of the rain and our bowlers were greatly handicapped by having to bowl with a very wet ball. But Hallaldeen ought to have been taken in the slips before scoring. A heavy shower drove the players back to the pavilion. After an interval of half an hour play again commenced. Towels were freely used by our bowlers to keep the ball dry. With his score at 27, Hallaldeen was again missed, this time at the wicket. He then started to force the game along and with a brilliant six reached 50. When he had made 88 he was taken at the wicket, his innings consisting of several boundaries but he was rather fortunate in having two escapes. With Hallaldeen's dismissal the score was 133 for two. Then a collapse set in and at lunch the total of 138 for six was very good owing to our bowlers being handicapped by the wet ball. After lunch everything went wrong for our boys, catch after catch being dropped, the next two wickets putting on 54. Zahira College then declared at 202 for eight. Our boys started batting with confidence in spite of the large total, only to collapse against the bowling of Hadard, who claimed five for 13 runs. The only consolation was that Krishnamurthi and Rajagopalan held the post for the last wicket for 40 minutes. Our boys showed bad judgment in running between the wickets and two wickets were thrown away when they were batting well. Missed catches again were the deciding factor. And our side were hopelessly beaten, Zahira 202 for eight, Presidency 59.

For our next match we had to make the journey to Kandy to play Trinity College on the 24th. We arrived at Kandy at noon on the 23rd and after lunch our Principal took us out to see the famous Botanical Garden. At 5 o'clock the hockey team were engaged to play an all-European side. There had been heavy rain, and our boys were having their first experience of playing on a wet and heavy turf ground. The Europeans consisted of some 'Varsity Blues and were a heavy side and they revelled under the conditions. Our boys were all at sea on the slippery turf and could not stand up. During the interval, they doffed their shoes and played in bare feet. But the heavy going suited their opponents and they won handsomely by four clear goals. The match was played with a fine sporting spirit and the work of the Referee, Mr. Hamer, was very fine. He afterwards controlled the game with the all-Indian and Ceylon Teams.

On the next day, Saturday the 24th, we met the Trinity College Cricket Eleven. And here our boys were to play their first game on turf. The wicket was soft and slow, and having lost the toss we were sent in to bat. It was quite evident that the wicket would soon become difficult with the sun drying it fast, and our boys soon found that to get runs would be a very hard task against good length bowling. We had scored 49 for three, when we lost another three valuable wickets for one run. Sreenivasan, however, played a valuable innings of 35 not out, and we finished the innings with a total of 89. Trinity commenced their batting and made a bad start losing their first two wickets for 9. Then misfortune came to our boys. C. D., our safest catch, missed Baultyens an easy chance. Then Ramanathan missed Ratwatte in the slips with the total at 21. These two chances made such a difference to the result of the match as these two batsmen were Trinity's best and they proceeded to put on another 35 runs. C. D. and

Rajagopalan were bowling well and the batsmen were quite content to play for safety. With the score at 62 for 6 wickets we still had a chance of victory, Trinity still wanting 28 to win. But with more missed catches and slack fielding our chances faded away and we were again beaten, Presidency 89, Trinity 120. C. D. bowled splendidly with 6 for 41. If we had only taken our chances and worked hard in the field, no doubt we might have won.

We returned to Colombo on Sunday morning, and in the evening the Hockey team were again busy in a match with Mr. Virasinghe's Eleven; and after a great match our boys just managed to win by the only goal scored. The fine combination of the boys and their fast and clever movements against a strong and heavy side brought them the victory. On Monday, the 26th, we played our match with the Royal College on the beautiful turfed Police ground. C. D. again lost the toss and was sent in to bat. The Royal boys were an Eleven of fine physique and made our boys look quite small in comparison. And by some good bowling and clever fielding our boys were trundled out for the small total of 75, of which Uthappa scored 21. But sensations were to follow. The Royal boys commenced their batting against C. D. and Rajagopalan and the latter bowled so well that in 3 overs he had captured 3 wickets for one run. With the total at 9, J. R. De Sarem then followed and after scoring a single, Rajagopalan missed an easy c & b. De Sarem, considered to be their best bat, and Ahamath then continued to play steady cricket until the score had reached 52, when Rajagopalan captured De Sarem's wicket. The game was now all in Royal's favour and when Coomaraswamy came in with some free and lucky hitting in an innings of 27, the question of winning the match was beyond doubt. Royal innings concluded with the total 102. Rajagopalan bowled splendidly 5 for 41 and if the simple catch had been held no

one knows what may have happened. But it is that glorious uncertainty which makes the game.

The following evening the Hockey team entered into their final game with Tamil Union Champions and a very strong side. Our boys played a magnificent game and their short and clever passes were fine to watch. Biddapa, an energetic leader, and C. D. with his brilliant and quick movements in giving his forwards those correct passes, upset the Union, who were completely outclassed in all departments of the game. The College won by 5 goals to two, a great finish for the Hockey team, who during the tour had played good and clean Hockey, all working together with that team spirit which wins matches. Their Hockey was greatly enjoyed and admired by opponents and spectators alike.

The next day a match was played on the Ceylon Police Ground between the Presidency College, including myself and Mr. C. K. Pillai, and Mr. G. S. Raju's eleven, a strong side, including several well-known Ceylon players. I was elected Captain of the College side, and tossing for choice of innings I won and decided to bat. We lost our first 3 wickets for 21, when Mr. C. K. Pillai and myself became associated and we carried the score to 134, when C. K. was bowled after playing a delightful innings of 45. His timing and placing of the ball was very fine and showed some of the old sparkle of what he must have been like in his younger days, a very fine cricketer. I myself made 75 and owing to the intense heat I retired. At 151 for 7, I declared the innings closed. Mr. Raju's eleven opened with those very fine Ceylon batsmen, S. L. Hubert and Wijesekera, to the bowling of myself and Mr. C. K. Pillai. In starting my second over I had the misfortune to strain a rib muscle and could not take any further part in the game much to my disappointment. Mr. C. K. Pillai bowled admirably securing two wickets for 31 runs, Hubert playing a

very nice innings of 45. At the close of play Mr. Raju's eleven had scored 104 for 3 wickets. The match was a most enjoyable one and during the interval both teams were entertained to tea by Mr. and Mrs. Raju and the kindness shown to us all by Mr. Raju will always be remembered.

Our next and last match was with St. Joseph's College, considered to be the best College side in Ceylon and which they proved themselves to be against our side. Our boys being overworked and tired with Hockey and Cricket every day and with injuries received during the tour, our chances of winning our last match were very remote. The Presidency batted first and, but for a rather lucky innings by Ramanathan, would have made a dismal show. As it was, they could only muster 89, against some good bowling by Re. Bruse who captured 4 wickets. The fielding of St. Joseph's was very fine and some very good catches were made. Going in to bat St. Joseph's, soon found our tired bowling to their liking and soon knocked off the runs required. The batting of St. Joseph's, was good and consistent all the way down, and scoring 153 for seven, they won handsomely. Rajagopalan captured 4 for 41 runs.

After the match the Presidency College team were taken to Zahira College where they were entertained to tea by their hosts of the tour. After speeches made by the Principals on the success of these tours not only from a cricket point of view but from a social and educational point of view also, C. D. our Captain was presented with a piece of silver plate and a Photograph from Zahira College to Presidency College. Mr. Bahar, the Zahira Coach, who was instrumental in arranging the matches and who acted as umpire during the tour, was also presented with a fountain pen from the Presidency College. After cheers being given to our hosts, we had to make our way to the station *en route* for Madras where

we were given a great send off by friends and students from the Colleges.

I myself as coach was not disappointed at the results of the tour. Our boys were playing against boys who had had the experience of being under a professional Coach and who also had masters acting as coaches in their colleges. Our bowling was a great success on the tour, C. D. and Rajagopalan bowling admirably throughout a strenuous tour. Uthappa came to the rescue when needed with a wicket or two at a critical time. Ramanathan, who, I thought, would have been a great success in bowling hurt himself badly and could not bowl during the tour, throwing a lot of hard work on our two main bowlers. The batting of the team broke down badly on several occasions. Badradri who started his first match in good style was a failure for the rest of the tour; he could not get going and was a great disappointment to us all for so good a player. Uthappa, Ramanathan and C. D. were our mainstays in batting, Uthappa playing good and sound cricket throughout the tour and was our best bat. C. D. who came to the rescue on several occasions worked untiringly throughout the whole trip. His energy never seemed exhausted and his fielding was one of the features of the tour. Sreenivasan only on one occasion gave us some good batting against Trinity, but on the tour could not settle down. The rest of the batting was disappointing. The fielding of the side after the first match was uncanny, for, when in good winning positions catch after catch was dropped, and it was our fielding that let us down so badly. As days went by, the strain of the tour began to tell on the boys and it was asking too much of them day after day. But I hope that it will be an instructive lesson for them as they watched our opponents field and win matches by that fielding; so they must do their utmost in the future to try and emulate those good fielders

who won matches for their sides. In conclusion I must add that in taking the team to Ceylon great thanks must be given from us all to our Principal, Mr. Statham, whose untiring energy and close touch with the team did everything possible to ensure their comfort and safety. His thoughtfulness, cheerfulness, and his kindly advice during success or failure made the trip such a happy and pleasant one. The Presidency College must be proud to have such a Principal as Mr. Statham whose great interest in the sports of the College adds greatly to its reputation by turning out great sportsmen. May he long be spared to carry on such good work!

J. W. HITCH.

The Terrorists

IT was a hot, sultry afternoon close upon the end of March.

The bug-bear of a University examination had come and had gone. I had somehow braved the struggle, but, had, none the less, suffered sorely in the combat. I lay stretched at my ease upon my sofa. My heart was light as a feather, relieved of its load of hoarded knowledge. Still, I was a prey to that peculiar malady of the mind, which the French call "ennui." The time hung heavy upon me. Some two-penny novelette of Wallace I held open between my hands to while it away but, the straw-coloured pages were faintly fading before my eyes, and pleasanter visions were rising in their stead.

A rap at the door. "Who is that intruder at this unearthly hour? These fellows never leave you alone." It was in no good humour I opened the door. And, when I did, goodness! who, do you think, it was? To be sure, it was Menon, the last chap you would wish for company on a sultry afternoon. But he was there, just the same as ever—every inch of him—tall as a May-pole, gay as a grig, grinning like Old Nick.

"What wind blows you here at this, of all hours?" I asked him in, by no means a mannerly manner, though I knew full well that, whatever it was, it was not a welcome one.

"Don't you see, it's a sultry noon and there is not a breath of wind even to blow the ash off my cigarette," he returned, and broke into a fit of giggling at what he thought, perhaps, a very agreeable joke. But to me it sounded quite out of season.

"Now, tell me point-blank why you took it into your head to come and drive sleep from my pillow at this hour," I said testily.

But my precious eloquence seemed to have been unduly wasted. For my visitor seemed to take the least note of it. On the other hand, he was engaged in a more profitable occupation. He had drawn a chair towards him, hung his coat on its back, and was coolly preparing to seat himself.

I was in despair. It was evident from these elaborate preliminaries that he was determined to thrust his company on me at least for a couple of hours. I began to think of coining some ingenious pretext to shake it off.

Meanwhile, my visitor grew serious, all of a sudden. It seemed to me a strange phenomenon—an eighth wonder, so to say; for, in some inexplicable way, the notion had impressed itself upon me that for Menon to be serious is impossible—if not unthinkable.

"Now, look here, o'chap," says he—and the tone again struck me as markedly changed—"credit me for once, I am in earnest, in dead earnest. You may remember, I have always told you there is the making of er—a what-you-call—detective in me. Something tells me so, but, what that something is, I never can tell. And now, it has all come true—or at least, is going to."

In spite of all Menon's seriousness, I could not help laughing. At the same time, I was sure that, if he caught me in the act of laughing, there was no knowing into what fits he would have flown. So, I tried, as best I could, to conceal my hilarity. But the attempt must have been of a failure; for, though it could not leak through my teeth, it might have chosen some other outlet for its exhibition.

"Go on, dear fellow. Out with it," I said encouragingly, and prepared myself for the worst.

"I say," he began, almost in an inaudible whisper, drawing his chair close towards me and casting a scrutiniz-

ing glance all round the room, "Are you sure that we are alone, that there's no one to overhear us? For, look you, the matter in hand is serious. I may say, it's a question of life and death."

Was I in a dream? Or was the form before me some one who had jumped into Menon's shoes by mistake? I was in strange doubts. I sat up like a stone statue—stunned and stupefied.

"No, there's none," I said at last, recovering myself a bit, "proceed."

"Now," he resumed in the same old solemn undertone, "I have often and often told you how advantageous it is to have your eyes and ears always about you, wherever you go, and at whatever time. And this thing I am going to tell you of, it has just been another illustration of my favourite maxim."

"Stuff and nonsense! Let go your maxims, and come to the point," I cried.

Dear reader, for this rude outburst, you might expect some equally rude retort. But, then, you do not know Krishna Menon.

"Well, it happened last evening," he continued, as if he had never heard me. "I was just returning home after a long stroll. It was rather late. If I remember right, it was past ten. But the night was exceptionally beautiful. The road was dead quiet and rid of all traffic. There was a fine breeze blowing from the sea. The moon—"

"My—I none of your word pictures, man! I can't stand this a minute more. If you want my ear, the bare facts and not a whit more," I said impatiently.

"Well, I ought to have told you even before," he began, as calm and unconcerned as ever, "that His Highness

the Maharajah of K— is coming down here on a visit, next week. The very minute I got to know of this, it somehow dawned upon me that something would turn up—something, not very pleasant. How it struck me, I never can tell. But such things do strike me now and then—I don't know what is the case with other people. Well, as I told you, from the first I have been having my own doubts and fears. The other day I communicated them to Ramu and Mani. But they simply had a good laugh of it and called me a 'blooming idiot.' Poor chaps! no foresight, no penetration!"

And here he stopped a minute and sighed—as if to sympathize with the 'poor chaps' for their deficiencies. As for myself, I was already bored to that extent beyond which boring is impossible.

"But, my dear chap, what has His Highness got to do with your moon-lit night and your evening stroll?" I asked him.

"Don't you be in a hurry, I shall tell you all in good time. As I told you, both Ramu and Mani laughed. Fools laugh where angels fear. And now, what with this and what with that, my suspicions are all come downright true."

Another pause, and Menon betook himself to a heavy pinch of snuff.

"I came to know of it only last evening," he resumed. "As I said before, I was on my way home, rather very late. Just as I neared the Palm Grove, however, I came upon a strange-looking trio seated close together at the foot of a big tamarind. At first, I took them for mere tramps. But why on earth should they lurk in that vicinity at such a late hour? Tramps never do that—at least genuine ones don't. They confine their gambols

to the day-time. They were not tramps, whatever they were. That was obvious from the stealthy way in which they carried on their discourses, and the suspicious looks they cast round, from time to time. Then, what were they? I became curious.

"Anyhow, they had not seen me. That was lucky indeed. So I took off my shoes, went over to the fence and crept along it like a thief, till I came to the entrance of the grove. I laid my shoes on the ground, and stealthily made for the spot where I had seen them. Without much ado, I came to the back of the big tamarind, at the foot of which they sat. I was completely screened from all observation. At the same time, I could hear and see all that passed among them. The moonlight lit up the scene before me.

"But, good God! what hideous figures they were! One of them—and he seemed to me the head of the party—wore a huge turban on his head, and he had a big, bushy beard and long, frightful whiskers. There was a sinister look about his dark eyes and his tall figure. On the whole, he looked a Sikh. He had something in his hand, which, now and then, glittered in the moon-light. This something I took for a dagger.

"The second was no better than the first. He was a lean, little man with a hideous black complexion and more hideous white teeth. He had nothing on his head except an island of baldness in the centre. He was leaning forward greedily devouring the eloquence of his 'Chief.'

"But the third was a perfect contrast to the other two. He looked younger and more humane—and human. He wore a pair of spec's and a khaddar cap. His long, loose shirt covered every inch of his body, leaving only the face and neck bare. Somehow, his face struck me as strangely familiar. And I wanted that it should not be familiar.

"They were busily engaged in conversation. I drew my breath short, cupped my hands behind my ears and listened.

"'Now, it's all settled. Look you,' says the turbaned rascal, 'don't fail to be here on Monday night. That's when he comes. The car may turn up at any time. So, come here as early as you can.'

"'We will, if there's breath in us,' returned the second and added after a pause, 'God help us in this our crusade against these d—d Rajahs.'

"'Hush, softly, a bit more softly,' said the turban. 'Now, then, when the car arrives, as soon as it's time, I shall fire the initial shot. And then you must follow suit. Now, sharp, don't fail.'

"'We won't, God help us.....'

"With that they rose and walked away. I didn't dare to bring myself out till they had disappeared into the darkness. I was surprised, dismayed, horrified. So, they were murderers, terrorists!

"I went home and have been since then in a flutter of agitation. I have thought it all over. We must avert this dastardly outrage, this murder in cold blood."

Menon stopped. I didn't know what to do—whether to laugh or to be serious. I stared vacantly at the second Sherlock Holmes before me. And that worthy personage, thinking it was in admiration, seemed to grow an inch taller, and looked patronizingly at me—his poor, dense Dr. Watson.

"We may need the police," I said at last.

"No fears. My intention is to do without them," said Menon. "However, there's heaps of time and I shall think and let you know if there is any new development."

With that, he rose, slipped on his coat, and left me abruptly with a dramatic "Evening.".....

Was it all a silly midsummer afternoon's dream? No, it could not be, for there was Menon, in flesh and blood, hurrying along the street as self-important as ever.

Anyhow, the mountain was in labour; but a mouse must not be the result.....

* * * * *

On Monday evening, at about four, as I was about to go out, the telephone bell rang. I took up the receiver, cursing the late caller, whoever he was.

"Hullo! Tampi.....It's I, Menon, speaking...Things have come to a head. Be at Palm Grove, 'xactly 8 P.M. I have asked one or two of our friends. No need of police... At 8 P.M. sharp, don't fail."

I hung up with a contemptuous sneer.

Anyway, I had no engagement at eight, So I decided to go and see what all this fuss was about.

It was a quarter to seven when, true to my word, I presented myself at the Palm Grove. The sky was somewhat cloudy, and the night was not very bright in spite of the moon. The few lamps that lit up the road burnt like glow-worms and the road was none the better for them. To my annoyance, I found myself quite alone. There was not a soul, either of Menon's 'conspirators' or of the rescue party he said he had mustered.

After some twenty uneasy minutes—during which I cursed Menon to my heart's content—I was a bit relieved by the appearance of that worthy detective himself.

"Why's it none has turned up as yet? It's awfully late," I said.

"You must learn a little more of patience, my dear chap, especially in this sort of business," he replied, as if he had been engaged in 'this sort of business' every blessed hour of his life.

"Look here, Tampi," said Menon, after a while, touching my shoulder. I turned and saw a pair of automatics in his hand. He put one into mine and whispered,

"In case of any terrible emergency. Not otherwise."

"Unlicensed?" I demanded.

"Yes—No...Anyway, you'd beter not use it except in case of the extremest peril—in fact, except to save your life."

I put the cold, little thing into my pocket and wished it were not there.

In a little while, the two friends whom Menon had asked also arrived. He had not forgotten them also. He gave them each a something which I could not distinctly see. But not automatics, that was sure.

This distribution of arms over, our 'Chief'—I mean Menon—gave us a few instructions, which I never heard. I was in some sort of a dream. I could not believe this was all true, that there was a live pistol inside my trousers' pocket, ready to crack at any moment, that there was going to be an attempt upon an innocent man's life, that I had come to prevent it—to prevent it and nothing short of that!

However, when I roused myself up from this trance and cast a lazy look all round, good heavens! what do you think I saw? A few yards ahead of us, under the shade of a huge tree, sat crouched the strangest trio that I ever saw. In the uncertain light, I could not make out what they looked like. But, whatever they looked, they did not look

human. In the hands of one I saw a strange something, which looked like a blunderbuss.

If what they say is true, I must have turned about seven different colours as I saw them. So, it was all true. Till now, I had doubted the veracity of Menon's statements. I had taken them somewhat lightly. I had given them as little weight as to many others of his statements. But now, I could doubt no longer. They were before my very eyes, those conspirators whose secrets my friend had wormed! They were there and no mistake! There was no more room for doubt. I shuddered.

I was struck with the calmness of my friend. He stood leaning against a neighbouring palm in a firm attitude. It was the first time I admired Menon—and I hope it will be the last.

After a while, he took us behind the tree under which the terrorists sat. The gigantic trunk hid us from view. I drew the closer to it in a horrible state of trepidation and suspense.

Hoot-toot! The horn of a motor car! Instantly, the three forms before us were on their feet. I was more agitated and sweating than ever. I perceived but dimly all that passed before me. Something told me the moment for action had arrived. The three before us made a dash, as if for the fence. But the next minute, we were upon them, all the four of us. Menon's iron grip fell upon the turbaned fellow's wrist, and I myself had pounced upon the dark, little man.

A yell of pain issued from my adversary—or rather my prey—and, whether out of fear or pity, I let go the hold on his throat. But, to my surprise, he neither stirred nor showed any inclination to attack me. Instead, he straightened himself up and stood as clam as he ever

could be. I, for my part, was too surprised to do anything. So we stood looking at each other—the strangest pair that ever met for a duel.

On the other side, however, the fight had taken a more serious turn. Menon struck at his opponent with a fire and fury I had never imagined him capable of. It was as though the fiend himself was in him. His companion seemed to be quite overpowered. He drew more and more backwards, never daring to raise his arm. But, suddenly, I saw him free himself from Menon's hold with a quick, violent jerk. The next instant, he stood there, his formidable weapon pointing at my friend's throat. A minute, and it would be all over with my poor friend! I was pinned to the ground as the thought struck me. It was horrible, too horrible!

But my friend seemed not to have seen it. With a desperate leap he sprang upon his man and caught him by the beard! And yet he was all unscathed!

Meanwhile, the long, dark beard and whiskers fell off, and the one-foot turban followed suit. And there stood, in lieu of the fierce 'Terrorist,' Ramu,—the same Ramu who had called Menon 'a blooming idiot'—his lips parted in a wide, loud laugh.

Too stunned to speak, I turned to look at my antagonist. But there was no dark, little man. Instead, my eyes fell upon my friend, Mani. He too was laughing.

Lastly, where the man with the spec's and the khaddar had taken his stand I now found Gopu, shaking, like his friends, with uncontrollable laughter.

Soon a cordon was formed round the wondering detective and loud went the chorus from mouth to mouth.

"Hurrah! for our amateur detective."

P. S. NATARAJA SARMA.

The Singer

I.

HE leaned against the stone parapet and looked into the swiftly-flowing water beneath. Overhead, the day was perfect; the risen sun, away in the East, shone straight down on the wide meadows. The tall trees were motionless in the morning calm; but they rang unceasingly with the songs of birds. It was an exultant, triumphant morning—warm and caressing.

On his left, two shallow stone-steps, moss-covered at the sides, raised the bridge on which he stood, above the garden level. Beyond the steps, the long shadows of the chestnut trees fell across the path, strewn with their fallen blossoms, and underneath the trees, the dark spaces were as cool and mysterious as caverns. Overhead, between the masses of green, he could see the cloudless, haze-veiled sky that promised great heat. But to all this Arthur Maitland was as one blind—for yesterday the light had gone from his heart, when he was betrayed by the one man he had thought of as friend.

He was the only son of John Maitland and Viola, Countess of Iorre Braechi and heir also to the Maitland millions.

His father, who had conferred so great a boon on civilisation by the invention of "Maitland's Margerine, the **only** substitute for butter," was happily deceased; but his name still flourished on factory wall and bus advertisement and station boarding.

In temperament and feature, Arthur was his mother's son—passionate, eager and proud; slight with that slightness which gives the impression of smallness, of the dark

southern colouring, with the deep, black, dreaming eyes of his race.

He stood there then unmindful of the glory of the young day, his eyes smouldering with the glow of an inward, fretting flame of hatred and revenge.

II.

Suddenly he stood alert. Above the growing murmur of the morning, there arose on the stirring air, the notes of a song, lifted up to heaven in an exquisite gust of melody, as pure and fragrant as a dawn breeze among the hills. It echoed in the wilderness of the vaulted arches and leaf-groined roof of the woods; rising with the fluttering agony of a lark that leaves his familiar plains for the dreaming skies; then, note by clear note, it winged slowly down in a piercing ecstasy of joyful resignation torn from the radiant heavens to its lowly home among the tangled grass.

He was scarcely conscious of the rapturous beauty of the song he heard; but the dykes of hatred that ringed his soul were shattered by a rushing tide of joy, awful in its might that surged over the rough ways of his heart. And not joy only, but a glorious pain too—for this song came from one whose lips held sorrow, though his eyes were lightened with desire.

Again the song arose—louder as it came nearer; it had no words—at least none that mortal ears could tell, only a concord of divine harmonies that filled the soul and brimmed the eyes with happy tears.

His own emotions forgotten, Arthur watched the shadowed pathway through the trees.

Then, beneath the still leaves, his face hidden in the shadow, came a boy singing as he walked in the shade towards the bridge. His bare feet were bandaged, and the

white lilac with which his arms were filled was crimsoned by the pressure of his hands. His head was bent, for his eyes were fixed on the loosening bandage round his left foot. He sat down on the step and laid the stained lilac on the dark, tapestried stone. The hair that fell around his shoulders in dark, tangled curls glistened with the silver dew; and, leaning to the left, Arthur could see that the blood had oozed through the bandages on his feet. But, all this time, his back was turned to the lad on the bridge. He fastened the trailing bandage, but seemed not to hear when Arthur asked him to come up to his house and rest.

"And how were you wounded?" Arthur asked.

The boy arose before answering, picked up the fragrant lilac and said, "In the house of my friends." As he spoke, he lifted his head, so that the clear light of the sun fell full upon his up-turned face.

Arthur saw it then for the first time. And he stood still staring, for the eyes into which he had looked for that one brief moment were his own. The song broke out once more—but he stood, waiting.

There was the stone-work under his hands with the sunlit water flowing swiftly beneath; the park, green and gold, splendid in the sunlight; the lawns dimmed with the fading dew. Still he stood, but the chestnut shadows framed no figure, and in the trees only the songs of birds rang clear, and everything around him was as before.

SR. M. BARBARA.

Mr. Babu Rao

MR. Babu Rao fumbled in the inner pocket of his old alpaca coat (which, by the way, being very old, was showing a natural tendency to turn grey) and took out, after much adventure with his deft fingers a small paper bundle and opened it. Quarter anna pieces fell down on the pavement in profusion. He stooped and picked them, then counted them with meticulous precision and paid the money to the khaki-clad postman standing rigid in front of him with a V. P. letter balanced between his fingers. The dignitary of the Postal Department counted the coins again and slowly shook his head, conveying to Babu Rao his obvious meaning.

"Not exact?" asked Mr. Rao.

"Two annas more, sir."

"How, I gave you one rupee and seven annas."

"You have to pay one rupee and nine annas, sir."

Babu Rao was disconcerted. He deliberately removed his turban from his head, scratched the hanging tuft of hair and looked at the postman in perceptible dismay.

"Two annas for the V. P. to be paid extra," said the postman.

Babu Rao was now more or less enlightened, for, though he did not exactly comprehend why there should be a V. P. charge extra, he thought such a thing was possible in these days of increased rates and enhanced taxes. But, then, where was the balance to come from? He was a very conscientious officiating clerk in the Sub-Collector's office drawing Rs. 25 per mensem. He had paid all his loose cash to the postman and yet two annas more were required! He

again took off his turban and was just about to scratch his head when the postman very politely said, "It is enough, sir, if you pay the balance to-morrow."

"All right, thank you very much, very much indeed," exclaimed Mr. Rao and eagerly snatched from his hands the envelope.

Just at that moment, he heard the distant whistle of a Railway Engine. "Oh," he ejaculated, "10-50? I must hurry up." He tucked his umbrella under his arm, opened the envelope and impatiently drew out the contents. Then he began to walk; and walking he began to read. Often he panted. This is what he read.

"January.

Domestic tranquillity. Favours from superiors. Pleasant time with relations. Money from an unknown quarter. General prosperity."

Mr. Babu Rao read it for about a score of times. After all, thought he, it was really a pleasure to know something about your future, and that for a period of one year for only Re. 1-4-0! He now smiled, or it would be more to the point to say that the ghost of a smile just flickered across his lips, for soon he became thoughtful. And, mind you, he had reason to be thoughtful; he must pay the balance to the postman on the morrow.

Having reached his office, Mr. Rao officiously entered his room where four other half-starved wretched-looking clerks were busy copying from one book to another. He looked at the clock on the wall, and was really surprised to find it was nearly 11-30. However, he was not left long enough to dwell on his surprise. Very soon, a red and yellow peon came up to him and whispered into his ears,

"Saheb wants you. Seems to be very angry."

Babu Rao became suddenly red. He adjusted his turban, wiped his forehead with the left hand forefinger and timidly walked into the office room of the Sub-Collector.

No sooner had he entered the lion's den, than a gruff European voice accosted him.

"Well, where were you? I sent for you some time ago, and was told you had not yet turned up.....What do you mean by blinking there?"

If Mr. Babu Rao should be accused of blinking, all that one interested in him could say was that he could be justified of his blinking. For he had lost all his senses at the sight of his boss in his angry mood, and he fancied that he was swimming in a marshy shoal full of alligators.....

The worthy officer in the cushioned chair now thundered, "I say. Look here."

Babu Rao looked up.

"What is your name?"

"Babu Rao, sir, Babu Rao," faltered out Mr. Rao whom fear had now reduced to the smallest imaginable human atom.

"Babu Rao!" A sardonic grin spread over the face of the superior officer.

"H'm", he grunted, "you are a bibbing idiot, a blabbering bandicoot."

Poor Rao hung down his head so that he could feel the tip of his nose pressed against his intercostal ribs. The odd feeling came over him that he was swimming helplessly in a marshy shoal full of alligators.....

In the commotion of his brain, Babu Rao could distinguish only a few of the stentorian words addressed to him, some of which were to this effect:—

"Get out, you embalmed mummy. I will see that you are fined the whole of your dirty pay. I say, get out."

Mr. Babu Rao, the only son of his father, a "School-Final-Failed," the husband of his Chellam, etc., slowly crept out. Nor did he raise his head for a good many hours.

The evening found Mr. Rao returning homewards, an exact antithesis to the buoyant figure of the morning. His head was still held down, and he seemed unconscious of the world around him. The astrologer's predictions remained uncared for in his pocket.

He reached his little home. At least Chellam, thought he, would not call him names. The B's in his name would not tempt her to call him a blabbering bandicoot. He was sure of that. And it was his only consolation.

"Chellam," cried he, "Chellam."

But no Chellam replied him. The house seemed empty. Unable to gauge the reason for such a dismal silence, the householder stood thinking on the threshold.

Just then came a tornado of words from what he easily recognised as the voice of his mother, who virago-like nearly pounced upon him. Her tongue clattered on in protestations and complaints.

"So this is how you allow your wife to behave to me! She can call me names and abuse me to Aunt Kuppam and Patty Rangam. You must remember that I bore you for ten months. And oh! God," said she, tears swelling in her eyes, "that it should have come to this! Did she not tell you that I drink too much coffee every day? Didn't she tell you that I generally unloosen the calf so that she should have no milk to drink?" And so on and so on,

Although used to such things, Babu Rao found this day's vehemence of his mother's harangue was too much for him to bear. His mind again became confused, and he found himself to be swimming in a marshy shoal full of alligators.....

Straightway he went to his bedroom. There, as he had anticipated, on their threadbare bed lay his beloved wife, supine and sobbing. The sight was too much for the loving husband to bear. He went to her, knelt beside her and said coaxingly,

"What is the matter, my dear?"

After a good deal of coaxing and caressing Chellam spoke in a whisper.

"Your mother punched my nose flat this afternoon in the presence of so many, because she thought that I was carrying tales about her to you." And she began to sob endlessly.

Out again into the front yard of his house came poor Babu Rao. Hunger (because none had up to this time offered him his customary cup of tea, the domestic imbroglio having kept his mother and Chellam busy with tears) and also remorse gnawed at his heart's fibres. But not for long. Govindasami, one of his neighbours and friends, employed in "The Hope Eternal Bank," just then came in with a long face and drooping jaw.

Both looked at each other. Each found the other sad and sullen. And each interpreted it in his own way. After an awkward pause of a good many minutes, Govindasami said, "So you heard it all."

"What?" moodily asked Mr. Babu Rao.

"I am,—well, fired."

"What! Why?"

"You surely heard it in town, didn't you? Our Bank has failed."

"Closed?"

"Liquidation."

"Liquidation? Great God!"

"Yes, and I am thrown out. What am I to do with my family?"

Babu Rao did not hear the rest of his friend's woes. He was thinking of himself. The closing down of the Bank meant to him the loss of thirty-two rupees and four annas and the interest for about six months. His entire worldly monetary savings! Three years' hoarding! The result of the strictest economy! Oh, it was unbearable.

No wonder that he suddenly rose and fled. On the way he stumbled and fell flat on the ground. Fortunately, as it turned out, he rolled down, and the astrologer's predictions popped out in front of him. Instinctively he grasped the paper and read:—

"January.

Domestic tranquillity. Favours from superiors. Pleasant time with relations. Money from an unknown quarter. General prosperity."

He laughed a coarse laugh such as is laughed only by a select few of the world. He tore up the paper and threw away the thousand and one shreds into the air.

Then, suddenly, he stood erect, raised his head with an initial jerk and smiled. His face beamed. His features reddened. A new idea full of promise seemed to have come to him.

They say that good old Archimedes cried out, "Eureka, Eureka," when he solved the problem that now worries

many of our School-final students. Babu Rao instead expressed his ecstasy in one pretty little word. And that was, "Chellam."

* * * * *

Four years have passed. Mr. Babu Rao now lives in a big mansion in one of the busy streets of Madras. He is a famous astrologer now. People have a very high opinion of him and his predictions. His beloved wife Saubhagya-vati Chellam Ammal never goes out now except in her Baby Austin. Somebody told me yesterday she was now learning to drive. And her car bears the advertisement—

"The world-famous Astrologer—Babu Rao's predictions! For one year's Life-reading—Re. 1-4-0. For answering four questions—Rs. 2."

A. P. B. N.

G—

When all the wealth of heaven was mine,
I tired your wrists with dew,
And wore long robes of star-shine
And a scarf of my dreams for you.

In the silken lisp of the dew, ah! Sweet,
I hear your laughter start,
And the night-sky shines where it trailed your feet
Or was gathered at your heart.

And when my dreams are crimson-flushed,
Or gravely white with grace,
Against your lips my glad scarf brushed
Or lingered on your face.—

B.

Reflections on Death

EVERYTHING on the face of this earth has an end, even as it has a beginning. When I say this, I do not, for a moment, call to my aid blind faith, but argued conviction. Death is the natural end of a natural being. Hence the most scientific explanation that one can give of death is that the human mechanism, or any other mechanism for the matter of that, so long as it is a mechanism, falls a victim, even under the most favourable circumstances, to Time's ravaging hand, wears out gradually and ceases to function. Everything under the sun that moves or creeps or flies or grows, awaits alike the inevitable hour, when it can no longer move or creep or fly or grow. The eyes refuse to see, the ears do not want to hear, the heart cannot beat another beat. The directing power, the comprehending sense, is no longer there. What remains for human solace and human sorrow is a mass of dead matter which becomes an object of pathetic appeal. The very thought of it throws us into a philosophical fit; the sight of it moves us to tears and evokes our sympathetic sigh. It melts the stoniest heart, for here even the most selfish man pauses to consider with serious concern the problem of life and death, and shudders to think of the same fate overtaking him and those near and dear to his heart. He sees the uncertainty of human life, expatiates on the strange pathos of human existence, and in that solemn moment sheds an unconscious tear or two.

And what may seem a strange paradox, which it really is not, is the curious fact that the dead matter bereft of life carries more respect than the living. All the many shortcomings and sins of the dead man are forgiven and forgotten for a moment, and his scant virtues picked up

and praised. And if the poor man managed to tumble through life without virtue, his children's virtues are credited to his account. If this source too fails, the dead man yet does not go without praise. "He was such a wonderful snuffer," somebody will say. "He used to smoke away a tin a day," another will remark, meaning of course to praise this as a very commendable trait in his character. All the past unpaid affection is now bestowed on the lifeless thing, if it had not the good fortune to receive it during its lifetime.

Now, what is at the bottom of all these exhibitions of human nature, of all these expressions of human weakness? It is not exactly the dead man or the dead body, but his past excellence and present helplessness, or, to put it more directly, the idea of death—the mystery about death—that has baffled man since our world began. Even the palæolithic man used to honour the dead. The modern man too does the same. The difference between the two does not lie so much in the solemnity attached to the occasion as in the crude rock-cut grave of the barbarous savage of a bygone age and the marble-plastered and artistically embellished one of the refined man of a civilized age. Death and life after death remain a mystery to this day.

This mystery about life and death has occupied a prominent place in the history of human thought from time immemorial. Different systems of philosophy concerning body and soul have sprung up in different times giving us different codes of conduct for our guidance on this side of the grave. After a circuitous path of all possible kinds of reasoning, man still finds himself where he began. The vague land before us still remains unexplored.

When I say this, it is evident that I do not take into account what Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and a

host of others have to say to the contrary. If the creator of Sherlock Holmes indulged, while he was alive, in all sorts of wild unconvincing theories and thought it fit to hoodwink his fellow-beings, it was uncharitable of him. And if, after his death, he sends messages to his wife and children and others of his chosen clique through the medium of a kerosene bottle or a piece of black linen, he is at perfect liberty to do so. And, as regards Sir Oliver Lodge, are we to treat his words seriously for the very simple reason that he has one foot in the grave? No. Any opinion on so vague a subject, however strongly it may be expressed with a sense of conviction, is bound to be erroneous; any conclusion reached with the aid of human reason on a thing that has transcended human reason all these years sinks to the level of mere conjecture. The scientific method of putting everything to the test of experiment is impossible in this case. Then, is there no likelihood of the mystery being unveiled?

It is round this question that there centres a philosophy to which man gives little thought. It would be an evil day if the problem of life and death were once for all solved. What little order prevails in this universe would crumble down, if man were to find out that death merely meant an escape from a life of endless misery and suffering in this world to one of greater bliss and happiness in another. In that case, I would be the first man to leave this world to try my chances in the other. Then the heart-rending scene around my death-bed would give place to a happy farewell entertainment or, at the most, to a pathetic leave-taking. But, as it is, man's complete ignorance of the vague Hereafter creates for his fancy a dread of Hell and a hope of Heaven, and though he shoots up above the clouds or dives into the fathomless deep, he has that instinctive fear of death which exerts such a powerful influence over him, his character and his actions. And

his fear of death is best illustrated when it is said that, though he knows that he must one day or other give up his last breath to eternity, he does not think much about it; he does not allow such a thought to trouble his mind. It affects man but feebly so long as he has other more powerful attractions to engage his attention. But it is in life's evening that its influence is predominant. Hence it is that the old man shorn of all glory tells his beads and broods over the vast unknown, takes up some holy book, and thinks of the Judgment Day to come. And, when the hour for him draws nearer and nearer, the last vestige of his courage, hope, and strength vanishes; he submits to death with meekness and sadness. It is indeed a strange irony of fate—call it an irony of Nature if you will—that man should appear on the stage as a child, and after a drama of varying fortunes and changing interest, should make his exit also, not as a man, but as a child, displaying all its characteristics. How can we explain this weakness of man?

The answer is simple; man is so unwilling to part with life. Some of our wisest men have been the most pitiable cowards in this respect. Dr. Johnson is a good example. He had such a morbid fear of death. It is our very unwillingness to part with life that lends death that awe and terror that makes it so formidable and so forbidding.

Man desires to live the longest life possible. That is why he quails at the thought of an unnatural or untimely death. The picture of Lady Jane Grey mounting the scaffold deeply affects us; the vision of Mary, Queen of Scots, presented with the death-warrant strikes a sympathetic chord in us. Chatterton and Keats, Burns and Byron, withering at an early age almost shocks us and makes us painfully feel how, if they had been spared a few more years, the world would have been the better for it.

That is why humanity holds in reverence the memory of those noble souls who have fearlessly faced unnatural death for some great and good cause. Thus Joan of Arc burning at the stake is more appealing than even a Christ dying a natural death.

Death is an ordinance of Nature. It plays a vital part in the ordered progress of the world. The dignity of man lies in the fact that he is a very progressive animal. Old order must change and give place to new. Changing ideas and ideals will flourish only in a changing atmosphere, and in a changing society. Is not then death a necessity?

This question naturally reminds me of my fate. To tell you the truth, I have not thought much about it; I cannot think much about it. The problem of life and death is too much for me. As Hazlitt says, "There was a time when we were not; this gives us no concern—why then should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be?" I don't wish to enjoy any long lease of life. I would like to live as long as I can and die when death overtakes me; my only prayer to Death is that it may overtake me painlessly, allow me, as long as I am alive, the free and unembarrassed use of my snuff-box—poor little thing—and grant me the joy of the company of my dear little dog.

* * * * *

Since writing this essay, reader, my little dog has died and my snuff-box has been lost.

E. S. VENKATARAMAN.

The Emerald Isle

EVERY country has its own peculiar wealth of scenery, customs, language, ay, even the very physiognomy of its people to amuse the stranger. America boasts of her massive sky-scrappers, grand canyons, roaring cataracts and waterfalls. Its great cities are maelstroms with the citizens of bottled-up-lightning countenances! Australia has her peaceful, undulating downs and wild bush-land. Africa is the land of strange animals and yet stranger men. The lure of the East comes over every visitor to India with its fascinating customs as ancient as her hills, and still more fascinating people—its glorious sunrises and sunsets. Switzerland is the play-ground of Europe. Venice is a veritable fairy land. Scott has immortalised the wild romantic beauty of his native county. But let me spirit you away to that "little Emerald of the Western World" and there show you a bit of heaven. Ireland may have lost her freedom, but thank God, no human agency could deprive her of her beauty.

Songs have been sung, poems and books have been written of her virtues. The beauty of her lakes and dales, her vales and hills has been the subject of many a theme. In one song she is spoken of as "a dear old land of fairies and of wondrous wishing wells" and later the same song continues "nowhere else on God's green earth are there such lakes and dells."

Ireland is a garden of scenic delights, but of these delights we get very little information. The outside world hears of "Killarney's lakes and dells" and the "Sweet Vale of Avoca." But these are only a few of the myriad lovely spots in this beauty-dowered island. When one tries to describe any one place, one is forced to spill epithets about almost recklessly; but the exquisite beauty of St. Patrick's Retreat rises above mere words. Cupped within encircling hills of wild beauty nestles the lonely and picturesque island of Clogher. It forms a scene of

wild, romantic beauty not only in itself, but in its approach for miles.

The road thereto winds along, now by beautifully wooded country, now at the foot of beetling cliffs perilously near the water's edge, and now through sylvan scenes of softest green and brown and purple, where the mountain streams dash noisily across open country and constantly flower into cascades, bursting over rocks and boulders with the music of myriad fairy horns and bugles. Nothing but the artist's palette and brush could give any idea of its rapturous beauty, and even this would fall far short of the Supreme Artist, whose canvas this earth is and whose colours are of the dawn and the setting sun. God, in creating the world, lavished on Ireland, as on no other country, many and varied scenes of idyllic, ravishing beauty. He liberally sprinkled it with "star dust." No wonder the Irish are holy, for beauty raises the soul to the essence of all Beauty—God.

The island is approached from the main land by a causeway passing under rows of wild ash trees. From the little sanctuary to which St. Patrick was supposed to retire to pray, a wonderful panorama of beauty stretches on all sides. You look down on rippling waters of the lake fed by a thousand rushing streams that course down the mountains on every side. The lake is fringed with hoary ash trees and over-hanging willows, while the island of softest emerald is well-wooded with trees of the same species. The feeling that comes over one in this wild and beauteous enclosure is that one has in a dream walked out of the world into a bit of heaven dropped from the skies by God—as a sample! What a morning prayer to see the sun rise over the brow of the eastern mountains and flood with its golden light the magnificent and historic countryside, or at evening withdraw its crimson disc, while gradually suffusing vale and cliff, tarn and island with rose and saffron and emerald and mauve.

S. F.

Our Friend Mani

IT was November. The harbinger of a brief spell of delightful weather, the sunny day, as rare as it was unexpected, had its exhilarating effect even on that thoroughly unpoetic class of people known as 'mugs' in our hostel-vocabulary. Our friend Mani trying in the solitude of his room to concentrate his attention on the book before him felt a queer sensation he had never experienced before—an urgent inclination to fling away his books and go out into the open. The strife within him between will-power and inclination worried him so much that he wished—an impious wish perhaps, but still a sincere wish—that the whole hostel with its noisy inmates would go to blazes.

Mani thought further resistance futile. He dressed and went out on a friend's bicycle with the laudable intention of wandering about until he was in a quieter frame of mind, until his brain became more capable of wrestling successfully with those particularly slippery antagonists—chemical formulae.

It was a queer experience of his (and perhaps of a number of other persons as well) that whenever he roamed aimlessly through the town he came inevitably to a particular gate—the gate of the Moore Market. It was quite in the way of nature that our friend was not displeased with the goal to which fate had brought him. Leaving the cycle at the stand he promptly went in without even the remotest idea of purchasing anything. He, however, soon began to delude himself into the belief that he was urgently in need of quite a number of things, so that he was not surprised on coming out an hour later to find a certain fat bundle under his arm, which he knew was not there when he went in.

It was when he was proceeding to unlock his cycle that the suspicion crossed his mind. He had failed to reserve half an anna for the stand-charge. He opened his purse and there sure enough was one solitary pie blinking at him, accusingly he thought.

Our friend treated the contractor's demand for his due as a joke—and a silly joke too for that matter—and condescended to favour him with a laugh. This bit of acting which, if it were accompanied by a propriety of time and place would have won our hero volleys of applause from far better men, seemed quite lost upon that singularly undramatic personage—the stand contractor's boy. Further details are not worth going into. They were painful enough.

It was an indignant Mani that issued through the gates of the Moore Market a few minutes later with no cycle but with a bundle and a brass token, the latter of which he seemed to regard keenly and with unconcealed hostility. The sun was burning and the melted tar scalding to the feet. Though a bit shaken and angry, Mani was in no want of resources. Walking to the hostel, he saw, was out of question, and so hailing a passing taxi, he jumped in.

The arrival in a taxi of Mani who, a short hour ago, had left on a bicycle created a sensation in the hostel which that unfortunate gentleman most wanted to avoid. For the second time that day he wished the hostel and all its inmates in the region of everlasting darkness. Such being his mood, one can easily imagine what our friend felt when he suddenly realised that he had no money to pay the taxi-wallah. In his indignation against the stand contractor, he had clean forgotten the root of all the trouble.

Pretty confident of his having some money in his box, he rushed up to his room, the taxi-wallah, who had had a few experiences with students before, following him with a

suspicious eye. Another unpleasant shock was in store for our friend. His eager search in his box was rather poorly rewarded. While busy rummaging among the contents of the box, our friend's keen ear was arrested by the unmistakable voice of the taxi-wallah on the stairs. Mani was not an idiot. There was only one thing for it that he knew—bolt!

From his looks, as he issued through a backdoor of the hostel and got into a tram, nobody would have thought that an indignant taxi-man was at that very moment giving an elaborate description of our friend's appearance to a circle of excited young men inside that very building. Mani went to the Moore Market and reclaimed the cycle. He purposely waited for one full hour imagining what was then going on in the hostel; and that occupation, I need not tell you, was far from being a source of pleasure.

When our friend finally returned, it was nearing four. The coast was clear. No taxi-wallah was anywhere in sight. Our friend was no stranger to the habits of taxi-men in general and had no reasons to think this particular specimen an exception to the rule. He did not, for a moment, suspect that the man went away without giving adequate expression to a few of his foremost impressions about students in general and himself in particular.

Therefore Mani thought it prudent to submit to an imaginary attack of influenza. When at last he got the better of this voluntary illness, the taxi affair was so completely forgotten in the hostel that very few thought of a taxi when they saw Mani. But Mani, it seems, has not forgotten it as yet. Even the other day he was hotly maintaining that Madras would never improve as long as there were so many of them—taxis.

K. RAMAKRISHNAN NAYAR.

From Chittoor to Anantapur

I

SUBBU and Balu are the sons of the Divisional Officer of Anantapur. They are students of the Presidency College, Madras. Before they fixed the date of starting for Anantapur for the summer vacation, they were invited by their uncle (who was a non-gazetted officer at Chittoor) to stay with him for a few days at least, if not for a few weeks.

Letters were addressed to Anantapur, until eventually the longed-for permission was granted. The letter containing the permission reached Subbu and Balu at ten o'clock in the morning, and before twelve noon they were ready to start. Soon a taxi was engaged, and without much ado the Bangalore Express was caught. Everybody scrambled for space, and in the commotion Balu, a lean, lank boy, occupied a seat which was found vacant. But, after a few minutes, a strong Pathan entered the train and asked him to quit his seat, saying that he had occupied the place long before anyone arrived. He concluded by telling Balu that, after depositing his things in the train, he was strolling along the platform for more than thirty minutes. Though Balu was trembling within, he wanted to make a show of himself. So, with affected courage, he defied the huge Pathan. They came to close quarters. Poor Balu! the next moment he was swimming "in the air." Intervention became inevitable. The fight was brought to an end with great efforts on the part of Subbu, who won over the Pathan with conciliatory words.

The train steamed off. At about four in the afternoon, the two brothers wended their way to their uncle's residence at Chittoor.

At Chittoor, Subbu and Balu had a pleasant time with their cousin, Narayan. Days passed like minutes. And, when a week elapsed, discussions as to 'when to start' began. Sunday came, and it was decided that the brothers should start the next night. A letter came to Subbu which necessitated his hurrying back to Madras. So, Narayan was asked to accompany Balu.

Balu's uncle, a loquacious gentleman, expatiated on the difficulties of procuring any refreshments or even water at the Railway Stations on the way from Chittoor to Anantapur. He said that coffee could be had only at one intermediate station named Kadiri, where a solitary vendor would bring coffee to the station. Balu and his cousin were told to look sharp at Kadiri, since the quantity of coffee brought in by the vendor would be small and would usually be snapped up at a rush by the thirsty passengers on the train.

First Balu contemplated travelling by second class. But his uncle silenced him by giving him an account of how lonely second class travelling would be on that branch line.

II

The evening arrived. Balu and Narayan took their meal early. Balu's aunt stuffed fruits and big packets of tiffin in a huge net-bag almost up to the bursting point. The biggest glass jar in the house was cleaned up and filled with drinking water. Balu and Narayan had to carry these along with several other things which formed their luggage.

They reached the station in good time. As it was a festival day, no porter was in sight. By turns, the things had to be carried in—a gloomy beginning for a long journey. Tickets were quickly bought, and Balu's uncle was in a dilemma as to which of the two boys should carry them,

Narayan was older, but Balu had more experience in railway journeys. He wavered for a few minutes and at last conferred the favour on Balu.

The distant whistle of the train broke the stillness of the night. In a few seconds the search-light became visible. At last the train was sighted. As usual in that branch line, the train consisted of thirty carriages (including the engine) of which six and twenty were 'goods' waggons and only three were 'passenger carriages.' Of these three, two were third classes and one was a second class. The last carriage was the guard van. Of the two third class carriages, one was at the head and the other at the tail end of the train. The latter carriage was crowded. So Balu, his uncle and Narayan, after a run along the platform, reached the first carriage, which was quite empty but for an Excise Officer, who was proceeding to a station next to Pakala. They tried to open the door of the carriage in vain. It was locked; the key was with the guard. Alas! there was no time to spare. What could these poor people do? They first dropped in the things through the window. Balu's uncle was a sturdy man, and he cut the gordian knot by pushing the two boys into the carriage through the window. The "goods-byes" were then duly exchanged, and the train moved.

The Excise Officer introduced himself to the boys, who in turn made themselves known to him. He asked his young acquaintances whether they knew how to play at cards; they nodded assent. A card packet was then taken out, and the three threw themselves heart and soul into the game. In their enthusiasm, they did not notice that they had reached Pakala Junction.

At Pakala, the train to Anantapur has to retrace its journey for a mile on a parallel line and then deviate from the original path. So the engine, which was next to them,

was disconnected and was attached to the train at the other end. The officer, by chance, peeped out, and to his amazement, saw that the carriage in which they were seated, was standing aloof from the main train. So he had to bawl out for the guard to bring the key, because the door of the carriage was locked from outside. Then the two boys and he rolled up their beds, took out their trunks and in a moment were running along the platform to the other end of the train to get into another carriage. At last, in the nick of time, they thrust themselves into a carriage which was already full; the next moment the train moved and the station began to recede.

To tell our readers how filthy our rustics can be would be as foolish as to carry coals to Newcastle. The stinking smell of their unwashed clothes made it difficult for our friends, at first, even to breathe. But the trouble was only for a few minutes, for thereafter the smell became familiar to them, and they ceased to feel it as offensive in any way. With conciliatory words they acquired a little more space in the compartment. Like the camel in the fable, who drove out his master from the tent, after obtaining permission from him to thrust his head within the tent to escape the cold wind, they gradually made for themselves ample space and stretched themselves. The officer's destination duly arrived and he vacated his place much to the comfort of the boys.

Balu and Narayan played at cards for a considerable time. They had no opportunity to admire the scenery on the way for "Night had spread her coverlet of darkness" over the whole place. And at last they sank down to sleep.

III.

The first rays of the sun struck the eyes of Balu. Up he woke with a start and asked his neighbours, with the little Telugu he knew, whether the train had passed.

Kadiri. They replied in the negative much to his satisfaction. Then with two hard pulls he made Narayan sit up. The big jar containing 'Chittoor water' was soon searched for. As soon as it was found, they washed their faces and emptied the bottle in the hope of filling it with coffee at Kadiri.

Since Balu's uncle had told them that the demand for coffee at Kadiri would be great, the two boys were naturally anxious not to miss the chance. They mistook two stations for Kadiri and got down from the train, bottle in hand. At last the semaphore of the long-expected Kadiri came in sight. But lo! the signal was not up. What weary minutes for the boys! They spent the time in discussing as to who should go out for the coffee. Finally they came to an agreement. Narayan was to go to the left side of the platform, bottle in hand, and fill it up to the brim, if he came across the vendor. In the meantime, Balu was to search in the right half of the platform for the vendor, and if he happened to see him he was to bring him to Narayan.

The signal was given, the train entered the station and stopped. Down sprang Narayan, the empty bottle in hand, and ran to the left. Balu ran the other way. No living creature, except two beggars and the Station Master, was there on the platform. Narayan returned with a vacant look and met Balu who had an anxious face. They were determined to break the hundred yards record. But the second attempt was in no way better than the first.

Meanwhile, everyone in the train got down, not to go in for coffee, but to have a better view of the race which Balu and Narayan ran. Seeing the people get down, they increased their speed, thinking that the people were going to purchase coffee. Eventually like spent steeds they panted for breath, staggered and stopped. They consulted each other for a second and off they ran to the Station Master.

The Station Master was a stout man with a protruding belly. When Balu and his cousin entered his room, he was lying down in an easy chair. They asked him in an imploring manner where the coffee-man would be found. The Station Master started from his stupor and laughed for full five minutes holding both his sides. This rude and unmannerly behaviour of the old man put the young men out of their wits. But what was their consternation when at the end of his hearty laugh, the Station-Master cried "Who is the coffee-man? And why did you come here? How dare you enter this room when there is a 'No Admission' board hung outside?" These words robbed our friends of their speech. They dared not even look at each other's faces. With the speed of lightning they made their way back to the carriage and sat in silence.

But a few minutes bore their shock away, and they became their old selves again as soon as the train began to move. The card packet was once again taken out, and they began to play. Balu and Narayan enjoyed themselves till eight in the morning. But hunger soon took hold of them. They therefore took out two mangoes from the net-bag and began to eat them. But they saw a semaphore when they peeped out of the window, and on enquiring, they found that they were in the outskirts of Dharmavaram. What a pity! They had to get into another train at that place. Hastily they devoured their fruits, and saw the station moving up to them almost before they finished rolling up their beds.

A peon had been sent by Balu's father to accompany the boys from Dharmavaram to Anantapur. So there was no difficulty in transporting their luggage from the one train to the other. When everything was transferred, Balu and Narayan sat in their places, musing over their adventures.

Just in front of their carriage there was a coffee hotel. Seeing it, they enquired of the peon how many minutes the train would stop there. He replied 'Five minutes more, sirs.' With hope radiating from their faces, they got down and ordered two cups of hot coffee. The crowd at the hotel was thick, and it was a difficult task to buy anything at the counter. Two cups were ordered, but only one came. According to the peon's surmise there were only two more minutes for the train to start. So Balu divided the cup of coffee into two equal halves; he took one half and gave the other half to Narayan. It was very hot and they were endeavouring to cool it. But, suddenly, the engine whistled. The boys thought that there was only a minute more, and to their terror the guard waved his green flag. This was enough for the coffee-drinkers. In an instant their cups were emptied; and their tongues were scalded by the hot beverage. Balu took out his purse and placed one anna on the counter. The manager of the hotel, casting an inquiring look at Balu, said "Why one anna, sir? You ordered two cups of coffee! So you must give two annas." At this Balu was exasperated. What could he do but remonstrate? There was almost a brawl. The facts of the case were hurriedly laid before the crowd, which was asked to act as the jury; and the verdict of the jury made Balu part with one anna more.

Misfortunes never come single. Such was the case with Balu and Narayan that eventful morning; for, as soon as with scalded tongues they ran at top-speed and jumped into the train, which was just beginning to move, it stopped. It did not stir out of its place for another thirty minutes. During that long interval, they thought how easy everything would have been, if they had used the empty bottle a second time. But what is the use of shutting the stable door after the horse is stolen? They got down and sauntered till the train restarted. They talked to each

other not, of course, of their disappointments, which were still rankling in their minds, but of various other things, which had no place in their thoughts just then. Speech was verily given to man to conceal his thoughts.

The train moved as slowly as a snail, and the heat of the sun soon took an aggressive turn. It is known to all how scorching the sun is in summer in the Ceded Districts. Monotony and disgust crept over Balu and his cousin and the rocking motion of the train lulled them to sleep. While then were dozing and nodding, the train stopped suddenly with a jerk in the midst of a palm grove. There was neither a station nor a semaphore, but a number of palm trees dancing in the wind. The boys awoke from their slumber and peeped out. They saw the engine driver get down from the engine and repair to a small hut in the vicinity. Then Balu remembered his uncle's words, that in that branch line the engine-drivers would occasionally stop the train to drink toddy on the way. He did not believe it at that time. But the truth was proved before his own eyes.

The hope of reaching Anantapur, within dinner time was continually deferred. The hungry boys hoped that every coming station would prove to be Anantapur. But they were so often disappointed that they gave up all hope and laid themselves down and closed their eyes. At last, at twelve noon, after a laborious and weary journey, they reached their destination more dead than alive.

V. N. SRINIVASA RAO.

"Senseless Heckling"

RECENT events have brought to a head the question of discipline among Madras students—a question which has always been troubling chairmen of meetings, officers of Unions and all serious people who attend, and are interested in, public gatherings. On this subject, Mr. S. K. Chettur delivered a 'stinger' in our magazine sometime ago, but for all the effect it has had on the (dis-) orderliness of our Union proceedings, it might as well not have been written. During the second performance of "Hamlet" by the Renascence Theatre in November last, the barracking that went on was reported as 'disgraceful.' And when a well-balanced production of 'Oedipus' was being attempted by the College Dramatic Club, the "senseless heckling" of a few was so persistent that the *Madras Mail* came out with the bold headline, "Good Play marred by Heckling."

If you go to a musical performance and do not like it (either because it is poor or because you have an ear not trained to music, which is more likely) you do not stay there and shout and stamp, but you have either the patience to be silent or the decency to walk out. A public speech or a play is—to the performers and the sensible part of the audience—as serious and can be as artistic as any musical performance; and it should be subject, in a civilized country, to as few interruptions by loud-lunged, heavy-footed, undiscerning critics. The traditional good manners of our people seem to forsake the Madras student just when they are most needed; and the ignorant, and brazen-throated selfishness of our young men has made them an aversion and a terror to people of taste and refinement.

In our own College, when an acutely intelligent but deliberately unrhetorical speaker is on his feet, the unthinking part of the audience clutters out with ostentatious dissatisfaction. It is quite time that we in the Presidency College changed our manners and acquired a better reputation.

AN OBSERVER

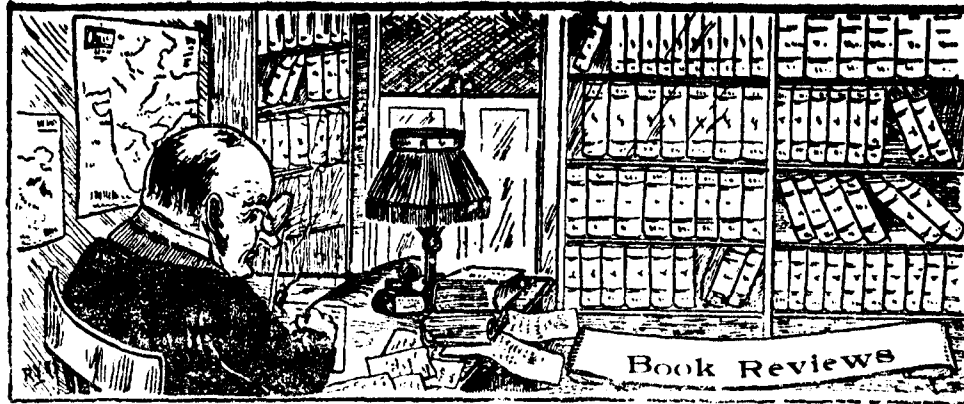
Our Elections

Who can forget election time,
When to be quiet is a crime?
They knock down Tom and sit on him,
And never spare a single limb.
They threaten force, well backed with noise,
Unless he votes for "him," their choice.
Between the claims of Sam and Ram
To choose aright one needs some calm:
But who can dream of silent quiet
Amid this 'democratic' riot?

Who can forget election day?
This man "ki Hoot" that man "ki Jai!"
You needs must go and needs must vote,
If you desire to save your coat.
If you presume to linger long,
They'll charge at you a hundred strong;
They'll pull your hair, they'll tear your shirt;
Who cares if you are whole or hurt?
Your head may hum, your eyes may pain,
Your shouts for help are all in vain.

Who can forget election hour
When all the freshers skulk and cower?
Who thinks of books, who cares for classes?
The big boys march in howling masses;
They peel your skin, they pull your tooth,
And fling you in the polling booth.
You make the mark and totter out
And run from this infernal rout,
And wonder why such things are done
In the most sacred name of Fun.

"PEACELOVER"



HINDUISM TO-DAY—By D. S. Sarma, M.A., Professor,
Presidency College, Madras. Ganesh & Co. 1932.
Re. 1-8.

"[T] is my intention here," says Prof. Sarma in his preface, "to show some of the reactions in the minds of educated and serious-minded Hindus to the impact of Western culture and also to indicate some of the lines of development which renascent Hinduism is taking to-day." Hinduism is a simple name for a whole system of creeds, beliefs, observances and institutions which have flourished for long ages in this ancient land. It has shown a marvellous capacity to give and to take; it has evinced remarkable resilience in the face of revolts from within and attacks from without. Starting as a separatist reform movement, Buddhism has, in the land of its birth, merged in the parent stream imparting to it a new force and a fresh direction. The Greek and the Persian, the Muhammadan and the Mongol have influenced its growth and been influenced by it in turn. Every fresh contact has meant for Hinduism a new adaptation, some re-adjustment of its ancient dispositions, which give evidence that the old tree had still the strength to receive with advantage a fresh graft in one or other of its numerous branches. There is little reason to believe that the future will differ much from the past in this respect.

The first effects of the impact of 'Western culture' on the mind of educated India were somewhat bewildering. Western culture in this context is not the same as Christianity, though the latter is an integral element in it. The wider term stands also for much else that is not particularly Christian, that is sometimes even palpably non-Christian. In the last century it meant, among other things, a high regard for science and its achievements, tendency to exalt reason above faith involving a certain, contempt for religion as a 'relic of barbarism,' and an emphasis on the good things of life, often described, though not accurately, as the growing materialism of the age—an emphasis which has been the motive actuating all the attempts at social amelioration. Science, democracy and socialism in the West, and the criticism of Indian society by the Christian missionary, who had come to shed on another, and in his eyes a pagan and barbarous, land, the light of a gospel that had begun to flicker in his own country, combined to depress the minds of many of the educated Indians, and to make them unduly pessimistic about themselves, their society and the future of their country. They saw little that was good in the past of their own land, and came to believe that their salvation lay in cutting away from it as fast and as completely as possible. And when they knocked against the inevitable obstacles in the way of such a programme, they were apt to throw up the sponge in a fit of despondency.

All this is, fortunately, very different now. We think the better of our own religion after our sacred books have found translators and publishers in the West. We are beginning to respect our past the more, because English and European scholars, who can be counted by the score, are devoting themselves enthusiastically to the study of our history, art and literature, and the principal Universities of the West give a considerable place to Indian studies in the scheme of their education. And 'Western

culture' is itself undergoing a profound transformation, which is the result as much of its live contact with the East as of the world-war and its aftermath. Science is beginning to express itself in less dogmatic tones on the fundamental problems of matter and life, as it is fast discovering the limits of its range in various directions; and great scientists are willing to see the old conflicts between 'science and religion' in a new light. And no keen student of the current literature on these subjects will fail to be struck by the remarkable fact that the philosophy and the psychology underlying Hinduism stand the test of the new criticism much better than the creeds of other faiths.

To recognise the inherent strength of the Hindu faith and the superiority of the spiritual experience underlying the tenets and practices that are of its essence, is by no means to be oblivious of the merits of other faiths, or to be blind to the havoc wrought by many unhealthy growths within the fold of popular Hinduism. For religion to retain its power and permanence, it is necessary to save religion from discord with knowledge by opening to it a possibility of movement *pari passu*; beliefs and practices cannot be uniform and stationary through the changing contents of our experience, and the changing capacity of thought for adjusting their relations. It is often useful to compare together religions of different origins and different ages to obtain an insight into the historical conditions of their existence, and to reach the core of residual truth embedded within layers of what is partial, false or obsolete.

Professor D. S. Sarma applies these principles to Hinduism as he finds it to-day and reaches results which, though they may not all command either immediate or universal assent from every Hindu, are bound to set the minds of the thoughtful and the progressive among them on the right path. He is a clear thinker and forceful

writer, and he makes no attempt to mince matters in dealing with what in his opinion is wrong or false. Those who are likely to be scandalised by this are exactly those who are least likely to profit by perusing it, and to them the book is not addressed. To Mr. Sarma "the ultimate ground of belief in Hinduism is spiritual experience and not an arbitrary authority" (p. 15).

He rightly stresses the fact that "the passion for experiment and liberty of thought and distrust of authority, which are supposed to be the characteristics of modern science and modern criticism, are implicit in all Indian philosophy" (p. 3). How deeply and truly religious Mr. Sarma's outlook is will be seen from the following statement made by him: "secular culture and the consequent intellectual refinement, no doubt, often bear the external marks of a soul in harmony. But it is strong religious faith that creates the genuine article which culture only counterfeits." (p. 30).

This little book is not a systematic treatise but a collection of essays written on different occasions and necessarily somewhat unequal in content and method. The essay on Yoga and Dharma now first published is, if one may say so, the best of the lot and well worth careful study. That on Ritualism puts the case for and against rituals with a succinctness and sanity seldom reached in discussions of this difficult subject. Among the four short essays forming Part II on 'Hinduism and Christianity' are found many shrewd comments on the relative position of Hinduism and Christianity, and on the future, in India, of the latter. The four pages on 'Christianity and Indian Theism' form the only polemic in the book into which Mr. Sarma has been drawn by the arrogations made by Rudolf Otto in his lectures on the subject. Mr. Sarma's reply is to the point and conclusive. It must make the

enemies of Hinduism pause and think before they start throwing stones at it.

The book is very well got up, but it is a pity that so many obvious misprints should have escaped correction.

K. A. NILAKANTA SASTRI

PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES—By K. Chandrasekharan, M.A., B.L., with a foreword by Sir S. Radhakrishnan. (Madras Law Journal Office). Price Rs. 2.

This is a collection of thirteen sketches, four of unnamed persons and the others of personalities like the Right Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar and Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri. As Professor Radhakrishnan says in his short but telling Foreword, the writer has succeeded in the difficult task of being sympathetic as well as just in his portraiture of living people.

It is a pity—but inevitable in the circumstances—that the young writer's choice of subjects has had to be limited to persons who have achieved a merely professional rather than an ultimate spiritual success. What is said in the Foreword of the sitters for this gallery is only too true: "Their strength as well as their weakness is an exaggerated sense of balance and proportion, hardly consistent with great faith in or even enthusiasm for radical changes. It is a law of life that our desires can be accomplished only by fighting and making sacrifices for them. It is good for our politicians to know how others see them. If these sketches induce a mood of self-inquiry, they are not written in vain."

The pencil sketches of Mr. K. Ram Mohan Sastri are very pretty as well as faithful; without any exaggeration of features they bring out the characteristic lineaments

and expression of his subjects. The quiet certitude of his touch is truly admirable. The Venkataramani is a little masterpiece.

Mr. Chandrasekharan, too, deserves consideration as an artist in the harmony of prose. Unfortunately he often claims the artist's licence in grammar, punctuation, figures of speech and paragraph-construction. But in the construction of his sentences, he attempts a happy combination of the snappy manner of A. G. G. and Laski with the epigram and balance of the seventeenth century character-writer. The following assorted extracts will illustrate the qualities of the resultant prose-style:—

"Students adored him; veterans envied him." (of Sir C. P. R. Ayyar.)

"Crowds cheered him; councillors respected him." (of Mr. Satyamurti).

"He is full without losing brevity, profound without lacking precision, bold without being bumptious." (of Mr. S. Varadachari.)

"He is kind but not charitable, frolicsome but not frivolous, proud but not vain." (My favourite Guest.)

"He is industrious like a bee and steady like a clock." (My Family Friend.)

"His culture is limited, but his confidence unbounded." (My Pundit.)

THE ENGLISH HERITAGE SERIES—Longmans
Green, & Co., price 3s. 6d. each volume :

SHAKESPEARE BY JOHN BAILEY

LONDON BY H. G. CORNER

THE FACE OF ENGLAND BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

THE Heritage series promises to become very important in the world of books. That Shakespeare forms a precious part of English heritage is easily arguable. The general reader is, however, interested more in a new book on Shakespeare than in the analysis of his genius with the sole aim of pointing out its English character. The book before us aims distinctly at a popular presentation of the subject and is therefore different somewhat from Sir Walter Raleigh's contribution to the English Men of Letters Series. A chapter at the beginning collects with great industry the details from all the different plays which serve to compose for us Shakespeare's Life and Character. Mr Bailey has availed himself of all the latest books in writing this chapter. He inclines for instance to the view that Shakespeare must have been a schoolmaster for some time, and the beautiful poaching story was impossible for the double reason that deer had not been parked at the time in Shakespeare's place and Shakespeare's own vocation did not lie in the way of poaching. Mr Bailey is always refreshing in the wealth of illustrations he chooses from recent authors.

Three succeeding chapters consider the works of Shakespeare in their chronological order. This arrangement has a great advantage over the analytical order. Learned theories are all fully considered in these chapters. Mr Bailey pays careful attention to the remarks of the Editors of the New Cambridge Shakespeare, and his own judgments show both thoroughness and independence. The book lacks an index, but this is obviated by the simple

arrangement of the book. We believe the book will be much in requisition both by the general reader and by the student for its attractive style, wealth of learned illustrations and sobriety of judgment.

The book on London offers a very readable account of the growth of the city from its earliest origins. We learn from the book many interesting details of the city, as for instance that "Piccadilly" is derived from the Hall built in 1623 by a tailor who specialised in a kind of ruff called "pickadillie." The book could have probably attained a higher literary quality by a greater subjective treatment, concentrating on such figures as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Johnson and Dickens. There is a note at the end of the book on the evolution of the government of the city. An index is also provided.

"The Face of England" is the work of a poet and gifted critic, and not a book written to order. The descriptive sketches, which are both in poetry and in prose, comprehend the minute details of animate and inanimate Nature as well as the innumerable changes of the season during the course of the year. The sketches are not lifeless paintings, each is concentrated on a real experience of life. Among other essays is one on "Summer and the Poets" in which Mr. Blunden points out that "Kubla Khan" is essentially reflective of the English summer. Even as he was able to trace some features of the Ode on the Nightingale by Keats to earlier writers, Mr. Blunden discovers in Coleridge the "development of a tone" in William Collins's Ode on the Passions. He also names Spenser, Thomson and Keats as the summer poets of England. Though this book is written about the "weather", it attains a high excellence and will prove permanently enjoyable to the reader.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI



COLLEGE NOTES.

The following are the changes in the staff during the second term :—

- (1) The services of the Principal, Mr. Statham, have been lent to the Travancore Government, and Mr. Douglas has been posted to his place.
- (2) In place of Mr. G. A. Srinivasan on leave for two months Mr. S. Isaac has been appointed to act as Assistant Professor of Mathematics.
- (3) Mr. N. Srinivasa Chariar, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, has been transferred to the Government College, Mangalore, as his post has been abolished as a measure of retrenchment.
- (4) Mr. U. Mangesh Rao has been transferred to the Government College, Mangalore, and Mr. Sreemanbadar has been posted back to the College in his place.

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We are very glad that one of our 'old boys'—the Kumararajah of Chettinad, known to the older members of the staff here familiarly as Muthiah—has been elected President of the Corporation of Madras. We congratulate him most heartily on the honour and hope that in years to come he will be the recipient of even greater honours.

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Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Fyson have reached home after travelling through Italy, Belgium and Holland and seeing old pictures, and are now settled down at Rushwick, Worcester. Mr. Fyson is

College Notes

163

anxious to know how his old students and colleagues are getting on here and is very much interested in reading the College Magazine.

THE UNION SOCIETY.

The activities of the College Union were, as usual, preceded by the election of the Secretary, one of the most exciting events that periodically convulse the placid monotony of college life. The election came off on Friday, the 14th October '32, the contestants being Messrs. S. Selvarangam and V. T. Narayanan. Vigorous canvassing and the littering of the corridors with multi-coloured pamphlets by the supporters of either candidate preceded the election. After the votes were counted at 5 P.M., V. T. Narayanan was declared duly elected Secretary by 295 votes against the 270 secured by his opponent.

The first meeting of the Union Committee was held on the 20th October with Mr. A. C. Subbarayulu, President, in the chair, to draw up the programme of work for the term.

On Wednesday, the 26th October, there was a debate under the auspices of the Union, when Mr. Muthuswami moved that "In the Opinion of this House, Socialism is the only panacea for war." The mover contended that wars were the product of the clash of vested interests and that as long as Capitalism and its pet child, Imperialism, kept humanity in bondage, Peace, the expression of happiness and contentment, was impossible. Messrs. Mathew Polak and S. Bhiman supported him. The motion was opposed by Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao, who was supported in his arguments by Messrs. Jaffar, K. Narayanan and Mohammad Ali. The opposition pointed out that Socialism, which meant a complete upheaval of Society as constituted at present, would bring about greater strife, and that its very inauguration would be heralded by bloody fights. After the mover's reply, the Resolution was put to vote and carried by a large majority. After a few remarks from the Chair and the customary vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

On Friday, the 4th November, the members of the Union mustered strong in the Big English Lecture Hall to hear Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar. Before the proceedings commenced, a resolution recording the Union's deep sense of regret at the tragic death of Mr. D. Gopalan of the IV B. Sc. class and requesting the Secretary to convey the same to the bereaved parents was moved from the Chair and passed unanimously, all standing up. Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar then delivered his lecture on the "Martyrs of Science." He pointed out how many noble spirits had sacrificed their all in the cause of Science and to what extent the present level of civilization attained by humanity was due to the unselfish labours of a Galileo, a Pasteur,

or a Darwin. He drew special attention to the persecution they were subjected to and the contumely that was showered upon them by a sceptic or ignorant public. The meeting dissolved after a short speech from the Chair and the vote of thanks by the Secretary.

On Wednesday, the 16th November, the Union Committee met for the second time during this term. It was resolved to organise an Inter-collegiate Debate for Tuesday, the 29th November, and Messrs. H. Sambamurthi, A. Hilaly and Raghuvveera Shenoy were selected to represent the Union at the same. On the motion of Mr. S. V. Govindarajan, it was unanimously resolved to give a party to Principal Statham to congratulate him on his appointment as the Chairman of the Education Committee of Travancore. By another resolution, also unanimously accepted, it was decided to include the former Presidents of the Union, who were in the College, among the ex-officio members of the Union Committee.

The Committee also resolved to request the Principal to purchase some up-to-date books on the art of debating and oratory for Rs. 100 and to have them placed on a special shelf in the General Library.

The same evening, there was a debate in the Big English Lecture Hall, when Mr. Sambamurthi moved that "In the opinion of this House, compulsory military training should form part of University Education in India." Dr. Parameswaran seconded the resolution in a militant speech. He showed the necessity of an Indian army for the protection of the self-governing Dominion of India that was soon to be. Mr. Mathew Polak opposed the motion and was seconded by Dr. Kallukaran, who dwelt upon the danger of war arising out of the competition in armaments and pointed out the injustice of calling upon the already over-burdened tax-payer to pay for the military training of the University men as well. Messrs. S. Sreenivasan, Mohammad Ali, V. G. Seshadri and G. N. Seshadri spoke in favour of the resolution. The opposition was supported by Messrs. Ernest Joseph, Jaffar and P. Nagaraja Rao. After the mover's reply, the resolution was put to vote and declared carried. With the President's concluding speech and the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

The Inter-collegiate debate came off on Tuesday, the 29th November. Six colleges from outside were represented at the debate. Before the commencement of the debate, the Union Committee was "At Home" to the speakers. At 4.45 P.M. the debate commenced with Mr. Sambamurthi's motion that "In the opinion of this House, the Conference method has contributed much to the solution of International Problems." Mr. R. Venkatesan of the Law College led the opposition in a brilliant speech. Messrs. A. Hilaly (Presidency)

A. S. Dorairaj (Teachers') Kaziin Sheriff (Mohammadan), Mallayya (Christian), and E. Subramaniam (Medical) spoke in favour of the Resolution, while it was opposed by Messrs. S. M. M. Bahmani (Mohammadan), T. V. Kunjidapadam (Teachers'), T. R. Parthasarathi (Law), Rodericks (Christian) and Raghuvveera Shenoy (Presidency). The loud applause and other signs of approval testified to the deep interest taken by the House in the question under discussion. After the mover's splendid reply to the arguments of the Opposition, the resolution was put to vote and declared lost by a narrow majority. After the remarks from the Chair, the usual vote of thanks brought the function to a close.

Messrs. A. C. Subbarayulu and Jaffar represented the Union at the annual Y.M.I.A. debate held on the 30th November '32.

On Friday the 2nd December, Sir K. V. Reddi addressed the Union on "Some Aspects of Federation for India." After enumerating the various difficulties that stood in the way of Federation for India, the learned lecturer concluded by hoping that a better understanding of the difficulties in their way would make the people of India equip themselves better and work for the realisation of a free, and self-governing India. With the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

W. B. Yeats's prose version of Sophocles's *Oedipus Tyrannus* was produced on November 28th at the New Empire Theatre. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras was to have presided, but he had to leave for Calcutta the previous day, and his place was kindly taken by the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P.C., C.H.

The Swarajya said: "The biggest audience ever assembled at the New Empire Theatre" watched with keen interest the staging of "Oedipus, King of Thebes" by the P. C. D. C. At a time like the present, when even Shaw and Galsworthy are considered stale, it was a remarkable piece of audacity to have gone back to Greek times, but the success achieved by the talented troupe more than justified the selection of this piece."

The Madras Mail admired the "simplicity of setting, correct costumes and measured movements" which were the principal features of the production.

Mr. G. C. D'Cruz, Headmaster of St. Bede's, was good enough to set the choruses to recitative music and trained the singers. *The Mail* reports: "The chorus contained two very good voices, but what spoiled their efforts, and those of other characters, as well as the pleasure of a large and

distinguished gathering, was the senseless heckling carried on by a section of students from the beginning of the play to the end."

M. T. Khaleeli (II Class), in the words of *The Hindu*, "played the part of Oedipus and spoke the words with admirable enunciation and moving pathos. The acting of all the parts was very restrained and might be called "wooden" in a modern play" Creon (A. Hilaly), Tiresias. (P. Chandrasekaran), the Herdsman (T. R. Ramaswami), and the Messenger from Corinth (M. A. Khan) were all well acted.

Mr. Sastri spoke a few words at the end of the performance. He, with the rest of the audience, had been fascinated and gripped by this spectacle of the working of Fate—an idea so familiar to people in India—but presented in this tragedy in an ancient and strange setting and in such clear and moving terms. He congratulated the college on its boldness in choosing this classical play for production and on the splendid success which had attended their difficult enterprise.

The Secretaries of the Club desire to pay a tribute to the great care and unremitting personal attention bestowed by Principal Statham and Professor K. Swaminathan on every detail of this production.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION.

In addition to the usual activities of the Association during this term, a party consisting of fifteen students under the guidance and leadership of our Professor, Dr. Parameswaran, went on a tour during the Michaelmas holidays to the Kolar Gold Fields, Sivasamudram Hydro-electric Works, Bhadravathi Iron Works and the Bangalore Science Institute. The things we witnessed were at once interesting and instructive; and the authorities concerned at the various works were very kind and provided all facilities for us. The tour was a great success and we all enjoyed it very much. The Secretary takes this opportunity to express his sincere thanks to the authorities concerned through the College Magazine once again.

The first meeting of the Association for this term was held on the 10th of October, when Mr. K. R. Sampath read a paper on "The fundamental principles of Aviation." On the 21st. of October, Mr. N. Kasinathan, B. A. (Hons.) one of the research students of the Physics department, gave a lecture on "Photographic lenses and how they are made." On the 13th of November, there were two very interesting demonstrations, one on "Short waves" by Mr. C. S. Subbaraman, M.A., and another by Mr. S. Kalyanaraman, M.A., L.T. on "Ripple tank projections." On the 7th of December, Mr. V. S. Thiruvengkatachari spoke on "Upper Air Researches" and two days later, a

very useful and interesting lecture was given by Mr. G. P. Krishnamoorthy, M.A., on "The theory of the Foucault's Pendulum." Our President, Dr. H. Parameswaran, always readily consented to preside on each occasion and his concluding remarks were always a sort of filling up the gaps in the speakers' lectures.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The activities of the Chemical Society were limited to a few lectures, of which two may be mentioned here.

On October 26th, Mr. K. S. Vaidyanathan, V Hons., spoke on "The Electronic Theory of Valency," when Dr. B.B. Dey, M. Sc., D. Sc., F. I. C. occupied the chair.

On November 7th, Mr. K. Raman of V Hons. spoke on "Colour and constitution," with Dr. B. B. Dey again in the chair.

THE NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION.

A general Body meeting of the above Association was held on the 15th July '32, with Mr. T.V. Narasinga Rao in the chair, to elect the Office-bearers for the current year. The result of the election is as follows:—

President: Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam, M.A., Ph.D., F.L.S

Vice-Presidents: Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao, M.A., L.T.

„ M. Ekambara Natha Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: Miss. Leila Joel, B.Sc.

Mr. A. Rama Krishna Reddi.

Editor: „ P. G. Dowie, B. A. (Hons.)

Assistant Editors: Miss. L. N. Rao.

Mr. P. K. Menon.

Lady Students'

Representative: Miss. Y. Vayusuthamma.

Zoology Representative: Mr. V. P. Rao.

Botany: „ „ M. A. Rasheed Khan.

Geology: „ Miss. S. E. Crane.

IV B Sc.: „ Mr. Mr. Abraham.

III B.Sc.: „ „ Rangarathnam.

II Class: „ „ Hussain Hussainy.

I Class: „ „ Chandrasekra Reddi.

Union Society: „ „ D. B. Raghunatha Rao.

The meeting came to a close with a vote of thanks to the chair.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Miss. E. Prem Singh, M. Sc., on the 2nd August with Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam in the chair. The subject was "Soil and its analysis in relation to plant growth." There was a record attendance. This was followed by two other meetings. In one of them, Mr. D. B. Raghunatha Rao read a paper on "Evolution" with Mr. T. S. Singh, M.A., L.T., in the chair, and in the other, Mr. V. Prabhakar Rao read a paper on "Economic Ornithology in relation to agriculture," with Dr. Ramanujam in the chair.

On Monday, the 21st November '32, Dr. C. C. John, D.Sc. (LOND) delivered an interesting lecture on "The Biological Aspect of population," with Mr. R. Gopala Iyer, M.A., M.Sc. in the chair.

The Members of the Association were "At Home" to the 'Old Boys' and graduates of the year on the 6th of August '32 at 4-30 P.M. in Fyson Park. Dr. M. O. Parthasarathi Iyengar presided on the occasion. Toasts were proposed to the Old Boys and the new graduates by Mr. T. R. Purushothaman and Mr. W. H. Lazarus respectively; and were ably responded to by Mr. Sabesha Iyer and Mr. Shamshuddin. The pleasant Social came to a close with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.

On Monday, the 7th of November, the Natural History Exhibition was held, a detailed account of which is given below.

On Wednesday, the 16th of November at 3 P.M. a Social was arranged in the Botany Laboratory to congratulate the organisers of the Exhibition on the grand success they achieved and to meet our Principal who is to leave us for a period of six months. Mr. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai presided on the occasion. After the Principal's reply to the remarks of the President, the pleasant function came to a close with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.

Apart from these activities the Executive Committee met thrice to discuss various matters. It met for the first time in July to decide matters regarding the celebration of the 'Old Boys' Day.' Next it met in October to make plans for the Exhibition. For the last time it assembled on the 22nd of November to discuss the finance of the Association and the publishing of Natural History Magazine.

THE NATURAL HISTORY EXHIBITION.

Preparations for the Exhibition had been going on very actively even from one month before its actual commencement on the 7th November, '32. Thanks to the marvellous enthusiasm and invaluable co-operation displayed by the members of the Association—especially the lady members, who spared no pains



ON THE OCCASION
OF THE OPENING OF THE NATURAL HISTORY EXHIBITION.

during the whole conduct of the Exhibition—we were able to put up an admirable show that was unprecedented.

The organisers of the Zoological section of our show are to be congratulated on having done their very best. Various and manifold were the interesting and arresting exhibits that adorned the halls of the Zoology department. Our Aquarium with its wonderfully coloured and gaily moving fishes, our experiments in Physiology, especially the demonstrations of the working of the heart of frog and kitten and the contraction of the intestinal muscles, our experiments on the measurement of emotion, our Embryology section with its embryos ranging from those of the lowest vertebrates to that of man with specimens of abnormal monstrosities, abortions, etc., were the most important of the exhibits.

Coming to the Botanical part of it, we may say that the Bose's experiments on plants, the wonders of the flower pollination and various exhibits arranged to unravel the mysteries of plant-life, were grand.

Lastly, it must be said to the credit of the organisers of the Geological section that they set up no less a show with their active, yet harmless volcano, geyser and various kinds of fossils and precious stones. There was such a tremendous array of rocks and minerals that they misled visitors to the extent of making them wonder whether any road contract had been undertaken.

At 10 A.M., on the 7th November, in the presence of a large gathering anxiously waiting to see the opening ceremony of the Exhibition, Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam, the President of our Association, welcomed the Principal and requested him to open the Exhibition. The Principal, after a brilliant speech, declared amidst loud cheers the Exhibition open to the public.

Schools after schools and convents after convents began to pour in to have a glimpse of the wonderful show. The rush grew so uncontrollable as to drive us to the necessity of closing the issue of tickets even at 2 P.M. Though the Exhibition was continued for another day, many were the people who had to go away in disappointment, unable to secure admission.

THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Two debates were held in the course of this term. The first came off on 25-10-'32, when Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao of the Philosophy Association moved 'that all history is purposive.' Mr. A. C. Subbarayulu opposed the resolution; and Mr. D. Sandilya was in the chair. Mr. K. S. Saranipureswaran seconded the resolution, after which a discussion followed, in which Messrs. K. A. Jabbar, V. T. Narayanan, Mahomed Ali, K. Narayanan, and S. Ramaswami, B.A., (Hons.) took part.

The second debate was held on 2-11-'32 with Mr. H. Sambhamurthi in the chair. Mr. K. S. Saranipureswaran moved 'that religion is a bar to progress, and was seconded by Mr. Mahomed Ali. Mr. K. A. Jabbar led the opposition. Others who took part in the debate were Messrs. D. Sandilya, P. Nagaraja Rao, Seshadri, K. Narayanan, S. V. Ramani and A. C. Subbarayulu. At the end of the debate the resolution was put to vote and declared lost. The debate was quite a success.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

Under the auspices of the Association, Dr. C. Kunhan Rajah, M.A., PH.D., of the University of Madras delivered an interesting lecture on "Kalidasa and Raghuvamsa" on Thursday, the 6th October, 1932 at 4-15 P.M.

The second lecture for this term was delivered by Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao, IV Hons. (phil.) on Thursday, the 10th November, with Prof. D. S. Sarma, M.A., L.T., in the chair. The subject of the lecture was "The Ethics of the Bhagavad Gita." The lecture was very interesting. With some instructive remarks from the President, the meeting came to a close.

The third meeting was held on Thursday, the 17th November, when Mr. K. S. Raman, IV Hons. (Sans.), read a scholarly paper on "The tragic elements in Sanskrit drama." Mr. T. S. Balasubrahmanya Iyer, M.A., L.T., presided. Some supplementary speeches were also made by Messrs. C. R. Sankaran, M. Ramakrishna Bhat and A. S. Visvanathan. The President's concluding remarks and the speech of Brahmasri S. K. Padmanabha Sastrigal were very much appreciated by the audience. With a vote of thanks from the Secretary, the meeting came to a close.

The fourth meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday, the 30th November, when Srimathi P. Ratnamayi Devi of III. Hons. (Sans.) read an excellent paper on "The Heroines of Kalidasa." Mr. T. S. Balasubrahmanya Iyer presided. The treatment of the heroines by the learned lecturer evoked much admiration. There were also supplementary speeches including one by a lady student. Brahmasri S. K. Padmanabha Sastrigal in a supplementary speech in Sanskrit gave a fine exposition of the conception of an ideal heroine. Some very useful remarks were made by the President. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks given in Sanskrit by M. Ramakrishna Bhat of V Hons.

THE ANDHRA BASHABHI VARDHANI SAMAJ.

An ordinary meeting of the Samaj was held on Tuesday, the 25th October, at 4-15 P.M. in the Telugu Lecture hall, when Mr. S. Mahaboob Khan of the II class spoke on "Bhavabhuti's Uttara Rama Charitra." Mr. P. R. Krishna-

swamy, M.A., L.T., our Vice-president, occupied the chair. The speaker gave a short history of the drama and pointed out that Bhavabhuti's 'Uttara Rama Charitra' is one of the best Indian dramas, particularly appealing to the modern audience. Mr. K. Ramamurthy (Class II) also spoke on the occasion. The meeting terminated with the usual vote of thanks.

On Friday, the 18th November, at 4-15 P.M., there was a debate in the Telugu Lecture hall, when Mr. P. Seetha Ramiah (class I), seconded by Mr. R. P. V. Ramarayanan (Class II) moved that "Music is proper for the conversation of characters in a Drama." The opposition was led by Mr. T. Ramakrishnan (Class IV), seconded by Mr. Mahaboob Khan (Class II). Messrs. W. Venkatasubramanyam, B.A., our ex-Secretary, and A. Krishna-swamy (II class) spoke for and against the motion respectively. Some other students also took part in the debate. Mr. V. Appa Row Garu, M.A., L.T., presided on the occasion. The resolution was put to vote and lost. With a vote of thanks the meeting came to a successful termination.

THE MUSLIM ASSOCIATION.

A debate was held on Wednesday, the 31st August, '32, when Mr. Jabbar moved "that in the opinion of the House Purdah should be abolished." The mover in an eloquent speech condemned the Purdah system and pointed out its defects, both political and sanitary. He pointed out how the women of the West had come to the forefront and were taking prominent parts in the different activities of their countries, simply because they did not confine themselves to the seclusion of their homes. He was seconded by Mr. Md. Ali Khan, Mr. Md. Hussain Hussaini and Mr. K. Narayanan, who in brilliant speeches exhorted the audience to vote for the resolution.

Mr. Ahmed Mohiuddin taking the opposition went on to say how even in the old days, when women observed this system, there were women of note in history. He was supported by Mr. A. Shukoor and Mr. Hyder Ali Khan, who in the course of their speeches exhorted the audience to vote down the resolution.

The resolution was, however, carried, and with a vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

A debate was held on Wednesday, the 9th November, 1932, when Mr. Jabbar moved that in "the opinion of this House the political salvation of the Muslim countries lies in Westernisation." In the course of his speech the mover told us how great the Muslim countries were in olden days and how the East was more civilized than the West. There were good political institutions and Universities even in those days. When the Muslims reached the acme of

power, the West woke up and absorbed the civilization of the East, and the east bent down before the Imperialism of the West. Then arose Mustafa Kemal Pasha and turned the "Sick man of Europe" into a strong man to be feared by many. The mover asked us to decide soon one way or the other and to carry out the message of Kemal and Westernize ourselves and follow what is best in the western civilization and not to follow everything blindly.

Mr. Md. Ali Khan taking the opposition said that Muslims were getting demoralised on account of their contact with the West. He pointed out how the Muslim Kings lost their kingdoms by trying to follow the West. He said how Kamal had no regard for religion and had forced all women to forsake purdah and dance in public dancing halls and hence had demoralised the Muslims a great deal.

He was supported by Mr. Hyder Ali Khan and Mr. Balasundaram.

Mr. Jabbar in his reply refuted all the arguments of the opposer and made such a brilliant and convincing speech that, inspite of his being single-handed, he won.

The motion was carried, and with a vote thanks the meeting came to an end.



Cricket.

THE DUNCAN TOURNAMENT.

The Duncan Tournament this year attracted but a modest entry of six, including a mossusil entry from the Tamil University as usual. We are indeed proud to record that we have succeeded in retaining the Cup. The final remains to be played between our first and second teams. It might be mentioned here that ever since its inception the Cup has not gone out of the College. We wish it circulated a little more.

Coming now to the details of the tournament, the College First Eleven played the Law College in the first round on the 3rd November. Unfortunately it had been raining the whole of that week and the match had to be played on a soft and tricky wicket. Entering first the Law College could score but 51 runs against our steady attack. N. V. Rajagopalan conspired with the wicket and the fieldsmen and ran through the side with a fine analysis of 5 for 20. But we fared none the better for it. Our wickets fell like nine pins, when, however, towards the close, A. R. Srinivasan hit out with a great heart and secured for us a lead of 16 runs. In their second knock the Law College collected as many as 127 runs. Ramanathan and Rajagopalan bagged three wickets, each conceding 48 and 53 runs respectively. With but 112 for a win, we did not open well. Fortunately for us, Badradri came off very well, hitting in great style 65 runs, which secured for us a victory with a couple of wickets to spare. The College batting was very uneven.

We passed to the next round to play a great match against the Christian College. Taking the first knock, we proceeded to hoist a record total of 433 runs in less than five hours. Badradri was again the hero with a record individual of 182 runs, which included 22 fours and 3 sixes. He hit unsparingly. But, of this huge total, he would have scored only dozen runs on the off side—

which fact might interest the readers. Here is a tip for him ; it is not profitable to neglect the off-side strokes. He was ably supported by his brother, Thiagarajan, who claimed a well-played 58, and by Ramanathan and C. D. Parthasarathy, who had a breezy 68 and 52 respectively. Our opponents scored 87 in the first inning and, following on, made 124, Ramanathan and C. D. Parthasarathy sharing the bowling honours with 5 for 51 and 4 for 40 respectively.

In the other half, the College 'B' played the Loyola College. The College put up a total of 191 runs, the chief contributors being Biddappa 50, and S. Y. Muthuswami 43. Loyola replied with 131. And in the second knock the College had 100 to its credit, thanks to K. Krishnamurthy and Biddappa who scored in turn 33 and 28. Loyola was bowled out for 115 runs, Biddappa bowling them out with 5 for 16.

The match with the Annamalai 'Varsity' was one of uncertain fortunes. The College, batting first, put on only 121; after having a lead of 101 runs for the loss of three wickets, we went down unaccountably (Sambandam 39, K. S. Venkataraman 22). Sambandam bowled remarkably well to get the 'Varsity' men out for 105. He took 6 for 22. With Prabhu scoring 25, and S. Y. Muthuswami and Balasundaram 22 each, the College scored 136 in the second venture. The Annamalai team opened promisingly and by lunch scored 59 for the loss of only two wickets, their best bats carrying on well. Resumption after lunch, however, saw a fresh enthusiasm infused in our boys who exhibited great keenness and fielded so brilliantly that with the addition of barely fifteen more runs the whole 'Varsity' side was out. (Biddappa 4 for 18, Sambandam 3 for 15). A feature of the match was the great fielding of the College and, thanks to Mr. Hitch, both our teams are establishing a reputation for good fielding in the city.

There remains the domestic dispute to be settled between the 'A' and the 'B' teams. Once before in 1926, we met each other for decision and attempts are being made to make this match interesting.

THE INTER-GROUP MATCHES.

The Physical Director is to be warmly congratulated on paying so much attention to our general Cricket. It is pleasing to note that there are more than sixty cricketers in the Junior classes alone. This tournament provides ample opportunity for the authorities to pick and choose fresh and young talent and to build up our future teams. Only the Junior Department has so far finished the tournament and the following are the details. Small wonder that the III Group has swept everything before them, claiming, as they do, the services of C. D., Ramanathan, Dorairajan and Thaigarajan.

GROUP III beat GROUP II.

Group III. (146: C. D. 36, Joseph 24, Badradri 6 for 45); Group II (107: K. Krishnamurthy 34, C. D. 4 for 30).

GROUP I b beat I a.

Group I b: (37 for no loss: Utnappa 24 not out); Group I a: (36: S. Y. Muthuswami 16, ch. Seetharamiah 5 for 13, N. V. Rajagopalan 5 for 18).

GROUP III beat GROUP I b.

Group III (54 for 1: C. D. 3 not out, Drairajan 16): Group I b (45: D. V. Rajagopalan 14; C. D. 6 for 12, Ramanathan 3 for 24).

THE CLUB MATCHES.

The College played against three reputed clubs during this term. Immediately after our return from Ceylon, we met our old rivals, the Eccentrics, who turned out a side with eight Presidency players, and we did well in getting nine of their wickets for 209 runs. It was a lesson for our boys to bowl against Miller and C. Ramasami, who batted so well that day for 74 and 56 runs respectively. C. D. bagged as many as 4 wickets yielding 55 runs. We replied with 64 runs and thus lost heavily. Ramanathan was the only one to hit up boldly 26 runs.

Our next fixture was against the Madras Emmanuel Club whom we beat comfortably, thanks to the all-round performances of C. D. Parthasarathy and Uthappa. The Emmanuels were all out for 106 runs (C. D. 4 for 31, Uthappa 4 for 34). The College replied with 127 for the loss of six wickets (C. D. 31 not out, Uthappa 27).

Our important fixture against the Madras Cricket Club was spoilt by rain. We did well in starting with 117 runs. K. S. Venkataraman, who has been coming off very well of late, put up a useful 53, Uthappa coming next with 20 runs. There was no play after lunch.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TOURNAMENT.

We are well placed in the Championship table, although we lost our match to the Medical College. It is not cricket to offer any excuses for a reverse; but, unfortunately, everything went wrong with our boys on that day. Of course such things happen in cricket and must be accepted as they come. What a shame, our boys threw away that match! The Medical College scored 109 runs, and our fielding was far from satisfactory. Ramanathan and Prof.

C. K. K. Pillai shared the bowling with 3 wickets each for 21 and 22 runs respectively. We went on to bat and made 107, just two short of their total. Then three of our boys committed suicide by running themselves out. And Badradri who was batting so well, nursing others at the other end, hit a ball straight to the fieldsman's hands and ran himself out. It was a pity, for he had been batting splendidly for his 42.

Our next Inter-Collegiate fixture was against the Loyola who, occupying the crease for over 3½ hours scored 108 runs. C. D. and Rajagopalan bowled consistently, the former taking 3 wickets for 24 runs in 28 overs, the latter 3 for 33 in 26 overs. With but two hours to make the total, our boys went for the bowling from the start and won the match 38 minutes before time. (121 for 4; Badradri 73). Badradri hit out lustily.

The anxiously awaited fixture against the Law College came off on the 19th November. We made a slow start, Thiagarajan taking time to dig himself in for his 30. Later on C. D. and Venkataraman increased the pace. We declared at 153 for 8, as we preferred a decision to a tame draw. It was very exciting, as we could scrape a victory only 7 minutes before time. The Law College scored 118 runs, (C.D. 4 for 37, Ramanathan 3 for 30).

Thus we regain the lost place in the Inter-Collegiate Championship table.

THE UNIVERSITY TEAM.

Our congratulations are due to C.D., Badradri, Ramanathan and Uthappa for having earned deserving places in the University team proceeding north. We offer our good wishes to the team and trust our boys will amply justify their selection.

We cannot close this report without a reference to our enthusiastic Principal, Mr. Statham, who has done so much for College cricket. Indeed, our gratitude to him for the kindness and encouragement he gives us, both on and outside the field, cannot adequately be put on record.

Hockey.

A combined hockey and cricket team toured Ceylon during the Michaelmas holidays, thanks to the efforts of our sporting and enthusiastic Principal. A full account of the tour appears elsewhere in this issue.

We made our first debut in a match against the Colombo Light-Infantry, who were the local champions. Colombo never expected us to win. But we took them by surprise by beating the champions by four goals to three. It

was a very exciting game from the beginning to the end. Bidapa and Krishnamurthy Rao shared the goals equally between them. The team-work that we displayed was remarkable.

Our next fixture was with Mr. D. S. Senanayake's Eleven. We were handicapped by our left-inner, Krishnamurthy Rao, dropping out of the team owing to ill-health. The game ended in a defeat for us. The only goal netted was by our right-inner, Wahid, against the two goals of our opponents.

Our third match was with Mr. Veerasingh's Eleven, a heavy side for our college boys. But we were not to be discouraged in any way. Mention must be made of the brilliant game exhibited by C. D. Parthasarathy, Uthappa and Dorai Raj in the half-back line, which supplied so cleanly and promptly that the forward-lineshot three goals. N. Subramaniam, Bidapa and Wahid scored one each. We won the match by three goals to one.

At Kandy we played against the Up-country Planters. They were an Excellent side and they beat us by four goals to nil. None of our players could do much. Heavy rain had played havoc with the field and we showed more skill in skating than in stick-work.

Our last fixture was with the 'Tamil Union', which we were determined to win, as our record was balanced exactly by two victories and two reverses.

The opponents, in spite of a sound team, failed and we won by the wide margin of 5:2. Bidapa, Krishnamurthy Rao, and Subramaniam were the chief scorers.

After the game, the Tamil Union members were 'At home' to us. We left Ceylon on the 29th September.

The time was up for us to return to Madras, and with happy recollections and with a better standard of our game, we left Ceylon on the 29th September.

Coming to the activities at home, we opened our Inter-collegiate fixture against the Teachers' whom we beat by one odd goal. The second match was with the Veterinary, whom we beat by six goals.

Our next encounter was with the Loyola College, who beat us by four goals to two. We played once again the Veterinary College and beat them again by six goals, Bidapa having three goals to his credit, Jagadiswaran, Wahid and Subramaniam one each.

Our college Panagal Tournament commenced on the 8th of November. There were seven teams in all. Anantapur was the only moffussil college that competed. In our first round, we met the Engineering College, whom we

beat by three goals to one. In our semi-finals we beat the Christian College by four goals to one. We have now come to the finals, and we expect to play it during the first week of January.

It has been decided that a Madras University Team for Hockey, Cricket and Tennis should tour Delhi, Lahore and Aligarh during the Xmas holidays. It is a pleasure to mention that three of our college players, Bidapa, Mahadevan and C. D. Parthasarathy have been selected to represent our College. We wish them all luck and a happy time.

We regret to hear that our Principal is leaving for Travancore to work on a special commission. We hope he will be back again soon to inspire with his fine spirit the sporting activities of our College.

THE U. T. C. NOTES.

The College contingent started this year with five points ahead of the other contingents, thanks to the trained men and recruits, who did so well on the range in February and thus won for us both the trained men's as well the recruit's musketry cups. We were further fortunate in getting back into our midst our old company sergeant-major, V. Gurudas Rao, who was made an under-officer this year, Sgt. Sitarama Rao, our short but most enthusiastic and smart Sergeant and D. Viswanatha Reddy, our senior-most Corporal. Sergeant Ramiah of the Lyola College who joined our college post-graduate course was transferred to our contingent.

P. Chandrasekharan, who has returned to the post-graduate course in our college, was made the Company Sergeant-Major at the commencement of the year in the place of under-officer Gurudas Rao. Sergeant Ramiah was appointed as the Battalion orderly-room sergeant in camp, and as such, H. Sambhamurti was promoted to the sergeant's rank. An examination for promotion to the rank of non-commissioned officers was held by the commandant, Captain Bacon, and seven men passed out of fourteen. On the results of the examination, John K. John, and Vencoba Shetty were made Corporals, and V. S. Tiruvenkatachari, V. Ramaswami, A. R. Parameswaran, and G. K. Ramamurthi were promoted to Lance-Corporals.

As regards the recruitment this year, though we had provision for 40 recruits, we could take only 25, as the enrolment forms of the others which were sent to the Government for approval were not returned to the Head Quarters before we left for camp. We proceeded to the camp at Pallavaram on the 10th September and though we did not have any parade on that day and the day following, we were busy settling down in the camp. Lt. Candeth was

Sports Notes

appointed our officer commanding in the camp. The parades commenced in right earnest with the usual rigour on Monday, the 12th September. What with physical training at 6-30 A.M. on an almost empty stomach, parades between 8 and 9-30 A.M. and Musketry from 11 to 12-30 P.M., not to mention the cleaning and oiling of rifles at the end of it, the men were thoroughly worked out before they heard the welcome bugle call, "come to the kitchen door" at 1-30 P.M. for tiffin.

In the evenings, the Inter-Company football and hockey matches were held while the rest were compelled to put in an extra hour of parade.

On the 16th night, we witnessed some boxing bouts and it goes to the credit of the company that, but for two, all the boxers who competed were from ours. In the cross county race which was run the next day, we were placed sixth, in spite of three of our men, Seshanna, Jagadeeswaran, and Kuppaswami finishing second, third and fifth respectively. Meanwhile, in the Tug-o'-war we defeated all the other contingents easily, only to be beaten in the finals by the Loyola and the Mahammadan Colleges.

Coming to the various competitions, we have to say there was a route march on the 14th September to Saint Thomas Mount and back and, fortunately for us, we had the band of the Punjab Regiment accompanying us, which made the rather difficult task easy for us. As the commandant, it seems, remarked we did well indeed; but the Cup went to the Engineers. After the tiresome march, our company had to go on the long range at 1 P.M. the same day, and it was 7-30 P.M. by the time we returned. The next day we had the drill and Guard-mounting competitions. It was a most trying day for all of us, and, thanks to under officer Gurudas Rao, some of the N.C. O's and men who toiled hard till late in the night, we somehow managed to get everything ready for the great competitions. Sergeant Ramiah, who commanded the guard, and his men deserve to be congratulated on doing exceedingly well in the competition, inasmuch as they pulled the College contingent up to the third place from the 7th rank which it occupied last year. In the drill competition our College contingent, which was commanded by Lt. Parameswaran, came fifth, though it put up a fairly decent show.

The Battalion was inspected by a Colonel from the Punjab Regiment on the 22nd morning. In the Regimental sports that afternoon, we did none too well, but for the mile race which we won very easily. The prizes were distributed by the Lord Bishop of Madras and our College contingent got the two musketry cups and the Hockey cup, besides a small prize of Rs. 10 for the healthiest contingent in camp.

In the championship for the Willingdon shield we ranked third, a fine performance indeed compared to the seventh place which we occupied last year.

The camp broke up on the 24th September and we returned to Madras in the afternoon, everyone of us tired out after a full fortnight's heavy programme of work.

Under-Officer Gurudas Rao and Sergeant Sitarama Rao took their discharge as they were leaving College, and before they left us there was a social gathering of all the N. C. O's of the College.

We are most grateful to our Principal, Mr. Statham, who has been evincing a great deal of interest in the work of the College contingent and owing to whose and our officer's efforts we could get the armoury to our College, thus enabling us to have the company parades in the College instead of in the fort, as in previous years. And we are fortunate in having a most enthusiastic officer in Lt. Parmeswaran, who is just completing his training with the North Stafford Shire Regiment, after which he will be free to devote the whole of his time to us.

The Magazine Competition Prizes

- (1) The prize of Rs. 10 for the best short story is awarded to P. S. Nataraja Sarma (I Class).
- (2) The prize for the best essay in the lighter vein is not awarded.

D. S. SARMA,
Editor.



THE EVOLUTION OF A MADRAS UNIVERSITY GRADUATE